

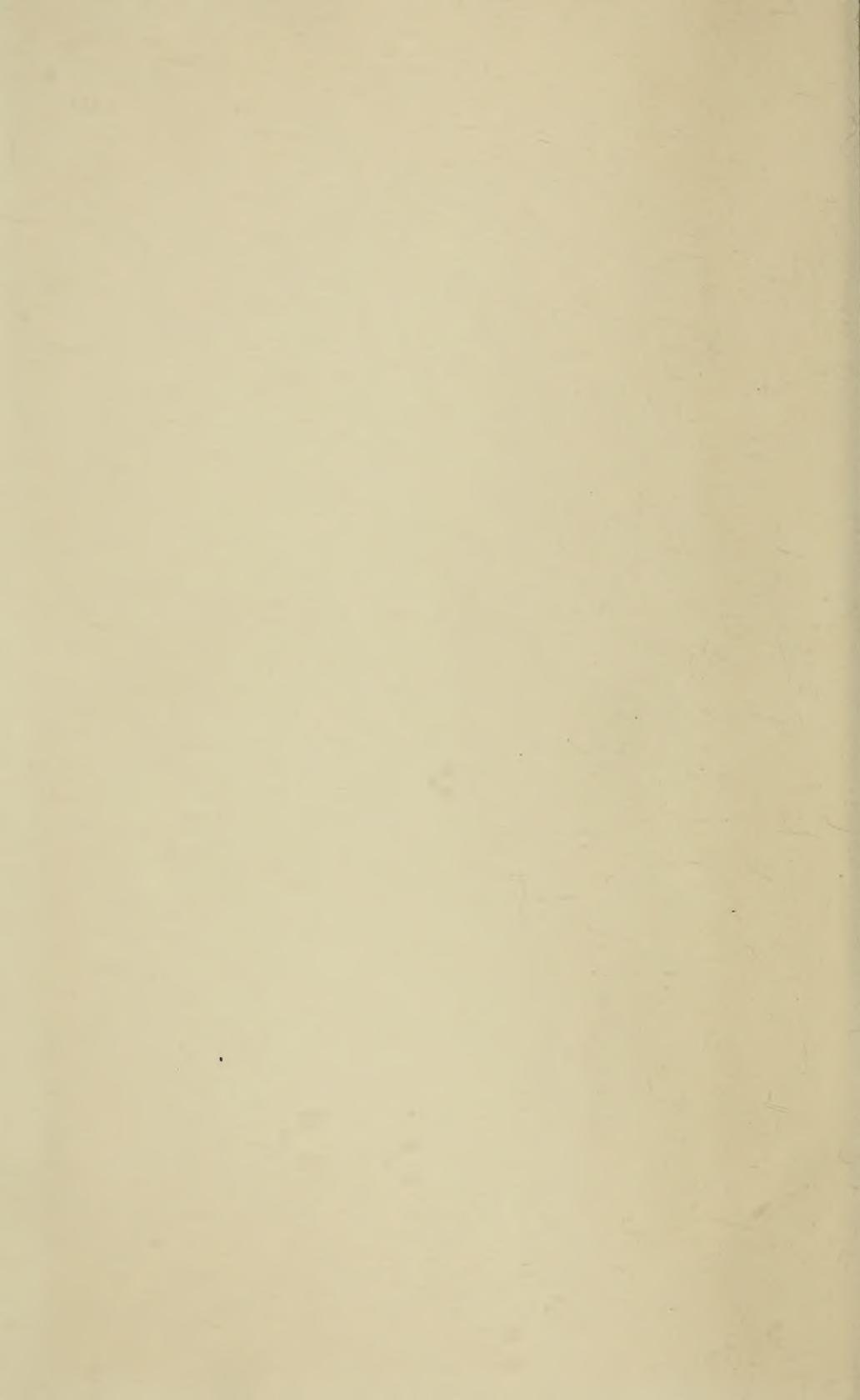


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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.



PRESENTED  
New Series. E 8 DEC 1949

JULY TO DECEMBER.

VOL. VIII.

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LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.,  
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

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1829.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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OR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

PRINTED

By JOHN BAYLIS, at the



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VOL. VII.

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# P R E F A C E

TO

## T H E E I G H T H V O L U M E .

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AT the commencement of the Eighth Volume of **THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE**, we willingly avail ourselves of an old and grateful custom, and thank our Readers for their continued indulgence.

This publication devolved into our hands at a period which deeply tried the public mind. Having no purposes to answer but those of truth and honour, we spoke our convictions freely, yet without violence; of public men we gave our sentiments without fear or favour; yet we strictly respected the barrier of private life; mere personality found no refuge in our pages; we tore the veil from none of those foibles whose detection is so much oftener the work of private malice than of public justice. No private individual has been offended, nor shall be offended, in **THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE**.

Our political principles are known. They are unchanged, and unchangeable. Taking the British Constitution for the model of political excellence, and studying it by the light of those illustrious minds who still, from the tomb, are the teachers of mankind, we have sternly resisted political innovation. Honouring, with solemn and reverent homage, the religion of our fathers, we have laboured to sustain the purity and power of its cause in England. But if the hour of its trial have come; if it have been compelled to humiliations which may yet utterly depress and fetter its high nature; it shall find in us no dishonour, no eagerness to abandon a cause that, to the last, will be the noblest that can awake the heart of man.

The lighter portions of our publication have been received with more than sufficient popularity. Within the last year, a long succession of ingenious papers, tales of every country and characteristic kind, and poetry, chiefly the lighter and occasional styles, have been supplied by a large circle of contributors. This Country and the Continent have equally furnished the writers; and though it is customary to suppress names, there are those among them of whom we may justly say, that any publication would be proud.

The Theatres ; the Proceedings of Scientific Societies, abroad and at home ; and the general progress of knowledge, Public Events, Commerce, and Society, have been made a regular and important feature. Our reviews of new publications have been conducted in a spirit which may bear comparison with that of performances of much higher pretension, and comprehend all the prominent literature of the day. Of their ability we must, of course, leave the public to judge ; yet to their fairness, sincerity, and diligence, we challenge public examination.

But the characteristic of our work, that principle on which we are most inclined to establish our stand in public opinion, is impartiality. We absolutely are **FREE**, in the clearest sense of the word. Having no obligation to any of the influential bodies of the state, and seldom thinking of public men, on either side of the legislature, but with astonishment and regret at the splendid opportunities of public good which they fling away in the heat of party ; or at the depth of national scorn which they defy in the rage of avarice and ambition ; we follow none. We speak the truth of all. Our opportunities often supply us with peculiar means of ascertaining where the truth is to be found ; our mere location in the metropolis, the very head-quarters of all that is active in general life, of the new, the strange, and the important ; the spot to which every man of research comes, from every corner of the earth ; the scene of the chief workings of the popular mind ; and of those councils by which every empire of the globe is, in its measure, influenced ; gives an incalculable advantage in point at once of truth and promptitude.

In the career which we have thus commenced, we shall proceed. If we could feel no other stimulant than public favour, of that we have had sufficient to urge us to persevere ; for, in this point **THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE** has made, even since the commencement of the year, a very remarkable progress. But the chief source of our gratification in this patronage is its proof, that the public mind is with us on the great questions which we have conscientiously endeavoured to uphold ; that there is a sincere and unpolluted spirit still alive in the nation ; and that, whoever speaks the truth out of a sound heart, according to the wisdom of the old fathers of English freedom and virtue, will find an echo in the general bosom of the land.

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VIII.]

JULY, 1829.

[No. 43.

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IRISH PARLIAMENTS, AND THE FORTY SHILLING  
FREEHOLDERS.

It had been our intention to make no further reference to the Roman Catholic Question. During the progress of the measure we had unhesitatingly resisted it; and the decision to which the Legislature finally arrived, seemed to us founded on reasons too feeble for the conviction of any man thoroughly aware of the consequences. But the bill was now a part of the law of the land; and we had too much reverence for even the shadow of the Constitution, to offer such resistance as the press puts into every man's power, to a measure whose results were still in theory.

But totally distrusting the declarations that all was to be peace, and that the fortunate period was at hand, when political faction was to disturb men's minds no more, on the most important topic that had come before England for a hundred years, we will own, that we expected to find in those who had gained the triumph, at least the prudence to keep the more obnoxious sources of irritation from the national eye. In this we have been signally disappointed. The possession of power, has taught the Irish leaders only the way to gain still more hazardous power; and the submission of Protestant England, has been made without any other profit than the keener exacerbation, and the more unmeasured boasting of its enemies. Mr. O'Connell has just been making a tour through the south of Ireland. What the final issue of his canvas is to be at the hustings, will be settled before these sheets come from the press. But the final issue is totally unimportant, contrasted with the previous proceedings. It is not in the town of Ennis, but on the high-ways, that his true election is carried on; and it will not be in the paltry distinction of being a representative for Clare, but in the solid possession of the whole delegated authority of Irish party, that Mr. O'Connell's entrance into the House of Commons will be an omen of public evil.

The country sees him marching at will, with his tens of thousands, through the most inflammable portion of Ireland, making the most violent harangues, declaiming against the British Government, and avowing his full determination to overthrow the Union: an overthrow which must result in a final separation of the empire. On this career he goes, with the most open scorn of public propriety. We see him invested with his green ribbon and medals, the Order of *Liberators*, the new Irish Legion of Honour. We read his motto:—

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“ Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not  
 “ Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?”

We hear of a long succession of acts, the least of which has, at all times stimulated the populace into excesses. Yet, what stop has been put to his career? What attempt has been made by the authorities to restrict a conduct, which, in the case of Hunt, and other demagogues, had instantly brought down the most angry grasp of law? Of the Duke of Wellington's conduct in the popish question, we have already given our opinion more than once. We think that his views of the true policy were altogether in error. But it would be absurd to suppose, that, with his abilities, and his eminent share in the triumphs of the country—a share which we are as ready to acknowledge as the most prostrate of his political adherents—he must not look to the progress of those rash and violent proceedings with anxiety. We are satisfied that the true means of conciliating Ireland have been infinitely mistaken. But we are convinced that the Duke of Wellington would resist to the uttermost the dismemberment of the empire. We call on him to exert his powers, before all exertion will be too late. That we are not in love with the present Cabinet, is tolerably well known. But we are no lovers of tumult: we think that obedience to the laws is a paramount duty; we think that it is the corresponding duty of every government to protect the subject from violence of all kinds; and we shall not regret to see the utmost activity of the Duke of Wellington's government exerted to suppress the disturbers of our Protestant brethren in Ireland. We are, therefore, compelled to ask, why are these things suffered? The violence has uprisen again; the Association is recovered; the orator harangues; the multitudes assemble; the villages are traversed by furious crowds; the hills are covered by beacons and signal-fires; the new and deeply intelligible feature of feuds among the soldiery is introduced; the whole ancient apparatus of “agitation” stands forth reinforced by military partizanship. We shall say no more. Let those who know the history of the human mind conjecture for themselves.

To Mr. O'Connell, and the faction whom he guides, we impute comparatively but little blame. They have never deceived us; for we never believed them. Yet they can scarcely be charged with hypocrisy; that basest of all the vices they left to the smooth-tongued servitors to whom education could not teach honour; nor public favour, gratitude; nor height of power, dignity of mind; nor the consciousness of having the noblest treasure of national rights and memories committed to their keeping, inspire with a sense of fidelity, manliness, or honest pride.

Among those men we certainly see no twenty years of game of miscreancy—no systematic and contemptible trickery. They spoke falsehoods when falsehoods would serve their purpose; but they were too confident in the pretence and rottenness of those with whom they had to struggle, to think it worth their while to suppress their conviction of the final and rapid victory of their own abomination, the natural delight with which bold ruffianism tramples on timid artifice; or the daring determination to hazard all, and have all, even to the utmost possession of the most extravagant desire of bigotry, popular faction, and personal lust of power.

We call the attention of our conciliatory Cabinet to the speech which Mr. O'Connell is stated, in the newspapers, to have made to the mob at Tulla, a town in the county of Clare, on his way to the hustings. In that speech we find the following language:—

“By your cordial co-operation with each other, you gained your emancipation: you compelled your enemies to do justice to you at length. We have gained our object; but we *must not stop there*. We must *advance further*. I would as soon rob the altar, as take a single farthing from government for doing nothing but keeping up a *system of corruption*, by which the people have been, for centuries, oppressed and insulted.” (Hear this, my lords of the cabinet.) “My object is to get *justice and liberty* for Ireland! You had *once a parliament* of your own in Ireland. You were basely and treacherously deprived of it. It ought to be *near you*, that it might be in your power to go there and petition whenever you were aggrieved by any of your Brunswick neighbours. The Brunswickers were great men last year. We are as great as they now; and *next year*, I hope, we shall be *greater!* (loud cheers.) We will follow our *former course*. (Cries of ‘May we succeed.’) Peel *pretended to be honest* when we were getting emancipation. I want to know, was he honest when he turned me out of parliament?” (So much for Mr. Peel’s purchase of the rabble. But the following sentences are of more import than any contempt that can be flung on that miserable apostate. If the spirit of the words here pronounced were *put* in action, we know of nothing more likely to produce the most formidable consequences.) “I shall now tell you how to deal with the new Brunswickers, the persons who are now going to oppose me. Pass them by with silent contempt. If they speak to you, make no reply. If they have corn or hay to cut, tell them they are Brunswickers, and let them use their own reaping hooks and scythes. If any of them go to the chapel, and have a little corner for themselves, have a *few spikes in front*, that they may be penned up in a dock! When you see three or four of them, *begin to laugh*; the more they are annoyed, the more you *should laugh*. The Lord help the Brunswickers after that!”

We cannot conceive it possible to have combined more material of mischief in so many words. The man who votes against the Agitator, is to be actually cut off from all neighbourhood. The landlord is not to have the services of his tenantry and labourers, the peasant is to be left to work by himself; he is to be stigmatized as a Brunswicker; a name which, in such mouths, of course, passes for every thing vile. If three or four of those people are seen together, they are to be jeered at; and the more they seem inclined to resent it, the more they are to be jeered at. And this, too, in the country of perpetual mobs, where hundreds gather to beat out each others’ brains, for all causes, or for any, for the colour of a waistcoat, or the knot of a cravat; the very country of the wildest insubordination, and bitterest feuds, perhaps, to be found in Europe. What the results of this command of perpetual insult may be, when, not three or four on a side try their powers, but when three or four hundred are ready for the riot by day, and the bloody revenge by night, we may feebly conjecture from the history of the last century. As to Mr. Peel’s share of the honours, we submit the following sentence to his consideration:—“Mr. Peel does not like agitation. How must he be annoyed, when he finds that *I am agitating again?*” So may all the hopes of Mr. Peel end, and such may be his reward. But the Duke of Wellington, in the speech which so keenly castigated the wretched Marquis of Anglesey, declared that “agitation” meant little short of rebellion. And what is his Grace of Wellington now doing, when this “little short of rebellion” is thus publicly proclaimed again? when his boasted remedy for all

Irish disturbance is shewn only to have increased the disease ; and his threats and promises alike are thrown in his teeth.

To make the insolence of this speech of O'Connell's more insolent, if possible, it is speckled throughout with burlesque fragments of advice to keep the peace : precepts of quiet thrust in between principles of furious bitterness ; and the orator figuring in the double unction of the Popish priest, and the impudent demagogue. Yet no man of the "conciliating cabinet" must be suffered to say, that those insults to all their boasted policy have come upon them by surprise. They had been declared to the letter a hundred times over in the late debates ; and the declarations were substantiated by the conduct of the papists in Ireland at the moment. But if we are to be told that the fever of the time alone produced violent acts and outrageous language amongst the papists, we demand the attention of our Protestant countrymen to the proof that not a syllable was spoken, nor an act done, which did not emanate from the ancient system of popish arrogance, and projected seizure of the state. It was declared, upwards of thirty years ago, in a work sanctioned by the whole of the popish prelacy and orators, the "Statement of the Penal Laws," that the whole power and property of Ireland, civil and ecclesiastical, belonged of right to popery ; and, as a hint to government of the mode in which the right was ready to be established, that the papists were even then in possession of the means of civil war.

"They occupy," says this work, "the most valuable positions for *military* purposes, the most tenable passes, the readiest supplies of forage, the readiest means of attack and defence. They constitute five-sixths of the Irish population. The open country is in their almost exclusive occupation. In fine, the Catholics are, emphatically, the PEOPLE OF IRELAND!" By this manifesto it was farther declared, that the popish priests were entitled to claim a share in the church property, proportioned to the number of the popish population, which, "compared with those of the Established Church, were as ten to one." So says the Manifesto : and thus the Protestant priesthood are, in the new code, to have property in proportion as one to ten. The Manifesto demanded that papists should have the offices of the College of Dublin, (expressly founded by Elizabeth for the education of the Protestants, and peculiarly of the clergy,) in the same proportion—in other words, all.

And this "Statement" was not one of those accidental and obscure productions that are flung from the desk to the press, and from the press to oblivion. It was written by a Mr. Scully, a popish barrister of the first weight in his party. It was universally acknowledged as the authentic code of their grievances and claims by the party. It was carried to Rome by the popish envoys, Drs. Murray and Milner, for presentation to the papal prelate, Cardinal Albea, president of the College of Propaganda, which holds the actual government of the Irish church : and this cardinal governor declared himself so fully captivated with it, that he "got almost the entire of the volume by heart." The envoys gave an account of their embassy to the Irish papists ; and the letter announcing the happy reception of this Manifesto, denouncing war and spoliation to church and state, was read by the "popish *primate*, in an assembly of a hundred and fifty of his clergy," with infinite applause.

Dr. Dromgole's speeches in the popish association have been often quoted. He was an insolent and vulgar mouth-piece of the vulgar ; but,

so far as passion and brutality of mind can be honest, he was honest. He unquestionably told what he knew to be the feelings of his sect, and this is his language:—

“The columns of Catholicity challenge the possession of her ark (the Protestant church); and unfurling the oriflamme, (the French standard, declaring that *no quarter* was to be given) display its glorious motto:—‘*In hoc signo vinces.*’” The destruction of the Protestant church is then boldly declared,—“*In vain* shall parliaments, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare that it is permanent and inviolate. In vain shall the lazy churchman cry from his sanctuary to the watchman on the tower, that danger is at hand. **IT SHALL FALL**, for it is human! It shall fall, and nothing but the memory of its mischiefs shall survive!”

So far goes the spirit of conciliation. So far we are to believe in the sincerity of those political swindlers who have made the bargain on both sides; and to thank the simplicity of those miserable dupes, who, like my Lord of Westmoreland, and his fellow-fugitives, could believe that from popery any thing could come but evil to the freedom and the faith of England.

“Already,” says this vehement conciliator, “already are the marks of ruin upon the Church of England. *It has had its time on earth!* And when the time of its dissolution arrives, shall Catholics be compelled to uphold a system which, they believe, will one day be rejected by the whole earth? Can they be induced to swear that they should oppose even the present Protestants of England if, ceasing to be *truants*, they thought fit to return to their ancient worship, and have a *Catholic king* and a *Catholic parliament*?”

Of course, noble dukes, illustrious princes, and still more, illustrious kings, laugh at this; but men who know what popery is, know that every syllable of this denunciation, fierce, bigotted, and bloody as it is, will be realized. Pass away a few years, and the Duke of Wellington will be in the shroud: the wretched generation whom he has dragged after him in the chains of office, as much his slaves as if his collar were about their necks; the whole tribe, whom he has plunged in one common pool of national contempt, will be beyond all but the scorn that pursues the apostate even to his grave; but the popish prediction will be verified, aye, and to the letter. The Church of England will see the power which her prelacy has suffered to creep upon their slumber, starting up into sudden vastness: a ferocious lust for supremacy, followed by a tyrannical possession — her revenues confiscated to the pretended necessities of the state, her dignitaries insulted by bitter and grinning malevolence driving them from their place in society, and appealing to their helplessness as an evidence of the unsoundness of their cause. Apostates, too, will start up among themselves. One of those abhorred apostates has already gone to his account. He has been wrenched from life, before our eyes, like a weed torn up by the roots. His wretched ambition has been darkened on him at the instant, while the words of apostacy had scarcely parted from his lips. Nothing of him remains but the warning of his example.

The promotion of this man also gives a lesson. He obtained the highest rank of the church; that whole weight of public influence which belongs to a seat in the legislature, to the title of a British noble, to the disposer of preferment, and to the possessor of opulence. And for what merits, personal or professional? What had he ever contributed to the

learning of the church? what services had been ever rendered by him to general learning? what evidence had he ever given of manly ability, directed to the furtherance of religion, by either the defence of its institutions, or the elucidation of its scripture? Does one syllable from his pen survive? or did any one syllable ever appear, that any living being remembers? Not one syllable. But he was Mr. Peel's tutor!

And, in the name of reason, can we be surprised at the desperate state of the Church of England, when these things are so? When the mere fact of having been the tutor of a man in power, is equivalent to every qualification for the highest and most responsible trust that can be placed in the hands of a human being? If the instruction of the people in religion be a duty that rests on the soul of the pastor, and if every negligence, folly, or feebleness of conduct, will be solemnly visited at the great tribunal on the head of the offending teacher, what will be the responsibility of the still higher teacher, who comes to his office the mere creature of patronage—the mere manufacture of a worldly interest—Mr. Peel's tutor in *morals, honour, and religion!* But Mr. Peel's tutor is gone; and so may every man follow, who has come in by his road, and emulates his hypocrisy.

There are a thousand evidences of the systematic determination of popery to leave not one stone of English supremacy upon another.

A celebrated Manifesto of popery, entitled, "A Letter to Lord Grenville, on the Veto," declared, twenty years ago, the unalterable rule of popish ambition. "Catholic emancipation, if an *insulated* measure, must be in every sense of the word, undesirable. To satisfy the people of Ireland, (the papists), there must be a TOTAL CHANGE OF THE SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT! There must be the *abolition of tithes!* The annulling of *all corporate bodies*, including the *University!* There must be the *resumption* of the enormous, and misapplied revenues of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH!"

And this demand of the whole power of the State, which would be instantly equivalent to the extinction of the Constitution; and, before half-a-dozen years were past, to the persecution, in the shape of either exile or death, of every Protestant in Ireland, is grounded upon the right of popery to the original possession of the soil—that is, to the robbery and expulsion of every Protestant landlord, and the overthrow of all established property. "The Catholic beholds in the Protestant," says the Manifesto, the offspring of a race, *new and intrusive* in the land. If he claims any right to oppose any religious ascendancy, injurious to the great mass of the population, it is from his considering religion in a *political* view, as connected with the *ancient civil rights* of the Irish people." This declaration was from the pen of Mr. Keogh, a leader of the party; and it was followed by the Resolutions of the "Catholic Committee," appointed to make a public statement of their demands. This paper asserts, "The *right* of the Catholics to demand, not only the removal of all parliamentary and official disabilities, but the utter *abolition* of all corporations—the acknowledgment of the full, and unlimited jurisdiction of their church over *marriages*—the unrestrained exercise of her *powers of ex-communication*—the revival of her *endowments and bequests*, and a *befitting* share of the public revenues, for her hierarchy: a hierarchy, not belonging to a *sect* in the nation, but to the *people* of Ireland, claiming as a nation, the establishment of its *national worship.*"

With the daring insolence of this declaration, and a host like it,

on record — with the perfidy, furious passions, and irreconcilable ambition, of the popish faction before their eyes, a majority of one hundred and five English peers voted for the admission of papists into the making of laws for Protestants! The deed is done, and may God forgive those by whom it was done. But we would not take the lot of those by whom that deed was done, for the empire of mankind. They have, in the dearth of all other means, attained at least one way of making themselves remembered; and the perpetrators of that deed, will be marked to the last hour of England.

It has been tauntingly said, that the predictions of the honourable and manly portion of the Legislature have not been realized; and that no “earthquake has hitherto shaken the land.” To the taunters we truly reply, that the moral earthquake, a thousand times worse than the physical, has come already—that there has been a shock of public reliance on public men, that will never be recovered—that the name is now held to be identified with desperate and selfish covetousness of power in the high, and with desperate and selfish covetousness of place and profit in the low;—that the whole ancient spirit of respect for leaders is utterly vanished, and the very sound of political profession, received with an indignant smile—that contempt, deep, and solemn contempt, sits in the place of confidence; and that the whole mighty multitude of the religious, the rational, and the patriotic, disgusted to the soul with the conduct of all parties alike, are ready to take refuge in any new expedient which gives a chance of restoring the British Constitution. This great portion of the empire had, from the beginning, looked with reluctance on the borough system and the influence of Government in sending members to the legislature; but the unlicensed rage of democracy in France, compelled them to suppress their reluctance, through the fear of exciting tumult within their own borders. The obvious evils of the system were endured, in preference to the possible excesses of a change. They looked to, at least, one branch of our legislature, for the security of the Constitution. This feeling has now been extinguished in an extraordinary degree. Men of the first rank have openly declared themselves ready to welcome “Radical Reform.” The most capricious ideas of change have been asserted to be preferable to the system under which influence is now exercised; and it has been unhesitatingly received by millions of the nation, that if Universal Suffrage were the law of election; if the choice of the multitude, head by head, had sent their representatives to parliament, the popish question would have been trampled under foot, with the indignation that belonged to an avowed “breaking in upon the Constitution.” Henceforth, if any great public emergency should arise—and who, in the perpetual contingencies of human affairs, can doubt that such will arise?—the ancient strong hold will be no more—the embarrassments of authority, will be no longer healed by the generous and willing interposition of the people—the penitence of public men will be scoffed at—the principles of ministers will be an object of incurable distrust; and the appeal to the old and ardent feelings which so often rescued the State, will be answered by pointing to a legislature polluted by the footsteps of papists; and asking, whether it is to perpetuate idolatry, and the power of idolaters, that English Protestants are to peril their properties and lives? We may live to see the trial made; and as sure as there is a Heaven above us, those who abetted the “Atrocious Bill,” those who either seduced others into the measure, or suffered themselves to be seduced,

will look back with fatal and fruitless remorse on the incurable evil perpetrated by their weakness, or their corruption.

The conduct of the popish demagogues to their own adherents, is an example of the faith which they will hold with us. As that honest and able man, Mr. Wetherell, said, two years ago, "When the papist populace shall see Mr. O'Connell and his associates, coming back to announce their successes; and to the question, what have you got? one answers, a silk gown, another, a sinecure, a third, a place in the peerage; and the people at last ask, 'What have we got?' the answer must be, 'You have got robbed.'" The forty-shilling freeholders have been the scape-goat in the general cleansing; the price paid by the popish leaders, for admission into parliament. Yet, but a few months have elapsed, since Mr. O'Connell pledged himself, with a gravity worthy of Mr. Peel, that sooner than see the forty-shilling freeholders robbed of their votes, "he would resist to the death, and repel the measure, though it should force him to either the field or the scaffold." Those are formidable declarations: yet as the Duke of Wellington's government has adopted the plan of being frightened at every thing, and the Irish popish parliament have understood his Grace sufficiently to know, that the more they bully, the more they will succeed, the menace served as an oratorical flourish, and no man has thought it necessary to keep the agitator to his word. But that agitator is too shrewd an individual, ever to have suffered the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, if he were not conscious that out of it might grow a new and overwhelming power. In the first instance, the abolition extinguished a strong body of Protestant voters; nearly 150,000 being nullified by the act. In the next place, he knew that the latitude of the popish conscience was so extensive, that the man who swore to the possession of an interest of forty shillings, might as well have sworn to that of ten pounds; and the event has justified his calculation. The forty-shilling freeholders are at this moment crowding in to the registry, as ten pound freeholders; and every man of them, as usual, the slave of the priest, and as ready to go the grossest lengths of bigotry and violence, as ever. As early as 1793, it was declared, that giving the elective franchise to the Irish populace, would be giving them the parliament. Yet it was given: and the consequence followed with ominous exactness. The parliament became to all intents popish. The members, nominally Protestant, were the creation of papist influence—sent to the House by papists, they were watched there by papists—they did the papist business; and on failure, were turned out by papists. That parliament finally perished. Under Heaven a judgment more deserved never fell on an assemblage of corrupt, base-hearted, and blinded hypocrites. The parliament was totally rotten. The peer sold his borough to the highest bidder, publicly, and infamously. The best bidder bought it notoriously to make the most of it; no matter for what purpose, or by what miscreant minister his vote might be hired. Men went into parliament as notoriously for the purpose of sale, as if they had stood in a market, with placards of their prices on their foreheads. The minister proceeded as unceremoniously to their purchase, as if they were so many bullocks. This went on for a while in the midst of national indignation. Every man of honour, religion, or honesty, looked with abhorrence on this hideous scene of venality; and the parliament, which had once been the idol of the people; the Commons, to which they had, twenty years before, looked for the advocacy of their rights; and the Lords, to whom

they looked up for the security of their Constitution, became abhorred and despised alike. Then came the crisis. The English minister, influenced by the necessity of checking the rise of a popish parliament, which that of Ireland must inevitably have become, in name, as well as in spirit, within a few years—a change, which would have been inevitably followed by the revolt of Ireland, and its seizure by France or Spain—determined to remove the legislature to England.

The measure was wise, but the means were criminal. Yet, if palliation for the memory of the minister who uses unhallowed means, is to be found in the impossibility of adapting any other to the case, the memory of Pitt may be vindicated in the purchase of the Irish legislature, by the fact, that to money alone that legislature was accessible. The market was opened, and as every man had his price, the sale was expeditiously completed. Some individuals were an honourable and rare exception. They struggled for the independence of parliament, with noble and powerful patriotism. They pointed out to the people the loss of public spirit, the decay of national dignity, the calamitous privation of a place of honourable exercise for the rising genius and virtue of the country, the direct, and ruinous growth of popish faction which must be created by the absence of all that powerful and intelligent protestantism naturally drawn off to England by the removal of their legislature. And those appeals, forcible, true, and made in the loftiest language of feeling, must have triumphed, but for one misfortune. The people were utterly sick of parliament. They had seen themselves trafficked from hand to hand, till they could submit to be trafficked no more. The idea of public principle had perished. The more a public man professed, the more they pronounced him a place-hunter and a slave. They were sick of the baseness, the knavery, and the hypocrisy of public life; and they refused to answer the appeals. Their parliamentary independence, which twenty years before, they had challenged from England at the risk of a civil war, and which, ten years before, would have put a sword into the hands of every man in the kingdom, to save the hem of its robe from a presumptuous touch; they suffered to be sacrificed, and looked on the sacrifice as men look at the punishment of an incorrigible criminal. From one end of Ireland to the other, there was not a hand raised in its defence: there was scarcely a remonstrance. The public feeling had so long been disgusted by the venality of parliament, that all attachment was dead; and in its place, had come a kind of vindictive joy at the fall of the villainous race, who had turned the temple of the Constitution into a den of thieves. The Irish parliament went down to the grave, with none to write its epitaph. And by a chance, which takes almost the shape of a judicial sentence on the character of its temptation, its site was sold for a bank; and the halls, which once echoed as noble aspirations as ever issued from the lips of young liberty, before they had degenerated into the foul accents of old corruption, now rings with the traffic of the money-changers.

This is not the place to point out the formidable lessons which the crime and the punishment of the Irish legislature speak, for the warning of nations. We may return to the subject. But we address men capable of looking beyond the miserable triumphs by which public faction gets the momentary superiority over public honour, when we pronounce, that there is a special providence armed against legislative corruption. The crimes of individuals are often repented of, and for-

given; the crimes of nations are long endured; but the crimes of legislatures are always punished. There seems to be a deep, and direct insult to the God of Justice, in the offence of those great bodies from which justice and honour should flow, as from fountains, to invigorate national principle. How soon did all the legislatures of Italy, Spain, and Germany perish, after they had become thoroughly venal! How soon was the notorious corruption of the old French legislature punished, by extinction! But if the Irish parliament had never received a polluted shilling, the conduct of its electors and elections from 1793, must have called down vengeance. In the whole history of perjury, there never was so scandalous and repulsive a mass of perjury, as was thus perpetually added to the national guilt of Ireland. In the first instance, almost the whole body of the papist freeholders were perjured. The evidence of this atrocity is abundant, but we shall restrict ourselves to one or two individuals, known as popish advocates. Mr. Blake, a Roman Catholic barrister, and Remembrancer of the Exchequer Court in Ireland, (Com. of House of Commons, 1825, p. 43.) says, "The common mode of creating forty-shilling freeholders is this: the tenants, (holding leases for life) in general pay what is called a rackrent for the land; they then build mud huts upon it, and if they make out of the land a profit of forty shillings, a profit produced by the sweat of their brow, this is considered by them as an interest in the land to the extent of forty shillings a year: whereas this gain produced, is not through an interest in the land, but through their labour."

Mr. Browne, Member for Mayo, (Com. of Lords, 1824, p. 10.) thus detailed the manufacture of perjury. "Supposing a farm of 100 acres is to be let, that land would probably be divided into from twenty to twenty-five holdings. The landlord would let it to those people at a greater price than the grazier could afford to pay him, in consequence of their security being inferior; these persons would, immediately on taking out their leases, commence enclosing a garden, or building a house, or rather a hut, and would, perhaps within the same week, or frequently before the ink was dry of the signatures of their leases, register upon a forty-shilling freehold out of the land, for which they pay a rackrent." From this plan issued an enormous and perpetually repeated system of false swearing; for those mock freeholds must be registered: to be registered, their value must be sworn to; and the freehold, not worth forty pence, was regularly declared on the scriptures to be of the legal value. A specimen of the operation of this system upon the populace, may be found in the testimony of Dr. Kelly, titular Archbishop of Tuam. "The freeholders have often called on me to represent their unfortunate condition, and stated, that the quantity of land which they held was very small—that they were very apprehensive about taking the oath of forty-shilling freeholders, and they requested me to advise them what to do upon the occasion. My advice uniformly was, for no person to register as a freeholder, unless he could do it with safety to his own conscience. I have met them afterwards, and they acknowledge, that although they did not feel their consciences *quite at ease*, they were obliged to register their freeholds. That they had been threatened to be expelled from their holdings, or to be deprived of their land, unless they registered their freeholds!

Such was the forty shilling freehold system—the creation of the pretended patriots of Ireland in the year 1793, and applauded and sustained

to the last by the whole body of Papists and pretended patriots, until the moment when they bargained it away for their own objects. Such was the system which the "Agitator" declared that he would uphold alike in "the field or on the scaffold." It was, in all its parts, infamous; it deserved to perish, and it deserved to work the ruin of its abettors. Of its Protestant abettors, it has already worked the ruin. Those hypocrites, who, with the most perfect consciousness that to serve the cause of popery was to abandon the cause of the Constitution, yet swelled the number of the pro-Papists, are actually already undergoing their castigation, are losing the very object for which they sacrificed protestantism, and already see themselves trampled down, and cast out of their hereditary influence, by popery.

Mr. O'Connell's tour through the south of Ireland, is the first fruits of the conciliation system. Nothing could be a stronger evidence of the fatuity of Mr. Peel and his assessors, than the mere act of sending this man back again to Ireland to recommence a canvass for his seat. Whatever might have been his influence before, it is ten times augmented now. He was treated with a harshness that throws the Cabinet on its justification, and entitles it to his bitterest hostility. His journey has been a perpetual triumph; and he has turned his triumph, whether by intention or accident, into a triumph of popish superstition. What are those processions of priests, those visits to convents, the whole mummerly of his prostrations at the feet of friars, prayers in the streets, and harangues in chapels? Will these things perish? Not one of them. The seed that is cast into the ground in this journey, will bear fifty-fold in its due time. What are the open quarrels of the military on his account?—whole regiments taking up his cause, even to mutual bloodshed. Military men of rank basely attending on the demagogue at his quarters, and paying him the same deference that they could to legitimate authority. And is all this for nothing, in the midst of a multitude of the most violent, and giddy, superstitious, and sanguinary peasantry in Europe; with the whole protestant population, including the whole intelligence and property of the country, utterly disgusted by the conduct of the British cabinet, and with a priesthood on the other side, guiding, stimulating, and maddening their own furious and ignorant populace to a seizure of power at all risks? As to the representation of Ireland, the whole of it must rapidly pass into papist hands. The priests have but to speak the word, command their slaves to act, and the thing is done. But they keep back their strength for the moment, for the double reason, that a too sudden display might embarrass their official partizans here, and that they cannot trust the barrister-tribe, who are now their chief agents; they know them to be utterly selfish, and they shrink from exerting their anathemas, and pouring out their popish thunderbolts, only to secure silk gowns for hirelings. They have a deeper purpose in view, and that purpose is the supremacy of their superstition. They cannot trust a coquetting lawyer with this purpose: they know that the love of gain is so wrought into the soul of those men, that a seat on the bench, a pension for a wife, or a sinecure for a son, would win them from their highest flight of partizanship, and knowing this, they will not trust the cause of Rome into such slippery hands. But they are training a new generation. The jesuit seminaries have been at work, silently, but successfully; a stern and subtle education has been for some years equipping the rising race of Irish papists of the better order for the stormiest and

subtlest work of popery. In those seminaries youth are brought up with the strictest discipline of superstition; they are fitted for spiritual slavery by the severest habitudes of bodily and mental subjection; and their studies are directed, unremittingly, to the supremacy of Rome. Aversion to protestantism is the first tenet of the jesuit in every corner of the earth; and if we are to judge of jesuitism in Ireland by its conduct on the continent, that infamous and bloody process of intrigue and ambition, which scarcely half a century ago occasioned its public banishment from every kingdom, even of popish Europe; we may congratulate ourselves even on the brief respite that we have hitherto obtained.

The Forty-Shilling Freeholders have been abolished. And every man who wishes well to what remains of the constitution, or whose feelings shrink from the sight of boundless perjury, must rejoice at the abolition, if it be an actual removal of either the influence or the perjury. But we have seen that the Forty-Shilling Freeholders are now crowding forward as Ten Pound Freeholders; and though many must be driven from the hustings by the law, yet the crime is but slightly diminished by its own impotence, and unquestionably, in a vast number of instances, the same contempt of an oath which qualified a peasant with a rack-rent to be a freeholder at so many shillings, will qualify him to have a vote at so many pounds. But, in the declared purport of the measure, it will totally fail; for that purport was to diminish the influence of the priests at elections. That influence has not been diminished one iota. They have long felt it with such confidence, that they openly avow and boast of it. They outface the landlords, and publicly make their claim upon the "rent," to enable the tenantry to resist their landlords. The orators echo the cry. "The clergy," says Mr. O'Connell, "from the most venerable and reverend prelates in the land, to the youngest curate of the most remote parish, make common cause with the people." (*Fourteen Days' Meeting*, 1828). "The aid of the Catholic priesthood," says another, "and their intelligent and zealous co-operation, will ever be necessary to the national cause; and that we enjoy in an unlimited degree." Another says, "We are, to a great extent, masters of the representation of Ireland, and I trust that before long every county member shall obey our bidding. Therefore I scarce care one jot whether the Irish protestants are favourable to us or not."

A few years will realize every syllable of those denunciations. But we acknowledge that, whoever may have deceived us, the charge cannot lie upon the heads of the popish leaders. They have told us plainly that their determination is to have an Irish parliament, an Irish church, and an Irish resumption of property: in other words—their own words—a popish establishment, and a popish king! They declared this before the birth of the "atrocious bill." They declared it during its progress. They now declare it with fiercer menaces, and with a more authoritative confidence. At Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, they absolutely laugh; and, pointing to the spirit already working in the shape of military feud, scoff at the miserable wisdom of the wise. They bid the pro-popery advocates look to the exile which awaits them; and, feeling respect for their opponents alone, shew the sullen host of superstition and Rome drawn up to overwhelm the last defenders of the last bulwark of the constitution. If there can be an aggravation of this evil, it is, that it might have been extinguished by a word. But, with the impulses of loyalty strong within us, we shall respect the dif-

ficulties that may have compelled the suppression of that word. Our motto has been, and shall be *Vive le roi, quand même*. Yet we cannot help adverting, on this occasion, to the former language of a man whose name it now disgusts us to pronounce—the redoubted Dr. Philpotts. “Looking,” says this man, “to the unconstitutional power possessed over the great majority of the Irish representatives by the popish priesthood, and looking, too, to the avowed hostility of themselves, and the most prominent of their lay adherents, to the Established Church, can it be safe to give them the great additional power of choosing from those very adherents a large and important part of the British parliament?” We answer, with the universal voice of England, that nothing short of the most unaccountable blindness could have done it. Can any friend of the constitution wish to see the writ of summons to parliament, “for some great and weighty affairs, concerning us, the state, and defence of our kingdom, and of our church of England and Ireland,” directed to men of such language and intentions? Certainly not. Above all, can a prince who has sworn to maintain, to the utmost of his power, the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant religion established by law, can he give his royal assent to a bill which would confer on eighty, perhaps an hundred, of the bitterest enemies of the Protestant church, power to interfere in all its concerns, and defeat and annihilate all its laws? Thank God,” pursues the conscientious Dean, “thank God, our king himself feels that he cannot, and has proclaimed, on his royal word, that he will not; and every loyal subject, be his own opinion on the great question what it may, will exult in the conscientious decision of the sovereign, and gratefully acknowledge a new and powerful claim on the attachment of his people.”

So much for the pledges of Dr. Philpotts, before a visit to the *seat of wisdom!* made him see with other eyes, turned his imagination upside down, inoculated him with admiration for every nonsense or knavery that could drop from official lips, and made him, if he has any feeling left, the most miserable man alive. So sink the apostates; so be rewarded meanness of spirit; so may the swallows of their own words feed on the bitter banquet of their own reflections. For this fellow we have the deepest scorn. Lawyers are bred to artifice; ministers and party men naturally learn that their principles are a part of their trade; but a clergyman, the professional teacher of morals, honesty, and Christian self-denial——But we are sick of the subject, and of the man.

We shall tell these apostates, that though they have triumphed over the Constitution, they have not yet triumphed over the Nation. **THE STRUGGLE IS BUT BEGUN!** the march to Moscow has been made, and the work of devastation has been remorselessly done; but the march *from* Moscow is the thing—and then, **GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!**

Once more we tell our countrymen to do all things but despair. The astonishing treachery that we have witnessed, has actually smitten down public resistance, as if by a thunderbolt. But there is in England a mighty reserve of strength and recovery, beyond the reach of man; the old recollections of Freedom, the native disdain with which the High-minded hate the corrupt—and more mighty than all, that hallowed and unearthly RELIGION, which must not be polluted by the touch of the idolater. Once more we say, England will be herself again; and may the Eternal Power, in whose hand are the issues of life and death to nations as to men, speed the time!

## THE PROSE ALBUM: MAXIMS ON MANKIND.

## I.

No person who is in love can ever be entirely persuaded that the passion is not reciprocal; as no one who does not feel it ever believes that it is sincere in others.

## II.

Love is a fascination with some one striking excellence or indescribable grace, that supplies all other deficiencies, and fills the whole soul with a certain rapture. Hence the desire we have to find our passion unequivocally returned; for, as from its very nature, every thing connected with the beloved object is steeped in a sense of delight, and her every thought and feeling is supposed to be of the most exquisite kind, to be well thought of by her is necessarily to occupy the highest place in our own esteem: to be excluded from her favour and countenance, is to be turned out of Paradise.

## III.

Some have described love to be an exaggerated sense of excellence in another, without the chance or hope of making itself understood—a teasing pursuit of difficulty—a “hunting the wind, and worshipping a statue.” This is, at most, a definition of unsuccessful love. It has been made a question, whether any woman would be proof against the real language of the heart, had it words to express itself; or would not be won, were she assured of all that her despairing lover undergoes for her sake? But the lover, from the strength of his own attachment, almost always believes that there is a secret sympathy between them; that she knows what passes in his breast as well as in her own; and that she holds out only from caprice; and that she must at length yield.

## IV.

Love *at first sight* is only realizing an imagination that has always haunted us; or meeting with a face, or figure, or cast of expression in perfection that we have seen and admired in a less degree or in less favourable circumstances a hundred times before. Our dream is out at last—Telemachus has discovered his Eucharis.

## V.

Human life may be regarded as a succession of *frontispieces*. The way to be satisfied is never to look back. This is well expressed in his allegory of the *House of Pride*, by Spenser, a poet to whom justice will never be done till a painter of equal genius arises to embody the dazzling and enchanting creations of his pen.

## VI.

Some one absurdly expressed a wish to be young again, *if he could carry his experience back with him to the outset of life*. But the worst old age is that of the mind.

## VII.

There is no absurdity or extravagance that we can frame into words, or picture to the imagination, of which every day's experience would not afford a confirmation. The real caricatures are to be found in nature: no one dares describe them to the letter, for fear of being thought

romantic. Our sympathy with, and consequent belief in, the folly and perversity of others, lag far behind the reality. Mounted on their *hobby-horsical* humours, they outstrip the wind; and we lose sight of them before they get half way to the devil. A metaphysical theory, a paradox, an hyperbole hobbles lamely after them: no tricks of style are a match for the tricks which the mind plays with itself: the passions draw distinctions and conclusions finer than the subtlest reason can detect.

## VIII.

There is a habitual helplessness and sense of weakness that is not merely averse to bold and rash enterprises, but only feels secure when it is entangled with difficulties and hemmed in with doubts, and will not walk out of the prison-house of its fears, even when the doors are thrown open to it. It is not danger alone that frights the timid soul—the very imagination of success often chills it. It turns in haste and with apprehension from a prospect and a state so unnatural to it. While there is no hope, there is something to complain of; while there is uncertainty, there is something to be uneasy about; but to come to a termination of toil and trouble, is like coming to the edge of a precipice with nothing but an idle void beyond. It has fed on the disagreeable all its former time. How acquire a new sense late in life? Prosperity sounds like insolence—encomium like insult.

## IX.

We may understand from this the contradiction which often appears in the character of notorious or reputed misers. To those who have scraped an immense fortune together by little and little, and have been accustomed, all their lives, to the most thrifty modes of subsistence, the launching out into luxury and expence must not only seem a sacrilegious waste of hard-earned gains, but, independently of this, must repel and shock all their early and most rooted prejudices and feelings. A man born to a fortune of half a million, and who has been used to dine on plate and have a dozen livery-servants standing behind his chair, cannot do without these necessary appendages of his wealth and of his imagination: but a man who has amassed that sum from nothing, must deem all this parade and ostentation mere folly, and almost a burlesque upon himself. The *miser* (as he is called) is therefore precluded by old associations and almost a natural instinct, from laying out his riches upon himself: they are either an incumbrance or a golden dream.

## X.

It has been sometimes asked, "Why should not West be equal to Raphael?" There are three answers to this question. First, it is a million to one against any man's being so. Secondly, if it were the fact, it is impossible that you who assume it, should know that it is so, unless you could be alive three hundred years hence to see whether West's works are then regarded as having made the same addition and given the same impulse to the art as Raphael's, three hundred years after his death. Could this be the case, and you then found that West's name, surviving the waves of opinion and the wrecks of time, still shone co-equal with Raphael's, a "mighty land-mark to the latter times," would you not say that this grand and disinterested result confirmed and added weight to your first rash judgment? Thirdly, if you *knew* that it

was so, you could not *feel* in the same manner about it. Admiration is partly an affair of sympathy and prejudice. My enthusiasm glows the brighter and steadier for being kindled at a common flame, and at an ancient and hallowed shrine. The grandeur is not merely in the cause or object, but in the effect; and fame is the shadow of genius, that reflects back its lustre and glory upon it. There is an atmosphere of time about intellectual objects, as well as of distance about visible ones, which gives them their peculiar refinement or expansion, and to deny or alter which is to invert the order of nature.

## XI.

Grandeur of view consists in regarding things as they are seen in history, in their aggregate masses and results, and is equally remote from petty details, and the grossness of prejudice.

## XII.

A great wit and statesman said, that "speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts." So it might be said, that books serve as a screen to keep us from a knowledge of things.

## XIII.

The diffusion of knowledge and literature, by increasing the number of pretenders, has lessened the distance between authors and readers; has made learning common and familiar; and given to reputation a temporary and ephemeral character. In the succession of new works, we cannot find time to read the old:—in the crowd of living competitors, we lose sight of the dead. The pretensions of rank and literature being each set aside and neutralised by the impertinent scrutiny of vulgar opinion, they *club* their stock between them, and strive to make a feeble stand that way. Hence the aristocracy of letters! An author no longer, in the silence of retreat, and in the dearth of criticism, appeals to posterity as a last resource, as in a flat and barren country, we look on objects in the distant horizon: in the din and pressure of present opinions and contending claims, he must throw himself, like an actor at a fair, on the gaping throng about him, and seize, by the most speedy and obvious means, the noisy suffrages of his contemporaries. The poet, as of old, is not now, from rarity, regarded as a mystery, a wizard, a something whose privacy is not to be profaned by being encroached upon; every effort is made to throw down this partition-wall, to rend asunder the veil of genius; and instead of being kept at a studious and awful distance, he must be brought near, must be shewn as a *lion*, must be had out to dinner, or to an *AT HOME*; we must procure his autograph, get him to write his name in an *album*, and, if possible, come into personal contact with him, so as to mix him up with our daily impressions and admiring egotism. Thus the imaginary notion, the *divinæ particula auræ* is lost under a heap of common qualities or peculiar defects; and only the shadow of a name is left. Nothing is fine but the *ideal*; or rather, excellence exists only by abstraction. If we wish to be delighted or to admire, we have no business to seek beyond what first excited our delight or admiration. Those who go in search of a cluster of perfections, or expect that because a man is superior in one thing, he is to be superior in all, only go in search of disappointment; or, in truth, hope to indemnify their self-love by the discovery that, except in some one particular, their idol is very much like themselves.

## THE WOMAN OF VISIONS ; A MEDITERRANEAN SKETCH.

CORSICA had risen into celebrity by its being the birth-place of Napoleon ; but his singular and selfish neglect made it unfashionable in France to know any thing more than that it existed. The French never travel—for the sufficient reason, that, but in Paris, there is no Palais Royal upon the earth ; and as, during the war, the English had nothing to do in the Mediterranean but to fight, Corsica, after the retreat of the English, was as much forgotten as if it were buried in the waters, in which it lies, like an encampment of mountain-tops. The following sketch is *strict* in point of *manners*, whatever it may be in person ; the story to which it alludes may, at some time or other, be given.

Two travellers, conducted by a guide, slowly descended, on foot, the heights of Bastilica. They stopped, at intervals, to examine the nature of the stones by which they were surrounded, and the different species of plants growing among the mountains, from little spots of earth amassed in the numerous crevices of the rock, to which the seeds were wafted by those winds which blow unceasingly on all the elevated points of the Isle of Corsica.

While the travellers examined the *silex*, their guide smiled ironically, as he continued rubbing the lock of his fusil—a favourite employment of his. At dawn he had enveloped the lock with his cravat, to preserve it from the heavy dew which precedes the sunrise of Corsica. When, towards the middle of the day, the burning heat had reassured him against any danger from humidity, he replaced the cravat in its original destination, and kept incessantly rubbing with the cuffs of his vest all the metallic parts of this cherished weapon—of which he delightedly contemplated the brilliant polish—and, from time to time, tightened the screws with his stiletto.

“ I think that this original is mocking us,” said Lord Charles Douglas, one of the travellers, to his companion, the young Count Alexis Talzikoff ; “ you are not aware how much the habitude of arms gives these mountaineers a contempt for all things unconnected with war. He sees well enough that our pursuit interests us ; yet, far from trying to profit by our discoveries, he finds our employment but worthy of his pity.”

“ But,” replied the count, “ all unenlightened persons think just the same.”

“ No ; this disdain is peculiar to the island-mountaineer, who is almost always warlike. We should excite merely the curiosity of a continental peasant, or he would look at us with indifference ; but this fellow observes, and laughs at us : he is a true Scotch Highlander. But I know the secret of giving myself importance in his eyes.”

As Lord Charles spoke, the travellers found themselves on the edge of a ravine, through the depth of which ran a stream. Some wild pigeons were drinking at it ; and the trees, which, from distance to distance, sprang through the fissures of the rocks, were covered with those birds.

“ How is your gun loaded, Signor Paolo ?” said Lord Charles to the guide.

“ With two balls.”

“ I want to bring down those four wood-pigeons that are perched up there, on that pine-branch. Give me your gun.”

The Corsican hesitated.—“ If it were shot, indeed—but with balls ! you can get at no more than two.”

“ I am sure of four, however !” replied Lord Charles, as he took the fusil from the hands of the guide, who, more through surprise than good-will, suffered himself to be thus disarmed. The shot was fired : three birds fell at the foot of the tree ; and the fourth, struck in his flight, dropped a few paces off.

“ A fair shot that !” observed Paolo ; “ but also, in all the Nebbia, there is no fusil like mine, and——”

“ I should like to buy it !” interrupted the Count Talzikoff.

“ Buy my fusil !” replied Paolo ; “ were you to give me for it ten years’ produce of the vines of La Bulagna, I would refuse it. This fusil must never go out of my family.”

“ Of course, there is some good reason to give it such value in your eyes ?” continued the young Russ.

“ There surely is. This fusil was the hanging of my grandfather, when the French forbade us the use of arms, at the time of the Union.”

“ It is a melancholy remembrance !” said Lord Charles. “ But why did your grandfather persist in retaining his fusil when the laws forbade it ?”

Paolo looked at the inquirer with astonishment, as he replied, “ And what man, think you, would surrender the arms of which he knows how to make use ? My grandfather was as good a shot as yourself. He was at the head of fifty Corsicans, who beat eight companies of grenadiers, who wanted to occupy La Nebbia in 1768 ; and it was with this same fusil that he took such good aim at a certain Count de Bethizy, in that same war, that he never rose from the spot where he fell.”

“ It was unlucky that such a brave man should have been hanged !” said the Count Alexis.

“ It certainly was ; but there is no ill without a remedy.”

“ I don’t very well see any for death, however !”

“ Excuse me. My father, who escaped into the mountains, had carried off the arms of the family.—‘ This fusil,’ said he to himself, ‘ has caused the death of Nicolo Ruspi. Well, then, in the hands of Carlo Ruspi, it must revenge that death.’—And my father shot the five judges who had condemned my grandfather.”

“ And what happened to your father ?”

“ Nothing.”

“ However, to assassinate five men appears to me worse than not delivering up one’s arms.”

“ Assassinate !—Carlo Ruspi was not an assassin. I tell you that he *revenged* his father !”

“ That is quite different,” observed Lord Charles, who perceived that his companion’s remark had by no means gratified the mountaineer ; “ it is quite different : but yet it might happen that persons, unjust enough to hang a man for concealing his fusil, would think that Carlo Ruspi had done wrong.”

“ My father had the same thought as you ; so he passed into Spain, where he took service, and never returned here again. I was about fifteen then—old enough to estimate the noble action of my father ; and I swore that this fusil, which had helped him in it, should pass from

generation to generation, to the elder of the Ruspis. I have not yet had occasion to make the same honourable use of it as my ancestors; for they let us alone now, thank Heaven! and the Ruspis are not of a race to begin; though, if provoked, for the honour of the family, this fusil here—Clorinde, my niece, can tell you that. When Petrino chose to deny that he had been twice seen at midnight going under her window, I said to him, ‘Petrino, take care! Your kinsmen are rich; they often come to the mountains to visit their flocks: I may meet them.’—Well, eight days afterwards, Petrino’s cousin came back with a bullet in his shoulder.”

“His cousin!” exclaimed Alexis; “but he had not offended you; it was Petrino who deserved the bullet.”

“He might think himself well off; had it not been adroitly done, the aim I took at the shoulder might have struck the heart.”

“But you could have killed Petrino without wounding his cousin, who had done nothing to you.”

“Yes!—and, had Petrino died, who would have espoused the girl? No, no! that settled every thing at once. All Petrino’s kinsmen assembled, and the marriage was concluded on the spot.”

“And your niece—is she happy?”

“Very: and Petrino never lets a day pass without thanking me;—for, after all, if it was not that I had patience, I should never have waited for his cousin in this way: I might have got rid of half-a-dozen in the mean time.”

“Your vengeance are fearful!”

“There is no occasion to provoke them!”

Thus conversing, the travellers arrived at Bastilica, and were conducted by their guide to the person for whom they had received a letter of recommendation, at San Fiorenzo.

It was a mere chance that had brought Lord Charles and the Count Alexis into Corsica. Embarked at Barcelona in an English sloop for Malta, a contrary gale drove them into the Gulf of San Fiorenzo. Lord Charles, curious to know something of the country which had given birth to a man with whose name all Europe resounded, proposed to Talzikoff to cross through Corsica, and re-embark at Ajaccio. The Russ agreed. Both young, eager for excitement, well read, and connected by the warmest friendship, they promised themselves much pleasure from this pedestrian tour over ground so rarely described.

Douglass, a Scotchman, imagined himself respiring his native air amid the mountains of Corsica, and its islanders, so grave, so proud, and so manly.

“Yes, here is a people,” said he to his friend—“here are physiognomies truly national, and not of that ordinary stamp which gives the same faces the likeness to each other, among the continental peasantry, that we find among a flock of sheep. If we except the colour of the hair, and perhaps some slight alteration of complexion, you will find that the countenance is every where alike, and that, from time immemorial, those good folks have never taken the trouble to conceive an original thought. The continental plebeian has so long been the mere machine of his seigneur, that it will take centuries to give him courage to act on his own impulses. But here, as in Scotland, the frequency of civil war has compelled the high to consult the feelings of the low. They may seduce opinion, but not command it: each man has the right of comparison and choice. And from

all this results the originality that momentarily strikes the sight. It is superb : their isolation, in the midst of the waters, is no bad emblem of this solitariness and distinct vigour of character. I like to see a people not confounded with its neighbours."

"But," returned the Count, "you forget, in that case, how much slower is the progress of civilization."

"True ; but as civilization remedies some evils by the substitution of others, I am not yet certain whether it is a real good. We shall find here the ambitious, the envious, the wicked, as elsewhere ; but we shall find neither the liar nor the traitor. An islander pledges his hatred or his friendship : and one or the other is certain. Can you say as much for the great continental family ?"

"There are examples there, too."

"Of course, which, like exceptions, confirm the rule."

"I must confess that I am for civilization. Polished and elegant life has a charm for me——"

"Which no virtue can counterbalance !—Is it so ?" said the Scotchman. "I can conceive that, brought up in a Muscovite palace, under the care of a French preceptor, *la grâce* weighs with you ; but I, a true mountaineer, find more nobleness in the movements of Paolo climbing the rocks, than in those of your Chevalier de Marsan, when he gave us a representation of the famous minuet which procured him such eulogies at Versailles ; and I prefer the downright and frank expression of this guide to that artificial and general manner with which we are all too familiar."

"An island, mountain-torrents, and Scotland for you. I appeal from all your judgments while we remain here," said the count.

"Do you know that I have got a little Corsican blood in my veins ?" was the answer.

"You !"

"Yes ; one of my ancestors, who followed James the Second to St. Germain, married a Corsican lady."

"It is good to have kinsmen every where, but particularly here, I should imagine. Let us get recognized, I beg."

"It might be no easy matter : but, were I forced to renounce my clan, I certainly should come here to seek friends, nor feel myself at all out of my element in changing the plaid and bonnet for the *baretta*, and *sotto marsina di fresa*, of a Corsican."

"There is one inconvenience, however : they say that so many individuals of noble families are reduced to poverty here, that we find them exercising all the various trades of artisans ; and you might not be flattered by discovering a relative in the carpenter or the smith of some of the hamlets perched like eagles' nests upon those summits."

"If you knew our customs, you would see how proud people may be of identifying themselves with a family which commences with a duke, and closes with a shepherd. But you understand nothing of this ; you, whose country is so new, that your nobles have not had time to grow poor."

"There results from that, that we have much fewer prejudices than you—that of birth, for example."

"Certainly ; I am more proud of owing my rank to my ancestors than to the will of an empress."

"Oh, the will of an empress is no such bad point in a man's favour sometimes."

“As your Orloffs can tell. But, to prove to you that I am liberal after my own manner, I will set myself to seek out some great-grand-nephew of my Corsican kinswoman, even though his nobility be sunk into a vender of goats’ milk cheeses—provided that you promise me not to write it to Federowna.”

“Why, truly, my haughty little sister would scarcely be proud of her alliance with such unpastoral-looking shepherds as my friends here, and who cannot hold themselves more proudly than now, even when they learn that they have the honour to appertain to Lord Charles Douglass.”

“I confess I like their manner of elevating the head, of looking one in the face, of replying without embarrassment. What a pleasure to command such men as these!”

“So don’t think every one: they are reckoned turbulent, indocile, and obstinate.”

“Like the Polanders—is it not?—who would choose to be independent?”

“*Sur ma parole*, my good friend, you have all the air of a *révolutionnaire* since we have arrived among these mountains!”

“If you knew but the effect, on a native mountaineer, of the mountain-breezes, the roar of the waterfalls, the sight of the ocean——”

“Yes, yes; I know well enough that you are romantic to excess. But what astonishes me is, that, with this character, you should have selected such a gay, giddy little Euphrosyne as my fair sister.”

“You, too, Talzikoff! you are not remarkable for steadiness, or antipathy to pleasure;—yet at Eylau!—and even then the saving of your friend’s life was almost less heroic than the attentions afterwards lavished on its preservation. Could I better shew my gratitude, then, for the renewed existence for which I am indebted to the brother, than by devoting it thenceforth to the sister? Federowna loves me; and what matters to me the sportiveness of a mind, where I am certain of a heart!”

“I certainly think that Federowna, once married, will fulfil all her duties. But you are so rigid—you will be so *exigeant*; while my sister, satisfied with possessing her husband’s esteem, will not, in consequence, wish to renounce all other admiration.”

“Federowna, then, will be a coquette!”

“Why, it will be a little cruel to insist that a woman who can charm all, must shine only for one.”

“Your people are scarcely yet emerged from the stupidity of barbarism, and their higher ranks are already civilized up to the corruption of the most natural feelings. Well, let us talk no more of this; we are formed to esteem, and not to understand each other.—Yet, if I were not to be understood by Federowna; if, on her becoming my bride!—Do you imagine your sister will be a coquette?”

“It appears to me so natural, that I should think myself deceiving you were I to assure you of the contrary.”

“Then, my friend, then——”

“You will have nothing to say to her?”

“You torment me for your amusement!”

“By no means. Federowna pleases you; our relations consent; the marriage must be; and I am only trying the degree of patience with which you will support *les aimables caprices* of the prettiest woman of all the Russias.”

“ You can jest where the happiness of my life is at stake ! Talzikoff, were it possible for me to doubt of your sister’s attachment——”

“ What ! quite *en Orasmane* ?”

“ *Je ne suis point jaloux; si je l’étais jamais!*”

“ I have never before seen you so sarcastic.”

“ And I have never before seen you so——so—— Come, I won’t finish.—Look, what a prospect we have here ! quite worthy of adorning the banks of your native island ! Enchant your eyes with it, my good friend, and lighten your spirits by conversation with these valiant and wise mountaineers.”

The two friends now went out to visit the environs of the dwelling in which they were lodged. Lord Charles did not forget to ask after his kinsman ; but no such name was known at Bastilica. On returning to their temporary residence, they found their host absent, and fell into conversation with his wife, who, assisted by her daughter Laura, was occupied in preparing the supper. A morsel of *megiscia* (salted beef) was frying on the charcoal ; and upon the table were sausages, a cheese from the mountain of Coscione, figs, almonds, and dried chesnuts ; a large earthen vase of slices of fried lampreys preserved in oil, and a basket of grapes and peaches. The wine was in stone bottles ; the plates and spoons were of wood ; the forks, iron. Four covers were prepared, and four stools placed around the table.

“ Who sups with us ?” inquired the Count Alexis.

“ My husband and your guide,” replied Angeluccia.

“ And you and your daughter ?”

“ We eat here, at the fire-side.”

“ But why not with us ?”

“ It is not the custom.”

“ It is then true that, in Corsica, the wives may not seat themselves at table with their husbands ?”

“ It is not the custom in the mountains.”

“ But at Bastia, mother, and at Ajaccio,” said Laura.

“ Oh, there they live after the French fashion.”

“ But,” resumed the count, “ you are then treated as an inferior ?”

“ Like an inferior ! Is it because I work for strangers ? But, when seated by my fire-side, who has the power to order me ? You would not have such as I am, like the ladies of your grand cities, who do not know how to make the very bread they eat ?”

“ So, then, it is not through respect that you do not take your place at your husband’s table ?”

“ Through respect ? No ! Do you not know that I have six sons, all as tall as yourself ; and that I have seventy kinsmen, all able to bear arms ? My husband has but forty-eight. My family owes no respect to any one ; and, at the last election of Ettore, if it were not for me and mine, the uncle had scarcely been named as deputy.—Respect, indeed !”

“ Here is a personage who at least makes the most of her situation,” observed Lord Charles, in French, to his friend.

“ Yes,” replied the count ; “ vanity catches at any support. Our hostess is as proud of dispensing her cabbages and onions——”

“ As the mistress of a minister of disposing of places and pensions.”

“ Your comparisons are always to the advantage of these barbarians.”

“ And your observations always to their disparagement.”

“ I regret that this haughty cook-maid is not called Andromache, to assimilate with the husband’s name of Hector.”

“ Do you find that name in bad taste ?”

“ No ; but I should never expect to give it to any one here.”

“ And yet you find here the manners of Homer.”

“ Which I by no means admire. Confess that a man may dine better at Grignon’s than in the tent of Achilles.—You smile !”

“ It is a tribute I often pay to your speeches.”

“ And with which you dispense in regard to your own.—But I am not yet done with this matron of the numerous tribe. I want to inquire if she may not be your cousin in the hundredth degree.”

Angeluccia, on being questioned, declined the honour proposed to her ; not, however, without hinting at the merits of her family, which descended from one of the Caporali, or chiefs of the people, famous in the fifteenth century.

“ But,” said Laura, “ if these cavaliers wish to learn any thing, let them see Zia Sacra, who can tell every thing.”

“ You are right,” replied the mother ; “ besides, that Zia Sacra is of the family of ——”

“ Precisely !” interrupted Lord Charles.

“ Oh, Zia Sacra will tell you all that better than I can—that is, if she should choose to answer you.”

“ The Signora Sacra is capricious, then ?” inquired the count.

“ She !—Sacra capricious !” exclaimed their hostess.—“ Blessed Virgin ! take care what you say ; you do not know her.”

“ Is it then some power,” resumed the count, “ of whom we must speak only with veneration ?”

“ Yes, truly.”

“ As to me,” observed Laura, “ I tremble at even hearing her named !”

“ I wager that it is a sorceress,” said the Russ to his companion. “ This becomes delightful ! Pray let me hear all that these two women have to say of the redoubtable Sacra.—Well, Signora Angeluccia—and this kinswoman——”

“ Lives in the last house to the left, at the foot of the rock whence issues the fountain. She is there, alone, in front of the church where they bury all our dead ; and she fears nothing.”

“ And every evening,” interrupted Laura, “ she goes to prostrate herself before the church-door, to call upon her dead children, who reply to her, and to speak with them until the *Angelus*——”

“ And she returns chaunting the *Salve* that they chaunt in purgatory.”

“ And where has she learned this same *Salve* ?” inquired the count.

“ It is now twenty years,” replied Angeluccia, “ since her husband, being ill, she was sitting one morning beside him ; her twelve sons were dead, and her two daughters also ; and still Sacra said always, ‘ My heart is broken—the children of my bosom have been torn from me—but glory to the Lord for ever !’ Her husband, being then lying down, said to her suddenly, ‘ It is the first day of the month, Sacra ; and you have not carried the bread and the wine to the convent for my father’s mass.’—‘ I will go there now,’ replied Sacra. But, as she was going out, she looked round her and said, ‘ I had fourteen children, and now my husband is alone when I leave him : should his hour come while I am

absent, who is to hear his last words? who will cry to him *Jesu Maria!*—She departed on saying this; but she wept. She had to wait to hear the mass: she returned when it was over, and, on entering the chamber, she saw three spirits chaunting round her husband's bed. Sacra kneeled down, and she there learned those fine words that none of us understand. One of the spirits said to her, 'It is the *Salve* of purgatory; we have taught it to Matteo, this night he will sing it with us.'—And that night Matteo died."

"Thus," observed the count, "Sacra is in habitual relation with spirits?"

"They teach her the past and the future; but she will not always tell it."

"And then, mother, how fearful it is to hear her speak!"

"Pray, repeat to me some of her predictions," demanded the count.

"I should not wish Ettore to return and overhear me!—He had a sister: when she came into the world, Sacra was beside the mother, who caressed the new-born, just as much as if it was a boy—so beautiful was the babe!—'Poor mother!' said Sacra to her, 'she will cost thee more tears than thou wilt give her kisses! This maiden will attract the men as doth the rose the butterflies.'—Rosalinde grew up so beautiful, that every one was in love with her; and when the English came to Corsica, an officer—Rosalinde died—But here is my husband."

The host arrived with Petrino; they sat down to table, served by the two females. Lord Charles inquired where were the six sons?

"Soldiers in France!" replied their entertainer.

"What! all your sons? And who assists you in your work? who gets in your harvest?"

"The Lucquois."

"Your six sons have been forced to serve?"

"No, only one was drawn; the five others went of themselves."

"And they left you alone?"

"I have also served: to till the land when young is only good for the Lucquois."

"What is a Corsican who cannot manage a gun?" said Petrino, in his turn. "Look at those at Ajaccio and Bastia, with their commerce. No sooner have they an enemy, than they send into the mountains for help; and, when it comes—why, peace is already made. It will be the same every where. The other day, at Cortè, Antonio sent for me: he had received an affront; I found him pacified.—'Is it thus that thou art avenged?' said I to him. He shewed me a large ware-room full of bales, and a great portfolio full of accounts, as he replied, 'I have too much to lose!' He wanted me, too, to stay, and meet his enemy at dinner. I told him to drink his disgrace by himself."

"Ah! truly, that was not in the mountains!" observed Angeluccia. "He who gives one affront here receives two."

"Hold thy tongue, Angeluccia," replied the host; "you women, there, are often the cause of the mischief yourselves; and if there remained but three families at *Canale* once, it was because the quarrel originated with a woman, and they meddle in all things."

"And is it not better to see a town with three families who have kept their honour, than a kingdom with a people who have lost theirs?"

"Enough!—among strangers we must not speak too much of ourselves."

“ So! they charge others with the vengeance of offences done to themselves. Poor people! what wives they must have!”

“ I say again, enough! One should not displease one’s guests. On the Continent they understand nothing of justice. Speak no more of it.”

These words put an end to the conversation; and the supper being over, the two friends were conducted to their chamber. Two slight mattresses, upon two palliasses, filled with the leaves of Indian corn, and covered with coarse but white cloth, composed the beds, of which the wood was chesnut, cut with the saw. There were also a table, and four stools, of a similar exhibition of art. The unglazed windows were closed by shutters. Upon a huge block of wood, placed between the two beds, was a little statue of the Virgin, in lead, formerly gilt; and on either side of it were candlesticks of the same material, with long lights of white wax. Above this sort of chapel, there was suspended from the wall a large ebony crucifix. A sabre and regimental firelock, such as were formerly used by the French infantry, were hung beside the crucifix. Four wicks, burning in a Genoese lamp of yellow copper, lighted the room. It was laid upon a table near two wooden plates, in one of which were hard biscuits, in the other, fruit. A bottle of wine, a vase of water, and two wooden cups, completed the service prepared for the first repast of the travellers, should they feel hungry before the family hour for breakfast.

“ All here,” said Lord Charles, “ bears the aspect of poverty, but nothing of misery. We must remember that we are not in an *auberge*, that we cannot offer money for their hospitality, and that those people who exercise it so liberally, are ignorant if they are to be reimbursed in any way whatever.”

“ I shall be no ingrate, I assure you,” replied the count; “ but yet one knows not what to give to people who seem to care for nothing.”

“ Under Petrino’s care, I think we might do without pistols; so I shall ask our host to accept of mine.”

“ Those capital English pistols which you refused to the duke?”

“ What could he have done with them?”

“ Why, I certainly think that Ettore understands their use somewhat better; but as it is useless to leave him an arsenal—besides that, my pistols are your present—I shall not offer them to him. And yet what have I to leave him?”

“ That Mexican chaplet that you bought for Federowna would be acceptable to Angeluccia; and, at Malta, we shall get enough of them.”

“ I should rather give it to the pretty Laura, whose eyes are so black, and whose teeth are so white.”

“ I should not advise it; for the history of Rosalinde appeared to me to finish rather abruptly.”

“ Our host needs not have come in on us so soon: his wife was disposed to tell us every thing.”

“ But she had reached the *dénouement*, for the heroine was dead.”

“ The manner was not cheering, certainly.—*A propos*, shall we not go and visit this same Sacra—this Pythoness? You, who have told me so much about second-sight, ought to be curious to compare this demi-African with your Caledonian witches.”

“As you do not positively deny the existence of vampires, you may fairly forgive me my opinions as to second-sight.”

“I am sometimes tolerant enough. For instance, I should have no courage to mock at this rustic altar ; and were I to see St. Nicholas in the place of that Madonna, I could pray with all my heart ; for there is a something national to me in the arrangement of this style of chapel.”

“I dislike exterior signs : but this sabre, this firelock, placed thus, to bring back the recollections of a youth devoted to the defence of one’s country, seem to me the most interesting of trophies.”

The first sun-rays, darting through the ill-closed joints of their shutters, awoke the two travellers next morn, who immediately arose, and, after having saluted their hosts, took their way to the dwelling of Zia Sacra.

An exterior staircase led to the first floor—an immense room, furnished merely with benches of chesnut-wood. In the middle, on a large table, loaded with a profusion of the provisions of the country, were placed fifteen plates and forks. Not seeing any person, nor hearing any sound, the travellers advanced to the extremity of the apartment, where a second staircase, much more precipitous than the first, presented itself. They mounted, and entered a room, from which the light was partially excluded by a half-closed blind.

A female, who sat spinning near the window, arose at their entrance, and advanced towards them. Her height was gigantic, and a black robe, bound low down round her waist, completely shewed her figure. A bandeau of white linen covered her forehead even to the brows ; and her long hair, plaited and rolled several times round her head, formed a sort of turban above the bandeau. Her cheeks were sunken and faded ; but she bore no other signs of age—for her hair was of the deepest black, and her teeth in perfection. Her eyes, large and full, shone brilliantly at intervals ; but surrounded by a blueish circle, and shaded by long eyelashes, generally humid with tears, their habitual expression was a profound sadness.

The two friends felt themselves penetrated with respect at the approach of this personage, who, before addressing any question to them, presented two chairs, and took a third herself ; silently fixing her eyes on Lord Charles, while she said, “Thou art a foreigner—what wouldst thou with me?”

“I have been told that you are a descendant from the famous Sampietro d’Ornano. My family has been allied with his.”

“The mother of Sampietro had a brother : it is from him that I descend. But thou—thou art truly a son of Sampietro. You have his figure, his height. May Heaven give you his heart, for the good of your country !”

“My good mother,” said the count, “it is, I think, something more than two centuries since that Sampietro died ; how, then, may you know that my friend resembles him?”

“My son,” replied Sacra, “never, for thy own sake, mayst thou have the fearful knowledge of the connexion between the dead and the living !”

“You could teach it then?”

A transient smile passed across Sacra’s lips, as she replied, “The child at the breast comprehends neither the courage of his father, nor the virtue of his mother : both, however, exist. Preserve, my son,

preserve thine ignorance: the science of the spirit is the price of the pains of the heart."

A long silence followed the words. Lord Charles interrupted it:—"I know little of the history of Sampietro—merely that he was a hero. Were it not that I have observed the preparations for a large banquet—to which, of course, you expect guests—I should request you to give me some details of this ancestor, which, doubtless, must gratify the pride of any one connected with him."

"It is long since there hath been a banquet in the dwelling of the widow of Matteo. Thou hast seen the repast for my dead: yesterday evening I served it to them. They know that I live upon roots, to reserve for them all that our earth produces, and the wine of my vines is poured out but for them. But I have the children of our poor goat-herds, who come to seek their portions—the Virgin be praised!—Matteo! my children! sleep in peace: I watch for ye!"

"Then this repast is prepared for the poor?"

"No; I prepared it for my dead. They disdain it; and the poor, while blessing the memory of mine, nourish themselves with it. It is Christian fellowship.—But thou wouldst speak to me of Sampietro."

Thus saying, Sacra had fixed her eyes on the most obscure corner of the apartment, with the air of interrogating some one. Lord Charles and the count could see nothing there but Sacra's crucifix.

She arose, and opening a small coffer, took out a portrait: it was the countenance of a young Corsican female, of remarkable beauty. She also took out a small manuscript volume.

"Yes!" said Sacra, in a low tone—"it may save him!.....This," said she, "was written by one who bore a name dear to the Corsicans—the name of Colonna. She was a Genoese; and Sampietro might well have wished that any other historian had taught his descendants the events of his life! But"—and her eyes glanced at the crucifix—"so it ought to be, perhaps!—Read this, then," added she: "some leaves of the writing are wanting; but there remain enough to satisfy thy curiosity. The sons of Sampietro—the d'Ornanos, have succeeded to eminent dignities: their father, also, was well worthy of honours. Avoid his errors—thou, who art so like him!"

Lord Charles received the volume respectfully.

"I bestow this gift on thee," said Sacra: "I must soon have bestowed it on some one, on my death-bed.....I have now no more to say to thee," resumed the Corsican, after a pause: "my hour of silence is come!"

Count Talzikoff drew his friend away, glad to escape from a personage, who at least chilled his heart, if she did not overpower his understanding. As the friends descended, they perceived that all the provisions had disappeared.

"I breathe once more!" exclaimed the count, as they returned.—"Never more may I encounter either witch or saint while I live!"

The guide, at this moment, came to inform the travellers that it was time to set off, if they wished to reach Ajaccio before night. Ettore and his wife gratefully received the presents of their guests. The young Laura filled Paolo's sack with *biscotelli* and pomegranates; and, wishing the travellers the protection of all the saints, did not quit the threshold until she had lost sight of them.

As they approached Ajaccio, the count was the first to catch a glimpse of the English frigate, which had cast anchor near the Isles of Sanguinari.

“Heaven be thanked!” exclaimed he: “to-morrow we depart.”

“Is there nothing to be seen here?” said Lord Charles.

“Nothing—nothing! Pray do not go looking for more relatives!”

After a pleasant passage, the two friends arrived at Malta. The Count Talzikoff there found letters from his family, which perfectly quieted Lord Charles Douglass as to his future fate. Federowna announced her marriage with a young French noble. But this did not disturb the friendship of her slighted lover and his friend; and it was under the shade of the orange-trees, at a beautiful country-house belonging to an English military friend of the former, that he and Count Alexis perused the story of the mysterious volume. But this must be kept for other hours.

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#### THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF CAPTAIN PHILIP BEAVER.\*

THE moral and intellectual character of the English Navy has considerably advanced in public estimation of late years. At no period of its existence has any doubt been entertained of that fervent spirit of enterprise, of that matchless courage—at once cool and daring in the highest degree—or of that lofty and generous devotion to the severe duties of a hazardous profession, which have distinguished British sailors. A certain portion of vague and general praise has been universally awarded to these qualities:—the names of Drake, and Benbow, and Howe, and Rodney, awoke feelings of national pride whenever they were mentioned; but no one thought of attributing to them any other or higher qualifications than those which belong exclusively to their profession, and the notion had become general, that the life and habits of a sailor unfitted him for any other pursuit. Now, indeed, we may quote the names of St. Vincent, and Nelson, as sufficient proofs that the navy has produced men who were not less competent to provide for the safety, and to protect the interests of their country, in the cabinet, than to fight her battles on the quarter-deck; but the time has been—and not so long ago as to be quite forgotten—when a sea-captain was considered just about as fit to take a part in the business or enjoyments of social life, as a sea-calf would be to occupy a corner in a quadrille. All human feelings and passions were supposed to “suffer a sea-change” in their persons. Tar and rum were the most savoury of the associations connected with them: and they were considered, when the fight was over, and their services no longer needed, to be no more useful, and not much more ornamental, than one of their own ships run ashore and dismantled, and waiting only a favourable opportunity to be returned to some vile uses.

It would be easier to account for the means by which this most injurious and erroneous notion has been formed, than to justify it; and the most prominent of the causes is the extreme modesty of naval officers. That contempt for display and parade which distinguishes them from

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\* Late of H. M. S. Nisus. By Captain W. Smyth, R. N. 1829.

every other branch of the national militia, has had a great effect in depriving them of the loud applause of the vulgar, and has contributed very much to keep them in the shade; while a certain bluntness of manner—often the mere expedient of shy and proud men to shun observation—and an impatience of the restraints which are necessarily imposed by the rules of ordinary society, have been mistaken for brutality of sentiment. The very dangers and toils of the service, deter many of the more favoured children of fortune from venturing into it; and that opportunity of promotion which it affords to merit, unassisted by the advantages of connexion—its most noble characteristic—has given it a less aristocratic and fashionable tone than the army. The exclusive nature of a sailor's avocations require from him sacrifices which necessarily cast a tinge upon the whole of his conduct; and that high sense of duty, which is the first principle of his actions—the habit of seeking for, and being satisfied with, no other reward than the conscious pride of having performed it, and of having secured the approbation of the very limited number of persons who are able to appreciate the value of his exertions—place him upon a footing very different from that of almost every other class of persons. Great wealth they very seldom possess. It does occur sometimes, that during a war, very remarkable success in rich captures, may entitle an officer to considerable sums of prize-money; but this is extremely rare; and even when it happens, the division of such booty is among a great number of individuals, and the deductions from it so large, that, after commissioners, and agents (if they do not become bankrupts), and attorneys, and such-like cormorants, have taken their several moderate portions out of it, and the distribution can be no longer postponed, it often turns out that the whole has been anticipated. Without money, and without the means and the opportunity of shining in society, it is no wonder that the characters of sailors have been misunderstood. The day, however, has arrived, when a much more correct opinion is entertained of them.

The "Life of Lord Nelson," by Dr. Southey, first taught the public to form a just estimate of that celebrated man, and claimed for him those high intellectual qualities which have hardly ever been surpassed in any condition, however much more favourable for their development than that in which he was placed. The "Memoirs of Lord Collingwood," a much more recent publication, has also tended to remove the disparaging notions which have been entertained of the service and the heroes it has formed. Every body knew the latter to be in every respect a distinguished officer, highly accomplished in all matters which belonged to his professional duties, inflexible in the performance of them, brave as the bravest in battle; but they had yet to learn that he combined with those noble qualities an intrepid and patient self-denial, an astonishing insensibility to bodily suffering, and a firm and exalted devotion to the duties of his profession; that the consciousness of being engaged in the performance of those duties, sustained him under privations the hardest to be borne, and consoled griefs which were not felt with less keen agony because the sufferer's pride forbade him to complain. It was not until the book to which we allude made its appearance that the public knew that that nobleman, whom they took to be merely an experienced marine officer, was also an eloquent and graceful writer, a profound and original thinker, and a practised politician. Such works are proud testimonials to that rare and high excellence which, unless some portion of national

vanity, that we are unconscious of, misleads us, has always distinguished the navy of this from that of every other country, and by developing the principles and characters of British sailors, excite at once the respect and emulation of their countrymen.

The "Life and Services of the late Captain Philip Beaver" is a valuable addition to this branch of literature. It is compiled from his own papers, by Captain W. H. Smyth, who appears to have been well acquainted with him when living, and who has discharged the task of making him known to his country and to posterity, as he deserved to be, with such simplicity and good taste, as entitle him to great applause. The events which it relates are not in themselves very singular, or very important; but as they are those which belong to the service, and as they tend to shew, in a point of view at once accurate and favourable, the character of an officer who may be taken as a good specimen of the race to which he belonged, they possess a peculiar interest. Captain Beaver was the third son of a respectable, but not wealthy, clergyman, whose sudden death left a widow and a family of eight children almost without provision. Philip, then eleven years old, went to sea in 1777, with Captain, afterwards Admiral Rowley, who commanded the *Monarch*. A cruise among the west India Islands during the American war initiated him into all the mysteries of his profession; and he undertook the duties assigned to him with so much alacrity, and made so rapid a progress, that his skill and general merit were universally recognized; the commanding officers were desirous of securing his assistance; and, in May 1784, in his nineteenth year, and when he had been in the service less than six years and a half, he obtained his Lieutenant's commission, for which he had the satisfaction of knowing he was indebted to his own exertions.

The active mind of the young sailor began to crave for employment, which, owing to the termination of the war, his own profession no longer offered him, and he engaged with Mr. Dalrymple in a scheme for colonizing the Island of Bulama, near the then new settlement of Sierra Leone, which the cunning and cupidity of some African traders had deluded the government of this country to establish. The result every body knows. Sierra Leone has cost Great Britain immense sums of money; has never yielded one farthing in return; and, as Sir George Murray said, very recently, in the House of Commons, the lives of every one of its successive governors have been sacrificed to the fatal insalubrity of the climate, with the exception of Sir C. Macarthy, who was put to death with horrid tortures by the natives. Captain Beaver's notion of its capabilities was expressed shortly and strongly, "When," says he, "they make a hogshead of sugar there, I will engage to do the same at Charing-cross." It has, however, been an amusing plaything for the African Society; and although it may have taken some good round sums out of this country's resources, the pockets of Mr. Zachary Macaulay have been the better for it.

The island of Bulama did seem, in truth, to present some of the advantages which were falsely attributed to Sierra Leone. It is situated at the East end of the Bijuga Archipelago, and was estimated to be about seven leagues in length, by from two to five in breadth. The new settlement, which was called *Hesperoleusis*, lies in latitude  $11^{\circ} 34'$  north, and in longitude  $15^{\circ} 30'$  west. It rises gradually from the shore towards the centre, where the height is nearly a hundred feet; and it is

generally covered with wood, though there are some natural savannahs, and a few clear spaces, affording ample pasturage to innumerable elephants, deer, buffaloes, and other wild animals. The soil is rich and fertile, producing a vegetation so luxuriant, that in the gardens of the new settlers, various vegetables, sufficient for half a dozen such colonies, were speedily produced. From this abundance, and its geographical position, it was inferred that Bulama was well calculated for the growth of cotton, indigo, tobacco, coffee and sugar, of the finest qualities. There can be little doubt that, under circumstances so favourable, if the new settlers had received even very moderate assistance, their enterprise must have been crowned with abundant success. It turned out, however, very differently. The ill assorted persons, whom a love of vanity, or some less excusable motives, had induced to join the expedition, grew disgusted with the labour and difficulties that presented themselves. Some of them returned home, others fell under the consequences of their own imprudence and want of caution; and, after two years of unremitting exertion, and patient endurance of almost every kind of hardship, Captain Beaver found himself obliged to sail for England with the ill news of his failure, and not only without recompense, but with the loss of his half-pay during the whole period of his absence. The good sense and discretion which he had evinced, and the influence those qualities had procured for him over the intractable spirits by which he was surrounded, proved, however, that nothing was wanting on his part to have insured a very different termination to his undertaking.

On his return to England he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Stately*, and was at the taking of the Cape in August 1795. In the course of the same service he made the acquaintance of Sir G. K. Elphinstone, in consequence of a remarkable display of presence of mind and seamanship:—

“Having recruited the health of their crews, the *Stately*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Echo*, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope; and on the 10th of August perceived the squadron of Sir G. K. Elphinstone, beating off *Agulhas*, in a hard gale of wind, with a high sea. Two hours after having joined, the *Stately* being on the starboard tack, under close reefed topsails and foresail, was so suddenly and furiously assailed by a violent squall, as to be thrown nearly on her beam ends, with rapid stern way, and all her sails flying in ribands. In this dilemma, the admirable conduct of Mr. Beaver, who, from the indisposition of the captain, was carrying on the deck duty, excited the applause of all the squadron. While many of the spectators considered her as lost, she was righted, wore, and rounded to on the other tack, with seaman-like precision; and was soon after near her station, under a new foresail and balanced mizen. This smart evolution attracted the particular attention of the admiral, who had already noticed our officer's exertions at *Muyzenburg*.”

In June, 1799, he received his captain's commission, and was appointed to the *Dolphin*, 44 guns, which vessel he soon afterwards left for the *Aurora*, and having joined Lord Keith on the Mediterranean station, was appointed assistant captain of the fleet, a post which, considering his years and standing, was a most flattering mark of the admiral's confidence, and which was rendered still more gratifying by the unqualified terms of approbation in which this appointment was signified to him, and to the whole fleet. It was during this service that he distinguished himself in the attack on *Genoa*, which was bombarded by the English fleet, and which was then reduced to such a state of famine and

misery as is unparalleled in the history of modern warfare. Captain Beaver's exploit is thus told by Lord Keith:—

“By private intelligence from Genoa, I understood the French had resolved on boarding our flotilla in any future attempt to bombard the town; and yesterday, about twelve o'clock, a very large galley, a cutter, three armed settees, and several gun-boats, appeared in array off the Mole-head, and in the course of the afternoon exchanged distant shot with some of the ships as they passed them. At sun-set they took a position under the guns of the moles and the city bastions, which were covered with men manifesting a determined resistance. I nevertheless arranged every thing for a fourth bombardment, as formerly, under the direction of Captain Philip Beaver, of the *Aurora*, who left the *Minotaur* at nine p. m., attended by the gun and mortar vessels and the armed boats of the ships. About one o'clock, being arrived at a proper distance for commencing his fire, a brisk cannonade was opened upon the town, which was returned from various parts; and Captain Beaver having discovered, by the flashes of some guns, that they were directed from something nearly level with the water, judiciously concluded that they proceeded from some of the enemy's armed vessels. Calling a detachment of the ships' boats to his assistance, he made directly to the spot, and, in a most gallant and spirited manner, under a smart fire of cannon and musketry from the moles and enemy's armed vessels, attacked, boarded, carried, and brought off their largest galley, *La Prima*, of fifty oars and two hundred and fifty-seven men, armed, besides muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c., with two brass guns of thirty-six pounds, having about thirty brass swivels in her hold, and commanded by Captain Patrizio Galleano. The bombardment suffered no material interruption, but was continued till day-light this morning, when the *Prima* was safely brought off: her extreme length is one hundred and fifty-nine feet, and her breadth twenty-three feet six inches.”

When the city capitulated, Captain Beaver was sent by Lord Keith, with unlimited authority, to conclude the treaty in his name. The account of the diplomatic discussion which ensued is so characteristic that we are sorry there is not more of it:—

“Little has transpired as to the discussion's of this negociation; but it appears that the arrogant style of the republicans was well met by the manly decision of Beaver. A French account remarks, that ‘the English Captain, Bivera, answered, *non! non!* to every thing; the Austrian general was more polite.’ Massena was most urgent to retain some small craft, for ‘having taken all our ships,’ said he, ‘a few boats are beneath your notice.’ It seems that Lord Keith afterwards softened Captain Beaver's ‘*no*,’ and that Massena used these very boats to smuggle away his plunder.”

Captain Beaver was sent to England with the dispatches, a mission which he might not unreasonably have expected to lead to promotion; but the ill-luck, he had reason often to complain of, again attended him. Although he travelled with all possible dispatch, the battle of Marengo had been fought, the news of the French victory, which neutralised his own, had reached England before him, and he received neither the promotion he had expected, nor the pecuniary gratification which is usual on such occasions. He returned, however, to his post without delay, and, perhaps by way of consoling himself for his disappointment, was married on his way out, at Gibraltar, to Miss Elliot, who was the daughter of a naval officer, and to whom he had been for some time before engaged. Immediately upon his arrival he was employed in the Egyptian expedition; and having added to his former reputation, by the consummate skill and cool intrepidity which he displayed on every occasion in which those qualities could be called into

action, he retired to a cottage in England, at the end of the war, scarcely richer than he was when it began:—

“ In a letter from Malta, he thus sums up the account of his proceedings: ‘ My last cruize during the war, from which I had every reason to expect something handsome, terminated in nothing. It commenced the very day that the preliminary articles of peace were signed, and an embargo which immediately followed on the enemies’ vessels, till the cessation of hostilities, precluded all chance of my taking any thing. On arriving at Minorca, I learned that I had lost eleven hundred pounds, freight money, by a new government order, which stops all payments on public monies; that sum having been left unpaid, in consequence of the death of poor Motz, the commissary-general. Then, on coming to Malta, I found that all my plate, with every thing else necessary for house-keeping, had been sent from England in the *Utile*; and that vessel has never been heard of since her departure. These accumulated losses have left me ‘ poor indeed.’ ”

“ The *Déterminée* was now ordered to Portsmouth, and paid off on the 19th of May 1802. After passing a few weeks in town, the captain purchased a house at Watford, in Hertfordshire, where he proved that the busy scenes of former years had not disqualified him for domestic quiet; and though ‘ bounded in a nutshell,’ he found his time fully occupied with his family, his books, his cottage, and his half an acre of garden. His mind, however, still veered towards *Bulama*, his ‘ little paradise;’ and, from an official communication with the Under Secretary of State, the command of two or three vessels, for African colonization, appeared to be within his reach, when the renewal of war closed the scheme.

“ This event caused him to regret having declined a frigate, which was offered to him, after his return to England; but his reason was judicious—an absolute inability, in time of peace, to maintain a family at home, and also support the expenses of a table afloat. As a private individual, his habits were far from expensive, and he lived happy and contented under very moderate circumstances; but as a captain in the Royal Navy, which he esteemed as one of the first ranks in society, he felt it due to the service, that his establishment should be on a proportionate scale of expense. Indeed there was, in the contrast between his public and private character, a marked antithesis—for though totally devoid of all personal, he had a good deal of professional pride; and to acquit himself well in his duties, seen or unseen, was the predominant principle of his conduct. Perhaps this is a national characteristic:—no people love the glory of their country more than the French; it is a public stock, of which each individual boasts his proportion;—in England, it is also a public fund, but we unhesitatingly contribute to it our fortune, our talents, our labour, and our lives.

The threatened invasion by Buonaparte, which, ridiculous as it was, excited very general fears in this country, induced the government to form companies of yeomanry fencibles on such parts of the coast as were thought to be most exposed. Captain Beaver was appointed to command those on the coast of *Essex*. The good will with which he assumed a post far inferior to that which his rank in the navy entitled him to hold, was remarkably displayed in his answer to a communication, which stated, “ It is conceived you are to act as volunteers, subject to the command of juniors, but freely offering advice to those not so well informed as yourselves.” Beaver replied:—

“ From what you say of our rank while serving here, we shall hold no very enviable situation: however, on the present occasion, as the tocsin is sounded, I would even serve before the mast, rather than be out of the way, in a time of public danger; but on affairs of less moment, I would refuse a command, sooner than resign my right. I shall, therefore, since it is deemed

necessary, act under any junior officer, with all the good will, zeal, and energy I am capable of."

He served the cause in which he had embarked by his pen as well as with his professional knowledge, and by hand-bills and publications of various kinds, written in terms of plain and convincing good sense, did much to dissipate the fears which some disaffected persons had industriously spread. The sound opinion he expressed of Buonaparte, and the correct notion he had formed of the manner in which that distinguished *charlatan* ought to have been treated, are convincing proofs of the correctness of his judgment, and the firmness of his mind:—

" 'No man of principle,' he exclaims, 'should ever submit his feelings and conclusions to the theories of an enthusiast; and the present mock-respectful tone assumed by some of our leading men, as to the invincibility of our enemy, his talent, and his perfection, should be most contemptuously spurned; for whatever he may be, Old England can readily furnish men to match him. Their declamation may gratify disaffection and ignorance; but it will require something more like reason to persuade the better classes.'

" A letter which he published in the *Courier* of the 16th of February 1804, under the signature of Nearchus, tended so generally to allay the apprehensions of the timid, that much curiosity was excited as to the author. It is a fair specimen of argumentative reasoning: he considers the subject of a descent on our coasts, under three heads,—the enemy's quitting their ports—their crossing the channel—and their landing. Under the first, he proves, from substantial data, the utter impracticability of more than a fourth of the required number effecting it in one tide; under the second, if they come in detached portions, with British ships 'which know no winter,' we 'devour them like shrimps;' and in the event of their even overcoming both those obstacles, and 'vomiting their unhallowed crews upon our blessed shores,' they will be received there by the British army—an army with which I have served in each quarter of the globe; I know its merits, I know its foibles, I know it well; and am as fully convinced as I am that I now write, that this army as far surpasses all others in bravery, as British seamen surpass all others in skill: to it I most willingly consign, without the least fear of the consequence, all who may land.' "

There is a passage in one of his letters, written soon after the period here alluded to, which might be taken to apply literally to the cogging, cozening tricks, which have lately been played in a place which it would not be safe to mention more particularly:—

" 'As to the change of ministry you mention, and dissolution of parliament, it seems of little importance at present who is in, or who is out; for the late special pleading, speech-twisting debates, savour rather of the loaves and fishes than of patriotism; and, indeed, place and emolument, the apples of the aristocratical struggle of whigs and tories, are more often the motive than the reward of such contentions. Yet in times of public danger, party spirit ought to give way to virtue. But notwithstanding a full knowledge of how many states have been ruined by an indiscriminate love of popularity in their public leaders, there are some of our most valuable characters foolishly sacrificing at the same shrine, regardless of our national importance. As to those mob-courting demagogues, who clog their country's efforts, and thereby add to its burthens, merely to exhibit themselves; they deserve transportation.' "

Captain Beaver was appointed soon after the commencement of the late war, to the *Acasta* frigate, of 40 guns; in which, having settled his wife and family at Swansea, he sailed to the West Indies. If the captain's free strictures on certain debates are well calculated to make the persons concerned in them blush, his unbiassed opinions on the

effect which the mistaken conduct of the government towards the West-India colonies had produced there, ought also to be received with considerable attention. He is no advocate, be it remembered, for slavery; but his correct and unsophisticated mind came at once to the conclusion, which must be forced upon every one who will regard, without bigotry or dishonest influences, the real condition of the colonies:—

“ ‘ Many years have rolled over my head,’ remarks the Captain, ‘ since I first visited these regions, and I know not whether the manners of the people have altered, or my own taste has changed, perhaps both may have felt the influence of the interval. I admire the matchless tints of the scenery, and the heavenly splendour of the climate more than formerly; but I no longer relish the boisterous cheer and lax hospitality, which once did not incommode me. The chatter of the negro is as vociferous, and the piccaninies gambol as wildly as ever; while Sunday is still the happy day which they call their own. But the planter is certainly less gay; and he appears already to suffer under the interference of our legislature. I apprehend the result of our measures will ultimately prove of greater benefit to our enemies, than either to our own subjects or the slaves. It seems to me but reasonable, that those who so warmly discuss this question in the House of Commons should first take the trouble to make a trip across the water, and ascertain the truth; for the inquiry has hitherto been borne down more by sophistry than by fact. I would rather see the wisdom and philanthropy of England exerted to ameliorate the condition of the blacks, which she can do, than witness her efforts at what she cannot do. I abhor slavery; but feeling that, constituted as mankind are, it ever has existed, and perhaps ever will, I cannot surrender the evidence of my senses to mere speculative morality.’ ”

In 1809 he returned home, and was for some time without employment, in consequence of the *Acasta* being paid off. Having borne this with some impatience, but without complaining, for several months, he determined to apply at once to Lord Melville, and wrote a letter, which is an extremely manly, modest, and sensible effusion, and which is, besides, highly characteristic of its author's straight-forward manner of expressing himself:—

“ ‘ I yesterday came to town for the purpose of renewing, in person, the application which I made in December last, for the command of one of the frigates lately launched at Plymouth. Totally unknown as I am to your lordship, it may not be impertinent, nay, I believe it is but just, to show upon what ground I prefer such a request, as there are, probably, numerous and meritorious applicants for the same command. Yet I hope I am not going to embarrass your lordship with solicitations, which inability to comply with, or previous engagements, render impossible to grant. To be brief, I shall shortly state, that during three-and-thirty years' service, I have never been unemployed in the time of war; that twenty-seven of those years I have borne a commission, and am now in the tenth year of post rank; that during that time I have never been tried by a court-martial, never confined, nor have I ever been once asked by any of my superiors, why such or such a thing had not been done. So much for negative merit. I decline dwelling upon the earlier parts of my servitude, that I may the less encroach upon your lordship's leisure. Soon after I was made a commander, I was appointed assistant-captain to the Mediterranean fleet; in this situation I had charge of the flotilla which six times bombarded Genoa; I negotiated for the same place on the part of the British, and came home overland with the documents announcing the event. The battle of Marengo had been fought, and on my arrival, though I travelled from the Elbe in less time than the same ground had ever been passed before, all Italy was again in the hands of our enemy; the despatches of which I was the bearer were therefore never published. Returning to the Mediterranean,

I held the same situation till the expedition to Egypt, when Lord Keith appointed me his captain in the *Foudroyant*; and I was with that officer and Sir R. Abercrombie when the landing was effected. A few months after the late war, I returned to England, and was paid off; early in this, I was appointed to the *Sea Fencibles* in Essex, where I remained three years; and during the last three have commanded the *Acasta*. In her I have had the charge of conducting and landing seven thousand of our troops in the expedition against Martinique; and shortly after, about two thousand five hundred at the Saints. The ship then being found in a state of decay, was ordered home, and paid off. Had I had any idea of not being kept in active service, I should certainly have accepted either the *Abercrombie* or the *Jewel*, both of which ships were offered to me by Sir A. Cochrane, previous to my coming home. From what I have stated, I trust it will appear that my standing as a captain is sufficient, that my conduct as an officer is unimpeachable, and that the length of my service will justify my solicitation. If, however, I should not succeed, I shall return to my cottage with the sentiments of the Spartan who lost his election as one of the Ephori—happy that my profession produces so many men of merit and virtue superior to myself.”

This application met with all the success it deserved. Captain Beaver was immediately offered the choice of two ships, and having selected the *Nisus*, he prepared for his voyage, and took leave of his family—as it unfortunately happened—for ever. He was at the taking of the Isle of France, and so generally distinguished himself by his superior skill and sagacity in the disposition and debarkation of the troops, and thereby mainly contributing to the victory, that he was appointed commodore, and invested by the admirals on the station with the honourable, but laborious post of senior officer in command. A series of hard and useful, rather than distinguished services, ensued, until his death, which took place somewhat suddenly at the Cape, in consequence of an attack of inflammation in the bowels, which was, perhaps, only dangerous in consequence of his own neglect and his aversion to medicine. His friend, Captain Schomberg, gives the following account of his illness and death:—

“ He had slightly complained during the cruise of indisposition, and his looks on our arrival, proved the intensity of his disease. He landed about noon, but while dining with the admiral, was under the necessity of quitting the table. The symptoms quickly increased to an alarming degree, and after a violent struggle with nature for four days, he expired at Cape Town, on the 5th of April 1813; and in those trying moments displayed his usual admirable fortitude. Seeing that we were greatly affected, he remarked that death was an event for which he had been daily prepared; it was a debt which all must pay, and therefore it should be contemplated with calm resignation. Addressing me more particularly, for I never quitted him during this impressive scene, he continued. ‘ If I am not better in an hour, I cannot live. You will succeed me in the command of the *Nisus*, and I know my youngsters will be taken care of. I hope they will yet be an honour to the cloth.’ He then deliberately proceeded to make serious preparation for the approaching event. About five o’clock, the anticipated return of the pangs of inflammatory constipation closed his earthly troubles, and left us in a stupor of grief.

“ It is difficult for me to sketch his character—he was manly and determined, with a mind very peculiarly constituted. From the firmness of his decision, something like austerity, and an air of conscious superiority, showed itself in command: but in society, except where vice or folly drew forth his sarcasm, he was gentle and as playful as a child. His inflexible integrity made parts of his conduct appear captious and irritable; while in argument, his manner seemed rather to dictate than to persuade,—yet I know no man

who persuaded with more conviction. His view of enterprise was generally very bold, for he never saw difficulty, and was a stranger to fear: but as a flag officer, his soaring mind would have been more in its element than as captain of a frigate. With a strong thirst after useful information, he studied closely during every moment of official leisure, and was therefore not only a scientific navigator, but appeared very conversant in general literature. He was indifferent to the garb in which substantial knowledge was clothed: and I have reason to think that this extraordinary man read the *Encyclopedia Britannica* entirely through during a cruise—a curious instance of a habit of perseverance.”

The life of such a man is not less useful to his country than honourable to humanity, and the history of it will be read with admiration by all who can be interested by the noblest and most exalted qualities that dignify our species. The most painful part of the story remains to be told;—that notwithstanding his temperate habits, his excessively laborious and almost uninterrupted service, he was unable to leave such a provision for his family as placed them beyond the necessity of being indebted to the compassion of others for their support:—

“ His family, at his death, consisted of Mrs. Beaver and six children; and as fortune had not favoured him in the acquisition of wealth, his widow was, through the kindness of Lord Viscount Melville, appointed matron of Greenwich Hospital School—a situation which she could have little contemplated, when her husband was so conspicuous on the high road to the brightest honours. This nomination, however, afforded a refuge from pecuniary distress; and procured her an unexpected source of consolation, in the eager desire with which the veteran sailors crowded her door, entreating to see the children, those interesting portraits of their late revered commander.

Surely the widow and family of such a man ought to have been otherwise provided for!

Among the documents which are collected at the end of the volume, is a single ballad, written by Captain Beaver at the age of fifteen. It has enough of lyrical ease to prove that, if he had cultivated the art, he might have succeeded in it; and, as a song of the sea, by a sailor, it is a curiosity:—

*On the Battle between the Milford frigate and the Dieu de Coigny, fought on the 10th May 1780.*

Up in the wind, three leagues or more,

We spied a lofty sail;

“ Let’s hoist a Dutch flag for decoy,

And closely hug the gale.”

Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,

“ Thus—thus,” the master cried;

Hull up, she raised the chase in view,

And soon was side by side.

“ Down the Dutch ensign, up St. George,

To quarters now all hands,”—

With lighted match, beside his gun,

Each British warrior stands.

“ Give fire!” the gallant captain cries;

’Tis done—the cannons roar;

“ Stand clear, Monsieur! digest these pills,

And then we’ll send you more!”

Yon French jack shivers in the wind,  
 - Its lilies all look pale;  
 And well they may—they must come down,  
 For Britons shall prevail.

Raked fore and aft, her shattered hull  
 Admits the briny flood;  
 Her decks are covered with the slain,  
 Her scuppers stream with blood.

Our chain-shot whistle in the wind,  
 The grape descend like hail;  
 “Huzza! my hearts, three cheering shouts!  
 Our foe begins to quail.”

The fight is done—she strikes—she yields;  
 No more our force she braves;  
 Henceforth she'll bear our cross, and prove  
 That Britons rule the waves.

*H. M. Ship Princess Royal,  
 September 25th, 1780.*

P. BEAVER.

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#### THE BRIDGES OF LONDON.

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Thanks to the bridge that has carried us well over.—*Old Saying.*

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THE above old saying was no doubt very much in vogue when bridges were mere planks placed across a stream, when there was some danger in passing over them, and when a traveller might well express his gratitude at having crossed safely, as he looked back at the turbulent stream and the tottering plank—or trunk of a tree—which had conducted him from the other side.

In modern days, however, bridges have been so well constructed, and have been so for such a long period, that the gratitude which was the origin of this old saying no longer exists, or is paid with a penny instead of a proverb: what was a wonder in former times is a common event in the present day; and we quietly and negligently walk over arches and causeways, that would have struck our ancestors with astonishment, and the execution of which, in past ages, might have condemned the artificers to the penalties of sorcery. Times, however, have changed—intellect has marched—and what were formerly considered miracles, are now common-place occurrences.

In our bridges, planks and piles have given way to stone arches and granite columns—solid piers are sunk into the beds of our rivers by means of coffer-dams—and the passenger is conducted across the broadest rivers by roads and causeways, equal in width and convenience to our most splendid streets.

It is curious to trace the progress of that which has arisen from absolute necessity, till it has become a work of wonder and of art, that carries the name of the constructor to posterity.

The origin of a bridge was the necessity of passing any passage that exceeded the step or the stretch of any man's legs. On such occasions,

his natural invention would lead him to apply a stone, if of sufficient length, to answer his purpose ; but if not, a piece of wood, or trunk of a tree, would be employed in the same way, to render the passage more easy to himself.

History does not furnish us with any materials wherewith to form a connected account of the progress of these rude attempts, till they attained the perfection of the modern bridge. But the great fundamental principle of bridge building certainly originates in the invention of the arch, and of the origin of this main principle in architecture there is great uncertainty.

Those who have written of architecture as they would of poetry, have deduced the first origin of the arch from the "beautiful and superb dome of the heavens," and have wondered that the "variegated arch that at times made its appearance," had not been much earlier adopted as an object of imitation. Others, the ingenuity of whose minds have equalled the sublimity of these poetical writers, have traced the origin of bridges to the ingenious labours of the spider. But though we acknowledge the ingenuity, or rather instinct, with which insects, birds, and quadrupeds discover admirable instances of art suitable to their nature and use, fitted for their situations, we cannot think that these have formed models, excepting in very few instances, for the rational part of the creation. The origin of the arch is very uncertain. The eastern nations, among their many monuments of grandeur and of art, have left us scarcely a specimen of it ; yet we question whether those excavations which still excite our wonder, and which gave the form of the arch without its principle, might not have first led to the discovery of its utility and excellence.

It is probable that the Chinese, whose interior history is yet in some measure problematical, had arrived at a greater degree of perfection in the arch at a much earlier period than the Greeks and Romans, who have been our great masters and models in architectural construction. We who boast of so much excellence in the construction of the arch, have not outdone them, since we find that at a very early period they constructed a bridge of one arch, from one mountain to another, of the span of 600 feet.

Our masters, however, in this art—and the first that we know and acknowledge to have combined the parts of an arch scientifically together—are the Greeks ; and since the days of Stewart and Revett's industrious researches, we are willing to allow the Greeks to be our masters, and to seek no higher antiquity for our models.

We must not, however, permit the arches of antiquity to lead us from our subject. The origin of the arch, or the honour of its invention, is not the object of our present inquiry, but rather its application in the construction of our London bridges. In the midst of the general improvements which have taken place in our metropolis since the peace, the passages over the Thames have not been neglected, and two bridges, Waterloo and Southwark, have added to the convenience and the beauty of our city, and now a new London Bridge is rapidly throwing its arches across the broad stream, to the astonishment of the citizens, and the dread of the inhabitants of Thames-street, and that part of Southwark more immediately in the vicinity of the river.

Our finest bridge, however—and, without vanity, perhaps the finest in Europe—is Waterloo Bridge ; and sorry we are, that from the want of

direct communication with the interior of the metropolis, such a magnificent structure is of so little comparative utility. When Canova, the sculptor, was in London, the gentleman who lionized him to the different curiosities, and the various works of art in our city, told him that he would first shew him a bridge constructed by the tradesmen of London, and afterwards conduct him to one which had been built by order of the government. Canova was accordingly first taken to Waterloo Bridge. Astonished at the extent and splendour of the erection, he pronounced it the finest structure of the kind he had ever seen, and wondered, if this was the work of the tradesmen, what must be that which had been constructed under the patronage of the government. His conductor, who no doubt had a little of the radical in his composition, then led him to the wooden Bridge, which at that time existed across the canal in St. James's Park, as the work of the British government. What a bathos in comparison of the magnificent appearance of Waterloo; yet what a correct illustration of the character of our country, where almost all the splendid public works of charity or art are the produce of the people, and not of the government.

How often when we pass this bridge are we led to regret that it is still left in the hands of the speculators; not only from the unprofitable nature of a speculation which ought to have had, and which deserved such a different result, but for the honour of our country. The government ought to purchase this bridge, and should pride itself in preserving all the passages across the Thames free.

What must Canova have felt at having to pay a penny before he could enter upon one of the most splendid works of art which our metropolis possesses. For our own parts, we would have the government pay the original cost of the bridge, and remunerate the speculators for a work which does us so much credit. They could, however, at this period, purchase it for one fourth of the money expended, and might thus, at a comparatively trifling expense, conduce greatly to the convenience of the inhabitants, and to the respectability of the metropolis, by abolishing a toll which is really a disgrace to a city like ours.

Waterloo Bridge is, indeed, a credit to the name of Mr. Rennie, the engineer, who constructed it as it was originally projected by the unfortunate Mr. Dodd, who was destined to project, but never to accomplish—who lived in the midst of splendid speculations, and died in the greatest poverty. In point of science, this construction is surpassed by none, and its flatness gives it a peculiarity, as well as a superiority, over the other bridges across the Thames, though perhaps Blackfriars is the bridge which exhibits the greatest pretensions to architectural beauty. Its columns and ballustrades are lighter, and there is more airiness in the construction, than in any of the other bridges.

When Waterloo Bridge was finished, a long discussion took place in the city about rebuilding London Bridge; but there were so many dissentient opinions, and so much uncertainty as to the final accomplishment of the work, that a set of speculators, of whom there are always a sufficient quantity in London, were in hopes of superseding the necessity of it, by the construction of Southwark Bridge. This is a composition of stone and iron-work, and does much credit to us both in casting and masonry. This bridge, however, like that of Waterloo, is nearly useless from the want of a direct communication with Cheapside.

In one of Mr. Nash's plans of improvement for the western part of

London, a bridge was projected from Charing Cross to Pedlar's Acre. This bridge was intended to start from the side of Northumberland House, and such a plan would, indeed, have formed a magnificent entrance, as well as proved a very great convenience to that part of the metropolis. The government, however, is already involved too deeply in expense, to attempt any thing beyond what they are doing at present; and it is well known that their funds are far from sufficient even to complete their present plans. In some instances the Woods and Forests are paying five per cent. interest on the amount of purchases they are unable to complete, and in others they are entering into negociations to pay for houses and premises already condemned, by the exchange of crown property. For the great improvement therefore of a bridge at Charing Cross, we fear the good citizens of Westminster may look in vain. The immense increase of buildings, however, and the great improvements at Pimlico, and in the lower parts of Milbank and the Horseferry-road, have suggested to several, the convenience of, if not the necessity for, a bridge between those of Vauxhall and Westminster, and for this purpose several committees have been formed, and several plans have been laid before the parties interested in the execution of such a scheme. The improvements which have taken place under the auspices of government, seem intended to be bounded in this direction by the houses of parliament; and we are therefore glad to see that some spirited individuals are willing to extend them, where they are so much wanted, as a private speculation. The lower parts of Westminster have, for a very long period, been quite a disgrace to a neighbourhood so immediately contiguous to so many of our principal public buildings, and to those buildings, too, which are sure to attract the visits and the attention of foreigners.

The new palace at Pimlico has, however, given a consequence to the whole of this neighbourhood, of which the proprietors are taking rapid and essential advantage. The agents of Lord Grosvenor have already let the principal part of his estate to speculative builders; and the minor proprietors following the example, squares, streets, and buildings, are gradually extending from Knightsbridge to the Thames; and Tothill-fields, the Horseferry-road, and the adjacent neighbourhood, are becoming ornaments, instead of nuisances, to this quarter of the metropolis.

The increase of the respectability of this neighbourhood, and the great increase of inhabitants and traffic, which has been the result of these building speculations, have naturally led to the idea of a more direct communication with the other side of the water, and thus obviate the inconvenience of going round either by Westminster or Vauxhall Bridges, to arrive at Lambeth.

The most natural place at which to form this communication is the old Horseferry, leading directly from the Archbishopal Palace and church, at Lambeth, into the heart of the new improvements, and thus forming a direct line of communication between two distant and populous neighbourhoods, and giving the inhabitants of Belgrave-square and Pimlico an easy outlet to the counties of Kent and Surrey, without the circuitous route which they are at present obliged to take.

During the last two or three years several plans for this improvement have been suggested, and one or two attempts have been made to bring a bill into Parliament for the purpose of accomplishing it.

“Many men,” however, have “many minds,” and where there are many minds unguided by one master-spirit, there is seldom any thing done effectually. It is in human nature to prevent the progress of improvement, unless it can be done in one’s own way ; and thus many a great good is lost by being referred to committees, the members of which are thinking more of their own infallibility, than of the real object of their assembling.

The great difference of opinion has been, whether the bridge should be a suspension bridge, or a regular architectural construction ; and this difference of opinion has acted so powerfully, as hitherto to prevent the adoption of either, and thus has stopped the progress of this much-wished for and most essential improvement.

The gentleman who appears to have given the most attention to this subject, and who from his knowledge of the *locale*, has submitted the best digested and most comprehensive plan of the whole improvement, is Mr. Hollis, architect and civil engineer, of Stamford-street, who has devoted the last two or three years almost entirely to this subject, and to his attempts to carry his plans into execution. He has just now published a pamphlet, in which the whole of his projected plans of improvement are set forth.

The alteration and improvements proposed by Mr. Hollis, are offered more especially to the inhabitants of Lambeth and Westminster, “as affording them the opportunity of keeping pace with the spirit of the times, and of contributing to the solid improvement of some of their neglected districts ; thus enabling them to vie with other parts of the capital in consequence and convenience.”

The general outline of these projected improvements consists in a new street from Lambeth Palace to Vauxhall, parallel to the banks of the Thames—a new bridge from Palace Wharf to Milbank, and lastly, a communication from this bridge with Pimlico. Any one at all conversant with the relative situation of these parts and their present inconveniences, will at once see the utility attendant on the accomplishment of these plans.

The line contemplated to be taken in the proposed new street, commences nearly opposite to Lambeth church, and leading in a line parallel to the Thames, till it opens into Broad-street, Lambeth-butts. By these means, not only will a handsome street be obtained, but many valuable wharfs and water-side premises, which will well repay the capital proposed to be expended. Persons possessing these new wharfs will have the opportunity also of adding residences in the frontage to the street, similar to Belvidere and Commercial-roads. The depths of the proposed new wharfs will be from 110 to 120 feet from the river to the street, and the width of the street is intended to be 45 feet.

The description of property removed by this street, comprising chiefly premises of an inferior description, and situated in small courts and alleys, and the greatest portion of the buildings being old and very much dilapidated, their removal will be a great source of gain, as well as of improvement to the parish of Lambeth. This new line of street is shewn in plan No. 1, in Mr. Hollis’s pamphlet ; the plan No. 2, shews the general outline of all the roads connecting themselves with the projected bridge, and this plan fully proves the comparative distance and saving that will be effected by the improvement. To the more immediate districts on each side of the Thames, the saving will be most important

(as from Church-street, in Lambeth, to Market-street, in Westminster, by either of the present bridges of Vauxhall or Westminster, the distance saved will be more than a mile), a saving sufficiently important to create an interest in the success of the undertaking commensurate with the advantage.

The improvements said to be contemplated in the Archbishopal Palace—the opening a line of direct communication with the streets in the neighbourhood of the new palace, St. James's Park—the improvements on the estate of Lord Grosvenor, at Pimlico and Chelsea—make this situation so eminently desirable for a bridge, and indeed call for such a convenience instead of the present ferry, that it appears to us to be a desideratum that ought to be wished for by the whole of the inhabitants of those districts.

The design of the new bridge itself, as may be seen by Mr. Hollis's sketch, consists of a series of seven arches, proposed to be executed in cast iron, resting upon stone piers. "This description of structure," says Mr. Hollis, "possesses great advantages over stone bridges, on the score of expense and facility of erection, and long experience with the principle of their construction and the nature of the materials, has given them a permanent character."

We have bestowed much attention upon Mr. Hollis's design for this bridge, which is proposed to be called the Royal Clarence Bridge, and confess ourselves very much pleased with it. There is a lightness in the structure, where iron arches are united with stone piers, which is incompatible with a bridge built entirely of stone—at the same time we are aware of the great skill and science necessary in the construction, so as to prevent the expansion and contraction of the metal for assisting the structure. To render this improvement complete, a new branch road, in a direct line from the Horseferry-road into Pimlico, has been laid down.

Altogether, we heartily wish that these improvements may take place; they will not only be beneficial to the immediate inhabitants of the *locale*, but they will remove neighbourhoods which are a disgrace to our metropolis, and open a direct communication between two very populous and very improving districts.

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[During the period of our writing these strictures on the Bridges, the difficulties attending the approaches to the New London Bridge appear to have arrived at their climax; and it seemed for some days very problematical whether the bridge would not remain a mere monument of useless grandeur—or to be gazed at, but never walked upon.

This has engendered some very lively discussions in both Houses of Parliament. The City has been angered, and supposed their dignity lowered, by being called upon for an account of their income.

All these differences are, however, now very happily adjusted, and the approaches will be accomplished agreeably to the last plan proposed by Messrs. Rennie.

All we can say upon this subject is, that the same mistake with regard to the approaches having been made both in Waterloo and London Bridges, we trust no other will be erected without a complete understanding of the *locale*, without which the most expensive undertaking may be rendered useless.]

WALKS IN IRELAND : N<sup>o</sup>. II. — THE MURDERER'S DEATH.

GENTLE READER :—I never published No. 1, and I never will, but I have not the remotest intention of telling you why ; all the information it contains, which it is necessary for you to possess is, that I am “ a young man of genteel connexions,” as the grocers and linendrapers say, about 5 feet 11 inches in height, of a spare active habit, and somewhat choleric complexion. When in town, I wear in the morning a black frock, slate coloured gloves, sewed with black, a narrow-brimmed hat, and very thin boots ; in the evening, a black coat, of an accuracy not to be surpassed, white waistcoat, pale straw coloured gloves, black stock, and particularly low quartered shoes ; my brequet is perhaps the smallest about town : I wear it in my bosom, not my waistcoat pocket. I am to be found at Almack's, and the Opera, not to speak of private engagements ; in the country, I am a mighty hunter before the lord, and a bitter and blood-thirsty persecutor of grouse, partridge, and snipe : on these occasions, I wear either a scarlet coat or a green frock, as the case requires ; when on a pedestrian ramble, I patronize a sailor's jacket and straw hat ; when I become *very* famous, I will employ some kind friend to publish, in the Examiner, or some paper which sets an equal value on the ties of friendship, recollections of me and my cotemporaries, with all my domestic faults, whims and oddities, for the purpose of publishing which, great men now-a-days let little men into their intimacy, by which means they are sure of a sufficient quantity of flattery during their lives, that they may supply materials for calumny and vituperation after their exit from the busy treacherous scene ; in plain English, they are pampered when living, to be eaten when dead : 'till then let this short, ingenuous sketch satisfy you ; and,

Believe me (while you read me) your sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

July 29th, 1828.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I left Dublin for the County of Wicklow. The day was sultry : fitter for Jamaica than Ireland.

One found me at — : poor Mrs. — saw me from the window, and met me at the door with a kind welcome, and a smile that she wished to be a cheerful one, but it made me sigh ; she looked pale and careworn, and no wonder, her lot is indeed a hard one ; her kind friends and relations, however, look on, like the Levite, and pass by on the other side, satisfying themselves with the reflection, that it was her own choice. Let me except her aunt, old Lady P——, she is a good Samaritan indeed.

On my way to Kilgobbin Castle and its most Irish village Step-aside, I met with a civility unexpected so near the metropolis. An elderly gentleman driving past me with a dashing equipage drew up, and offered me a seat in his carriage ; I declined his offer, for I am luckily a pedestrian from choice as well as necessity ; however, as we happened to be at the foot of a somewhat steep ascent, he alighted, and joining me, we entered into conversation : he was a sensible, well informed man, and we parted, I believe, with a mutual desire to meet again, at least I can answer for myself.

At the entrance to the Dargle, I met Miss M—— and her uncle,

riding so slowly that I could not avoid joining them. Now if there is any thing that annoys us pedestrians in the superlative degree, it is meeting fine acquaintances on public roads. On mountains, or in glens, by waterfalls, or lakes, it is all as it should be; our jackets and straw hats look picturesque, and are in keeping; we have a chance of being put in a picture if not in a book; if we are ugly, we look like banditti, if handsome, like shepherds or poets; but on a dusty road, while our more fortunate fellow-travellers whirl past us in their carriages, or charge by us on their steeds, we cut an itinerant, vagabond figure, besmirched with dust, overtopped and outstripped as we are by every one, from the peer to the carter. Let me do justice, however, to the parties in question: they had too much politeness either to dash by with a flying salute, shaking the dust off their feet in testimony against me at every bound, or to make a dead halt, as if they were condoling with a cripple, so that in spite of my sensitive pedestrian vanity we sauntered together through the Dargle very agreeably. Now I am not going to inflict upon you for the hundredth time a description of that celebrated glen: if you want to read about it, and be never the wiser for your pains, go study Sir John, or any other Irish tourist; if you want to know what it is, go and visit it.

A pleasant, shady road, varied with snatches of woodland scenery, and mountain view, led me to a sequestered and romantic cottage in the valley of Powerscourt, the residence of near and dear relatives. I love to take my friends by surprise, especially in the course of my solitary rambles: when the mind's eye as well as the body's, is tired with many a mile of weary thought and silent contemplation, the quick look of joyful welcome, or that sweetest of all music, the voice of a dear friend, is like the first glimpse of a fountain in the desert, or the song of a bird after a sleepless night.

The solitude of mountains is not melancholy, it fills the mind with awe, not with gloom, it opens a sealed fountain of deep and solemn thought, and we drink alone and in silence and are refreshed: the thronging rush of society would trouble and disturb it. But in cultivated scenery it is otherwise: Nature has disappeared before man, or has yielded to his sway; he has covered her face with cities, he has called forth, and fashioned, and distributed as seemed fit to him, her trees and plants, and flocks and herds, and she has obeyed him like the slave of the lamp; every thing around you speaks of his combined intellect, and demonstrates his social strength, and as the solitary wanderer looks upon his works, he feels his own helplessness and insignificance.

The evening was falling when I left my friends, and kissing hand to merry little J—— from the first turn of the mountain path, resumed my walk. They call the great ugly brown lump, (God help the sheep that starve on it!) which stops the way between Eniskerry and Roundwood, the Long Hill, just as one would say of a tiresome bore of a companion, "that long, awkward fellow, he seems longer and duller every time I meet him." I protest, I never heard any one pronounce the name without a drawl; the worst of men or hills, however, have some redeeming attribute, or adjunct: the long man may have a pretty sister or wife, and the Long Hill is own brother to romantic Sugar-loaf, and has taken graceful, quiet Powerscourt deer park under his protection. May the curse of all poets light upon the custard-eating cockney, too saucy or too stupid to learn our language, yet impudent enough to nick-

name our mountains, who dared to call "the Altar of the Sun,"\* Sugar-loaf. Well, I have often longed to know who set the example to the absentees, and I hope we will no longer grumble at our nobility for abandoning their palaces to shopkeepers, when we see that our mountain spirits led the fashion.

I paused on the brow of the Long Hill to enjoy the prospect, and if ever you chance to go there, I advise you to follow my example. In the east, huge piles of clouds were huddling together over the sea, as if they were going to sleep, while Sugar-loaf, like a tall sentinel, stood out boldly in the fore ground; southward, beneath my feet, lay Eniskerry, nestling among its pleasant woods, with its fantastic pass "the Scalp" in the distance, and stately Powerscourt beside it; and in the west, a gorgeous sunset was piercing the thin grey mist that hung over Glencree, and raining down purple and gold on the tops of its lofty mountains, while their tall shadows threw into deeper gloom the dark chasm, where the upper and lower Lough Bray lie buried. And this was "the Valley of the Kings,"—a lofty name for a wild glen traversed by a brawling stream, with its unpeopled hills and solitary lakes. And who were ye, the rulers in the desert, the monarchs of flood and fell, whose title has outlived your name, and race, and language, to linger like an echo in your native valley? Did peace and plenty smile on your patriarchal sway? or did ye stoop from your mountain fastness, like the eagle from his eyrie, on the flocks and herds of the unwarlike Lowlander? Were ye of the unbelieving race against whom Adrian lifts up his voice in pious horror? or did ye consecrate your domains, like the mysterious Valley of the Seven Churches—the Tadmor in the desert of these lonely regions—with gloomy rites of by-gone, antique superstition, whose very name has perished with your own? All these things let the antiquarian settle, or rather, I will settle them myself some other time, for I too, am of the craft; but in my present mood I would not exchange this grand and solemn sunset view, for all the monastic dogmatism, and sullen, sententious, but profitable ignorance, that ever Leland or Ledwich gulled the world with.

Slowly and imperceptibly the features of the landscape changed, like the altered aspect of an inconstant friend: the warm and glowing tints faded away into the dull grey uniformity of twilight; and casting "one longing, lingering look behind," I addressed myself to my journey. A wild upland road of a few miles brought me to the rustic, comfortable auberge of Roundwood, where poor old Judy (every one who has ever visited the County of Wicklow will remember her) stood ready to receive me, with her quiet, mirthful, twinkling eye, that age might dim, but care could not, and her unchanging, lack-a-daisical, simpering smile, and well-worn, venerable jests, with such a careless, fresh, and new-born air about them, that thirty years old as they were, not a guest but chuckled at the thought that they were inspired by his own good-humoured, wit-creating face. Have you ever seen the kitchen of an Irish inn, a village or a mountain inn, where one room serves for parlour, kitchen and all? probably not, so I will take chance and describe it to you, or, as we say in Ireland, *insense*\* you about it.

\* This was the ancient Irish name of that most picturesque and singular looking peak. From its easterly situation, it is the first of the Wicklow mountains which is "kissed by the morning light;" besides, once upon a time, we ignorant Irish, in common with our Phœnician ancestors, and other barbarians, worshipped the sun; you see we were always making blunders.

† *i. e.* inform; literally, put sense into you.

The form and plan in all parts of the country are pretty nearly the same, though the furniture varies; the hospitable door (inns are proverbially hospitable) stands always open, but the guests are sheltered from the thorough air by a screen, composed like the rest of the mansion, of mud; the partition walls which separate it from the adjoining rooms reach no higher than the spring of the roof, so that warmth and air, not to mention the grunting of pigs, and other domestic sounds, are equally diffused through all parts of the tenement; from the rafters, well blackened and polished with smoke, depend sundry fitches of bacon, dried salmon, and so forth, and above them, if you know the ways of the house "may be you couldn't find (maybe you *couldn't* means, maybe you *could*) a horn of malt or a *cag* of poteen, where the gauger couldn't smell it." If you are very ignorant, I must tell you, that poteen is the far famed liquor which we Irish, on the faith of the proverb, "stolen bread is sweetest," prefer, in spite of law, and—no—not of lawgivers, they drink it themselves, to its unsuccessful rival, parliament whisky. Beneath the ample chimney, and on each side of the fire-place, run low stone benches, the fire of turf or bog-wood is made on the ground, and the pot for boiling the "mate, or potaties" as the chance may be, suspended over it by an iron chain: so that sitting on the aforesaid stone benches, you may inhale, like the gods, the savour of your dinner, while your frost-bitten shins are soothed at the same time by the fire which dresses it. Here then with, cigar in mouth, (I learned to smoke while at sea, but more about that another time) I established myself, enjoying that genuine *otium cum dignitate*, which none but the traveller can feel, when established in the seat of honour, and taking his ease in his own inn.

Good supper, good bed, good breakfast, imagine these enjoyed, and accompany me, while I lead you to one of the finest scenes even in romantic Wicklow,—Lough Dan, as approached, not by the roadster but by his lord and master—as far as enjoyment of the first-fruits of nature is concerned,—the pedestrian mountaineer. Your way lies over a brown, monotonous hill, without house, or tree, or rock to break its dull uniformity; at last you gain the flat and heathy summit; from the abrupt dip of the ground at a little distance, you perceive that you are near a precipice, and the change from heath, to short, dry, slippery grass, warns you to mind your footing well; in a few minutes, however, you reach a safe rocky ledge; a single step, and the broad, black mirror of Lough Dan is stretched beneath your feet, reflecting mountain, and cliff, and far off deep blue sky, and light, and shadow, sunshine and cloud, with a vivid distinctness of outline, and a solemn depth and stillness of repose, that disturbs the mind with a sense of awe; you could persuade yourself that the winds of Heaven are forbidden to visit that lake, or break with their riotous mirth the eternal sleep of its motionless waters.

The sheer descent from the ledge of which I speak, may be about three hundred feet; there are ravines, however, by which you can reach the shore without much difficulty. Through one of these I descended, and a few minutes found me seated in a cave—I might better call it a recess, at the foot of the cliff on which I had been standing.

You must know that I never travel without that most gentlemanly and unobtrusive companion—a book. A volume of Shakspeare was with me on the present occasion, and I had to choose between "The Comedy of Errors," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth," and "Macbeth," for the hour (a long one I promise you) which I spent in my cave—I took the last.

If you wish to read "Macbeth" as you ought, and as it deserves, go, find out such a resting-place as mine, with a gloomy lake sleeping before you, shadowed by gloomier mountains, with heathy summits, that thè witches would love; and near you, to retire to when the solemn fit is over, have such a tranquil glen as sweetest Luggela—near you, but not in sight; and while you saunter through its pleasant groves, or by its sunny waters, forgetting the weird sisters and the traitorous king, and calling up Rosalind and Celia; or that gentlest child of fancy, poor Ophelia, or dreaming of Una and Britomart, conscious that you are in Ireland, the land of Spenser's inspiration, you will scarcely envy the listless loungers of Regent-street or Bond-street, or their apathetic worshippers of Merion-square or Cavendish-row. Talking of Shakspeare, if you want to make a pet of him, get Pickering's edition, 9 vols., fairy size; that is to say, about 384mo., to speak technically; and coax some gentle friend to make you a velvet, prayer-book-like case for it—say nothing about the value you set upon *her* work until you have fairly got it in your possession; but tell her that the delicate fingers of the noble and the beautiful are worthily employed in making a shrine for Shakspeare; and if, "with such appliances and means to boot," you do not read him *con amore*, if your heart does not glow with reflected inspiration, you are as dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's brink.

I did not visit Luggela this walk, I only thought of it; some time hence, when I am in a pastoral, arcadian mood, I will read and think about the golden age; and, having thus prepared myself, will write about Luggela, taking care to avoid (if possible) saying anything which to a stranger might sound like flattery of the family whose property it is, though to one who knows them it would be but a transcript of his own thoughts.

On the present occasion my path wound along the side of Lough Dan, emerging at length from which, and avoiding as much as possible anything resembling a road, I voluntarily suffered myself to lose my way among the wild upland, boggy moors which surround the Devil's Glen.

"The sky is changed—and such a change—Oh! Night."—One of the most sudden and violent storms of rain and thunder I ever remember, surprised me about an hour after sunset, when hugging myself with the thoughts of a beautiful moonlight night after a shower, which, "good easy man," I thought would clear the air and moderate the tropical heat of the weather. It was a grand sight, that thunder-storm; and, though attended at the time with not a little danger, I still look back upon it with a feeling of awe, as realizing some of my wild reveries and day-dreams about chaos, and the war of the angels, and the deluge.

The sun went down amidst a sea of fiery-looking clouds, while a fresh breeze springing up unexpectedly from the north-east, came sweeping over the waste of moor and bog, driving before it a dark grey gigantic mass, more like a chain of uprooted mountains travelling through the air, than an assemblage of unsubstantial vapour. When right over head, the canopy of clouds settled and paused, the breeze lulled, then died away in faint irregular moanings, until all was as still as if Nature herself was holding her breath for awe. Then the clouds opened like the rending of a veil, giving to view, not a flash, or a sheet of lightning, but something like a mighty conflagration of blasting, supernatural light, accompanied, not followed, by a crash as if ten millions of angelic chariots were chasing the ruined host of Lucifer from the uttermost verge of heaven into the bottomless abyss of the damned.

The blackness that followed the roar of the thunder was so sudden and startling that for an instant I thought I was struck blind for my daring hardihood, in looking with a bold and over-curious eye at the awful and dangerous mysteries of elemental strife; but again the clouds rolled back like mighty gates, again the lightning sprang forth, and the thunder pealed, and then, down, through the pitchy darkness, came a flood, a cataract, a Niagara of rain, such as never since the days of Noah deluged an unfortunate bog-trotter like myself. I plunged and floundered through the solid sheet of water, until I got to an elevated situation, and there I sat down upon a rock, for as for proceeding until the rain lightened, the thing was out of the question.

I suppose about two hours passed in this agreeable situation; at length, as if more from want of means than inclination, the torrent abated; and, though the rain still fell in what would be counted a very severe shower under ordinary circumstances, yet as it no longer threatened to beat me to the ground, and then float me off to the nearest river, I judged it expedient, not to pursue my route, for that as I told you I had voluntarily lost, but to seek the shelter of the nearest cabin, and there wait until the friendly morning should come with its welcome "*vade mecum*" to throw new light upon the subject, and help me out of my dilemma.

I had not proceeded more than half a mile, when the sullen voice of rushing water warned me of the proximity of a mountain stream, swollen to a dangerous torrent by the heavy rains. Steering myself cautiously by the sound, I reached what seemed to be a rude by-path; and not being in a very fastidious mood, I was right well pleased at finding myself in a few minutes in front of a ruinous looking hovel, through whose manifold chinks a faint light glimmered, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Knowing that the part of the country I was in was free from disturbance, though the embers of insurrection still glowed in the southern counties of Ireland, the worst I apprehended from intruding into the cabin at that unseasonable hour, was finding myself amidst the orgies of a knot of bibacious peasants, enjoying the festivities of a "*Shebean,*" *anglice*, house of concealment; that is to say, a house where people get drunk in secret, not because the *act* is disgraceful or frowned at by the law, but because the *whisky* is of that illegal description I have spoken of already; and as I well know the manners and language of the people, and have not in the least the look of a gauger, I apprehended no danger beyond that of being obliged to join in the debauch, my scruples about which, to say the truth, the rain had in a great measure washed away; so I saluted the door with the half-confident, half-diffident knock of an unexpected guest, sure that whatever difficulties he may encounter in getting admittance, when once fairly in he can make himself welcome.

Several minutes passed without any notice being taken of my application. I thought the light appeared to move; but, though I listened attentively, I could not hear the slightest noise, except a low snoring, as of one in a drunken sleep. "I must disturb these revellers," thought I, "unless I can reconcile myself to passing the night in the bog, in preference to interrupting their gentle slumbers." So, forthwith, I assailed the door, hand and foot, after a fashion calculated to satisfy the inmates that if they took much more time to consider before they made up their minds to admit me in the usual way, I was likely to save them all further

trouble on the subject, by effecting an entrance into their respectable mansion in the manner of house-breakers and heroes: that is to say, by storm. A harsh-voiced female instantly acknowledged the force of my reasoning, with "Asy—asy—take your time—ye're always in a hurry," at the same instant opening the door so suddenly and readily, that be the sleepers whom they might, it was quite clear that she was not one of them. I never, in the course of my life, saw so repulsive-looking a being as that woman. Her age might be about five-and-thirty; her strong-built, muscular figure, rose so considerably above the female height, as to give her the appearance of a man in disguise, and the harshness of her voice in some measure countenanced the idea; but her features, stamped more deeply than any I have ever seen before or since with the indelible traces of fierce and evil passions and a licentious life, were those of a woman. Her dress was squalid and neglected; her long hair, once as black as jet, but now tinged with grey, less as it seemed from years, than from the premature old age of misery and care, and, it might be, guilt, hung in matted elf-locks over her face and shoulders. In one hand she held a candle, and cautiously shaded it from the wind with the other, so that the light fell full upon her face and figure, while I remained in the shade; and in spite of all I have said, and though I repeat that I never saw a human being from whom I felt so much inclined to draw back, with that undefinable, instinctive feeling, which seems implanted in us by Nature to give warning of the approach of guilt, yet I could not help seeing that, changed as they were, that face and figure had once been beautiful and majestic; but, as it was, so strong were the traces of recent and powerful emotion, that she looked more like a witch, disturbed from some damned rite, than the poverty-stricken tenant of an Irish cabin. I suppose I need hardly tell you, that in the minute description I have given you, I have embodied much more than the first impression of my hasty glance when the cabin door was flung open; but, I promise you, enough occurred afterwards to fix all I saw that night, in my recollection to the longest day I have to live. "Come in," said she, too busily occupied in shading the candle from the gust of wind, to bestow a glance on me, "Ye needn't be afeard of disturbin' him now—come in quick, and shut the door." Though I saw that she evidently mistook me for some one she expected, I did as I was desired, and then turning round from the closed door, our eyes met for the first time. The woman drew back a step or two, and holding up the light, eyed me in silence from head to foot with a most sinister look. "Who the devil are ye?" said she at last, "and what d'ye want here this hour of the night?"—"My good woman," said I, "I am a stranger, and I only want a little shelter until daylight."—"Your good woman! Who tould ye I was a good woman?—don't believe them the next thing they tell ye. And you're a stranger, and only want shelter—throth, an' I dare say, or it's not here ye'd come to look for it." Just then the snoring noise I spoke of, and which seemed to come from a pallet in a corner of the cabin, ceased abruptly. The woman walked slowly to the side of the bed. Upon it lay a man stretched on his back at full length. She felt his temples, and his side, as if to ascertain if pulsation remained, holding the light close to his face; but a single glance at his distorted features was enough to shew that he had, that instant, passed the final and bitter agony of death. She set down the candle at the head of the corpse, and stood for an instant with her hands folded and her lips

moving. Then turning abruptly to me,—“Are ye a mininster?”\* said she, “because, if ye are, say some o’ yer prayers: any body’s prayers ’il be better nor mine.” I assured her that though I did not belong to the sacred profession, yet I sincerely compassionated her desolate condition, and would willingly assist her to the utmost of my power, taking out my purse at the same time as the best and shortest proof of my sincerity. My singular companion bent on me a look of solemnity not unmixed with scorn. “Put up your purse, young man,” said she, “and leave off condolin’ me. I don’t want your money—an’ I’m not in grief. But mind what I’m sayin’. Ye say ye want shelther till daylight—take my warnin’, and go look for it somewhere else, or maybe ye’ll never see daylight again—lave the place—there’s neither loock nor grace in it.” “Why,” said I, “what danger can happen to me from remaining here for a few hours? You are alone, I suppose.”—“Yes,” replied she, sternly: “yes—I am alone—here, and in the world—but I’ll soon be where there’s company enough.” She paused for a moment, as if to master her feelings, and recal and collect her scattered thoughts; and so wild and convulsed was the expression of her countenance, while, with a powerful effort, and without uttering word or groan, she controlled an obvious tendency to something like epilepsy, that, for the instant, I was afraid both mind and body would give way in the struggle, and, with an impulse of pity which I could not check, I caught her in my arms to prevent her from falling on the floor. The effect of this trifling act, not of kindness, but mere humanity, was magical. The touch of human sympathy struck to the fountain of her grief like the wand of the prophet to the waters of the rock: and the unhappy creature burst into a flood of tears, so passionate, vehement, and overpowering, that it resembled rather a struggle of nature for life and death, than any ebullition of mortal grief I had ever beheld. At last, when the hysterical sobbing suffered her to articulate—“Ye’re the first,” said she, “that spoke a kind word, or looked a kind look at me for many a long day, and may God Almighty grant ye an innocent life and a happy death, and may the Heavens be ye’re bed for the same. Many and many a weary hour I’ve been prayin’ to be able to cry, an’ I didn’t think there was a tear left in my heart; but God was good to me, and gave me leave to cry at last; so let me alone a little, an’ I’ll be better by and by.” I saw, of course, that the best thing I could do was to let Nature take her own time, so I turned away from her at once, and employed myself in examining the cabin itself.

Every thing that met my eye in this house of death, spoke of the most abject, hopeless poverty: that state of self-abandonment and despair, when the wretch gives up the contest with his destiny, and sullenly resigns himself to his doom. A low ruinous partition had divided the cabin into two rooms; but the door and door-frame were gone, and the greater part of the partition itself had fallen down and cumbered the floor, from which the inmates had not even taken the trouble of shovelling it away, though, to all appearance, it had remained there a considerable time. The entire furniture consisted of two or three broken stools, a crazy dresser, ungarnished by a single plate, a large wooden chest, and the wretched pallet where the dead man lay; and so scanty was the covering of bed-clothes that lay upon the body, that I could judge of his

\* In most parts of Ireland the Protestant clergyman is so called by the lower classes.

proportions almost as well as if he were naked. Though emaciated, either by hunger, or wasting sickness, he had evidently been a man of a most powerful frame. He appeared to be several years older than his wretched companion; and if ever I saw "Despair and die!" written by the mortal agony of an abandoned villain, it was on the brow of that man. In his wildest reveries, Dante never dreamed any thing half so horrible. I could have thought that the guilty spirit had been suffered, for an instant, to return from the place of doom to whisper the awful secrets of the grave to its cold companion; or, that half in life and half in death, while looking down into the gulf, before the final spring, it had left (like the footsteps of a suicide on the brink of a precipice, stamped deep with the energy of his fatal plunge,) the appalling traces of its despair on the senseless clay it had abandoned,—so intense and powerful was the painful expression of the final pang which tears the soul out of the body, and the mental *spiritual* horror of the soul itself at the thoughts of the doom to which it was about to be borne on the wings of death. I turned, shuddering, from the ghastly corpse, as from a dark vision of hell.

By this time my companion had recovered her self-possession to a degree I could scarcely have expected from what I had seen her suffer. Her features, which were as pale as those of the dead, had lost their struggling and convulsive expression: her mien and manner had no longer the abrupt, energetic sternness which at first attracted my attention, but were solemn, and marked with the natural dignity which a strong mind, when excited by danger, or emergency, or any other impulse sufficient to awaken its powers, communicates to the tone and bearing of its possessor, be his state or station what it may, thereby lifting, as it were, in the crisis when a leader is required, the master spirit above the heads of the throng, and placing him in an attitude of command. Her eye was calm and settled, but full of serious purpose. "Young man," said she, "it was in an unloocky hour that ye came to the house o' sin, to see a bad man die an unhappy death, without priest, nor prayer, nor friend, to say a blessed word, nor heart to think a holy thought, an' make his way asy. If ye had taken my word, and gone ye're way when I bid ye first, it might have been betther for you, maybe, but worse for me; for I'd have missed the only kind eye that 'ill ever look on me in this world agin—but mind me now, for the time is short. There's thim comin' that 'id cut the priest's throath afore the althar ov God for a goolden guinea, let alone the money in ye're purse, an' the watch in ye're pocket, an' thim chains o' goold ye have twisted about ye, like a lady, jist as if ye wanted to coax somebody to murther ye; an' him that's lyin' dead afore ye 'id be the first to do it if God 'id let him—ye've stayed here, any how, till it's safer for ye to wait on till mornin', an' take chance, than venthur out o' th' door whin maybe, every step ye'd take 'id be to meet thim that—hould ye're tongue—iv ye stir, or spake, ye're time's come—here they are"—and, sure enough, I heard the voices and footsteps of several men approaching the hut. Silently, but with the speed of lightning, the woman passed two strong rough wooden bars, such as I had never seen in a cabin before, across the door, secured them in their respective staples, and then sitting down near the dead body, commenced singing a low, monotonous song, something like a nurse's lullaby. Her arrangements were scarcely completed, when the dreaded visitors reached

the door. Something had happened to tickle their fancies, for they were laughing boisterously, and continued in noisy merriment for a few minutes before any of them thought of knocking. During this time, I watched the face of my mysterious hostess, without taking my eyes from her for a second; though she never interrupted her melancholy, moaning lay, yet her eyes, fixed on the door as if they would pierce through it, her erect attitude of watchful attention, and the air of coolness and promptitude with which she had made her simple preparation for defence, satisfied me, that be my dangers what they might, treachery was not among the number—at last one of the party knocked for admittance—"Who's there?" said my companion, in the same harsh tone with which she had first addressed me. "It's me—it's all of us," growled a brutal voice from without. "Open the door, an' be damned t'ye, an' dont be keepin' us in the could rain."—"Ye can't come in, Larry," replied my hostess, coolly. "An't he dead yit?" exclaimed the other: "blood an' turf, let us in quick, we've got what'll put life in him in a hurry."—"The breath's lavin' him while ye're spakin'," answered my companion, "an' nothin' ye have can stop id, an' the sight o' ye will brin' bad luck; divil resave the one o' ye'll see him till he's laid out, thin yez can do no harm.\*"—"Ye'll not let us in—ye'll not let us in, wont ye?" shouted half-a-dozen voices; "brake the door, boys."—"An' then iv ye do," cried the woman in the same tone, springing to her feet, and snatching a blunderbuss from under the bed; "ye'll go out stiffer nor ye come in; for, by the cross, I'll blow the head off the first o' ye that stirs a fut in here this blessed night." As she passed to the door, with the cool, fierce look of one determined to execute her threat, she turned for an instant towards me. Notwithstanding her sneer at my effeminate chains, I had better means of protecting them than she imagined. I never go altogether unarmed on a wild pedestrian ramble, for as my habits on those occasions are very erratic, I cannot even guess where, or in what strange scene nightfall may find me: so that on the present occasion I had within my waistcoat an antient and trusty friend, namely, a dirk: not a midshipman's miniature sword, but a small, stout, substantial eight-inch blade, that a strong hand might drive through a deal plank—and I need hardly tell a cool active man that such a weapon is the best possible one in a scuffle. When she saw me with this unsheathed in my hand, prepared to second whatever she might do, her eyes actually flashed fire. "Stab the tall black-lookin' one first," whispered she, her mouth so close to my ear that her voice sounded within my head like an uttered thought of my own mind, rather than an advice from without; "make sure ov him iv they brake in, he's the activest an' the worst ov all. Boys," said she, when close to the door, "what do yez want? is it proper or dacent for yez to be wantin' to come into the place where the corpse is, the minute the breath's out ov it? it id be fitter for ye to go an' sind Biddy Oulaghan to me to help an' lay it out, nor to come rioting this away afore the wake."—"Throth, an' that's throe forye," replied another and a graver voice; "an' divil a one o' the best o' ye, boys, I'll let stir in to-night till the wimin lays him out, and makes him dacent an' fit to be seen—so come along an' sind Biddy;" and instantly, though

\* In Ireland, the corpse is never exposed to view until it has been washed and dressed, or, to speak in the usual phrase, "laid out;" any intrusion before that time, is counted to the last degree indelicate.

not without some gruff murmurs, the siege was broken up, and the party retired.

When I thought they were out of ear-shot, I was about to speak, but the instant I articulated a sound, my companion laid her hand on my mouth, and with a fierce gesture motioned me to be silent. Scarcely had she done so, when a low whisper of "Molly—Molly," close to the door, told me that her caution was not without reason. "Well, what is it?" replied she, sinking her own voice to the same key with that of the whisperer. "The boys are gone on to Biddy's, as I bid thim, an' I stopped to ax ye iv ye wouldn't like a dhrop ov whisky to comfort ye in the could an' the grief, ye poor crathur."—"Anthere's nobody wid ye, an' ye wont want to cross the door, Micky?" inquired my hostess. "The never a sowl wid me, an' I wouldn't go in iv ye axed me till the wake," replied he, in an offended tone, as if hurt at his politeness being called in question. While unbarring the door with one hand, with the other she drew me behind it, so as to put me completely out of view, and holding it ajar, took from the hand of her condoling visitor a bottle. "Did he go asy?" said he, in a voice intended to be very sympathetic, but which resembled the subdued growling of a mastiff over a bone. "He was in grate pain, ravin' an' dhramin' about the bloody bill-hook last night,—he died as hard as ever man died," said she, "an' struggled the way you'll struggle on the gallows, Micky; bud away wid ye, an' send Biddy down afore he gets stiff;" and, without further ceremony, she shut the door in his face.

From a dark nook she produced two horn goblets and a pitcher of water, and knocking off the neck of the bottle she had received from her last visiter, invited me by her example to taste its contents; and let *bons vivants* say what they please about Clos de Vougeert, La Fitte or Sillery, there never was a draught so much to my mind after the fatigue, the deluge, and the excitation of that night, as the copious libation of whisky and water with which I forthwith refreshed my inward man. "Ye want to know who I am, and where ye are," said my singular hostess when I had finished my draught; "I see it in ye're eye, an' so ye shall: ye're in the house ov a man that might have been a dacent labourer, and the father ov a lively, healthy family, and the husband of an honest wife," and here her voice faltered for an instant, "but he had a bad dhrop in his heart that wouldn't let him come to good. I listened to him, an' he made me a fool an' a disgrace to my people; an' *he* listened to the devil, an' spilt his mather's blood for the lucre ov gain; but the judgment's come at last. I was a dacent, innocent girl, when first I met him that's there—look at me now, an' see what he's made me—but that's not what I want to talk about. It's now eleven years, last Michaelmas, sence him an' I were livin' in the sarvice ov Mr. Daly, a farmer, and a kind mather he was; an' there come a girl out ov the County Mathe into the same sarvice, an' she wasn't in it two days, when she come in the morning in a thrimble ov fright to Miss Daly, and tould her that she dhramed that the mather an' misthress were murdered in bed by a man that she knew the face ov well, and that the dhrame was too sharp a dhrame, not to come for a warning. Miss Daly was walkin' out ov her room an' goin' on to the kitchen all the time, never mindin' a word the girl was sayin', for she had a bould heart an' didn't mind dhrames no more nor if she was a Jew. In the kitchen were the labourin' men all at breakfast, an' him," pointing to the corpse, "along wid the rest; an' as

the girl passed through after Miss Daly, the moment she saw him she screeched, and ran out as fast as a hare from the dogs; an' when Miss Daly axed her what ailed her to make her behave that way, she tould her, that the murtherer she saw in her dhrame was sittin' in the kitchen, an' iv he wasn't turned off that instant minute she'd lave the sarvice that very day. An angry girl Miss Daly was to hear her talk that way, an' tould her to go as fast as she liked, and go she did. Three nights afther that the dhrame come thru, and the masher and the mistress were killed in their bed—Oh! the kind mistress that never closed her eyes on her pillow with an angry thought agin mortal breathin'. Am I belyin' ye?" said she, stepping fiercely up to the corpse, "Didn't I curse ye on my bended knees, when ye wakened me up wid your bloody hands to tell me what ye had done? Didn't I tell ye that bad loock an' misfortin' id stick to you an' yours to ye're grave, an' that nothin' that touched ye id thrive? An' isn't the curse come thru? Where's my child, my beautiful boy, that sickened from that very hour, as if he was sthruck wid an evil eye? Where's my ould father, that died ov a broken heart wid the shame ye brought upon me? and where, oh, where is the innocent thoughts that used keep me singin' for joy the live-long day, an' I listenin' to the birds in the threes, an' lookin' at the deer in the park, an' gatherin' the flowers on the hill, an' thinkin' nothin' that wasn't good and happy? An' where is that quiet sleep that never come near me from the day I knew ye, an' never will 'till I'm laid in my grave? an' the sooner that blessed hour comes the better, for there I'll be quiet at last. Ye've seen an awful sight, Sir, an' ye've heard an awful story, an' iv it's a warnin' to ye, gentleman as ye are, that company lades to ruin, I'm glad ye come: any how it was kindness made ye stay, an' God 'ill bless ye for it. There's the day breakin', an' the winin' 'ill be comin' here to lay him out wid the first light, and the sooner ye go, the better for both."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail upon this extraordinary woman to accept of a trifling sum, which I pressed upon her: she said that "she had done nothing to deserve it," and it was only through fear of offending me by a refusal, that she took it at last. An hour and a half of sharp walking, brought me to the village of Delganny, and though the scenery in that neighbourhood is of a most romantic and picturesque character, you must excuse me from describing it after the events of the night. About two miles from Delganny, I got on board a fishing-boat bound for Dublin, and a bright and tranquil evening found me at anchor in the harbour of Kingstown, "a sadder and a wiser man," than I was the day before.

J. R. O.

## OUR COLONIES:—THE CASE OF THE CANADAS.

IF we had *forgotten* the intention we lately announced, of calling the public attention to the condition of our colonies generally, or had faltered in executing that intention—neither of which things were likely to happen—we should have been reminded of our promise, and of the duty which belongs to it, by a short conversation which lately took place in the House of Commons, respecting Canada—one of the most important, in every respect, of the foreign possessions of this country. Every body knows too well, the manner in which the business of the Session has been slurred over—the “more haste than good speed,” with which very interesting and momentous topics have been passed, as rapidly and as carelessly, as a Select Vestry would pass a Churchwarden’s accounts after the dinner was announced. It is notorious too, that even that most vigilant Cerberus, Mr. Joseph Hume, (who ought, as Mrs. Malaprop says of his prototype, to be “three gentlemen at once,” to watch the motions of the present ministry), has barked himself hoarse, and all in vain; and that neither Currency, nor Corn, nor even the Court of Chancery, (inspiring theme!) have been able to command the attention of parliament. No wonder then, that the affairs of the Colonies have been forgotten—above all, it is not surprising, that a subject so awkward for ministers to handle, as the present state of Canada, should have been avoided.

It happened, however, that in the middle of one of those band-canters which have of late been the common pace for ministers to carry the public business through with, Mr. Labouchere moved for copies of a recent correspondence between the Colonial-office and the government of the provinces of Canada; and he took, in conclusion, an opportunity of civilly asking Sir George Murray, why he had done nothing, and said nothing about that colony, and whether he meant to leave things as they are? The gallant secretary thus pushed, was compelled to make some reply; and as he thought, probably, that a bad one would be better than none at all, he boldly laid all the fault upon the Committee which had been appointed by the House to inquire into the state of Canada. He complimented them upon their zeal and ability; but he said, that their report was so vague, that it was impossible to proceed upon it—that they had stated certain complaints made by the inhabitants of Canada, and pointed out objections, but all of them too indistinct to authorise the government’s interference—that they had suggested alterations, with which he agreed in the main, but he was of opinion that it would be very difficult to carry most of them into effect. He thought the less parliament interfered with the internal legislature of Canada, the better; and after some very general observations, ended by saying, that there was every disposition on the part of the government here, to attend to all the well-founded complaints of the colonists, and to promote the welfare of the colony. A more courteous speech could not be desired, as far as it went: whether it was such a speech as, under the circumstances in which Canada is at present placed with respect to this country, ought to have been delivered, is a very different question, and one which a concise statement of those circumstances will be sufficient to show.

During the Session of 1823, several petitions were presented from different parts of Canada, all of them expressing the warmest loyalty and

affection to the government of this country—all of them putting forward complaints of a very grave nature—and all so numerous and respectably signed, that inquiry into the truth of their statements became unavoidable. On the motion of Mr. Huskisson, a select Committee, consisting of about twenty gentlemen, some acquainted with the particular affairs of Canada, some officers of the crown, and holding offices under government, and all men of intelligence and impartiality, was appointed to inquire into the state of the civil government of Canada, as established by the Act of the 31. Geo. III., and to that Committee the petitions were referred. They proceeded in the execution of their task with most laudable diligence: examined first the petitions, and then called before them witnesses, among whom, besides gentlemen connected with the Canadas, were Mr. Stephen, junior, the Law Adviser of the Colonial Department, and Mr. Wilmot Horton, (a member of the Committee) and who is known also to have paid great attention to the business of that department, while he was officially engaged in its administration. The Committee, who were not appointed until the 2d of May, made so good use of their time, that by the 22d of July they had their report prepared, and the whole of the evidence they had taken annexed, which the House of Commons ordered to be printed. The report, if compared with the evidence that accompanies it, is short: but together, they make a folio volume of 359 pages. The report, to avoid needless repetitions, refers to the evidence for the materials on which the several recommendations it contains are founded, and in that evidence is the fullest and most minute statement of the several complaints made by the petitioners, and of the facts by which they are supported. A whole vacation, and a whole session have intervened since the government and the House have been in possession of this report; but no notice whatever has been taken of its contents, of the suggestions made by the Committee, or of the disturbed and discontented state of both the Canadas; nor, as it should seem, would any of the officers of the colonial department, have thought it necessary to say one word upon the subject, if it had not been forced from them by Mr. Labouchere's question. Now really we cannot help thinking, that considering the importance of the Canadas to this country, in a commercial and political point of view—considering that it is in a state of serious disquiet, and that a popular feeling exists against the governor personally, as well as against the system which it is his duty to administer, and that the disaffection has reached such a point, that if the opportunity offered, it might soon be changed into open revolt; and considering too, the proximity of the United States, and the pernicious influence which they already exercise in Canada, we cannot but think that the government of this country might have found time to obtain the information, which it is said they are still in want of—to have cleared up what was obscure—to have verified and investigated what appeared vague in the report of the commissioners—and, above all, to have made some effort towards doing justice to the loud complaints of the people of the Canadas; and to have provided for the safety of a possession, in the acquisition of which, much money and exertion has been expended, and which the most obvious principles of self-protection, would counsel us to preserve at all hazards. Either from the pressure of other business, or from some cause which it would be idle to attempt to penetrate, the government has, however, not found it expedient to take one single step in the matter. The complaints remain unnoticed and unredressed, and the

report of the Committee by which they have been investigated, is said to be too uncertain to be entered upon. With every respect for Sir George Murray, whose character and conduct entitle him to the highest and worthiest applause, and whose exertions in his office, are admitted by every one who observes this very interesting part of our policy, to be not less creditable to himself, than useful to the country, we must say, we think the excuse not well founded; and although a hasty reply, given upon the spur of the occasion, ought not to be canvassed too strictly, we are driven to one of two conclusions, either that, in saying the report was vague, Sir G. Murray said what he really meant, or that he resorted to that as an excuse for the delay which he knew had taken place, in a matter that deserved a more prompt and vigorous proceeding. For the latter, there may be many very valid excuses—that the former is a mistake, it will be our present business to show.

The colony of Canada, as it now stands, consists of the Upper and Lower Provinces, which are under separate governments, and the laws affecting which, differ in many important respects. This separation was effected by an act of parliament passed in the year 1791, (31 Geo. III. c. 31,) which vests the power of making laws for the several provinces, in a House of Assembly, and a Legislative Council; and declares the assent of the Governor to be essential to their being carried into full effect. The greater proportion of the inhabitants of Lower Canada are the descendants of original French settlers, whose language and laws are, for the most part, preserved there. By a royal proclamation, dated the 7th of October, 1763, the king of England declared that all the inhabitants of the province, and all others resorting to it, should enjoy the benefit of the laws of England; and, in 1774, an act of parliament provided, that the English law should be preserved in all criminal matters; but that in all controversies relating to property, and civil rights, resort should be had to the laws of Canada for their decision, excepting, only, as to such lands as had been, or should be, granted in free or common soccage. The reason of this provision will be understood, when it is remembered that the French laws of descent, of dower, and those affecting, in various other ways, the holding and transmission of real property, are very different in their nature and effect from the English laws, which operate upon lands of soccage tenure. The inconveniences resulting from a mixture of laws in one state are obvious; but they are, at the same time, inseparable from the condition of such a colony as Canada. It has been the policy of all nations in modern times, to leave to such colonies as have been originally established by a nation different from that to which accident has last consigned the possession of them, the enjoyment of their native laws and accustomed privileges. In Demerara, Berbice, and other colonies under the British dominion, the same principle has been carried into practice; and, although it is said to have been laid down as a rule by the privy council of England, that, "where the king of England conquers a country, by saving the lives of the people conquered, he gains a right and property in such people, in consequence of which he may impose upon them what laws he pleases," good sense, and sound policy, as well as justice and humanity, have established a contrary practice.

In Upper Canada, on the contrary, almost the entire formation of that colony having been effected by Great Britain, the laws of this country prevail, and the general features of the institutions are British. Land is granted, subject to the same incidents as belong to it here; and it descends,

and is transmitted in a manner similar to that which it would take in this country.

It will be convenient to consider the case made out by each of these provinces separately; but, first, it should be stated, that there exists a marked difference between the interests of such of the inhabitants of Lower Canada as are of French origin, and the more recent English settlers. The distinguishing features of the two divisions are into Seigneuries and townships. The Seigneuries being the old French districts, which were first settled on, and which lie on either side of the St. Lawrence, for a space of about ten or twelve miles in breadth; the townships being in the rear of these districts, since settled on and improved by English colonists. The lands in the Seigneuries are, therefore, held under the old French feudal tenure; those of the townships having been granted from the British crown under the tenure of free soccage. Notwithstanding this diversity of interests, they are united in their complaints of the existing state of things.

The petition first referred to the Committee, and considered by them, is from the townships of Lower Canada. It is ably and distinctly expressed, and contains various complaints, which may be shortly stated. They say, they consist of 40,000 souls, of British birth and descent, who have no other language than that of their British ancestors, who inhabit lands granted under the British tenure of free and common soccage, who have a Protestant clergy, and who are, notwithstanding, subject to French laws (in all civil matters only), of which they know nothing—compiled in a language with which they are unacquainted. They complain of want of courts within a reasonable and accessible distance of their limits, even for the administration of those French laws—the only ones they have; and that they are deprived of the privilege which, they contend, they are entitled to, of sending representatives to the House of Assembly. They point out, as one of the practical evils to the colony, and to the parent state, that, by reason of the hardships and inconveniences they labour under, British emigrants are deterred from settling in the Lower Province, which is, in every other respect, the most eligible, and the most important, and they earnestly pray that the two provinces may be united. The reasons which they give for this request are entitled to some consideration. They are marked by a spirit of jealousy, if not hostility to the French inhabitants of the province, which we could have been better pleased to have seen omitted; but which, considering the general dissatisfaction that prevails in the province, may be easily accounted for. The reasons, however, deserve to be looked to with some attention. The petitioners say:—

“ The geographical situation of the two provinces, and the relations which Nature has established between them, absolutely and indispensably require their union under one legislature; for they have but one outlet to the sea, and one channel of communication with the mother country. The only key of that communication, the only sea-port, is in the possession of Lower Canada, and with it the only means by which, for a length of time, in a new country, a revenue can be raised for the support of the government. To place, or to leave, the only key of the communication—the only source of revenue, exclusively in the hands of a people like the French Canadians, anti-commercial in principle, and adverse to assimilation with their British fellow-subjects, must be extreme impolicy; nor can the checks upon the imposition and repeal of import-duties, provided by the Act of the last Session of the Imperial Parliament, be more than a temporary remedy, inasmuch as Upper Canada is thereby

only entitled to a species of veto, and has no initiative or deliberative voice in the enactments; nor, indeed, can human wisdom be adequate to devise such a system of revenue upon imports, while the provinces shall remain separate, as will not give unfair and unequal advantages to the one or the other, and of necessity produce irritation and enmity."

The second petition comes also from Lower Canada, and is signed by 87,090 persons, inhabitants of the French Seigneuries. It is founded upon a series of resolutions which were adopted at a public meeting held at Malhiot's Hotel, Quebec, on the 13th of December, 1827; and the complaints and charges which it contains are of a much more serious nature than the other. It is couched in terms of great respect and loyalty to the king and constitution of this country; but the language in which the conduct of the governor is spoken of, and the complaints of the people are stated, breathes a spirit of bitterness, the justice of which depends wholly on the truth of the accusations. Without repeating any of those terms of acerbity, which could answer here no good purpose, and to which no reply on the part of the governor (whatever he may be prepared with) has yet been made public, the complaints of the French Canadians are, generally, that the governor, Lord Dalhousie, has exercised the powers with which his office invests him, arbitrarily; that he has applied the public money to various purposes without the vote or sanction of the legislature; that he has prorogued and dissolved the parliaments without sufficient cause, and in a manner contrary to the spirit of the constitution; and that by means of the influence he exercises over the Legislative Council, the greater part of the members composing which, hold offices under government, and are removable by him at pleasure, he has procured the rejection of certain bills which they had proposed as laws for the welfare and good government of the colony.\* One of their heaviest complaints is, that Mr. Caldwell, who held the office of Receiver-General, and who had of necessity large sums of the public money in his hands, was permitted to perform the functions of that office without having given sufficient security; that when he afterwards became a defaulter, he was maintained in the exercise of his functions for some years after his insolvency was known to the government. They complain also that their rights have been injured by Acts of the Imperial Parliament, particularly by that called the Canada Trade Act, which revives and continues certain temporary Acts of the Provincial Legislature, levying duties within the province, and by the Act of the 6th Geo. IV. c. 59, affecting the tenures of land, both of which were passed without the knowledge of the inhabitants, and particularly without the knowledge or consent of the proprietors more immediately interested in the last mentioned Acts.

The object of the petition from Upper Canada is chiefly that the lands set apart to form a revenue for the clergy may be applied to the maintenance of the Protestant clergy generally, and not exclusively to those who profess the doctrines of the Church of England, and to the purposes of general education.

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\* These bills were for limiting and regulating the expenditure of the civil government—the fees of certain offices, the assessments in townships, the formation and services of juries, building gaols, regulating the office of justices of the peace, and the militia of the province; increasing the representation of the House of Assembly, particularly in respect of the new townships and settlements; for securing the public money; for making the judges independent; for providing for the trial of impeachments; and for appointing an authorised agent for the province, to reside in England, and attend to its interests there.

Various as the objects of these several petitions are, and conflicting as are the interests they represent, it will be admitted, at first sight, that there is nothing vague or uncertain in them. When they complain of existing laws, they state, with perfect certainty and accuracy, the laws which they wish to have changed, and the mode in which they think the change ought to be effected. They indicate precisely, and by name, the individuals whose conduct they say has been unjust and grievous towards them, and they pray for a specific remedy in every case. It will be only necessary to look to the substance of the report made by the Committee in order to ascertain whether the charge of vagueness can be applied to that, and if in neither case it should appear to be well founded, it will be impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that a strong case has been made out, and one which deserved much greater and more prompt attention than it has as yet received.

The Committee proceeded in the first instance, after having ascertained the particular complaints of the petitioners, to investigate the several facts stated. Their inquiries appear to have been directed to two principal branches. *First*, to what degree the embarrassments and discontents which have long prevailed in the Canadas had arisen from defects in the system of the laws, and the constitutions established in their colonies:—and, *Secondly*, How far those evils were to be attributed to the manner in which the existing system has been administered.

The witnesses examined by the Committee, in addition to those before-mentioned, were principally Mr. Gale, the chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the city and district of Montreal, Mr. Ellice, a proprietor of land in Canada, Mr. Neilson, a member of the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, and a resident in the province for thirty-seven years, M. Viger, an advocate at Montreal, M. Cuvillier, a merchant, who has been a member of the Assembly for more than fourteen years, (the last three gentlemen are deputed to support the Lower Canada petition from the Seigneuries) Mr. M'Gillivray, a merchant connected with the North West Company, and whose affairs have led him frequently to visit the provinces, Mr. Parker, a merchant of London, who lived for thirteen years in Canada, and has made frequent voyages between that country and this,\* Mr. Grant, and several Clergymen, who gave evidence respecting the Clergy reserves, and the provision to be made for the support of religion and education. The nature of the information furnished by these gentlemen is as various as their professions, and the interests which they represent: but they have generally been long resident in the colonies, are connected with them by habits and interests, and are all persons of mature age and experience. The answers given by them are very creditable to themselves, for the great temperance and moderation which they evince on topics which must be confessed to contain matter of excitement, if not of irritation, in the minds of some of them; and, together, they furnish a body of evidence highly useful and interesting, and absolutely necessary, in order to form a correct judgment respecting the state of the colony, and the justice of the complaints which have been made. Some of the witnesses differ from others on points which may be considered as matters of speculation, and

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\* Mr. Parker was engaged, in 1822, in a correspondence with Lord Bathurst, respecting the Canada Trade Act, which he endeavoured to get postponed until the Canadians could be heard upon it; but without effect. His evidence is very interesting and important. A part of it is noticed hereafter.

in their opinions of such changes as may be expedient in existing institutions, but they concur in recommending important alterations, and they give reasons of such obvious weight and utility, as stamp a character of authenticity on their statements, and justify great reliance being placed on their good sense and upright intentions, while their veracity is beyond all question.

The first subject with which the commissioners deal, keeping in view the distinction above pointed out, is the petition from the townships of Lower Canada. After stating various enactments from the first royal proclamation to the last act of parliament, passed in 1826, and called the Canada Tenure Act, they speak of the difficulty they feel themselves to labour under for want of sufficient local and technical details. This is an evil which it was impossible to avoid, and the defects of which they could in no way supply. They do not, however, on that account, shelter themselves under any general or indistinct suggestions, and although they urge the necessity of further inquiry, they propose substantive amendments, to be carried into effect by this government forthwith. They recommend the provision made by the Canada Tenure Act, respecting such lands as should be granted in free soccage to be retained, that mortgages should be special,\* that the simple form for conveyance of real property, which exists in Upper Canada, should be adopted in the townships, and that a general registration of deeds should be established in Upper Canada. They recommend also, that every facility should be given to persons willing to change the tenure of their lands from that of *fief et seigneurie* to that of common soccage, and that the crown should relinquish its seignorial rights, for the purpose of giving full effect to the provisions of the Tenure Act respecting such mutations. Having, by these provisions, got over the chief difficulties suggested by the petition, and having supplied the deficiencies occasioned by the difference of laws in two departments of a state so intimately connected as the townships and the seigneuries of Lower Canada, they finish it by a recommendation—the only equitable and satisfactory one that could be devised—that of establishing courts to administer English laws in the townships, in respect of all such property as shall be held under English tenures. At the same time they express an opinion, that the Canadians of French extraction, who are attached and accustomed to the French system of jurisprudence, should not be disturbed in the peaceable enjoyment of their religion, laws, and privileges, and that nothing should be done violently to divert them from customs which, whether better or worse than those of England, are yet the most fit, or are thought by them to be most fit, for their condition;—an opinion which cannot be looked upon in the light of a prejudice, but which has the experience of many years to justify the predilection which the French Canadians entertain for it.

The representative system of Lower Canada, is another of those topics on which many of the most serious of the complaints have been made. Sir Alured Clarke, who was governor in 1791, when the separation of

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\* The French system of hypothecation before a notary, has been found, in some instances, to give rise to fraudulent mortgages, which the secrecy of the transaction is favourable to. This evil is, however, no fault of the system, but arises from the abrogation of the French criminal law, (which provided a severe punishment for that crime,) and the substitution of English criminal law, which has no provision to reach such a fraud.

the provinces took place, divided the counties which were to send members to the House of Assembly by the number of inhabitants which they contained. This expedient not only made many of the counties much too small in point of extent—the places on the banks of the Saint Lawrence being much more thickly peopled than the more remote parts—but many of the townships that have been since formed being wholly omitted, the Committee recommend an immediate alteration; and admitting the right of sending representatives to the House of Assembly, to belong, as it unquestionably does, to the whole body of the country, they suggest, that a representative system should be founded on the compound basis of territory and population, similar to that which prevails in Upper Canada, and which ought to prevail in the lower province.

With the exception of one recommendation, that the unimproved tracts which have been granted to individuals holding official employments under government, should be subject to a small annual tax, these are the whole of the suggestions made by the Committee, respecting all that the first branch of their inquiry comprises as to the townships of Lower Canada.

The task of considering the petition from the Seigneuries became a more serious one, because the complaints which it contains are of a much graver character, and require much more serious investigation. The Committee report distinctly and unequivocally, that the financial affairs of the colony have fallen into such a state of confusion and difficulty, arising from the disputes between the government and the House of Assembly as to the right of appropriating the public revenue, as calls for an early and decisive remedy. There is nothing vague in this; and the grounds upon which this very important recommendation is made, are as clearly laid down as the recommendation is precise. They say they have examined Mr. Neilson, Mr. Viger, and Mr. Cuvillier, the members of the Assembly of Lower Canada, deputed to support the petition, and to exert themselves in obtaining the redress they pray for; they have inquired into the different sources of revenue, and have inspected the public documents relating to them. Without disputing the opinion given by the law officers of the crown, and acted upon by the local government, that the crown has the right of appropriating the revenues, they say they think that in future the receipt and expenditure of the whole public revenue ought to be placed under the controul and superintendence of the House of Assembly. They think—wisely as it should seem from the experience of other states—that the salaries of the judges, the governors, the members of the Common Council, should be supplied by a permanent, instead of by an annual vote.

They close this part of their report by calling the attention of the House to what they, with great justice, characterise as an important circumstance, “that, in the progress of the disputes between the governor and the Assembly, the local government has thought it necessary, through a long series of years, to have recourse to a measure, (which nothing but the most extreme necessity could justify,) of annually appropriating, by its own authority, large sums of the money of the province, amounting to no less a sum than 140,000*l.*, without the consent of the representatives of the people, under whose controul the appropriation of these sums is placed by the constitution.” And they add, “they cannot but express their deep regret, that such a state of things should have

been allowed to exist for so many years in a British colony, without any communication or reference having been made to parliament on the subject."

The Committee have ascertained also, that Mr. Caldwell, who had been for many years acting as receiver-general, was, in 1823, a defaulter for 96,000*l.* of the public money; and, although some balances had been stated up to 1819, no acquittal from the treasury could be traced of a later date than 1814; "and it appeared, by documents then produced, that the fact of his deficiency was known for a considerable time before he was suspended."

They recommend prudently, though in this respect somewhat too late, that, for the future, efficient securities should be taken, and audits regularly made of the accounts of receivers and sheriffs, of the insolvency of the latter of which officers instances have within a few years occurred.

With respect to the estates of the Jesuits, fallen by the dissolution of that order into the hands of the Crown, they have not been able to obtain sufficient evidence. On this point their recommendation may be called vague; but it is one which nevertheless demands immediate attention, because they recommend the proceeds, whatever they may be, to be applied to the important purposes of general education.

One of the most serious of the charges which the petitioners from the Seigneuries have made, is, that the members of the legislative councils, being for the most part employed under the government, have in many instances rejected the propositions made by the House of Assembly, whenever those propositions were unpalatable to the governor. The Committee, with a very praiseworthy moderation, forbear to enter into the particular complaints, but they strongly recommend:—

"That a more independent character should be given to these bodies; that the majority of their members should not consist of persons holding offices at the pleasure of the crown, and that any other measures that may tend to connect more intimately this branch of the constitution with the interest of the Colonies, would be attended with the greatest advantage. With respect to the judges, with the exception only of the Chief Justice, whose presence on particular occasions might be necessary, your Committee entertain no doubt that they had better not be involved in the political business of the House. Upon similar grounds it appears to your Committee, that it is not desirable that judges should hold seats in the executive council."

The question of the union of the two Canadas is one of great difficulty in itself, and that difficulty is not lessened by the strong excitement of public feeling which prevails in the colonies on this subject. On one hand it is described as the certain cure for all the evils of which the colonists have to complain; and on the other, as a measure unjust in itself, and fraught with ruin to the best interests of the British power established there.\* On this point the Committee say simply they are not

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\* The evidence of Mr. Parker on this subject is very important, and is not less remarkable for the energy with which his opinions are expressed, than for the sound view he takes of a subject with which his experience and observation must have made him intimately acquainted.

Q. Do you think that the unsettled lands that now exist in Lower Canada should be left to the descendants of the French Canadians to occupy them, as they may be hereafter able to do; or that it would be wise to adopt such institutions as would encourage the settlement of individuals from this side of the water?—A. I would encourage the French Canadians; they are the only people you can depend upon, the population of the other provinces is of a mixed character, a great many loyal, brave, and good men, no doubt,

prepared to recommend the measure, and this observation,—so far from thinking it unsatisfactory or vague—we take to be, under the circumstances, the soundest and most rational that could have been offered.

They add upon this point a recommendation that the imposition of the Customs on the river St. Lawrence may be equalized and arranged, and a hope that this arrangement will be amicably effected. The accomplishment of that depends mainly on the principle which they think ought to be applied to any alteration in the constitution of the Canadas, and which is “to limit the alterations which it may be desirable to make by any future British act, as far as possible, to such points as can only be disposed of by the paramount authority of the British legislature;” and they are of opinion that all other changes should, if possible, be carried into effect by the local legislators themselves, in amicable communication with the local government.

In a country where a great diversity of opinion in matters of religion must, from the various origins and habits of the people, necessarily prevail, the question of providing for the ministers of religion becomes one of great nicety. The Roman Catholic faith is the established religion of the original French settlers, and it would be equally unjust and useless to attempt to interfere with it. There are, besides, a great number of persons educated in the principles and doctrines of that Church of England which is a part of the law paramount that governs all English colonies; but the numbers who profess the faith and discipline of the Church of Scotland, and of various other denominations of Protestant Dissenters, appears to be much larger than all the rest. As the cultivation of true religion is a matter of infinitely greater importance in a colony so formed and so peopled, than the protection of any particular mode of worship, each of these sects is entitled to respect and encouragement. By the Act of 1791, the governor is directed to make allotments of the crown lands in the several districts for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy, which he has done; but as the difficulties in the

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amongst them; the French Canadians are united in their origin, (of which they are justly proud,) in religion, in manners, and in virtue—they have a character to support, and they have always nobly supported it. Whilst they were under the French government they were the bravest subjects that France had, and with one sixth of their present number they gave the greatest opposition to the British army that they met with at the conquest in Canada. I am persuaded that if the French Canadians had been as numerous at that time as they are now, we would not have wrested Canada from France, and if such had been the result, we would not now have the youthful, powerful, and federative North American Republic encroaching on us as they do at present. The French Canadians are reproached for not Anglifying themselves. Are the inhabitants of Jersey and Guernsey worse British subjects for having preserved their language, manners, and Norman laws? or are they so reproached? And yet I will boldly assert that Lower Canada, and the other North American Colonies, are of ten thousand times more vital importance to this empire than those islands are of. I consider them more than the right arm of the British empire. I am convinced that if the French Canadians were double their present number they would set all the union of America at defiance. They are the best subjects this country has.

Q. For that reason you think it would be wise to let them have an opportunity of extending their numbers and their institutions over the whole of the Lower Province?—A. Certainly; you have no other chance of keeping your North American colonies, but by that means. If you do not do it you lose them as sure as ever you have an invasion on the part of America; and what then? With the American Republic, one and indivisible, from the Gulph of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, how would this empire be circumstanced with regard to ships, colonies and commerce? This, in my humble opinion, most important, and indeed most vital question, deserves the most serious consideration of the British legislature: once the North American colonies lost, they are for ever.

way of clearing and bringing into cultivation the lands so allotted is in many instances insuperable, they remain frequently not only unproductive, but also lie waste in the midst of the lands of other proprietors, and thus prevent the access to the surrounding estates, and occasion many other inconveniences to their several neighbourhoods. Besides this the number of claimants, arising from the diversity of religious opinions, occasions considerable difficulty in appropriating such parts of them as have been made productive, or for any other reason happen to be desirable. On the first part of the subject the Committee recommend the government to adopt such measures as may be calculated, either by selling or leasing the uncleared clergy reserves, to bring them into cultivation; and as to the several claimants, they recommended an adjustment to be made in proportion to the state of the population in the various districts.

The same diversity of opinion on religion, induces them to suggest a remodelling of the University of King's College, at New York; the present constitution of which requires that the Chancellor, President and Fellows shall, previously to their admission, sign and subscribe the thirty-nine articles. They propose, instead, that two theological professors should be appointed—one of the Church of England, and the other of the Church of Scotland; and that with these exceptions no other rule should be followed in the selection of professors, than the nomination of the most learned and discreet persons, who should be required to sign a declaration that as far as it may be necessary for them to advert in their lectures to religious subjects, they will distinctly recognise the truth of the Christian revelation, but will abstain altogether from inculcating particular doctrines.

After adverting to some minor particulars to which they call the attention of the government, and which the want of sufficient evidence, and the lateness of the session prevented them from going into as fully as into the other topics they have considered, they revert to the distinction they had before taken, and conclude thus:—

“ Your Committee have clearly expressed their opinion, that serious defects were to be found in the system (of the laws and the constitution), and have ventured to suggest several alterations that have appeared to them to be necessary or convenient. They also fully admit that from these, as well as from other circumstances, the task of government in these Colonies (and especially in the Lower Province) has not been an easy one; but they feel it their duty to express their opinion that it is to the second of the causes alluded to (the manner in which the existing system has been administered) that these embarrassments and discontents are, in a great measure, to be traced. *They are most anxious to record their complete conviction that neither the suggestions they have presumed to make, nor any other improvements in the laws and constitutions of the Canadas, will be attended with the desired effect, unless an impartial, conciliatory, and constitutional system of government be observed in these loyal and important Colonies.*”

Now, if this be a vague recommendation, founded as it is upon explicit and pregnant evidence of every fact from which the conclusions are drawn, we should be curious to know what would be a plain and distinct one; or what degree of certainty the government of England will require, before they think fit to act upon the suggestions of a committee appointed by themselves. The matter, however, does not rest here. Although, with the sentence last quoted, the Committee intended to close their report, yet before they could send it in, and as if to take away

all pretence for excuse, another petition arrived from Canada, full of complaints, so serious, and marked by feelings of such strong irritation, that it would be neither decent nor safe to pass it over. Notwithstanding the length to which this article has already extended, the purport of this last petition must be laid before our readers.

The petition contains the substance of certain resolutions which were entered into on the 17th of April, 1828, at Montreal, which charge Lord Dalhousie, by name, with having avowed, together with his administration, their intention of destroying the liberty of the press, and to prevent public discussion; with having under colour of the militia laws, insulted several respectable gentlemen, officers of militia,\* in depriving them of their rank, for having assisted at meetings held in their respective counties, for adopting resolutions on the subject of their grievances, and petitioning the king and parliament thereon. That two meetings of landholders were held in consequence of the governor's conduct, where resolutions were passed to the effect, that the individuals so attempted to be disgraced and insulted, had lost nothing in the esteem of their fellow-citizens; and that these resolutions being published in the Quebec Gazette, the Attorney General, who is one of the persons complained of, prosecuted that paper in five several indictments, and preferred two indictments against Mr. Mondelet, by whom the resolutions were signed. The resolutions complain also, that Mr. Mondelet, was taken from his business and home, to Montreal, instead of being tried at Three Rivers, where the alleged offence was committed, and that the jury was illegally formed. They state other acts of arbitrary authority on the part of the Governor, and of the Attorney and Solicitor General, and add, "That

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\* One of the instances of this is given in a correspondence, laid before the Committee, that took place between a Canadian gentleman, and the Adjutant-General of the Militia, by order of the governor. The fact, that every man in the country from eighteen to sixty years of age, is liable to serve in the militia, forms an amusing comment on the strange order of the governor that M. Parant should do duty as a private. The whole affair is a lamentable proof of the ill feeling which has been provoked, and which is made, if possible, worse by the probability that there are faults on either side.

"To Narcisse Duchesney, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel, &c. &c.

"Colonel,

"Beauport, 28th Jan. 1828.

"Under the administration of a man never to be forgotten, and worthy of the love of all good and loyal subjects, I was honoured by being considered worthy of an ensign's commission.

"But at this period, when being a commissioned militia-man prevents me from being a citizen, when persons a thousand times more respectable than I am have been displaced, and others, strangers and unknown have been substituted in their place, I would consider myself dishonoured, if I retained a commission which has nothing but what is degrading in my eyes.

"However honoured I might be when I received that commission, I did not accept it until I knew that the duty it required was conformable to law: that conformity existing no longer, my commission ceases to exist. It is your's; dispose of it.

(Signed) "M. PARANT."

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"Adjutant-General's Office, Quebec, 22d February, 1828.

"Lieutenant Colonel N. J. Duchesney, commandant of the 5th battalion of the county militia, Quebec, having transmitted to me your letter, dated the 1st of this month, I have submitted it to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, who has ordered that your commission of ensign which accompanied your insolent letter, should be burned as a mark of his greatest contempt: and that Colonel N. J. Duchesney should place you in the rank of a simple militia-man, that you may do duty as such.

"VASSAL DE MONVIEL, Adjutant General, M. F."

"To M. PARANT, Militia-man.

the country cannot be restored to a sense of security and to quiet, but when his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, shall have been recalled from his government, and his administration changed ; when the places of the present Attorney General, James Stuart, Esq., and the present Solicitor General, Charles Richard Ogden, Esq., shall be filled by other persons ; and the representative body of the province be assembled, and placed in a condition to proceed with all its privileges and just powers, for the safety of the people."

The remarks of the Committee upon this extraordinary (to say the least of it) proceeding on the part of the government of Canada, are milder than might have been expected—much milder than they would probably have used, but for the necessity they were under to close their report speedily, in order that it might be acted upon. They say, they "have hitherto felt that they should best and most usefully discharge their duty by studiously abstaining from commenting upon the official conduct of individuals: but it is impossible for them not to call the serious and immediate attention of his majesty's government to these allegations. They also feel bound to urge upon his majesty's government, in the most especial manner, their opinion, that it is necessary, that a strict and instant inquiry should take place into all the circumstances attending these prosecutions, with a view to giving such instructions upon them, as shall be consistent with justice and policy."

*Pour comble de bonheur*, it seems, too, that the session of the legislature, in Upper Canada, has been abruptly broken up in consequence of disputes between the local government, and the House of Assembly there.

Such is the present posture in which the popular and important colony of the Canadas stands with regard to this country. The picture is drawn, not, be it remembered, from the complaints of the petitioners, but from the result of the inquiries of the Committee, founded upon the serious and deliberate evidence of respectable and well-informed persons, and arrived at after careful investigation. Can any one contemplate, on the one hand, the value of those possessions to Great Britain—a value which is daily increasing\*—and, on the other, the pro-

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\* A very amusing and readable (if not a very well-written) book has been recently published by an intelligent person, Mr. McTaggart, called "Three Years in Canada," in which the future importance of Canada is placed in a very striking point of view. Mr. McTaggart is a civil engineer, and was employed in that capacity in the construction of some of the public works carrying on in Canada, and particularly in the formation of the canals. With some of the enthusiasm which is natural to a man devoted to his profession, but, at the same time, with a large portion of sound common-sense, he speaks of the practicability of effecting a communication by water between England and China, through that part of the continent of America, which is yet in the possession of Great Britain.

"This famous canal," he says, "will be finished in a few years, as far as the summit-level. Steam-boats may go up from Quebec to Lake Superior, ere three years from this time: from thence, with little trouble, they will pass through the *notch* of the rocky mountains, and be locked down the Columbia, to the Pacific Ocean. The route, however, will be better to be kept off the American frontier, which is Columbia, and to go down Cook's river, or the large Salmon river, at Nootka Sound. The town of Nootka is likely yet to be as large as London, and ought to be laid out on an extensive plan, as the trade between it and the Oriental world may become wonderfully great in a short time. Then, when the steam-packet is established between Quebec and London, as it soon will be, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. The names of the stages will be, London, Cove of Cork, the Azores, Newfoundland, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Port Dalhousie, Port Maitland, Erie, Huron, Superior, Rocky Mountains, Athabaska, Nootka, and Canton."—*Three Years in Canada*, vol. 1, p. 169.

bability of losing them, and the consequences which must ensue on that loss, without serious apprehension? While the people of Canada are burning with discontent, and complaining loudly of the burthens they bear, and the ill-treatment they receive, they see, on the opposite side of the boundary that separates them from the United States, a people almost untaxed, public officers receiving small salaries, and subject to the control of the constitutional legislature; and they find that the result of such advantages is to leave the people who enjoy them flourishing and contented. The contrast which this offers to their own condition must be bitter enough. Without indulging in prophecies, the justice of which nothing but their fulfilment can prove, it is obvious, that if the Canadas should ever become a part of the United States, that country would be the most powerful in the whole world; and the bare possibility of such an event, ought to induce this country to adopt a different line of policy towards her loyal subjects. Justice and good faith, no less than prudence, demand that the British government should listen patiently to the complaints of the people of the Canadas; that they should redress them, if they are well founded (as in this instance some of them have been proved to be); that they should exercise with moderation the power they possess, and promote their own interests by fostering the rising prosperity of a state which may become one of the most important in the world, and which, at all events, is of incalculable value to this country. This is all—less, even, than this, is all that the people of Canada have required; and even if they had urged their complaints with more bitterness than it appears they have resorted to, a temperate and dignified consideration would surely have been more becoming on the part of government, than the cool neglect with which their complaints have been received.

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TURKISH WAR SONG.

Allah! il Allah! the Battle draws nigh,—  
 The brave live for ever, but recreants die;  
 Lift up the voice of the trumpet and drum,  
 The Dehlis are mounting,—they come! they come!

Oh, Death is fearful to cowards, who fly  
 From the bright stern glance of his awful eye,  
 And theirs is the gloom of his withering frown,  
 As their sordid dust to the grave goes down  
 Where never gentle hands shall spread  
 The flow'rs that love the valiant dead.

But he has a smile for the dying brave,  
 And he bears him to Paradise, not to the grave,  
 To the dark-eyed maidens whom warriors love,  
 Who watch from their golden bowers above,  
 For the glittering flash of his wings of light,  
 As he soars thro' the clouds of the gloomy fight.

— Hark! to the deep and boding sound  
 As the rushing Spahis shake the ground,  
 — Hark to the wild and thrilling voice,  
 The crash of their meeting—rejoice! rejoice!

Allah! il Allah!—mount—mount and away!  
 Down with the coward who shrinks from the fray,  
 Where the sabres flash thickest plunge deep in the fight,  
 And conquer,—or sleep with the Blessed to-night!

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS ; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE YOUNGER.

It has long been a favourite hypothesis of mine, that a great man—and what is a felon but a conqueror, exercising his predatory faculties on a confined sphere of action?—is bound, before death, to give his memoirs to the world, as some compensation for that peculiar ingenuity by which, through life, he has entitled himself to its respectful abhorrence. Acting upon this principle—the most disinterested that can influence an unprejudiced mind—I hasten to present the public with an autobiographical sketch, whose chief merits—to say nothing of its other ethical capabilities—are its strict truth, sound moral, and unflinching integrity of purpose. With this hint, I commence my narrative.

I was born in the year 179—, in a cow-shed, during a shower, near the little Irish village of Ballyshannon. My father was an itinerant vender of books—my mother a washer-woman, and grand-daughter of the never-to-be-forgotten Jonathan Wild, whose nearest relations, after the sad catastrophe that befell that great but eccentric genius,\* resolved to fly an ungrateful country, and civilize the more congenial provinces of Ireland. With this view they came over, to the number of five, to Ballyshannon, from which place one, by means anything but miraculous, was speedily transferred to Botany Bay ; another died of a broken heart in the county jail ; a third fell a victim to a severe cold, caught, while gazing at one of the prettiest prospects in all Ireland, from a damp pillory ; a fourth got his head accurately divided into two distinct departments, by his dearest and best friend, at a wedding ; while the fifth, a lady of infinite whim and vivacity, espoused my father, the respected merchant above-mentioned. Of this last individual I must here pause, and say a few words. He was a wild, rambling character, full of fun, frolic, and whisky ; endowed with principles that sat gracefully and easily upon him, like an old coat ; and of so restless a temperament, that, except when in the stocks—an accident to which the most unexceptionable moralist is at times liable—he was never known to remain more than three days in the same place. From this father I inherit all that is sound in my moral, and talented in my intellectual character. He it was who first induced me to read, imbued me with a love of enterprise and petty larceny, taught me to “ cast off the shackles thrown around the mind” (so the venerable old gentleman used to express himself) “ by priestcraft and despotism,” to consider man and woman as the lawful victims of my superior address, and to peruse attentively, and with a view to their practical application, the independent sallies of Tom Paine. I should mention, perhaps, that this highly-accomplished parent was one of that numerous horde of Irishmen who, during the Rebellion of '98, distinguished themselves by their impartial robberies of Orangemen and Papist. In consequence of his exertions on this occasion, strengthened, no doubt, by the fact of a Protestant officer's purse being found in his waistcoat-pocket, my father, together with twelve others of the same stamp, was discovered, early one fine November morning, swinging from the lamp-post of the bridge at Wexford ; a mishap which my mother took so grievously to heart, that she was seen, a few days afterwards, stretched lifeless on her husband's grave. Whisky and strong affection had been too much for her : she was always delicate and sensitive.

\* He had the misfortune to be hanged : vide Fielding's *Life of him*.

By this calamity I was left with nothing but an accommodating conscience, and ten remarkably agile fingers, to rely on for support. Luokily, there dwelt in Wexford a certain rosy linen-draper, good-natured, but prosing, like his own ledger, who, seeing what he was pleased to call my hazardous condition, took me into his service, where I had the happiness of cleaning boots, running errands, waiting at dinner, and committing much extra mischief on my own private account. But this servitude was of short duration; for my employer, fancying that he discovered in me evidences of superior genius, dispatched me to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, where I soon distinguished myself by a zeal for learning perfectly miraculous, inso-much as I had got my grandfather's memoirs and the Forty Thieves by heart, and had often wept over the sufferings of the heroes and heroines of the Newgate Calendar—a captivating miscellany, which made a deep impression on my youthful mind.

After remaining two years at school, during which time I had frequent opportunities of observing the superiority of our own divine religion to the idolatrous doctrines of popery, I was expelled, in company with a lad named O'Connell, for attaching two squibs to my master's Sunday coat. This was the alleged reason for my expulsion; but the real one was my refusal to become a proselyte to Catholicism. The head usher—a fat man with a short neck, and the thickest part of whose face was downwards, like a bee-hive—was always urging me on this point; and I should probably have become a convert to his opinions, and thereby—I shudder while I think of it!—have forfeited my hopes of eternal happiness, had I not caught him one night on his knees before a saint, who though, like Cecilia, of the feminine gender, had more of the Magdalen than the Vestal in her character, and who honoured my recognition of her by a blow which marred my beauty for a month, and my two front teeth for ever. This chastening—which, I make no doubt, was intended, by the all-wise Disposer of events, for the best purposes—proved my salvation. In a paroxysm of rage, I flew to the master for protection, but, receiving no satisfactory reply, resolved at once on quitting the academy. With this view I proceeded to pack up my wardrobe in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, took an affectionate leave of my companions, and, after duly abstracting the head usher's pocket-book and snuff-box, as a pleasing memento of my school-boy days, set out, with O'Connell, for my patron's house at Wexford. To this beneficent old gentleman I gave the real version of my case; but, nevertheless, anticipating that it might be misconstrued, I resolved to make the most of what little time I had yet left, so acquainted myself forthwith with the contents of his till; after which I wrote him a kind but spirited note, wherein I assured him that my mind soared far above the idea of dependence; and that, in future, I should look upon myself as my own master. It is with regret I state that this notification was unavailing. Towards the evening of the day on which I had written it, as O'Connell and myself were pursuing our road to Dublin, we were overtaken by a sheriff's officer, who, arresting me at the linen-draper's suit, compelled me—notwithstanding I told him I was in a hurry, and could not be detained—to accompany him back to Wexford. It will hardly be believed, that, for this harmless frolic, I was tied to a cart's tail, flogged through the market-place, rubbed down with vinegar, and then set in the stocks to dry. Scandalous perversion of justice! Is not genius,

whatever shape or character it may assume, still one and the same divine, inestimable faculty? Is not—— But enough : I resume the indignant history of my wrongs.

On quitting Wexford, which I did the moment I had adjusted my inexpressibles, I started off for Dublin, where I again came in contact with O'Connell. My independence, at this period, was unquestionable. I had neither money, friends, nor prospects to encumber me ; so was compelled, in self-defence, to commence business as a pocket-operative. It was at the Crow-street theatre that I made my first appearance as a performer in this line. The house, I remember, was crowded ; and, as good luck would have it, I chanced to find myself standing next a wheezing old gentleman, in a pepper and salt spencer, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his watch and seals. This promising specimen of ingenuity raised me so highly in the opinion of O'Connell—himself a genius of no slight consideration—that we agreed for the future to divide our profits. But there is a restlessness in human nature that knows not where to stop. Scarcely had I attained celebrity by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, born for higher objects, began to languish for pre-eminence in burglary. On sounding O'Connell on the subject, he readily agreed to join me in an affair which had for some days engaged my undivided attention. Our plan was soon arranged : we agreed to meet at ten o'clock on a particular night at the Duck and Coach-Horse, and thence to set forward towards Rutland-street, where I had previously ascertained that a rich merchant resided, who, having been lately married, had just purchased a handsome service of plate, which I myself had seen carried home that morning from the silversmith's. I selected this gentleman's house for my *début*, because I rightly conceived, that, from the circumstance of his honeymoon being still young, he would have quite enough business on his hands, without troubling himself to look after a few comparatively unimportant articles of plate. Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen ; but, unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery-girl, who, unperceived, had witnessed our operations, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. I should not omit to add, that, during the bustle of escape, O'Connell contrived to pick my pocket—a species of dishonourable treachery of which I should never have suspected him, had I not made an application to his for a similar purpose.

It was at this period of my life that I paid my first visit to London, where I became acquainted with the celebrated but ill-starred Barrington. We shook hands—strange enough—in the coat-pockets of an extensive alderman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent Garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same time employed. It has been said, that admiration, like love, originates at first sight. Such was my case with this great man ; so much so, that, when I learned his name, I thought I should never have overcome my veneration. Still, notwithstanding his unquestionable abilities, Barrington, I think, was overrated. The artists in his own line of business seemed to consider him as the Shakspeare, whereas he was only the Pope, of petty larceny. Certes, his mode of operation was quick—intelligent—decisive ; but it was monotonous, and

wanted versatility. You might know him any where by his style. His friend, Major Semple, on the contrary, though undervalued by his contemporaries, possessed far superior talents. He never operated twice in the same manner ; yet such was his invariable adroitness, that he could, I am persuaded, have picked the pockets of even the ghost in Hamlet. His address, too, was mild and gentlemanlike, and he had the finest conception of a burglary of any man I ever met with.

To return from a digression into which I have been beguiled by my enthusiasm for departed genius : I had now been some years well acquainted with a London life ; was respected at the east, and not undervalued at the west end ; and, with the exception of P——, the police-officer, was looked on as the most promising artist about town. But there are limits to human greatness : Napoleon was vanquished by destiny, and I was *peached* by O'Connell. In consequence of this dastard's information, I was taken up, convicted, and transferred to his Majesty's colony at New Holland, where, in the charming vicinity of Sidney Town, I fell for the first time in love. Blissful state of the human heart, when life is fresh, time uncounted, and earth a paradise ! The object of my attachment was a pretty simple girl, aged sixteen, only daughter of a Scotch emigrant, under whose superintendence I was kept to hard labour—a grievance which so affected her, that, in the intervals of relaxation, she would come and sit beside me, amusing me with her sprightly prattle, and feeding me in secret with the choicest dainties from her father's table. Such conduct could not but prove highly flattering to an exile ; and, accordingly, in my excess of gratitude, when from fear that my talents should rust for want of practice, I devoted a certain portion of my day to the conscientious discharge of my vocation, I invariably spared her own and her father's pockets.

I cannot say much for the society of Sidney Town. It consists for the most part of pick-pockets, a class of men, to whose ungentlemanlike practices it is owing that transportation has been brought into such disrepute. I was once in this line myself, but took the earliest opportunity of quitting it ; for, among the members of our fraternity, the burglar has always been looked on as of superior rank to the mere pocket-operative. In fact, the one is not permitted to associate with the other. I have hinted that the inhabitants of Sidney are low-lived : not only is this the case, they are worse, they are positively barbarous. Instead of cultivating the gentilities, they cling to the vulgarities of society. The majority are red-faced, and of Hibernian extraction ; but indeed Botany Bay itself is, strictly speaking, nothing more nor less than an Irish colony, all of whose members are zealous, and, I doubt not, conscientious advocates of Emancipation. For one or two of the most eminent among these Liberators I had brought letters of introduction from England, but as I have always been particular in my company, I scorned to avail myself of them, preferring instead the society of my first and only love. This intimacy continued upwards of a year, at the end of which time, Rosa—such was my fair one's name—presented me with a thumping boy. This additional relationship sadly discomposed her father, and quarrels on the subject daily took place between them, till at last the distracted girl intreated me to take her altogether from home. At first I felt inclined to comply, but when I reflected on the clog that would be thereby thrown upon my genius, I resolved on declining the proposal.

I almost regret to state the particulars of my separation from Rosa. Having decided on its necessity, I read her one evening a homily on the subject of filial duties; I told her that the claims of a father were far superior to those of a lover; and that if I deprived either herself or her boy of such protection, my conscience would never be at rest. Vain were my remonstrances; the poor girl clung to me with wild emotion, and, as a last resource, placed her child in my arms. For awhile I was wholly overcome by such an appeal, till recollecting the necessity of decision, I abruptly put an end to the interview, and escaping at once from the chains of love and labour, rushed far away into the woods adjoining Sidney Town. Here I remained concealed for three weeks and upwards, subsisting wholly upon wild fruits, and sleeping at night in the open air, till finding that pursuit had slackened, I ventured once again towards the coast, directing my steps as if by instinct towards the cottage of Rosa's father. As I approached the well-known spot, the toll of a death-bell came borne towards me, and presently appeared a funeral procession winding its way towards a church-yard that skirted the cottage. My mind misgave me at this sight: nevertheless, I continued to advance, when—oh, heavens!—I beheld behind a quick-set hedge, a coffin lowered into the grave, with these words inscribed on the lid, "Rosa McNeill, Obit. 181—, Ætat. 17." So dreadful a spectacle deprived me of all my usual caution; I rushed towards the groupe, gazed wildly on the descending coffin, and then, ere yet the bystanders had time for recognition, made the best of my way towards a schooner that happened to be lying at anchor in the roads, and which in a few days bore me far away from Rosa, towards my own beloved England.—England, the land of freedom! England, the nurse of morality!—who shall say with what feelings a much-calumniated exile approached thy cliff-girt coasts! So acute were my sensibilities on this head, that for the sake of concealing my weakness, I was actually compelled to hide myself during the day-time in the hold, and during the night in my hammock. My sense of the dignity of manhood was always very acute, and publicity I have ever detested.

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I now pass over a lapse of eight busy years, during which time I contrived to acquaint myself with every creditable operative about town. My feats in burglary alone were unprecedented; the watchmen especially envied them; and no wonder, they were far above the reach of their inferior capacities. Among the number of my disciples—for like my celebrated grandfather I was the captain of as choice a gang of spirits as ever did credit to stocks, pillory, or scaffold—was a gruff-looking fellow named Atkins. This man occasioned me a world of annoyance. He was a singular compound of the methodist and murderer, with black, matted hair, furrowed forehead, yellow, bloodless cheeks, garnished with a convulsive grin, a hump-back, and a sinister, gloomy, dull eye, whose mixed expression of cunning, penitence, and ferocity, I never yet saw equalled. Altogether he made as close an approximation to pure diabolism as the imperfect limits of human nature will permit. This man was my lieutenant, under whose auspices I first withdrew my attention from suburban to sylvan speculations; from the west end of the metropolis to the high-ways and by-ways of the country. And this I take to be the perfection of a *conveyancer's* existence. During spring he practises his calling in town, but when fashion begins to migrate, he migrates along with it; by which means he not only

improves his health, shattered by the necessity of keeping late hours, but can enjoy the pastoral beauties of the country, be talkative as a mute, and merry as an undertaker by day, take his sleep, like a watchman, by night, and employ his leisure in the diligent following up of his profession. For myself, I was always fond of the picturesque, and shall never forget one lovely moonlight night spent professionally with Atkins on Hounslow Heath. The hour was somewhat late, just twelve o'clock, and the clouds (whose health I never omit to drink) were massive enough to disk the moon's rays without absolutely throwing night upon the landscape. Around us on all sides Nature was fast asleep—an awkward predicament for the old lady, had she been animated and worn pockets—and the south wind alone was abroad, if you except six owls who went partners with as many bull-frogs in a duet by no means to be despised. As I stood beside my lieutenant, whose religious sensibilities were roused by the imposing awe of the hour, a pleasing tranquillity stole over me. The spirit of poetry permeated my mind: I became ethereal—imaginative—romantic. Just at this crisis the sound of wheels was heard: in an instant my dream was ended; from a poet I descended to a footpad, and had barely time to conceal myself behind some adjoining trees, when a post-chaise came rattling towards me. Drawing a pistol from my belt, while Atkins did the same, I rushed up to the vehicle with the usual highway anathema; but discovering that there were only two females inside, I modulated my voice to its most agreeable tones, and hoping that I did not intrude, requested the gentlewomen's purses and whatever other property they might have about them. My request was indulgently acceded to, upon which, wishing the ladies a good night, and cautioning them to beware of highwaymen, I contented myself with tying the post-boy with his head to the horses' tail, and set out with Atkins towards the Woodcock and Sugar-Tongs, Isleworth. Here, while we were dividing our booty, my confederate grasped me suddenly by the arm, and putting on an air of devout seriousness, "I am sorry, Wild," said he, "to find you so addicted to swearing. Had you operated on the ladies without an oath, I had said nothing, it is purely professional; but how can you expect the blessings of Heaven on your exertions if—" At this moment an uncontrollable drowsiness came over me, under the influence of which I threw myself on a bench in the tap-room, fell fast asleep, and dreamed of the devil.

By day-break we set out for Bath, where we had appointed our gang to meet us. On the way we met a horse, which I forthwith appropriated, and for which I should certainly have been hanged, had not a flaw in the indictment let me loose—I quote the Judge's insulting remark—once again on society. About six months subsequent to this accident, the good folks of Hounslow and its vicinity, which we invariably made our head-quarters, having been kept in constant alarm by our depredations, began to put in force every stratagem against us, (one gentleman in particular, named Evans, a magistrate of Twickenham, was particularly active) the consequence of which was, that the majority of my gang, one after the other, were taken up, convicted and executed. There is nothing more distressing to a feeling heart, than day by day to witness the dropping off of its dearest associates. This was my case: every succeeding assizes diminished the number of my confederates, until at last Atkins and myself were the only two that remained. And here I would caution my readers from running away with a notion that because I am sentimental, I am of necessity weak in action. Nothing is

further from the fact. True, I have a feeling soul, but I am also a man, and one that knows how to avenge an insult. Acting upon this impulse, I cherished an especial recollection of Evans, and after talking the matter over from time to time with Atkins, resolved one fatal night to attack his house, and leave there a memorandum of our visit, by doing as much mischief as we could conveniently compass within the night. Punctual to the hour, we set out, our minds inflamed with brandy. It was a dark, sullen night, with just sufficient moon to do justice to my companion's countenance. As we reached the magistrate's house, I chanced to turn my eyes toward Atkins, and saw his lip convulsed with a strange Satanic smile. My blood curdled at the sight, but a spell nevertheless hurried me onwards, and together we ascended towards our victim's chamber. All was silent, except now and then when the stairs creaked beneath our footsteps, or the cricket chirped from behind the kitchen fire. When we reached the first landing-place, we saw a light shining down from a balustrade above us. We hastened immediately towards it, tore it from its niche, and proceeded with it to Evans's apartment. For an instant we paused, then stood beside our victim's bed, while Atkins drew a knife from his pocket. At this awful moment Evans awoke ; but what was his affright when he saw scowling full upon him the dull grey eyes of Atkins ! He prayed not for pity, instinct was lost in stupefaction ; but he turned imploringly to me, who did all I could to save him. Vain were my exertions : coolly and deliberately the assassin bared his victim's throat, and drew the deadly steel across it. This deed accomplished we hastily quitted the house, overlooking, in the hurry of escape, a boy who, unseen, had watched our movements, and cutting across the high road, spent the night among some meadows at the foot of Richmond Hill. For my own part I was too much excited to think of rest, but Atkins soon fell asleep, while I kept watch beside him. It was an appalling hour : the hush of the grave was around me ; and in whatever direction I turned my eyes, I saw but the lazy stirring of the trees, whose motions, rendered indistinct by distance, looked like ghosts, moving to and fro their gaunt arms. Suddenly a scream burst on my ear, and turning toward Atkins, I beheld him seated bolt-upright, and stiff as a corpse ; his eye blood-shot, his blue lips convulsed, but his senses fast locked in sleep. " Hark !" he exclaimed, " there is no one in the passage—'tis well. The dead cannot rise against me. Cannot ? Hah ! hah ! hah ! Look you there—he comes—he comes—he points with his bloody arm towards me. Now he is standing right opposite me—his hot breath scorches up my veins—I feel it here—here, at my heart," and with a yell of tremendous agony the murderer started to his feet. This state of excitement continued more or less throughout the night, but toward day-break, Atkins had in some degree resumed his composure, and insisted (strange infatuation !) on our immediate return to Twickenham.

So mad a scheme of course proved our ruin, and accordingly we were both taken up within less than six hours on suspicion, when circumstances having arisen to confirm the prejudices against us, we were fully committed for trial. How Atkins kept up his spirits, I know not, I at least was miserable : maddened for the first time with horrors that levity had 'till now kept down, calling to mind my Rosa and my child, and even fancying at times that I was companioned by the spirit of Evans. In this condition I remained upwards of a week, when one evening, after his conviction, I was summoned by the jailer into Atkins's prison, whom I found quite an altered character. As I entered his dungeon, " Must

I indeed be hanged?" he said, or rather shrieked, in a harsh, grating tone of voice.

"Yes," I replied, "you must, but it will be consoling for you to know that I shall be hanged as well."

"O God! I cannot die; I am not fit; my hand is yet hot with blood,"—and his eye looked horribly white. At his earnest entreaties, and by permission of the turnkey, I remained with him throughout this his last night; my own trial as an accessory having by some informality in the indictment been postponed to the next assizes, and Atkins having precluded the necessity of one, by a frank and unreserved confession. At ten o'clock the jailer quitted us, and we sat down alone at an oaken table, lit by a dim lamp, and garnished with an odd volume of tracts. Until midnight Atkins remained tolerably composed; but when all at last was silent in the prison, its awful solitude struck chill and damp to his soul; his teeth chattered, cold drops stood upon his forehead, he paced the floor like a madman, and clanked his chains, glad even of such an opportunity to burst the horrid stillness. Just at this moment, the watchman of the jail passed close beneath the window calling the hour, in a tone which seemed to say "you hear it for the last time on earth!" Its effect on Atkins was terrific. In such a state,—a state of the most abject wretchedness—hours rolled away, until at length the church clock struck four, and a few straggling gleams of day-light began to make their way through our prison bars. From this moment the murderer began to count each moment of his existence; and with all that desperate tenacity with which a weak mind clings, however falsely, to hope, kept perpetually asking me the hour, and insisting that it was not so late as I supposed. At last he could no longer shut his eyes to the truth, for the day-light, hitherto faint, now distinctly lit up every object in the dungeon. How pale and ghastly by its momentarily strengthening beams looked my confederate's face! how withering its expression! how intense and concentrated the character of its grief! But a few hours before, and his hair was black, a deep raven black: it had now a gray tinge—the effect of years, the sorrows of a long life, had been condensed into one single night. Precisely as the clock struck eight, the clergyman and sheriffs arrived, when, after the usual ceremonies, the procession moved slowly on towards the scaffold. And here ensued a scene, which those who witnessed it, will, I am convinced, carry with them to the grave. Overpowered by intense affright, Atkins refused to proceed further; he shrieked for pity, clung convulsively to the jailer, and writhing in all the nervous fever of despair, prayed for only ten minutes reprieve—for six—for five—for two—for one—for but one single minute, while he repeated the Lord's Prayer. As the executioner approached to place the rope round his neck, his affright increased to madness. His red eye kindled, his mouth, white with foam, seemed twisted into a thousand shapes. But all was vain; the cord was adjusted; the cap drawn over his face; and the signal being given, one shrill, piercing cry was heard—then the slow—slow withdrawing of the bolt, a groan, and the murderer, like his victim, was a corpse!

I now return to my own personal narrative. At the ensuing Guildford assizes, my trial, in its turn, came on. The principal, indeed, the only evidence against me, was that of a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, who, it seems, had witnessed the whole transaction from an adjoining room, and of course could swear to my identity. This youth was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, in the course of which, struck

by some tone in his voice, some strange—indefinite peculiarity in his manner, “Who, in God’s name,” said I, “is your father?”

The boy hesitated a moment, then suddenly, with manifest confusion, “I know not; he left us when I was an infant; grandfather often speaks of him, but always angrily.”

“And your mother?”

“She died just after I was born.”

“Her name?”

“Rosa McNeill.”

“Her residence?”

“The woods at the back of Sidney Town.”

“Gracious God!” I exclaimed, shuddering all over with emotion, “it is indeed my child, my own deserted child, who now stands here to give evidence against his father, as that father was his mother’s murderer.”

On following up this fearful cross-examination, the following additional facts came out. The witness was the grandson of a Scotchman, who, having in the course of years accumulated property as an agriculturist in New Holland, had resolved to return home and enjoy it in his native Dumfriesshire. On his arrival in London, where he had business of importance to transact, he took that opportunity of placing his grandson with some respectable English farmer, for which purpose he advertised in all the papers; and it was in answer to one of these that Evans had personally applied to him, stating his want of such a lad, and proposing terms, which being accepted by the old Scotchman, the boy was transferred to Twickenham, where he had since continued to reside, up to the moment of his master’s murder. On hearing this extraordinary statement, an intense feeling of horror pervaded the whole court, during which nothing could be heard but my own convulsive sobbings, as I vainly stretched forth my arms to clasp my injured child. After a short pause, the trial proceeded, and the facts being irrefragably proved against me, the jury, without a moment’s hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge condemned me to death. I was then removed from the bar, and consigned to the solitude of the condemned cell, never thence to depart, until the hour appointed for my execution.

In this desolate—this gloomy—this life-destroying dungeon, with no companions but my thoughts, no hope but what Heaven in its mercy may accord me, I await the final sentence of the law. The revolting levity with which, in the pride of my spirit, I some months since commenced these memoirs, is gone; the bolt has reached my heart—the fire-brand has struck to my brain. How awful is this hour! Night is above—around—beneath me; night on heaven—night on earth—but what is that to the night within my soul? Hark, is that the church clock? Fool! ’tis the chink of the hammer on thy scaffold. O God! is there then no hope? Must I indeed die, be prisoned in some dark, rotting coffin, and feel the death-worm slowly creeping—creeping—creeping—inch by inch, across my heart? Shall the spider that now weaves his web above my head, have a longer existence than I? Shall Rosa—poor deserted Rosa—be revenged only by her seducer’s death? My child know peace only by forgetting his father? Distracting thought!—I must compose myself awhile by prayer.

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[This article, which has been some time ready, was intended for our last April number; but, in consequence of an unusual press of matter, we were compelled to leave it over to the present month.]

## THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THIS is the interregnum month of the drama ; the great theatres go to their three months sleep, the little theatres are scarcely opening their eyes after a sleep three times as long. All the *grand monde* are running after horticultural breakfasts, or running out of town, and all the little *monde* are either rambling on the roads to gaze at them, as spectators, or running after them as creditors. The summer of London is breaking up, every thing is unsettled for the time, and it is not until every man calling himself a Christian, and dining at half-past seven, has fled from Bond Street, till Almack's shows dusty doors, and the supreme of *ton*, Villiers Stuart, vacates *the town*, that the little theatres will have an audience worthy of the name, or the audience be indulged with any thing beyond the *rechauffés* of the bygone season.

In the mean time, let us do justice to Mr. Arnold and his theatre. Why does the law of monopoly prevail to shut up this very handsome, and admirably managed establishment, during the greater portion of the year? It was established for "the cultivation of music:" and if music be equally enjoyed in the winter, it would be difficult to find a reason for our being deprived of it, in the very place where it is most effectively performed, most exclusively practised, and most advantageously heard. The English Opera House has begun well, and when we recollect, that within its walls we first heard the Freischütz, and a succession of operas scarcely inferior in power, we feel grateful to the taste and enterprise of its ingenious manager.

The great theatres have had a difficult season. The parliamentary discussions absorbed so large a portion of the public interest, that theatres suffered, like every other species of business and recreation. The law courts too bore their share in the evil. Covent Garden had a decree of the Master of the Rolls reversed, by which Kemble and his partners have undone the previous victory of Harris. A suit against Farren for breach of engagement, was also carried, with 750*l.* damages. But the victor at law may generally exclaim with the Macedonian, "Such another victory would ruin me."

Drury Lane, after some struggling and some failures, closed the season showily with Masaniello, in which Braham distinguished himself as both actor and singer. Time is absolutely improving Braham's powers: no rival approaches his popularity, and his acting is an evidence of what may be, by natural cleverness, in any department of his profession.

The Haymarket Theatre commenced with "Spring and Autumn," "The Female Sentinel," "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," and "John of Paris." The first piece was popular during the last season. It is written with piquancy and comic force. Mrs. Glover, Farren, Vining, &c. were again at their posts, and received flattering welcome.

"The Female Sentinel" introduced some pretty dancing.

The third piece, written by Poole, is one of his most amusing.

The entertainments concluded with the musical afterpiece of "John of Paris," which introduced to a London audience Mrs. H. Corri, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the character of the *Princess of Navarre*. Her reception was most flattering. As an actress, she is remarkable for her demeanour; and as a singer will become popular. Her voice is a

soprano, and the rapidity of her cadences can alone be surpassed by Miss Paton.

The King's Theatre has been the most triumphant of our winter establishments. Laporte's activity has been very striking, and the theatre has never had in our recollection, so powerful and complete a vocal company. The ballet is weak, and there is not among them a single performer above the common class of Parisian *secondes*. But Malibran and Sontag are twin stars, such as have not sparkled together for many a year. Sontag's voice is incomparable for subtlety, fluency, and ease. Her execution of the most difficult passages totally excludes the idea of difficulty, and her perfect command over her voice, in its most rapid flights, her exquisite decorations of style, make her performance as high a treat as can be expected from the voice. Her person is thin, and her physiognomy has lost the roundness of health, but her stage powers are unimpaired.

Malibran is an actress, and with finer conceptions, we do not hesitate to say, than Pasta. But her youth has still much to learn; and Pasta's judgment was, like her time of life, more mature. Malibran is the most genuinely impassioned actress that we have seen upon the Italian stage. Her voice is vigorous, but still harsh, and its fluency is imperfect; but she has taste and genius, and with these she will yet do wonders. Her *Tancredi* was her finest serious performance, her *Rosina*, in the *Barbiere*, her most animated and picturesque. In *Semiramide* she played the great Babylonian queen. The vocal part of the character was given by Madame Malibran with accuracy and effect. She gave much dramatic force to the address in the 12th scene, wherein the nation is convoked to swear obedience to the new king about to be proclaimed, so impressive and interesting a scene in the hands of Pasta. In the whole third scene of the second act with *Assur*, in which reproaches and threats are exchanged between him and *Semiramide*, and to which the composer has assigned music of a highly dramatic and striking character, both the acting and singing of Madame Malibran were a close imitation of Madame Pasta's. Discontent was manifested by the audience in the early part of the performance, in consequence of an attempt to omit the whole of the 7th scene, in which Madame Pisoni and Zucchelli had two or three of the best duets in the opera to sing. The clamour rose to such a pitch as to suspend the performance; but the malcontents were finally appeased by the appearance of *Arsaces* and *Assur*, who gave the scene as usual. The plea of the omission was an accidental lameness which had occurred to Signor Zucchelli, and on which account, indeed, the public indulgence had been solicited in his behalf in printed bills posted up in various parts of the house. But while Pasta's style deserves the praise that makes it a model of imitation, we wish to see Malibran following her own ideas, and they will not fail to lead her to truth, nature, and the highest successes of the drama. In the *Gazza Ladra*, her success was still more striking. Her *Ninetta*, was highly effective. In the finale of the first act, and in the last scene of the opera, Malibran was greeted by the whole audience with vehement applause. After the fall of the curtain she returned to the stage, on a loud and unanimous call from the audience, who renewed their applause with great warmth. Zucchelli, who played the part of *Fernando*, was in fine voice. He played with spirit and sang well.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WHOLE volleys of *ou dits* have been flying from the Clubs during the month, winged with destruction to the ministry, each and all. First, as becomes his place, is slain the Duke of Wellington. We say slain, because the report talks of his giving up office, which the Duke will never, and now needs never do, but with life. He has settled himself too stiffly on the national neck to be unseated by people, or party. Thus says one of our oracles: "A report is extremely prevalent in political circles, that the Duke of Wellington is most anxious to transfer the Premiership, which he professes to have undertaken to hold only for a limited time, to a distinguished statesman, whose liberal opinions are well known, and who, during the last few years, has been a friend of his grace. It is also said, the latter wishes to return to his old situations at the Horse Guards and at the Ordnance."

Thus says the antagonist, and certainly the more authentic oracle, "Lord Grey has got his *quiddam peculium* in the parish of Bishopsgate; and of the premiership he has as good a chance as Lord King, Lord Montford, or Lord Darnley, and no better. The Duke of Wellington will not let go what he has, except to grasp at something better: as for the Horse Guards and Ordnance, they are already as completely *his* as the house in Piccadilly, or his stables at Strathfieldsay." Besides, his Grace, haughty as he is, does not altogether neglect the ways of being in favour. He convoys *the* Marchioness into ball-rooms, even in the hottest weather—endures stories about the battle of Dettingen, and the Hounslow reviews—suffers Lord Mount Charles to speak to him; and never laughs in any one's face before dinner at the Lodge. It must be acknowledged, that for this extraordinary self-command the Field Marshal deserves something.

Next, ensued the death of Mr. Peel, whom a veracious newspaper described as having been found with Wetherell's speech stuffed half down his throat: the only words that he could not swallow. Then Lord Lyndhurst went, though rather by a circuitous route; for he was first to make a tour of the upper provinces, in the shape of Governor General of India. The rumours of his advancement varied considerably; but they were unanimous as to his being sent to serve his Majesty in the settlements. Some gave him the Chief Justiceship of Sierra Leone—some made him Commissioner at Mosquito Bay, where the wits of Westminster observed, that he would find the next great *bites* to those he left behind—some sent him into the army, and gave him the drilling of the Swan River militia—others proposed the navy, and gave him the guardship off the Nore.

The only difficulty about the matter, is finding a successor with some resemblance to his various qualities: for his equal is confessedly not to be found, in knowledge of the duties of his station, in dignity of manners, or in independence of mind.

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On the 25th, too late for our more than merely noticing it, a grand dinner was given to the Marquis of Chandos, by the West India proprietors and merchants, on his being chosen their chairman. At this dinner were present the Duke of Wellington, the Colonial Secretary, and the other ministers, and a large assemblage of the principal persons connected with the West Indies. No man in his senses can doubt of the

importance of the Colonies to England, nay, of their paramount importance. All the mines of Mexico have not poured into Spain half the actual wealth that those islands have poured into England. They have had a still higher value, in supplying a nursery for seamen; and their value as a territorial possession is hourly increasing from the changes which have occurred and are occurring in South America and Mexico. The West Indies are, in fact, at once citadels and warehouses, depôts of war and of commerce; and it is from those islands that we must watch at once the growth of the new Spanish republics, and the hostility of the United States. To talk of chastising, or throwing off, or in any way insulting the West Indians, is an absurdity that we cannot conceive in any man in the possession of his understanding. To talk of punishing our countrymen in the colonies, by the loss of their privileges, or property, at the pleasure of the anti-slavery coxcombs here, would be a sacrifice to selfishness and hypocrisy, which would render England unworthy of having the possession of a West Indian acre.

We hate slavery as much as the most sanctified orator that ever prated; but not the holiest haranguer of the school of Wilberforce more dislikes to see unnecessary restraint. But there the negroes are, and what is to be done with them is the question.—Let them loose, and see them cut the throats of every white in the islands in a month, relapse into furious barbarism, and then cut each other's throats; or keep them in a restraint which gives them food, clothing, and education—imperfect for a while, but undoubtedly advancing in all points—until they shall be gradually capable of the privileges of freemen? We cannot send those negroes back to Africa, and we cannot give them up to their own savage passions. The only alternative then is, to keep them under that discipline which the safety of the islands, and of our countrymen, requires.

In the speeches of the different ministers at the dinner we were glad to see those principles fully recognized. The Colonial Secretary's speech was able and explicit. Sir George Murray said, "He had never heard of a country becoming great by commerce without having extensive foreign possessions, or having formed extensive colonies. If extension of territory and security of possession could reflect power on the mother country, it might then again reach and contribute to spread her fame and confirm her power in distant parts of the world. The power wielded by Great Britain, was *greatly owing to her colonies*. He was fully sensible, therefore, of the importance of the trust reposed in him when placed at the head of the colonial department of so great a commercial state as this country. In that situation he should feel it his duty to exert his abilities to the utmost to *strengthen the union* that ought at all times to exist between the *mother country and the colonies* by feelings of mutual interest, and by interchange of mutual benefits conferred and received. (Applause). Before he sat down he should not do justice to his own feelings, or to the gentlemen with whom he had had to communicate on affairs relative to the colonies, did he not state that *all these communications* had afforded him the *greatest possible satisfaction*; and he should be most happy if they led to any thing that would be to the advantage of our trans-Atlantic colonies." But the West Indians must look to themselves for their true security. They have all the materials of powerful public influence. They have hitherto suffered their cause to go down from mere inaptitude: but the time when negligence could be safe is past. They have now to contend with the double hostility of furious fanaticism and indefatigable avarice.

The brunt of the battle will be in parliament, and there they must meet their enemy. But defence is always feeble; their strength must be in attack; they must be prompt, active, and bold; and we are glad to see that as their old champions retire, a succession of able men are ready to sustain the cause. The appointment of the Marquis of Chandos is a highly favourable evidence of the revived spirit of the West India proprietors. For they could not have chosen a nobleman more distinguished by manliness and popularity, nor more entitled to respect from every party in the legislature. In the members of their Acting Committee, they possess very able men. Their excellent Chairman, the Hon. Keith Douglas, is distinguished for his firm, uncompromising character, and for talents of the highest order. The local knowledge of Mr. Burge, the late Attorney-General of Jamaica, united to his legal acquirements, point him out as possessing every qualification for sustaining the rights of the Colonies, and justify the confidence which the West India Body, as well as the inhabitants of that colony—where, for a very long period, he exercised his high office with singular discretion—must necessarily repose in him. He is not alone. We can name, amongst other most powerful coadjutors on the Acting Committee, the long-tried, faithful, and excellent Agents—Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Manning, Mr. Innes the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. Brown, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Colquhoun—together with Sir E. Hyde East, Sir Henry Martin, Mr. Bernal, Mr. M'Garel, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Kynaston, &c. &c. Once more, we say, let the proprietors avail themselves vigorously and wisely of their natural strength, and no matter whether ministers are false or sincere; and no matter whether the saints are speculating on raising the colonies into negro empires, or selling East-India sugar by a pious monopoly, or simply are courting disturbance wherever it can be raised by madmen or missionaries, the cause of truth and common sense will prevail.

Lord Lyndhurst, the Lord High Chancellor of England, has put forward his character in the courts, and has brought an action against the *Morning Journal*, for what his Lordship terms a libel! That the *Morning Journal* would be pounced upon at the very first shadow of opportunity, no man could doubt, who saw its vigour in defending the constitution, or who knew the bitterness with which apostates hate those who remain true to their cause. The observations of that manly, powerful, and, we are glad to say, popular Journal, the *Standard*, upon this action, are worthy of the best age of the English press. They contain the true state of the case; and ought, if Lord Lyndhurst has any regard to consequences, to make him abandon this ridiculous prosecution.

“We feel,” says this journal, in language, whose least recommendation is its eloquence, “that we should shrink from a sacred duty if, being *still* able to address them, we did not implore the people of England to keep their eyes steadily upon this unexampled prosecution.

“Here is the passage upon which Lord Lyndhurst calls down the vengeance of the law by the extraordinary interposition of the Court of King’s Bench:—

“‘Uncle Toby—If a paymaster or a barrack-master lend money to his commanding officer, what should he expect?’

“‘Trim—To be promoted of course, your honour.’

“‘Uncle Toby—If a captain, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, for instance, who has married a rich dowager, should lend a thousand pounds to his colonel, what does he look for?’

“ ‘Trim—To be made a major first opportunity, and, as your honour knows, God bless you, to be placed in the way of higher preferment.’

“ ‘Uncle Toby—And if a major should lend his general all his fortune, say *thirty thousand pounds*, for example, what then?’

“ ‘Trim—To be placed in the general’s shoes, your honour, before the end of the campaign.’

“ ‘This is, we admit, quite satisfactory. There is reason in this merit, and there is point too in the argument, which Mr. Sugden and another learned personage will be at no loss to comprehend.’

“ This was published on the 30th of May. Sir E. Sugden was appointed, (not by the lord chancellor, but) by the king’s solicitor-general on *the third of June*; and this Lord Lyndhurst calls a libel upon himself. Now, we implore any rational man to consider it calmly, and say whether, supposing the ‘learned personage’ alluded to mean Lord Lyndhurst (a strained hypothesis, beyond dispute), to say whether it imputes any guilt to the lord chancellor?

“ The only person, that, under any circumstances, would have a right to complain, is the solicitor-general. And we should like to see that respectable law officer, fresh from his Weymouth dispute about the expenditure of six thousand or nine thousand pounds, as the price of his unbought election, protesting against an insinuation, that *he* could advance money with a corrupt design.

“ The utmost inference unfavourable to Lord Lyndhurst, that can be deduced from the article, admitting the inuendos, is, that Lord Lyndhurst *is a needy man*. But who will pretend that to say of a *person* unconnected with trade that he is poor were a libel, even if it were false?

“ We repeat it, that it is impossible to believe Lord Lyndhurst a volunteer in this case. But, whoever may be the mover, we apprize him that he will fail. Even in England the suppression of public feeling must cost a struggle, in which the aggressors will meet an opposition to which what they now complain of shall be as the spring shower to the pelting of a November storm. And, if the press be suffocated in England by corruption on one side or coercion on the other, thank God the continent will be still open for the voices of the exiles of freedom. Holland may serve again as the mouthpiece of English and Protestant principles, as Holland has served before, and effectually too.”

Franklin said, and said truly, that the expenses of a republic might be paid out of the waste of a monarchy. We by no means love either the *Æconomics* of Franklin, or the republic that he worshipped, so much as to swear by them; and yet there are instances of waste that would justify strong discontent. If radical Hume had not shown that the tribute of rabble popularity, in the shape of quart-pots and ill spelt addresses, was his supreme object, he might have done something. He squabbled fiercely for a while, and frightened the treasury clerks with the prospect of giving them some heavier occupation than reading the newspapers, and looking at their horses parading in the shade under their windows, until the glad hour of three let them loose to “take their ride” through the park, and consider at what table of the *comme il faut* they were to condescend to dine. But his incorrigible radicalism, the vulgarity of his sneers, and the shallowness of his capacity, disqualified him from any thing beyond terrifying the trim gentlemen of the finances, and bringing down all the minor officials of the Treasury Bench, those gentlemen who are to be “ready to answer the question of the honorable member on the opposite side,” with their pockets full of extempore speeches, and their hands loaded with paper bundles and red tape. The Greek Loan affair finished his chance of service for either good or evil. The after-thought of squeezing his interest, no less

a sum than fifty-two pounds and several farthings, from a loan of a million, in which the patriot had embarked with kindred patriots, for the "salvation of Greece," was too brilliant not to have had its "reaction:" for in this world we cannot have even fifty pounds for nothing; and its price was the whole and sole fame that Mr. Hume had been toiling day and night, week and month, for three long years, to raise. Since that accession to his wealth, the great revisor of every other man's gains, the detector of every other man's meanness, and the teller of every other man's exchequer, has been as mute as if he had been choked with the largest rouleau of the mint, as idle as my Lord Ellenborough, and as useless as that sublime genius, my Lord Brecknock, or his successor, that sagacious mariner and veteran tactician, the new admiralty commissioner, my Lord Castlereagh. Yet, if nobody else can be found to take up the sinecures, we should suffer even Mr. Hume to try the subject. The abuse is so glaring, that an attempt at its reform might revive even his name—nay, wipe away the remembrance of the Greek Loan, Lord Palmerston's philippic, and the dinner at Brookes's; and before he goes where his masters, John Wilkes and Horne Tooke, have gone before him, enable a conscientious man to say, without direct perjury, that his life was of some use to mankind. Let him first try, what Jekyll calls the most *trying* of professions, the law. There he may find a rich harvest of sinecurism, and not an atom of public sympathy for the sinecurists; there he may revel in the leviathan extortions of prothonotaries, chief clerks, registrars, and so forth, with a two-handed sword in his grasp, strip up the *nepotism* of old fat chief justices, and pursy, hypocritic chancellors, loading their relatives with the public property, and making even the imbecility of those relatives a ground for increasing the load. He might ask, how much money the present Lord Ellenborough obtains from his sinecure in the Court of King's Bench? How much my Lord Hardwicke receives from the Irish courts? How much my Lord Maryborough, and fifty other lords? But, of the showy style in which a lord chancellor can accumulate income on a nephew, let us take the following example:—

"The late Lord Thurlow held the offices of clerk of the Hanaper, patentee for making out commissions of bankruptcies, and clerk of the custodies of lunatics and idiots,—the whole yielding an aggregate of we believe nearly *ten thousand pounds* per annum, besides very extensive patronage. These are all offices in the gift of the lord chancellor; and, in the present crisis, it is an object of great curiosity to ascertain how they are to be disposed of. Will they be regulated according to the arrangement recommended by several successive finance committees? that is to say, by carrying all the fees to the consolidated fund, merely reserving their present salaries to the deputies who discharge the duties of the respective offices?"

Of the late lord, who has died within a short period, we know nothing more than that he made a profusion of poetry; and, certainly, the worst *poetry* that ever issued even from a lord;—for we by no means allow Lord Nugent's Portugal, and things of that calibre, to be poetry at all. As to his merits as a man and a citizen, let those describe them who ever heard of them. And the most careful investigation that we can institute on the subject, is, that his lordship's chief or single title to fame, was his marrying a very pretty little actress some ten years since—a deed which

we hope improved his lordship's happiness, and which, we solemnly believe, was of some service to his understanding; for, from that auspicious hour, he published no more verses; or, as William Spenser says, in his drawing-room style,

“ The happiest man of men become,  
The Muses' worshipper was dumb,  
Voted his pen and ink a bore,  
And wooed the Nine Old Maids no more.”

But by what moral right were those ten thousand pounds a-year heaped upon a man who never was presumed to have done ten-pence worth of service of any kind for this enormous sum of public money? He was the nephew of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow! This was all his claim. Heaven defend the country against having many such chancellors, with any such recipients of sinecures. We plainly pronounce this disposal of the public property iniquitous in *foro conscientie*. Old Lord Thurlow might have had the legal power to alienate the sum to his nephew; but this was a right which no man should have. If old Lord Thurlow lived to no better purpose than to give away sinecures—and of none better in his brawling career do we know—or if young Lord Thurlow lived to none better than to feed upon them, what possible feeling can the nation have in the fate of either, than gratification at being relieved from the power of both to prey upon the public, and the hope of a speedy and total extinction of the whole sinecure system?

In the mean time, as the sinecures are at the disposal of the chancellor for the time being, it might be a species of satisfaction to ascertain in what way the 10,000*l.* a-year is destined to go. To poor Lord Thurlow, of verse-writing memory, there could have been no objection but the mere fact of his putting the money in his pocket; but there are others whom the public hate strenuously, and from their souls; the demand is to know whether those incomes are to be among the rewards of these men?

Of Mr. Nash, the favourite architect, we know nothing but as an architect; in which character we certainly owe him a grudge for every building that we have seen proceeding from his portfolio. Not that we think him much worse than the crowd of architects who deform our city with incumbrances, the most costly, unsightly, and unstable of any city of Europe. Compare our new public buildings with the new ones of any metropolis on the Continent, of St. Petersburg, of Munich, of Stuttgard, of any city of any size where building has been lately going on, and we instantly sink a hundred degrees below Zero. Regent Street alone remains to sustain our boast to the foreigner. But the merit of Regent Street lies between the flagging on its sides; its breadth is its single merit: for since wigwams were first formed, there never was such a combination of architectural monsters, as startle the eye in Regent Street. But of this more anon.

Of Colonel Davies we know nothing, but as an imitator of Mr. Hume, which we conceive to give, in general terms, as disadvantageous an idea of a man's taste and understanding, as could be expressed in all the eloquence of language. But on the present occasion, we feel strongly disposed to think that the Colonel is perfectly in the right, that he has been doing a public duty, and that his services will operate as a valuable hint to a great many gentlemen, to the full as young and thoughtless as Mr. Nash. As

to the investigation before the Committee, in the first place, it has turned out exactly as we expected, for we never conceived that Mr. Nash had been *guilty of fraud*. But we conceived, and the Committee seems to have conceived too, that what Mr. Nash has done, no person in his situation ought to do in future. Of course, the past is with the years beyond the flood, or to use a more expressive negation, is with the money lodged in the Court of Chancery. But no delicacy interferes with the time to come, and for that time the Committee legislate with a firm nerve.

Every man acquainted with the duties of guardians and trustees of any kind, knows that it is altogether prohibited to those persons to make themselves possessors of any property in their trust. No solicitor dares purchase the property of his client under such circumstances; and for the obvious reason, that the purchase must always be suspicious; that the guardianship or agency, whatever it may be, always gives opportunities of overreaching, which if used by crafty trustees, must make the trust only a source of ruin to the true proprietor: in short, it is in every instance a point of honour, and in many a point of law, that no such interest shall be assumed by the guardian or trustee under any circumstances.

Now Mr. Nash was, in the true sense of the word, a trustee for the property. It was his business to see it sold to the best advantage, to guard against any possible alienation, and on the whole, to serve the public without any further interest in the affair than the salary, or appointment which he had received as a sufficient compensation for his services. But what is the charge? He sells a part of the ground to a Mr. Edwards, takes the bargain off his hands, and becomes the proprietor; or in the words of the Committee, "becomes the *Lessee* of the Crown, while acting as its *Agent and Surveyor*, and while in such capacity he had to *report on* the buildings erected by *himself* on the ground of which he was the *Lessee*." So say the fourth and fifth resolutions. And until we shall discover that a man is the severest examiner into his own proceedings; and that the Surveyor who takes the ground to himself is the fittest person to entrust with its sale; or that the builder is the safest referee as to the merits of his own handy work; we shall not think that Mr. Nash's purchase of this very valuable ground, was by any means a precedent for the conduct of Government Surveyors hereafter.

Another charge involved the purchase of government ground near the Regent's Canal. Here also there was an intervening party. The ground was let to the Canal Company, and by that Company relet to the *letter*. Here was no Mr. Edwards to give up his bargain; but the circumstance is stated in the report of the Committee, that of this Canal Company, Mr. Nash was the *projector and principal promoter*! in other words, that he had the chief weight and influence in its direction. Now, every man who knows what a Joint Stock Company is, knows how paramount must be the authority of an intelligent and active person, with great personal influence among the higher powers, and with the command of money, among the struggling partners of a concern working its slow way among a hundred projects of the same kind. We say without hesitation, that Mr. Nash would have been infinitely better advised, if he had kept himself clear of this purchase too; and that the best course which he has to take now, is, the abandonment of both the leases to the Crown. We look to Lord Lowther and his Commissioners of Woods

and Forests, to make this demand in the most expressive manner, and to leave him only the alternative, of giving up his whole accumulation of Surveyorships and Agencies under the Crown.

We see that the Committee pronounce in the most distinct manner as to the principle of the affair: they give it as "their opinion, that no Surveyor or Architect employed on behalf of the Crown, should be permitted to have any interest in buildings belonging to the Crown." The principle is thus established; and what is declared to be erroneous for all time to come, can scarcely be unexceptionable for the past. But in this 6th resolution a strong hint is embodied, which we expect to see duly acted upon. No Surveyor is to be permitted so to possess himself of public property, "*until his duty as Surveyor of the Crown relative to such land or buildings, shall have entirely ceased!*" Colonel Davies may have lost his cause, but we must hope that the public will have gained theirs; that Mr. Nash will have good sense enough to see the *inconvenience* of retaining those leases, and that future Surveyors will look to the moral of his tale. From *fraud*, we are as willing to exonerate him as the most zealous of his defenders. We go no further than the Committee. But to their full length we go; and the Colonel may congratulate himself on having done a public service at last.

It is curious, that in the same Session which struck the grand blow of Protestantism in this country, the insolence of popery abroad, should become the subject of discussion.

"In the House of Commons, Sir Robert Inglis presented a petition from the ministers, churchwardens, and inhabitants of Wainfleet, All Saints, and Saint Mary, praying that Protestant soldiers may be emancipated, and placed on the same level with popish soldiers, who cannot be required to attend Protestant religious services. In recommending this petition briefly but eloquently to the House, Sir Robert adverted to the case of Captain Atcheson and Mr. Dawson, who underwent the extreme punishment which the government could inflict upon them, viz. the prevention of their commissions, for having remonstrated against a command to assist in a popish and idolatrous ceremony."

Sir Henry Hardinge, in his speech, declared that no repulsive ceremonial was ever required of the troops. But Sir Henry had of course taken the trouble to forget that troops make a part of the peculiar pomp of every principal ceremony of foreign papists. In Portugal, the Wafer has a regular convoy of troops; and woe be to that man who does not drop down on his knees to this mummery; and kneeling in a Portuguese street is a formidable affair, to be paralleled only by kneeling in an Irish dunghill. So much for the civilians. The British soldiery were expected to pay their homage as it passed their guard-houses; and in many of their foreign quarters, have carried tapers in the popish processions, walking bareheaded, and going through the regular ceremonial, like well drilled monks.

The British officers in question, certainly would have acted more in conformity with military usage, by firing their guns when they were ordered. But the measure of justice exercised towards them, appears to have been stretched into severity. The loss of their commissions was one of the heaviest punishments that could have been awarded for the most violent breach of duty. The consciences of gentlemen, probably offended in no slight degree by the scenes and ceremonies round them,

ought to have been considered by a Protestant Governor, and a Protestant Government at home, if it still desire to retain the name; a removal from the station would have been quite enough to mark the displeasure of their superiors. We see, however, that there is a probability of reinstatement for these gentlemen; and we hope, that the hint dropt by Sir H. Hardinge, of "an opening being left for an application in their behalf," will not be overlooked by their friends. We have only further to remark, that the Mr. Dawson mentioned here, is not Mr. George Dawson. We have not heard that he has yet turned Mahometan: but if Mr. Peel should talk kindly of the Koran, or the Grand Duke of Downing-street begin to swear by his beard, we shall live to see Mr. George Dawson studying Arabic like a Mufti.

For some public reasons, and for many private, we should like to be upon the earth for a couple of centuries more. What a curious medley of opinions would have by that time passed within our cerebellum—what a train of human absurdities would have rambled away before our eyes—what brilliant expectations would have faded, like my Lord Petersham's midnight bloom—what immense Aldermen would have gone down to the general receptacle of Corporation souls and bodies—how many Lords Privy Seals would have been laughed at as playing the politician in their dotage—how many balmy Presidents of the Board of Controul would have been declared to have never passed beyond infancy—to what fatal assimilating process would the memory of great Field Marshalls and great Bow Street Officers have been subjected—and the names of Wellington and Townsend, each at the head of his profession, been distilled in the grand alembics of posterity into the same spirit of caption! But we, too delighted digressors, are wandering from our subject, which was, to declare that posterity will stamp upon England the reputation of being the most absurd, and money-making nation of the round world; or in other words, that our money always led to absurdity, and that in our wildest absurdity we always thought of money.

One example is as good as a million; and let the future judge us by the frolic which has occupied the wonder of the whole squiralty of England during the spring of 1829. A Scotchman, who speaks of himself as being in the army, has been making a tour of experiment on the liberality of the people. As we had not the happiness of seeing this northern appellant to southern philanthropy, we must only tell the tale as it has been told to us. But he makes a characteristic adventure, which, when some new Cervantes shall arise to turn the fashionable novels into eternal burlesque, will make the substratum of an English Don Quixote. This Scotchman is travelling through the country in the disguise of a Scotch piper. Considerable bets are depending on the issue of his extraordinary peregrination. He confesses himself heartily tired of his freak, and of moving through the country in character. His language and general demeanour are courteous and gentlemanly. In passing from one town to another he travels respectably attired, but resumes his minstrel garb of bodden gray, green spectacles, Scotch cap, and bagpipe, immediately on his arrival in each town. When playing through the streets, he endeavours to observe the strictest disguise, avoiding the least association with military characters. He has to make up 54 days after the 12th of June, for time lost on Sundays, Christmas-day,

and Good Friday, which completes his twelve-months' adventure; and during that time he has to pass from Wales, through the principal towns in Devon and Cornwall, returning up the north coast, through the several counties of Wales, and after taking London in his route, terminate his tour at Berwick-upon-Tweed. He has already devoted some considerable sums of money thus gained to charitable purposes, and to such the remainder is to be devoted at the close of his adventure. His total receipt in Ireland amounted to 128*l.* 14*s.* 2½*d.*, of which sum he obtained 45*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* in Dublin; 15*l.* 10*s.* in Cork; 10*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* in Limerick; and his expenditure in Ireland amounted to only 11*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* In Scotland he obtained only 78*l.* 11*s.*; but on his arrival at Edinburgh, which terminated his Scotch tour, several noblemen and gentlemen, jealous for the honour of Scotland, and anxious not to be outdone by the Emerald Isle, agreed to make up the deficiency. A meeting of gentlemen at the Albion Club Room, gave him 25*l.* 10*s.*; a Scotch duke, 10*l.* 10*s.*; a Scotch earl, 2*l.* 2*s.*; a Scotch nobleman, 10*l.*; a Scotch colonel, 5*l.*; and a private party, 10*l.* 10*s.*; total for Scotland, 142*l.* 9*s.* His expenditure in Scotland was 6*l.* 17*s.* 7½*d.*; and up to his entrance into Wells, his receipt in England has only been 31*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, out of which his expenditure amounts to 20*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* He says that the public papers have stated, an untruth of his having had sovereigns and half-sovereigns given him at Cheltenham—the whole he received there was only 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* He obtained in Worcester, (his best English town) 3*l.* 10*s.* 7½*d.*; Kidderminster, 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Gloucester, 1*l.* 17*s.* 6½*d.*; and in Bath, only 1*l.* 1*s.* 7¼*d.* Some of his letters and papers reach him, directed to 'Captain Gordon,' and he also admits, that he has a person following to watch his movements, which rendered his stay in Wells longer than one day impossible. He appears to be very abstemious in drinking, otherwise, he says, people in the different towns through which he passes 'would make him as drunk as a piper.' The bet is stated to be between him and a French count, for 5,000*l.*, as to which realizes the most money, the latter being at present travelling through France in the disguise of a fiddler, subsisting on what he obtains from the public, in like manner as this Scotch minstrel.

The Scotchman's ledger will be quoted hereafter as a statistical document of the circulating medium of the provinces. The fashionable watering-places certainly make but a bare figure in the charitable list; and Cheltenham, with its 1*l.* 17*s.*, has not much to boast, even over Bath, with its 1*l.* 1*s.* Such are the consequences of drinking water. If as many drops of solid Port, no matter where manufactured, were swallowed by the Bathites and Cheltenhamites, as they swallow hogs-heads of salts and water, their pounds would have swelled to hundreds, and history would have made honourable mention of the sister citadels of Æsculapius. But water at once distends the stomach and hardens the heart. The liver may pine, nay, to liquefaction, and salts may blanch a nabob to some feeble resemblance of a human being, but we are convinced that they narrow the sensibilities to a frightful degree of corrugation; and, therefore, may such regimen be far from us, and from those we love.

If these opinions should displease any of their aldermen, or masters of the ceremonies, we are ready to meet them in mortal combat. In fact, we are in bodily fear of no individuals, in either town, but the doctors.

The British Institution has opened its gates again, and with a very fine collection. The *private* view—for, as Lord Petersham (the rising star of wit) says, every man, in a certain rank, has his “private views”—attracted all the *élite* of purchasers, painters, contributors, and connoisseurs. The present collection, however, is one where the purchase has been already made, and consists of selections from galleries. At the head of the list of contributors is his Majesty, who has sent to the institution no less than thirteen pictures, among which are some of the finest productions of Teniers, Claude, Vanderneer, Gerrard Douw, Vandyke, Mieris, Schiavonè, Tintoretto, Guercino, &c. To the King the British Institution has been greatly indebted, not only for the anxiety invariably shown to promote its objects, but for the readiness with which he has always submitted the choicest specimens of his collection to public view. Claude, the property of his Majesty, is a beautiful picture, and will form a valuable and interesting subject for those artists who will, in a short time, be enabled to copy this and the other works deposited in this institution.

It is in this point of view that the institution may be regarded as conferring benefit. Its principal object is to afford originals of such merit as shall contribute to form or improve the style of the rising arts of our own country.

To all and every thing of the kind we wish well; but we have been long of opinion, that half the money expended by the British Institution, in a very trifling way, would do great good to the arts by being expended in a very obvious and by no means a trifling way. Fifty pounds to one painter, and fifty pounds to another, does no good to the art, nor to the artist. The payment of an exorbitant sum now and then to an exorbitant picture-dealer, does the very reverse of good; and when we have looked at some of the foreign purchases of the National Gallery, we have wondered what had become of the eyes of the noble purchasers, much more than we should wonder at any thing that might become of the necks of the sellers.

Let those noble personages, instead of going on from year to year in the same-smiling round of congratulating each other on the “splendid display” of cats and dogs, of dead game and old women, on their walls, order pictures of a certain size from the English history for the chief public buildings. The French kings do this, and undoubtably thus do more for the progress of the art, than if they bought every picture from Milan to Naples. An application to parliament for four or five thousands a-year, would not be refused; and men of real ability would be stimulated into the exertion of their old powers, and the discovery of new. Some bad pictures of course would be mingled with the good, but this would not last long. The talent for painting seems, instead of being the rarest, the most common of human gifts. Out of a hundred boys, ninety shew a natural turn for drawing. Even in point of commerce, the arts of England might easily repay this expenditure; and ten years would not elapse before performances would be produced which would at once do honour to the national talent, and to the liberality and good sense which had at last taken the true way for its encouragement. We know that orders for painting public pictures have been given from time to time by the Institution, but they were few, and exclusive. We desire to see them many, and general.

In this world everything improves. The monkeys in the Zoological Museum, in Bruton-street, have advanced so much in good manners by the perpetual attentions of the fair and the fashionable, that, on the motion of the Marquis of Worcester, they are to be provided with a dancing-master; and strong hopes are entertained, that during the vacation, they will make such progress as to have an engagement at the Opera House as *premiers sujets* for the next season. Davies Gilbert too has made a step, and appears to shave for the Royal Society nights. But the chief improvement has taken place at the Royal Institution, for now their coffee is growing absolutely drinkable. Nothing could be more prejudicial to the public taste for the sublime in science, than the species of refreshment which distinguished the former seasons. Its compound would have defied the keenest analyzation of Professor Faraday, assisted by Professor Brande, in his happiest hours of philosophy. Even now the rush made by the rabble of medical persons, whom we always observe to be foremost where anything is to be devoured, is perfectly savage; and but in the hope that some of those grim servitors of death will yet be choked in an attempt to swallow the cup as well as the coffee, we should protest against their being suffered within sight of anything that could go down the larynx. The more decent way would probably be, to have the trays handed round the benches, to make the refreshment a committee affair of the whole house, and extinguish the odious monopoly of forty cups in the gastric region of one rapacious individual.

The most interesting night of the late season was the lecture or narrative, given by Dr. Clarke of his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1825. Dr. Clarke led his audience from Geneva to the summit, detailing the enterprise, which, however, he considers not by any means so dangerous as has been represented. At 9,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean the air becomes extremely rarified, and the sky exhibits a blue-black appearance. He does not consider it at all safe for persons to attempt the ascent having a tendency to apoplexy, for at the height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, the extremely rarified state of the air, as well as the almost unbearable oppression of the sun's rays, though surrounded with snow, would increase that tendency to an alarming extent. So oppressive is the sun, that on sitting down in the shade he was asleep instantly. The passage, just above the Grande Plateau (a surface of ice and snow, many acres in extent, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea) is a point of great difficulty. This chink is about seven feet wide and of immeasurable depth. To get over it the guides first proceed to render the passage more easy. He cautions travellers to pay implicit attention to guides, as the accident in 1822, when three persons sunk into the caverns of snow, was occasioned by this want of caution. It is appalling, said Dr. Clarke, to be carried over an abyss of unknown depth, slung upon cords and drawn over. On arriving at the summit of Mont Blanc the toils are amply repaid. Language cannot depict the scene before the traveller. The eye wanders over immeasurable space. The sky appears to recede, and the vision possesses double power. The Alpine scenery here is awfully grand, and the alternate thaw and freezing (for when the sun is down it freezes rapidly) produces the most grotesque figures. The only living creature found on the summit of Mont Blanc is a small white butterfly (the *ansonica*), which flits over the snow. The chamois is found 10,000 feet above the level of the sea;

Mont Blanc is 15,500 feet above the Mediterranean. Specimens were exhibited of the compositions of all the mountains round Mont Blanc. Periodically an immense quantity of snow falls down from the summit of the Mont, enough, as the guide said, to crush all Europe like flies. "On throwing stones down the precipices, thousands of feet deep, the traveller feels an almost irresistible desire to throw himself after them!" We are infinitely better pleased to have those fine things told to us, than by us. Until the steam engine shall run up mountains, or Professor Leslie furnish us with wings, never shall we tread the summit of Mont Blanc. We may admire the Dr.'s *naïveté* in recommending apoplectic patients to let the mountain alone; and we should add, that asthmatic individuals may as well content themselves with the wonders of the telescope. We are not even doubtful about the wisdom of female ascendancy on those occasions, though a mad Scotchwoman and her daughter showed their legs,

"Sliding on the ice  
All on a summer's day,"

as the *chanson* has it. The exposure of limbs may, in itself, be a charm to those whom Nature has blessed with handsome ones, but we should conceive that being carried on the shoulders of half a dozen of Alpine peasants, trundled in their arms, dragged from rock to rock by leg or arm, as it may please them, slumbering under a general covering on the snow, and all the other peculiarities of a mountain adventure, would not be the most advisable matters in the world for a woman who retained any pretensions to delicacy, unless she were a *philosophe*: a name which reconciles every thing, palliates every thing, and accounts for every thing. But as to the male adventurers, we ask but one question, *cui bono*? Has science ever obtained the most trivial good from all their climbings? Not an atom. We hear of faces skinned, fierce bites of musquitos, a dead sparrow, or a living butterfly; but beyond this, the climber brings nothing from the forehead of the monarch of mountains. It will be at once a comfort and a misfortune to the future heroic to know, that a speculating Swiss is now constructing a regular Macadamized road to the top, by which asses can ascend;—the only animals, that we should presume fit for the adventure.

In the course of the month, a very intelligent and injured man has breathed his last—Terry, the actor. His fate should be a lesson to the folly and heartlessness of creditors. Terry, after having established a professional rank, of no slight value, by a very original style of performance, became one of the proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre. His success was remarkable; and, before the close of two years, his share of the proceeds amounted to little less than four thousand pounds. Had his creditors possessed common sense or common feeling, they would have given him a little more time; and this ingenious man must have been clear, and with a fortune. But they grasped at what they could get at the moment, and for a sum which was trivial, compared to his prospects, they ruined him. He was forced to fly to the Continent; his property in the Theatre devolved into other hands, and he was utterly undone. After a while he returned, to attempt re-entering on his profession; but his spirit was broken; he felt his faculties for the stage impaired, and he retired, heart-broken, if ever man was. A few months

closed his anxieties ; illness, more of the mind than body, brought him to the verge of the grave, and the blow was given by an apoplectic stroke a few days since. After a short interval of speechlessness and insensibility, he expired. The stage has to lament in Terry a very able performer, society an individual of very varied and general acquirements, and his friends a cheerful, active, and kind-hearted man, extinguished by a cruelty which is now, as it deserved to be, its own reward !

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We much regret that from having accidentally lost sight of the book, we had not an opportunity of already expressing our opinion of the Rev. W. Farquhar Hook's re-publication of a " Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England." The work is manly and intelligent, it treats of the principal points of the question clearly and forcibly, and its selection and notes do honour to Mr. Hook's judgment and literature. We should also observe on the cleverness with which the printing department has been attended to. The work is highly creditable to Mr. Langbridge's provincial printing office.

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The Society of Arts has extended its researches, and several pairs of really novel candle-snuffers were produced at its last anniversary. But let us take, *en passant*, their own panegyric.

" His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Twenty-five prizes in gold and silver medals and money, were awarded. Amongst the most interesting of the cases which merited the Society's rewards was Dr. Dowler's musical instrument, called the Glossophone. This instrument is much smaller than the cabinet piano-forte, and partakes of the character of that instrument and the chamber organ. Another interesting case was that of Lieut. Williams, R.N. The gallant officer having lost an arm in the service of his country, turned his attention to the forming of a pair of oars, to be worked by one hand, and has succeeded. Models of the oars were produced, and the mode of working them pointed out to his royal highness and the assembly. The next invention, which attracted particular attention, was the repeating stop for a naval sextant, by Mr. T. Reynolds. The inventor is quite a youth, engaged in the West-India trade. By this invention observations can be made with certainty at sea during the night and in thick fogs, without the loss of time in repeating each observation before the succeeding one can be taken, as in the old method. A variety of other persons received prizes.

" His royal highness congratulated the Society upon the good it had performed, and was likely to perform ; and the meeting then separated."

We certainly can have no objection to any number of persons meeting for any purpose, (not disorderly), whether for playing at quoits, dislocating their own bones at gymnastics, or providing for the employment of the faculty, by drinking London-made champagne, sitting out three French farces in one night, or listening to a parliamentary debate. We have no right to dictate to other men's tastes ; and if any living being desires to see his royal highness of Sussex more than once in his existence, or desires to hear him speak at all, we cannot help them—there is no law for taste ; but we should be deeply indebted to any philosopher, whether blacksmith or bookworm, to inform us of any one particle of that good, which his royal highness declared the Society of Arts to have done. As to what they are " likely to perform," we are entitled to our personal

opinion, as well as the royal orator; and that we shall be ready to produce upon occasion. Of instruments of the chamber organ family, we have had enough already for use, and we certainly have no inclination for any reinforcement to our street minstrelsy. If the Duke could supply us with an invention for instant deafness when the first sound of those *vagabondi* rings in our path, we should call him a benefactor. But it is our cordial wish that the Glossophone should be reserved for his highness's peculiar enjoyment. As to the sextant which makes observations without loss of time, during the night and in thick fogs, we shall believe in its faculties when we shall see it tried, but until then must feel that, as the *Brussels' Gazette* was famous for saying, "the news wants much confirmation." But we call on the whole blacksmith body to tell us whether the Society of Arts have advanced the comforts of society by a single saveall. The heading of a pin, or a new polish for the eye of a needle, are mysteries to which we never expected them to soar. But they have money; they receive a great deal; and they spend it very foolishly. Why do they not institute some experiments on their own account? There are a hundred processes which the ingenious inventors are unable to carry on to perfection, through the mere want of funds. Why do they not take up the steam carriage, and try whether a few hundred pounds might not make something of it? The present inventors are evidently deterred by the expense. Let them supply Gurney, or any other clever mechanist, with the means of beginning his machinery on a better scale, and they may do an incalculable public good. Is there nothing to be done with the inventions for printing, or has the printing machinery yet reached perfection? Are wheel carriages perfect? Can nothing be done to lessen the draught of waggons? Are locks the only available modes of raising the water in canals? Can we build no better bridges than mountains of granite, at the expense of a million a piece, and with yearly repairs amounting to twice the tolls? Is the steam-engine available to all its obvious purposes? Those, and a thousand other objects of the same class, might and ought to occupy the attention of a body possessing the means of the Society of Arts. There are many clever men among the members; and while we are satisfied that they might render very great services to society, by thus contributing their advice and assistance to other artists, or by instituting experiments themselves on behalf of the society, we are equally satisfied that they must look upon the candle-snuffer discoveries, the medal system for pencil sketches, and daubs of flowers and beetles, by schoolboys and girls, as a mockery of every purpose for which such an establishment could have been originally contemplated.

#### *Judicial and Divine Horse-Dealers.*

What are the "lower orders," the *tiers état*, to say for themselves, when they see the highest calling each other names? The Irish Law Courts present at this moment the agreeable spectacle of a pair of belligerent horse-dealers, they being no less than a chief justice and a bishop: two personages, deriving, from their public situations, about ten thousand pounds a year each, and both squabbling fiercely about the soundness of a pair of coach-horses. If this had happened between two fellows in Smithfield, we should call it at once by the plain name. But the dignity of the parties prohibits this, of course; and neither judge nor bishop being capable of the suspicion of overreaching any body, we must consider

the whole affair to be—an awkward misconception on Lord Plunket's side that the Bishop of Kilmore sold him a pair of unsound horses, or, on the other hand, the bishop's misconception that Lord Plunket, having got a pair of very good horses, does not choose to perform his share of the bargain. Who shall decide when doctors of this class disagree? The lawyers have had two trials of their wits already on the subject, and they can make nothing of it. But the public make a great deal of laughing out of it; and those who think more gravely, are astonished that the charges of the love of purse, or the love of litigation, should be suffered to stain the characters of either judge or bishop. But all those things promote the end. There will be a reform yet: and the sooner it comes the better.

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Mr. George Bankes has been flung out of Cambridge, he says, "triumphantly"—we wish him many such triumphs. We say, ignominiously; for he was flung out through a sense of miserable connexion with ministers. But for this he would have been returned. If he had adhered to ministers during the Roman Catholic discussion, he would have been returned; for Cambridge has never been famous for making a fight against power. If he had resisted ministers, he *might* have been returned; for Cambridge, with all its love of the powerful, is Protestant still. But by his nominally resisting, and actually returning; by his lofty pretensions to patriotism, and his actual contemptible servility with power, he awoke Cambridge to the feelings of gentlemen, and they flung him out, in utter defiance of the whole force of Government. Mr. Cavendish is a Whig, as we presume from his connexions; but whatever may be his politics, he is an English gentleman. His conduct will be fair and open; he will not be making harangues against the breakers in upon the constitution, in parliament, while he is condescending to secure a snug spot in their employ. So let all the Bankeses, past and future, be rewarded.

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We regret that we are now so restricted in space as to be unable to give a sketch of a very interesting work, by Mr. Annichini, entitled, "An Analytical and Historical View of the Catholic Religion, with Reference to Political Institutions." The author, an Italian, having possessed sufficient opportunities of inspecting the working of Popery on Governments, declares, unhesitatingly, that it is incompatible with freedom. He routs, horse and foot, poor Wilmot Horton, whom, however, every body routs; and we think that this intelligent Italian's necessary ignorance of literary and legislative rank among the English, could alone have induced him to break such a fly upon a wheel. With some of the writer's theology we do not quite agree. The writings of St. John did not revive nor re-establish the Platonic doctrines—these being, in fact, the chief perverters of early Christianity. The book is cleverly written, and will outlast many of its contemporaries.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Five Nights at St. Albans.* 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—We have not seen so wild a story, and one so vigorously told as this, since Allan Cunningham's *Michael Scot*; but we must confess—exerted as the writer's best energies have been, and they are no common ones—we have been more struck by the richness of his inventions, and the facility of his paintings, than interested by the complications of his story, or awed by its machinery, or amused by its details, or successful in detecting those results which he, in the consciousness of his lofty daring, tells us “have been aimed at,” but which, in the possibility of failure, and to spare his consequent mortification, he refrains from aiding his readers to discover. The whole is wrapt in the marvellous, and in clouds too dense for common optics to penetrate and discern any useful design, if such design there has really been. No man can tell how he or others would act under the impulse of supernatural agency, and of course the writer, who describes such action, is safe from the censure that rests on human experience only; nor in such descriptions can he have any other object than to shew with what ease he wields the weapons of romance. No advantage can be gained for young or old by sheer extravagance; nor do we see *why* we should return to nursery tales, when the whole world and its ways, in their exhaustless variety, is all before us, and where surely *every* writer may find something to suit his powers, be they ever so exalted or eccentric. For vigour of conception—for strength and variety of phrase—for dexterity in developing his own complications—for delineation of character even, where human motives alone are operating—the writer, whoever he is, and he is, we presume, well known, though not in this line precisely, may challenge competition with any of his cotemporaries. He will no doubt find readers in abundance less fastidious than ourselves, and some of more susceptibility and sympathy for the vagaries of unbridled imagination; but generally, or we are more than usually mistaken, more wonderers than admirers.

Though the scene is laid at St. Albans, and in the reign of Elizabeth, the tale has nothing historical about it. It is founded, it seems, upon no tradition—derived from no legend—but is purely a work of fiction—altogether a creature of imagination. The author details first and explains after; we must take the reverse course, or rather chiefly explain, for we shall have little space for details. From the Temple of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem had been stolen a precious relic—a crucifix—by the dark spirit, or magician, Amaimon, who had filched it in the disguise of a pilgrim's weeds. Every knight of the Holy Sepulchre, at his ordination, was told of the duty incumbent

upon him to recover this sacred relic. Through three centuries numbers had fought with the monster who guarded the magician's den, and their bones still whitened the front of the cave. In the thirteenth century, the hero of the piece—Fitzmaurice—in the ardour of his daring spirit, undertakes this desperate venture, but before he sets out he prudently resolves to visit a famous exorcist of his acquaintance, to obtain some information or assistance for the better execution of his task. Amaimon, he learns, is far above his friend's hands—he had *three* lives, charmed by the life of the monster—a talisman worn next his own heart—and the crucifix itself; but, though his inferior in power, the exorcist furnishes the knight with a signet, adding, “if this fail to redeem the cross at first, it may redeem it for thee at last;” and then hands him a scroll, containing instructions how, in his exigency, to use the said signet. The bold knight kills the monster—and moreover tears the talisman from the magician's breast, but in grappling with him he receives a blow from the crucifix, which left a burning impress upon his brow, and laid him prostrate at the magician's feet, his slave perhaps for ever. “The lives thou hast taken,” exclaims the magician, “keep! they are yours. Groan beneath their bondage! I snap in twain the mingled yarn of mortal existence, which stretches from the cradle to the grave. In the deep earth, nor in the rolling sea, shall thou find a grave. Slave of my power, be slave of my slave. Behold, the shadow follows not the substance more closely, than this thing shall be upon thy steps, to vex, torment, and harry thee.” “This thing” proved to be Mephisto, a filthy and malignant spirit, the abhorred fruit of a Moorish vampire and a hag of Thessaly, &c. In this pretty predicament, the knight loses no time in breaking the sealed scroll, which contained an oracle in these puzzling terms—

When an idiot shall die,  
And a mother's heart breaks;  
When an idiot shall live,  
Who a father's life takes;  
When the friend slays the friend;  
And the first is the last,  
He takes up the cross,  
And thy sorrows are past.

This was accompanied with an interpretation by his friend the exorcist, in prose—“In some region of the globe, but place and time are hidden from me, thou must find the number of the Apostles—nor more nor less—who of *their own free choice*, shall be brought together, to inquire of a great mystery, by thee made manifest according to thy will. When twelve are found, uninfluenced, *save by their several humours*, to know the causes of what they shall see or hear, they are subjected to *your*

influence; but in whatsoever thou sayest to them, thou must disclose nor thyself—nor thy destiny—nor thine aim. Be towards them as man to man, and reach their wills *by human instruments alone*. Persuade, but command not; assume the oracle in thy responses, but only to sway their passions. Work wonders; but let not the wonder-working hand be visible," &c.

This oracle it is, then, the circumstances of which are fulfilled in the Five Nights at St. Albans. The knight had visited every quarter of the globe, and at the end of 390 years arrived in England, and pitched at St. Albans. Here dwelt—by the means at his command, he learnt—an idiot girl, who was a doating mother's much loved treasure. His enterprise had never auspicated so well before—he had constantly been defeated—some accursed chasm in the circumstances had left him to the scorn and mockery of Amaimon, and the avenging torments of Mephisto. At St. Albans, accordingly, he commences operations.

Two substantial yeomen returning from Dunstable in the dead of the night, were suddenly surprised by the strange appearance of the Abbey—it seemed on fire—or rather, glowing red-hot like a furnace. Spurring onward, they were still more surprised to find all quiet in the town, and the Abbey itself as gloomy as ever. One of them, Peverell, bolder than the other, rode up to the gates to discover the mystery, but could make nothing of it. The next morning, the story flew, and was in every body's mouth, and at night every body sat up in a vague sort of expectation. Exactly as the chimes of twelve began, the same marvellous sight did re-appear—the Abbey was again wrapt in flames, emitting neither heat nor *light* (how were they visible?) which again vanished at the last stroke of the hour. The miracle filled, of course, every soul, and the next day the town met to deliberate. At the meeting an old man presented himself (this was Amaimon, who of course was on the watch to counteract the knight) and demanded, who had pluck enough to enter the Abbey at midnight, and abide the rest. The challenge was promptly accepted by Kit Barnes, the blacksmith, who was something of a fanatic, and had just turned preacher of the gospel; and the old man, grasping his arm, whispered—"I will meet thee there." "Wrench me—tear me from that iron hand," screamed Kit, as he convulsively fell upon the ground, to the terror and amazement of the spectators. Recovering, however, from his alarm, he persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, in his resolution; and as the hour approached, was accompanied by crowds to within a respectful distance of the Abbey gate. At twelve precisely, the old man of the iron hand was seen within, waving a crucifix, streaming with fire, and Kit rushed boldly forward. The flames appeared to curl

round them, and distant shrieks were heard, when suddenly the doors closed with violence, and all was dark and silent. The assembled multitude had fled, but Peverell drew nearer, and listening, heard the low chaunt of a requiem, and presently beheld a funeral procession, and Kit, shrunk and withered, stretched on a bier. The vision soon vanished, and Kit in a few moments tottered out of the Abbey, more dead than alive, and unable, or rather forbidden, to tell what he had encountered. Peverell led him home, and placed him under the care of the woe-struck mother of the idiot-girl, who had the previous night, in her mother's absence, roamed from home and perished. The *mother* and Kit died.

The next morning Peverell was visited by a stranger (this was the knight Fitzmaurice) of gigantic stature, richly dressed in a sable suit, and black ostrich feathers in his bonnet. In a commanding, but yet courteous manner, he complimented Peverell on the cool courage he had shewn the preceding evening; and told a long story of a marvellous adventure of his own in Mauritania some years before, mixed up with a little diablerie. This, it proved, was told to prompt the honest yeoman to the prosecution of the Abbey mystery. "As a stranger," the Knight said, "he could not himself appear conspicuously;" and, finally, Peverell undertook to persuade some of his fellow townsmen to accompany them to the Abbey that night. Clayton, his companion on the Dunstable road, after some difficulties, consents; and the mayor, by the intervention of the crier, beats up for volunteers. Ten, from one motive or other—and all are nicely and ably scanned—offer their services. The whole twelve assemble at the Abbey at eleven, and are joined by Fitzmaurice. With the first stroke of twelve commences a scene of horrible conception—Kit Barnes and the goblin of the iron arm as phantoms—hideous incorporations of blue mists—noises of all sorts—howling, screaming, and yelling of wild beasts, mingled with low lamentations, gentle wailings, and stifled groans—voices blaspheming, despairing, praying, beseeching, and some in anguish exclaiming pardon, pardon!—then loud shouts of laughter, bursting in horrid volleys from infernal throats—death, in *propria persona*, hovering over all, in his terrific revels of every shape, and every age, and crime, and mode. Then follow clouds of serpents hissing fire—reptiles of all loathsome forms—fierce scorpions—gilded snakes, &c.—till, by degrees, all finally vanished, and silence again returned. One of the party was found dead—apparently of fright. Though thoroughly alarmed, the rest met again the following night, and again were renewed like horrible scenes; and another of the party perished—stabbed by his dearest friend in an attempt to kill a serpent that seemed to coil around him; and a third was found dead in his bed the

following morning, accompanied by strange circumstances.

Comes now upon the scene a young lady, the daughter of one of the twelve, who gets alarmed for her father's safety. She becomes a prime agent. By the strong persuasions, the irresistible blandishments of Fitzmaurice, she visits a potent witch, and by a curious but comparatively clumsy contrivance, is put in possession of the *signet*. After encountering the most revolting spectacles at the house of the old witch, she is finally prevailed upon to go herself to the Abbey, on the night which is understood to be the disclosing one. She follows implicitly the instructions of Fitzmaurice; and at the altar, in the midst of a scene of confusion quite unparalleled, we believe, in description, is driven to the utterance of words, which plunges her father into the grave, that instantly closes over him, and then loses her senses. The whole of the party had now successively perished except Peverell, the first and the last. Fitzmaurice is on the point of deliverance—nothing is wanting but possession of the crucifix, and that lies on the altar full in sight. Peverell is impelled by Fitzmaurice to push on to the seizure, and in spite of new and most appalling obstacles, he finally clutches it, and delivers it into the Knight's hands. The tumult suddenly subsides, and Peverell wakes to his senses, surrounded by *all* his friends, alive and kicking, except poor Kit—and Fitzmaurice, conclusively, *explains*.

At the bottom—we may as well speak out—the writer's purpose was to shew to what desperate undertakings men may be committed, when their peculiar temperaments, and even their common motives of action, are worked upon by a skilful hand. The attempt, in this view, is rather a failure—nothing can be so easy as to shew, on the most probable grounds, that three fourths of the twelve would not, and could not have encountered a second visit to the Abbey. Still the effort is a powerful one.

*Romances of Real Life.* 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—The Hungarian Tales happened not to fall in our way; but they are everywhere spoken of in terms of admiration. These Romances are by the same writer, and their unquestionable merit—their very superior execution, is a further guarantee for the justice of the opinion we have heard of the other. The title will prepare the reader for surprises, or attempts at surprising. The incidents of the tales, therefore, are not common ones—they are not, however, so much startling, as they are extraordinary. They are out of the ordinary routine, only because they are the results, and yet the natural results, of disturbing powers.

The Maid of Honour is a story of Charles the Second's days, and not very creditable to the monarch himself, or his

chief agent in intrigues, Buckingham. We know nothing of the authority for the circumstances, but there exists, it must be presumed, some grounds, or the case will not come, with any propriety, under the class and title of Romances of *Real Life*.—Lord Greville marries a second wife—Helen Percy, and being disgusted with the court retires to his estates, where he grows gloomy, and harasses his wife, who is a very Griselda, by the coldness and churlishness of his manners. Suddenly he announces his intention of visiting a distant castle of his—his wife begs to accompany him—he refuses, but finally concedes to an importunity very unusual with her. At this castle, in the evening, while they were sitting together—she embroidering, or knitting, or something of the kind, and he buried in his darker thoughts, or perhaps asleep, appears the vision of his former wife. This very unexpected appearance brings about the *éclaircissement*, which, in yielding to his wife's desire to accompany him, Greville seems to have contemplated. It was no vision, he tells her—it was in reality his wife—she was still alive, and he was, of course, not Lady Helen's lawful husband. The real wife, who had thus presented herself, had been maid of honour to the queen, and subjected, like many others, to Charles's importunities. Greville fell in love with her—Charles detected his admiration, and urged the prosecution of his suit, and laid his commands upon Miss Marchmont to accept Greville for her husband. King's commands in these matters were more effective in those days than in ours—though reluctantly, she finally consented to the royal arrangement. She was devotedly attached to a Lord something Percy, then at sea, in command of a ship of war. After the marriage Charles renewed his importunities, and the lady had no other means of escape than withdrawing from the court—luckily, she succeeded in persuading her husband of the necessity of doing so, without disclosing her motives. In a few months, however, came a letter to Greville from Buckingham, lightly mentioning a battle at sea, and the death of Percy, and enclosing a note, with a black seal, addressed to *Miss Marchmont*. In receiving this note, and the news which accompanied it, her feelings overcame her, and she betrayed her secret, by inquiring if her own, own Percy was killed? Her senses fled, and she became permanently insane.

Some years after this event, Greville was struck by the charms of Lady Helen Percy—the one only obstacle seemed removable—murder was not to his taste—but he could and did spread the report of his wife's death, and married Lady Helen. Repentance came too late; the dishonourable act preyed upon his peace, and the birth of a son added to his misery—made him morose, unjust, unkind. While they were at the castle, the poor crazy lady was suffered

by the servants to escape from her room, and roam into the one where Greville and Lady Helen were sitting. Such was the explanation given by Greville to the injured Helen. Though indignant, and refusing to live longer with him—she compromised—she consented to conceal the facts—remained at the castle, and soothed her sorrows by taking charge and attending to the comfort of the insane wife.

The Court at Tunbridge is another tale, where Charles figures—a pendant to the other—in which the monarch again promotes a marriage, but this time for no sinister purpose. The sketch is of a lively cast, and the groups of courtiers are admirably described from Grammont's Memoirs.—The Princess's Birth-day is called a fairy tale without a fairy, and is a very beautiful little thing—gracefully told, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the volumes. Two princesses were destined by their uncle, the reigning sovereign, one for a regal husband, the other for the controul of an abbey. The first imprudently falls in love with a courtier, and the latter has no vocation for the convent. Still princesses know they can rarely have a will of their own—accordingly they yield an unwilling consent, and preparations are duly made for the approaching birth-day of the eldest, when the fate of both is to be fixed for ever. When that day arrives, comes a letter from the sovereign, announcing a little change in the arrangements. The *courtier* proves to be the very sovereign originally destined for the elder—and the sovereign's own son is on the road to convey the younger not to the abbey, but to the altar. Never were recorded two happier, or less premeditated, bridals. *The Reign of Terror* is full of revolting circumstances, but vigorously told. The season has not produced more interesting volumes.

*Animal Kingdom, &c., Parts XVIII. and XIX. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S.; 1829.*—This very handsome and superior work progresses with unabated spirit. The Class Mammalia was comprised in the first twelve parts—another part or two will complete the Birds; and the whole, when finished, will constitute by far the most perfect work on Natural History hitherto published, either in England or in France. The basis of the arrangement, as we have before mentioned, is Cuvier's; and the whole of his valuable materials are worked up, together with very considerable additions derived from the observations of Mr. Griffiths, and the communications of his able and numerous coadjutors. The aim of the editors has been to produce a work equally acceptable to the naturalist and the general reader, and each will accordingly find matter suited to his taste. It is calculated, moreover—what can scarcely be said of any other work of the kind—to be safely placed in the hands of young people. All indelicate de-

scriptions—so frequently introduced, especially by foreign naturalists—are carefully excluded—convinced as the editors are of their improper effect upon the young, and of *science*, as it is called, being little promoted by them. The plates are numerous, and the engravings good, from drawings made expressly for the work.

*Tales of Flood and Field, with Sketches of Life at Home, by John Malcolm; 1829.*—These are the sketches of an intelligent person, who has marked his own feelings, and given occasional and forcible expression to them in the various incidents that have occurred to him at home and abroad. He has seen a good deal of active life, and encountered perils, which he describes with felicity and effect. Generally, his foreign sketches are extremely good—lightly and tastefully handled; but those which are connected with his campaignings, are very superior to his "Home" scenes. As an officer he served in the Peninsula, under the Duke of Wellington, and like most military men, delights—at least loses no opportunity—to eulogize him.

"Passing along, amidst the vast and unknown crowd (he is speaking of London) I recognized a face, of which even the glance of a moment awakens a world of proud and glorious recollections. Fourteen years have rolled away since I last beheld it, and then but for an instant, as it shot past me through the blaze of battle, and vanished in its storm; but no one who has once seen can ever forget that of the Duke of Wellington: it is, moreover, but little changed, and still wears the same placid smile and calm dignity, which never for a moment forsook it, even in the mortal struggle and earthquake shock of battle."

What can be the value of such a testimony? We had occasion not long ago to give young and unbeneficed clergymen a hint to spare their panegyrics upon bishops, and others blessed with authority or patronage; and in the same way we venture to recommend *subalterns* to avoid these lavish tokens of their admiration. A curate is seldom in a condition, we take it, to judge correctly or usefully of his diocesan, whatever he may be of his rector; and, in like manner, the subaltern, though he may be competent enough to estimate his captain, or any of the officers of his own corps, can know little, on his own evidence, and with authority (and the testimony of military men of any grade in military matters, is always put forth as of more worth than that of a layman) of the commander of legions. Let both curate and subaltern wait till their position gives weight to their testimony; and should they never arrive at that commanding point, it may not be their fault: and the exalted individual will, in the meanwhile, do very well without their applause. Praise from subordinates is always suspicious, and why should any sound per-

son volunteer what *must* be open to offensive construction?

*The Village Nightingale, with other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley; 1829.*—A very agreeable little volume for young people, by the author of "The Birth Day," "Fairy Favours," &c.—calculated, in an easy and graceful manner, to illustrate the duty and beauty of kind feelings—to teach the advantages of moderation, contentment, and prudence—and enforce the propriety of charitable constructions. The *Village Nightingale* is the principal tale, and paints a good-looking, well-disposed girl, gifted with a sweet musical voice, and pushed by undue severity at home, and unwise admiration abroad, into an indiscretion, from the too probable consequences of which she is happily rescued by well-timed kindness and judicious treatment. The little incidents of the narrative, which are quite unforced, are told with great feeling and unaffected simplicity; and the short sketches which follow, are all worthy of accompanying the principal piece.

*Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by James Grant; 1829.*—This *Life of Mary* is the production of Mr. Grant, the editor of a newspaper in the remote and obscure town of Elgin. The object of the writer was to present an account of the queen, in a *cheap* and unpretending form, at once sufficiently concise for such as have little leisure or opportunity for perusing historical works, and sufficiently minute to furnish them with a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the more interesting circumstances connected with her history. This object he has successfully accomplished. The narrative is a plain and satisfactory one, founded upon a full and free consideration of all existing materials, without following in the wake of any particular authority, and avoiding, for the most part, controversial matter. Though refusing to take generally the tone of an apologist, he has briefly and collectedly summed up the grounds of his conviction independently of other persons' conclusions. That conviction is decidedly favourable towards Mary, whom he considers as a person "far more sinned against than sinning"—as one of an easy temperament, driven into acts and positions which wore the aspect of indiscretions and even crimes, by the importunities or the treacheries of conflicting and interested parties. The divisions of a distracted country—the oppositions of powerful interests, and those interests headed by violent spirits, and alternately prevailing, and in a rude and excited period—these things will account for occasional intemperance and occasional inconsistency in the queen's measures. Her youth must always plead for her with elder and sober men—her beauty *will* with boys and girls. It must, moreover, never be forgotten, that several persons were executed for Darnley's murder,

and *all acquitted* the queen. The propriety and correctness of her conduct during her long and harassing confinement of nineteen years in England, is, with Mr. Grant, a security that her previous and early actions in her own country could never have been of that desperate and profligate cast which some have ventured to represent them. Elizabeth was her jealous enemy, and the friends and ministers of Elizabeth have been the chief describers of Mary's life. The historian of *Burleigh*, after examining the state papers relative to Elizabeth's treatment of Mary—though desirous of white-washing the minister at least—has been heard to observe—"She is as black as ebony, and Burleigh of the same colour." They stuck at nothing to misrepresent her, and prosecute their own views.

*Rybrent de Cruce, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.*—Though manifestly the production of an intelligent and cultivated person, this is merely a novel—a sort of home—we do not mean *homely* tale, but one made up of a few family incidents, selected as striking, but bordering on the extravagant—scarcely, indeed, coming within the bounds of possibility in English society: relative, moreover, merely to boys and girls—teaching nothing, adding nothing to our stock of realities, and requiring little for its construction and materials beyond familiarity with works of fiction, and shewing few proofs of acquaintance with the actual business of life. It is, however, excellently well *written*—there is no attempt at finery—the language is natural, and the sentiments unforced—and, though seldom eloquent, is not deficient in vigour. The details are singularly minute, without being wearisome, and the signs of a direct and sound understanding are every where visible. The writer has capabilities for better things, and only wants opportunities to elicit and shew them. She is losing time in pursuing a course, which can only bring with it the approbation of very young gentlemen and ladies, and those idle ones.

The hero, Rybrent de Cruce—where could this strange name come from?—is left a child under the care of his aunt, during the absence of General de Cruce and his lady in India. The same kind aunt undertakes also the charge of two young girls, left without protection by the death of their mother, and the indifference of the father, who, to the abandonment of his family, had withdrawn to France, fascinated by foreign manners and foreign principles; and, afterwards, as his daughters grow up, and the story advances, engaged heart and hand in all the atrocities of the French revolution. The young folks are brought up together, under the tuition of a reverend gentleman, till Rybrent is some seventeen or eighteen, and the girls a year or two less; when suddenly is announced, from the father of the young ladies, who had not for years taken the slightest notice of them, the

arrival of a French governess, who is to occupy the family mansion, and take charge of his daughters, and bring them up in the love of jacobinism. This, of course, occasions great consternation; but resistance is impracticable; and the governess, to their surprise and comfort at first, proves the very personification of all that is charming, elegant, and conciliating; but she is accompanied by a very mysterious sort of an abigail, who creates a great deal of wonderment and speculation among principals and servants. Rybrent rides over every day, and keeps a sharp look-out, and receives the reports of the young ladies on the daily occurrences. Madame loses no time in her attempts to establish a "corresponding society" among the country gentlemen, but meets with little success. Her charms are more attractive than her principles; and badinage, more than politics, forms the staple of conversation among the few neighbours who venture to visit. Soon circumstances of a suspicious cast occur—strange persons are seen about the grounds—odd sorts of gipsies appear in the neighbourhood—and the governess, and Jaqueline, her queer-looking attendant, are eternally together—&c. By-and-by, a young man of fortune in the neighbourhood, some years older than Rybrent, becomes very assiduous in his attendance, ostensibly, on the young ladies, particularly the elder; but soon, also, a more than common understanding appears to exist between him and Madame, and even Jaqueline. Rybrent he affects to treat as a boy; but, taunting him with riding a pony, as being safer, he is challenged by that mature and fiery youth to ride against him, on any horse he pleases. Claverham accepts the challenge, and treacherously furnishes Rybrent with a rearing horse; but Rybrent subdues the restive animal, and rides the race; and Claverham, in a desperate effort to recover lost ground, is flung, and seriously injured. The accident establishes him *in the house*; and if he had stratagems in view upon one or both the young ladies, this gives him a decided advantage. Rybrent, the young ladies themselves, the servants, are all full of undefined fears; and, just at this moment, Rybrent is summoned to India, by the news of his mother's illness, and obliged to leave his young friends in their apparently perilous and certainly unprotected condition. Rybrent's aunt, too, dies at this time, and the tutor is the only person who takes an interest in their concerns—he engages to watch over their security—but proves very inefficient.

Claverham, according to the reports of the servants, is constantly attended in his chamber by Madame and Jaqueline; and the young ladies, from a sense of the utter impropriety of such proceedings, urge his immediate dismissal, on the supposition also of his being sufficiently recovered to bear removing. He refuses to go without being

allowed personally to take leave of them; and on presenting himself, supported by the governess and Jaqueline, he is, to all appearances, much too feeble to leave the house. Agatha had before seemed to be the main object of attraction, but now all his discourse and attentions are diverted to Clarina, the younger; and all his blackest villainy begins to peep forth. Though wealthy, he has an eye to the property, to which the girls apparently will succeed, in equal shares. He resolves to have the whole; and as he cannot marry both, to get rid of one. Admiring the elder, and not disliked by her, he yet chooses the younger, mainly because he shall thus supplant Master Rybrent, whom he detests, and whose attachment to her was well known. Agents for mischief are always at hand, and he had prime ones at command. The father of the young ladies had sent over two or three *sans-culottes*, to aid Madame in planting the tree of liberty; and these delectable persons had of course as greedy an appetite for blood and money, as for revolutionizing. They enter at once, *con amore*, into his views, and Jaqueline is constituted chief manager of the arrangements. All is now ready, Jaqueline presents herself to Agatha, and mysteriously soliciting an interview on a matter of life and death, conducts her to the remoter parts of the grounds, and insensibly drawing her farther and farther from the house, suddenly betrays her into the hands of a ferocious-looking Frenchman, and a woman of the genuine *poissarde* cut, who hurry her forthwith into a wattled hut. More surprising still, in a few minutes appears, on her knees, and with the accents of love, Jaqueline herself in male attire. She is, in truth, of the masculine gender, and had accompanied Madame as her *cher ami*, and had quickly fallen desperately in love with Agatha, and was resolved to save her from Claverham's clutches. While he was thus on his knees, in the act of explaining, comes Claverham himself, and takes a speedy opportunity of sending a bullet through Jaqueline's brains. Claverham had known of the disguise, and suspecting her, or rather his fidelity, chose to see personally to the execution of his own plot. Agatha, according to his original design, was now carried off to a smuggling vessel, which lay at anchor within a mile or two of the spot, to be conveyed to France, or drowned in the voyage. Claverham thus, for the moment, triumphs—no one suspects him. But in vain are all his efforts to withdraw Clarina's attachment from Rybrent, and Rybrent himself was now returning to claim her hand. On the very eve of the marriage, while roaming about with his gun, on the alarm of his dog, Rybrent came suddenly upon the wattled hut, and, to his amazement, found the long lost Agatha, lying on the ground, on the point of expiring. She had just been landed, after an absence of

two or three years, by the relenting *poisarde*, who had saved her from the hands of her bloody companions, but not from the gripe of a lingering disease. Circumstances now thicken—at first they tell against poor Clarina, and Rybrent renounces her; but, ultimately, all of course comes out clear, and Claverham perishes abroad in some miserable manner, and Rybrent and Clarina are united, &c.—but Agatha does not come to life again.

*Stewart's Stories from the History of Scotland; 1829.*—Mr. Stewart, of Douglas, is much and favourably known as an active compiler of juvenile books; and we have besides a volume of sermons now lying by us, “written not to extend his literary fame,” he says, “but to obviate an invidious conclusion, drawn by some charitable persons—that he must have been too much engrossed by profane pursuits to find leisure for the discharge of his clerical duties, or the study of theology.” This amiable conclusion comes no longer from the *Assembly*; Mr. S. might, like Home, write a tragedy if he pleased, and no longer, like him, be in danger of being unfrocked. But in the multiplicity and variety of his publications, Mr. S. has at last, with little felicity, we fear it will be thought, come in conflict and competition with the leviathan of his country. His Scotch Stories must inevitably endure the comparison, which few men would willingly encounter; but the author is not to be regarded as provoking the comparison, for *his* was the *first* publication. The volume before us is a second and enlarged edition, in the preface to which, the author expresses the relief he felt on discovering the competition was not *so close* as he had at first dreaded. Though similar, his plan in some respects differs. His object is to give detached stories, without troubling himself with any other connexion than that of mere chronological succession; while Sir Walter has linked his tales together, so as to form a continued history. Mr. S. again has adhered rigidly to historical truth, as a moral obligation, in a book destined for the instruction of children; whereas Sir W. has often indulged his love of romance, and declined not to mix up, in his own fascinating manner, the apocrypha of tradition with the established facts of canonical history. Mr. S., moreover, has adapted his narratives to the comprehension, he thinks, of the youngest reader, while Sir W. abandoned that attempt, because he found that a style considerably more elevated was more interesting to his juvenile reader. The author, in short, with recovered courage, and some complacency, concludes—“His little book is more, what it was intended to be, a companion to Mr. Croker’s admirable *Stories from English History*,” and adds, “as the test of success—the preference has been given to *his* stories, in many instances, by children of the age for which they were de-

signed.” Mr. S.’s last stories are—Sharpe’s Murder, and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. A second volume will bring events to 1745.

*Life of Alexander the Great, by the Rev. J. Williams, Vicar of Lampeter; 1829.*—This constitutes the third volume of Murray’s well-conceived Family Library, and is incomparably the best life—the most careful and correct estimate of Alexander’s achievements we have. The writer is a scholar—a ripe and good one; and, like Mitford, has gone to the original sources, that is, the *nearest* to the original extant, for his materials, and has exercised a sound judgment in the use of them. The sources to which we allude are not cotemporary ones—these have long since disappeared—nor do we know what degree precisely of authority to assign to them. The circumstances of the writers are all unknown to us. Singularly enough, they are all nearly of the same period, and that from four to five centuries after the times of Alexander. Judging from internal evidence, the signs and marks which indicate respect for truth and industry of research, the superiority is obviously due to Arrian and Strabo—to the first particularly, whose professed aim was to dispel the cloud of falsehood and absurdity which hung upon his hero’s story. Upon Arrian accordingly, Mr. Williams mainly, or rather almost exclusively, relies—rejecting for the most part the stories which Plutarch, Athenæus, and Curtius, have put forth, though these writers are not *fairly* classed together. Plutarch and Athenæus were mere anecdote-mongers, and of course neither scrupulous nor discriminating; but Curtius wrote the history in detail, and is no otherwise inferior, in point of credibility, than as a flashy declaimer must always be to a sober narrator. He had the same authorities before him as Arrian, and was only misled by the meteors of his own undisciplined imagination. Of these authorities, Aristobulus and Ptolemy, both the companions of Alexander—the former has the character of an extravagant eulogist. Of both, in Curtius and Arrian, we have probably the pith, and have only to choose between them by the rules of common sense. Arrian, in relating a report, which he neither adopts nor rejects, observes, and the sentiment has been repeated a thousand times—“If it be true (the story refers to Alexander’s reported visit to Darien’s wife and daughters, in company with his friend Hephæstion, whom the queen mistook for himself, and whom he termed his other-self) I praise Alexander for his compassionate kindness to the princesses, and the affection and respect shown by him to his friend; and if it be not true, I praise him for his general character, which made writers conclude that such actions and speeches would, if ascribed to Alexander, appear probable.” Scores of stories are flying about of eminent individuals, which, if not true, have something of

the quality of truth—if they did not *suit* the character they would not be told. In the same way Curtius is entitled so *some* regard. In describing him, as Mr. Williams does, as a clever writer, but a very ignorant man—there is as much severity at least as truth.

Mr. Williams's book, however, is strictly what it professes to be—a Life of Alexander. He indulges in no speculation—he has a most meritorious respect for testimony, and when nothing is known, has nothing to tell. The effect of this creditable delicacy is a want of ease and flow in the language. He has nothing to round his periods with. He sticks close to the chronological story, and keeps a steady eye upon the map—tracing his hero's marvelous career step and step, and, as far as modern geography will enable him, comparing actual localities with most edifying particularity. In many points he differs from his predecessors in this walk—learned and unlearned; Ispahan he sets down as the ancient Ecbatana, without giving the grounds of his decision; “but these,” he tells us, “are to be detailed at full length in a work now in the press—a work which cannot fail of arresting the attention of such as are interested in questions of this kind.” The writer's learning qualifies him for competing with Vincent, and his industry with Rennel; and the volume before us furnishes evidence in abundance of sound and independent judgment.

We have said Mr. W. indulges in no speculation—that is true generally; but there is one little excursion of his in this way, which is worth directing the reader's attention to, as containing sentiments which are not in every body's mouth, and at which some will be shocked, or be willing to be thought so. After lamenting the stop which the exhaustion of the troops put to Alexander's progress (he had contemplated reaching the Eastern Ocean, and returning by the Pillars of Hercules), on the ground that such progress would probably have thrown open the mysteries of the Eastern World, which now lies wrapt in clouds of mythology and allegory—he observes—

Perhaps these opinions are liable to be condemned; but, according to my views, much false logic and fictitious humanity have been expended upon the conquests of Alexander: for I see not how the progress of a civilized and enlightened conqueror among barbarous nations can be regarded otherwise than beneficial. An Alexander in Africa would be the greatest blessing that could visit that great continent. Since history has recorded the annals of nations, colonization and conquests have been the two main instruments of civilization. Nor do I see why Ashantees, Caffrees, or any other dominant tribes, should be supposed to have a prescriptive right to murder and enslave their fellow Africans, and to renew their atrocities three or four times in a century—much less why a Christian sovereign should be blamed, were he effectually to subjugate the

barbarians, and put an end to all such enormities in future.

The Royal Bengal Tiger, as the showmen have it, is very destructive in our days between Guzerat and the Lower Indus. “It is singular,” says Mr. W., “that the Macedonians did not see one. They saw his skin, and heard exaggerated tales respecting his size, strength, and ferocity. Is it a fair inference,” Mr. W. asks, “from his non-appearance in the vales of the Indus and its tributaries, that the natives of those regions were, at the period of the Macedonian invasion, more powerful, populous, and warlike than in our days?” To be sure it is—the country was more peopled and better cultivated.

*Waverley Novels*; 1829.—Standards as these novels have justly become, the beautiful edition, of which this is the first portion, is a welcome acquisition. It has the advantage of the author's own careful revision—it is uniform, ornamented, compressed, not in matter but in bulk, and illustrated with occasional notes, historical and local. But though thus revised and corrected, it is not, it appears, to be inferred, that any attempt has been made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. The author has only seized the opportunity of correcting the errors of the press and slips of the pen. The corrections consist, in fact, in occasionally pruning where the language is redundant—compressing where the style is loose—infusing vigour where it is languid—exchanging less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, he adds, “like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an unexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.”

The general preface contains a sketch of his early career in the region of fiction, with a statement of the causes of his long concealment, and those of his final disclosure—all communicated in his own inimitable ease of manner, with all possible *naïveté* and confiding simplicity. To this general preface, which will be read by every body with interest, though no longer new, is added a particular one for *Waverley*, comprising some account of the incidents on which the story is founded, and which originally appeared in the preface to *The Chronicles of the Canongate*. The same thing will be done for the succeeding stories. Some account, moreover, is promised of the places where the scenes are laid, that is, where they are in whole or in part real, with notes explanatory of ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in each romance—which will add to the value of an edition destined to live for ages.

*Geraldine of Desmond*. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—This is all far, far too elaborate in matter and manner for one half of it to be read by any soul breathing. It is toil and

trouble thrown any. The writer had better have written the Irish history and antiquities of the period in good set terms, and abandoned her love tale. Thoroughly has Miss Crumpe mistaken the taste of the readers she expected to gratify, if she imagined for a moment that her detailings of dresses and pageantries, however correct and curious, or her political discussions, however sound, and perhaps serviceable elsewhere, mixed up, and suspending the interest of a tale, small as it is, would suit that taste. Nobody will or can tolerate any thing so wearisome, when the object of reading is merely to kill time—and who has any other in reading tales of this kind? Facts, or what lays claim to the certainty of facts, will be attended to in a sober shape, and so will political discussions in their places, but not where the writer perversely confounds the memory, and blinds the judgment, by mixing the real with the fictitious—relating one thing in the text and another in the note—fabricating in one place, and rectifying in a second. Gravity is one thing and gaiety another. The lady, moreover, competent and cultivated as she obviously is, has missed the line of the “historical romance.” That line is easily drawn. No admitted facts should be disturbed or distorted. The imagination of the romancer is free only where the record fails. The story of Desmond had enough in it of what is now-a-days called the romance of life, and space and verse enough remained unoccupied by any-known circumstances, for the indulgence of the writer’s fancy; but when—to give an instance—she impeaches the Irish chief before the Lords, and tries him, in the full pomp of judicial splendour, in Westminster Hall—she does it in violation of the known fact, that he was only examined before the Council. Why should the author try him before the Peers? Because she has collected certain details of ceremony in unpublished MSS., which she wishes to produce; but if such was the motive, it was her business to manage the matter better, and not at once pervert facts, and betray her own poverty. Miss C. seems to think she is sticking close to history, as is perpetually hinted, when an act or a phrase is assigned to one person which historically belongs to another. Desmond and his Countess, in flying from their enemies, once stood up to their necks in a river; but Miss C., for the purposes of her story, chooses to place her heroine, the daughter, in this comfortable position, and consign the mother, the meanwhile, to a convent. In his final extremity, Desmond exclaimed to the wretch, who butchered him—“Spare me; I am Earl of Desmond!” but the author makes him say—“Spare *her* (meaning the heroine), I am Earl of Desmond,” and then quietly observes in a note, as if the change of the one little word made none in the sense—“The substitution of *her* for

*me*, is the only alteration I have made in Desmond’s dying words.” Historical facts, in short, are placed here, or placed there, just as it best suits what appears to the author the interest of her narrative. This, however, is plainly overstepping the bounds of the historical romance; no liberties should be taken with authenticated matters; and it is quite superfluous, for there must always be room enough for the play of fancy in the deficiencies of records.

The subject of the tale is the revolt and ruin of Desmond—the prince of a large portion of the South of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth. The Fitzgeralds and the Butlers were hereditary enemies, and the chiefs personal foes. Ormond was a Protestant, a lord of the pale, and in favour with the court; Desmond, a Catholic, the descendant of a family of English origin, but *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, the acknowledged chief of the Catholic party—the opponent of the pale—the resister of political oppression, and, of course, in ill odour at court. In a conflict with Ormond’s feudatories he was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Ormond’s castle—where, in disguise, his daughter gained access to him, and first fascinated Ormond’s son; and whence he was at last released upon galling terms. “Wrung into undutifulness,” as he well expressed it, “by his enemies, he entered into schemes for the rescue of his country, and the gratification of his own revenge;” but before the committal of any overt act, he was entrapped by the queen’s troops, and carried to London—whither his daughter again followed him. In his absence his friends pursued the plan, and found themselves in a condition to propose terms to the government; and Desmond was despatched by the government to Dublin to confirm them. Treacherously treated, or suspecting it, Desmond made his escape before the compact was signed, and openly took up arms against the queen, joined by a few Spanish forces, and sanctioned by the pope. Though occasionally successful, he was finally beaten in detail—his castles, one after another, destroyed—and himself a wanderer, and dying of hunger, was killed for the price that had been set upon his head. His vast estates were lavished among the courtiers—among some perhaps who had been mainly instrumental in pushing him to extremities, of whom Raleigh got 40,000 acres. Spencer, the poet, had above 3,000.

With these, for the most part, historical details, is mixed up a tale of no great interest, from the dearth of incident, consisting of the loves of Desmond’s daughter and Ormond’s son. She is of course all that is beautiful and intelligent, but, with all her accomplishments and wisdom, ardent and impetuous as the most incurbed of Irish maidens. Charles, too, is the observed of all observers—the *preux chevalier*—a most faithful and impassioned lover, and one

who encounters perils upon perils to prove his devotion, and win his lady's love. But filial duty, and the claims of patriotism, bind her to her father's destiny, whose wanderings she shares, and whose death she witnesses—the sight of which also, added to previous exhaustion, kills the unhappy maid herself.

The main object of the accomplished writer is, of course, to exhibit in detail the miserable management of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and this is successfully done. There can be little doubt the Irish were driven into rebellion for the sake of forfeitures. The queen herself, when reports of the rebellion were brought to the council, exclaimed—"If it goes on, it will be better for you, for there will be estates for you all." The most spirited parts of the work are the scenes where Elizabeth figures—coarse and imperious to the life! The reader will of course take our opinion relative to this performance—one of no little pretension he may gather from its magnificent preface—for what it is worth; but it is only fair to let him know, that "the work has been honoured by the approval of one of the first critics of the age—the Right Honourable the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow"—that is, Mr. Thomas Campbell, who, it may be safely presumed, by the importunity of the author's friends and his own, has been forced into a complimentary opinion of what he probably scarcely glanced at.

*The County Album, with Topographical Hieroglyphics, for the Amusement and Instruction of Fire-side Tourists; 1829.*—To look at objects, and to read of them, are two very different acts, and in mature minds produce very different impressions. The visible and tangible thing must always have the advantage over the representative sign. What, then, must be the case with the young and unpractised? Shew the child a plough—let him see it work, and he will understand both the working and the object; but shew him the name only, or let him read about it only, and his mind will not so easily grasp it—it slips from him like water through the fingers. To force the child to lend his attention, and supply words suggested by the figures they represent, pictures—visible likenesses—have often been employed with excellent effect. Mr. Harris has improved upon this contrivance: and, in his County Album, has so framed his pictures as to make them emblems indicative of the products, staple commodities, manufactures, and objects of interest, in the several counties of England and Wales. The figures do not suggest the absent words directly, but by circumstances—thus for butter, the emblem consists of dairy utensils. This must stop the

*hasty* reader to consider its meaning, and may awaken in the *indolent* one a desire to know it; and these are the advantages specifically aimed at.

Independently of the hieroglyphics, which consist of 400, and are beautifully cut, the descriptions of the several counties, and the peculiarities, whether of nature or art, are correct and judicious, and may furnish information to both teacher and pupil.

*Winter Evenings at College, &c., by a Clergyman. 2 small vols.; 1829.*—These are two neat little volumes relative to the manners, customs, &c., of the old Greeks, conveying the substance, in a popular form, of what is commonly termed Greek Antiquities. The book is the work of a clergyman, and is published by Mr. Harris, of St. Paul's Church-yard—a gentleman, by the way, who, by his own exertions and superior acquirements, has done more probably towards elevating the style, and improving the character of juvenile books, than any one person, author or trader, in the records of publishing. The "Winter Evenings at College," however, is a book adapted for the service of an elder class of readers than his publications usually are—destined, in short, for such as are passing through the later stages of what goes by the name of education. The communications are made through the medium of a sort of dialogue, or, more correctly perhaps, lecture, with occasional interruptions, by a private college tutor, to his pupils. The topics are made to occupy sixteen evenings, and are discussed with accuracy and clearness, and sufficient minuteness. To the familiar description of the "manners, customs, sports, and religious observances of the Ancient Greeks," is added a brief account of the state of modern Greece, and some reflections on the revolutions of empires.

The tutor and his pupils are equally exemplary—the latter thirsting for knowledge—the former distributing copious potations, and wholly absorbed in the duties of his grave and responsible office. The portrait is, of course, perfectly *ideal*; the writer no doubt knows very well what private tutors at the University are, and probably means to give a delicate and friendly hint. Among the real and living tutors in this class, the service, if not the duty, is one hour—a short hour, a day, and the business and object, cramming for the public lecture; and we never knew, within our personal experience, or the range of our inquiry, the slightest attempt made by any one of them to go out of the common beat of communication. The connexion is merely a matter of bargain and sale—*quid pro quo*; the office is without responsibility, and generates neither concern in the teacher, nor gratitude in the taught.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE our last, the British Institution has closed its exhibition of the works of living artists, and opened one of those unrivalled selections from the labours of the old masters, which have done more towards the spread among us of a true taste for Art, and a deep and active feeling for its beauties, than any other expedient that has been resorted to within our memory.

The present collection is of a miscellaneous nature, and is perhaps not inferior to any one that has preceded it, in variety of subject, and unsurpassed skill of execution.

To those who have seen and examined this beautiful assemblage of pictures, we despair of giving any notice of it which shall satisfactorily recal any one of the leading works, much less so describe and estimate them as to meet and reply to the feelings and impressions which the sight of them must have produced. But we shall allude to some of them in detail nevertheless, no less to gratify the curiosity of our distant readers, than to urge those who are *not* distant, to immediately avail themselves of an occasional treat, which nothing but these annual exhibitions present.

It includes almost the highest praise that can be awarded to our English School of Art, to say that two examples of it, which form a portion of the present exhibition, are in all respects worthy to occupy the place which has here been assigned them among some of the most distinguished and perfect works which the Art has produced. The Holy Family, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is an exquisite production, including all the beauties of his manner, and not one of his faults—except perhaps in the face of the Virgin, which is feeble, unmeaning, and even unnatural. The two children are divinely human. We know of nothing of the kind in art superior to them, unless it be some few—a *very* few—of the children of Murillo. No other artist has painted children with so much purity and truth; and Murillo himself has failed to communicate to them that mysterious, and, as it were prophetic, look and air, without which the two children connected with this particular subject take from it much of its “holy” character. The children of all other artists who have painted this most favourite of all scriptural subjects are made too divine; and the children of Murillo are, generally speaking, too exclusively human: Reynolds has blended the two characters into one in a manner only to be felt, not described. The general composition of the picture unites the grandly simple with the perfectly natural and unaffected, in a most rare and admirable manner; and the landscape portion of the scene forms a noble adjunct to the whole.

Gainsborough's “Landscape, with Market People,” (88) is the other English work

to which we alluded. It is a production that for purity of style, richness of colouring, and depth of light and shade, has rarely been equalled, even among the old masters. It consists simply of some peasants in a market cart, passing through a forest scene. In point of what is understood by composition, the picture is nothing; and as little does its effect depend on anything arising out of intellectual expression. Every thing is done by the pure force of nature, with which every part teems, and which, arising as it does from an intense feeling of natural truth in the artist, not merely appeals to, but actually creates such feeling in the spectator. Time has no doubt done much to mellow and enrich this admirable work; but it must have been a model of natural truth and simplicity even when first it left the easel of its author.

Those who would examine the difference, together with its causes and effects, between pictures of natural scenery, which, however skilfully executed, exhibit a particular *manner* in the artist, and one which includes no such quality, cannot have a better occasion of doing so than by comparing the work just alluded to with almost any other conspicuous landscape in this collection; for, with the exception of Claude and Gaspar Poussin, all the old masters had a peculiar *manner*, which amounted to a manifest defect in all, and a most striking and almost fatal one in many. Look, for example, at the noble landscape of Both (6). It is admirably composed, and brilliantly executed; but there is a *manner* about it which more than half destroys the feeling of nature which would otherwise result, and which alone ought to result, from the contemplation of it. It is the same with the Landscapes of Ruysdael, of Wouverman, of Potter, and even of Cuyt and of Hobbima. We cannot look upon the works of any one of them without thinking as much of the artist as we do of nature. And the reason for this is simple: the artist is present at least as much as nature is. But in the charming production of Gainsborough this is not the case; nor is it in those of Claude, or of Gaspar Poussin. Look again, for an illustration of manner, and its fatal effects, on the Prodigal Son, by Rubens (53). The power of hand and feeling of nature displayed in it is wonderful; but all is deteriorated, and half destroyed, by *manner*.

Returning to our passing glance at the most conspicuous works in this collection, we may point out the two Portraits by Vandyke, (18 and 23) as among the finest and most perfect creations of Art in this particular line. There is a solemn weight of intellectual character pressing, as it were, upon the first of these portraits, which gives to it an effect truly grand and impressive. We know not, and seek not to know, *who*

is the person represented : we feel it enough to know that he must have been one bent, like another Atlas, beneath a world of human thoughts and contemplation.

The female portrait is equally characteristic, and full of intellectual expression ; but the expression is that of feeling, not of thought—as it is in every case of female character as exhibited in a painted portrait. These two noble works are whole lengths, and nearly the size of life. Nos. 20 and 59 are two exquisite examples of Claude :—the first, though very imperfect, is full of truth and beauty ; but the second, divine. Among the other landscapes in this room may be named, as peculiarly worthy of a studious attention, 25 and 40, both by Cuypp ; the first, exquisite for the artful simplicity of its composition, and the second, peculiar for the elaborate beauty of its details. No. 48, *The Virgin and Child*, is one of those singular productions of Murillo, the very merits of which are their sole defects. The staring and bare truth of the Virgin and the Child in this picture are wonderful ; but they are, at the same time, as disagreeable as they are inappropriate.

Passing by a noble picture of *St. Francis*, by A. Carracci, (60), and a grand *Holy Family*, by Camillo Procaccini, (61), we reach the only two other works in the north room that call for particular mention from us : these are (71), a little picture by Carlo Dolce, which, with all the faults and affectations of his style, exhibits an intense and passionate feeling for natural expression, and great skill in depicting it ; and (73), *Portrait of a Lady*, by Rembrandt—a work which, for an almost miraculous truth and veracity of character, added to an extraordinary degree of individuality, we have never seen surpassed, and rarely equalled. This wonderful portrait may be looked upon as one of the chief gems of the collection.

In the middle room we meet with some exquisite landscapes. That by Hobbima, which includes a Church, (86), is one of the most exquisitely natural and unaffected works of the most natural and unaffected of all the old landscape painters. The beauty of Hobbima's scenes to an English eye, and of this one in particular, is, that you can scarcely believe the scenes they represent to be other than English. Where the artist found them, *out of England*, we are at a loss to imagine. It is certain that he would be troubled to find them any where else *now*.

Near the exquisite landscape just named,

hangs one of the very finest of Titian's portraits, and one the subject of which renders it singularly valuable and interesting ; we mean (83), a *Portrait of Ignatius Loyola*. There is a steadfastness of purpose in this face, and at the same time a far-darting look about the eyes, which is singularly fine and characteristic.

But what an exquisite contrast do we meet with to this picture, (and to almost every thing about it, except the pure scenes of external nature,) in Murillo's *St. John*, (87). This is a picture vying with any thing we are acquainted with for purity and sweetness of character, no less in the expression than in every other quality—the handling, the colouring, the composition, the conception.

Close beside these divine works hangs the charming landscape by Gainsborough that we noticed at the outset, and another curious and most interesting specimen of the same master—a copy of the celebrated picture of the *Pembroke Family*, by Vandyke, at Wilton House. 97, a *Portrait of a Venetian Senator*, offers another striking contrast to the two or three last-named, in all its features. In noble severity of style it is a worthy companion to the Ignatius Loyola noticed above.

The only other work our limits will permit us to notice this month is (110), "*A Shepherd with a Lamb*," by Spagnolette. It is long since we have seen so noble a picture by this noble and in all respects admirable artist. There is a vigour and spirit in the handling, a serene beauty in the colouring, and a grand simplicity in the composition and expression of this picture, which cause it to rank among the finest in the collection.

We shall conclude our notice of this exhibition next month.

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*Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot.*—This fifty-fifth number of the portraits in *La Belle Assemblée*, though not so elaborate in execution as many which have preceded it of the same series, will, by many, be esteemed worthy to rank among the best. There is a bland simplicity and nature about the character which is very striking, and which forms an agreeable contrast to the fashionable blandishments of many of the portraits which have gone before it in the series. The original is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the engraving by Giller, in mezzotint—a style well adapted to Sir Thomas's works.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*British Fossils.*—Mr. Taylor has prepared a valuable list of the fossils hitherto discovered in the British strata, drawn principally from the works and authority of Mr. Sowerby, to whose indefatigable exertions in extending our acquaintance with the fossils of England, geology is under most essential obligation. The list details the genera in each of its divisions, alphabeti-

cally, giving for each genus the number of the species most characteristic or abundant in each formation, with the principal localities where they occur. It is not susceptible of abridgement, but some of the results which can be expressed by numbers have been thrown by the author into tables, of which the following is a summary:—

		Simple Univalves.	Simple Bivalves.	Complex Bivalves.	Multicolar Univalves.	Total Numbers.		
Stratigraphical Distribution.	SHELLS. Recent.	Total Number of Species known (from Wood's <i>Index Testaceologicus</i> ) .....					1961	
		Total Number of Genera.....					58	
	Fossil.	Total Number of Species .....					401	
							65	
	Stratigraphical Distribution.	Ancient Strata.	Carboniferous Order, of Conybeare. (Species) .....					27
			Carboniferous Beds to Lias. (Species) ... ..					9
		Ancient Strata, to Lias inclusive. Total of Species .....					36	
							67	
							51	
							83	
					134			
More recent Strata.		Inferior Oolite to Chalk inclusive (Species) .....					106	
		Strata above the Chalk (Species)..					259	
From the Lias to the more recent beds. Total of Species .....					365			
					516			
					0			
					147			
					147			

It appears, therefore, that the total number of known existing species being about 3,000, the number of fossil species is about 1,300. And the author states, among other inferences from his tables, that the ancient period is characterised by the complex shells, the middle by bivalves, the upper strata by the simple univalves; while, as we descend in the series of strata, we recede from the existing forms and proportions of numbers; 134 complex species, out of 237, being found in the ancient beds, and only 147, out of 1028, in the more recent.

*Extirpation of the Spleen.*—The extirpation of the spleen, performed with the necessary precautions, does not induce the death of the animal. M. C. A. Schultze, from whose memoir on the subject, read at the Assembly of the Naturalists and Physicians of Germany which took place last year, we derive the information, performed this operation twenty-seven times on dogs, cats, goats, and rabbits, and lost only one dog, which died the 26th day, but of which the vena cava had been cut, near the

stomach, six weeks before the operation. When once the wound is healed, it does not appear that any function is perceptibly deranged. The stomach digests well; only when the animals eat too much, or too quickly, vomiting supervenes with great facility, which may be well explained by the irritation communicated to the diaphragm and to the peritoneum by the effect of the extirpation. The secretion of the bile continues regularly, but in a smaller quantity. The lymph drawn from the thoracic canal has the same physical properties as those of other animals which have not been thus treated. If the extirpation be performed upon young animals it does not at all impede their growth; not the least influence appears to be exercised upon the nutritive functions. The generative function alone seems to suffer from the extirpation of the spleen. Thus dogs or cats, operated upon when young, constantly produce a smaller number than those belonging to the same litter which have not been thus operated upon. They bring into the world one, or at most, two young ones, though their con-

nexion with the male, for the most part, is attended with no result. In the same animals the functions of generation appear to be developed later than in others. Dogs deprived of the spleen shew a great tendency to run, and are unwearied in the chase.\* M. Schultze has observed, that the blood of the splenic veins coagulates as readily as that of the other veins; this property of

coagulating appears diminished only when the stomach is gorged with water immediately before the operation.

*New Table of Exchange.*—The following corrected Table of Exchange, for the settlement of the sea-customs and invoiced goods, dated November 13, 1828, is to take effect at Bombay from and after January 1, 1829, viz. :—

Country.	Currency.	Value in Bombay Rupees.
Great Britain and Colonies .....	Sterling. £1. ....	10 Rupees.
France and..... ditto.....	French Francs 24.....	10 —
Spain and..... ditto.....	Dollar. Doll. 100 .....	225 —
Portugal and..... ditto.....	Milrea. Milreas 10.....	26 —
Netherlands.....	Florin. Florins 8 .....	7 —
	Ducat. Duc. 100 .....	486 —
Hamburg .....	Marc. Marcs 16.....	10 —
Denmark and Colonies.....	Rigsbank Dollar. Doll. 100 ..	118 —
Sweden .....	Rix-dollar (Specie). Doll. 10 ..	24 —
Russia .....	Silver Ruble. Rubl. 100.....	168 —
Italy .....	Sequin. Seq. 100.....	494 —
United States of North America.....	Dollar. Doll. 100 .....	225 —
Independent States of South America..	Dollar. Doll. 100.....	225 —
Bengal .....	Sicca Rupee. Rup. 100 .....	106½ —
Madras .....	Madras Rupee. Rup. 100 .....	100 —
Turkey (Bassora).....	Eyne Piastre. Piast. 133.....	100 —
Persia (Buchire) .....	Persian Rupee. Rup. 123.....	100 —
	Krosai Dinai. Din. 164.....	100 —
Muscat .....	Mamoodc. Mam. 35 .....	10 —
Mocha .....	Dollar. Doll. 100 .....	217 —

*Dimensions of the Capital of the United States, and its Grounds.*—The ground within the iron railing 22·5 acres. Length of foot-walk outside of railing 0·75 of a mile, and 185 feet. The building is as follows :—Length of front 352 feet 4 inches. Depth of wings 121 feet 6 inches. East projection and steps 65 feet. West ditto 83 feet. Covering 1·5 acres and 1,820 feet. Height of wings to top of balustrade 70 feet. Height to top of centre dome 145 feet. Representatives' room, greatest length, 95 feet. Ditto, height, 60 feet. Senate Chamber, greatest length, 74 feet. Ditto, height, 42 feet. Great central rotunda 96 feet in diameter, and 96 feet high. The north wing was commenced in 1792, and finished in 1800. Cost 480262·57 dollars. South wing commenced in 1803, and finished 1808. Cost 308808·41 dollars. Centre building commenced in 1818, and finished in 1827. Cost 951647·35 dollars. Total 1746718·36 dollars, or, a little more than £363,000 sterling.

*Human Monster.*—There has been

\* We rather suspect that the author would not have observed this peculiarity if he had not been prejudiced with the vulgar idea, that the dogs who have been deprived of the spleen run well. To the above account we may add, that the late Sir Busick Harwood, of Cambridge, having excised the spleen of a dog, remarked that the animal became immoderately fat. Unfortunately, however, it was lost before any further observations could be made respecting it.

presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a drawing of a monster which was living at Turin in the early part of last March. This individual is a girl with two heads; the lower extremities only are common to the two individuals; the rest is divided, and presents the conformation becoming the natural state. The priest seeing in this creature two separate individuals, baptised them separately: one received the name of Ritta, the other was called Christina. Ritta seems to be in bad health. They were born at Sassari, in Sardinia, at the commencement of March, 1829. Their common height is that of an infant born at its proper time. It is not unexampled to see similar monsters reach an advanced, or in some degree, an advanced age. During the reign of James III. of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man double above the umbilicus, single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music. The two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two upper halves occasionally fought. They lived generally in perfect harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, or pricked, the two individuals felt it together. When, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. This

monstrous being died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other. *Rerum Scoticanem Historia*. l. 13, p. 444. Auct. G. Buchanan. In 1723, a bicephalous man was exhibited for money at Madrid. Sigebert also relates that he saw a child with the upper part double, single below. One ate, the other fasted. Frequently they fought. One having died, the other survived only a few days.

*Origin of Ærolites.*—La Place supposes ærolites to be projected from lunar volcanoes. Dr. Brewster attributes to meteoric stones a common origin with the four asteroids, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas; namely, the explosion of a planet interposed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Of the hypotheses which give a sublunary origin to meteoric stones, the one most generally received is that which supposes them to have been thrown from terrestrial volcanoes. Another theory has recently been proposed by a Dr. Butler, who regards the fall of meteoric stones as wholly a *magnetic phenomenon*; and falling stars may be considered as coming under the same description. The following extracts will give a general idea of this new hypothesis, giving meteoric stones a mundane origin:—It cannot be doubted that all solids as well as fluids, on the earth's surface, are in a state of continual evaporation. It is true that from the extreme slowness with which solids evaporate, it is impossible to collect and exhibit the quantity of matter which they throw off in a limited time. It is a recently discovered ærostatic law, that on a general view, the specific gravity of vapours is directly as the volatility of the bodies from which they are derived. The earths and metals do, in assuming gaseous forms, become lighter than any other gasses under similar pressure and temperature. It will follow that the highest regions of the air consist of gaseous metals and earths, or their inflammable bases, of which silicon aluminum, and iron, the chief constituents of the globe, may, with probability, be supposed the most abundant; and the origin of the materials of meteoric stones, is so far accounted for. Supposing the existence of strata of gaseous metals resting on the surface of the earth's atmosphere at that unascertained height, where the ultimate indivisibility of its atoms forbids its further expansion into space, what would be the consequence of any given volume, say a cubic mile, if this compound gaseous mass were, by any cause sufficient to overcome the air's resistance, and to preserve the mass from too great dispersion, to be precipitated to the depths of the aerial ocean, on which it had previously floated? In descending, its bulk would be gradually diminished, and its heterogeneous atoms approximated to one another by the increasing pressure of the atmosphere, till that degree of proximity would be attained, at which

dissimilar atoms, having a powerful affinity for each other, would begin to enter into combination. In this case, supposing the gaseous mass to consist of the usual elements of meteoric stones, the first combination which would take place, would be the union of the atoms of silicon aluminum calcium, and magnesium with the oxygenous atoms of the air. The particles of iron, nickel, chrome, cobalt, and sulphur, not having so strong an affinity for oxygen, would be confusedly enveloped in the fluid strong mass; and while it continued in a liquid state, would have an opportunity of becoming respectively oxygenated, by the force of adhesive attraction, into small homogeneous masses, the sulphur here and there uniting with the iron, and the earthy matters entering into a crystallization more or less hasty and imperfect, in proportion to the rapidity of solidification, which the quick abstraction of heat by the atmosphere would occasion. The acts of condensation and combination would be accompanied by the *evolution of a considerable quantity of latent light and heat, and terminated by a loud explosion*, occasioned by the sudden collapse of the surrounding atmosphere; in short, a blaze of light would be seen, and the condensed mass would appear in a fluid state, and at a white heat. When we consider that the earth itself is a stupendous magnet, that the *auroræ* darting from its polar regions have a direct reference to its magnetic poles, agitate the magnetic needle, and are, therefore, almost certainly magnetic phenomena, it will be difficult to withhold our belief in the existence of an influence exerted by magnetism over the temperate and equatorial regions of the air; although probably from the excessive flatness of the aerial spheroid, and the consequent great altitude of those regions, the view of similar appearances is denied to the inhabitants of those latitudes. Admitting this, and reflecting how powerfully the kindred energies of electricity and galvanism control chemical affinity, we may be easily led to conceive *magnetism* to be capable of precipitating into the lower regions of the air, independent portions of its higher strata, in the manner required by the hypothesis. The strongest point in the hypothesis, Dr. Butler considers to be that of 52 substances, which in the present state of chemistry are considered as simple or elementary, only four are amenable to the laws of magnetism. Meteoric stones are found to consist of ten elements, among which are included the four magnetic bodies, iron, nickel, chrome, and cobalt; and as for the remaining six substances, five of them—silicon, aluminum, calcium, magnesium, and sulphur—are perhaps the most abundant constituents of the solid globe; and therefore the most likely, by the hypothesis, to abound in those elevated regions; and the sixth, oxygen, is derived from the atmosphere itself.

*New Buttons, and Machine for making them.*—Dr. Church, an American gentleman, has recently obtained a patent, or rather, has enabled a person at Birmingham to obtain one, for an improved manufacture of a button constructed in a peculiar way, with a metallic shank; the face of which button may be either of polished metal, or covered with a fabric, such as silk, florentine, or other suitable material. But the leading feature of the invention is a machine, by which the turning of a winch produces all the manipulation necessary for the formation and completion of a button, similar in appearance, though superior in quality, to those usually worn upon clothes. The various operations of shaping the discs of the buttons, forming the shanks, cutting out the pieces of cloth, and covering the faces of the buttons, being all effected by the agency of one revolving shaft. The machine, as a whole, may appear in some degree complicated, but upon a careful examination, it will be seen that each movement is simple and unerring, being effected by means of cams. This invention is not chimerical, which is sometimes the case with projects exhibiting considerable ingenuity, but is actually making the kind of buttons described.

*Destruction of Vermin by Steam.*—The plan of steaming vessels for the purpose of killing vermin and insects, and more particularly the white ant, is coming into use in India. The Comet, steam-boat, was hauled alongside a merchant vessel, and by means of apparatus prepared for the occasion, her steam was applied to that purpose in this vessel for several hours; the object was most completely attained. In addition to the certainty of this mode of affecting it, another valuable proof of its superiority to smoking, was displayed in this instance. Every leaky place in the vessel was shown by the water oozing out of it; and in this manner several leaks, which could not before be discovered, were made manifest. The steam itself, which escaped like smoke, could not be seen in the day-light, but the water oozing out is, of course, visible in any light. The expence of this mode of cleansing a vessel is very moderate, and far more complete than any other yet known; in fact, no other has ever been found effectually to destroy the white ant, not even sinking vessels, we believe, which is infinitely more tedious and more expensive, and, with large ships, out of the question.

*Efficacy of Ammonia in counteracting Poison.*—A young man at Cooper's Town, in New York, had accidentally overset a hive of bees, and before he could escape, they had settled in great numbers on different parts of his body and limbs, and stung him very severely. About half an hour after the accident had happened, he came in great agony to a physician, and had

scarce time to give an account of it before he fainted. Ammonia was immediately applied to the parts that had been stung, his legs, arms, and breast. He directly recovered from his faintness, and experienced no pain or other inconvenience afterwards. It is several years since this physician, Dr. A. Church, first used the aqua ammoniæ to counteract the effect of the bites of insects and stings of bees, and it has invariably produced instant relief, generally complete. He has often seen children crying in excessive pain from the sting of a bee, and on the application of the ammonia, they would immediately cease complaining, and become cheerful, so complete and sudden is the relief it produces. Against mosquito bites, it is particularly efficacious. Dr. C. was led to the use of it in these cases from the instantaneous effect it was said to have in counteracting the operation of prussic acid. Dr. Moore, of Alabama, used it with great success in the cure of bites of venomous serpents. From his account, it is probable that the pure uncarbonated aqua ammoniæ is most efficacious; and if the application is sometimes more effectual than at others, it must be on account of its being sometimes carbonated, and at others not.

*Antiquities.*—In a gold mine in Transylvania, two remains of antiquity have been discovered, and excite the strongest curiosity. They are instruments of bronze, of which it is difficult to conjecture the use or the name. The first ends in a triangular mass, bearing on each of its faces a medallion ornamented with different figures, and surrounded with an inscription. One of these medallions bears the semblance of a person with a head-dress resembling the Phrygian bonnet—he is in the act of discharging an arrow, while he holds the bridle of a horse placed behind him. In the interval between these two medallions are various symbols, heads of the wild boar, lion, eagle, bull, &c. That part which may be called the handle of the instrument, bears an inscription, as also a singular collection of figures, among which may be distinguished a winged griffin squatted down before a sort of altar, on which is an eagle. The different inscriptions, or legends, which ornament this instrument, appear to be in what some learned Hungarians have denominated the characters of the ancient Huns. The second instrument is of a shape more difficult to describe; it has neither figure nor symbol, but on the bottom is a circular inscription of the same kind as those already mentioned. In the ruins of Sarmisage-thusa, the ancient capital of Dacia, also in Transylvania, there has been found a fragment of ancient sculpture, on which is the head of a bull, in a state of perfect preservation, and various other ornaments.

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To Andrew Gottlieb, Jubilee-place, Milc-end-

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*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of July 1815, expire in the present month of June 1829.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### FRANÇOIS JOSEPH GOSSEC.

This celebrated composer of the French school, was born on the 17th of January, 1733, at Vergniers, a village in Hainault. At the age of seven, he was sent to Antwerp, where he remained eight years as singing boy in the Cathedral. In 1751 he settled in Paris, where he engaged with M. De la Popliniere, whose orchestra he conducted under the direction of Rameau. Subsequently he was attached to the suite of the Prince de Condé, as leader of his band, for which he composed several operas. In 1770, he founded the Concert of Amateurs, where the Chevalier de St. George was first violin; in 1773, he took the management of the Concerts of Sacred Music; and, in 1784, he was appointed Superintendent, or Principal Professor of the Royal School of Singing and Declamation founded at the *Ménus Plaisirs* by M. Le Baron Breteuil.

At the commencement of the French revolution, he accepted the situation of Master of the Band of the National Guard; and many of Chenier's Hymns to Liberty, symphonies, &c. were composed by him, for wind instruments, and performed at all the public festivals. In 1795, when a law was passed by the National Convention for establishing a Conservatory of Music in Paris, he was chosen, conjointly with Messrs. Mehul and Cherubini, Inspector of Instruction and Professor of Composition to the institution; his chief pupil, Catel, being at the same time appointed Professor of Harmony.

During the heat of the Revolution, Gossec composed two operas, which were eminently successful; "The Re-taking of Toulon," and "The Camp of Grandpré." For the composition of the Marseillois Hymn, which was introduced with superb effect in the latter, Gossec has generally enjoyed the credit; but, in fact, Rouget de Lisle was the author of the air, which Gossec arranged, with accompaniments, for a full orchestral chorus.

There is no doubt that Gossec was a warm and enthusiastic revolutionist. He composed the music for the Apotheoses of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau—for the funeral of Mirabeau—and for the funeral hymn in honour of the French Ministers who were assassinated at Rastadt.

Gossec was the author of *The Elementary Principles of Music*, published by the Conservatory, in two volumes folio; and of

numerous Solfeggi, which are inserted in the book of instruction for singing, used in that establishment. His pupils have generally obtained the great prizes at the Conservatory.

Gossec's Music is light, pleasing, and spirited; occasionally evincing fire, and even grandeur in his patriotic compositions. He had never enjoyed the advantage of a regular course of instruction—he had never even been able to avail himself of a journey to Italy; yet he was intimately conversant with the style of the Italian and also of the German masters. His productions for the theatre, the church, and the chamber, are very numerous. Respecting his celebrated *O Salutaris*, the following anecdote has been related:—"In the year 1780, Messrs. Lais, Cheron, and Rousseau, three French singers, were in the habit of frequently accompanying Gossec to dine with M. de la Salle, secretary of the opera, at Chenevières, a village near Paris. The curate of the parish, who was well known to them, one morning requested the three singers to perform in his church the same day, on the occasion of some festival, 'With all my heart,' said Lais, 'if Gossec will write something for us to sing.' Gossec immediately asked for music paper, and, whilst the parties were at breakfast, wrote his *O Salutaris*, which, two hours afterwards, was sung in the church." It was subsequently introduced in the Oratorio of Saul, but not with equal effect. It has also been printed in England.

Gossec was a member of the Institute, and of the Legion of Honour. To a very advanced age he retained, in his conversation, and occasionally in his compositions, all the spirit and vivacity of youth. At the age of 78, he composed a *Te Deum*, in lieu of one which he had produced at an early period of life, but which had been lost in consequence of the manuscripts and plates having been stolen. At eighty-one, he continued to lecture on composition at the Conservatory; and, at ninety, he frequently used to spend a part of his evenings at the Feydeau. He died at Passy on the 16th of February, 1829, having, a month before, completed his 96th year.

### SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, BART.

Sir William Curtis, Bart., was born about the year 1752. He was the third son of Mr. Joseph Curtis, a respectable biscuit baker

in Wapping; he and his eldest brother, Timothy, succeeded to the business. Another brother, Charles, was in holy orders. William and Timothy had an extensive and valuable connexion amongst mercantile ship-owners; during the war they also entered into several lucrative contracts with government; and, consequently, their income derived from trade was very great. In 1776, Mr. Curtis married Anne, the daughter of Edward Carthall, Esq., by whom he had several children. Previously to his marriage, he was connected with politics in the cause of Wilkes and liberty, and at that time was intimate with the Rev. J. Horne, afterwards Horne Tooke. He was a freeman of the draper's company. In 1785 he was chosen Alderman of Tower Ward, in 1788, he served the office of Sheriff; and, in 1795-6, that of Lord Mayor. In 1790, 1796, 1802, 1806, 1807, and 1812, he was returned one of the representatives in Parliament of the city of London; but, at the election in 1813, he was out-voted, and found himself under the necessity of accepting a seat for the borough of Bletchingly, obtained for him, it was said, by the interest of a very great personage. At a subsequent period, however, he was again a successful candidate for the city, from the representation of which he retired some years since.

For the services he had rendered to government, Mr. Curtis was, on the 23d of December, 1802, created a baronet, designated as of Culland's Grove, Southgate, Middlesex. Excepting upon the question of the property-tax, Sir William almost invariably voted with his Majesty's Ministers. Many years since, he entered into the banking business, in partnership with the Robert's family; and the concerns of the house have been very extensive, having had large shares in many loans, and keeping many of the first mercantile accounts. On the death of Sir Watkin Lewes, in 1821, Sir William removed from the Tower Ward to that of the Bridge-without.

Sir William Curtis was, for many years, an esteemed favourite of his present Majesty. Indeed, he appears to have been a favourite with all who knew him; even with those who differed from him in politics. His character for integrity stood high; his con-

vivial and facetious disposition rendered his company every where acceptable; and although hundreds of ridiculous jokes have, from time to time, been fathered upon him, he is well known to have been a man of good information, extraordinary shrewdness, and great knowledge of the world.

Sir William Curtis was president of the Artillery company, and treasurer of the Orphans' Fund. At the time of his death, he was, what is termed, the Father of the City; a post of honour in which he was succeeded by Sir Richard Carr Glyn.

Sir William had been some time ill; and he died at his marine villa, Ramsgate, on the 18th of January; having only six days survived his brother, the Rev. Charles Curtis, rector of Solihull, Warwickshire, and of St. Martin's, Birmingham.

#### THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

The Most Noble Amelia Anne, more usually recognized by the assumed pre-nomen of Emily, was the only daughter of the Right Hon. John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, by his second wife, Caroline, daughter of William Conolly, of Stratton Hall, in the county of Strafford, Esq., by Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Strafford. Her Ladyship was born on the 17th of March, 1771. On the 9th of June, 1794, she was married to Robert, then Lord Castlereagh, who became, on the decease of his father, in 1821, second Marquess of Londonderry; with whom, until the time of his Lordship's decease, on the 12th of August, 1822, she enjoyed a life of conjugal affection and happiness, rarely, if ever surpassed. The Marchioness was regarded as a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion; and, what was infinitely more to her honour, she was respected, esteemed, and beloved for the best and most amiable qualities of mind and heart. Her Ladyship died somewhat suddenly, on the 11th of February. The immediate cause of her death was cramp, which seized her first in the feet, and thence rapidly ascended to the stomach. A portrait of her Ladyship, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, appeared in No. 16 of *La Belle Assemblée*.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WITHIN the last week, the weather has taken a most favourable turn, daily and nightly exhibiting, without change or variation, in full measure, the benign and genial influence of the English climate. The wind has remained steady in the warm and kindly south-west, producing frequent showers to cool and fructify the parched earth, with occasional soaking rains, which penetrated the roots of all vegetables. The sudden improvement in vegetable life, and in the colour, from a dingy yellow, and rufous mixture, to a deep, glossy, and burnished green, has been most striking. It remains to be proved whether this auspicious change has come sufficiently early to indemnify the country for the disadvantages necessarily to be expected from one of the severest of our vernal periodical visitations. In France, the prayers for rain were most opportune, the precious boon has been obtained.

Throughout full three parts of the last month, a most critical season, little or no progress was made in the crops, unless indeed towards disease and deterioration. This is to be understood with respect to the grass, the latter sown spring corn, the wheats upon poor land, and the beans, peas, and spring tares. As to the wheats on poor uplands or clays, they have been so stunted and weakened by drought and cold parching winds, that it is the general opinion they cannot possibly yield a good crop, whether of corn or straw. Perhaps our expectations from even the best wheat lands are full sanguine. No doubt that wheat endures dry weather with less damage than any other grain—that it even succeeds best, and is most productive, under a dry temperature; but this ought to be understood of a wholesome temperature, and not infectious from parching and blighting winds. Some of our finest and most forward wheats were in ear, and progressing towards the flowering progress, during the continuance of the cold northerly winds, and it is scarcely possible that these wheats, however luxuriant and vigorous, could remain unaffected, or indeed escape considerable damage. On the whole, however, the best lands, whether under wheat or early sown spring crops, afford rational hopes of a productive harvest, towards which consummation, the late and present genial temperature has no little contributed.

The vicissitudes during the last and present year, between the extremes of moisture and drought, inundation and parching, have pressed heavily on the cultivators of the soil, already sufficiently burdened with disadvantages of another description. The hay harvest became general in the beginning of the month, and, upon the best meadows only, has proved moderately successful: on all inferior lands, the swathe has been so insignificant in weight, as scarcely to repay the expense of cutting. This misfortune has extended to the usually moist climate of our south-western counties, and to Ireland. Scotland seems to have been more fortunate; and the watered meadows in all parts form an exception, beside the advantage of their producing hay of a superior quality in a dry season. Watered meadows, however, bear a very small proportion in extent to the grass lands of the country. In many distant counties hay-making is customarily late: in such, perhaps, from the rains which have fallen, the produce may be more considerable. Hay has necessarily risen in price, and as, from the failure of the grass, the old stocks, both of hay and straw, have been in a constant state of consumption, those articles must be in request, and dear throughout.

The clovers, artificial grass seeds, and spring tares, with the late-sown spring corn, all wore a miserable, stunted, and blighted appearance, until the change of temperature occurred, and it seems the general opinion that it occurred too late. Of that, however, we shall be better able to judge in the next Report. The winter tares are said to be a fair crop. Of the beans and peas, the accounts are extremely variable; but in the famous pea country, Kent, that pulse is said to wear a very favourable appearance. It was not possible that the hops should escape the effects of the late season, so favourable to the generation, *equivocal* or otherwise, of insects; the consequence is, holding that article on speculation. The dry weather was, in one respect, favourable; it enabled the farmer to clean his turnip fallows, and they have been generally in a very fair state for the reception of the seed, accompanied by the fortunate circumstance of showery weather succeeding. Sheep shearing commenced too early for the health of the sheep, considering the extreme coldness of the season, a too usual error. It certainly could not be accelerated by any want of wool, for which there is even less demand than ever. British wool, the short species particularly, seems to have lost its ancient repute; the why and the wherefore is then a subject imperiously demanding a thorough investigation by our flock masters. In this view, the boasts we have lately read in the newspapers, of yearling South-Down rams judged to weigh eighteen stones dead weight, have no little surprised us. If size and weight of mutton be deliberately preferred, in point of profit, to fine quality in the wool, where is the just ground of complaint? In adverting to the state of lands above, it ought not to have been omitted that, as the season advances, the complaints of foulness in the crops of corn increase, the weeds of every description appearing to rival and contend with

the corn for possession, the yellow of the charlock being the most prominent object of vision for many miles. If there be no present remedy for this calamity, what will be the labour and expence of cleaning and renovating a soil, annually seeded and exhausted by weeds of every possible description ?

The cattle markets are reported very differently from different parts of the country. In the North there seems a very brisk demand for both store cattle and sheep; in other parts, in consequence of the want of grass, there is no demand, all persons being desirous to part with their stock. The price of pigs, which had held up during years, beyond all precedent, has at last submitted to a fall of between forty and fifty per cent.; and as the breeders have lately set earnestly to work, that most useful stock may be expected still cheaper. It has ever appeared to us strange conduct in stock masters, who in seasons like the present are so loud in their complaints of want of grass for their sheep, that they should almost universally neglect those artificial grasses which have been so long known to resist drought. We have lately seen pieces both of lucerne and millet, in full luxuriance, whilst the natural grasses beside them scarcely afforded a bite for a sheep. The Rutabagn, or Swedish turnip, so valuable, not only for its superior quality, but for its endurance, is also too much neglected. The loss of sheep by the rot in the south-western districts, is said to amount to upwards of one hundred thousand; and in Lincolnshire and the Fens, perhaps to nearly an equal amount; yet hitherto we have experienced no want of sheep, whether store or fat; and our markets are all abundantly supplied with beef and veal. As to the rot in sheep, every shepherd ought to know his doom, from which there is no possible exemption. *Prevention* only is available. Canine madness and the sheep-rot have ever been *opprobria*, and so, as far as can be rationally determined, will ever continue. Quackery, however, has always been a profitable trade, and, in all probability, will continue likewise. The horse market is precisely in *statu quo*, overrun with ordinary horses, with scarcely the relief of an individual worth the purchase. The import of cart horses still continues on the coast of Kent, but, it is said, of an inferior quality.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 5s. to 6s.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Dairy Pork, 5s. to 5s. 2d.—Rough fat, 2s. 2d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 44s. to 82s.—Barley, 25s. to 36s.—Oats, 9s. to 33s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 48s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 112s.—Straw, 36s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 23s. to 35s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, June 26th.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**SUGAR.**—The sugar market has remained in a very languid state all the week; the total sales do not exceed 1,700 hhds. and tierces; the prices are in several instances a shade lower, but no further reduction can be stated. The stock of refined sugar is on a limited scale: there can be no further decline stated in the prices. By public sale, yesterday, 10,539 bags, Mauritius sugar, a good parcel, and the whole sold with more than usual briskness; the good brown sugars 47s. 6d. a 43s. sold at a small reduction: all the other qualities at very full market prices. In Bengal and Siam sugars, no sales are reported. In foreign sugars, several parcels of new yellow are reported to be sold 29s. a 32s. The only purchases of Brazil is a parcel of low to middle yellow Bahia, 19s. a 23s. There is no alteration in West-India molasses; some sales of good Demerara are reported at 23s. and very old landed 21s. 6d.

**COFFEE.**—The coffee market continues steady in price, but without briskness. The British plantation coffee has gone off heavily, but without any decline in the currency.

**RUM.**—The demand for Rum continues limited, there is reported considerable orders for export, yet the prices are so limited that they are not executed, on account of the general expectation of lower prices.

**BRANDY AND HOLLANDS.**—In Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The tallow market has been steady all the week, and there is rather more firmness. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 4½.—Rotterdam, 12. 4½.—Hamburg, 13. 14½.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 7.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 49. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0¾.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0¾.—Oporto, 45. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 24.—Bahia, 32.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 292*l.*—Cove-  
ntry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 110*l.*—Grand Junction, 301*l.*—Kennet and Avon,  
27*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 467*l.*—Oxford, 680*l.*—Regent's, 23½*l.*—Trent and Mersey,  
(¼ sh.), 790*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 270*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 85½*l.*—West  
India (Stock), 134*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 112*l.*—Grand Junction, 51*l.*—  
West Middlesex, 70*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½*l.*—Globe, 150*l.*  
—Guardian, 23½*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 195*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster  
Chartered Company, 51*l.*—City, 187½*l.*—British, 12 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of May, to the 22d of June, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPER-SEDED.

Everist, J. and R. Smith, Kent-road, coal-merchants  
Roper, P. H. Manchester-street, dealer  
Martin, M. and Bernard, Regent-street, paper-stainers  
Masters, J. sen. and J. Masters, jun., Cirencester, brewers  
Peaker, R. Mirfield, shopkeeper

### BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 130.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Ardie, J. M. Hunsdon, master-mariner. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)  
Appleton, J. and J. B. Broomfield, London-road, porkmen. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street)  
Ashley, H. Watford, bookseller. (Casterton, Lothbury)  
Bowly, W. Birmingham, hosier. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs, Birmingham)  
Baiber, J. Alfreton, inn-keeper. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Hall, Alfreton)  
Bernard, A. Chatham, victualler. (Wild and Co., College-hill)  
Brentnall, B. Ashton, miller. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Hayes and Co., Hales-Owen)  
Bennett, J. J. Plymouth, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
Betterton, T. A. Ampney Crucis, seedsman. (Crouch, Southampton-buildings)  
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)  
Brown, R. H. Vauxhall-walk, hackney-coach-master. (Reilly, Clement's-inn)  
Brown, N. and A. Wallington, Aldersgate-street, coach-proprietors. (Wadson and Co., Austin-friars)  
Badcocke, H. Wells, mercer. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Welsh, Wells)  
Bushill, S. Coventry, builder. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry)  
Dirks, J. Barnsley, druggist. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Clarke and Co., Barnsley)  
Birks, T. P. and H. White, and J. H. A. len, and A. Sillitoe, Newcastle-under-Lyne, silk-throwsters. (Hall, Gt. James-street; Dent, Hanley, and James, Bucklersbury)  
Brooks, C. Tonbridge, linendraper. (Fisher, Walbrook)  
Beville, T. Pall Mall, tailor. (Bodenham, Furnival's-inn)  
Bruin, R. Blaby, baker. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn-place; Stone, Leicester)  
Bayley, W. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth, Macclesfield)  
Browne, A. I. Jewin-crescent, money-scrivener. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone)  
Barnett, J. Leeds, woollen-draper. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Smith and Co., Leeds)  
Button, T. Sudbury, tanner. (Dixon and Co., New Boswell-court; Ransom, Sudbury)  
Buisson, Joseph Marie Ursule la Rigaudelle du, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Spencer, St. Mildred's-court)  
Bramall, B. Manchester, tavern-keeper. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)  
Baxter, J. Gould-square, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. (Shepard and Co., Cloak-lane)  
Erowne, J. Leeds, merchant. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Moore, Leeds)  
Bessey, J. B. Gt. Yarmouth, merchant. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Crickmay, Gt. Yarmouth)  
Cook, S. Alie-street, upholsterer. (Warrant, Austin-friars)  
Chorley, J. Little Bell-alley, woollen-draper. (Arnott and Co., Temple)  
Clarke, T. Limehouse, corn-chandler. (Burford, Muscovy-court)  
Coe, J. W. Bath, silk-mercier. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)  
Coleman, C. Bury St. Edmunds, iron-founder. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds)  
Carle, E. de, Norwich, grocer. (Brunton and Co., New Broad-street; Rockham, Norwich)  
Carter, T. Oxford, pastrycook. (Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford)  
Chapman, J. sen. Frome Selwood, clothier. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome Selwood)  
Clements, C. Liverpool, brewer. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Curry, Liverpool)  
Clark, T. North Shields, ship-owner. (Lowry and Co., Finner's Hall-court; Lawry, North Shields)  
Davis, J. Whitechapel, silk-dyer. (Whittington, Dean-street)  
Davey, W. Bude, merchant. (Goode, Guildford-street; Shearm, Stratton Dorrington, J. Birmingham, brass-founder. (Chilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Benson and Co., Birmingham)  
Davies, R. Llanfurog, shoemaker. (Leigh, George-street; Lloyd, Ruthin)  
Doudney, J. Lombard-street, tailor. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)  
Davison, J. and C. Gould, Goldsmith-street, silk-warehousemen (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)  
Elliott, G. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Edmunds, Cook's-court; Carter and Co., Coventry)  
Everett, C. New Broad-street, merchant. (Freemans and Co., Coleman-street)  
Evans, W. Sheffield, miller. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings; Hoyle, Rotherham)  
Fleischmann, P. C. and J. B. Birmingham, merchants. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Haywood, Birmingham)  
Ferraud, W. York, plane-maker. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York)  
Forsyth, J. Goswell-road, carpenter. (Minchin, Harpur-street)  
Foreman, P. St. John's-street, corn-factor. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn)  
Fisher, J. Great Bridge, Stafford, iron-merchant. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Holyoake and Co., Wolverhampton)  
Grace, F. Manchester, tailor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester)  
Groot, J. de, Wood-street, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple)  
Germain, J. Plymstock, block-maker. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chapan, Devonport)  
Greatbatch, W. jun. Stoke-upon Trent, manufacturer of earthenware. (Price and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bishop, Shelton-hall)  
Green, A. Warkton, dealer. (Oyton, Milman-street; Lamb, Kettering)  
Garbutt, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Walsley, jun., Hull)  
Harper, E. and R. Caster, jun., Coventry, ribbon-manufacturers. (Edmunds, Cook's-court; Carle and Co., Coventry)  
Harris, J. Bermondsey, needle-maker. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett, Birmingham)  
Hall, J. Worcester, veterinary surgeon. (Eecke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester)  
Hodgeson, E. Bath, dealer. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Bath)  
Halls, J. A. Barnstaple, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter)  
Herts, B. Bevis Mark, merchant. (Norton, Jewin-street)  
Humphreys, C. Christchurch, Surrey, timber-merchant. (Benton, Great Surrey-street)  
Hartnell, W. Bristol, slate-merchant. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Leman and Sons, Bristol)  
Hoskins, J. and J. Baird, St. John's-square, watch-manufacturers. (Hodson and Co., King's-road)  
Irvine, G. Jun., New Shoreham, timber-merchant. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)  
Jones, T. Gardden, ironmaster. (Milne and Co., Temple; Roberts, Mold)  
Johnson, G. Watford, farmer. (Robinson and Sons, Half-moon-street)  
Ince, T. King's Newton, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby)  
Kay, R. and T. Vallet, Bolton-Je-Moors, agents. (Barker, Gray's-inn-square; Woodhouse, Bolton-Je-Moors)  
Loy, W. Sheffield, meat and flour-seller. (Knowles, New-inn; Wheat, Sheffield)  
Large, T. Wells-street, carman. (Brooks, Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
Lycett, E. Nelson-street, bookbinder. (Shoubridge, Guildford-street)  
Marchant, J. Minchinhampton, inn-holder. (Dax and Son, Lower Eedford-place; Stone, Bradford)  
Merrell, E. Clement-lane, tailor. (Ogden, St. Mildred's-court)

- Martin, J. Loughborough, grocer. (Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Fosbrooke, Loughborough)
- Mason, T. Gt. Russell-street, Bloomsbury, bookseller. (Shepherd and Co., Clo-k-lane)
- Mayhew, T. jun. Pancras-road, victualler. (Teague's, Cannon-street)
- Nunney, W. Notting-hill, builder. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook)
- Oxley, J. Barnsley, butcher. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Clarke and Co., Barnsley)
- Ormerod, R. and J. Lees, Manchester, and Seacombe, iron-founders, &c. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
- Ormerod, R. Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester)
- Orme, M. Manchester, cotton-twist dealer. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester)
- Paris, G. J. Bristol, victualler. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)
- Price, J. J. Wentworth-street, pawnbroker. (Lewis, Ely-place)
- Perrin, J. F. Old Broad-street, merchant. (Thomson, Walbrook)
- Paterson, F. Birmingham, grocer. (Burfoot, Temple; Page, Birmingham)
- Pike, J. and J. Clark, Frith-street, upholsterer. (Hamilton, Southampton-street)
- Perks, Z. W. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, and King-street, Islington, grocer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
- Penington, J. Liverpool, money-scrivener. (Jones, John-street, Bedford-row)
- Richardson, F. Camberwell, dealer in cement. (Becke, Northumberland-street)
- Rose, W. T. Dean-street, agent. (Casterton, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Renshaw, C. and T. Renshaw, Nottingham, hosiers. (Knowles, New-inn; Hursi, Nottingham)
- Rideing, J. and W. H. Liverpool, merchants. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdesley, Liverpool)
- Rawlins, T. G. Upper St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper. (Chippendall, Coventry street)
- Rooth, S. Smith-Moor, dealer. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Hall, Alfreton)
- Richardson, J. Glamford-Briggs, stationer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Glamford-Briggs)
- Read, J. Warre, victualler. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Harper, Shropshire)
- Spence, H. Deritend, currier. (Roe, Gray's-inn; Crump and Son, Birmingham)
- Slater, J. and B. Liverpool, timber-dealers. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool)
- Sneade, F. Chester, broker. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)
- Sampson, J. Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, linen-draper. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Henning, Weymouth)
- Stevens, John, Plymouth, ship-owner. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
- Stevens, James, Plymouth, culm-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
- Stevens, John Lee, Plymouth, coal-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
- Stokes, W. and S. Liverpool, merchants. (Pritt and Clay, Liverpool)
- Shrowl, J. Shepton-Mallet, draper. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Phipps and Co., Shepton-Mallet)
- Smith, W. Tealby, paper-manufacturer. (Fyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Rhodes, Market Rasen)
- Septon, G. F. Liverpool, iron-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool)
- Sparks, S. Crewkerne, banker. (Pain, New-inn; Muriy, Crewkerne)
- Sandford, N. Salford, bleacher. (Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Co., Manchester)
- Serjeant, J. Weston-super-mare, grocer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol)
- Todd, J. Oxford-street, ironmonger. (Chester, Melina-place)
- Thompson, J. Guisborough, currier. (Carter and Co., Lord Mayor's Court Office)
- Tickner, W. Wimpole-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Camp, New-inn)
- Tipper, H. sen., Cirencester, timber-dealer. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Whately and Son, Cirencester)
- Tolson, J. jun, Dalton, York, cassette-manufacturer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Moulden, Bradford)
- Wells, R. Nottingham, paper-dealer, &c. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Jaland, Newark)
- Wilson, I. Carlisle, mercer. (Clenell, Staple-inn; Saul, Carlisle)
- Wroe, J. sen. J. Wroe, jun. and T. Wroe, Bradford, worsted-spinners. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
- Walton, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Lee, Coventry)
- Wilmot, G. A. E. Walworth, coal-merchant. (Scargill, Hatton-court Winterbourn, W. Fleet-street, tailor. (Luke, Cateaton-street)
- Whitehead, J. and C. Lad-lane, warehousemen. (Fitzgerald and Son, Lawrence Pountney-Hill)
- Wilkie, J. New-road, St. George's East, merchant. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
- Wood, S. and T. Blood, Lane-end, Stafford, earthenware manufacturers. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Lane-end)
- Woodbridge, J. Dudley, nail-ironmonger. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun. Dudley)
- Wardle, W. and W. W. Wink, Bath, silk-mercers. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)
- Yates, W. sen. J. Yates, W. Yates, jun., and E. Yates, Cleckheaton, cloth-manufacturers. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Brig-house, near Halifax)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. R. Holden, to the Perpetual Curacy of Oldbury, Salop.—Rev. J. Gibson, to be Assistant Minister of the parish church of Sheffield, York.—Rev. J. P. Jones, to the Vicarage of Alton, Stafford.—Rev. J. E. Daniel, to the Vicarage of Weybread, St. Mary, Suffolk.—Rev. G. W. Steward, to the Rectory of Caister St. Edmund and Trinity, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Dickinson, to the Vicarage of Empton Dundon, Somerset.—Rev. T. T. Dolben, to the Rectory of Ipsley, Warwick.—Rev. H. Linton, to the Vicarage of Nossington with Yarwell, Lincoln.—Rev. R. Harvey, to the Rectory of Hornsey, Middlesex.—Rev. O. Mathias, to the Vicarage of Horsfield, and Perpetual Curacy of Horsham and St. Faith's, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Mellard, to the Vicarage of Caddington Beds.—Rev. J. C. Prosser, to the Living of Newchurch, Monmouth.—Rev. D. Felix, to the Vicarage of Llanilar, Cardiganshire.—Rev. J. M. Edwards,

to be Chaplain of the ship in ordinary, at Portsmouth.—Rev. H. Bolton, to the Rectory and Parish Church of Ashby and Obey with Thirne, and to the Vicarage of Docking, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Bathurst, to the Rectory of Hollesley, Suffolk.—Rev. L. Tugwell, to the Living of Longbridge Deverill, Wilts.—Rev. W. Ricketts, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland.—Rev. E. Jacob, to be Vice-President of King's College, New Brunswick.—Rev. J. G. Dobree, to the Rectory of Fleet Marston, Bucks.—Rev. G. Coldham, to the Rectory of Pensthorpe, Norfolk.—Rev. S. H. Banks, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowlinge, Suffolk.—Rev. J. W. D. Merest, to the Vicarage of Staindrop, with the Rectory of Cockfield annexed, Durham.—Rev. S. Smith, to the Rectory of Combeforey, Somerset; and to the Vicarage of Holberton, Devon.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has granted the dignity of Baron unto the Right Hon. William Draper Best, Knt., by the title of Baron Wynford, of Wynford Eagle, Dorset.—Sir James Scarlet has been appointed Attorney-General; Mr. Sugden Solicitor-General,

and knighted;—and Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal has been also appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in place of Sir W. D. Best.—Earl of Rosslyn to be Keeper of the Privy Seal.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

May 21.—The Lord Chancellor stated in the House of Lords, that one of the highest\* officers in the Court of Exchequer had for many years lived in Yorkshire, with a salary of £5,000 per annum, while all his duties were performed by a deputy who had £500 or £600 a-year!

23.—Captain Ross left Woolwich in his steam-vessel the *Victory*, with which he is about once more to attempt the discovery of the North-west Passage, at his own expense.

25.—A further sum of £150,000 voted in the House of Commons towards completing Buckingham Palace. †

— The three days' sale of West's gallery of pictures terminated, producing 25,000 guineas; 15,000 persons had attended the sight of them on occasion of the sale.

27.—The New Bazaar, Oxford-street, totally destroyed by fire.

June 1.—The Duke of Orleans, and his son the Duke of Chartres (recently arrived from France), conducted through the apartments of Windsor Castle, and through Windsor Park, by his Majesty. The Duke of Chartres is to make the tour of England, the Duke of Orleans returning to France. ‡

\* "Name him! name him!" said Lord Eldon. "Oh," retorted the Chancellor, "his name is —, but you all know who he is!" So the matter ended without the public knowing who he is. However, Lord Thurlow, just dead, possessed many offices, producing about £12,000 per annum, some performed by deputy, and some almost sinecures; for instance, Register of the diocese of Lincoln, Clerkship of the Hanaper, Patentee for making out Bankruptcy Commissions, Clerkship of the Custodies of Lunatics and Idiots, &c. &c. What had his lordship done for this country that he should have been thus paid? or what had these two *reverend* lords achieved who were allowed to reside abroad and spend the money of the *Protestant church* in a foreign Roman Catholic land, until they died? We allude to Earl Bridgewater, lately defunct at Paris, and Viscount Barrington, also lately defunct, at Rome! Both were golden prebends of Durham, and both held parochial livings besides!—Some years ago one of these *reverendissime* said to a friend, "I am so *enquy*, that I will go and play the fool abroad!" He did so, and at length died in the *Elysian Fields!* (*les Champs Elysées à Paris!*)

† From the low, swampy, and disagreeable situation of this building, the French wits of the last century used to characterize it by *le Palais du pot-de-chambre de Londres!*

‡ The noble qualities and exemplary conduct of the Duke of Orleans powerfully atone for the errors of his father, Citizen Egalité. Acquainted with all the anxieties of private life, from his youth upwards, he has not lost the benefit of the lesson, although raised to the most enviable situation of any prince now existing in Europe. At 17 years of age he was a general in the French army, and rallied his troops three times at Genappe, under the command of Dumourier; and during the period of the troubles in France, he was of course one of the proscribed of the house of Bourbon. In the year 1793, he wandered an emigrant amongst the mountains of the Alps, in personal danger, and suffering extreme privations; destitute of friends or succour, broken in fortune, and exiled from his native land. In this exigency he applied to a college near Coire, in Switzerland, for the situation of teacher of mathematics, and, after a competition against several rival candidates, he obtained (at 20 years of age) the appointment by the force of merit, for his rank was unknown, and discharged its duties

June 2.—The Marquis of Blandford's motion in the Commons, for parliamentary reform, negatived: 40 for, and 114 against. "Can there, Sir," said he to the Speaker, "be any thing more monstrous, than that *seven* electors, headed by the parish constable of Gatton, should send *two* members to this house, and that *two* more should represent the interesting ruins and well-peopled sheep-folds of Sarum"!!!

4.—In the House of Commons Sir J. Mackintosh presented a petition from Mr. C. Bucke, of Islington, complaining of the imperfect state of the law for the protection of Literary Property.

5.—The Anatomy Bill, for cutting up Poor People's Bodies, thrown out of the House of Lords. "Parliament had a right to legislate on the *living*, but not on the *dead*," said Lord Harewood; "every man was entitled to Christian burial, and it was not proper to pursue men beyond the bounds of this world"!!!

— The Charities Inquiry Bill passed in the House of Commons, Mr. Brougham observing, that up to 1828, the commissioners had examined 18,000 charities, and that 20,000 more remained to be examined; that their exertions had already increased the available funds of the charities to nearly £600,000! Four years more he hoped would close their labours. Respecting the state of education, it appeared that in 500 parishes in 1818, there were 1,400 unendowed day schools; and in 1828, in the same parishes, there were 3,200 schools. The number of children attending the schools had also greatly increased, it being in

with distinguished ability for eight months. Thence he was driven by the same unceasing persecution to the shores of America; and although he resumed there his own illustrious name, he was not, on that account, better treated among our Trans-Atlantic brethren. When he was afterwards residing at Twickenham, in the year 1816, he was invited to dine at the anniversary of the Society of Schoolmasters, on which occasion he wrote to the treasurer, regretting his inability to attend, but enclosing a liberal donation to the charity. His Serene Highness's letter concluded by observing—"That among the motives which made him feel an attachment to Schoolmasters, was that of having been himself once a member of the profession. It was one of the many vicissitudes of fortune which had fallen to his lot, that at a period of severe distress and persecution, he had the good luck of being admitted as teacher in a college, where he gave lessons regularly for the space of eight months. He hoped, therefore, that the Society for the Relief of Distressed Schoolmasters would permit him to render his mite as a fellow schoolmaster."—There was magnanimity in the avowal. He was not ashamed of his necessities; he had reason to be proud of the merits they developed. The crown of France has been twice tendered to the Duke of Orleans by a numerous, powerful, and active party; and twice he has rejected it with disdain, and remained faithful to his legitimate sovereign and relative. Since the period of the restoration, he has led, at Paris, although a private, yet a most brilliant life. His splendid mansions of the Palais Royal and of Neuilly, are open, without distinction of peculiar favour, to the eminent of all parties; and, not unmindful of the kindness with which he has been treated in this country, he receives our English nobility in Paris with that marked hospitality which does equal honour to his heart and to his taste. He has presented his eldest son, the Duke of Chartres, to the King, who has thus become personally acquainted with three generations of the Orleans family.

1818 about 49,000, and in 1828 about 105,000. The parishes had not been picked out in any particular way, and if the increase on the whole country should be in proportion, and there was no reason to think otherwise, instead of there being only 480,000 children receiving education at the unendowed day schools as there were in 1818, there would be upwards of 1,100,000 acquiring that blessing.

8.—By papers arrived from Lisbon, it appears that Miguel is proceeding in the same unvarying character of sanguinary atrocity, having lately ordered 45 victims to be executed out of 100 prisoners!

9.—A public meeting of the London Missionary Society held at the Rev. Rowland Hill's chapel, when £2,500 was subscribed in support of the missions!!!

— The last meeting of the British Catholic Association held, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. A resolution for dissolving the meeting, and a vote of thanks to Mr. O'Connell, and the great parliamentary advocates of emancipation, were carried unanimously.

10.—The *Ad Montem* fête was celebrated at Eton school, when the usual monkish degrading custom was put in practice by noblemen and gentlemen's sons, of stopping people upon the highway and demanding money!!!

— In consequence of the bill for altering the game laws having been thrown out of the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury said he should be very sorry to see his Majesty's ministers take up this or any other measure that "interfered with the amusement of country gentlemen!" Lord Wharncliffe said, "it was a most important measure of police, and he would not lose sight of the subject, if his Majesty's ministers did not take up the measure in next session."

— Dispatches received at the Foreign Office from our resident at Egina, Mr. Dawkins, dated the 22d of May, announcing the capitulation of the garrisons of Missolonghi and Anatolico, and the surrender of Lepanto, to the Greeks.

— Lord Grosvenor presented a petition to the House of Lords against bull baiting! regretting that this brutal custom should still be continued in any one part of the country!!!

11.—The case of the Leigh peerage decided, by rejecting the claim of Mr. George Leigh.

— Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

12.—A coroner's inquest was held at Willesden on the body of George Mason, a youth aged 19 years, when it appeared that he had really been starved to death: as the verdict of the jury, after commenting upon the horror of the case, was returned, "that the deceased died of starvation and cold"!!!

— Mr. Sadler presented a petition to the House of Commons from Blackburn, signed by about 12,000 persons, complaining of distress, and praying relief. "Tens of thousands, he might say hundreds of thousands, of labourers, were completely pauperized, and sunk into the lowest depths of misery and degradation."\* Colonel Sibthorp supported the petition, and asked what had been done during the whole of the session? Nothing, but that foolish, detestable, and atrocious bill, which gave emancipation to the Catholics.

\* Lord Carnarvon had previously presented a petition from Birmingham (in the House of Lords) signed by about 8,000 persons, on the same subject.

Within the last few days he had received documents from Ireland, corroborating the statements which he had formerly made of the arrogant, insolent, and ungrateful conduct of those who were, in his opinion, devils incarnate—the Roman Catholic priests.

15.—A meeting held at the Crown and Anchor of the master ladies' boot and shoemakers, curriers, and others, interested in the leather trade, when a report was made of the state of their trade, by which it appeared that the importation of French shoes in London only, during the last year, had been "in or about 800,000 pairs!" and that "many masters, who, prior to the Free-Trade Bill, had been in the habit of employing 30 or 40 men, since then had not work for more than 2 or 3!!!"

— Rev. Dr. Free sentenced by the Arches' Court to deprivation of the rectory of Sutton, and condemned in costs, for fornication, for desecration of the church-yard, and stripping off the roof of the chancel, &c.

19.—Royal assent given to the Ecclesiastical Court Officers' Bill.\*

20.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey; 29 prisoners received sentence of death, and 118 transported.

22.—Mr. Hume moved in the House of Commons (alluding to the case of Mr. Wray) for a return of the number of Archdeacons of the Established Church of England and Wales in each diocese, and whether they were resident or non-resident during last year.—Withdrawn. The same day Mr. Harvey said he would next session bring forward a motion for inquiring into the state of all the crown lands.

24.—Lord Hardcastle gave notice that he would next session propose some amendment in the Ecclesiastical Law.—Parliament was then prorogued; the following is the King's speech, read by the Lord Chancellor:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen—We are commanded by His Majesty, in releasing you from your attendance in Parliament, to express to you His Majesty's acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the dispatch of public business, and especially to the consideration of those important matters which His Majesty recommended to your attention at the opening of the Session.—His Majesty directs us to inform you, that he continues to receive from his Allies, and from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of peace, and maintain the most friendly understanding with His Majesty.—His Majesty laments that he has not to announce to you the termination of the war in the East of Europe; but

\* The extraordinary emoluments of officers connected with the distresses of individuals, have been represented as enormous; hence in a petition presented lately to the House of Commons, by Mr. Tighe, it was asserted that the Marshal of the King's Bench, had, in the due course of his fees, accumulated not less than £300,000; and at a recent meeting of the maltsters, it was announced by one of the gentlemen present, that the late Solicitor to the Excise, cleared £20,000 per annum by the emoluments of his office!!!—We find these facts mentioned in the same newspapers in which are recorded the wretched state of our population in the manufacturing districts, and the liberality of allowing a poor man 3 or 4 shillings a-week to maintain a wife and half-a-dozen children!!!

His Majesty commands us to assure you that he will continue to use his utmost endeavours to prevent the extension of hostilities, and to promote the restoration of peace.—It is with satisfaction His Majesty informs you, that he has been enabled to renew his Diplomatic Relations with the Ottoman Porte.—The Ambassadors of His Majesty, and of the King of France, are on their return to Constantinople; and the Emperor of Russia, having been pleased to authorise the Plenipotentiaries of his Allies to act on behalf of his Imperial Majesty, the negotiations for the final pacification of Greece will be carried on in the name of the Three Contracting Parties to the Treaty of London.—The Army of his Most Christian Majesty has been withdrawn from the Morea, with the exception of a small force destined, for a time, to assist in the establishment of order in a country which has so long been the scene of confusion and anarchy.—It is with increased regret that His Majesty again adverts to the condition of the Portuguese Monarchy. But His Majesty commands us to repeat his determination to use every effort to reconcile conflicting interests, and to remove the evils which press so heavily upon a country, the prosperity of which must ever be an object of His Majesty's solicitude.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*—His Majesty commands us to thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year, and to assure you of His Majesty's determination to apply them with every attention to economy.

*My Lords and Gentlemen*—His Majesty has commanded us, in conclusion, to express the sincere hope of His Majesty, that the important measures which have been adopted by Parliament, in the course of the present Session, may tend, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to establish the tranquillity and improve the condition of Ireland; and that by strengthening the bonds of union between the several parts of this Great Empire, they may consolidate and augment its power, and promote the happiness of his people."

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. James's church, T. Gable, esq., to Maria, daughter of the late Sir Christopher Willoughby, Bart.—R. Dering, esq., nephew of Sir E. Dering, Bart., to Letitia, second daughter of Sir John Shee, Bart.—At Hildersham, W. Stutfield, esq., of Tavistock-square, to Mary, only child of John Burgoyne, esq.—At Bramdean, Sir John Maxwell Tylden, Bart., to Miss Elizabeth Walsh.—At Bloomsbury, Rev. W. Brownlow, to Miss Fanny Chambers, grand-daughter of the late Sir R. Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal.—At Mary-lebone, W. Wood, esq., youngest son of Alderman Wood, M.P., to Miss Morris.—At Bath, W. W. Huntley, esq., to Emily Theresa Versturme, eldest daughter of Sir L. Versturme.

#### DEATHS.

At Wilbraham, Rev. J. Stevenson, 92; he had been vicar of that place 67 years, chaplain of Trinity College 66 years, and rector of Allerton 53 years; he was senior member of Cambridge University.—In Fenchurch-buildings, H. Rivington, esq.—At Highgate, near Birmingham, Jane, wife of W. Hamper, esq.—Dr. C. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford.—At Woodstone, Rev. J. Bringhurst, 75; he had been rector of that place half a century.—

In the Isle of Wight, Arthur Vansittart, esq.—In St. James's-square, Capt. S. Erskine, second son of the Earl of Rosslyn.—In the King's Bench prison, where he had been confined since 1813, J. Pytches, esq., formerly M.P. for Sudbury.—At Hammersmith, A. S. Scott, sister of Sir David Scott, Bart.—At Oundle, Mr. T. Haynes, 70, author of several works on Horticulture.—Hon. Henry Leeson; he was drowned in Belvedere Lake, Mullingar, by being suddenly overset in a small boat while talking to his brother the Earl of Miltown.—At Brighton, Lord Thurlow.—At Plasnewydd Cottage, Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler. She was daughter of the 16th, and sister to the 17th Earl of Ormond and Ossory, and aunt to the late and present Marquis of Ormond. For the last 50 years, Lady Eleanor Butler was the faithful and affectionate companion of Miss Ponsonby, at their beautiful retreat at Llangollen. It is impossible almost to describe the feelings of the inhabitants at her funeral; all the shops were closed, business at a stand, and scarcely a dry eye to be seen. All who could afford it were attired in deep mourning. The body was interred in the same vault in Llangollen church-yard, in which repose the remains of a faithful servant, Mrs. Mary Carrol, who accompanied those ladies from the sister kingdom, to their secluded seat, the abode of literature, taste, and benevolence, Plasnewydd, Llangollen.—At Ryde, Hannah Jane, wife of Sir H. Thompson, Bart.—At Winchester, Aaron Fernandez Nnnez, esq.—At Bath, Lady Holbourne, relict of Sir F. Holbourne, Bart.—At Bristol, Adrien Moens, esq., Consul to the King of the Netherlands.—At Craikhope, William Beattie, 95; he lived under the same family from eight years old, and when the Roxburgh Border Society instituted a premium for the oldest servant in their county, it was adjudged to him.—At Ceul, Lady Mackenzie.—At Bath, Sir W. Burroughs, formerly M.P. at Taunton, and many years Advocate-General to the East-India Company at Calcutta, and Puisne Judge at that presidency.—In Portman-square, the Dowager Viscountess Melville.—In Great George-street, Lady Elizabeth Fane, 78, relict of J. Fane, esq., M.P. for Oxfordshire, and sister to the Earl of Macclesfield.—At Cadelry, E. Whittle, esq., 101.—At Northlands, the Rev. G. A. F. Chichester, youngest son of the late Lord Spencer and Lady Harriet Chichester.—At Midfield, Sir J. F. Drummond, Bart.—In St. James's-place, T. Bonham, second son of J. B. Caster, esq., M.P.—In the Isle of Wight, Lady Thompson, daughter of the late Hon. Sir George Grey.—At Sobo, Birmingham, Marian, wife of M. R. Bolton, esq.—At Rosehill, Bath, G. Baker, esq.—At the Manse of Falkirk, the Rev. Dr. James Wilson, 76, author of "A History of Egypt."—The Hon. T. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Le Despencer.—At Cheltenham, the Hon. Sophia Walpole, relict of the Hon. R. Walpole, Minister at the Court of Lisbon.—T. Wilson, esq., merchant in the city, and Consul for Denmark.—At Chester, John Singleton, 97, who rode Lord Rockingham's brown bay filly in 1776, the first year of the Leger.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the Palace Chapel, Malta, T. L. Gooch, esq., son of Sir T. Gooch, Bart. M.P., to Anne Europa, daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. H. Gardner, and niece to the late Vice Admiral Viscount

Gardner.—At the Mauritius, Capt. Barclay, 99th regt., aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Hon. Sir C. Colville, to Elise, youngest daughter of the Marquis de Rune.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, the Earl of Blessington.—At Madrid, the Queen of Spain.—At Wisbaden, the reigning

Duke of Oldenburg.—At Geneva, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart.—At Paris, Prince Hohenlohe, the dealer in miracles.—At Hamburg, Mrs. Hercules Ross, daughter of Sir A. Crawford, Bart.—At Brussels, Elizabeth Dowager Countess of Arran.—At Lima, C. Arundell, esq., 75, of the House of Wardour, formerly of St. Vincent, and latterly of Mexico.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—On Whit Tuesday 2,963 children, and 385 teachers, of the Sunday schools in Newcastle and its neighbourhood, were assembled according to annual custom. A report was made, by which it appeared that there are now connected with the Newcastle Sunday School Union 128 schools, containing 18,076 children, and 2,390 teachers, whose labour is entirely gratuitous!!!

Great improvements are going on at Newcastle. Blackett-street is about to be materially increased in length; a splendid square and crescent are to be erected; and a spacious new carriage road is constructing. A new street, the houses all to be in the old English style, is also contemplated.

The Chamber of Commerce of Newcastle have resolved to operate most zealously in the attempt to procure the removal of the restrictions upon commerce, to the East Indies and China.

**DURHAM.**—The foundation stone of a new bridge over the Tees, at Whorlton, was lately laid by Miss Headlam, daughter of the venerable Archdeacon of Richmondshire.

A young man who was engaged in repairing the roof of Durham cathedral, fell, on the 15th of June, from a height of 78 feet, upon the flags in the chapel of the Nine Altars, and only received a trifling injury.

**YORKSHIRE.**—A very severe contest took place at Northallerton on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of May, for the office of Registrar of the North Riding. The candidates were R. W. C. Peirse, and J. Walton, Esqrs. The former was successful, the numbers being for Mr. Peirse 546; and for Mr. Walton 470; majority 76. The whole number of voters that polled and paired off was 1,156; in 1783, when the last contest took place, only 374 freeholders voted. The qualification for a vote is, the possession of £100 a-year freehold property.

There are in Leeds workhouse, 16 male and 9 female paupers, whose united ages amount to 1,119 years, making an average of upwards of 76 years each.

Selections of sacred music were performed at Sheffield and Wakefield on the 9th and 10th of June, for the benefit of the fund for the restoration of York Minster. The performers all gave their aid gratuitously; at Wakefield £180, and at Sheffield £50 were taken.

It is finally resolved that a rail-road shall be formed from Leeds to Selby, at an expense of £150,000. Application is to be made to Parliament for power.

There were no less than 152 candidates for the mastership of the grammar school at Ripley, in this county, which was given away by the trustees

on the first Tuesday in June. The successful candidate was Mr. Thomas Heslop.

The 18th of June was observed as a day of great rejoicing in York, on account of the cessation of the toll over Ouse Bridge. The toll had existed for 10 years, being laid on to defray the expenses of building the bridge, and it was considered as very burthensome and oppressive. At twelve o'clock at noon, when the toll ceased, a procession of 13 mail and other coaches, with a number of private carriages, &c., passed over the bridge.

On the 13th of June, Huddersfield and its neighbourhood were visited by a most tremendous hurricane. The dust was collected in the streets in such an overwhelming mass, that nothing could be seen, and the passengers were in danger of suffocation.

The Junction Dock at Hull has been recently opened; it has been completed in one year and-a-half, at an expense of £180,000; its water surface is about 6 acres, and it affords accommodation for upwards of 60 square-rigged vessels; a communication is, by this enterprise, now opened (independently of the Old Harbour) with the Old Dock, one of the most capacious in England: the additional quay room, along a line of 720 yards, is another convenience. Perhaps it may be hardly necessary to add that, in addition to the accommodation of the harbour, the Old Dock in superficial measurement covers about 10 acres, and the Humber Dock, including the basin, upwards of 9.—*Hull Advertiser.*

Barnsley has been for several weeks in a state of great excitement. The master manufacturers, owing to a lessened demand for their goods, have given out less work, and in one or two instances there has been a reduction of wages. The result has been, that popular meetings have been held, and the assemblies have been harangued by the disaffected, until the minds of the people have been prepared for any work of destruction; and several thousands marched in a body, threatening summary punishment upon several manufacturers; until at length the magistrates read the riot act, and called the Yeomanry to their assistance; when the meeting gradually dispersed, but not before they had revenged themselves by throwing volleys of stones at the Yeomanry, who received them with great forbearance.—*Leeds Intelligencer, June 4.*

“In consequence of the large and accumulating stocks on hand,” says the *Sheffield Iris*, “most of the iron-masters in the neighbourhood of Sheffield have determined to effect another reduction in wages; and to discharge several of their workmen. At the Elsecar furnace, worked by Earl Fitzwilliam, all the workmen are under notice to leave.”

A numerous meeting of operatives was held, June 15, at Aldmonbury, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the people present :—That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the nation can never become permanently prosperous, until the national debt has become a dead letter, and the public expenditure been reduced to the lowest possible amount.—That it is the opinion of this meeting, that machinery is injurious to the labouring community of this country; and that, inasmuch as it takes away their labour, and thus disables them from contributing to the revenue, it ought to be made to pay its ratio of the taxes.—That this meeting is of opinion that an organised system of co-operation ought to be immediately entered upon, in order to direct the energies of the labouring part of the population, to the removal of those acts of legislature which press exclusively upon them.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, June 18.

LINCOLNSHIRE. — Burringham Warping Sluice opened, May 29th, amidst a great concourse of persons whom the fine weather and novelty of the scene had attracted. The procession, consisting of 8 boats, preceded by the Gainsborough steamer, and an excellent band of music, sailed up the Trent, and shot through the archway of the sluice in gallant style, amid the discharge of cannon, the display of banners and ensigns, and the shouts of the delighted inhabitants of Burringham and the surrounding villages. The sluice is also intended for a navigation, and is allowed to be the completest work of the kind that has yet been erected on the banks of the Trent.

The public attention has been powerfully drawn to a correspondence which has been published between the Bishop of Lincoln and a clergyman of his diocese. The facts seem to be, that a clergyman, who had a family of thirteen children, was obliged to resign a curacy, with the income of which he eked out that of a vicarage of £60 a-year, of which he was incumbent, by a mandate of the Bishop requiring him to do double duty; and since this exercise of authority he finds that a considerable number of clergymen of the same diocese and archdeaconry, who have large incomes\* and more populous parishes than his own, are permitted to perform single duty only. The case, on the showing of the complainant, is very hard on the Vicar. We wait farther information before we decide on such a seemingly cruel case; remarking only, that the late Rev. Earl of Bridgewater, and the Rev. Viscount Barrington, *cum multis aliis*, were not so strictly looked after!

June 12. Arrived in the river at Lincoln, a London trader, and the sloop Blessing, of 75 tons, with cargoes; thus rendering Lincoln a port! The goods brought by these vessels were delivered in the town with the honours of music and banners.—*Lincoln Mercury*.

DEVONSHIRE.—In the Report of the Committee of Accounts made to the magistrates of this county, on the subject of the alarming expenses for criminal jurisprudence there, the Com-

mittee remark, "The Judges of Assize, as well as the chairman of the Quarter Sessions, have had frequent occasion to lament the trifling offences for which prisoners are brought before them for trial; and your Committee are of opinion, that nothing can be more detrimental to the general welfare, than the commitment of persons for trivial and insignificant offences, by which no example is offered to the public, and the individual returns to society corrupted by an intercourse with more hardened offenders in a gaol [frequently kept *six* months *before* trial!!!] and often deprived of the means of obtaining an honest livelihood by the stigma which a commitment fixes indelibly upon his character."

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The several Sunday schools assembled, as usual, at Worcester, on Whit-Monday, and went, in procession, to their respective places of worship, at each of which, addresses were delivered to nearly 3,000 children, and they were afterwards regaled with tea and cake. On Whit-Tuesday, also, 1,400 children belonging to the schools of the different denominations of dissenters, at Kidderminster, walked in procession to the Old Meeting House.

HEREFORD. — Last week, Dr. Symonds, of Hereford, caught a salmon in the Wye, which proved to be an old fish that had not spawned, though the belly was full of spawn, a very unusual occurrence, we believe, at this period of the year. The salmon are now more plentiful in the Wye than they have been for the last thirty years, a convincing proof of the obstruction the late Wear offered, and the benefits which have resulted from its removal, which every succeeding year will probably increase.—*Hereford Journal*.

The fine spire of Ross church has been completely restored to its original beauty; and no doubt will, for many years, continue to grace the landscape, and perpetuate the munificence of the "Man of Ross," and the good taste of those under whose superintendence the necessary repairs have been completed.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. — After 12 years of litigation in the Court of Chancery, between Corpus Christi college, Oxford, and this parish, we have much pleasure in informing our readers that there is now a fair prospect of the suit being terminated by an amicable arrangement, and the funds arising from the ancient grant of Richard Pates, being applied to the purpose originally intended. Great thanks are due to the committee appointed by the parish to promote this desirable event, and we hope their praiseworthy exertions will be rewarded by the speedy formation and endowment of a free grammar school in Cheltenham, which shall be equal to any in the kingdom.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

On Whit-Monday the 24th anniversary meeting of the Bristol Methodist Sunday Schools was held at that place, when 1,600 of the children assembled at the Ebenezer chapel. From the statement read, it appears that the committee have at present under their care 19 schools, containing 2,960 children; there are nearly 500 teachers and superintendants, who all act gratuitously, and some of them subscribe besides to the fund. Since the formation of the society, in 1804, upwards of 31,000 children have been admitted into the schools!!!

\* It appears from a late analysis, that the grand total of benefices, dignities, and minor canonries, in England and Wales, is 12,200; that they are divided amongst 7,669 persons, of whom 3,853 hold one preferment only; 3,304, two; 370, three; 73, four; 38, five, 13, six; 4, seven; 1, eight; 2, nine; and 1, fifteen!!!—*Clerical Guide*.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Extensive remains of a Roman villa, and other highly interesting Roman antiquities have been recently discovered at Littington in this county.—*Cambridge Chronicle*, May 29.

**NORFOLK.**—The first sea-vessel built in Norwich was launched from the yard of Mr. Batley, May 28; the ceremony was attended by thousands of spectators. The vessel, named “The Spring,” is of 108 tons admeasurement.

The foundation stone of New Fye Bridge, Norwich, was laid, June 2, by the Mayor, in the presence of a large concourse of persons assembled to assist at and to witness the ceremony. The mayor noticed, with much satisfaction, the spirit of improvement which shewed itself in this city, not only by the evidence of public works, but also by that of the vast number of houses which had sprung up in almost every part of the civic jurisdiction.

June 8. A meeting of the inhabitants of Yarmouth was held at the Commercial Hall, Quay, for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics Institution in that town, which was unanimously agreed to, and a committee immediately appointed to form rules and regulations for its management.

Great improvements are going on at Lynn; a new market-house is immediately to be built; new granaries are to be erected; water-works are to be commenced; the gaol rebuilding; and a new set of alms-houses are constructing.

**HANTS.**—Some admirable improvements have been effected in the Chapelry of Winchester College, by the restoration of about 3,000 feet of beautiful stained glass, which was commenced eight years ago, and is now completed; the rich and mellow tints emanating from this splendid collection, have a most holy and characteristic effect.

On Monday night (June 8) in the Bourne Mouth Bay, 100,000 mackerel were caught by four boats, and multitudes escaped in drawing in the nets on the Bourne Beach. An equal quantity had been caught a few evenings before, the bay being now full of fish.

At Wadhurst, 28 persons have died, within the last month, of small-pox. Several of these sufferers had had it before; and whose faces, in two or three instances, were actually marked with the disease. Whole families have been carried off by the dreadful scourge, and scarcely a person has sickened with it but has perished, whether old, middle-aged, or young.

May 22. The *Brisk*, and the *Philomel*, arrived at Spithead from the Mediterranean. The latter vessel sailed from Malta on the 13th ult. By these vessels we learn that Count Heyden, with the Russian squadron, is progressively extending his blockade of the Mussulman's dominions, ostensibly to prevent supplies of provisions reaching Constantinople, and to cut off communication between Egypt and Candia. The latter seriously injures our cotton trade from the Nile, and the former is a considerable annoyance to our Levant trade. The Russians have very recently declared the whole of the coast between the Gulf of Saros, and the Gulf of Contessa, to be included in the Dardanelles blockade. This comprehends all the sea-side of Rumelia. When the *Philomel* left Malta, there were one Russian line-of-battle-ship and two frigates retitting, in great haste, to join

the main body of their squadron in the Archipelago. There was not much familiarity observed between the squadrons. The Russians were in constant dread of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's receiving orders to raise all their blockades.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

**DERBYSHIRE.**—The expenses for this county, from Easter sessions 1828, to those of 1829, amounted to £20,530. 5s. 6½d., the principal part of which was appropriated to the support of the criminal law: the county bridges, £1,834. 5s.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The newly-formed road at Scavington St. Mary, near Ilminster, is now traversed by the mail, and other western coaches. This alteration, so creditable to the trust, in the short space of three quarters of a mile, saves no less a distance than half-a-mile! The undertaking was commenced only 4 months since, and has, by energetic superintendence, been thus brought to its present early state of practicable usefulness.

**BERKS.**—In Reading gaol there is a poor staymaker, named Thomas Turbutt, who has been confined in that dreary abode upwards of 12 weeks for a debt of *fourteen shillings!* He has a wife and 6 children under 9 years of age, who are supported by St. Mary's parish, and he himself receives 6d per day from the same source.—*Reading Mercury*.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—On the 19th inst. judgment was given in the Court of King's Bench upon the long pending *Quo Warranto* cause—the King, *v.* John Salwey, Esq., a member of the corporation of Ludlow. It was shewn that Mr. Salwey was a member of such body of less than 6 year's standing; that he was at the time of his admission, and had ever since been, a person not residing *within* the liberties of the borough; therefore the court decided that he was not competent to be a member of the corporate body. It has been the practice of an influential party in the corporation of Ludlow for more than a century past, to choose about two-thirds of its members from *non-residents*, some of them residing at distances of 100 and 160 miles. A most animating scene of rejoicing has been witnessed in the town, such as bells ringing, flags flying, friends congratulating, and liquor distributed in abundance; with numerous placards, exhibiting expressions of indignation at the past usurpation of the corporate rights by *strangers* to the borough. The result of this *Quo Warranto* cause is not the only benefit rendered the town of Ludlow. The income of the corporation is £4,000 per annum, about £900 of which had for many years been appropriated to the use of the bailiffs. Hence large sums of money, intended for the benefit of the town exclusively, were alleged to have been given into the hands of persons *non-resident*, and before but little known in the borough.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, June 5.

**SUSSEX.**—The improvements and alteration in Chichester Cathedral are being proceeded with very rapidly—upwards of thirty men being now employed; and the antiquary, in particular—as well as the admirers of ancient buildings, will be gratified to learn that the whole of the white-wash and yellow with which the walls were bedaubed a

few years since, is now being scraped off. The screen in the choir is put back about five feet, and which, by judicious management was removed, whole.

During the gale on Thursday last, a vessel was driven on the heath at Lydd. No boats could get off to the assistance of the crew, who were, however, all saved and brought ashore through the activity of a fine Newfoundland dog. The surf was rolling furiously, and eight poor fellows were crying for aid, which the spectators could not afford them, when one man directed the attention of his dog to the vessel, and the crew joyfully made fast a rope to a piece of wood, which the dog seized and swam with to his master on shore. A line of communication was thus formed, and the eight mariners rescued from a watery grave.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

STAFFORDSHIRE.—The new rail-road from Kingswinford to join the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal was opened lately, and a locomotive steam engine was started, amidst an immense concourse of persons from the surrounding country. The rail-way is upwards of 3 miles in length. That part of the road along which the engine travels is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in length, at an inclination of 16 feet in a mile. With 8 carriages and 360 passengers, weighing 41 tons 18cwt. the engine proceeded at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. With 20 carriages, 920 passengers, and 42 cwt. of coal, weighing altogether 131 tons 12 cwt. it travelled at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. With a light load it travelled 11 miles per hour, though not half the engine power was laid on.

WALES.—The extensive collieries of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire are all at a stand. There is a general strike among the colliers, owing to the proprietors proposing to lower their wages; the workmen refuse to work, alleging that they cannot support their families at the proposed rate without assistance from the parish. Much distress prevails among the working classes in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, Ruabon, and other parts of Denbighshire, in consequence of the decline of the iron and coal businesses. Some of the men have been hitherto partially employed on the turnpike road.

June 15, Lord Cawdor said, in the House of Lords, "as the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Common Law had been laid on the table, he was desirous of asking the noble and learned lord on the woolsack, whether it was the intention of His Majesty's Government to bring before the House in the present session any measure which might carry into effect the recommendations of those Commissioners? It was desirable the gentlemen of Wales should know what was to be done on the subject."—In reply, the Lord Chancellor said, "That he gave, some time since, instructions to the Commissioners to prepare their reports, and it was soon after made known, by the gentleman who superintended those reports, that some difference had arisen among the gentlemen of Wales respecting the division of Wales into circuits, but there was no difference of opinion upon the principle of altering the present system of Welsh Judicature. A gentleman was then employed to ascertain the true divisions of the proposed circuit, and when that was done a report would be made. Every particle of infor-

mation the Commissioners could furnish should be prepared for the inspection of their lordships, in order that they might legislate upon the subject next session."

At a meeting of manufacturers, in Montgomeryshire, it was lately resolved that it would be beneficial to their trade if the flannel markets were held in Shrewsbury.

SCOTLAND.—The fishermen at Nairn caught in 2 days, with 10 boats, nearly 45,000 haddocks, besides a considerable quantity of skate and cod fish. This take is quite unexampled in the annals of fishing in the north of Scotland. The haddocks, in consequence, were selling throughout the country for several days afterwards at the reasonable rate of 20 for a shilling. A few days since, 4 boats belonging to Portnockie, took a quantity of cod fish, which, when their size is taken into account, is perhaps more wonderful than the foregoing. The number is almost incredible—it was no less than four thousand odds.

Every thing is changed. In the place of Scottish squires riding to London on horseback, with servants behind to guard them from harm, they are now whirled to the capital in the short space of 36 hours. In place of clumsy coasters creeping into creeks at every ominous appearance of the sky, and scarcely venturing to lose sight of land, we have steam-boats that serve all the purposes of bridges, and enable beggars as well as lords to set out on their travels to foreign parts. In London, Dublin, Liverpool, Greenock, the tourist may step into a floating palace, draw on his night-cap, go to bed, and after a sound night's repose, awaken next morning in a different kingdom—thus rivaling the exploits of the hags, who whilom clomb the welkin, mounted on a broom-stick, or the innocent victims they wickedly bewitched, and dropped from the clouds in a far country. The great modern wizard James Watt, has reduced to practice what was merely fabled of Sir Michael Scott. By applying the principle which lifts the lid of the spinster's tea-kettle, machines have been constructed which can pick up a pin and rend an oak—which combine the power of a community of giants with the plasticity that belongs to a lady's fair fingers—which spin cotton and then weave it into cloth—which by pumping sea water and extracting its steam, send vessels across the Atlantic in fifteen days—and amidst a long list of other marvels, "engrave seals, forge anchors, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air." Nor has the moral world remained stationary, while the physical was undergoing such wonderful revolutions. Of a truth the schoolmaster has been abroad, and, in our day, almost every district has its local journal—almost every village its library of useful and entertaining knowledge. The simplest hind has changed his character, and become a unit in the great sum of national sentiment.\*—*Dumfries Courier.*

\* Every thing is changed, indeed! The following short extract is from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, about half a century ago, in March 1771, by the Right Hon. Charles Fox, styled "the Man of the People!"—"I suspect the capacity of the people to judge of their true happiness; I know they are equally credulous and uninformed.... What acquaintance have the people at large with the 'arcana' of political rectitude—with the connexion of kingdoms—the abilities of ministers, or even with their own dispositions?"

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IRELAND, THE ORANGEMEN, AND THE PAPISTS.

SOME weeks since, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges of Ireland, addressed a letter to the Earl of Enniskillen, strenuously recommending that, on the approaching anniversary of the battle of Aghrim, the 12th of July, the usual Orange processions should not be made. The Royal Duke suggested this measure as the best means of avoiding the collisions and disturbances which the enemies of the Constitution would be so eager to turn to its disadvantage; but expressed his desire that this forbearance should not be understood as any departure from the spirit of the Orange Lodges: on the contrary, he additionally recommended their steady adherence to their original principles of conformation as a body. This document was immediately acted upon by the Grand Lodge assembled in Dublin, and a letter was sent to the several Lodges throughout the kingdom, cautioning them against provoking any quarrel or tumult on the occasion.

The 12th falling on Sunday, the Lodges in general deferred their meetings till the following day. In the south of Ireland, the disturbances seem to have been few and trifling; for there popery could find no food for quarrel;—but in the north, where the parties are more equally balanced, the disturbances have been considerable. The Orange Lodges conceiving that they had as much right to meet and march in procession to their churches in the year 1829, as they have had for the last twenty years, assembled as usual, and, in several instances, were attacked, and had to fight their way against papist mobs. Lives were lost, and many persons wounded. The first version of those unlucky rencontres arriving from the Papists, the whole criminality was of course thrown upon the Orangemen: they were charged with having first provoked the insults, and then avenged them, setting the Government at defiance, and taking the country by storm. Later versions, however, have arrived, which describe the attacks as having been made in every instance by the Papists, who assembled for the express purpose of insulting and slaying the Protestants, and who, with the perfect knowledge that not an Orange shot would have been fired from morn till night, if the Lodges were not attacked, came armed with scythes, muskets, and every other weapon which they could procure for the purpose of bloodshed. This is the true state of the case; and if the assailants have suffered, they have to thank only their own rashness and violence.

The principles of our journal are too well known for us to feel any necessity for explaining, when we say that we most unequivocally

lament the whole business. To the Orange Lodges we affix no moral blame. They had a right to make their processions, and they had a right to defend themselves when attacked. Times, bad as they are, have not yet become so bad, that a Protestant must stoop his head for fear a Papist should be offended by his looking him in the face. The will of the popish association has not yet been proclaimed the law for Ireland; nor was it altogether unnatural that when Protestants saw the "great agitator" allowed to march through three-fourths of Ireland, with his green ribbons, his order of liberator round his neck, and his medals of "LIBERATION" in his hands, to be distributed to every rabble leader on his road, a northern Protestant should think that orange was at least as lawful a colour as green, and implied AT LEAST as much loyalty; nor that when Government looked on with a tranquil eye, if not with an admiring one, at the march of a regimented rabble in the South, thirty thousand at a time, shouting Erin-go-brah, and flaunting with the established colours of rebellion, the same Government might look with no very alarmed contemplation at loyal and honourable men in the North, marching to their churches to renew, by something of a sacred pledge, their faith to that Constitution, in virtue alone of which the House of Hanover sits on the British throne. This the Orange Lodges did, this they had done often before, and this we shall persist in saying they had every right to do, unless we shall hear better authority than Lord Plunket's *last* opinion on the law of allegiance. But they have been politically to blame: for we can tell the Orangemen that they have been playing the game of the enemy; that they have done the very thing that the papists and haters of the Constitution desired to see done; and that they will find the result in increased power to hands that are already all but irresistible. They will not have another 12th of July to await for the demonstration.

To the last we will not despair of the revival of the British Constitution. The time must not always be when one hundred and fifty peers will discover, in the course of a minister's harangue, that they had been in Egyptian darkness for the whole course of their lives before; nor a House of Commons cheer the man, who had the effrontery to declare that the "Constitution must be broken in upon." In the spirit of the Duke of Cumberland's letter, we say to the Orangemen of Ireland, keep yourselves firm—keep yourselves together—wait the time—turn a deaf ear to all attempts to sting you into tumult—give up your processions, since they will unquestionably be made a snare to you; but preserve your rules, your formation, and your principles; since by those alone you can hope to retrieve the Constitution of your wise, brave, and religious forefathers. Bide the time, for the time will come.

The true evil of those disturbances may be already traced in the language of those ministerial instruments which are regularly employed to feel the way. Those journals, overflowing with the due degree of horror at "the atrocious resistance of the North," propose that the whole present magistracy shall be instantly put out of the commission, and a "*magistracy dependent on Government*" be appointed; we use the words of this comprehensive advice, extraordinary as they are, coming from quarters lately of the most prodigious sensibility to royal and ministerial encroachments. In other words, the direction of the counties should be taken out of the hands of every man who has a will of his own, and consigned to those who have none but the will of Downing-street, or Bow-street; until the gentlemen of the county are wholly superseded by menials, clerks, and constables. So much for what we once prided

ourselves in, as the "self-government of the counties," or what Blackstone calls, the rectifying and balancing part of the constitution against the aggressions of authority. Other proposals are, for the immediate proclamation of martial law, the immediate disarming of the North, and the immediate extinction of the yeomanry corps! The militia has nearly perished already, and when the yeomanry and the independent magistracy follow, there will be but little more to remove.

But if our general disgust could be deepened, it would be by seeing the miserable race to which we have been sacrificed. In all the magnanimity of popish patriotism, money is the eternal theme; the secret spring of all its movements is in the purse; and the haughtiest threats of public overthrow, or the loudest exultations of popish victory, finish with a squabble on pounds, shillings, and pence. When one of their orators determines to give the world the strongest evidence of his devotion to the "cause of freedom," he gives an episode of the number of guineas his bag will be *minus* by his crossing the channel. When another would soar to the summit of human virtue, he declares that he has not got a single additional brief during the last term. The popish rent is invested in the name of one; the reward of another is to have his electioneering ambition kept free of his proper purse; the Irish patriot, who exhibits here as the vehicle of all disinterestedness, goes to his "Emerald Isle," to play the part of dun, and, among his high-minded friends and future legislators, meets the reception usually allotted to the character. Mr. Æneas Macdonnell battles hard for his weekly pay, and finds it the hardest point of patriotism, that he can get nobody to care whether he is paid or not. Mr. Lawless complains, with the bitterness of a disappointed patriot, that he has got nothing but the nickname of "Honest Jack," and as this will not feed, clothe, or lodge a man even in Ireland, where honesty so much abounds, he feels himself forced to take a step higher in patriotism, and try what can be done for his individual prosperity by his national clamour. He thus states the impediments which still stand between him and the *Estate* which a grateful country will doubtless be ready to purchase for the assertor of its final and complete freedom.

" 'You are all now reduced to *one common level of national dishonour*' — a party has been raised on the ruins of the *majority*; *eligibility* has been conceded, but (as Sheridan said,) like the eligibility of the man to take his dinner in the London Tavern: *eligible, no doubt*, but where is the money? — I ask, where is the means, the instrumentality, by which any *popular* Irishman (I care not *what his religion*) can obtain a seat in Parliament? I answer, with confidence, there is *none*. Therefore, I say to all denominations in Ireland, no longer be *humbugged*; demand in a firm and constitutional tone the *restoration of your Parliament*; demand the right of self-legislation; demand that right, which in a few years raised Ireland to be a *fruitful competitor* with England; demand that right which circulated your country around the globe as a nation of genius and eloquence, of energy and unbounded resources, which won for you the homage of the world, and extorted even the envy of your enemies. I have attended the debates in the Imperial Legislature during the last session, and I will say, *without* the fear of contradiction, that if Lord Wellington and Mr. Peel were animated by the *same* feelings which ever inspired the divine bosoms of my wonderful countrymen, either Grattan or Curran, they *could not*, in the situation they stand, do *any justice* to my country. Can they *bring back* the Irish nobility and gentry to Ireland? Mr. Peel has reproached the Irish absentees. Has he converted them? Upwards of £1,000,000 *annually* are lost to Ireland by the necessary *legalised* absenteeism of some hundreds of the Irish nobility and gentry.—Our first Duke takes up his residence in Pall-mall. Our Marquises and Earls

swarm round the bee-hive of the court. Dublin is the Sidney, and Ireland is the Botany-bay of England. Is Ireland to stand *for ever* thus? Is Ireland eternally to wear the livery, and to stand behind the chair of England? These are the questions O'Connell and Macdonnell *should* be putting to the Irish people, and not the *wretched calculation of profit and loss* which has so disgusted every community in the British Empire."

This is but a sorry tribute to the wisdom of those peace-makers who pledged themselves that Catholic emancipation would satisfy the whole popish body, whatever it might do to the Protestants. The repeal of the Union is in the back ground of the picture drawn by this great political limner. The extinction of the Irish church, which will be the extinction of the last connexion between the countries, will follow with patriotic ease; and though Mr. Lawless may be disappointed of the estate after all, we can assure him that the Catholic bill is as complete a security as any man could desire for every other consequence that the most glowing amor patriæ, and the most craving love of plunder can imagine.

Another agitator comes to complete the list, though, in this instance, the fault is in the party, and not in the individual. The papists are furious with Mr. Shiel for taking a retaining fee from Lord George Beresford on his Waterford election, and the barrister has written a letter of unanswerable length to prove that he was quite right, and the populace quite absurd. Such are the brains of popery on both sides.

But setting apart the hopelessness of attempting to convince a mob of their own folly, and making the attempt in a declaration that would puzzle a professor of contingent remainders, the writer was perfectly authorized in taking his fee, wherever he could get it, and if the spoils were to be raised on the enemy, so much the better. To Mr. Shiel and his party the whole intrigue was a palpable triumph. What was it but a plain acknowledgment by the Beresfords, that they either dreaded popish influence, or required it; and, in either case, that they could not advance a step without it? And what more could party vengeance ask of the proud Beresfords? The lawyer was perfectly right in taking his fee, or twenty fees if he could get them; but what is to be said of the man who offered the fee? We are told that no less than nine of the family *ratted*; that, in short, all its members voted for the popish question, excepting one, the venerable Irish primate. If such be the case, no tears of ours shall weep for the worst popish contumely that can be rained on their heads; let them be forced to truckle to Mr. O'Connell down to their last hour; let Mr. Lawless trample on them; let Mr. Macdonnell offer them the humiliation of his help; and Mr. Shiel, like the devil and the Santon, take their last shilling, and, in the bitterness of their political death, salute them with the gibe, the scoff, and the sneer.

We had looked on Lord George Beresford as a person of manly feeling, narrating, with the natural indignation of a high-spirited noble, the insolent encroachments of faction on the constitution of his country. We had heard him fiercely reprobate the supineness of government: yet, while the words were scarcely out of his lips, at the first moment when he could turn the agents of this faction to his purpose, he allies himself with them, and talks the miserable and exploded cant of "conciliation." The cant is echoed on the opposite side, and all mouths are equally filled with this paltry pretence. But do such men think that the world is blind? Does not every man know that Lord George Beresford means, by "conciliation," his getting a seat in parliament on as easy terms as he can; that his employment of the popish lawyers—the last thing that would have been done by any man of common spirit, in any instance—

would never have been done by him, but with the object of taking off the edge of popish opposition? He may publish his patriotism or his Protestantism in a thousand placards after this, if he likes; but we shall tell him, that he throws away his professions; that, in linking himself with popish advocacy, he has finally taken his side; that he never shall be suffered to be of ours; and that we gladly leave him and his proud and paltry race to the consolations of popery.

We impatiently turn from the conduct of this person, whose individual insignificance scarcely makes him worth our censure, to the document which his trafficking has produced,—Mr. Shiel's letter. Omitting the writer's defence of himself for condescending to accept of a fee from the Beresfords, which requires no defence whatever, his paper is valuable as a statement of the actual system of exaggeration, organized pretence, and fictitious fury, with which the popish claims were sent forward to startle the feeble, and supply high-sounding falsehood to the fraudulent in the legislature. "It was requisite to *marshal all the passions* of the people in that vast array of combined and well-regulated discipline, through which the achievements which have recently taken place have been accomplished. The grand Agrarian revolution was then to be effected. It was necessary to give proof to England, not only of the profound interest which was taken by the peasantry, as well as by every other class of the community, in the restitution of the national rights, but to present evidence of the *organization and the union*, as well as the *strength and fierceness of the popular emotions*."

So says—now that there is no necessity for keeping the secret—Mr. Shiel. Formerly the topic was, the depression and oppression which were supposed to grind the souls and bodies of the seven millions, the sense of insecure rights, the refusal of law, the discovery that they were aliens in their own country, and the other regular common-places of popish agony and oratory. Those were the things that then were declared to put tongues into stones, and rouse the broken-down peasant to mutiny. But now it comes out that the whole of the popular irritation was the work of the haranguers; that the peasantry were still to make the discovery of their own wrongs; and that, but for the speech-makers, not a syllable of the outcry for Catholic claims would have been heard: for the very sufficient reason, that the "grievances" were no grievances; and that, however they might flourish on paper, they never followed the peasant to his pocket, his person, or his ground. This we well knew from the beginning of the clamour; this we fully told; and this the chief abettors of the popish bill knew as well as we. Let the country judge of their sincerity and honour on the evidence of one of themselves.

The letter proceeds to state, that the writer was aware "that nothing but a sense of the necessity of satisfying the demands of seven millions, could induce the government to incur the difficulties which must attend the great national arrangement." In simpler language, that for the purpose of either exciting the British government to break in upon the constitution, or of giving them an excuse for so doing, all means must be employed in Ireland to stir up national tumult. The writer tells us that it was necessary to make the government feel the *preservation of the empire* to be called in question. Now, let our readers look to Mr. Shiel's plain acknowledgment of the means by which this pretended hazard was created. "It was an obvious policy, upon the part of the Roman Catholic body, not only to render the condition of the government uneasy, but *insupportable*, and to *force them, by such means*, to shift their position. The *terrible distractions* by which Ireland was torn asunder; the *mortal feuds* which separated parties, and the *dreadful alacrity* which *we* exhi-

bited to rush upon each other, in all the ferocity of a more 'than civil' encounter, were the results of that *system of agitation*. It became necessary, of course, to put every *expedient of popular excitement into action*. Every spring in the public mind—the mighty engine with which we worked—was touched. All that the fiercest declamation, the most fiery harangues, the most envenomed sarcasm, the most pitiless vituperation could effect, was resorted to. Whoever opposed the claims of a nation was held up to scorn and detestation; reproach and contumely were lavishly and unremittingly poured upon him. A sense of temporary discord was produced, by which the interposition of the legislature was rendered indispensable; and an act of wisdom has thus been extorted." Here at last is plain speaking. Let Ministers look at this and blush. No, they knew it thoroughly before. They knew the whole trickery of the intrigue. But let the poor creatures who followed their tergiversation, and joined in their desertion, the miserable slaves of the ministerial nod, the trimmers and turn-coats, read this, and see to what contemptible contrivances they lent the votes entrusted to them for the rights of their country. We have here the ample, nay, the ostentatious acknowledgment once again, that it was not the people who grieved, but the speech-maker; that the impulse was grounded on no intolerable consciousness of evil among the people, but on the "envenomed language, pitiless vituperation, and fiery harangues" of a little junto of itinerant incendiaries, whose object was to make the "condition of the government insupportable."

The friends of the constitution long reiterated this in the ear of the legislature. They told Ministers, you are giving up the constitution to clamour; the rights of Protestantism to the capricious insolence of popery; the real claims of the people of England to the fabricated injuries of the peasants of Ireland. What you are doing will not give the Irish peasant a single potatoe, nor relieve him of a single sixpence of his incumbrances, nor raise him a single step in the scale; for those things are not to be done by sending a junto of popish demagogues to Parliament. You acknowledge that you break down the constitution, and you break it down for a nonentity; for menaces which you know can never be more than menaces; and for dangers which you equally know to be utterly imaginary.

But the acknowledgment is now fully made, and when we see the weapons that have been suffered to strike down the constitution, the feelings of defect and desertion receive the last aggravation of which they are capable.

To the writer of the letter we can have no hostility. We have looked upon him merely as an advocate, and thank him for this open, though probably unwitting avowal, of the conduct of his suit. Our indignation, our disgust, our undying hatred—for in such a cause hatred is holy—are for the smiling perfidy that betrayed us. Welcome, we say, the open assault, for against that we can be prepared; but may evil, black as their own hearts, wither the base ambition, and smite the pernicious successes of the hypocrite and the slave.

There have been some late rumours of applications to Lord Eldon and the Protestants to join the Ministry, and that Lord Eldon has, as the preliminary to all negotiation, declared his disgust at the idea of sitting in any cabinet of which Mr. Peel is a member. We give Lord Eldon credit for having used the words, for we entertain no doubt of his feeling the sentiment. The negotiation is said to have suddenly broken off; but certainly not on this account, for his Grace of Wellington would have no more compunction in flinging Mr. Peel overboard, than he would have in turning off his footman. He feels well assured, that no public remon-

strance would reach him on the subject ; no one feat of his ducal caprice would be more willingly hailed as an attempt to canvass popularity. The act of justice would have the nature of an act of charity, and cover a multitude of sins.

But we cordially hope that Lord Eldon will disdain all alliance with the present cabinet, let the terms be what they may. From the moment of his entering it, his public uses would be gone ; he would have lost the confidence of Protestantism, and the public respect would vanish from him totally and for ever. The truth is, that the nation has formed an opinion of the Duke of Wellington, against which the slow born popularity of the venerable ex-chancellor would be but as a straw thrown into the fire. The universal feeling would be, that he was duped—brought in to give some specious strength to a tottering administration, and when he had done what was required to keep it alive, insulted and cast out. Is there no moral in the fall of Mr. Peel, or, as the Duke has expressly phrased it, in the “sacrifice of his political existence?” Mr. Peel held a high rank, on the ground of his being supposed the staunch advocate of Protestantism, and on this ground alone, for no man respected him for any peculiar ability. To mention him with the race gone by, the Pitts, Burkes, or Foxes, would be the bitterest burlesque. He was not fit to carry the shoes even of Canning. But it was necessary to destroy this man’s influence ; for his influence gone, his ability was nothing. He was offered temptation, and it subdued his weakness. From that instant all fears of his proving an antagonist were at an end. His apostacy cut away his strength ; and the Duke of Wellington might turn him out to-morrow, and will turn him out the moment he finds it convenient, with as much ease, and as little reason to dread the consequences of the insult, as if the Home Secretary were one of his chambermaids. Lord Eldon is a senator of another rank. To compare his faculties with those of Mr. Peel, would be to stigmatize them.

But if Lord Eldon shall join the Duke of Wellington, he will find himself rehearsing the catastrophe of the Home Secretary, within twenty-four hours after. The coalition will sink him at once, disarm him of his influence, and leave him at the mercy of the Premier. Is there nothing in the fate of Mr. Huskisson ? A man of unquestionable ability, and, as such, only dishonoured by a comparison with Mr. Peel. On Mr. Canning’s death, Mr. Huskisson was the natural leader of the House of Commons. If he had the spirit of a mouse, he would have scorned to ally himself to the declared enemies of the statesman who had raised him from obscurity ; sustained him, in defiance of many obscure circumstances in his story ; made him member for what might have been termed his own borough (Liverpool), and gave him the highest office in his power. But Mr. Huskisson had not the spirit of a mouse, but the spirit of a placeman ; and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington, whom he ought, in all political honour, to have resisted, and whom he would have overthrown in the House of Commons. This no man living knew better than his tempter. He gave way to the temptation, and was instantly shorn of his strength. All the personal friends of Mr. Canning instantly abandoned him, and he was turned into a cipher. His master thenceforth used him as a menial, for a menial he was ; took him to task for his boastings at Liverpool, as unsuited to his menialism ; and forced him to wash down his oratory into nonsense. In three months more Mr. Huskisson would have been sent adrift. But he anticipated his fate. Chagrin did what dignity of mind ought to have done. He felt his humiliation, and to right himself, played off a quarrel

about his conscience ; started, in a fit of theatrical virtue, from the Treasury Bench, and wrote sentimental billets at two in the morning. He was undone. Whether he dismissed himself, or was dismissed by his master, was, to the master, perfectly indifferent. He found no place for repentance. His lachrymose struggles to return and receive his pay, were answered with the haughty scorn of a military despot. "It is no mistake, it can be no mistake, it shall be no mistake," was the sentence branded on him, and he will carry it to his tomb.

One influence more is still to be subdued—the Protestant influence. Lord Eldon, Lord Chandos, and, still more important, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, are to be trammelled in the ministerial nets. We echo but the national voice, when we say to these distinguished persons, that the day on which they shall unite with the present administration, is the last day of their political respect. They will be instantly stripped of their national power, and turned into officials of the man who will suffer no equal. The Duke of Wellington's conduct in the Catholic question has decided his character with the empire for all time to come. If there be one political maxim, that ought to supersede all others in the mind of a protestant senator, it is, that no alliance is to be formed with the Duke of Wellington—" *Delenda est Carthago.*"

Mr. O'Connell has just published an address to the "Men of Clare." His words are another intelligible answer to those tender lovers of the constitution, who, forsooth, "were sure that admitting papists into parliament was the very reverse of lowering the dignity of protestantism," which heaven forbid they should ever do. "Men of Clare," says the Agitator, "the fell incubus of protestant ascendancy, an ascendancy which was as disgraceful to the Protestant as it was oppressive to the Catholic, has been shaken off for ever. It lies prostrate and overthrown." His description of the parties in parliament is a pleasant document to secure the respect of the populace for the legislature.

"There has been a ministerial party in possession of present pay and plentiful plunder ; an opposition party, fed with forlorn hope and contingent expectation. The saints, as they are called, have a party. The owners, oh, profanation ! of slaves in the West Indies, have a party. Every faction had a party in parliament—the people alone have had no party. I go to form a party for the people."

The other labours of the Agitator's life, however, are to be reduced to what, in less lofty phraseology, would seem a rather vulgar result of overthrowing all parties. The Irish populace "shall be able to have meat for their food for at least five days in the week, and plenty of other diet for the remaining two, should they from any motive prefer the alteration." The orator here is guilty of a little subterfuge for the benefit of the English ear. Fridays always, and Wednesdays often, are the fasting days of the papist ; the weight of Popish crime consisting not in eating salmon and turtle, fruits and confectionary, to any amount the opulent papist can swallow, nor in swallowing whiskey to any amount that the populace can swallow, but in beef and mutton. Meat is the deadly sin on those sacred days ; and a beef-steak may cost a thousand years of grilling in purgatory, *unless*, and the exception is incomparable, unless the sinner can lay down the money appointed by the Pope to go into his pocket as the general purifier of all sins. This grand cleanser washes away the profligacy even of eating a beef-steak, and the sinner goes, with his certificate in his pocket, straight up to the gates of Paradise, as unstained, as if he had never done any thing worse than rebelling against his king, and plunging his country into bloodshed and flame.

## THE LATE PROSECUTIONS AGAINST THE PRESS.

WE take it for granted that men of all parties, from the sycophant Whig to the unpurchaseable Tory, are interested in the freedom of the press. Without that freedom there is no longer any security for opinion; and were we to be positively deprived of it, we see no reason to doubt why the next inquisition should not sit upon our thoughts. They make no scruple, in certain Catholic countries, of instituting penal punishments against presumptive thinkers. The Hall of Eblis, and the glass windows in the breasts of the unhappy, are not, after all, such monstrous fictions as our mythological critics would have us believe. Some of our rulers would, no doubt, be glad to realize the fable.

While, however, all men, except those who fear discussion, lest it might approach themselves—are agreed upon the necessity and utility of an unshackled press, they disagree upon the extent and administration of this universally admitted good. It is one of the ingenious blessings of our laws, that there shall always be an admixture of evil, in every legislative benefit; so that we cannot have the pleasure of congratulating ourselves upon the possession of any given privilege without its alloy in one shape or another. If the scales of justice are of the finest equality, they are sure to be committed to a palsied hand, that will destroy the nice equilibrium; if they are falsely constructed, they are consigned, with consistent contradiction, to a firm hand that will carefully preserve their original undue balance. The office of the expounder of the law seems to consist, less in extracting its wholesome properties, than in confusing its ingredients, so that, be the intention of the legislature what it might, it is never suffered to operate simply and satisfactorily. One of the expedients which has gained most favour in the eyes of the law makers, is to leave parts of our code in a state of delightful chaos, so that the statutes, like the books of the enchanter, may be quoted with corresponding effect, at both sides of any possible case. The doubt is the drop of poison in the cup of honey. This is specially the case in all enactments and judicial precedents respecting the press. When an Englishman goes abroad he boasts of the freedom of writing what he pleases in his own land of liberty; when he comes home he acknowledges that he does not know in what that freedom consists, or how far he may proceed in the expression of opinion without subjecting himself to the fearful penalties of fine and imprisonment. It is this absence of definition in the law, and the consequent exposure to the whim and unsettled prejudices of its professors, that provokes the very offences which they affect to repress. If public writers knew the limits of their prerogative, and the amount of their responsibility, we should have fewer libels, and freer discussions. The law itself being of so heterogeneous a character, it admits, of course, all the theories of the various sects and parties that lie scattered through the community. The Whig, whose liberality is like the suspicious patronage of that portion of our fellow subjects whose names are to be found in the roll of the Insolvent Court, objects, according to occasion, nullifying to day the dogma he set up yesterday; and prepared to deny both, should it suit his purpose, to-morrow. A second grade of politicians refers all the mischief to the human corruption of the juries; just as the French sophists accused Machiavel of teaching the art of intrigue to princes, when, in point of fact, it was the princes who taught that admirable

science to Machiavel; so it is not the juries that are in fault in their decisions (occasionally) but the law that renders these decisions, under the direction of the judge, imperative. The juries are but the unconscious agents of the infliction—the mere medium of the wrong. A third class impugn the mode of proceeding by which the press is sacrificed to personal or political malice; as if it were of any consequence whether a man is shot by a pistol or a blunderbuss. All, however, agree that the machinery of the law of libel is defective, anomalous, and insecure; and that the liberty of the public press cannot be said to be guaranteed to the people until the actual boundaries of its extension are legally marked out.

The evidence of history abundantly proves that those nations which have exhibited the most enlarged liberality in the encouragement of a free press, have left the fewest examples to posterity of discontent and divisions in their councils, and rebellions or litigation amongst their people. The taciturnity and darkness of the despotic ages favoured the secret work of insurrection and treason. It was only in the full light of free examination, that the monster physical revolution hid its head. Let not the era of French sentiment, and political hyperbole, be cited as an instance in which the freedom of publication produced the evils of popular anarchy. They never enjoyed a free press in France; it was the chains of the captive that goaded him into that violence and clamour that has been sometimes mistaken for delirious liberty. When Napoleon wavered between the adoption of an armed police or a stipendiary priesthood, he terminated his doubts by exclaiming—"Give me the moral police—the priests—they will cost less, and answer my purposes better." The principle was good, but its agency was not the best. The moral power is at all times the safest. Opinion is the true safeguard for integrity; if a minister be an honest man, he needs not dread the shafts of libel; they will fall hurtless from him—his life and his works will form the best answer to slander. Those whose philosophy is circumscribed, like the perception of the mole, to the objects immediately surrounding them, and who cannot penetrate to the distant utility and ultimate results of enlightened legislation, see one petty danger in the crowd of great advantages attendant upon the unrestricted expression of opinion. We believe it was Sir Joshua Reynolds who used to relate an anecdote of a connoisseur, who would have admired a fine water-piece of Claude's if it had not been for an unlucky speck that he detected in the corner of the picture; he damned all the beauties for the sake of a slight blemish which a touch of the brush would have concealed. The danger which rheum-eyed reasoners discover in a free press, is that it may be wielded to the injury of private character, and the agitation of the public mind. We contend, in reply, that this is an evil which corrects itself; and that it is agitation alone which keeps the public mind pure. Where every man has an equal opportunity of investigation and vindication, the possible injury to individual feelings is reduced to that amount of wrong, which in all states, free or enslaved, will be inflicted by malice or the bad passions of men; but the countervailing influence of that justification, which is rapid and complete in a community of freemen, is the speedy and most secure protection against the assaults of interest or revenge. The temptations to a criminal excess in the exercise of any right, are reduced in proportion as the franchise is confided to the honour of the privileged, who, therefore, incur a higher responsibility in the estimation of society.

Look back upon the annals of mankind, and you will discover in the times of despotism, the names of the despots blackening in the pages of the satirists and historians of their day. They earned the immortal exaggeration of their infamies, by the attempt to crush the publication of their vices. Had they permitted public writers to chronicle things truly, there would have been less acrimony and more truth in the records. It was the abortive rage of the tyrant that aroused the inventive retaliation of his defamers. Who believes in half the guilt that is attributed to the Roman emperors? The tales of their iniquities are magnified beyond all reasonable credence. On the other hand, can a single case be produced in which the slanderer, in a free age, made a convert to his opinions—unless, indeed, when the slandered permitted his intemperance to arm itself in the terrors of the law, to do that which, if he had been unjustly slandered, the voice of the nation would have done for him? *Then*, indeed, people are wont to think that *where there was so much smoke, there must have been some fire*. Did Pitt repel the grossness of his defamers—and who had more of the senseless and brutish class—by appealing to the strong arm of legal redress? Did Eldon ever commit the monstrous folly of admitting that the punishment of the accuser would disprove and blot out the accusation? Did the late Lord Londonderry ever enter a court of justice with a lachrymose petition pinned to his character?—No:—their reputation was deeply seated; sustained with honour, through evil reports and good; and not to be redeemed by the verdict of twelve men, because it was obtained from the universal suffrage of millions.

We have been led into these observations by the recent prosecutions instituted by the Lord Chancellor against two public journals, for the insertion of statements alleged to contain libels upon his lordship. It is worthy of notice that the journals in question are totally dissimilar in character and principles; the one, the *Morning Journal*, being distinguished for its uncompromising advocacy of the Protestant constitution; the other, the *Atlas*, being either wholly neutral upon political questions, or, if tinged by partiality, being disposed the other way. In both these journals obscure paragraphs appeared which Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst took to himself, and proceeded upon. Had his lordship paused to consider, we suspect he would have been slow to appropriate the imputed libellous properties of the vague inuendos upon which he has founded a claim for legal redress, because one half of the country did not understand them, and the other half never thought of his lordship when they perused them. By the hasty interposition of the Attorney-General, however, universal attention has been called to the subject, and all Europe is now discussing the probabilities of a presumption which his lordship himself first awakened. His lordship and Lady Lyndhurst have sworn that the imputations said to be thrown out by the newspapers are false; and the wondering public are only astonished that such distinguished personages should deem it necessary to vindicate themselves from a charge which had never been distinctly, or directly made against them. Even had a positive accusation been unadvisedly brought forward by a newspaper, we should have thought that the dignity of his lordship's character, his elevation in the councils of the state, the weight of his name, and his consciousness of the integrity of his conduct, would have induced him to treat the sneers or malice of his enemies, if he have any, with silent contempt. We should have expected

that he would have relied upon his reputation; and that he would never have descended to the verdict of a jury for a proof of his honesty. But we had formed our opinions by the stern virtues of an old school of politicians; we had been thinking of his lordship's lofty-minded predecessor, who amidst the heartless opprobrium of the basest foes that ever beset a functionary, persevered in his onward career with a true and inward sense of the purity of his life.

Times and parties are, no doubt, altered since the date of Lord Eldon's retirement. A new party has arisen in the state, which, retaining the responsibility of office without the consolations of popularity, is forced into measures of preservation the most repugnant to the genius of our institutions. Let not the country be deceived; let not the people suppose that Lord Lyndhurst's case is merely the assertion of an individual's fame. There are other motives at work; there are other reputations to sustain, and other objects to secure. If our readers will recal the parliamentary proceedings of the last six months, they will be able to trace the origin and growth of that party, which must, sooner or later, abandon the power that accident and the want of co-operation in the sturdy friends of the constitution, have thrown into its hands. That party is the neuter gender in the political grammar. It is neither Whig nor Tory; but, concentrating the worst elements of each, it forms an intermediate purgatory, where the sins of the outcasts of both may be absolved, to prepare the ready tools for the great future of office. The obstruction which mainly stops the passage of arbitrary authority, is a free press; it rears its front, like the impassable Balkan, to the invaders of public rights; and it is, of course, the first impediment against which the cannon of despotism will direct its fire. To whom, then, and to what must be attributed the late proceedings? Do we not see clearly the master cloud under whose motions this storm is traversing the horizon? Shall we not house and cloak ourselves while we may, before the rending elements burst upon our heads? It is wise to take the caution in time; and we say, by all means await patiently the result; it is not far distant; already have the signals of distress been thrown out; and if we can contrive to preserve the press unshackled through the brief exigency, an ultimate triumph awaits our prudence.

By one of those accidental freaks in which Fortune sometimes indulges, Mr. Copley rose by slow and persevering steps from the painter's closet to the enviable office of Attorney General. The family name is yet to be found in the annual catalogue of the Water Colour Exhibition. A seat in the House of Commons is the natural retreat where ministers deposit the rising genius of the bar; and, accordingly, Mr. Copley entered upon the usual parliamentary career of all successful lawyers with the flattering support of the Tory party, under whose banners he enlisted. To follow to his final elevation the progress of the Attorney General, would involve us in subtleties we are willing to avoid; but it must be some advantage to the future historian to know, that Sir John Copley was the violent opponent of Mr. Canning; that, in addition to his own declamatory powers, he superadded all the knowledge, theological and historical, that could be gleaned from Dr. Philpotts' exposition of the Catholic Question; and that, by the aid of those irresistible resources, he established himself as the most acute and philosophical reasoner upon constitutional rights. The integrity of our establishment in church and

state—the principles of the revolution—the whole fabric of the theory by which we guarded the sacred institutions of our forefathers—were with him the objects of a generous and disinterested devotion. The Pope on one hand, and the Whigs on the other, were the Scylla and Charybdis through which he steered, with an experienced hand, the bark that was freighted with the liberties and love of Englishmen. Poor Canning—the dupe of his own impetuosity, the betrayed of his own party, and the scorned of all others—Canning the eloquent, the mistaken, the enthusiastic, sank before the energetic Copley. Then came the water administration, which leaked away like the element from which we draw its title, for want of some solid principle to keep it together. Throughout all those vicissitudes in high places, while the country gazed in astonishment upon the distractions that were bringing ruin upon the kingdom, Sir John Copley maintained his name with unabated glory. That nondescript knot of politicians, who, without a head to direct, or an arm to execute—who, wanting unity of purpose, were perpetually playing at bo-peep between the Corn Laws, Free Trade, and the Catholic Question—that band of straggling leaders, who deserted from one troop without joining another, and yet affected to govern the operations of both—that pitiful, evasive, weak-hearted batch of fribblers, released the country from the bondage of their vacillating control by an act of suicide at the close of the year 1827. The patch-work cabinet being at an end, it became necessary to form a new one from such as remained uncontaminated by the pollution of the events that had followed in such rapid succession upon the death of Lord Liverpool. Then came the new premier, after having previously declared his unfitness for such a station, bringing with him some of the adherents of the conciliation principle in Corn, Cash, and Catholics. The unnatural admixture was fated, like all similar compounds of contradictory materials, to explode. Huskisson, on the point of new modelling our colonial policy, was forced to recede: explanation followed explanation; and, at last, the disasters of the government settled down into a dogma; and it was found that the Duke of Wellington was “A MAN OF DECISION,” and was not to be bearded by the underlings of office, or the independent supporters of the crown. Yet Sir John Copley was the idol still; unspotted and unsuspected. But the determination of the premier to prove that he possessed decision, led to results for which the nation was little prepared. “Do you dare me to break your head?” is the petulant phrase of the passionate schoolboy, who, not satisfied with having his courage and strength admitted by his fellows, must needs give them a practical proof of his superiority to the vulgar. “Do you dare me to carry the Catholic Bill?” exclaimed the Duke, although nobody had ever thought of exciting him to such an extremity, or provoking him to so extensive a test of his power. Then came the season of panegyric without attachment; obedience without confidence; and apostacy without conviction. The survivors of the Grenville faction were to be seen loitering about the doors of the Treasury, and even the haters of the aristocracy were to be found bandying compliments with their masters in the passages of the House of Peers. Radicals were thrown into ecstasies, reformers chuckled, Lord King leered at the bench of bishops, and the bishops smiled upon the mob. The whole body of the legislature, lords and commons, were thrown into confusion. Some gentlemen strayed accidentally from the

opposition to the treasury benches, and all orders were confounded. Catholic agitators sat within the bar; and the gallery was filled by the grateful *canaille*. Men did not know where to find their friends, or trace the scattered adherents of their party. Those who had bound up the rods had disappeared, and the individual fragments were flung promiscuously upon society, to be picked up as they might be wanted. The most favourable moment for making a breach in a citadel is, when, by some wily diversion, the garrison has been cast into disorder. The letter to Dr. Curtis made the diversion required: it was the feint which misled the unwary; then, when we thought ourselves most secure, the Swiss troops poured in, and the catastrophe was accomplished. It happened fortunately at this juncture that Lord Eldon resigned; and that there could not be found in the whole range of the legal profession a gentleman virtuous and able enough to become his successor, except Sir John Copley! The chance which deprived us of Eldon blessed us with Lyndhurst! There he sat upon the woosack, night after night, defending the new lights, for he had himself been enlightened. And who dared to doubt his motives? Cannot a man be honest and prosperous too? Cannot the wisdom of a crop be transferred with advantage to a bag? And must not he who was a sensible attorney-general be an equally immaculate chancellor? Those who have never climbed to the top of the ladder know not how the prospect enlarges, and the vision improves as the pinnacle is gained. Those who creep round the base of St. Pauls, can form no notion of what a change they would perceive in the landscape if they were to be carried up to the dome. There is wisdom in the ermine. Dr. Philpotts had ceased to write; Peel had ceased to boast of his consistency; Wellington had ceased to deny his country; even Goulburn and Dawson had discovered the fallacy of their old ways; and why should not the new chancellor, suddenly transplanted to the midst of the regenerated galaxy, find out with equal promptitude the secret elixir of honourable alienation? For our parts, we never entertained a doubt upon the subject. We never vilified his honour, we never taunted him, nor reviled him; for we could discern the mighty difference between the public prosecutor and the equity judge; and we saw that the same honour, when set in a costlier ring, would present, as gems of higher value do, a different appearance. Being convinced, therefore, that Lord Lyndhurst's reputation needs no defence—that there is no defence which could make it better or worse than it is—and that the entire kingdom has long since formed a deliberate judgment upon his lordship's deserts, we are surprised he should have adopted a proceeding, which, to use Shakspeare's words, is "like painting the lily, or gilding refined gold." Nobody questions his morality—why does he therefore bring it before a jury?

But if the impolicy be altogether upon his Lordship's side, the danger is upon the side of the people. The injury done to Mr. Alexander or Mr. Bell, would be of little national moment, if it did not involve an invasion of those privileges which are dear to us all; and if we once permit the wrong with impunity, our silence will be hereafter misconstrued into acquiescence. Junius says truly, that "one precedent creates another—they soon accumulate, and constitute law." It is a sound doctrine that dictates the earliest resistance to injustice. Once admit that an officer of the crown—no matter how high his station, or how fair his fame—is not amenable to the ordeal of public discussion,

and you take from us the right of superintending our servants, after we have exercised our discretion in appointing them. The portions of our liberty that would remain, would be no more than the permission to sanction all offences in the conduct of public affairs, because we dare not oppose them. We should come at last to make a grace of our slavery; and since we could not use our reason, would be content to make a merit of our obedience. Free-will, the corner-stone of civil freedom, would be dug out and buried in the chambers of the Inquisition. The most precious, as well as the most costly of our immunities—for it was purchased with blood and toil—would be at the mercy of the next Moloch of the cabinet, who pushing further the example, would improve upon the precedent, and by a permanent Act of Parliament, convert a constructive indiscretion into a legal crime.

We do not defend those who are to take their trial, at fearful odds, for the alleged libels. They may have been indecorously zealous; they may have accidentally mistaken Lord Lyndhurst's nature; or they may have never intended the remotest allusion to his Lordship. Our objection is, that our general welfare as a nation, shall be wounded through individuals exercising a prerogative hitherto vested in the people. We do not desire to prejudge the question; we do not hope to turn the Chancellor, or Sir James Scarlett, or any one of the presiding judges from any of those rigid and technical opinions which, as lawyers, they may entertain; but we do hope, that when twelve Englishmen are called upon to consider the nature of the imputed misdemeanours, they will remember, that the ingenious sophistry of law may wring malice from the most harmless publication; but that the universal principle of popular indemnity for the unbiassed investigation of the ministerial conduct, is vital to the security of our lives and properties. To say that we have no right to examine the private lives of public men, is to say, that he who is personally unworthy to be trusted, may fill with credit and honour the most responsible stations; and that as there are anomalies in our judicial system, so there may be in our moral constitutions, which will admit the possibility of depravity being transformed into virtue by an exchange of garments. Serpents are said to be ensnared by the glare of scarlet cloth, but a state livery, or a gilt chain, should not be permitted to have the same influence upon a country.

The consideration of all questions of libel should be grave and cautious. Men should not be convicted upon hypotheses. To put a forced and external construction upon a libel, is a more serious outrage upon the interests of society than the libel itself: for if we go on at that rate, there will be no such thing as writing without incurring the imputation of a slanderous intent. Many have been the attempts to contract the power of juries, within some subtle labyrinth of legal chicanery, and to limit their office by the overbearing and final voice of a sophism. Juries have been told that they were merely to decide upon the fact of printing and publishing; that they had no discretion to exercise upon the moral tendency, or intrinsic purport of the matter; that there were criminalities not visible in the libel; that there were occult designs which no common sense could fathom; and that, therefore, because of guilt which they could not discern, and which it belonged only to the law to discover, but which it was neither their duty, nor any body else's, to explain, they must find the defendant guilty. Thus the consciences of juries have been set at variance with an imposed and inexplicable duty;

and their reason, which they might have thought an useful quality in inquiring into the meaning of a disputed publication, treated as the only test they should not bring to bear upon the case. If this be so on ordinary occasions, how must it operate under the terrible trial of *scan. mag.*? The very rank of the prosecutor, which is to the plain understanding an extenuation, will be tortured into an aggravation: for it is one of the beauties of our libel laws, that the higher the post of wealth or importance of the offended, the greater the guilt of the offender; which amounts in fact to this consoling conclusion, that the more we confide to the hands of a minister, the less responsible he becomes for the discharge of his trust! How can we expect gratitude any where if, by our own laws, we place a premium upon the abandonment of all natural and moral relations?

One mode of proving the amount of injury sustained by a libel, and the actual direction with which it is charged to have been written, is to bring one or two persons into the witness-box to swear that they believed upon reading it that it was intended to convey an imputation upon the prosecutor, and that he was the person to whom it specially referred. This is an insult to the discrimination of the jury, who should be paid the compliment of being left to their own discernment. If the jury cannot, by the exercise of their common sense and general knowledge, discover in an alleged libel upon a public man, that meaning which his friends endeavour to extract from it, then it is no libel; for it is probable that the public never fathomed what they cannot trace. If an article be so obscure that the jury cannot comprehend it, the inference is plain that it cannot have any of those effects which it is necessary to assume in all cases of libel, namely, of bringing any one of his majesty's subjects into contempt or danger, since none of them, except the prosecutor and his witnesses, can understand its purport. Something must be thrown into the scale on the score of passion and interest; and it should be borne in mind, that those who are so ready to suspect others are not themselves very safe interpreters of justice.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that the recent cases are calculated in their issue to establish important precedents. In one case, the alleged libel is an imaginary conversation between fictitious characters; in the other, it is merely the publication of the substance of a rumour; and in neither is the name of Lord Lyndhurst introduced. The law may, perhaps, be more clearly explained in the course of the trials than it is at present, and the popular right more satisfactorily illustrated. At all events our readers will agree with us that, let the prosecutions terminate as they may, his lordship is at this moment singularly placed, in being the only servant of the crown who has been forced into the King's Bench for the maintenance of his character.

A CHAPTER FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR. HERMANN  
ALSAGER, STUDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF STOCKHOLM.

I HAVE thus brought down my narrative to the last year of my residence at the University. Hitherto what I have related has merely been in sketch—for what more does the record of tasteless and puerile debauchery deserve?—but graver matters now remain to be detailed. During the vacation of the preceding year, which, after the fashion of most university students I had spent in travelling, I had accidentally fallen in with a student of my own rank and standing, who accompanied me during part of my rambles among the picturesque, but seldom-trodden wilds of the Dofrafeld mountains. This collegian—whose name, for obvious purposes, I shall disguise under the fictitious appellation of Herwaldsen—was about 26 years of age; effeminate rather, and inclining to *embonpoint* in person; easy and graceful in address; soft in speech and manner; devoted to literature and the Fine Arts; a first-rate linguist; and, above all, a complete man of the world, though without the coldness, distrust, and heartlessness which an acquaintance with mankind rarely fails to engender. I have said that Herwaldsen was effeminate; I should observe, however, that though passionately fond of woman, he had about him a strong redeeming dash of boldness and enterprise. In after years he might have sunk into a mere Epicurean; but, at this period, his mind was too active, his ambition too stirring, to allow him—though his finances were already sufficiently ample—to rest satisfied with his present condition. He aimed at literary distinction, not in mathematics or the abstract sciences—those enviable, high-toned pursuits, whose chief objects are, first to prove, and secondly to disprove, that two and three make six—but in the more social and comprehensive arena of the Belles Lettres. Among modern authors, he chiefly admired Rousseau, whose voluptuous sensibility and nice apprehension of the beautiful in nature—I was going to add, in art—together with those striking creative powers by which he imparted reality to fiction, and steeped inanimate objects in the living splendours of a rich, sensitive, and prurient fancy, seemed, in Herwaldsen's eyes, to constitute the very perfection of intellect.

It may be conceived, from this sketch of his character, what an attractive travelling companion he must have made. Most literary men are pedants, with but usually one topic of conversation, into which, as into a vortex, all other subjects merge. Books are their Maelstrom: into this they plunge their friends, with this they create their solitude. Over the narrow seas of learning, they can skim lightly and in perfect safety; but, on the vast ocean of general information, they have neither skill, rudder, nor compass whereby to guide their course. Herwaldsen, on the contrary, was unlimited in the range of his conversation. Whatever tended to improve or enlarge the mind, was with him a matter of interest. He could laugh with Voltaire, weep with Rousseau, philosophize with Rochefoucault, be simple with Fontaine, eloquent and impressive with Masillon, extravagant but profound with Rabelais, a special pleader with Montesquieu, a determined egotist with Montaigne. Such was Herwaldsen, in the year 1818. What is he now, in the year 1823? Now, when—— But I will not anticipate.

On taking leave of him at Carlstadt, previous to my departure for  
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Upsal, whither it was my intention to vegetate till the university studies should recommence, I was no less surprised than gratified by hearing him press me to accompany him to Naples, whose classic shores he was desirous to explore. From some cause or other, which I cannot just now remember, I was unable to comply with his request; and, accordingly, he set out alone on his pilgrimage, nor did I hear a single syllable either of or from him, until about a month after my return to Stockholm, when a note was brought to my residence by one of the university porters, requesting that, if not better engaged, I would step up and pass an evening with a fellow-traveller at his lodgings.

I went accordingly, and found Herwaldsen as cheerful and diverting as ever. After a few indifferent remarks,—“I arrived here,” he said, “but yesterday, and am now fixed for at least two years longer. When we last conversed upon our mutual prospects, I told you that I was indifferent to university preferment. Circumstances, however, have since occurred materially to change my opinions, and I am now resolved to struggle hard for college emoluments.”

“And pray what may be the circumstances that have caused so abrupt an alteration?”

Herwaldsen paused; a flush came across his face, and he seemed undecided whether or not he would satisfy my curiosity. After a short struggle,—“I am going to intrust you, Hermann,” he began, “with a secret which, however trifling it may seem to you, is to me just now a matter of extreme moment. Will you then respect my confidence, if I give it you promptly and without reserve?”

“Certainly,” I replied, laughing at the very mysterious expression of his countenance, “provided it involve neither rebellion, heresy, nor schism.”

“Listen, then,” interrupted Herwaldsen; and, drawing his chair closer towards me, commenced his narrative as follows:—“About three weeks after I parted with you at Carlstadt, I reached Naples, where, however, I made but a short stay, disliking its tone of manners and society—notwithstanding I had some excellent letters of introduction—and feeling myself altogether disappointed in the romantic expectations I had conjured up respecting its scenery. Baia and Brundisium are all very well in the pages of Horace, and there is something wondrously exciting to the fancy in Virgil’s Lake of Avernus; but see these places as I have seen them, shorn of their honours, changed in every part, and tenanted by the most abject slaves in the universe, and you will regret that you ever allowed the sobriety of truth to displace the splendours of fiction. With regard to Vesuvius, that stale plebeian Volcano, it is altogether a failure, consisting merely of smoke, cinders, and Englishmen. With this opinion of Naples and its bay—which last, by-the-by, is over-rated—I was not sorry to quit them, and take up my abode at Terracina—a retired neighbourhood, sylvan and unassuming, and one that happened exactly to hit my taste. Here, in due time, I managed to become acquainted with a French aristocrat of the old *régime*, whose family—consisting of himself, a wife, and one daughter—received me with an abundance of kind but stately courtesy. Of the two former, I shall say nothing more than that they were poor and immeasurably proud; but, as regards the latter, I cannot be quite so epigrammatic in my details. She was, indeed—but you shall see her, and judge for yourself—an uncommonly fine young girl; of a warm, impassioned, but perfectly artless nature.

In fact, she reminded me of Virgil's heroine ; but her name, luckily, was more euphonious—it was Hortense. I see you are smiling, Hermann, and anticipating the upshot of my tale. You are right : I fell distractedly in love with this fair creature. We read, we conversed, we walked together ; and a spell was thus thrown over Terracina, which Naples, with all its voluptuousness, with all its scenery, with all its classic associations, had wholly failed to inspire. But now comes the more serious portion of my romance. Poor Hortense had been for some years—and, as I verily believe, unknown to herself—betrothed to her cousin, a foolish-looking fellow, whose sole recommendations were a thick head and a long pedigree, and who, at this particular juncture, was momentarily expected at Terracina. On receiving this intelligence I was, as you may conceive, in a very pretty state of anxiety, but was calmed by the solemn assurance of Hortense, made in the course of one of our long evening rambles together, that nothing on earth should ever induce her to marry her booby kinsman. And nobly she redeemed her word—the high-minded, generous girl ! When her cousin came, and the purport of his mission was declared, she at once remonstrated with her father, and, on his refusing to listen to her supplications, explained to him candidly the state of her heart, and even went so far as to implore his consent to our union. The old gentleman was thunderstruck. ‘Marry a heretic!’ he exclaimed, ‘dashing his hand against his forehead—‘my daughter, the descendant of a hundred ancestors, marry a heretic!—Never! I would sooner see her stretched dead at my feet.’ And, accordingly, that very day month, Hortense, it being found impossible to overcome her abhorrence to her cousin, was sent off post-haste to a nunnery about twelve miles distant from Terracina. Here in due time she was entered as a novice, and compelled to undergo all those annoying preliminary ceremonies, which, though they do not irrevocably bind the nun to solitude, at least suffice to prevent her from ever marrying. In a few weeks, however—no matter by what means—I contrived to find out her place of abode ; and, by dint of bribery, perseverance, and an incredible stock of that impudence which, I am proud to say, has never yet deserted me, managed to gain, first one interview with her, then a second, then a third, then a fourth, and finally to prevail on her to elope from the detested nunnery, and accompany me to Stockholm, where she now is.”

“And, of course, your wife. What an insipid termination to a romance !”

“Probably so ; nevertheless, it is precisely that sort of insipidity which I am most anxious to secure to myself.”

“How ! are you not married, then ?”

Herrwaldsen's countenance fell.—“I am not,” he hurriedly replied ; “for Hortense herself is the obstacle to our union. Whenever I entreat her to let me make the only reparation now in my power, she answers me—and the reply serves to shew the disinterestedness of her affection—by a reference to the conventual laws, which declare, it seems, at least in Italy, perpetual imprisonment to whoever is sacrilegious enough to steal a nun from her vows. Even here, in Stockholm, this dreadful idea pursues her. Knowing nothing of the world, it has grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength ; and not all my persuasions—not even my remonstrances, which I push at times to severity—have power to change her mind. She sobs, it is true, bitterly—distractedly—as if her heart would burst ; but, nevertheless, remains inflexible.”

“Noble, generous-minded girl! But have you no idea that she will be induced to change her resolution?”

“Very little at present. She tells me, indeed, that when the heat of pursuit and inquiry has relaxed, we shall be married; but this desired period, judging from her notions of time, is like the Greek calends—vague—uncertain—visionary. Her chief argument is founded on her apprehensions for my safety. Our separation, she says, would at once kill her; she could not survive it an hour. I believe her; for the deep agitation she shews whenever the subject is mentioned, proves how closely it is entwined with her existence. Meanwhile, she is living with me here, in secret. I have taken a cottage for her on the Sodermalm, close beside the Mount of Moses, and not a soul but yourself knows aught of our intimacy.—But see,” continued Herwaldsen, pointing to his watch that lay on the table, “it is already seven o’clock, the hour at which I usually visit Hortense; so put on your hat, and come along with me—I will introduce you to her; nay, more, you shall sup with us to-night.”

I did so; and never, to the latest moment, shall I forget that delightful evening. At the very extremity of the large island of Sodermalm, and removed from the more bustling tumult of the city, stood Herwaldsen’s cottage—homely, it is true, but the very picture of health, peace, and happiness. Hortense was at the window when we arrived: she was dressed in simple but attractive attire, eminently calculated to set off the luxuriant graces of her person. In stature, she was rather above than below the middle size, of a slender but not thin figure, easy and dignified in her gait, with a bust modelled by nature in her happiest and most classic mood. But her eye—her dark, languishing, Italian eye, eloquent of passion, but tempered by the natural softness of the woman—her Grecian nose—her small, but characteristic mouth—her ringlets, glossy, luxuriant, and wantoning in wild profusion round her forehead, and down a neck such as Canova would have loved to model from—these were the attractions that, joined to a set of features whose general character was tenderness, but which varied according to each varying emotion of the mind, imprinted themselves at once on my imagination, never thence to be withdrawn. During supper, our conversation was not wholly without restraint; but, long before I left, it had become frank and unembarrassed. Hortense talked of France (of Italy she said nothing), which early prejudices had taught her never to think of but with fondness; of the sunny plains of Provence, where she was born, and where she said she hoped to die; and Herwaldsen kept up and illustrated the conversation by apt and familiar anecdotes. And so passed my first evening with Hortense. The next night was spent in the same delightful manner—and so with the next—and the next—and the next. Herwaldsen, now that the ice of his reserve was once fairly broken, honoured me with his entire confidence: his good opinion, of course, extended itself to Hortense—the consequence of which was, that I was always a welcome visitor at the cottage.

If I linger over this portion of my narrative, it is because I feel that it is the only part of my existence worth a moment’s recollection; because, in short, it is the only part which I would gladly live again. Our progress through life is the progress of a traveller through an Arabian desert: here and there, when worn with toil and desirous of laying down our burdens, we arrive at an oasis sparkling with fountains and

fresh with pasturage: would we, however, when once the sands are fairly passed, retrace our steps, for the sake of enjoying, a second time, the repose and the beauty of those few sunny spots? Never—so says instinct—so says experience. I, however, am an exception to this rule; for gladly would I retread the desert of my life, could I, by so doing, enjoy once again the full happiness of the time passed in company with Hortense. Every thing conspired to render this period a paradise. Not an hour passed without its particular avocation. During the day, my mind—influenced by Herwaldsen's example, who was now busily engaged in the composition of a poem for the university prize—was exerted in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge; and, in the evening, the hours flew rapidly away in the witching society of Hortense.

Our usual mode of life was this. After the hall-dinner, Herwaldsen would call at my lodgings, or I at his, when, over a glass of *Alba Flora*, or *Burgundy*, we would converse on the subject of our morning's studies, comparing facts, suggesting ideas, commenting on style, and thus mutually receiving and imparting instruction; and, in the afternoon, we would both walk, or ride, or row up to the cottage in time for coffee, which Hortense had duly prepared, and over which we lingered, engaged in light and desultory chit-chat, carried on chiefly in French, for the sake of our pretty foreigner, who was yet but an imperfect linguist. As the long, social, autumnal nights drew on, the shutters were shut early; the candles introduced; the thick, warm, flowing curtains drawn; the sofa wheeled round to the fire; and Hortense, taking up her mandolin, while Herwaldsen and myself sate beside her, would play one of those Italian airs whose tones, sweet and plaintive, like flutes heard across waters on a still summer evening, still ring, and will ring for ever, in my memory. To enhance our amusements, and steep them, if possible, in a richer glow of colouring, we had every thing around us that taste or even luxury could suggest. The library—so Hortense called a small room, in which stood a tasty satin-wood book-case, with glass folding-doors, lined with rich crimson silk—was stored with an elegant selection of French, Swedish, and Italian authors. The drawing-room was hung with the choicest works of art, the result of Herwaldsen's researches; Titian was there, with his warm, voluptuous colouring—Rembrandt, with his glorious depth of light and shade—Claude, with his sylvan witcheries, his sun-lit coasts, his classic fanes, splendid as a poet's dream, yet chaste as the virgin's first sigh of love; his dropping caves and emblazoned woods, where the Dryads would by choice resort, and where attentive Fancy might seem to hear the voice of Echo, like the music of the incarnate Apollo in the vales of Thessaly, swelling up, plaintively and sonorously, high above cliff, and glen, and waterfall, companioned by the sighings of the pine-tree, and the gurglings of a thousand streams;—there, too, was *Salvator Rosa*, the enchanter of the forest, the genius of romance, whose gloomy spirit throws a more sombre hue over the desert crag, the dun wood, the precipitous and tangled glen;—*Domenichino*, the most intellectual—and *Vandyke*, the most chivalrous, of portrait-painters. On a light mahogany stand, made expressly for it, stood, at one corner of the room, a cast from the *Shell Venus*; and, at the other, a model from *Canova's Graces*, sculptured by the nephew of our great northern luminary, *Thorwaldsen*. I know not whether I am singular in my opinion, but I have always contended for the superiority of sculpture over its sister art. In painting, the attention is diverted and bewildered

by the variety of light and shade, and, in the human form more especially, has, with either sex, an animal stimulant imparted to it by the voluptuous and fleshy tone of the colouring. But sculpture takes a higher flight; it appeals, not to the passions, but addresses the judgment—the sensibility—the poetic and religious enthusiasm of the spectator. Who, that has once seen them, can ever forget the spirit in which he viewed Canova's Graces? In those divine forms there lurked no stimulant to sense; though naked, they were robed in purity; no fire shot from their eye; no young blood ran riot in their veins; no wanton smile played round their lips; a white virgin modesty—cold—stainless as the marble out of which they sprung, clothed them from head to foot as with a garment, and kept off all impure ideas. It was in this light that I was in the habit of daily gazing on these august sisters, and fancying that, in the loveliest of the three, I could discern some faint resemblance to Hortense.

I have before observed, that Herwaldsen was a man of the world: I here repeat that assertion. Though devoted to his incomparable mistress, his affection for her was not of an engrossing character: it was shared equally with his ambition. Hortense, on the other hand, had but one idea—that of enthusiastic attachment to Herwaldsen. Never yet did Hindoo worship his favourite idol with one half the earnestness with which she devoted herself to my friend. Father—mother—kinsmen—friends—home—country, in his presence, were all alike forgotten: for him alone she lived—of him alone she thought—he was her study by day, her dream by night—for his sake she was content to immure herself in solitude—to forego even the commonest privileges of her sex, and bloom a shy, sweet flower, preserved in native freshness by the vivifying power of that spirit which abideth in hearts that know no guile, and thoughts that need no restraint. Sometimes, when a cloud passed over her, drawn from the recollection of her father, a word of kindness from Herwaldsen—even a look—a smile—a fond pressure of the soft white hand held gently out to his, would at once dispel the gloom; and she would rise the lovelier from her tears, like the violet, when the April shower has passed over it. Once, and but once, I saw her, even in his presence, wholly overcome. We had all been to pay a visit to the cathedral, and were standing absorbed in admiration—Hortense, especially, to whom the scene was new—at its grand and harmonious proportions, its rich gothic fret-work, its vaulted roof, its tall, umbered columns, its magnificent stained windows, through which the red evening light shot in upon the broad stone floors with a brilliant but mellowed effulgence; when, suddenly, the organ, accompanied by the fine tones of the choristers, who were rehearsing for the ensuing Sabbath, began pealing forth its awful hosannahs. As the music rose on the ear, climbing up the fluted columns, rounding the arched roof, and filling up each nook and cranny of the cathedral with its sonorous and soul-stirring melody, the eyes of Hortense filled with tears; sobs, deep convulsive sobs, burst from the inmost depths of her heart; she recalled to mind the scene, the hour, when she had last heard that music in the convent of Terracina, while her father stood beside her; and would have sunk to the ground, had not Herwaldsen, surprised and half-vexed at her weakness, whispered me to lead her out of the chapel, and accompany her back to the cottage, whither he promised he would shortly follow.

It was a dull evening, and our road home lay chiefly through the

long streets of the Normann, which, just at this period, happened to be less crowded than usual. Hortense, however, was too deeply depressed to be influenced by external objects: her thoughts were abroad over the waters with her father and her home, at Terracina; once or twice she turned imploringly towards me, as if to apologize for her unavoidable gloom; and there was such agony—such remorse—such utter abandonment of all hope and happiness in her looks, that it cut me to the heart to see her. That instant, and those looks—so lovely in their supplication, so strong in their weakness—decided my fate. The long-concealed passion, which, unknown to myself, I had cherished from the first moment I saw Hortense, burst forth: I spoke I know not what—I promised I know not what—I made vows of eternal fidelity: the words of love—of passion—of madness—of guilty, incurable madness—came bursting forth, like flames, from my heart; and, trembling in every limb—alive in every nerve—fire in my brain, and fever in my blood—I stood to hear my doom. That doom was at once and irrevocably pronounced. Insulted modesty brought back all her wonted energy to Hortense: she flung aside her raven ringlets, as if to clear her brow of some impure idea; and then, turning on me a glance—keen, searching in its expression, and lit up with all the stern dignity of the high-born Roman matron—waved me from her side, and walked on alone and silent.

The whole of that night—that memorable night—I passed in a state little short of distraction. I could not but feel that I had forfeited the esteem of the only woman in whom I had ever felt an interest: I thought, too, of the circumstances under which I had offered her such insult—of her forlorn, isolated condition; of her unavoidable estrangement from that society which she was born to bless and adorn; and, above all, of her intense agony of spirit—an agony which, so far from calling forth my reverence, had, through my pity, assailed my passions. But, with regard to Herwaldsen—oh! how I hated him! What was there, in his mind or manner, that should so long have blinded my judgment? His candour was a lie—his taste a cheat—his friendship, hypocrisy—his gentleness, the glozing subtlety of the arch-fiend!

For upwards of five days I continued in this bewildered state, never quitting home till nightfall, when, rapt up in my cloak, I would steal away to the cottage, deriving some little comfort from the idea that I was breathing the same air with Hortense, and that but a few yards lay between us. One night, I remember, I was rambling in this direction, when the more than usual beauty of the landscape, on which a full-grown virgin moon lay asleep and naked, induced me to pause below the Mount of Moses, and think with still stronger emotion of her who alone could share my feelings. It was, indeed, a lovely hour! Above—around—beneath me, all was hushed as death, except when, now and then, the far-off voices of the Baltic fishermen came softened on the ear; or the waters of the Maelar, just roused by the passing breeze from their repose, woke for an instant, rippled towards the shores of the Sodermalm, and then again sank heavily to rest. But though the scene was thus impressive in its character; though the spacious and romantic city, whose tapering church-spires pointed upwards, like guardian spirits, to heaven; though the vast and picturesque assemblage of vessels from all quarters of the globe; though the wild, uncouth precipice; the remote sky-topped mountain; the stilly moon-lit waters of the distant Baltic—though these varied objects, as they rose in mingled beauty and grandeur on my eye, called forth my warmest admiration, still there was but

one that wholly absorbed it—one little humble spot, which for me had a central and engrossing interest, and from which, if my eye wandered but an instant over the more romantic landscape around me, it was but to return with an added zest. While I stood gazing upwards at this dear, secluded dwelling, a light glanced suddenly from one of the upper rooms, and, the next moment, Hortense appeared at the bed-room window. Awhile she looked abroad on the scene, and up to the blue studded-sky; her ringlets were hanging loose down her neck; the covering was partially withdrawn from her bosom: she was evidently preparing for repose. Just at this crisis, and while she was in the act of drawing down the curtain, another figure appeared beside her, and, touching her lightly and with a familiar smile on the shoulder, caused her to blush and slightly tremble. I could not be mistaken: it was Herwaldsen. With a wild scream, that resembled more the mowing of a dæmon than any thing human, I rushed from the detested sight; all the furies of jealousy, and hate, and revenge possessed me; I would have cheerfully mounted the scaffold to have plunged that instant a dagger in my rival's heart; to have insulted his dying moment, and trampled on his carrion corpse. Who is he that calls love effeminate? Who talks contemptuously of a passion which in one short day can live the life of years; can sap the springs of life; scorch the brain to cinders; and change the whole fabric of humanity? By the time that I reached my lodgings, I had worked myself up into a most unnatural frame of mind. Fancy—that busy, meddling fiend—exaggerated every part of my conduct; she left me not a single thought to fly to for refuge; but piled image upon image of annoyance, the Pelion upon the Ossa of recollection, till the wholesome daylight of reason was shut out. In her most winning charms, in her most perfect beauty, she placed the figure of Hortense before me. She bid her smile on me once more in kindness; she lent the encouraging tones of reconciliation to her voice; but when I would have rushed forward to avail myself of the proffered boon, Herwaldsen rose in repelling sternness between me and my divinity; and, though my brain fired at the sight, though my heart beat quick and loud, and I would have given worlds to have laid him dead at my feet; still there he stood, calm—moveless—sarcastic—a phantom only when I would have consummated my revenge by murder. But Hortense—not only by day, even in my dreams did her angel form pursue me. I then saw her in all her matchless attractions; I listened to the beatings of her heart; I felt the flushing of her cheek; I caught her thick, heavy respiration; I watched the undulating swell of her finely-rounded bosom;—but the morning dawned, the lying vision disappeared, and I woke to the full wretchedness of recollection.

Such was my state of mind; when, one morning, about ten days after my *éclaircissement* with Hortense, I was surprised by a visit from Herwaldsen. His face was lighted up with extraordinary animation; and, grasping me by the hand,—“Give me joy, Hermann,” he exclaimed; “I have gained the university prize.—But how is this?” he added, in an altered tone, alarmed at the burning fever of my hand—“Gracious Heavens, you are ill! Why did you not tell me of this before?”

Overwhelmed by a variety of emotions, I could make no reply, but, turning abruptly from Herwaldsen, burst into a passion of tears. He gazed at me with astonishment.

“You have lost a friend—a relative, perhaps?”

“I have,” was my rejoinder; “and such a friend as I can never—

never hope to meet with again.—But leave me, Herwaldsen; I am not fit for society, and least of all for your's."

"Hermann, this is worse than folly!—But come, come, you shall go with me to Hortense; her society will relieve your gloom. By-the-by, your absence has half offended her, for of late she has not once mentioned your name."

In vain I conjured him to spare me, in vain to leave me to myself: Herwaldsen would hear of no reply, but vowed that he would not leave the room till I agreed to accompany him to the cottage.

I went, and again beheld that glorious being, the incarnation of grace and beauty—the gentle, the susceptible Hortense. She received me at first with grave and distant courtesy; but, when she perceived the ravages that remorse had made in my person; when she saw my sunken eye; when she heard my faltering voice; when she marked the timid—the respectful manner, in which I listened to her condolences, and presumed to address her in reply, the stiffness of her demeanour left her; with a glance she vouchsafed forgiveness, and even condescended to seat herself beside me. That evening was the happiest I ever spent.

Early next morning, I received another visit from Herwaldsen. After congratulating me on my renovated spirits,—“I am come,” he said, “to receive your congratulations in return. When you left us last night, I had a long and earnest conversation with Hortense. I told her of my approaching triumph; I appealed to her strength of affection; I even piqued her sense of honour; and at last wrung from her a promise, that the same day which should witness my success in the hall of the university, should also make her a bride.”

Herwaldsen ceased; but, had death itself been the consequence of my silence, I could have made him no reply. My head swam round—my limbs shook under me—I was struck as with an ice-bolt to the heart. After struggling some time with my feelings,—“Herwaldsen,” I at length faltered out, “I congratulate you on your good fortune, on that fortune which— But no matter: you are worthy of Hortense, and she of you. May you be long happy together!”

“But you will be present at the wedding?”

“I will;”—and, unable to utter another word, I rushed in haste from the room.

The time for taking university degrees was now fast approaching. This is a period of great excitement among the literati of Stockholm. The distinguished candidates are every where the chief topics of conversation; their acquaintance is sought; they are pointed at in the street; they are made the lions of the day. Herwaldsen was one of the few thus honoured; and, could I have derived pleasure from any thing unconnected with Hortense, I should have been delighted by the notoriety I secured by his friendship. But my heart was formed to admit but one idea, and losing that, to lose every thing. The day appointed for my rival's marriage at length arrived; and, punctual to the hour, Hortense, Herwaldsen, and myself, stood beside the altar. Herwaldsen was unusually cheerful; but Hortense—poor, devoted girl!—seemed oppressed with strange despondency. Yet never had she looked so lovely! Arrayed in simplest white, she stood like some guardian seraph beside the shrine of its deity, her dark eye upturned to heaven, and her fair white hands clasped meekly across her breast. When the ceremony was ended—that ceremony which crushed my last, my fondest

hopes—we returned to breakfast at the cottage, after which Herwaldsen and myself set out together towards the university. As we approached the hall, we met groups of students from the Academy of Antiquities and the Fine Arts, hastening in the same direction, and all conversing eagerly on the one great topic—the recitation of the prize poem. When we reached the door at which the public enter, Herwaldsen left me to make some few preliminary preparations; and I proceeded up stairs to the gallery, which was more crowded than I had ever before seen it. In a few minutes the heads of the university and the different academies entered in procession, and having taken their seats, the usual routine business of the day commenced, after which Herwaldsen was publicly called on to come forward and recite his poem. At this moment every eye was turned anxiously towards the door, at which, after an interval just sufficient to give a keen edge to expectation, my friend—my triumphant friend—appeared. The instant he was discovered, the hall rung with acclamations: but when he commenced the delivery of his prize, a pin might have been heard to drop—so general was the stillness, so respectful, so profound. At first his voice was low; but, as the spirit of his poetry deepened in animation, his tones kindled with it, his fine eye flashed, his countenance glowed with intellect. For upwards of half an hour he kept the audience enchained by the riveting power of his genius; and when he ceased, such was the impression he had made, that the whole hall, excited by one uncontrollable impulse, rose in a body to do him honour. Never before had there been known so complete a triumph!

On quitting the gallery, I hastened to congratulate Herwaldsen, whom I found already surrounded by admirers. On seeing me, his eye sparkled with delight: the name of Hortense escaped him. “How delighted she will be to know of my reception!” he whispered; “but I must not tell her yet—the ceremony of my public dinner must first be gone through.” Memorable dinner! who, among the numbers that attended, will ever forget it? Throughout the evening, Herwaldsen was as dazzling—as imaginative—as triumphant—as he had shewn himself in the university hall. By one successful flight, he seemed to have reached the very summit of his ambition. He laughed—he jested—he philosophized—he sported alike with the most elevated and familiar forms of eloquence—and even when, at a later hour than usual, the party separated, and we were left once again to ourselves, the fervour of his enthusiasm kept up undiminished and unimpaired.

But the time was now drawing near when, according to promise, he should return to Hortense. The night was far advanced, so, by way of dispatch, he resolved to go by water—a freak in which I foolishly indulged him. As we pushed off from shore, the wind, which had till then been brisk, subsided into a sudden calm; the sail hung drooping to the mast; the waters of the Maelar lay stretched out, calm, glassy, and unwrinkled, before us. Lightly, and with scarce a motion, we floated in succession past the noble bronze statue of Gustavus III.; the Royal Palace, that pride of our northern architecture; the outward ranges of the extensive and far-spreading arsenal; when, just as we had rounded a point that brought us full towards the Mount of Moses, Herwaldsen made a sudden move to the side of the vessel, and, in so doing, lost his balance, and fell headlong overboard. The moon was at this time unclouded, the water transparent as glass, and, as I gazed in the direction in which he had fallen, I could actually discern my unfortu-

nate friend, struggling at a considerable depth below the surface, his hands spread out, his legs wide apart, his head bent back upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance indicating the extreme agony of convulsion and suffocation. Twice he rose, and twice I made vain efforts to rescue him; but when, for the third and last time, he ascended to the surface of the water, the spirit of death was on him: he struggled—he gasped for breath; his eye was glazed, his lip blue, his mouth distorted; he made one last feeble attempt to clutch the oar which I had thrown out to assist him; and then, casting on me a look which rivers of tears—and God knows I have shed them since!—will never wash away from my remembrance, sank slowly, and without a struggle, before my face. I plunged after him: it was vain—he was gone from life for ever! The very heavens conspired together for his destruction; for, just as he sank for the second and last time, a dark, sullen, envious cloud crept over the moon; and the waters, thus secured of their prey, gathered darkly, slowly, and without an effort, above his head. How I myself subsequently contrived to reach the shore, I know not; for some hours my recollection, my very life itself, was a blank; and the first thing that recalled me to my senses, was a hurried visit from Hortense's favourite female domestic, with a request that I would instantly step up to her mistress, who was panting with impatience to see me.

It was a fearful trial; but I felt that it must be endured, and went without a moment's hesitation. As I reached the cottage, Hortense flew herself to the door to let me in.

“Where is Herwaldsen?” she exclaimed;—“speak, in mercy speak!—he has been absent all night.”

She ceased, and life seemed depending on the answer she should receive.

“Compose yourself, Hortense,” I replied, “you are too agitated—too terrified—too——”

“Man,—man! this suspense is torture: I cannot, I will not bear it. Speak at once, or kill me.”

“Hortense,” I resumed—and the tears, in spite of myself, flowed fast down my cheeks—“your husband is——”

“Dead?”

“Even so.”

She heard no more. Her eye glared wildly; the blood sprung to her brow, knotting the dark veins there till they seemed in act to burst; and, with a shrill yell—half-shriek, half-laugh—she dropped senseless at my feet.

In about an hour, by prompt medical aid, animation was restored; but reason was fled for ever. Madness had at once succeeded insensibility—a deep, determined madness—which neither the kind voices of friends, nor the adroitest skill of science, had power to soften or remove. For three days and nights, Hortense continued in this state—rejecting all aid—refusing all food—and shrinking with a sort of instinctive loathing whenever any one approached her bed. Meanwhile, all was done that might possibly assuage her delirium. Music was tried—Italian spoken—the names of her father, her mother, her husband, whispered in her ear, in the hope that such sounds might strike upon her brain, and so bring back some little fragment, however broken or imperfect, of recollection; but all was vain: the very utmost we could do was to draw forth a faint, low, idiot laugh, or a fearful burst of phrenzy.

During the whole of this eventful period, I never once quitted Hortense. Alone I kept watch by her bed-side; alone I marked the changes of that countenance, once so gentle—so lovely—so impassioned in its expression; alone I listened to the hollow sounds of that voice, once so sweet and plaintive; alone I marked the glare of that red, dilated eye, which, except on one occasion, had never turned towards me but in kindness; and, as I observed these proofs of an insanity, that, at one sudden blow, had torn up reason by the roots and shivered the stem to ashes, I prayed that the same bolt which had struck this lovely but fragile plant to earth, might, ere long, lay me beside it.

The evening of the fourth day was now fast approaching. Hortense's attendant had gone into a neighbouring street upon some errand, and I sate alone beside the invalid. Night overtook me on my watch—a night of hurricane and tempest—of arrowy lightning—of loud, incessant thunder! But there was one who heard it not: for her the elements henceforth were still; a far other storm had swept the desert of her brain—she could never feel a worse! As I marked the changes of her countenance, and listened to her damp, heavy breathing, which every instant fell fainter and fainter on my ear, the cathedral clock tolled midnight.

At this instant a crash of thunder burst right above my head, and shook the house to its foundations.

Another—and then, in the sudden, unnatural pause of the tempest, rose a vision before my eyes, which, whether real or conjured up solely by imagination, has since fixed itself as an imperishable record on my mind. Dim at first, but strengthening gradually into a distincter shape, stood at the foot of the bed, his form arrayed in a pale, wan, sickly light, the spirit of the dead Herwaldsen. His face was set in the solemn expression of the grave; all trace of life had passed from it: the thin closed lip stirred not; the stony eye was fixed; but there looked out, methought, from its moveless orbs the soul of an intellect sublimed by the knowledge of eternity. Had the form before me indeed passed the portals of death? Had it penetrated that mysterious realm from which, ever and anon, comes forth a voice of power which awes us, though we may not comprehend it? I know not—who on earth shall ever know? For a brief while the spectre remained unchanged and moveless, when suddenly it pointed its upraised arm to the wasted form that lay before it, and then slowly melted into air—one dim, shadowy smile throwing over its countenance an expression of humanity as it vanished. Alarmed—breathless with awe—I turned towards the dying maniac. Life was ebbing fast away; but it was departing in triumph, to the wild dirge of the hurricane, the stormy music of the thunder, the sepulchral torches of the lightning! For upwards of an hour she continued in a state of hopeless, imbecile delirium; when, suddenly, she half-raised herself in bed, and, in a faint whisper—so faint, so very faint, that it was next akin to silence—pronounced her husband's name. Astonished, and even almost venturing to hope, I looked earnestly into her countenance—God of heaven! there was intelligence in its expression. With a wan, benignant smile, she held out her hand towards me, while her eye expressed all she would have said: This was her last movement: the springs of existence were drained; the fountain had ceased to flow; the spark was just going out; and, as I caught its glimmer on the threshold, it dimmed—wavered—and then sank into eternal darkness. Hortense was dead!

## TURKEY, CONSTANTINOPLE, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE.\*

THAT love of vagabondizing which—say what we will,—is certainly one of the characteristics of our race, has never displayed itself more strongly than at the present period. The “piping times of peace” in which it is our fortune (good or ill?) to live, have so overstocked all trades and callings, that there is just now extant a most formidable number of gentlemen who have nothing profitable in the world to do. Soldiers, and sailors, and lawyers, and parsons, and painters, abound in swarms, thick enough to eat one another up; and although it were “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that they would resort to some such harmless expedient, for thinning the land, they know the unwholesomeness of the diet too well to adopt it. One of the consequences of this redundancy is, that some of the ingenious persons who are under the immediate influence of its operation, some of these “cankers of a calm world,” tired of the insipid nothingness of their lives at home, take to travelling abroad; and then it follows, as a matter of certainty, if not of necessity, that a large proportion of such wanderers determine, in their benevolence, to make the public life better and the wiser for their experience. Note books are pieced out; journals are “written up”—(not unfrequently after the events they chronicled have faded from the writer’s memory, and his imagination is called upon to supply the defects of his recollection); letters are recovered from the kind friends to whom they were originally addressed; the traveller’s impromptus are polished *à loisir*; sketches which, in their primitive ugliness, would look hideous, even in that asylum for incurables—a young lady’s *album*—are “put into the hands” of clever engravers, and come out fit to be seen; and the result is, two goodly octavos, with irresistible embellishments, on which all the refinements of clear type, good printing, and fine paper, are bestowed with that prodigal spirit of luxury which marks the present age.

Although a great proportion of the modern works which make their appearance under the imposing title of Travels, would be fairly enough included in the class we have just mentioned, they are all to a certain extent amusing. The natural curiosity which home-keeping folks have to learn something of what is going on beyond the bounds of their own regions, makes them receive with avidity whatever travellers like to tell them; and they do not inquire into the accuracy of the relations too scrupulously. The notorious privilege which the votaries of the wandering profession have long enjoyed in telling their own stories in their own way—the difficulty of disproving some their most marvellous accounts—the ungraciousness and ill breeding of seeming to doubt the stories of gentlemen who have been all the way to Jericho to find something rare, all combine to exempt them from criticism. It is true, there have been travellers, and there may be such again, who have found scope for very exalted talents in recounting their adventures; who have displayed profound learning, close and accurate powers of observation, and nice discrimination of character—whose descriptions have been eloquent and picturesque, and their observations highly original and striking. In the hands of such travellers there is no more captivating, nor hardly

\* Travels to and from Constantinople, by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R. N.—Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, by R. Madden, Esq.

any more practically useful branch of literature than books of travels; and although we must confess that our present business is with writers of a somewhat different description, they are not without merit in their several ways.

Captain Frankland has been rambling for three years on the continents of Europe and Asia, for the mere purpose, as it should seem, of dissipating *ennui*. Mr. Madden is a surgeon, who does not communicate the precise object of his journeying; but who appears to have devoted about four years to travelling in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, and who seems to have inquired with great diligence into such scientific and other interesting topics as presented themselves to him in those countries. Although they have both traversed many of the same spots, their relations are as different as their characters and their pursuits. Mr. Madden, as becomes a man of science, inquires as deeply as his opportunities will allow into what comes in his way; Captain Frankland looks at their outsides, and passes a judgment on them as rapid as it is superficial. Mr. Madden speaks with great complacency of his own good temper and good humour, from the effects of which he endeavours to inculcate upon other travellers "the necessity of an unruffled temper and a cheerful demeanour, in countries where peevishness and pride only tend to exasperate the lawless inhabitants." Captain Frankland, on the other hand, glorifies himself on having bullied a Hadjee, the post-master at Kirk Ilissa,\* on wearing green slippers and a white turban, and on carrying his dog before him on his saddle; for no other reason, as it should seem, than because these practices were particularly obnoxious to the prejudices of the people through whose country he was travelling. Mr. Madden busies himself in ascertaining the origin of modern and ancient customs, the cause of diseases incidental to the climates, and the reasons of institutions which appear to be universal. Captain Frankland sketches trees and ruins, and gives profound opinions upon the "delicious little jacket of black velvet embroidered with gold," which he saw a lady wear at Bucharest. We have thought, that although to travel with either would be fatiguing enough, they might together make an amusing *mélange*; and, with this short explanation of their various objects, we shall combine their relations in the belief that our readers will be of our way of thinking. It is only fair to add, that both our travellers, with good discretion, disclaim all attempts at literary excellence. Captain Frankland begins his narrative with an account of his journey

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\* The noble Captain's cholera was raised by the Hadjee's first having extorted more than the ordinary charge for post-horses, and then refusing to furnish them. The phlegm of the Turk, and the impotent threats of the Captain (which, however, he was wise enough not to attempt to carry into effect) are most amusingly contrasted in the account he gives of this ridiculous affair:—

"My wrath was kindled; and advancing to the Turk, as he sat in the corner, I pointed with one hand to my pistols, shook my clenched fist in his face, and apostrophized him in all the languages I could command, in the hope that he might perhaps understand some few of the opprobrious epithets which I lavished upon him. He seemed utterly confounded by my gesticulations and volubility; and perhaps took me for a madman, or one suddenly inspired. I then seized a lighted candle, and threatened to set fire to his khan if he did not immediately order the horses; to all this he tranquilly replied, in broken Italian, '*Cavalli mangiano.*' The Tartar and the Turks meanwhile looked on in utter amazement, expecting every moment to see the Hadjee post-master draw his yatagan, and smite off the head of the presumptuous Giaour, who had dared thus to beard the lion in his den."

from Vienna through Wallachia to Constantinople. Mr. Madden, whose work is in the shape of letters, dates the first from Constantinople.

Mr. Madden says, that his professional skill, and the need which the Turks had of it, gave him such opportunities of access to their houses, and even their *harems*, as Europeans seldom enjoy; and in truth, that part of his work in which he gives some account of their domestic life, and the manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, is by far the most curious and interesting. His descriptions differ in many very important respects from those of other travellers: but it by no means follows that he is not therefore to be preferred to his predecessors. He says that the ceremony and etiquette which Pauqueville has described, existed in none of the *harems* he visited; that on the contrary, a somewhat noisy gaiety prevails among the ladies, in which the Turks themselves participate; and adds his opinion, that “the gravity of the Turk during the day, is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement.” The seclusion of the women too, is by no means so strict as it has been said to be; they visit each other, and talk of dress and scandal with as much *gusto* as those fair creatures of the same sex who walk through Bond-street, or the Bois de Boulogne, or pace the gardens of the Tuilleries, or of Kensington. Mr. Madden’s estimate of the Turkish character is by no means a favourable one; and it must be confessed that he gives some strong reasons for the opinion he has formed, although he betrays too great a share of personal dislike, to convince one of his impartiality. He shall, however, tell his own story:—

“The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend, and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to commend the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon to the murderer, with the oath of friendship on the lips: but treachery is now an accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

“The grandee, however, relaxes from the fatigues of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber rosary dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary *Frank* who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! he reaches the coffee-house before noon, an abject Christian *salaams* him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good: the *Effendi* storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father’s beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange *salaams*. A most interesting conversation is carried on by monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims ‘God is great.’

“Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper

of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and, every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Padi shaws of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the giaours of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; How the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the Effendi takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of '*Mashalla,*' how wonderful is God; the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud Effendi returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merry-andrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not, neither do his lips; his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture, than an individual likeness."

Unfavourable as is this account of the Turks, the author is not a whit more civil to the Greeks; for "although," he says, he "never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it," he adds, "but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar." Having determined to experience the effects of that pestilent practice of eating opium, which is so common in Turkey, he repaired to the market of Theriaki Tchachissy, where he seated himself among the persons who were in the habit of resorting thither for the purpose of enjoying (?) this fatal pleasure. His description of those victims to sensuality is very striking, and is enough to cure any man of common sense of wishing to become an opium eater.

"Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five: the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five-and-twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others addressed the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect, the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited: the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expan-

sion of mind and matter.\* My faculties appeared enlarged: every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects, which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading, at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground, it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating."

Captain Frankland, after posting, and sketching, and singing, and threatening his way from Vienna, reaches Constantinople, a perfect stranger; and here, unconscious of the danger to which he exposed himself, he rambled through the streets of the city *pour se distraire*. He seems to have thought it a piece of monstrous bad taste that the women whom he met with, looked at him with disgust; that some of them abused him; that a person of his havings could pass along the streets of such a city and be spit upon, instead of making conquests at every step. He made several attempts to get into a mosque, not knowing that if he had succeeded, and had been detected, he must either have assumed the turban, or have been put to death for his pains. In his pokings about he contrived to get a sentinel well beaten for permitting his intrusion—mortally offended a Turkish lady, by blowing a kiss to her, and was plentifully stoned—he calls it a "lapidation"—by some women who did not like his looks. He, however, seems to have been quite unconscious that he was doing any mischief; and as he escaped with whole bones, which is an inexplicable marvel, he will very likely die in the belief that it was no fault of his that he endured such rough treatment. His descriptions of scenery are the most elaborate part of his writing. He has been told, perhaps, by some evil disposed persons, that his *forte* lies in that style; and a careful study of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels has confirmed him in the notion. Although we cannot congratulate him on the success of his imitation, we must confess that he is always very amusing. His book is like one of those romances where the reader always expects that some extraordinary incident is about to happen to the hero, and the hope that he will be bowstringed, or at the least bastinadoed, in the next page, keeps up the interest wonderfully.

We leave our Captain for a while, and return to Mr. Madden. The practice of physic in Turkey may have its advantages; but it must be admitted, upon the author's shewing, that it is neither so dignified nor so lucrative as in England. Your physician in Constantinople walks the streets for his practice, and plies for patients at the corner of a bazaar, or in a coffee-house, just as your tinker or chair mender in London looks out for his customers. He is obliged too to engage the assistance of a drogueman, whose business it is "to scent out sickness and extol the

\* In Sir Humphrey Davy's "Remarks on the Effects of Nitrous Oxide," he asserts, that after inhaling the gas, "a thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced." He felt "a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasing in every joint;" and his "visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified."

doctor," while the Hakkim is expected to be able to tell a patient's malady at first sight, and without asking any questions, (for they reckon any inquiry as an unquestionable proof of want of skill) while the chance of his being paid, unless he takes his fee before hand, is very remote indeed. Some of the particulars of his professional visits, and the character of his brethren in the healing art, are amusing enough, and prove that quackery flourishes as luxuriantly in Stamboul as within our own bills of mortality. He demolishes the commonly received notion of the sobriety of the Turks, by asserting that they are not only fond of drinking, but that they drink rum, and rakee (a strong ardent spirit) "as Christians drink small beer, and in larger quantities!" The administration of justice, such as it is, appears to be dreadfully severe, and summary enough to justify its having become proverbial. Poisoning, decapitation, the bowstring, the *lob*,\* and drowning, are the varieties of their capital punishments; and Mr. Madden says it is only in cruelty that the Turks are refined. The manner in which the government lately got rid of a troublesome part of the community, must make Birnie's mouth water to read it. Surely, if we ever make it up with Turkey, our government would have influence enough with the Sultan to obtain that excellent and enlightened magistrate a post in the police of Constantinople. He would make a jewel of a Cadi; and as for the trifling ceremony attendant upon changing his religion, he would not be the first of his countrymen who has submitted to that without many wry faces.

"Shortly before my arrival, the Turkish porters of *Pera* were notorious for their nocturnal depredations: it was unsafe to be out after nightfall; and numerous complaints were made to the police. A few were strangled; but the punishment produced no good effect: the Franks again complained, and in a few days after, one of those summary methods of disposing of bad subjects was adopted, which could only be suggested by Turkish justice, and carried into effect by Turkish persidy. The porters were all employed to carry grain aboard the Capitan Pacha's ship; and, as each set of them got aboard, they were forthwith pinioned, and flung into the Bosphorus: in this manner they were all got rid of, and *Pera* was next day restored to perfect security. However bad the majority of these ruffians might have been, in all probability there were some innocent men amongst them: their fate serves to show that nothing is deemed of so trifling a value as human life in Turkey; and that, in no country in the world, is its insecurity so fully felt as in the Ottoman empire.

"Nailing by the ears is an operation performed on bakers, for selling light bread. There is a hole cut in the door for the back of the culprit's head: the ears are then nailed to the panel; he is left in this position till sunset, then released; and seldom sustains any permanent injury from the punishment, except in his reputation. And, lastly, I must notice the absurd mode of punishing perjury; an offence which is so little thought of, that it is visited with the mildest of all their punishments. The offender is set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and a label on his back, with the term *scheat*, or perjurer. In this way he is led about to the great amusement of the multitude, and even of his associates."

The most shallow and unsatisfactory part of Mr. Madden's book, is that in which he talks about the politics of the Turkish government, and its strength. It should be premised that Mr. Madden's own politics are of the *liberal* school; he repeats over and over again, with great self compla-

\* A piece of *lignum vitæ*, about two feet long, which may be seen suspended over the divan of provincial governors; and one blow of this, on the back or neck, produces immediate death.—*Madden, vol. 1, p. 118.*

cency, the celebrated witticism of Sir James Mackintosh (Jupiter, what a man to borrow a joke from!) about "our ancient, faithful, and natural ally;" talks about never having "heard crusades preached by the clergy, except against the Christians of Ireland," and some such like milk-and-water slang as belongs to his party. Upon the strength of such notions he would have his readers believe that the people of Turkey are dissatisfied to a man; that the Sultan, who has done quite enough to entitle him to the reputation of being one of the most able and enlightened monarchs in the world, is a half frantic tyrant, whom his people detest so much, that they would assassinate him if he appeared among them; and that the Turks are about to be expelled from Europe. He indulges in some very amusing visions, in the style of Shiel, and the *poeta minores* of the 'Sociation, of what is to come, and talks about the "hyæna of Austria batten- ing on the blood of all" whom a desire to share the spoils would bring into the field. In another place, he says,

"I ask any gentleman who has extended his travels beyond his own fire-side, what is the opinion of the most enlightened men in Europe upon our foreign policy? Has he never blushed to hear a man like Goethe in Germany, Chateaubriand in France, or Visconti in Italy, say to him, 'Oh, Sir, your institutions are the most admirable in the world; your countrymen are the most industrious; your merchants are the most enterprising; your wealth is unbounded; your power is very great; but your foreign policy has ever been most infamous.' The gentleman who has not heard such observations, 'has never swam in a gondola,' or journeyed in a vetturino."

It is very possible that a man might hear such things. Shallow-pated coxcombs abound abroad as well as at home, who censure (and what is more easy?) measures which they cannot understand, or which excite their envy or their alarm. But who, excepting a blockhead, and an unworthy Englishman, was ever at a loss to answer them;—who ever thought of taking their opinions on our foreign or any other policy—or who ever cared, in a gondola or out, what such persons said or thought? If England had listened to such politicians, she never would have been able to make the stand she has done;—it is only because some of their thrice-detested liberalism has gained a footing, that we have to lament over concessions which have placed our most valuable privileges in danger.

There is a sketch of the career of Mehmet Ali, including an account of the massacre of the Beys, which is curious. The details are in the main correct, although Mr. Madden's animosity to the Pacha has induced him to adopt rather too eagerly the hear-say reports of his enemies.

"Mohammed Ali, in early life, passed through all the vicissitudes of a Turkish adventurer. In Salonica, his native place, he commenced his career as a servant: he next became a private soldier; and, by his perseverance and courage, attained the rank of *Byn bashi*, or colonel.

"In Egypt he signalized himself; first in the conflicts between the rival Beys, and afterwards between the *Beys* and Turkish Pachas. The military aristocracy of the Mamelukes was too strong for the Pachas, who were the nominal governors of Egypt; so that the country was in a continued ferment between the pretensions of ambitious soldiers, and the intrigues of powerless governors. Mohammed Ali took advantage of the moment: he proclaimed himself the Pacha from the Porte, and took possession of Cairo.

"The Sultan denied not his authority; as usual, he winked at usurpation which he was unable to control; and perhaps was not displeased to see any Pacha, self-nominated or not, on the throne of Egypt, who was capable of curbing the lawless Mamelukes. But when the perfidious Porte thought the

usurper long enough installed in his government to have collected treasure, his ruin was determined on, and every means was tried to get rid of him; but Mohammed Ali was too wily for the Porte, he defeated its clumsy attempts without affecting to perceive them; he sent his tribute, with the most solemn assurances of fidelity, to the Sultan, the humblest of whose slaves he affected to appear. The Sultan was not deceived; he received the tribute of the *Giaour* Pacha (for such Mohammed Ali is called in Constantinople to this day, on account of his intercourse with Christians), but his head was still wanted to adorn the gate of the Seraglio.

“ Mohammed Ali was now firmly fixed in his government, and it was evident that something more than Turkish wisdom preserved him in it. Telegraphs were established from Alexandria to Cairo; and every insurrection which begun, was disconcerted in the space of a few hours. The Mamelukes deemed his agents supernatural, but his only agent was M. Drovetti,\* the French consul. This gentleman still holds the office of consul, and he it was whose prudence and dexterity seated Mohammed Ali on the throne. Every measure of the latter was of his planning; and the Viceroy well knows that to him the success of his ambition is wholly due. Drovetti is the most perfect courtier in his manners and appearance I ever met; the elegance of his address is only surpassed by the depth of his dissimulation, and the skillfulness of his subterfuge. There is, however, something terrible in his countenance; and as he stalks along the plain of Alexandria every evening, muffled up in his white *bermous*, the Franks are seen to retire with a sort of deferential horror, and whisper, as he passes, ‘ Make way for Catiline.’

“ What share he had in the destruction of the Mamelukes, I know not; but, in his quality of privy counsellor, it is to be presumed the bloody business was not transacted without his knowledge: of the expediency of the policy which dictated the measure, I believe there can be little doubt, considering the matter ‘ *à la Turque*.’ The Mamelukes or Mohammed Ali must have fallen; the viceroy determined it should be the former. He invited them to a grand feast, said to be given in honour of his son, at the citadel, and for the alleged purpose of a reconciliation with the Beys, for whom it was reported he had prepared magnificent presents. The Mamelukes distrusted the Pacha’s sudden friendship; they resolved not to attend the banquet. The emissaries of the Pacha laboured to convince them that their suspicion was unfounded: and they prevailed, at last, on the generous minded Mamelukes (for such they were) to trust to the honour and hospitality of Mohammed Ali. They went to the feast, they were received with every demonstration of friendship; but the Pacha was not to be seen: the Beys suspected treachery, they looked to the doors by which they entered the citadel, but they were fast closed; immediately a galling fire of musquetry, from the surrounding parapets, opened upon them; there was no escape; they looked their murderers in the face; they called for quarter, but there was no mercy; they shook their swords at their assassins, but they were beyond their reach.

“ A soldier, who assisted at the massacre, informed me, that the poor wretches in their despair kept running to and fro, from one door to another, vainly seeking a place of safety, until there was not a single Mameluke left standing. The greater number were despatched; but many were only wounded; the ferocious soldiers now descended from the walls and cut and hacked the expiring Beys. I asked the soldier, if it was not a sorry sight? He said, it was lamentable to see such fine clothes as they wore spoiled with blood!

“ The Pacha all this time was shut up in a turret of the citadel, looking at the slaughter of his guests.”

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\* This is the gentleman who has recently played Mr. Burton a very dirty trick, in chousing him out of the Roman tablet which had been given to him by Mehmet Ali, and which has now got into the hands of the younger Champollion, Drovetti’s worthy coadjutor in the affair.—See the *Literary Gazette*, No. 650.

When Mr. Madden afterwards had an interview with Mehmet Ali, his prejudices appear to have been somewhat softened. He cannot, however, persuade himself to admit that which all the world knows to be the truth, that with some of the vices and faults which belong to his country, the Pacha is vastly superior in intellect, and even in honesty, to the great majority of his cotemporaries; but he does find out that he is rather weak than wicked. Our traveller appears to have paid great attention to that disease which is the scourge of the countries in which he travelled—the plague; and the result of his observations is, what indeed he might have learnt without going so far (because the fact is perfectly familiar to all well educated medical men in this country), that the plague is nothing more than a very aggravated kind of typhus. The manner in which he proposes to cure it, by strengthening and stimulating the system, is beyond all question very judicious; but it is one which has been long understood and practised, not perhaps by the rascals who call themselves physicians in Egypt and Turkey, and who are often bankrupt barbers, or refugee waiters, but by every one who has a right to the appellation of a professor of medicine. Grateful as we are, therefore, to Mr. Madden, for his discovery, our gratitude has its limits, because the discovery is not *quite* a new one.

Without a much more reverent opinion, then, of his physic, than his politics had inspired, we are ready to bear testimony to the power of some of his descriptions, and the amusing nature of most of them. That of the lunatic asylum at Cairo, is amongst the most distressing and frightful we ever remember to have seen, and this without any exaggeration. A story which he tells from the witticisms of Ebn Oaz, whom he calls the Joe Miller of the East, and who was the buffoon of one of the Caliphs, is characteristic enough:—

“When the Caliph Haroun el Raschid (who was the friend of the great Charlemagne,) entertained *Ebn Oaz* at his court in the quality of jester, he desired him one day, in the presence of the Sultana and all her followers, to make an excuse worse than the crime it was intended to extenuate: the Caliph walked about, waiting for a reply. After a long pause, *Ebn Oaz* skulked behind the throne, and pinched his highness in the rear. The rage of the Caliph was unbounded. ‘I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty,’ said *Ebn Oaz*, ‘but I thought it was her Highness the Sultana.’ This was the excuse worse than the crime; and of course the jester was pardoned.”

It is however a fault, unpardonable, that the relator introduces it by a ribald sneer against the author of the Pleasures of Memory—a poem which will be read for ages after the very trunks which Mr. Madden’s travels must line, will have ceased to be.

When this author has fairly put us out of all temper with his politics, he reconciles us with the lively and unaffected narration of the events he met with or saw. He is unquestionably a very observant traveller. For all that he has seen with his own eyes, we would willingly take his own word; but the common propensity of travellers, and a somewhat heated imagination, occasionally deludes him, when he gives opinions on speculative matters, and he adopts, with a credulity in which his readers will hardly sympathize, some of the marvellous relations of the persons he met with. That part of his journeyings which lay through Egypt, is particularly well told; his observations on the natural history of the country, his inquiries into the manufacture of mummies, his relative measurement of the heads of living Copts and Nubians, and of dead Egyptians, are all

very agreeable, and as far as they go, very satisfactory. One of the most interesting parts of his narration is that in which he relates his interview and conversations with one of the most extraordinary personages this age has produced, Lady Hester Stanhope. Having embarked at Damietta for Beirout, and proceeding afterwards to Sidon, he requested permission to wait upon her Ladyship—a favour which is said to be often refused, but which was readily granted to our traveller. He says,

“ I approached the house with a feeling of awe I could not overcome ; the high walls that surrounded the building, the massive bars that closed the gates, the gloomy windows that overlooked the entrance, all contributed to inspire a stranger with ideas that were likely to unfit him for an immediate interview with the celebrated owner of the mansion.

“ After the gates were thrown open I was surprised to observe a thousand little elegancies in the distribution of the walks, and the adjustment of the flower pots in the court through which I passed. Every thing without was wild and barbarous, and all within confessed the hand of taste. I was led from the court into a little garden, at the extremity of which there was a sort of kiosk, consisting of two rooms, a sitting-room and bed-room, furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables. Every thing seemed to have been prepared for my arrival, and in a short time, an excellent dinner was served up, and various sorts of the choicest wines of Lebanon were laid on the table. It seemed to me as if I was in some enchanted palace ; the servants came and went, but never opened their lips ; I spoke to them, but they answered me with bows and nods. I would have given the world to have had somebody to talk to ; in the evening, however, I received a note from her Ladyship, stating that business prevented her from seeing me till the *mogreb*, or sunset ; and in the event of my wanting any thing, that I was to write it down on paper and commit it to the servant. The formidable moment for the interview arrived at last, I decked myself out in my finest Mameluke apparel, and followed the servant who brought her Ladyship’s message.

“ The room into which I was ushered was in the Arab style, a long divan was raised at the end, about a foot and a half from the ground ; and, at the further corner, as well as a glimmering lamp would allow me to distinguish, I perceived a tall figure in the male attire of the country, which was no other than Lady H—— herself. She received me in the most gracious manner, arose at my entrance, and said my visit afforded her great pleasure. In the course of one hour we were on the best of terms, we conversed like people who had been acquainted for years ; and, indeed, her Ladyship was so well acquainted with my character within the first two hours of my interview, whether by physiognomy or the stars, that she acquainted me with every peculiar lineament of my mind, with as much facility and as much correctness as if she had been tracing those of my countenance. I was certainly astonished at her penetration ; but I have no doubt, that in judging of the characters of strangers, her Ladyship ‘ consults the stars’ less than the features of the person whose intellect she wishes to ascertain. For seven hours that I had the honour of sitting with her Ladyship, there never was a pause in the conversation. Every subject connected with oriental learning was discussed, and every observation of her Ladyship’s evinced a degree of genius that astonished me, and was couched in such forcible and energetic language as to impress me with the idea that I was conversing with a woman of no ordinary intellect. The peculiarity of some of her opinions in no wise detracted from the general profundity of her reflections ; and, though I could assent to many of her abstract notions regarding astral influence and astrological science, I had still no reason to alter my opinion of her exalted talents, though, it might appear, they were unfortunately directed to very speculative studies.”

“ To one who knows the Arabs well, the natural simplicity of their character, their generosity, and their kindness of heart, there is no small pleasure in remaining amongst them, and especially in the character of a benefactor and a chief, who is looked up to by them, not only as a ruler, but as a being of a superior order ; and, in this light, both the Arabs of Mount Lebanon and the Bedouins of the Desert look upon Lady H—— S——. But her influence over the Turkish Pachas of Syria has, indeed, diminished greatly.

“ She has now been seventeen or eighteen years in the country ; and, for many years after her arrival, to gain their protection, which was very desirable in such an unsettled region, it was necessary to make considerable presents annually, which no private fortune could be equal to for any length of time. So long as the presents were made, the Pachas were all courtesy, and the name of the *Sittee Inglis* was a passport over Syria ; but, latterly, that her hand has ceased to lavish the shawls of Cachmire, the silver mounted pistols of England, the swords of Damascus, the muslins of India, on these rapacious governors, their friendship has waxed cold ; and, in some instances, has been converted into enmity : such is the case with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and the Emir Bechir of the Druses. The latter has taken every occasion of thwarting her, and has latterly issued a firman, which he procured from Acre, forbidding any Mahometan subject, on pain of death, to remain in her service, or to carry water to her house, with which it is supplied from a river three or four miles distant. The consequence of this edict is, that she has been left without servants, and her beautiful garden has gone to ruin for want of irrigation.

“ Her establishment formerly consisted of thirty or forty domestics, and a great number of girls whose education was her employment : but they have all deserted her, with the exception of five servants, and on their fidelity her life is now dependent. Several attempts have been lately made to break in at night ; people have been found murdered, who were attached to her, and the corpse of a stranger, a few days ago, was found lying near the gate.

“ Her great enemy is a certain *Yacoub* Aga, the converted Bishop whom I have already mentioned, a man of infamous character, and who has contrived, with the wages of his infamy, to purchase a village, which is about an hour's journey from *D'Joun*. Some time ago this man seized on her Ladyship's camels, on pretence of employing them for some work of the Emir's. The servants resisted, and one of them was bastinadoed : the servants of Lady H—— retaliated, some time after, on some people of the Emir's, and bastinadoed them : this produced a great deal of ill will between the Emir and her Ladyship ; and *Yacoub* Aga took every opportunity of insulting the people of the latter, wherever he met them.”

The opinions of this lady on some subjects, appear sufficiently extraordinary. She believes that medicine, and all other sciences, are only to be effectually studied in the stars ; that “ the pole of a star is in this order : at the top are the angels ; a little lower, the spirits of the air ; still lower, the intelligences of the earth ; of the vegetable, then of the mineral kingdom ; and beneath the centre, the seven regions of hell, and the seven great beings.” Her ladyship, however, was so good as to say to Mr. Madden, that she saw these things were above his comprehension, and therefore she would talk of other matters. We are as glad, as we dare say our author was, to be relieved from such frantic rubbish, and therefore turn to what is by comparison, more rational—her opinions upon English politics and statesmen, of the latter of whom, it must be remembered, she speaks from personal knowledge :—

“ Having smoked and conversed till half-past three in the morning, I retired, delighted with a conversation in which the natural eloquence of this lady was only surpassed by the originality of her observations. Her habits are peculiar ; she retires to rest at the dawn and rises in the afternoon ; she takes her meals in her own apartments, and never with her guests ; she drinks no wine, and

very seldom eats meat. Other nights it was still later when I retired ; tea was sometimes brought in towards two in the morning.

“ The male attire of Syria is extremely rich and flowing : it becomes females no less than men, and sets off the portly figure of Lady H—— to great advantage. As the situation of her Ladyship is more that of a Bedouin sovereign than of one in a private station, I do not conceive the laws of hospitality are infringed by giving you these particulars. Lady H—— complains only of those who have given false and malicious accounts of her. I trust I have given neither. In conversation she expressed her opinion very freely of Mr. C——g, who appeared to be no great favourite of hers, and of many other public characters ; and though she professed to read no books, for ‘ books,’ she asserts, ‘ file away the mind,’ she yet appeared conversant with every thing that was going on in the political and literary world. I give you her opinions of C——g and some others, word for word, as I heard them from her.

“ ‘ I hate your fiery-headed Irish politicians ; for soldiers, there are none like them ; for a *coup de main* I would have Irish—all Irish. The Scotch should plan the project, the Irish execute it ; the latter know not how to retreat : they have a great deal of wit, which consists in quickness of apprehension ; they always have genius, but they never have any judgment. George C——g was one of your fiery-headed Irish politicians. When I acted as Mr. Pitt’s secretary, I had nothing but trouble with this Irishman. One day I could hardly prevail on him to sit down to dinner at Mr. Pitt’s, because Lord Castlereagh was present !—He was like a fine lady at a play, who becomes quite fidgety because a naughty person is sitting in the next box : he was afraid of infection. Oh ! there is no one knows George C——g so well as I do ; he was never staunch to any person, nor to any party ; he never would serve Mr. Pitt well, nor yet would he break with him.

“ ‘ When Mr. Pitt went out of office, C——g used his name to make it believed that Mr. P—— was only waiting for a bait to be drawn in again. Mr. P—— was obliged to forbid him the house : but he soon ingratiated himself again into favour. C—— has no largeness of soul : he is voluble and erudite, but he never was such an orator as Grattan : Grattan’s speeches will read well to every one ; but C——g’s speeches are only intelligible to your Greek and Latin gentlemen : to the country squires they are nonsense ; for the agricultural interests are foreign to the classical consideration of C——g : the corn laws are not more congenial to his contemplation than the study of alchymy is to the Archbishop of Canterbury. To such beings as myself, who have their own strong notions of things and persons, the speeches of C——g are vapid ; there is no depth in the argument ; no universality in the philosophy.

“ ‘ Lord C——h was the best meaning man in the world, but his intellect was not of the first order ; in the documents he was in the habit of writing for Mr. P——, there were always blunders, but he used to write them over again, very good-humouredly, when Mr. P—— pointed out the error. C—— and he were always in one another’s way, the senate was not large enough for them both.

“ ‘ When Mr. Pitt was out of office, I acted as his secretary, and he had then as much business as when he was in. He very seldom opposed my opinions, and always respected my antipathies. In private life he was cheerful and affable ; he would rise in the midst of his gravest avocations to hand me a fallen handkerchief ; he was always polite to women, and a great favourite with many of them ; but he was wedded to the state, and nothing but death could divorce him from his country. He was fond of me ; he loved originality in any shape. His great recreation, after the fatigue of business, was stealing into the country, entering a clean cottage, where there was a tidy woman and a nicely-scoured table, and there he would eat bread and cheese like any ploughman. He detested routs, and always sat down to plain dinners. He never eat before he went to the House ; but when any

thing important was to be discussed, he was in the habit of taking a glass of port wine with a tea-spoonful of bark.

“ ‘ Had Sir Francis B——t taken any line of politics but that of reform, he would have acquired fame; his early talents fitted him for the conduct of any important question; he was a sound speaker, and he was ever a gentleman; but in reform it is all prosing,—subduing a noble spirit to the nature of a rabble, and subjecting one’s lungs to the breath of the garlic-eaters of liberty. Sir Francis was elegant in his manners, comely in his person, and his principles were excellent.

“ ‘ The old K—g was an honest, upright man; his very obstinacy was a virtue; it had been impressed on him early, that he had a certain line of duty before him, and that to swerve from it was to wound the constitution. The constitution was his idol; and, in his sight, even its imperfections had something sacred in them.

“ ‘ The Duke of Y—k was an excellent prince. I was on terms of intimacy with him for many years: he opposed the Catholics from principle, because he respected his father’s prejudices, and really thought the influence of the Pope was very great. In his office he was the most punctual man in the world; he had no partialities; and, strangest of all, he never showed the least jealousy of W——, on whom so many places were conferred, which his Royal Highness might have been as well qualified to fill.”

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“ ‘ The English people are infatuated about their erudition, their constitution, and their climate; the essence of the first is vanity—corruption, of the second—and that of the third, fog. The English nation is too fat, its mind wants mortification; every one talks of morals, and the lips become so familiar with the name, that the heart forgets the virtue. Religious imposition has overrun this country as well as many others; God was obliged to withdraw the truth, when the world became so degraded as to be no longer fit for its purity.

“ ‘ Some of the learned people here consider *Judas* in a better light than we Christians regard him, they pretend he was misrepresented, and look up to him as a prophet who is destined to appear again on earth.

“ ‘ As to leaving this country, your advice is vain, I never will return to England. I am encompassed by perils: I am no stranger to them; I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the Desert, and when my servants quaked I have galloped in amongst them and forced them to be courteous; I have faced them;—and when a horde of plunderers was breaking in at my gate I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand, and after convincing them, had they even been inclined, that they could not hurt me, I fed them at my gate and they behaved like thankful beggars. Here am I destined to remain; that which is written in the great book, who may alter? It is true I am surrounded by perils; it is true I am at war with the prince of the mountains and the Pacha of Acre; it is very true my enemies are capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms, good Damascus blades, I use no guns, and while I have an arm to wield a *hanjar*, these barren rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter before ‘my face looks black’ in the presence of my enemies, and two hundred years hence, the Bedouins of the Desert shall talk of the *Sitte Inglis*, how she sat her Arab steed, and fell like an Arab chief, when the star of her glory had set for ever!”

The difference between the accounts of the two travellers of their visits to this lady is very remarkable. Mr. Madden seems to have thought that the best thing he could do, would be to repeat what so remarkable a person said and did. The facetious Captain, on the contrary, regales his reader with what *he* said and did, keeping her ladyship as much in the shade as may be. He found no difficulty in gaining

access to her ; wrote her a letter by moon-light, which she answered by an invitation to come to her immediately. The "English comforts and luxuries" which he found at D'Joun, appear to have made a much greater impression on him than the presence of one of the most extraordinary personages of the age.

"About five o'clock I was conducted to her ladyship's presence. She was dressed à l'Arabe, and is a very imposing and noble-looking personage, of great height, and dignified manners. She received me very graciously; and we soon became acquainted with each other. I dined alone, she never eating after one o'clock.

"After dinner I again returned to her ladyship, and remained tête-à-tête with her until midnight, much entertained and instructed by her conversation, which is lively and interesting, extraordinary and impressive by turns.

"November 6.—I enjoyed a nice, clean, English-feeling bed until eight o'clock. One leaves one's carpet with no regret; but a soft clean bed has irresistible attractions. In the afternoon I walked with her ladyship round her pretty gardens. She has laid out large sums of money upon this place, and has indeed contrived to make a little paradise in the desert. Tête-à-tête until midnight."

He makes use of her ladyship's influence to get introduced to a horse-dealer at Sidon; and having spent the morning in chattering with an old French *koper* there, conducting his bargain like a man who knows the value of money—a disposition which he evinces throughout his journeyings, (all Englishmen "hate to be imposed on") he returns to D'Joun in the evening, and then finds time to bestow a word on her ladyship, and says,

"I wish I could prevail upon Lady Hester to write her memoirs. She has seen more of the world, both civilized and barbarous, than any body in existence, and has all the talent necessary to write an excellent book. It rained all night."

While Mr. Madden is cudgelling his brains, and racking his memory to put her ladyship's odd thoughts and sayings into their best form, our Captain, whose notion of a *personal* narrative is unquestionably a very clear one, congratulates himself on being, when the ungracious news of the battle of Navarino arrived, "under the roof of a person so highly respected and esteemed by the Turks as Lady Hester Stanhope." He does his hostess, however, the honour to chronicle her kindness and solicitude to him when he had caught a cold, and accompanies the honourable mention he then condescends to make of her, with the very important and interesting intimation, that he "bathed his feet in hot water, drank barley-water, and syrup of violets, and in the course of the night contrived to perspire profusely." Among many stories which he says Lady Hester Stanhope told him, he relates only the following, which is romantic enough for the Arabian Nights' Entertainments:—

"The growing power of the Pasha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stamboul, that Mehmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliphate.

"In vain the perfidious policy of the Seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the Pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mehmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople, of the toils which were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

"At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which

should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success.

“ He had in the Imperial Harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan’s eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent.

The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East: and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditionary superstition.

“ He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her, that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mehmect Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign Prince, second to no one in the universe but himself, the great Padisha.

“ He observed to her, how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires.

“ But, in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. ‘ Watch,’ said he ‘ a favourable moment, when the Pasha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water; which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever.’

“ The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter.

“ In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents.

“ Mehmet Ali’s spies, had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety.

“ He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the Governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pasha had long been jealous.

“ The poor Georgian having lost a Pasha, thought she must do her best to captivate her Aga, and administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mehmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands: in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

“ When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. ‘ What did you do to him?’ was the question. ‘ I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring.’

“ The ring, it was true, remained; but the *stone*, which it had encircled, *was melted in the water.*”

We have occasionally an amusing anecdote about Ponto, the Captain’s dog, who seems to have been very expert at swallowing horse-leeches, which his master, not quite so adroitly, pulls out, and occasionally gets his fingers bitten. He is a great dress-fancier, and descants with all the eloquence of an artist, upon the costumes he saw. He liked some of them so well, that he had one of his own made, the history of which he gives thus:—

“ After breakfast my tailor brought me my Mameluke dress, which is very handsome, and, I think, becoming. It consists of a silk shirt, loose vest of pink and white striped Damascus stuff with wide open sleeves, braided all

around with purple braiding ; jacket of crimsoned cloth, trimmed and braided with narrow gold braid, made very loose, with short and wide sleeves ; an immensely capacious pair of nether garments of the same crimson cloth, braided and flowered with purple braid ; a sash of Sidon silk manufacture of many colours, very handsome and wide ; and to complete the costume, a white muslin turban. Old Ponto does not know me at all. The Greek servants declare it is a superb dress, and that I make an excellent Mameluke."

Who can deny the utility of travel, and the value of its history, when the world is by such means made acquainted with particulars so vastly important. Ponto's not knowing his master is a beautiful touch of nature, which completes the picture ; but it is unluckily a plagiarism. Sheridan has made use of it in the account of Acres' dressing, where David says, " Hang me if Phillis would wag a hair of her tail at your honour." Great geniuses, however, do sometimes hit upon the same idea, and so it must be in this instance. It goes to our very heartstrings to part with such delightful companions ; but we have come to the utmost verge of our limits, and must tear ourselves, however unwillingly, from our travellers.

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FAIRIES' SONG.

WHILE the sad world is sleeping,  
                   We're keeping  
 Our revels unseen ;  
 And the glow-worm shines brightly,  
                   While lightly  
 We glance o'er the green.  
 Where, from cavern or mountain,  
                   The fountain  
 Springs sparkling and bright,  
 Perfumed garlands we're wreathing,  
                   Or breathing  
 Soft strains to the night.  
 The moon comes to meet us,  
                   And greet us  
 With the light that we love ;  
 The nightingale knows us,  
                   And woos us  
 From the depths of the grove.  
 Oft the shepherd draws near us,  
                   To hear us  
 With awe and delight ;  
 Oft he watches, while dancing,  
                   We're glancing  
 Like stars through the night.  
 Gentle shepherd, we love thee ;  
                   Above thee  
 We watch many an hour ;  
 And from aught that might harm thee  
                   We charm thee,  
 And hallow thy bower.  
 When the dawn of the morning  
                   Gives warning,  
 We speed far away,  
 Where the stars shed a splendour  
                   More tender ;  
 For we love not the day.

WALKS IN IRELAND: N<sup>o</sup>. III.—THE CITY OF THE SEVEN  
CHURCHES.

AND so the Irish pedestrian has found favour in your eyes! The gentle denizens of the West-end have admitted him into their bou oirs, and listened with complacency to his wild *pâtois*, and smiled approbation:—fact,—literal fact! I saw myself, my printed self, slumbering, in languid, lettered ease, on the little mystic table, beside “La Belle Assemblée;” and grouped around me lay, in orderly disorder, “The King’s Page,” fair “Geraldine of Desmond,” my pretty countrywoman, and half-a-dozen other fashionables. Well, these same printers’ devils have a winning way about them, for all their murky looks!

To tell the truth, I was in rather a sulky humour when I began my last; but I am better now, and I feel disposed to tell you a little more about myself.—Now you need not smother a yawn, and settle yourself into a martyr-like attitude of well-bred patience: I am not going to inflict my birth, parentage, and education upon you; I am only going to tell you how, and why, and wherefore I am a pedestrian, and a solitary one.

I love a ramble among mountains. Born and reared in romantic scenery, though at present a sojourner in a city, I cannot forget the pleasures of my early childhood, in the din and bustle of artificial life (though, Heaven knows, we have but little din or bustle in Dublin, now, except at a contested election, or a civic feast); and I gladly escape, when my avocations permit me, to the romantic solitudes of the county of Wicklow, to taste a sweet forgetfulness of Coke, and Blackstone, and Vesey, Jun. Sometimes I take unto myself the wings of the morning, in the shape of the box-seat of one of the southern coaches, and flee away to the uttermost ends of Cork or Kerry, and am at rest; but Wicklow, from its vicinity to Dublin, is my favourite haunt, and a vacant day or two rarely passes without carrying me to one or other of its sequestered beauties.

Be it understood, that I hate most cordially what is here called “a party of pleasure,” and that a “pic-nic” is an abomination unto me: I hate the dust, and noise, and revelry of the day, especially if the place of destination be some still and tranquil spot, where tumult sounds unholy: I love not to spout poetry with sentimental misses, fresh from the boarding-school, each a Lucy Ashton, or Diana Vernon, in her own mind; nor to talk politics or scandal with their sedater Pa’s and Ma’s; nor does my soul find pleasure in the deep and hasty carouse of the boisterous brothers and cousins, “while the ladies are shawling,” preparatory to certain horse and chariot races, which they perpetrate on the way home, to the infinite peril of their brains, if any they have. No, no; my ramble is, as I have said, a solitary one; my dog is my only companion (pray God our worthy Lord Mayor, who is at present afflicted with prospective hydrophobia, hang him not!\*), and, as he is a dog of a reflective and philosophical turn of mind, we agree exceedingly well. I know he is much better company than many a biped of my acquaintance; for, if he does not join in conversation, he at least listens

\* The Lord Mayor and police of Dublin are at present (September 1826) employed in hanging all the dogs they can lay their hands on, “to prevent them from going mad.” Hanging has been in use in Ireland, as a preventive, time out of mind.

with most edifying attention, and never interrupts my longest soliloquy by a single unmannerly bark. I frequently commence my excursion by moonlight, and sunrise often finds me on the brow of some lofty hill, watching the death of the night and the birth of the morning, though not with a poet's eye, at least with that deep and thrilling feeling, which, were my star a brighter one, had been inspiration to me.

You are not to suppose, from my choosing a dog for my companion, that I am a cynic or a misanthrope;—far from it,—but, believe me, it is harder to find an agreeable associate for a long walk (that is to say, what I call a long walk), than you are at all aware of. I have tried the experiment so often without success, that I am entitled to speak from experience; and I can assure you, that I have given up the pursuit from sheer disappointment, and despair of meeting any one, who, like myself, can not merely tolerate bad quarters, and endure a little fatigue—for that any active, healthy young man ought to think nothing of—but who, without gun, angling-rod, or sportsmanlike equipment of any description—nay, almost without definite or explainable object—can find real genuine pleasure in a stretch of perhaps from thirty to forty Irish miles, through a country wild, difficult, and mountainous, though occasionally romantic and beautiful, to a degree little known except to those who, like myself, have seen it under every aspect—in sunshine and in storm, in leafy summer, and in bare and sterile winter.

The visitor who is whirled in a chaise-and-four to the various “Lions” of Wicklow or Kerry, sees nothing but the bright side of the picture, and, for that very reason, but half appreciates the very beauties which woo his admiration: he is sated with sweets; he has not earned a healthy appetite; he glides through woodland and glen, by lake and stream, and he thinks all very pretty indeed; but he has not given time enough to his mind to suit itself to the character of the scenery, and it leaves no stronger impression on him than a diorama; it has pleased his eye, but has not touched his heart; he has looked at the picture, not entered into the reality; but, had he toiled up the steep ascent, ever and anon looking back upon the changing scene—or lain for hours, as I have, on the mountain-side, awaiting the coming of the Spirit of the Mist, or listening to the solemn, eternal voice of the cataract—or watching the dim, shifting shadows, as they fled from the unseen winds along the mirror of the lake—he would feel the deep, overpowering inspiration of Nature, and bow down in reverence before the Genius of the Place.

I remember once suffering a robustious, beef-eating, port-drinking fellow to *over-persuade* me into taking him as a companion on one of my rambles. For the first five or six miles he got on very well; but, when we left the smiling lowlands behind us, and entered on a solitary waste of uninhabited upland, scarcely to be called mountain—a long, undulating succession of hills, rising gradually, and, as it were, step by step—a fitting prelude, a suitable introduction, a kind of overture, in my mind, to the grand and solemn scenery that lay beyond—he began to *sulk*, and protested that he could not see any pleasure or amusement in plodding over moor and waste, without so much as a gun in one's hand: I wished him in a bog-hole, in the bitterness of my heart.

I have gone the same route frequently since, and more than once in severe winter weather, and I declare to you it seemed six times as long that day as ever it did before or after, so much did that man's ill-humour weary me! Not that I attempted to argue the point with him; I

would as soon endeavour to argue a blind man into a knowledge of colours. At last we reached our quarters for the night—a comfortable mountain inn, where a bright fire and a hearty supper restored my gentleman to his good temper, most miraculously; you would be astonished had you heard how lightly he spoke of our past toils. After solacing himself with all the good things our inn afforded, to bed he went, full of agreeable anticipations of the ensuing day. Whether they were realized or not, is more than I am able to say; for I started next morning with the earliest light, while he, in all probability, was dreaming of the Vale of Tempé, and pursued my way alone.—“Pray,” says the Reader, “how long am I to listen to your bald, disjointed chat? You invite me to accompany you into the mountains of Wicklow, to visit *The City of the Seven Churches*—some Irish Pastun, I suppose; and, by way of inducement, you tell me how you left the last fool you inveigled, in the lurch.”—True, O patient Reader—the last *fool*; but you, who are the pink of propriety, the mirror of wit and wisdom, can never meet, because you can never merit, similar usage. I know, beforehand—by intuition, as it were—that we shall agree perfectly, and jog along in the most loving fashion to our journey’s end—you in the spirit, and I in the body. Besides, remember that you have the game altogether in your own hands, and can flit away as soon as you please, leaving me to wander over hill and dale, as long as I think fit; but I anticipate no such ungracious usage; so pray address yourself to the road—“exert your energies,” as Bridgetina Botherem says, and, by a peripatetic effort of your fine imagination, carry yourself along with me, once more, into the sequestered recesses of Wicklow.

In my mind, the best of all possible dresses for a pedestrian is the sailor’s: not to speak of its extreme lightness, it leaves you, from its peculiar cut, the full, unfettered use of every limb; and, though personal appearance is a matter of very little consequence on a bog, yet I think it not amiss that even my simple garb should carelessly acquiesce, as it were, in the rude accommodation and simple fare of the unfrequented solitudes among which I love to wander.

At day-break, on a cloudless morning in September, the Italian month of Ireland, when a sky of sapphire, and a calm and Sabbath-like repose of the season, repay us for the scorching heats and drenching rains of summer, I obeyed the call of my restless spirit, and set off for Glendelough.

Thanks to the depopulating policy of the powers that be, the road to that celebrated valley lies through uninhabited mountains—mountains which, in Scotland, would support a hardy and industrious peasantry, but which, in Ireland, under a system analogous to that which created the Great Forest, form an excellent shooting district for the mighty men of the land, when it pleases them to recreate their lordly minds, and brace their manly limbs, exhausted by hard labour in the vineyard of the state. As you travel along the military road, an avenue made after the late rebellion, on every side, as far as your eye can reach, are naked hills, once covered with stately woods,—and green, solitary valleys, once rife with population; but the besom of Destruction has done its office upon them, and, though it is an old broom in Ireland, it still sweeps clean enough.

It must, however, be admitted, that you are now and then assured that you are in a land of peace and good-will, by the testimony of a for-

midable barrack, capable of containing 300 men (there are five within a distance of thirty miles)—a proof of tranquillity, which reminds one of the shipwrecked mariner, who, after wandering for some time in doubt and uncertainty, at last espied a gibbet, and threw himself on his knees in an ecstasy of pious joy, to thank God for having cast him on the shores of a civilized country. The road, however, is an excellent one; and let us, poor Irish vagabonds, who chance to use it, e'en bless the giver, like honest Sancho, and not look a gift horse in the mouth.

An active pedestrian, however, like your humble servant, need not be under a compliment to the military road-makers; for he can avoid their Simplon, by making his way through the deer-park of Powerscourt, taking the hill at the foot of the waterfall, and crossing the mountain-ridge a little to the westward of Djouce. Oh, what a view he has from that ridge! Cliff and lake—forest and pasture—lowland, rich in exuberant fertility, and spangled with gayest-looking villas—Dublin, like a fairy city, in the distance—the Irish Channel, with its mazy tracery of inlet and bay, right before him, flecked with glittering sails, like new-fallen snow—and, afar off and indistinct, where sea and sky seem melting into one, the dim blue outline of the mountains of Caernarvon.

Descending southward from the point of view, an easy slope of between one and two miles, leads you to the head of a wooded ravine, immediately behind the house of Luggela—Luggela!—that realization of the Happy Valley! The very name is a spell to awaken sweet thoughts of peace, and innocence, and pastoral seclusion. I promised, last month, to describe it for you; but such promises are more easily made than kept. It is like “gilding refined gold, or painting the lily:” I might as well endeavour to take a likeness of your Lady-love (of course I mean one which would satisfy *you*). I could give you the features—item one lake—item one hospitable cottage, where I have spent many a tranquil day; but the expression, the nameless grace, would escape me.

It is a valley buried deep among lofty hills—a valley solitary, not lonely, with a dreamy contemplative air about it, as if it lay there to win unquiet wanderers from the steep and difficult mountain, from all perilous and gloomy scenes, to rest their heads upon its grassy lap, and listen to the plaintive, sleep-invoking whispers of its waving trees and lulling waters. It is the property of one of the Latouches; and to those who know that family, need I say, that all that politeness—the politeness of the heart—and hospitality could suggest, has been done to ensure the accommodation of vagrants like myself, who may chance to stumble on this green spot in the wilderness?

Southward and eastward, a winding path skirting the shores of Lough Dan (you remember Lough Dan last month), terminates in the hamlet of Annamoe, where the world was near losing Tristram Shandy, inasmuch as its eccentric author once fell into a mill-stream there, and was nearly drowned. In the westward, tower the lofty hills which guard the threshold of the Valley of the Seven Churches. This was the route I chose; and an early hour, and a clear and tranquil day, found me at Glendalough.

Who has not heard of Glendalough, the far-famed valley of the Seven Churches; the cradle and the grave of Irish Christianity, the seat of early literature and piety, in the forgotten days, when Ireland gave philosophy and religion to Europe? You need not stare; if you know any thing about ecclesiastical history, it is unnecessary to tell you

that previous to the English invasion the Church of Ireland was primitive, and independent; she acknowledged no foreign supremacy, spiritual or temporal, her bishops were nominated by domestic suffrage, and the pious and learned were glad to fly from the anarchy of Europe, to the peaceful retirement of the Island of Saints. Pray have you ever heard of Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms?—take my advice, and read his *Essays on Irish Antiquities*; don't puzzle yourself with the rhapsodies of bards, or the solemn Baalam of fabulous annalists, lay or ecclesiastical, but take information from a dispassionate writer (and he an Englishman), who has made the study of antiquity his profession, and you may find that the ancient Irish were wiser than you take them to have been, notwithstanding the follies and vices of some of their descendants in modern times. *A propos*, I warn you that there are impostors abroad; and that a good half of those who now-a-days figure as the “sons of Irish kings,” have no more claim to the title than you have, who, for aught I know to the contrary, may be a hereditary cockney.

The city of the Seven Churches is indeed a “city of the dead;” its pastoral warriors and sages are gathered to their fathers, their far-off history is lost in the dimness of antiquity, their very name is an apple of discord among antiquarians, and nature has resumed the domain which they held at her hands. The eternal mountains are there, unchanged, unchangeable; the deep blue lake still sleeps in the silent valley; and the bright swift stream, that flowed past the ancient city, still slakes the thirst of thoughtful idlers, like myself, who moralize among its ruins. Methinks there is something in this silent triumph over all we love—this decay, and death, and oblivion of all we have fondly devoted to immortality, that reads a deeper lesson to the heart than a thousand homilies.

In the centre of the valley rises one of those tall, pillar-like towers, which have baffled the dark industry of our most indefatigable antiquarians (mind, I do not include the ignorant Ledwich among the number\*). Though inferior in height to many that I have seen, it adds much to the picturesque character of the scene: it speaks of a race utterly gone by, of manners and of a religion which the depths of time have buried for ever; we stand upon the brink of the gulf, and cast our little nets into the deep waters, but we draw up no memorials of its primeval architects—we might as well fish for elliptic springs, and chariot wheels, in the Red Sea. For my part, I like to see this confounding of the wise in their own conceit—this stumbling of the race who for ever look back, while they walk forward; the study of the past, when applied to the instruction and improvement of the present, is eminently useful, but I would not give a fig to know who rotted in the great pyramid. I leave the survey of the Garden of Eden to more imaginative engineers. I shall never hunt for the timbers of the diluvian first-rate (I disclaim the pun) among the snows of Ararat. I am not to be found among the busy purblind pack, who would unearth old Time, and run down Antiquity as if she were a fox.

At the same time, I confess a strong—I had almost said a super-

\* This poor old gentleman, who did not know one word of the *Irish language*, wrote three d—d square books (one in his own name, the others in Grose's) on *Irish Antiquities*, in which, *secundum artem*, he is very severe upon all who happen to be wiser than himself.

stitious reverence for the memorials of elder times ; I love to peep into the dim nooks of ancient cathedrals, and hallowed crypts, while some hoary-headed peasant tells me reverend lies of their saintly founders. I love to uncover my reason of its tiny cap of knowledge, and to wander bare-headed among the dusky solitudes, where Fable mutters her lulling spells over sleeping History. By Jove, I would duck the officious antiquary who would attempt to awaken her. Peace be with the pleasant days of childhood, when schooled by my simple nurse (a mere Irishwoman, I confess\*), I had mysterious knowledge in the genera and species of fæeries, and could class them as you would butterflies, by their painted wings. Many a golden day-dream I have lost since they left me. Farewell to the charmed harmony of the lonely Rath—the graceful revelry of the ancient oak—a long farewell to the lively train that peopled the moonlight vigils of the harmless peasant, in better and less enlightened days—before Saint Patrick's Alien Act was broken—before venomous reptiles returned from transportation—before misrule and absenteeism brought forth her noxious brood of middlemen to vex the land. The squireens appeared, and the fæeries vanished ; the orgies of the rack-rent votaries of freedom of election smothered them like bees : the Peace Preservation Bill interdicted them ; they dare not appear after night-fall, and vulgar daylight is too coarse for their delicate frames ; I wish I could give them a little dusky corner in my mind, to play at hide and seek with sturdy reason.

It is a pleasant thing to sit in the creative twilight of an autumnal evening, in the ruined strength of some ancient castle, when the season and the hour seem gently to acquiesce in your feelings, and to sadden while you moralize upon the downfall of the strong,—it is then pleasant, I say, above all pleasant things, to bid that jewel of a pyrotechnist, the imagination, light up the scene with the splendour of chivalry and beauty,—to lean from the lofty gallery over the dazzling festival—to listen to the daring vows of the youthful aspirants, “before the peacock and the ladies,” while they bind the golden chain that a valiant deed must loosen, or to watch the heaving of the noble and gentle bosom, and the softened lustre of the downcast eye, “struggling through tears unbidden,” as the high-born maiden, half in fear and half in love, turns from the glittering pledge that devotes her faithful knight, or the brother of her heart, to glory or the grave ; while high above the splendid scene, the gallant minstrel blending poetry and music into a lofty harmony, invokes immortal fame upon the beautiful and the brave.

“Could I have kept my spirit to that height,  
I had been happy.”

But the longest vision will have a close—a moping owl will scare the phantom train ; the uncourteous elements, that would not spare the fairest “queen of beauty and of love,” that ever crazed a troubadour, will wash away the picture in a trice ; or fail all else, the sullen night

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\* The ignorance of this poor mountaineer would make a cockney's hair stand on end ; the Ionic of Bow bell was to her a fountain sealed ; she would call a teter a “pratie,” or a vinder, a “windy ;” this last corruption was natural enough, however, considering that her mountain cabin was *glazed*, as my memory serves me, with two *caubeens*, Anglice hats, and—how shall I express it—what would have occupied the position of a coat, had the wearer walked on his head, all three stuffed with straw. I cannot, however, deny, that in spite of her ignorance, she had some quaint phrases that a Spenserian would chuckle over. The name of this aboriginal would choke an Euphuist.

will steal upon the autumnal evening, and fling her murky mantle over the pageant and myself, and I may chance to break my shins, as I stumble from the ruined hall.—I will return to Glendalough.

I left the aged Churches, and bent my course to a favourite haunt of mine, “The Burial-place of the Kings.” It is a solitary nook, not far from the margin of one of the lakes, from which the valley takes its name, where, beneath the half ruined walls of an antique oratory, roofed with the green old age of a venerable ash, repose the shepherd kings, who swayed the patriarchal sceptre of this sequestered valley, when the golden age was not all a fable, among the pious race who nestled in its bosom. A simple stone, with a simple, but emphatic inscription,\* has covered their remains for eight hundred years. Their annals have perished with their kingdom, but tradition, that most affectionate historian, has embalmed the memory of their paternal virtues, and consecrated that stone in the kind and grateful superstition of the inhabitants of the glen.

The far-descended McMthuils have vanished like my fæiry dreams, and the hand of a stranger has snatched their fair inheritance. Their seven times consecrated city sleeps in most solitary ruin, and its mysterious tower alone, whose long-sought secret has died perhaps with them, looks down upon the scattered reliques of its younger, but less fortunate brethren. The antique oratory itself has fallen beneath the piety of some holy housebreaker—some Cromwellian iconoclast, who would have heaven a close borough; but the quiet, pious stone escaped his saintly wrath; he had not weeded his mind of those natural and unfashionable feelings that forbid us to violate the repose of the dead, and he spared the humble memorial of the happier days, when religion, and valour, and primeval simplicity, clasped hands together in the consecrated valley.

Well, I have told you that my intended path led me to this tomb, and I had reasons as plenty as blackberries for my choice. I had passed through the ancient gateway of the silent city—I had moralized among what might be the remains of the palace—I had peeped into the ivyed recesses of the reverend Churches—I had theorized upon the lofty tower, and a natural conclusion led me to the tomb, that from the nearest eminence in the neighbourhood, I might gather into one view this miniature of the ruins of empires—this epitome of human ambition, and its reward,—the kingdom—the city—the palace—and the grave.

I was more than surprised when I reached the little sanctuary of ivy and alders that surrounds it, at finding that rude hands had been upon them, marring their green beauty. Hastily, and not without foreboding, I passed on to the tomb—it was defaced and broken. In this era of civilization—in these days of peace and good order—in this Augustan age of art and science, when antiquarians bow down before idols, and worship graven images—when Parliament, having admitted the bankruptcy of the nation, by reducing the interest of the debt, turns receiver of stolen gods—purchases Theseus and Ilissus; and when the grumbling manufacturers ask for bread, gives them a stone—when it is but a little thing to transport a Grecian temple to London—to reconsecrate the

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\* “ Behold the resting-place of the Body  
of

Mc Mthuil the King  
Who died in Christ 1010.”

Parthenon in Montague Street—to snatch from the hands of ignorant barbarians, the mummies and the tombs of the mysterious Pharaohs, and bear them in antiquarian piety to the Pantheon shrine of the British Museum ;—a solitary ruffian—he must have been alone—who would have shared the cowardly guilt?—what two (for villains despise each other) would have encountered the mutual scorn?—had stolen into the quiet of this so long venerated sanctuary, to destroy the monument, whose pious simplicity six hundred years of desolating strife had spared!

As I was looking on the broken stone, full of a vain wish that I had come upon the mutilator in his spiteful sacrilege, an aged mountaineer approached; his dark brow, and gaunt muscular figure, would have been a study for Salvator, as he bent over the tomb, and muttered an imprecation that Shakspeare might have copied—it was not needed; the cold and sordid cowardice which prompted the act is a seven-fold and abiding curse.

I do confess to you, that I am unwilling to commit to paper the full extent of my feelings on the subject, but you shall not tell me that I *have* spoken too warmly. The Christian religion, by affirming the doctrine of the Resurrection, has hallowed the tomb. The grave of her votary is not a pit of rottenness and corruption, but a place of rest; he closes his eyes in the assurance that he shall sleep but for a season; his bones, while they moulder, are consecrated to immortality, and the hand that disturbs them is sacrilegious.

One word more, and then farewell for the month. Suffer me to quote, in justification of my own feelings, though “familiar to our mouths as household words,” the emphatic appeal which saved the dust of Shakspeare from translation, and checked the officious hands which would have torn him from his beloved Stratford:

“ Good Friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be man that spares these stones!  
And curst be he that moves my bones!”

I thought on these lines as I left the mutilated tomb.

J. R. O.

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TO \*\*\*, WITH FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the Beautiful! To them belong  
The lyre, the garland, and the voice of song—  
All that like them are lovely—all the earth  
Brought forth to glad them when she gave them birth.

Flowers to the Beautiful! For thee I save  
These opening blossoms from an early grave;  
Snatched from the dark cold earth, to thee they come,  
And in thy bosom find their happy home.

All wildly sweet and fresh they fly to thee,  
Types of thyself—the innocent, the free:  
Beneath thy sunny smile, oh! bid them bloom,  
And yield their kindred tribute of perfume.

Short are their lives, but lovely. Time, who brings  
Sickness to us and sorrow, o’er them flings  
Sunshine and joy; and, dying, they bequeath  
Their breath to Beauty—to the Muse a wreath!

## COURSE AND PROBABLE TERMINATION OF THE NIGER.\*

WERE we asked, which of the long-sought discoveries, that of the longitude, or that of the termination of the Niger, we regarded as the least problematical, our reply would be in favour of the former. Indeed, when we reflect upon the fruitless efforts which have been so often made by daring and enterprising spirits to solve this great geographical problem, and on the mystery in which, for upwards of 2300 years, it has been involved, and which has rather increased than diminished, we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that the solution of this perplexing question has, for some wise purpose, been denied to the investigations of man. The more we extend our researches relative to the subject, and examine the various records, remote and recent, connected with the history, geography, and topography of Central Africa, the more intricate the question becomes, and the less disposed are we to hazard even a conjectural conclusion. The conflicting testimonies of ancient and modern discoverers—the disputed position of places—the extraordinary differences in the “laid-down” latitudes, to say nothing of the longitudes of every authority from the time of Ptolemy to the days of Denham, are not calculated to lessen the difficulties with which this interminable subject of speculative science is beset. Nor do we see why the endeavours of African travellers, or of those still wiser theorists, the drawing-room discoverers, should be solely directed to *one* source and *one* termination to the meanderings of this extensive stream.

Sir Rufane Donkin, in his Dissertation on the Course of the Niger, appears to be of a different opinion, and says that he began to suspect that the difficulties which had embarrassed this subject, lay rather in words than in things, and that a little verbal criticism might do much towards clearing away the preliminary difficulties which had hitherto blocked up the approach to the question. When we consider the calamities, and sufferings, and loss of valuable lives which have accrued in the pursuit of this inquiry, we are tempted to exclaim, “Would that words had been the only impediment in the approach of the question;” or, that we could not, with Shakspeare, ask,

“Why should calamity be full of words?”

Our author felt also the necessity of defining and agreeing on the exact terms of the problem to be solved. The desideratum, therefore, appeared to be the finding of “a large river in Central Africa, which Ptolemy and other ancient writers called the Niger, and which we still call so; which river shall either flow into the Atlantic, or into some great central lake or marsh, or lose itself in central sands, or unite itself with the Egyptian Nile, or empty itself by some other channel into the Mediterranean Sea. These,” continues the General, “appear to be all the modes by which a great river, known to exist in Central Africa, but whose termination is unknown, can be disposed of.” In investigating the subject, it appeared that “the failure in settling the question arose from a verbal or grammatical error, in stating the object of the search to be *the Niger*, or rather *the Nile*, (for by the name of Nile the great rivers of Central Africa have been generally known to ancient and Arabian writers,)

\* A Dissertation on the Course and Probable Termination of the Niger. By Lieut.-General Sir Rufane Donkin, G.C.H., K.C.B., and F.R.S.

instead of searching for a Nile, or a Niger; and they have thus been endeavouring to unite and reconcile in some one individual river, qualities which have been predicated of several distinct rivers, and they have thus confounded a specific appellation with a generic and descriptive one." This argument is further illustrated by the General as follows.—

Major Denham gives us a notable instance of the generic application of the word "Nile;" and I only wonder that the question he records did not at once awaken his attention to the fact, that "Nile" was the general appellative of all large rivers, and not of a specific one only. "I had before been asked," says Major Denham, "if the Nile was not in England?"—the real meaning of which was, "have you no Nile or large river in England?" But Major Denham, not understanding it, said, "No, the Nile is not in England." Now, if this Moor were a literary man, and kept, as Major Denham did, an account of his travels, I can quite imagine such an entry as the following in his journal:—"On such a day I met a white man called Major Denham, a man of courage, discretion, and truth: he, like all the other travellers from his country, which is far in the north, inquired constantly for a great river, calling it *The Niger*, a name we know not of,—but it is clear that they all want to see a *great river*. From this I conclude that they have no great river in his country called England; indeed I asked him, and he said there was none. I suppose, therefore, that his country must be a dry, bad country, not like ours, watered by a Nile; and I begin to suspect that these men want to discover a country where Niles are to be found, that they may leave their own deserts and come and live by our deep waters.

Indeed it seems singular that Denham should have been ignorant of the application of the oriental word "Nile" to *all* rivers; a philological fact so generally known, as to be found even in ordinary works of compilation. The "Universal Gazetteer," by Walker, published many years ago, contains the following passage under the head of "Niger."—"The Africans have two names for this river: namely, Neel il Abee, or River of the Negroes, and Neel il Kibeer, or the Great River. They also term the Nile, *Neel*, *Shem*, that is the Egyptian river! So that the term Neel, whence our Nile\* is derived, is nothing more than the appellative of *river*."

In being, however, over ingenious in his speculations, particularly as to remote etymology, the learned General has rather weakened his argument; for it does not follow that a meaning which is justified at any particular period in the migration (so to speak) of a word, should be equally true of it in all its travels, or even in its origin. Sir W. Jones says that "Etymology has, no doubt, some use in historical researches; but it is a medium of proof so very fallacious, that when it elucidates one fact it obscures a thousand." That this is true is shewn in Sir Rufane Donkin's work; who, not content with proving that the word "Nile" or "Neil" means river, endeavours to ascertain, by inquiries into ancient languages, *why it should be called so?* and here it is, we think, that Sir W. Jones's observation is illustrated, and that our too scrupulous inquirer has stumbled into error. He says that the word Neil, in Hindoostanee means "blue," and that this epithet is applied to rivers, because the

\* "This orthography, *Nile*," says Jackson, "has been imported from France: with the French it is pronounced as we pronounce *Neel*; and this is the intelligible pronunciation in Africa." In another place the same author says, that, "it is incorrect to say that the word *Nile* is applied, in Africa, to any great river: the name, I can with confidence declare, is never applied to any river in North Africa, except the Nile of Egypt, and that of Sudan (*Niger*). Whoever has propagated this opinion has mistaken the matter altogether." P. 447.—*Account of Timbucto, &c.* edited by G. Jackson.

water in them is *either blue or black*. Now, it so happens, that in the next page, Sir Rufane Donkin tells us that the Hindoostanee word for black is "Kolla, or Kala." How he establishes the identity between "Kolla" and "Neil" would be inscrutable to any but that learned philologer, who discovered that King Ki and King Atoes were the same person; "for," says he, "you have only to change *K* into *A* and *I* into *Toes*, and you have it." To this, unluckily for the theory of Sir R. may be added the fact in natural history that, with very few exceptions,\* the water of deep rivers is black, and that the colour of blue is confined to the ocean.† Hence the saying, or half menace, of seamen, "Wait till I get you into *blue water*."

One of the principal objects of the Lieut.-General's work is the restoration of Ptolemy's text—to show how often he has been misrepresented by translators, and perverted by modern map-makers, and to demonstrate more by "moral than by mathematical proof," that by adhering strictly to what the Alexandrian geographer has said, we rescue him from "gross inconsistencies, and place the geography of Ptolemy on the basis of truth."

Now before we follow our author in tracing the discovery which he *imagines* he has made in the rectification of Ptolemy's first meridian of longitude—namely, through the westernmost of the Cape Verd Islands, instead of through that of Ferro, as has been hitherto done, we ask what good, in a geographical sense, can result from adhering strictly to the authority of a man, whose entire system of the universe was founded in error? It is true that Ptolemy's system, though mistaken, was ingenious. The world, for many ages, was content with it; and until it was, with much difficulty,‡ overturned by what Bailly called "le véritable système" of Copernicus, the theory of the Alexandrian was considered to be founded upon irrefragable demonstration, and to be as sacred as truth itself. Sir Rufane Donkin has, however, told us that Ptolemy committed an error of no less than *ten degrees* in the latitude of his own astronomical observatory at Alexandria! If, "with all appliances and means to boot," and in his own native city he could have made so egregious a blunder, how, we repeat, should we be justified in placing the least dependance on the latitude and longitude which he has given to many places in Central Africa? The general himself, in the midst of his vindication of Ptolemy exclaims—"I only wish I could also get rid of an error in *several* of his latitudes; but when he places Mount Mandrus, one of the sources of the Ni-geir,§ in 19 deg. north, he must be egregiously in error, both because that would throw the Mandago Mountains, in which the Niger rises, a great way up the *Great Desert*,

\* The *Rhone*, and one or two others.

† "A great intensity, or depth," says Sir R., "is implied by the word "Kolla," or "Kalla," Black, as "Kala Pance," or the "*Black Water*," which is the name given in Hindoostan to the great *ocean*, over which the English pass, say the natives, in going to and coming from Europe."—P. 6.

‡ Speaking of Copernicus, Bailly says—"Son système fit beaucoup de bruit dans l'Europe, et occasionna des merveilles très-vives pendant près d'un siècle."

§ "In regard," says the General, "to the Gir and the Niger, as we now see them written, I must first beg to be allowed to restore them to their original orthography, as given by Ptolemy, from whom we have taken these names of two rivers in Central Africa. He calls them Γαις, Geir, and Νίγαις, Nigeir; or, as I would write the latter name, Νί-Γαις, Ni-Geir; for I conceive the Ni, added to Geir, implies some distinctive difference between the two rivers in the aboriginal language."

where there are and *can* be no rivers, but also because it is now well known that the general course of the Niger, that is, Park's Joliba or Quorra, is full *six* degrees and a half to the *southward* of nineteen degrees north."

Not to multiply examples, it may be sufficient to aver that the latitudes of Ptolemy are shewn by his advocate to be frequently *wrong*, and that, too, in places of the utmost importance. This, to us simple-minded folk, seems to be a strange way of rescuing an *ANTIENT* ally "from gross inconsistencies, and *placing his geography on the basis of truth.*"

Upon these obvious miscalculations, the General (altering *one* of Ptolemy's latitudes) has constructed a map of Central Africa.

"The Tchad," says Sir R., "I placed at once in its *proper* latitude and longitude, according to Denham and Clapperton, in order to see what would become of it amidst Ptolemy's geographical conditions and dicta; for, as we are sure about the existence and actual *site* of the Tchad, I wished to put Ptolemy to this *experimentum crucis*, and he has stood it well."—P. 45.

We are somewhat sceptical as to the "*actual site* of the Tchad." We have our reasons for supposing that the geographical computations of, at least, one of the modern discoverers are not to be implicitly relied on. Nor are the published narratives of Clapperton and Denham by any means calculated to remove our suspicions.

In the joint publication of Majors Denham and Clapperton, the following editorial note, by Mr. Barrow, appears on a passage in Clapperton's text, relative to a statement of the captain descriptive of a night's *frost* in Central Africa:—

"It is much to be regretted, that the state of the thermometer was not noticed, more particularly as a question has arisen as to the correctness of this statement, which is however repeated by Doctor Oudney (Clapperton's colleague) almost in the same words."

It is, we say, much more to be regretted that a register of all astronomical observations made on the mission had not been regularly kept by these intrepid travellers. It is true that Clapperton\* sometimes speaks of such and such a latitude having been obtained by means of a "*meridional altitude*," and has, once or twice, even gone into the minutiae to mention "*the sun's lower limb*:" but as to the *means* by which the longitude of the various places visited in these inland regions has been ascertained, the captain, or rather his editor, is somewhat silent; and, after parting from Clapperton, the major, on the same subject, is totally mute. How their map has been constructed, and the latitudes and longitudes ascertained of those districts, which had only been *explored* by Major D., we are at a loss to conjecture. In inland countries, to be correct in geographical computations, it is essential that the discoverer be not only a good astronomer, but a first-rate mathematician. Unfortunately for science, Major D. was neither; and, as for Clapperton, though in this respect, the most competent person of the party, he was, at most, no more than an ordinary navigator.

With reference to the single alteration made by the General in the

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\* In the narrative published jointly with that of Denham.—P. 7.

latitude of Ptolemy\* (a difference amounting to only *six* hundred geographical miles), he says, that "it will receive countenance and perhaps justification from Park's averment, that, 'in that quarter he was told a stream arose, which ran from the south into the Niger.'"—P. 85.

Speaking of the Kong and Mandara Mountains, Sir Rufane says, that "a question has been raised as to the continuity or non-continuity of this central range; but his own opinion is, that this range is continuous, and that it has no opening any where by which a river could pass; nor does he think that any river would ever wear through the immense and elevated mass of granite which, we *now know*, forms the base of this grand range. That this base," adds Sir R., "is composed of granite, we have the most *unequivocal testimonies* of Captain Clapperton, when he crossed its *western end* at the dip in the Kong mountains, and of Major Denham, when he went to the Mandara range, which is at the *eastern end*."—P. 112.

In our researches upon this subject, we have not been so fortunate as to light upon the "unequivocal testimonies" of these travellers. It is true that mountains, at several hundred miles apart, were at different intervals of time crossed by Clapperton and Denham: but how the intermediate space is known to be continuous, or "the immense and elevated mass of granite which forms the base of this grand range," has been traced through so many degrees of longitude, our author can best explain. Indeed, the General's argument may be here answered, in the same way that Grey Jackson (one of Sir R.'s most revered authorities) replies to Park on a similar question:—

"Mr. Park's annotator may say, that the fact of this stream running to the west towards Wangara cannot be admitted, because Mr. Brown did not *ascertain* that this was an *uninterrupted* ridge; the river might therefore pass through some chasm *similar to that which I have seen* in crossing the Atlas mountains; or through some intermediate plain."—P. 445, *Account of Timbucto and Housa*, edited by Grey Jackson, Esq., 1820.

And so we say that, until "this central range" has been thoroughly explored, and is proved to be one continuous "uninterrupted ridge" of granite at its base, we shall neither reject as impossible nor improbable that a terminating branch of the Niger takes not a *southern* direction into the Atlantic.

After disputing with great reluctance the theories of D'Anville and Major Rennell, touching the subject in question, our author says—

"In regard to Major Rennell's Map, published in 1798, to show the progress of discovery in North Africa, I have to point out one very great error in it, similar to those I have pointed out in D'Anville's Map, namely, that one of the places which is inserted in it with Ptolemy's name attached, is *not* put down in the longitude prescribed by Ptolemy.

"We are to keep in mind that Major Rennell's first meridian is drawn through Greenwich.

\* Speaking of his alteration of this latitude of Ptolemy, the General says, "But this latitude must be wrong, for, any source of the Ni-Geir in 17° N., so far from being a *southern* source of that river, would be several degrees to the *northward* of its whole general course,—and, indeed 17° N. is within the limits of the great desert; I am constrained therefore to suppose, that the transcriber of some MS. must have mistaken some splash of a pen which had fallen before the Greek numeral 7, or 7, for the Greek numeral 1 or 10, and, that in copying, instead of writing, as he ought to have done, the *Σις* to be 7, he wrote 10 or 17."

Ptolemy lays down the Libyan Lake in . . . . . 35° E.

This, deducting 25 degrees, to reduce it from Ptolemy's longitude, would place the lake in longitude east of Greenwich . . . . . 10°.

But Major Rennell has placed it east of Greenwich in . . . . . 22°.

differing from Ptolemy no less than twelve degrees: and, if we suppose Ptolemy's longitude drawn through Ferro, differing from him five degrees. In my map, in which I have most scrupulously adhered to Ptolemy, the Libyan lake is 13 degrees of longitude from the Geir—whereas Major Rennell in his map makes it only 6 degrees—giving a relative difference of 7 degrees.

“Major Rennell lays down the Chelonidæ in 24° N. latitude, but Ptolemy says they are in 20° N. In short, here, as in other maps, Ptolemy is made to bend to the map, instead of the map being made strictly after Ptolemy, whose name however is attached to these errors.”

So far the detection of the foregoing errors by the Lieutenant-General is highly creditable to his laborious researches—literary and geographical. But in a previous part of our author's dissertation (throughout which no opportunity is neglected to indicate the great mistake into which *all* Ptolemy's map-makers have fallen, in making Ferro his *first* meridian), he tells us that “Lake Dumboo,” which, by most authorities, is admitted to be one and the same with Ptolemy's Chelonidæ,† “is laid down in the map generally, in longitude 22 deg. east of Greenwich—a discrepancy,” Sir Rufane adds, “by no means sufficiently great to destroy the identity of Ptolemy's two lakes of Chelonidæ.”

Now, if by mistaking his first meridian, *all* Ptolemy's map-makers are, by the Lieut.-General's discovery seven degrees in error, a corresponding difference throughout every Ptolemæan map surely should exist; and, therefore, this discrepancy which our author thinks too inconsiderable to destroy the identity of Ptolemy's lakes, ought, to be in keeping with Sir R.'s reckoning, to differ *five* degrees instead of *two*. But it has been well observed, that when once the mind is intoxicated with a theory, it eagerly grasps at every shadow of evidence which seems to favour it, and is frequently the first dupe to the system it has created.

On the subject of auricular evidence, Sir Rufane thus interrogates the reader:—

“Is not the greater part of the information we have relative to Africa ‘hearsay evidence?’—from the time of Herodotus, who gave hearsay evidence from King Etearchus, and so many others; from the time of Pliny, who took hearsay evidence from King Juba's accounts, down to Park, Denham, and Clapperton, who have given us a great deal of hearsay evidence for what they relate?”

Coming, as this interrogation does, from our intelligent author, we cannot but express our surprise, that when it suits his purpose to support his hypothesis, he lends so credulous an ear to auricular evidence. Indeed, the ocular testimony of both ancient and modern discoverers, is quite overbalanced by the hearsay evidence, collected by recent travellers. Clapperton was led astray, and grossly deceived by Bello—Laing was suspected to be a spy, and treacherously murdered. Lander, when, as he imagined, (and which we do not think to be altogether improbable) he was on the right road to trace into the Atlantic a termin-

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\* Sir Rufane observes, that “the plural used by Ptolemy, referred perhaps rather to the *tortoises* which frequented the Lake, than to the Lakes, or Lake itself—for there is but one.”—P. 55.

ating branch of the Niger, was arrested in his progress by two horsemen, who were especially despatched after him to prevent him pursuing the route he had so confidently taken. In a word, it is manifestly the policy of all African princes, (if to semi-savages may be applied the royal appellation) to conceal every source of information connected with the solution of this problem. Nothing can remove their natural suspicions, that the periodical visits of the English to the interior of this vast continent, are preparatory to the accomplishment of an object, which they imagine we have in view, namely, to over-run their territories, as we have already done those of the East Indians.

Our limits, for we are really confined to a very short space, preclude the possibility of our entering as fully into our author's work as we could have wished. We have perused it with great attention; but, with the highest respect for the talents and erudition of the Lieut.-General, (for it falls to the lot of few military men to bring so much learning to bear upon the question,) we are compelled to confess, that what with digressive disquisitions on the Greek grammar, appalling prophecies,\* and complimentary episodes to the press, and to the political premier of the day, we could hardly keep up with, even, the "rear" of the General's reasoning, or follow him in his march of mystery.

To satisfy the curiosity of our readers as to the light thrown on the question by the learned writer, we extract his own summary of what has resulted from a pursuit of his hypothesis:—

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\* "In the same way shall perish the Nile of Egypt and its valley! its pyramids, its temples, and its cities! The Delta shall become a plashy quicksand—a second Syrtis! and the Nile shall cease to exist from the Lower Cataract downwards, for this is about the measure or height of the giant principle of destruction already treading on the Egyptian valley, and who is advancing from the Libyan Desert, backed by other deserts whose names and numbers we do not even know, but which we have endeavoured to class under the ill-defined denomination of Sahara—advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt, with all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time!

"There is something quite appalling in the bare contemplation of this inexorable onward march of wholesale death to kingdoms, to mighty rivers, and to nations; the more so, when we reflect that the destruction must, from its nature, be not only complete, but *eternal*, on the spot on which it falls!

"We have, however, in these our days, a broad and inextinguishable flood of light, breaking in on this death-like gloom. The genius of expiring Egypt may point to the *Press*, and say, 'Non omnis moriar;' for, until some *universal* and complete change shall take place in this globe, the records of Egypt and her glories shall be preserved, shall be embalmed, by a far more durable art than any the Egyptians ever possessed—the Art of Printing. That giver of immortality, (as far as such a word can apply to any thing connected with man on this side of the grave,) the Press, has produced, in almost countless forms and languages, from Labrador to Cape Horn, from Lapland to New Zealand, all that ancient and often solitary manuscripts, perishable in their nature, and trembling, as it were, under their trusts, have brought down to us of the renowned land of the Pharaohs; while modern accounts, multiplied almost without end, will convey to the remotest posterity in the completest, the minutest, and the most graphic manner, a knowledge of what Egypt now is and has been for several centuries past. The glory of him who, pointing to the Pyramids, told his victorious bands, 'to recollect that from their summits forty centuries were looking down on them,' shall also descend to imperishable renown in the narratives of all late and of all future writers of the history of modern Egypt; but this glory will now go down dimmed, eclipsed by the brighter star of Wellington; and thus, when all that we now admire and venerate in that classic country shall be irretrievably obliterated by the tremendous footstep of a destroying principle, the name of the great conqueror at the Pyramids shall survive those Pyramids themselves, by the instrumentality of the frail, though infinitely reproducible material on which this record of his glory is now here traced; but the same art which gives immortality to the only once defeated Napoleon, will confer it as imperishably on his great, and always successful conqueror at Waterloo!"

“ I hope that, if my hypothesis as to the final disposal of the Niger be sound, I shall have restored to it the ‘ unique and peculiar character’ the supposed loss of which is here deplored ; I think that if I have completed what Ptolemy left incomplete, namely, the connection between his Gier and Ni-Gier—that if I have identified these two great streams after they become one with the Nile of Bornou;—if I have placed and established in the course of my Niger the long-disputed position of Ulil—if I have then traced the same Niger travelling for hundreds of miles under the Libyan sands—if I have for a moment disinterred as it were to the mind’s eye, the cities, and towns, and people which once probably animated its banks ; and if I have laid bare to the imagination, for an instant, the now buried vallies which once smiled on its course ; if I have finally shown the ‘ unique and peculiar’ Niger to be the cause of the long-renowned and fatal Syrtis ;—I think that if I have been successful in doing these, or some of these things, the Niger will not have suffered in my hands.”

As the Lieut.-General has probably overlooked a passage, which, from its conditional nature, ought not to have been omitted, we here extract it for the benefit of the reader.

“ *If we take four or five degrees*” (merely 240 or 300 geographical miles) “ off from Ptolemy’s evidently wrong latitude as given to Mount Usargola, and *bring down that mountain and its northern source of the Niger to where it ought to be,*” (of course when a “ mountain is in labour,” it is proof positive that it has been where *it ought not* to have been) “ and then take the eastern source now mentioned, and draw the two streams in the map towards a common point in the Niger, we shall find they will speedily coincide, and turn out to be what I have no doubt they were.”—p. 84.

In the foregoing summary, the great prevalence of the “ *ifs*” almost nullifies the conclusion. As the lawyers might say, we do not think the “ learned General has made out his case.” In such inquiries as the present, mere *belief* is of little avail. A popular flag officer in the service, was wont to say to his lieutenants, when, in their endeavours to distinguish a distant signal, they would state—“ We think it such or such a number,”—“ I want no *thought* in matters of *sight* ; I could think with my eyes shut ?”

But if we doubt our own theories, we should be still more cautious in placing dependence on what we are told by the natives. What, for example, ought we to *think* of the information received from individuals who would gravely state, and perhaps believe, the following preposterous *tradition to be fact* :—

“ Sheikh Hamed’s grandfather talked of the immense extent of the Tchad *formerly* to the eastward ; but said, that it dried up *miraculously*, after the killing of a certain ‘ holy man in the neighbourhood.’ ”

Speaking of the Gulf of Sydra, the ancient Syrtis—in which, by our author’s theory, the Niger is lost—Sir R. says, “ I have no doubt but that, in very remote ages, the united Niger and Geir, that is the Nile of Bournou, did roll into the sea, in all the magnificence of a mighty stream, forming a grand æstuary or harbour, where now the *quicksand is.*”—p. 64.

“ It is a somewhat odd circumstance,” says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, on Captain Beechy’s published account of the Greater Syrtis, “ that though *quicksands* have been uniformly described as characterising the Syrtis, and the very names have become synonymous, *there should not have been found, along the whole coast, such a thing as a quicksand.* All the general features of the coast seem unaltered ; and it would surely have

been strange, if so remarkable a feature had existed, that it should not have left a single trace behind it."—p. 226, Edin. Review, No. xcv.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that though we are by no means satisfied with the General's deductions—inasmuch as no man living can be positive that Sir R. is not reasoning altogether from false premises; we nevertheless think highly of his work as a literary production. His treatise on the Digamma of the Greek, would alone entitle it to the earnest attention of the literati of Europe.

#### THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE summer theatres have now the world to themselves: and though Brighton, and Dover, Boulogne, and the Land's End, fascinate our thousands and tens of thousands, with the delights of dear lodgings and cheap salt water, the million are left in their strong hold, London; broiling, but alive, destitute of a cool hour, or a breath to draw, but still vivid enough to sit for three hours in a theatre, and yet come out undissolved.

But we fear the Haymarket, once the favourite of pleasantry and the people, has at present as little of the presence of the one as of the other. The *élite* of the old company have disappeared, and, so far as we can tell, Liston and Farren alone sustain the former honours of the drama. Farren is always clever; but all the world is not made up of old men, and Liston, after a third of the season having been struggled over without him, is engaged only for a "certain number of nights," a declaration ominous to the lovers of farce in its best style. The heroine is Miss F. Kelly, a clever person, but certainly not fit for the whole round of the captivating. Miss Kelly's voice is as formidable a drawback on her tenderness, as Macready's, and we have seen enough of that actor to be not too much delighted with anything that resembles his eternal mannerism. The usual rapidity of production has not less failed the Haymarket this season, and we have heard of no performance but "Manœuvring," an ingenious translation from the French, which is played as the relief from such novelties as "Speed the Plough," "Know your own Mind," &c.: none of them we believe much more than from fifty to a hundred years of age. To make the matter more disastrously complete, new plans have been adopted with respect to the admission to the theatre, which, without bringing an additional shilling to its funds, will have the effect of alienating a considerable number of its most effective friends. But this kind of prudence is not always the way to profit, as the proprietors of the Haymarket have probably discovered to a pretty large extent, even at this period of the season. Nothing can be more childish than to suppose that free-lists and the usual privileges, which have long become customary civilities to men of literary distinction, are any actual deduction from the emoluments of theatres—quite the contrary. Those individuals, perhaps, do not enter a theatre half a dozen nights in a season, but their opinion has a weight in their various circles well worth ten times such privilege; and though it would be perfectly idle and offensive to presume that they can care about such attentions, yet their interest in the prosperity of an establishment is not likely to be made much more ardent by finding a system of pettiness and alienation the order of the day.

The English Opera-House has offered a striking contrast, in every sense of the word, to its former rival. A liberal and intelligent management, a capital company, and a rapid succession of performances, have produced their natural consequence,—a very remarkable popularity. The chief novelty of the season has been an opera by Ries, a distinguished pianoforte player, who was in this country a few years since, and having gleaned his portion of that golden crop, which springs in England for all *artistes*, from Peter Paul Rubens down to Punch, withdrew to enjoy life and cultivate his abilities

on the banks of the lordly Rhine. The plot of the opera, which is entitled, "The Robber's Bride," is of the serious kind. The *Count of Viterbo* has retired from court in disgust; in his retirement he nurtures mutiny and commences a political correspondence, which falls into the hands of an enemy, and is by him given to government. The *Count* has a daughter, charming, young, and fastidious, who has increased the list of her father's enemies, by involuntarily making a lover of a man of abandoned character, subsequently become a leader of banditti. The lover had been contumeliously driven from the *Count's* presence for his presumption in daring to approach the lady *Laura*. But he now returns, makes his terms for the protection of the *Count*, and the hand of his daughter is the proposed price. In the moment of this fatal bargain, the soldiery arrive to seize the *Count*, the commander of the troop is thunderstruck at discovering that the daughter of the rebel is the being with whose captivations he himself had been caught at Palermo. *Laura* is ready to die in despair, at finding herself in this formidable dilemma between the old lover and the new bridegroom. Her oath has been given to marry the bandit; but stage robbers are generally very high-minded persons; the bandit finds himself unable to resist the agony of the lovely *Laura*; his iron nature melts; in the most self-denying style, he absolves her from her oath, and the lovers are made, what all opera lovers ought to be, the happiest of adorers and singers.

There has been for two hundred years such an incessant clamour of complaint raised against the nonentity of opera plots, that we should not wonder if criticism, in its old spirit, should class this plot among the feeble, nor do we know what very effective answer we could make to the charge. But the music is the question; and 'as nobody expects acting from singers, we see no justice in demanding story from operas. The music exhibits the skill of a master. We have heard no composition richer in the deepest displays of musical science; and we will not hesitate to say that none but a pupil of Beethoven could have produced so stern and solid a proof of scientific labour, nor are we sure, that in any nation but Germany will this labour be appreciated. Ries is said to have bestowed four years study on this opera: we could believe him if he had told us that he had bestowed forty. No composition of our day equals it in the prodigality of science, the mere toil of chromatics and intricacy of the accompaniments. Beethoven might have rejoiced in the completeness of the imitation, for the opera is Beethoven from one end to the other; but the model is faulty and the work is in consequence a failure. There is a signal deficiency of melodies, and without them no opera will be successful in this country, nor in any other. Genius is discovered in melody, science in harmony, and Ries has had the ill luck to discard the infinitely superior characteristic of an opera composer. Miss Betts (*Laura*), Sapio (*the lover*), and Phillips (*the Count*), were the principal support of the piece. A robber's glee, for two tenors and two basses, has the best hope of surviving the general wreck of the opera. The performance was too long, even if the music had been excellent; but it has been reduced since the first night, and the reduction is a palpable improvement. The arrangement of the opera on our stage is by Hawes, who has already superintended the chief popular works at this theatre of late years. But we may ask why, with the whole of the German and Italian stages before him, his collection for the Lyceum is not more varied? There are a hundred operas which have succeeded to high popularity on the continent within the last quarter of a century—why are not these brought out? The work of a composer like Ries, hitherto untried, and without experience of the stage, is at best a perilous undertaking, and we wish the Lyceum too well, to desire to see it repeated.

The "Sister of Charity," a little French melodrama, has been frequently played. The heroine is Miss Kelly, who makes the most of all characters of this class, and whose acting has rendered the piece popular.

The King's Theatre has continued its triumphs. A succession of clever performances have been produced, some *chefs-d'œuvre*, among which

Don Giovanni took the lead, gave peculiar brilliancy to the season, and M. Laporte has established at least the fact, that the public interest in the King's Theatre may be kept up in the blaze of July. His company are certainly superior, as a whole, to any that we remember. He has no Catalani, no sovereign of song, it must be admitted. But since the bright hours of that splendid singer are gone by, he has had the best singers that Europe can supply. Pasta, Sontag, and Milibran, have now no equals; and his Signori are certainly a very able set. Zuchelli, Pellegrini, and Donzelli are highly effective. His ballet alone has been deficient. No dancer of any peculiar merit has figured during the season; and though we may be much charmed with the filial piety of Monsieur Coulon, and his Masaniello, yet since the grand merit in a dancer is to dance, we should not have thought the worse of him for being lighter in the limbs, and a little more graceful in his use of them. One and but one dancer of the whole corps, we should ever desire to see again—a little Italian *sauteuse*, who exhibits no grace whatever, but a vast deal of spirit and activity. She would make a capital *grotesque* dancer, and her style realizes the vividness of her native stage, between which, and the measured and formal dulness of the French dancing, there can be no comparison.

The principal performers of the winter theatres are careering it through the country, and even through Ireland, in spite of Captain Rock. Vestris has returned from a Cossack expedition to Dublin, with 700*l.* for a dozen nights, a plunder which has notoriously diminished the circulating medium of the metropolis, and will make no small figure among the items of the national bankruptcy. She has returned safely however upon English ground, and is flying through the provinces, raising contributions upon the amateurs to an alarming degree, and has already raised funds that would put any three of her acquaintance into parliament.

Some of the papers, have startled the world by an account of Miss Foote's having been "robbed and murdered on her way to Liverpool." We disbelieved the report at the time, and have had no additional reliance on it since the accounts that Miss Foote is playing in Manchester to applauding and mutually melting audiences. But this is the murder-season with newspapers, and an accident sufficiently tragic is in the hot weather months invaluable. Wallack has returned from America: we suppose to resume the theatrical sceptre from Cooper, who has wielded it with great activity, and yet with great decorum, during his year of delegated sovereignty. His marine propensities are still strong upon Wallack: he rushed instantly to the first shore where he could find a company. Brighton was the fortunate spot, and Russel the fortunate manager; and at Brighton Wallack and a corps de théâtre are preparing to captivate the bathers.

Miss Love has thrown the Nottinghamites into irrecoverable confusion. After "delighting them," as their own Chronicles say, with all her acting, singing, smiles and *beaux yeux* for one night, and raising the expectations of the whole shire to the height of rapture for the second, one of those fatal complaints which are so epidemic among pretty and popular actresses, seized her. She was *indisposed*: the disease baffled the physicians, paralyzed the manager, and outraged the audience. All the fashion and beauty of the stocking weaving world were assembled, but no Miss Love appeared; her illness had become suddenly so overwhelming, that it had carried her off, as rapidly as if she had been attended by four King's physicians, and was entitled to a dozen bulletins a day. The stage was a blank, where all the world expected to have found a prize. The manager was summoned—he resisted long, and the summons was repeated in that tone, which no one could mistake for entreaty. At last he came forward, like the man who drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night, pale and speechless. The reason of the catastrophe was fiercely demanded. Several ladies proposed that a general extermination of the company, manager included, should take place on the spot; and three aldermen of the town fainted, and were carried out in strong hysterics. At length, the manager's (Mr. Manly,) words found their way, and he informed

the audience that Miss Love was seen to go off, not in a hearse from the stage door, nor on the wings of one of her mother Venus's doves, but in a post-chaise and four from the Blackmoor's Head, doubtless, to try the effect of change of air for her head-ache. Next day various reports of the most embarrassing nature were circulated through the town. The disappearance was attempted to be accounted for on the various grounds, that this captivating actress, and affectionate spouse had pined at the distance that intervened between her and Mr. Granby Calcraft, her husband, could endure absence no longer, and in a sudden paroxysm of fondness, had rushed back to him and happiness, in London. Other and conflicting authorities had their opinions too. But the formidable reality visited the manager, in the shape of returning the admission money. Sheridan, who understood professional feelings on this subject in the most acute degree, was in the habit of saying that he could give words to the chagrin of a conqueror, on seeing the fruit of his victories snatched from him; or the miseries of a broken down minister, turned out in the moment when he thought the cabinet at his mercy; or a felon listening to a long winded sermon from the ordinary; or a debtor just fallen into the claws of a dun; but that he never could find words to express the sensibilities of a manager compelled to disgorge money once taken at his doors. "*Fund*," says this experienced ornament of the art of living by one's wits, "*fund* is an excellent word; but *re-fund* is the very worst in the language." The manager, however, honourably made the proposition, which was accepted by a considerable portion of the audience, another performance was substituted, and next day came forth a more formal explanation in the papers. We have not heard that any of the wells in the neighbourhood of Nottingham were dragged, nor that rewards have been offered for any tidings of the fair actress, stolen or strayed, living or dead: we therefore hope the best, and remain in gentle expectation.

The Anglo-Parisian company are again forming their battalions for a French campaign. Abbott, whose management has shown him so perfectly fitted for the task, is recruiting and drilling with all imaginable assiduity. Egerton, Charles Kemble, Miss Smithson, and Mrs. West, are to lead the van, and the Parisians are to be stormed by a rapid succession of heroes and heroines before the year is over. We applaud all these efforts, and wish them every success. Now that the war is over, and the Bourbons have flung Bonaparte's bitterness with his sword into the great deep, there is no reason why we should not be on the best terms with Messieurs les Francois that we can. They have tried us in fighting, let them now try us in playing; let our pikes and pistols be turned into stage truncheons, and daggers with neither edge nor point; and all our killed and wounded be kings, queens, and lovers.

Miss Mitford is said to be busy on a new tragedy, for the opening of Drury Lane. New comedies are threatened, but we have grown too familiar with threats of this kind to feel any peculiar alarm. The comedies will, of course, degenerate into farces, and the farces into 'translations from the French.' However, we will not admit that the genius of comedy is dead without hope of revival. There are brains enough in England for other things than stockjobbing and steam engines. Even the Peerage does not absorb all the national intellect; and we may see clever things in prose and verse, though Lord Holland and Lord Harborough were no more.

The theatrical companies are undergoing various changes. Drury Lane has bade its farewell to Gattie and Mrs. Davison, Miss E. Tree, and some other performers whom we lament, more or less, and whose places we are by no means certain that the manager will easily supply. Miss E. Tree is an unquestionable loss in all the parts that require youth, acuteness of conception, and are not the worse for a handsome face. She may take with her the consolation of being by much the prettiest actress in face and figure of her time, and while characters fit for her period of life are supplied to her, she will be one of the most pleasing. The enormous size of the winter theatres is injurious to delicacy of feature, and sweetness of voice: the one is lost in the distance, and the other is forced into violence, by the space which it labours to

fill. But in the Haymarket, or in any other theatre of no more unnatural dimensions, Miss E. Tree must find her powers completely at home, and her popularity completely secure.

Fawcett, it is said, is about to quit Covent Garden, and even quit the stage. Why he should do either we are not acquainted. If he have felt the toils of government too much for him, he has only to give up the sceptre. But he is still as good an actor as he ever was; he is better than any one in his own line, and rough as he is, Fawcett would be a loss.

The condition of both the great theatres during the last season, has been disastrous enough. At the meeting for the annual report to the creditors of Drury Lane, a remission of 1,800*l.* was made to the manager on the ground of ill luck. The improvident bargain by which he was to stand the damages for Farren's retreat from Covent Garden might have had its effect. But the manager protested against the surmise, and contended that the true evil was in the contempt of all theatrical privileges exhibited by the minor theatres, in playing whatever they liked, in taking away popular plays and performers, and in exhibiting them at rates which beggar the principal theatres. We do not agree with the manager in all this, for we hate monopoly, and are fully satisfied that the winter theatres would not lose their audiences, if they deserved to keep them. But what have those theatres produced during the year? Nothing. Has there been any one new performance worth the bills that placarded it, except such as were taken wholesale from the French, and which, in all fairness, every minor theatre had as good a right to take as they. Has there been a single original work of any value? Not one. And the reason is plain. The means by which men of a higher order than the mere workmen of theatrical writing can be attracted, are *not* used. The productiveness of theatrical writing keeps no equality with that of every other species of popular literature. What writer, who can obtain from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* by a novel, will run the risks that attach to all theatrical writing, for the paltry sums, the slowly paid sums, or the sums liable to a hundred miserable drawbacks, if paid at all, that the present management of theatre look upon as prodigious liberality? We by no means desire to see those men plunging into rash expense. But we will tell them that they plunge into more than the expense of authorship, and in a much worse way. They give a couple of thousand pounds for some affair of tinsel and trombones, some Easter foolery, which does not repay them five shillings per cent. Let them offer one of those thousands for the best comedy that will be presented to them during the next six months; and the results will set them to rights, as to the idleness of supposing that dramatic ability is dead in England. They will probably receive a vast quantity of dullness; but they will find that there is applicable and vigorous ability in the land. But what man of popular powers will devote himself to stage writing without feeling that it is placed by the public on an equal rank with any other department of literature, and that its emoluments justify him in devoting himself to it? It is difficult, unquestionably the most difficult, of all kinds of writing. A good comedy exercises the understanding in an overwhelming degree, and the old difficulties are increased by the undoubted increase in public refinement, the decay of the love of caricature, and the departure of all external distinctions of professional and public life. It requires a happiness of language, a dexterity of wit, and a knowledge of the odd currents and eccentricities of human thought, which not one man in a million ever possesses. The produce being rare, the emolument ought to be high.

A great tragedy has been in every age acknowledged to be the first and most brilliant labour of poetic genius. The famous tragedians of Greece were but three, and those are the brightest stars to this hour in the constellation of Greek glory. The age of Louis XIV. is forgotten in the age of Corneille and Racine. The crowning splendour of the age of Elizabeth is the name of Shakspeare. And shall it be thought that the powers which may be gifted to raise the future tragedy of England to the height of this immortal rivalry, are to be awoke by the paltry compact which degrades alike the giver and

the receiver? Till this is altogether reformed, managers must expect to struggle on with a pittance of translations and adaptations, and to have every year of their lives to complain of the plunder of minor theatres, and the defalcation of popularity and revenue.

Covent Garden seems to be suffering still more deeply, or, at least, its acknowledgments are more open. A meeting of creditors was lately called, at which a resolution was come to of empowering a committee to let the theatre to the best bidder. Chancery has precipitated the results of mismanagement. Harris and Const, against Kemble, Willet, and Forbes, have figured too long in the courts not to have fatally pressed upon the establishment. The operation, however, is now ripe, and the theatre will be shortly in the public hands.

The true theatrical gold mine is the Adelphi. Matthews and Yates have there closed a most flourishing season. One so much more flourishing than they had anticipated that they had made their provincial engagements too early, and were forced to close their doors while the audiences were still crowding in. Matthews' final speech is worth recording; but to feel its full pleasantry, his recitation of it should have been heard.

“Ladies and Gentlemen—As this is the last time I shall have honour of addressing you, I request permission to address a few words to you on taking leave. The longest journey must have an end; and the more pleasant our progress on the road has been, the more painful our parting with our fellow travellers. Such are my present feelings, when, after having travelled so long in your company, the time is at length arrived when I must reluctantly bid you farewell. Accept, ladies and gentlemen, for my partner and myself, our grateful thanks; and be assured that it will be amongst the proudest recollections of our lives, that during near forty nights of the same entertainment, we have been honoured not only by full houses, but also by your approbation and applause. If we may be allowed to judge from the cordial smiles with which our labours have been received, we may venture to hope that you will participate in our regret at parting. If this world be, as we are told, a world of trouble and care, how gratified must he be who can, for a few hours at least, banish those demons from the hearts of his friends; and, believing as we do, that we have the happy means of accomplishing so desirable an end, we may assert, what few individuals can assert so truly, that we have passed several weeks with unmixed pleasure, for we have seen nothing around us but cheerful friends and happy faces, and it is as gratifying to reflect that our own modesty has brought us to so sudden a conclusion of our pleasures. Perhaps you will smile at the word *modesty*, and doubt its being an attribute of a public performer; but I may truly venture to assert that a want of confidence in our own attraction, rather than any doubt of the steadiness of your kind patronage to us, has brought us to an untimely end—(laughter)—or rather a premature close. But be it as it may, we had formed country engagements, which we are compelled to fulfil; and we have discovered too late that, through your unbounded and almost unlooked-for patronage, we most decidedly might have continued to open our doors, and remain “At Home” during the whole of the summer. As it is, we can only lament that we must part, in the pleasing hope of meeting again for our regular season in October, till when, ladies and gentlemen, we most respectfully bid you farewell.”

These amusing partners then set off for Portsmouth, where all the world are on the “*qui vive*” for their pleasantries, where they will cheer the nautical stupidities of the yacht club, battle the moroseness of the methodists, and make the solitudes of a seaport in peace echo the festivities that have extracted the shillings of the thousands and ten thousands of London. From the shore those travelling Adelphi take to the sea, and from the sea emerge at Calais, and thence proceed to Paris. Reports extend their tour to St. Petersburg, from which nothing will be more natural than a run in sledges to Tobolski; and when Siberia has rendered up its dollars, a turn down to the South will bring them into Wallachia, across the Balkan, resting for a night or two, and giving an “*At Home*” in Shumla; then making a single stage of it across to Adrianople, a week in Constantinople will convert the sultan and the ladies of

the Seraglio to the pre-eminence of British merriment; and from the sea of Marmora, nothing will be simpler than to step into the steam boat, touching at Gibraltar for a night, and leaving their cards for Don Miguel at Lisbon on their way home.

The last intelligence of the theatrical world is, that Sontag is *not* Countess Clam, the singer having altered her ideas as to the title, which her Oxford correspondent told her meant in Latin something of privacy. Nor is she Lady Clanwilliam, nor the Marchioness of Hertford. The only approach, we are told, that she will now suffer to discovery, is the "enigmatical declaration" that she is privately married, (very privately indeed, we should suppose) to "a prince of her own country, residing in London, a very poor man, but very proud; very much shocked at the idea of his being allied in matrimony to a singer, but very much pleased with her salary." This may be called an enigma by those who are fond of puzzling themselves, but to our apprehension, as Lord Hutton says, "Stop my vitals, it is as plain a description of a plain person as any plain gentleman in England would desire."

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Turk and the Russian are still tearing each other in pieces; and whether the bear or the tiger rips up the flank, is the grand question of our politicians. The Vizier has been beaten among the mountains, in a general affair, on the 11th of June, and the Russians laid hold on his cannon and baggage in the flight. Man is man after all, and we cannot rejoice in the wretchedness and agonies that follow the triumphs of the bullet and the bayonet; but if war must be somewhere or other, let it be, we say, between Russians and Turks. If slaughter were to sweep away the generations of both for a century to come, probably not one human being worth saving would be extinguished. Neither science nor arts—neither philosophy nor freedom, would lose a single champion; and the only difference would be, that instead of plains covered with sullen and furious barbarians, we should have plains covered with sheep and horses, that might be turned into some use to the world, and that certainly would not go to war with each other, nor any body else. The character of the Russ differs from that of the Turk in little more than in the quality of his barbarism. The Turk loves blood;—the Russ loves craft;—the Turk takes at once to the dagger;—the Russ begins by the snare; but when the matter presses, he will use the steel as readily as any Turk on earth. The ferocity of the Turk flourishes in the streets, in his own house, in the seraglio—every where that he has a victim within his reach, and that it pleases him to destroy that victim. The Russ knows something more of the law, and is by no means so domestic a cut-throat; but his mercy in the field or in the stormed city, is massacre.

There are rumours of peace; and if the battle bring it to bear, then we rejoice that the Vizier has taken to his heels; that his squares were turned into circles, and his kettles, the only rational point of honour that war ever exhibited, are boiling buffalo hides, and stewing pack-saddles for the dinners of the Russian staff. But if Sultan Mahmood shall think fit to fight it out, the youngest born of our cabinet politicians may have all the sagacity that at least another half century can give him, before he sees the Emperor Nicholas within a hundred miles of the city of the Crescent.

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Earthquakes have been lately practising upon the sensibilities of the people of Jamaica. One of the newspapers imputes them to Lord

Belmore's having a fit of the gout, which disabled his lordship from attending to them with due vigilance. Government is, undoubtedly, responsible in all cases of the hazard of life or limb, and we must expect that the home secretary will not suffer the negligence of the colonial secretary, in appointing a gouty governor to an earthquake island, to be his example. Unluckily the thing has been too often done to allow of an impeachment, and the subsequent decapitation; otherwise we should call public attention to the fact that Ireland, as shattered and crazy a spot as any crust of a volcano in the Atlantic, has had a succession of remarkably gouty governors within the last dozen years. His grace of Northumberland has a twinge every month, that would shut up his soul and body in flannel, though Ireland were in one convulsion, from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, as that learned and moderate person, Dr. Doyle, says. We have a good deal of gout at home, and in high places too. Yet we have no treasonable feelings, when we aver that we cordially wish GOUT to be abolished, as an appurtenance of office, both at home and abroad. In our travels, we learned to abhor the very name. Wherever anything was to be required of a British ambassador, which the ambassador was too lazy, or too insolent, or too fiddling, or too flirting to do, he had instantly a severe fit of the gout. The envoys followed the model. There were days when it was impossible to have so much as a passport signed by one of those foot-bound functionaries; the clerks and porters were actually beginning to discover the convenience of the disease, and nothing less than a handsome *douceur* could effect their recovery.

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The Thames Tunnel has always appeared to us a project so worthy of British intelligence and enterprise, and holding out a rational promise of such extensive advantages, not merely to England but to Europe, that we have advocated it from the beginning, even under all its difficulties. It has all along appeared to us in the light of a great national effort to add to the command of man over nature, and we should have considered its abandonment by the country, as not merely the failure of an ingenious scheme of individual profit, but as a loss of public honour. We are, therefore, glad to see that the general interest in it exists still; that it is visited by great numbers, and that exertions are still made in the higher quarters to perfect this most admirable and daring labour of British science.

A meeting was lately held to take into consideration the feasibility of a new proposal for completing the excavation, and a report has been published. Mr. Vignoles, a civil engineer, has offered to dig the tunnel to the opposite bank, at a sum not exceeding 250*l.* a yard, to advance 5,000*l.* of work, and give security for the general performance, by a bond for 10,000*l.*, and a reserve of ten per cent from all payments, until the work is completed. If the engineer shall be able to get through the ground, those terms form certainly a very considerable temptation to employ him. Mr. Brunel's estimate is heavy, and we give it as at once a curious engineering document and a warning to those who rush into great works on the first estimate. If we recollect rightly the first estimate for the whole was not quite 300,000*l.* But now after the expenditure of 170,000*l.*, we find that nearly twice as much more will be required.

Mr. Brunel being requested to furnish an estimate of the probable expense of its completion, gave in the following estimate—

Remainder of the tunnel, calculated on the cost of the first half . . . . .	90,000 <i>l.</i>
Cost of new shield . . . . .	5,000 <i>l.</i>
Expense of removing the old, and placing the new shield	2,000 <i>l.</i>
Pumping well, and drain from the Wapping shore . . . .	6,000 <i>l.</i>
Diving-bell, with a suitable vessel: also additional covering over the bottom of the river to the extent of 300 feet, if it should be required . . . . .	7,000 <i>l.</i>
Salaries for three years . . . . .	8,000 <i>l.</i>
Shaft at Wapping . . . . .	7,000 <i>l.</i>
The descents . . . . .	60,000 <i>l.</i>
Purchase of premises at Wapping . . . . .	15,000 <i>l.</i>
	200,000 <i>l.</i>

It was considered, however, that it would not be safe to take the calculation at less than 300,000*l.* The calculation of income that had been made, out of which the principal and interest were to be repaid, was 15,000*l.*; and supposing that government were to lend 300,000*l.* at four per cent, that would take 12,000*l.* a-year to pay the interest, leaving only about 3,000*l.* a-year as a sinking fund, to pay off the principal, and until that was done, the proprietors could not expect to receive a penny principal or interest of 170,000*l.* they had paid.

Of Mr. Brunel's ability there is no doubt on the mind of the directors. But the calculation is clearly against him. If 15,000*l.* a-year is to be the whole revenue of the tunnel, the loss must be serious; and experience tells public bodies, that to estimate their profits at one half of the projector's calculation, and their expenses at twice the amount, is in general a fair approximation to the truth. Yet we cannot but think 15,000*l.* a-year much below the income that the tunnel, in the course of a very few years, would produce. Its situation is in the centre of the most active communication of the metropolis, and the most populous and opulent counties; at one end receiving the commerce of the whole of the docks, East Indian, West, London, and all the canals trending into them, and at the other conveying the goods, provisions, cattle, &c., of Kent, into the city. But it is not merely to the present state of the intercourse that we should look. Wherever there is such a communication, there will soon be a town; the beggarly buildings that now stand in the Deptford end of the tunnel, will soon be forced to give way to spacious streets, warehouses, and the other contrivances and conveniences of a great mart. We shall have canals cut up to the mouth of the tunnel; and if the noble project of the Portsmouth canal, a project which would add to the security and rapidity of our Channel trade, to the value of ten times the largest sum that it could cost, should be effected, the communication from the coast would pass through the tunnel. The tolls of Waterloo Bridge are said to be not less than 12,000*l.* a-year; we should conceive that the traffic and passage through the tunnel would be, at least, four or five times as much, and that the revenue might reach nearer 50,000*l.*, than 15,000*l.* But we hope that Mr. Vignoles will sufficiently consider the lives of his workmen, to commence his operations on the Essex side. The excavation is already so long, that in case of a sudden burst of the water, it would be almost impos-

sible to avoid loss of life. The workmen would have to run nearly two thousand feet before they could reach a place of safety, and the only wonder is, that when the river broke in last, they were not all drowned. By commencing on the opposite side all danger of this kind will be avoided for some time, and, at the worst, the run will not be more than half the present distance. Mr. Brunel had, evidently, made two grand mistakes, the first was his engaging in the work at all without a thorough examination of the bed of the river, a performance which seems to have been most carelessly and discreditably done by the managers of the diving bell; and next by striking his excavation too high. A dozen feet lower would have made but little difference in the descent, while it might have kept the tunnel within the solid clay, and prevented all the successive failures of the undertaking.

There are half a dozen profound secrets which keep the brains of the curious so happily busy, that we sincerely hope they will never be discovered. What would become of the whole old generation of male blues, one part pamphlet and three parts snuff, if by any misfortune Junius avowed himself? Twaddle would receive a shock in every pump-room and whist-club, &c., through the land; nonsense yet unborn would rue the day, and hundreds of monthly "Conjecturers," "Investigators," "Inquirers," and "Constant Readers," would be lost to the wondering world.

The writer of the "Whole Duty of Man" is one of those salutary secrets;—woe be to the man or woman who shall ever strip it of the charm of obscurity;—may the dust of their own shades be all their portion, and may they be never thought worthy of a place in the Annual Obituary!

The Eikon Basilike, too, has had the honour of raising literary convulsions, scarcely less furious than the struggles of Charles and Old Noll. There have been twenty revivals of the war for the honour of Charles's authorship, and for that of Gauden. The war, "that for a space did fail," during the last quarter of the last century, "has, in our day, trebly thundering swelled the gale;" and Dr: Wordsworth, master of a Cambridge College, has for his own warning, been as soundly cuffed by Mr. Todd, as ever was fat master of a college. Still, though we may be amused by the summary castigation of a round stomached, dignified, and very angry doctor, flagellated in the presence of his own delighted pupils by the cat-o'-nine-tails of a vigorous veteran, we sincerely hope that no body will be merciless enough to the generation of twaddle, to pronounce the doubt at an end. An infinity may be still said on both sides, and we hope will be said for these hundred years to come. Whether Gauden was more a knave, or the poor monarch more the contrary; whether the Bishop told a falsehood, or the King forged; whether the book was written by either of them, or whether it is not a miserably long winded, canting, and dull book, that might have been written by any one dull enough for the purpose, are points which we hope will never be decided, but remain fuel for the fires of controversy, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

In the physical world, some of our secrets are disappearing; and though Captain Parry failed to find out the pole, and we believe, with that worthy navigator, that the world have been dreaming from the beginning, and that there is no pole; and though Captain Ross will go further and

fare worse, yet things are turning up now and then that our most benevolent scepticism cannot resist. The fact, for instance, of building a palace in the shape of a lazaret or bedlam, and the expenditure of half a million of money on it, without producing an insurrection, is no longer a matter of denial. The fact is clear, and we have nothing to do but to cry with the poet, "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But among other plunders of the imagination, they are going to rob us of the unicorn. For two thousand years and upwards, a short date in the history of human quarrel about nothings, the sages of this world have been doubting and deciding on the existence of this showy creature. Pliny would have sworn to his having all but seen it, and he would have sworn that too, if any one had taken the trouble to ask him. Kircher, and a few of the German naturalists, and black-letter fools—every naturalist and black-letter man being more or less a fool—dug up the question out of the pit of Teutonic dulness, and ever since, every traveller beyond the Needles, has had his theory, which was quite as good as his fact, and his fact, which was quite as good as his theory.

The topic perished in Germany, being stifled under Professor Bopp and Sanscrit, Professor Semler and Scepticism, Professor Jahn and Jacobinism, and the whole vast feather-bed suffocation of Professor Kotzebue and Comedy. But in England it was endeared to us by associations "deep in every truly British heart," as the chairmen of our tavern parties say over their third bottle. We had seen it for ages gallantly climbing the slippery heights of the kingly crown on show boards, carriages, transparencies, theatres, and the new, matchless, hydropuric, or fiery and watery fairy palace of Vauxhall. It met us in every material, from the gilt *confitures* of Bartholemew fair, to the gold plateau of the "table laid for sixty," at St. James's. All the dilettanti were immersed in the great national question of its shape and features. Mr. Barrow, in a journey of exploration, which extended to three miles beyond the Cape, believed that he saw it, but strongly doubted its existence. M. Vaillant never saw it, nor believed that any one ever did, but was as sure of its existence as if it had slept in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter. Mr. Russel had one, which he milked twice a day, and drove in a curricule to visit the queen of Madagascar. Doctor Lyall is writing a quarto from Madagascar, to deny the statement in toto; admitting, however, that there is a rumour of the being of some nondescript of the kind in the mountains, somewhat between the size of the elephant and the Shetland pony; but that he and we think the subject-matter will turn out asinine. But now a Mr. Ruppell, after a long sojourn in the north-east of Africa, comes at once to cheer and dishearten us by the discovery, that in Kordofan, if any one knows where that is, the unicorn exists; stated to be of the size of a small horse, of the slender make of the gazelle, and furnished with a long, straight, slender horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. According to the statements made by various persons, it inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and comes only occasionally to the Koldagi Heive mountains on the borders of Kordofan. This, it must be acknowledged, is a sad falling off from the rival of the lion, that we have honoured so long in the arms of England. But we sincerely hope, that by the next arrival, it will not degenerate into a cow, or worse, a goat. But he tells us, that to our knowledge of the giraffe he has added considerably. He obtained in Nubia and Kordofan five specimens, two of which were males and three

females. He regards the horns as constituting the principal generic character, they being formed by distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a very obvious suture, and having throughout the same structure with the other bones. In both sexes one of these abnormal bones is situated on each branch of the coronal suture, and the male possesses an additional one placed more anteriorly, and occupying the middle of the frontal suture. The anomalous position of this appendage furnishes a complete refutation of the theory of Camper with regard to the unicorn, that such an occurrence was contrary to nature, and proves at least the possibility of the existence of such an animal. Professor Camper is an ass, of course; but when are we to expect any thing better from the illustrissimi of the land of sour-kroot? Give a Doctor Magnus his due allowance of the worst tobacco, and the worst beer in the world, with a ream of half-brown paper, and a Leipsic catalogue to plunder, and he will in three months write any subject dead—smother the plainest truth with an accumulation of absurdity, astonishing, as the work of a creature with but two hands—and prove that the earth is but a huge oyster, in which Germany is the pearl; or that man is only a reclaimed baboon, of which all the wit is centred in Weimar.

The Cork election has terminated in the triumph of Mr. Gerard O'Callaghan. The papists insist, and truly enough, that their defeat was merely the result of want of time to prepare their levies; that the great agitator was too busy with his briefs, the priests with their triumphs, and the populace in general not sufficiently masters of the new doctrine, that a forty-shilling freehold is to all election purposes a ten-pound one. Sir Augustus Warren, too, the rival candidate, never appeared; evidently shrinking from a contest, which, with all the purity of papist zeal, would have involved him in a heavy expense, and in short, with a degree of wisdom, memorable among the annals of Irish politics, leaving their patriotism to be its own reward.

Still the patriots are not without hope of a second trial on the purse and principles of some dupe or other, and a petition is to be presented, charging the new member with being a pork butcher, and, as such, a contractor. If so, he has certainly wasted his eloquence and his whiskey. But the papists, we may rely on it, will have the garrison in time, and not merely in the capital of the ragged South of Ireland, but in every corner of its shores. The true brunt of the election was in the preliminaries. We are no professed warriors, but we are strongly inclined to think that Mr. Gerard O'Callaghan is, in some points, below us in the belligerent scale, if he suffers the "Great Agitator" to have the habit of "agitating" his character in the following style. We give some of the nice touches which this painter of things and persons has laid on the picture. "Gerard Callaghan is an ignorant creature, and his style of speaking is truly ridiculous; his accent is mongrel cur, half Blackpool, and half Cockneyshire. (Loud laughter.) He is the oozing of a butter firkin. It was only in a poisoned and fœtid state of society, that such a *thing* could have crept into public notice. It was easy to conceive that it was in a period when society was torn up by the roots that such a creature as Gerard Callaghan, who had stamped with scorn on the grave of his father, and cursed the creed of his mother, could have anticipated the slightest chance of success in his canvas of the electors of an independent and wealthy city. It was only during such

a black and dismal epoch that so contemptible an animal as Mr. Gerard Callaghan could have presumed even to think of success. It was monstrous to suppose that a worm which could have crawled only in the storm, should now be allowed to assume an important air in the calm." This we quote from the account in the papers, of the meeting at the Corn Exchange, Dublin. This we conceive to be as pleasant a specimen of papist opinion as ever was visited on a candidate; and unless Mr. O'Callaghan shall find some method of vindication, we shall vote him one of the most tranquil persons imaginable. But the speech contains public matter as well as private; and to this let the Dictator look. "A Cork Election Committee is to be formed," says Mr. O'Connell, "in Dublin immediately; and this will be the fore-runner of a PERMANENT ELECTION COMMITTEE, for every county, city, and borough in Ireland, which will sit in Dublin, having the use of the Exchange rooms for one year"—or, of course, for two or ten, as the occasion required.

And we are now to be told that Mr. Peel's bill extinguished the Association! we shall next see how it has extinguished the Rent. "Although the collection of the Catholic Rent is illegal," says Mr. O'Connell, "yet the funds for carrying on the present contest can be easily procured without violating any law; and the moment a liberal candidate would announce his intention of contesting the election, that moment the necessary funds would be procured."

Of course this boon is not the privilege of Cork alone, but would be extended to every election; and we presume that the funds would not come out of Mr. O'Connell's pocket. The name of the Rent is easily cast aside, and the "Election Fund" will do just as well—a fund which, we will tell Mr. Peel, may be, and will be reinforced by the money of every popish state in Europe. Let the Dictator look to the consequences. Somebody or other ventured to say that the "old Rent" ought not to be touched for the purpose. On this Mr. O'Connell pledged himself, once more, that "whenever the funds for the election should be required, they should be forthcoming." (Cheers.) And there can be no doubt that they will be forthcoming, and that, in the course of a few years, the Irish representation will be as much in the hands of popery, as if the whole island were a college of cardinals, and the Pope sat in full conclave in his good city of Dublin. All that the papists want is a little time. When their finance is once arranged, the subsequent steps will be as easy as any other bargain. The member for Sir Masseh Manasseh will, we have no doubt, be horrified at the idea of this parliamentary commerce. But we have already supped too full of this kind of horror to be startled by the advance of the sums which are deemed essential to the grand victory of the faith. This is the day of popish triumph, and why should it not be followed up? We know the moral life and the sublime Christianity of the cabinet; but notwithstanding our homage for them, and our utter disbelief of the stories that they amuse themselves in their gayer hours with telling of each other, we rely upon Mr. O'Connell's pledge that he will establish a permanent meeting in the Irish metropolis, which some will be invidious enough to call a defiance of the grand duke and his law, and some will call an Irish parliament; that he will raise a regular revenue, which will rapidly secure the delicate conscience of every county, city, and borough in Ireland; that a few sessions will have discovered to the minister that he has brought a troublesome levy of orators into the English House, and

that he would be much more at his ease if they were three hundred miles off. Then the first fragments of the "Great Agitator's" dream will be realized: and the dissolution of the Union will be demanded. The realization of the next fragment will follow with the same regularity of cause and effect, and with still more speed. But this we leave to the contemplation of our cabinet, which, lamb-like as it is, we cannot believe to be blind to any one of those consequences.

The rogue who set fire to the temple of Diana knew the nonsense of mankind well. Nothing brings a man so much into the recollections of the world as some excessive scoundrelism. Rowland Stephenson is talked of still with a freshness scarcely tarnished by his being three thousand miles off. He has done more than constitute himself the topic of English conversation—his notoriety has made new conquests across the Atlantic; to Europe he has added America; and enjoys, what the Macedonian wept to enjoy, the possession of all the gossip of a supplementary world. The American papers give us, as the most interesting intelligence from the "ten millions" of what Cobbett calls the most powerful, free, ambitious, cunning, and circumlocutory set of knaves on the face of the earth, a dialogue, something in this strain, between that Ex-patriot, Ex-sheriff Parkins, and the Ex-Banker.

*P.* You have robbed me and others of £100,000.

*S.* Pardon me, my dear Sir, I did not rob you, I only converted your money to my own objects.

*P.* What have you done with my money?

*S.* Upon my life, all of it that I disposed of was, I have no doubt, laid out to the best advantage.

*P.* Aye, your own advantage. My money went on pictures, and picnics, villas and shooting boxes, shares in canals, your three buggies, and your four barouches.

*S.* Never object, my dear ex-sheriff, to a superfluity of coaches; but for them you would not have the happiness of being my creditor. The lottery wheel is not the only wheel that has turned up a prize for you.

*P.* Poh, there's no arguing with you. You deal in personalities and paper alike: both pushed off with a prodigious deal of impudence, and both of a class that ought to bring you before a jury. Will you go back and be tried for your life?

*S.* Yes, if you'll bet on my acquittal; I'll bet fifty sovereigns to one against you, and double the odds as often as you like.

*P.* No; you are too sure of winning. Confound you! why did you rob me? Why did you not *rob somebody else*?

The papers proceed to state that Rowland attracts the most universal interest; and that Lloyd is "quite a favourite!" So much for congeniality!

We feel infinite honour for the spirit of investigation that characterises our country. The newspapers announced that the father of Maria Marten, the wretched profligate who was murdered by Corder, lately paid a visit to the assassin's skeleton which hangs up in the hospital. "Mr. Marten's arrival in the town attracted much curiosity, and he was followed to the hospital by the principal philosophers of the place."

The workmen in digging a conduit in some indescribable part of London, towards Whitechapel, found the remnants of a body. Public curiosity instantly brought the amateurs of the romantic to the spot. It

was ascertained that it was the body of a suicide who had committed burglary and then anticipated the law. Curiosity was now intense. The landlord of an inn immediately purchased the skull, which is announced to be now visible "at the tap of the Fiery Dragon and Ale-barrel." The landlord is *making a rapid fortune*.

The skeleton of the Exeter 'Change elephant has drawn weeping groupes of spectators to the King's Mews. Chuny was never so honoured in his life-time. We fear that his death will be long felt as a stain on national justice. He died for his over eating. Where was our impartiality, when so many aldermen were left alive?

A delightful little work is on the eve of publication, with the captivating title (in itself irresistibly indicative of the writer's knowledge of the public taste)—*LIES OF THE DAY*; under the heads of Windsor lies — Downing-Street lies — St. Stephen's lies — London lies — Westminster lies, &c. We give a few fragments of those fine fabrications.

"Lord Grey has declared himself satisfied with the conduct of the present cabinet in the negociation for his alliance, and he looks upon the Duke of Wellington, in particular, as behaving in the most straightforward, dignified, and unequivocal manner.

"An order has been issued to the Board of Works to fit up Buckingham-palace forthwith for the residence of the Duke of Wellington until the completion of the Piccadilly palace.

"Messrs. Chantry, Wilkie, and Wyattville are to be immediately raised to the baronetage, and the Messrs. Fitzclarence are to be created dukes at the same time.

"Lord Castlereagh's appointment to the Admiralty Board has excited neither surprise nor disgust in the navy: on the contrary, the universal opinion is, that his lordship's tactical knowledge, general intelligence, and mature understanding, will do the highest honour to the influence which has appointed him; and show that under the ducal government votes are never purchased by pensioning incapacity upon the public purse, and that jobs are in fashion no more.

"The tranquillity of Ireland is completely established, and the papists have abandoned all attempts at breaking down what remains of the Constitution. No declaration of abolishing the Union, separating the two countries, or overthrowing the government, will be listened to any longer. The dignity and activity of the British Cabinet have been communicated to the Irish Council-chamber, and 'Catholic emancipation' is acknowledged on all hands to have been the only cure for the six hundred years of Irish quarrel.

"The winter theatres have closed a most prosperous season, which they fully merited by their production of an unexampled variety of able performances, by their utter abjuration of plundered farces, by their zealous inquiry for able authorship, and by their open and liberal conduct towards it when found.

"The efforts of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to improve the metropolis are every where witnessed with public admiration. The reservoir in the Green-park, cleared at the expense of £13,000, is considered an instance of the wonders that may be done by taste at a trivial expence; its shape, that of a horse trough, suggesting the most classic ideas; and its use, that of a recipient for the superfluous kittens of the neighbourhood, with depth for occasional suicides, being obviously worth ten times the money.

“Sir Thomas Lethbridge is to be raised to the peerage without further delay; the objections to him in certain high quarters being totally removed, to the great regret of his constituents, who naturally lament the loss of an individual so eminent for good sense, urbanity, and political principle.

“Wilkie’s style is considered to have exhibited a decided improvement since his tour. Nothing can be more unfounded than the opinion so generally spread, that his present colouring is a compound of treacle and turtle soup, that his Spanish heroines breathe of Billingsgate, and that his Italian designs are to be rivalled only by the wood cuts that blazon Hunt’s blacking, and Monsieur Ducrow riding fourteen horses at a time.

“Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon are on the best terms, personal and political. The Home Minister has fully cleared up his character, and has wiped away his stains. Tergiversation is to stick to his name no longer. His friends are to be equally received into popular respect. Mr. Dawson is to be scoffed at no more in Derry or elsewhere. Mr. Brownlow is to be honoured as a man braving public indignation from a sublime sense of duty, and the name of Judas Iscariot is no longer to be fixed on them in bipartite scorn.

“The Duke of Wellington thinks with high respect of Lord Grey’s abilities and principles, and is prepared to take him into full partnership of power without loss of time.

“Lord Grey thinks with high respect of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman, applauds his oratory wherever he goes, panegyrises his management of the foreign cabinets, &c.; but feeling a due sense of political obligation, is determined *not* to accept the first offer that is made to him from any party that can give a chance of place.

“The National Gallery is rapidly approaching to perfection. Its pictures are first-rate specimens of the great schools; its late purchases have been made with the most judicious regard to economy, and the intervention of the whole race of picture dealers and jobbers has been vigorously and successfully prohibited. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling could not have been laid out more to the honour of national taste and judgment.

“Dr. Philpotts is to be the next bishop. A monument is to be erected to Bishop Lloyd, testifying the sorrow of all honest men for his premature extinction; and Knox, Bishop of Derry, after justifying himself in an able pamphlet against the stigma of voting for the Papists, is about to give five shillings per annum in alms and other charitable purposes, out of his already too narrow income of *twenty thousand pounds a year!*”

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What would the world do for pleasantry without *La belle France*? Old La Fayette, the hero of the time, when “*La mort est un sommeil éternel,*” was the grand maxim of the “*grande nation;*” La Fayette, who with the best powdered head, the softest smile on his sallow lip, and the most graceful bow in France, took leave of his unhappy king on the memorable evening of the 6th of October, 1792, recommending king, courtiers, and guards to go to sleep, and going to sleep himself!—this perfumed republican has taken into his head that he is to quit this bustling world at last, and nothing will satisfy him but a grave of American clay, brought from Bunker’s Hill. We are well aware that nothing is so idle as an attempt to rectify a French journalist upon any point of history.

He has formed "son système," and conviction is labour in vain. But the journalists who worship this servile foolery of the old republican, should learn that Marquis Citizen-General Royalist Republican La Fayette, might have found a grave of American clay long ago, if he had felt so inclined, and that too of Bunker's Hill clay; that the boasted battle was a skirmish, and the supposed British defeat a British success; the hill having been stormed, the entrenchment taken at the point of the bayonet, and the Americans sent to the right-about as fast as their heels could carry them. The loss of life was severe on the British side, for the hill was steep, and, during their efforts to ascend it, the troops were exposed to the enemy's fire without the power of returning it. But they were not to be repelled; they at length reached the entrenchment, and at the first charge the struggle was at an end. The heroic La Fayette should send for a little supplemental earth or water from the Brandywine Creek, where there was a *battle*, and where he certainly made no exception to the general flight of his fellow philosophers.

These remarks we make in no invidious feeling to the Americans. The angry recollections of the war have long died away. Other feelings have followed, and the longer we are at peace with them, the better for us both. But we have an undying scorn for the quacks and La Fayettees, wherever they are to be found. The condemnation of meanness is a tribute to common sense and manly feeling, and the sooner the Citizen Royalist has to make use of his Bunker's-hill barrel, the better!

We have uniformly declared ourselves friendly to every improvement that can take place in the condition of the slaves in the British colonies, and it is for this reason that we have as uniformly resisted the quackeries of pretended philanthropists on the subject. We know that all improvement is hopeless unless the means proposed for it are seconded and sustained by the good will of the planters themselves; and equally knowing that no laws can coerce a man into more than nominal obedience in those matters, we have repelled, as injurious to the cause of negro amelioration, all attempts to hurt the feelings of the planters, by either stigmatizing their motives, or plundering their property. The question is no longer of the slave trade—the question now is, whether the West India islands shall be a source of strength to the British empire in the face of a growing and jealous antagonist, or a source of weakness. Whether the colonists shall be sustained in their rights by the laws which established those rights, or the negroes delivered to their own ferocious violences, and the colonists massacred. If we wanted additional grounds of suspicion in the conduct of those affected philanthropists, we should find it in the character of the individuals. Who are they? Do we find the established clergy, the leading characters of the bar, or other learned professions, or any of the honourable and long-trusted personages of whose righteous zeal, knowledge, and attachment to the constitution in church and state no doubt can be entertained, among the supporters and pleaders of this cause? No. But we find the very same names that for the last twenty years we have found foremost in every vulgar attempt to unhinge the national feeling, the fellow-workers of tavern Hunt and Tower Burdett, the Humes, the Macauleys, the Broughams, the whole race of radical clamourers, who are ready at all seasons, and upon every subject, to make a tumult on public questions. With those are joined a feeble yet busy alliance of females, wandering out of the decorous path of the sex, rambling and itinerating among strangers of all unlucky descriptions, forming committees, taking secre-

taryships upon them, and foolishly and presumptuously imagining themselves into important public personages. How men will suffer their wives and daughters to do these things, we cannot conceive; but the majority of these bustling spinsters are ladies who, having passed the period when domestic ties or the cares of families might fall to their share, have nothing better to employ their leisure than lap-dogs and negro emancipation. A meeting of this heteroclite kind was some time since headed by Mr. Otway Cave: that gentleman has some little arrangements resting on his hands since his last election, and the recovery of his popularity with the Leicester patriots may be no bad policy. He proposed the emancipation of the whole rising generation of negroes. We wish it had occurred to Mr. Otway Cave to make them fit for it, or to ensure the planters that the first results of freedom would not be to run the imminent risk of having their throats cut.

The spirit has now started up in the new shape of a circular, of formidable length and perplexity, from *The Leicester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, established in 1826, being a branch of the Birmingham Female Society, for the Relief of the British Negro Slaves!*

The objects of this female branch being—

“To circulate through all classes authentic information of the present wrongs and sufferings of our West Indian slaves; to awaken a lively sense of the guilt and danger of continuing to hold our unoffending fellow creatures in a state of bondage, ‘*which outrages every recognised principle of the British Constitution, and of the Christian religion.*’

“2d. To extend *present* relief to the aged, sick, deranged, and maimed negroes, who are left by their masters to perish. 30*l.* were sent last year by the Birmingham Society, to the Committee for the relief of the Distressed Negroes in Antigua.

“3d. To strive to promote the *formation of Ladies' Associations in every part of his Majesty's dominions*, to which their influence may extend, for the above purposes, or any other which may tend towards the great object of emancipation.

“4th. To enforce, by example and influence, the resolute rejection of West Indian sugar, and to substitute that which is the genuine produce of free labour.

“Note.—*East* Indian sugar is sold by many of the Leicester grocers—moist 8*d.* and 9*d.*, and loaf at 1*s.* per lb.

“N.B. *East* Indian sugar would be considerably *cheaper* than *West*, if the duties on both were equal. The duty paid on coming into this country is—

“On *West* Indian sugar, 27*l.* per ton.

“On *East* Indian sugar, 37*l.* per ton.

“There are also higher duties on all *East* Indian articles than on *West* Indian. By *six* families using *East* Indian instead of *West* Indian sugar, *one slave less is required.*

“Her leisure and her influence in the *domestic department*, enable her to be a most efficient auxiliary in *discountenancing the production of slave labour*, which appears the most certain means of extinguishing slavery, were it once to engage a zealous and extensive co-operation.”

To the “intelligent” the whole of this must seem a mere puff of *East* India sugar. To the sincere among those ladies we must say that they are dupes, innocently assisting a branch society of male radicalism; and perfectly certain to be at no great distance of time undeceived by the awkward discovery, that they have been unconsciously doing their best to forward the designs of a faction as base and venomous as ever abused the confidence of the giddy and enthusiastic, no matter whether in a female committee in Leicester, or at a tavern dinner in the glorious cause of “reform” and Westminster.

The Londoners are not aware that they are on the eve of being starved. This would be a revolution, indeed! The Peels, Eldons, and Wellingtons, the feuds of King's college, and the triumphs of Brougham's college; the marriage of the little Queen of Portugal, with her uncle or her father; the "family jars" of Lord Ellenborough with his frizeur or his pretty wife; and the drowning of the Horticultural Society with Secretary Sabine, daffodill in hand, would be all forgotten in this overwhelming calamity. The statement has reached the alarmed corporation in the shape of evidence, that in the course of another twelve months of the Lowtherian system, the corporation system will be no more; that Lord Mayor's day will be a nullity; the world be put on short allowance, and the only beings capable of existence will be those delicate creatures who dance all night at Almack's, and who live all day upon the recollections of a boiled chicken. The fact is, that the "improvements," such is the preposterous abuse of words, are knocking down all the markets with a ten-thousand-man power, as Professor Spurzheim would say. St. James's Market is long since powder of quick lime and dust of bricks; turbot is to be looked for there no more. Westminster Market is as the glories of Baalbec, and even as the ruins of Palmyra, a bewitching relique, but in utter overthrow. There men, and women like men, congregate no longer; the lamb bleats no more in its folds, and the ox is as unknown as the camelopard. Westminster Market is, like the member for Westminster's popularity, down to the ground, irrecoverably down! Another noble mart, interesting not less to the curious in topography, than to the curious in turnips, Carnaby Market, the grand vegetable depot of the whole province bounded by the north of the metropolis, is faded as a flower of the field! Fleet Market is tottering to its fall; the word of fate has gone forth against it;—hath not Alderman Waithman spoken his anathema, and have not the Common Council in their folly responded to his absurdity? Hungerford Market is crushed into non-existence between new protuberances of half baked brick, and old piles of dilapidated stone; and the next six months will see the Antiquarian Society pasturing a committee upon its site, and in the due course of years afterwards giving the learned an accurate report of the number of herrings and watchmen supposed to have been seen at one time lying on its pavements. But it is not to be supposed that this catastrophe has approached unobserved: the friends of fish have at length erected themselves into an attitude of proud resistance to the general system of public spoliation; this, however, they have not done by the more natural or certain mode of tying Lord Lowther, neck and heels, and sending him in the first herring buss to Holland, or *elsewhere*; but by projecting a general reconstruction of the market, of which, in fairness, we give their own statement:—

"The site of the ancient Hungerford Market affords every facility for the supply of all water-borne commodities, particularly fish; whilst its convenient approaches give free access to the public from every quarter.

"Besides the accommodation of a general market, this site will present another popular benefit of great importance. When the old London Bridge shall have been removed, the numerous *steam-boats* which daily arrive and depart from the river will be easily brought to Hungerford wharf; and there (almost in the centre of the metropolis) to land and embark passengers from a jetty to be erected for that purpose; by which means the remote and inconvenient distances, and dangerous embarkation at the Tower and Custom House, will be avoided.

"The circumstance of the Hungerford estate being the *freehold property* of

one individual, and nearly all let to yearly tenants, greatly facilitates the purchase; and the difficulty and uncertain expense of making purchases from several proprietors, and of compensating various possessors and tenants, which in most cases of public improvement have operated so unfavourably, will in this instance be almost wholly avoided.

“Under those considerations, an association has been formed for the purpose of carrying the above objects into effect; and arrangements have been made with the proprietor for the conditional purchase of the whole of the estate of Hungerford Market, extending from the Strand to the river.

“There are two charters by which the market was originally established; but it will be further necessary to obtain an Act of Parliament during the next Session, to authorise the establishment of the company,—to limit the liability of the proprietors to the amount of their respective shares,—and for other necessary purposes.

“Plans and estimates of the whole expenditure for carrying this measure into effect have been prepared and approved; by which it appears, that the sum of 210,000*l.* will be sufficient—and this amount it is proposed to raise in shares of 100*l.* each.

“The Hon. George Agar Ellis, M. P., Alexander Baring, Esq. M. P., and William Courtenay, Esq. Clk. Parl., have accepted the office of Trustees, who, together with a provisional committee, have undertaken to carry forward the necessary measures until the company is so far matured as to justify the calling together a general meeting of subscribers to determine as to its future and permanent government.

“Having thus far explained the nature and purposes of the proposed undertaking, it only remains to observe, that its pretensions are grounded, first, on the great public benefit to be effected; and further, that, as an investment of money, it possesses undeniable security, and is calculated to produce a profitable return.”

To this paper is annexed a list of the acting committee, in which we find the highly respectable names of Lords Essex and Clarendon, Messrs. Agar Ellis, Alexander Baring, Courtenay (clerk of the Parliament), Dr. Richards, the Hon. Mr. Bouverie, Hon. W. Ponsonby, Hon. F. Byng, and others. We are still more gratified by seeing to it as secretary, the name of John Britton, the very meritorious and active antiquarian, a man who deserves well of the community in all points, and whose indefatigable activity, good humour, and good sense, have conducted undertakings much more difficult than this to a prosperous conclusion. Once again we congratulate the committee on having Mr. Britton for their secretary.

To the plan itself, or rather its proposed advantages, we see no objection but in point of the steam-boats. If by these are meant the large Margate steamers, never will the smoke of one of them blacken the fair visages of the syrens and nereids of Hungerford Stairs. The committee might as well expect to see one of the pyramids floating under Blackfriar's bridge. But we will allow that all steamers are not necessarily of this enormous size, and that in all probability the chief use of the steam engine on the river will at no great distance be that of a *tug*, certainly its simplest, most powerful, and most comprehensive application. A barge carrying an engine of twenty-horse power will draw a ship that an engine of forty-horse power on board of that ship would scarcely stir; and the tug might draw not merely one, but twenty. The large passage vessels will not be able to get through Blackfriars Bridge; but the conveyance of passengers to those steamers from Hungerford Stairs would be a highly productive work, as in the filth and distance of the Tower from the west part of London, they are nearly inaccessible. Let them go on and prosper.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Locke's Life and Correspondence, by Lord King.* 4to. 1829.—Of so eminent a man as Locke—filling so large a space in the literary world as he did and does, and not unconnected with political matters—it is singular how little has ever been known and written. The only account of any authority the world has of him was written by Le Clerc, in his “*Bibliothèque Choisie*,” and that is as arid and meagre as any thing the annals of biography can furnish—significant of nothing so much as the lack of adequate information in the writer. Le Clerc was a personal friend of Locke; but his friendship commenced late in life, at a period after which every thing relative to him is well known, and every thing which he tells of his early life, except a few bare facts, seems to rest on little authority—and no competent motives are supplied for half he says.

Locke's papers, which were exceedingly voluminous, fell into Lord King's hands by inheritance—his ancestor, the Chancellor King, was a nephew of Locke—and the possession seems to have prompted the present publication, which consists, mainly, of extracts from a Journal kept during a Tour and Residence in France—others from his common-place books—and some from his extensive correspondence—all so arranged as, by the help of a few connecting statements and explanations, to make him, as Lord King happily phrases it, “his own biographer.” The Journal supplies abundant proof of Locke's activity of observation, but nothing, we think, it may be said, of particular importance. Nor in the extracts, which concern his opinions on more weighty matters—government, economy, morals, religion—have we observed, in glancing over the contents, any thing to make a fuss about, which was not worked up afterwards by the author himself, in one place or other, in his printed labours. Some of them, apparently, are the *first* sketches of what was afterwards matured—interesting, and highly so, as literary history—while others are more full and finished discussions; but, by any person at all familiar with his works, scarcely any thing *fresh* will be recognized. The sentiments are every where old acquaintance, and often the very language is the same. Nor is any, or very little, light let in upon his personal history, or his literary career, or political actions.

He was educated, as is known, at Westminster, and his Master's degree was acquired at Oxford in 1658. At Christ Church he resided as a “Student,” apparently without much interruption, till 1665, when he accompanied Sir William Vane as Secretary of Legation to the court of Brandenburg, on a special mission. His letters, written to his friends, during his residence at Cleves of about three months, are quite

amusing, from the vigorous struggles he makes to be *funny*! Just peep at a specimen:—

The place where the Elector commonly eats is a large room, into which you enter at the lower end by an ascent of some few steps; just without this is a lobby: as, this evening, I was passing through it into the court, I saw a company of soldiers very close together, and a steam rising from the midst of them. I, as strangers used to be, being a little curious, drew near to these men of mettle, where I found three or four earthen fortifications, wherein were entrenched pease-porridge, and stewed turnips or apples, most valiantly stormed by those men of war. They stood just opposite to the Duke's table, and within view of it; and had the Duke been there at supper, as it was very near his supper-time, I should have thought they had been set there to provoke his appetite by example, and serve, as the cocks have done in some countries before battle, to fight the soldiers into courage; and certainly these soldiers might eat others into stomachs. Here you might have seen the court and camp drawn near together—there a supper preparing with great ceremony—and, just by it, a hearty meal made without stool, trencher, table-cloth, or napkins, and, for aught I could see, without bread, beer, or salt; but I stayed not long, for methought 'twas a dangerous place, and so I left them in the engagement.—Æt. 34.

For some reason, quite unknown—for though Locke talks of the matter in his letters, he does not explain—he declined more than one offer of appointment in the diplomatic ‘line,’ and also the acceptance of preferment in the church, and returned quietly again to Oxford, where he seems to have been occupied with the study of medicine. Certainly, as a person esteemed qualified to give medical advice, he was introduced, while at Oxford, the following year, to Lord Shaftesbury, with whom he soon became very closely and permanently connected, and stuck to him, through all that very cunning statesman's changes, with a fidelity or a tenacity, not now perhaps explainable. Versatile, as at least Lord Shaftesbury must be allowed to have been, it surprises, and perhaps shocks the admirer of Locke, whom we all consider as a man of the most inflexible principle—as the very personification of prudence and wisdom—to find in his epitaph on Lord Shaftesbury these grounds of encomium: “*Constantia, fide, vix parem alibi invenias, superiorem certè nullibi.*” But this *might* refer solely to private connexions, and especially to his treatment of Locke himself. To see him, however, described as “*Libertatis civilis propugnator strenuus, indefessus,*” is too much for gravity. Locke never could have been deceived to this extent—he must have known he sat on the trials of the regicides—was one of the Cabal whose infamous aims are notorious, and a persecutor in the affair of

the Popish Plot. The truth must be—Locke at the commencement was flattered by the attentions and the confidence of so conspicuous and so commanding a personage; Shaftesbury became his patron, and, when Chancellor, gave him two appointments of some value; and good feeling, and moreover party-feeling, made him wink at his grosser offences. He, doubtless, also considered it justifiable to conceal the frailties and faults of a patron and a friend; and the reader will recollect, it is quite a *modern* conviction that truth *ought* to be told even in biography, and that instances are still rare where it has been honestly pursued. It must be difficult too; the fittest writers, apparently—those who know the individual best—are generally the friends, and friends will not, and cannot see with the same eyes as indifferent persons—nor scan closely what a lurking consciousness whispers will not bear scanning.

Locke's "Letter from a Person of Quality," detailing the parliamentary proceedings of 1675, was written at the request, and under the direction of Shaftesbury, and gave so much offence to the Lords—it was ordered by them to be burnt by the common hangman—as to make it expedient for the author to withdraw to the Continent. In 1679, Shaftesbury came again into office, as President of the Council, and Locke, as soon as he found his patron in a state to protect him, returned to England. This, however, was attended with no apparent advantage—Shaftesbury soon broke with the Court, was committed to the Tower, tried for treason, and died in Holland early in 1683; and in the course of the same year, Locke was again an exile in Holland, nor did he return till he came with the Dutch fleet, and landed with William.

Locke's talents and value were now duly appreciated—an embassy to any court in Europe was at his command, but he declined active and above all foreign employment, and confined his public services to the labours of his pen. Though nearly sixty, he had hitherto published nothing but the letter alluded to; but feeling himself now at perfect liberty, he brought out, in quick succession, his Essay, which had engaged his best thoughts for years—his *Letters on Toleration* (by the way, he *had* published the first letter, Latinè, in Holland)—his *Essays on Civil Government*—on the State of the Coin, &c. In 1696, when his old friend Somers was in office, he was made a Commissioner of the Board of Trade, with a salary of £1000, which, however, he resigned the following year, from the state of his health, and then withdrew to the seat of his friends, the Mashams, at Oates, in Surrey, where his last years were spent in peaceful retirement—engaged still, for he could not be idle, in composing his Reasonableness of Christianity, and in defending both that and his other works at great length. He left a Commentary on some of St. Paul's

Epistles, ready for publication, at his death, which, of course; first appeared as a posthumous work. He died in 1704, at 72—dates are indispensable in the history of persons connected with political history.

Among the correspondence, now published, are some letters from Newton, one of which, for the sake of Locke's gentlemanly reply, was printed once by Dugald Stewart. In matters of opinion, Newton was narrow and unenlightened, but desirous of being just. He had taken alarm at some of Locke's doctrines, but feeling some remorse for hasty expressions on that and other accounts, he made the following *amende honorable*.

Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to *embroil me with women* (what in the world could he imagine Locke had done?), and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that, when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'Twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness. For I am now satisfied that what you have done is just; and I beg your pardon for having had thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid down in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me.—I am, &c.

I. NEWTON.

Locke had put his paraphrase of the Corinthians into Newton's hands, to give an opinion upon the unbelieving husband being sanctified by the wife—and had some difficulty in getting either his opinion or the papers again. The following directions, unique in their kind, are given concerning the matter to his cousin, King; he desires to discover the reason of Newton's long silence about them:—

I have several reasons to think him truly my friend, but he is a nice man to deal with, and a little apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; therefore, when you talk to him of my papers, and of his opinion of them, pray do it with all the tenderness in the world, and discover, if you can, why he kept them so long, and was so silent. But this you must do without asking why he did so, or discovering in the least that you are desirous to know. You will do well to acquaint him that you intend to see me at Whitsuntide, and shall be glad to bring a letter to me from him, or any thing else he will please to send; this perhaps may quicken him, and make him despatch these papers, if he has not done it already. It may a little let you into the freer discourse with him, if you let him know that when you have been here with me, you have seen me busy on them, and the Romans, too, &c. Mr. N. is really a valuable man, &c.; and, therefore, pray manage the whole matter so, as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it; and be sure to press him to nothing but what he is forward in himself to do.

This is choice!

*Adventures of a King's Page.* By the Author of *Almack's Revisited*. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—Recollecting the writer's bent, the reader may expect from the title a surfeit of *professional* loyalty, and enough of it he will find; but the truth is, it is merely a bait to catch gudgeons, and very hungry gudgeons they must be to be so caught now-a-days. One dull sketch of one of the old queen's dull evening parties, at which the hero in his boyhood is present, and you have all that has any thing to do with him in his capacity of "page," or with the "court." To compensate for this, the book is full of other personalities, but for the most part relative to persons whose vices and follies are in every vulgar fellow's mouth, and contribute to the coarse garbage of a Sunday paper. In addition to these interesting topics, the reader will of course look for magnificent fêtes, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms—much learning on cooks and cookery-matters—wines and wine-cellar—the turf and the gaming table, with a touch or two of the Spanish Campaigns, and he will not be disappointed. All these topics, and, on every possible occasion, every member of the royal family, dead and alive, are paraded and twisted into the story, often in a manner, according to our old fashioned notions of good taste, exceedingly offensive—but it suits some, of course, or we should not have so much of it.

The tale itself is one of the commonest construction—we cannot readily recal one, where the whole course of contrivance is so certainly, at every step, anticipatable. A General Beverley, next heir to one of the oldest peerages of the land, and in possession of a splendid fortune, has an only son, who is of too much importance to be trusted out of sight, and is consequently tutored at home, and turns out wayward and wilful. He marries the only daughter of a French house of still greater antiquity and distinction than his own, clandestinely, though nobody would have been better pleased with the match than his parents. This occurred at the commencement of the French Revolution, and to get out of the way of impending danger, the Beverleys remove to Rome, where, in a few weeks, the young man is found murdered, and on examining his papers, his connection with Mademoiselle D'Avrancourt is discovered. The lady is understood to be in the family way, and to save the scion of their son, no time is lost in flying to Paris. Though too late to save the mother, the child is miraculously rescued and identified, marked on the breast with a bloody hand, stamped by the mother's terrors before its birth, at the sight of her father's murder. She herself was guillotined, betrayed by a near relation, for the sake of the estate and title. This ferocious wretch has rushed into the worst horrors of the revolution, and was conspicuous among the most ruffianly of the reign of terror. Here then are laid the foundations

of mystery; and the materials for unravelling it, obviously prepared. The child is brought up by the Beverleys, as the heir of their title and estate, without proofs of legitimate birth; and as to the French property, here is one whose interest it is, no legitimate heir should appear, with villany enough to dare the worst to prevent it.

For a time, however, all goes smoothly. The boy, apparently the grandfather's successor, is educated by the curate of the parish, who has a lovely daughter of young Arthur's own age, and as they grow up, naturally fall in love with each other. Luckily her mother had been of the noblesse, and the Beverleys, now Earl and Countess of Roxmere, are liberal, and care not for fortune. They are willing it should be a match; but as the parties are yet young, Arthur prepares to join the army for a campaign or two, and Lady Roxmere adopts Lucy, the parson's daughter, and takes her home. Still, restrained by Lady Roxmere, Arthur has given no pledge—he may change his mind, and it is right, young as he is, he should leave himself at liberty. Suddenly, on the very eve of his departure, he is seized by a party of ruffianly fellows, and carried, in a most tempestuous night, on board a boat, which, after long tossing, is capsized, and he is thrown back upon the shore, apparently lifeless. The source of this seizure was of course the treacherous and blood-thirsty Frenchman.

Recovering, however, the youth now sets out a campaigning, and in his absence folks are busy at home—especially a match-making dame of quality, who has two girls to dispose of, to prevent his marriage with the parson's daughter, and secure the prize for one of her own. She continues to keep up a little interesting correspondence with him, and so successfully, that, on his return, two or three years after, he immediately snaps at the bait. Lord and Lady Roxmere are excessively annoyed, and Lucy of course still more—by the way, she is a very charming girl, and has not been handsomely treated—but luckily, by the greatest chance in the world, a day or two before the intended marriage, at a masquerade, Arthur discovers the bride elect to be engaged with a man of notorious profligacy in an intrigue, which had been carried beyond the common limits of discretion. This discovery of course puts an end to the marriage, and to divert his chagrin, Arthur resolves to return to the peninsula, and, making previously a confidant of the Duke of York, he departs, in spite of all remonstrance on the part of the Roxmeres, who would have had him stay at home and take to Lucy again. But his destiny must be run. In Spain he is taken prisoner, and while with the French army, he comes in contact with his French enemy, who, being in favour and power, readily gets him into his own hands, but instead of killing the youth at once, and thus getting rid of his

fears, he chooses to torture him. He is a very atrocious villain, and must glut his revenge after his own method. He accordingly plunges him into a dungeon, and feeds him on bread and water for three years, when he is finally rescued by the arrival of the Russians.

The commander-in-chief of the Russians, Count W., furnishes the supplies, and Arthur starts for England, where strange news awaits him. Lord Roxmere was dead—the heir at law had established his claim, and was in possession—and the lawyer announced the fact of his illegitimacy. Not sufficiently steeped in horrors, at the same moment he is arrested for ten thousand pounds, for which he had been security for a friend, and clapt up in a sponging-house. He has nothing left but a few poor thousands, which he destined for the recovery of his rights; but his old tutor and Lucy discover his condition, and Lucy, who had been bequeathed precisely the sum by Lady Roxmere, pays the debt, and releases the man to whom, in defiance of his neglect of her, she is still devotedly attached. Instead of throwing himself at her feet, he flies to the continent, after an interview with the queen and the princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, (the latter of whom dispatch an invitation to Lucy, to compliment her on her heroism) enters the Brunswick service, and determines never to return till he proves his legitimacy, and lays his coronet at Lucy's lovely feet. This legitimacy, as the reader will suppose, he does establish—dropping upon the proofs in a most extraordinary manner. All now goes swimmingly, in a flood-tide—he recovers the French property and title—witnesses his old enemy smoking under the branding iron for peculation in office—comes to England—finds the new Lord Roxmere, that very night, shot by somebody in resentment for an act of seduction—takes possession of the English title and estate—and thus, with an English coronet in one hand, and a French one in the other, he throws himself at the feet of Lucy—and, in little more than a year, the guns from the batteries of Beverley announce the christening of a son and heir, which ceremony was performed by the right Rev. H. Delmere, D.D. Bishop of \_\_\_\_\_, grandfather to the young Viscount \_\_\_\_\_.

*The Alpenstock* (the long, iron-spiked pole, in common use in the Alps), or *Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners*, by Charles Joseph Lutrobe; 1829.—A volume of no inconsiderable size, almost wholly occupied with descriptions of mountain scenery, and of the sensations excited in the bosom of an individual roaming among the scenes and revelling in them, of whom we know only what he tells us—with scarcely a word about the labours of art, and not very many about the habits of man, compared with the mass that concerns the works of

nature—such a book, on the face of it, must be the production of no common spirit to make it tolerable. But the book is not merely tolerable, it is often admirable; and though presenting a succession of scenes, the main features of which are similar, and even the details, from the very infirmity of language, bearing often more resemblance upon paper than in fact, it is rarely, and very rarely, wearisome. Particular spots are exquisitely sketched, though vividness and conspicuousness are not precisely the general characteristics: a kind of haze envelops the prospect often, and reminds the reader occasionally of the vapours and mists that frequently obstructed the observer himself. The tone of sentiment—and he indulges in the expression of it—is full of good feeling and deep feeling. Seldom in them, or in his physical descriptions, is any force employed, which is a guarantee for the faithfulness of the transcript; for had not nature prompted in so long a performance, art and effort would have glared upon the pages. The simplicity and ease which reigns through the whole production throws an interest on the commonest details; for the reader feels the collection is natural and just, and his sympathy insensibly follows.

The writer spent two summers, and part of a third—wintering twice at Neuchâtel—in perambulating on foot, and for the most part alone, and deviating from the common tracks, almost the whole of Switzerland—cutting it, indeed, in all directions—stretching to all its boundaries, save only the extreme east and the edge of the Valteline—and twice crossing the confines of Italy, but driven back in disgust by the troublesomeness of the gens-d'armes: in Switzerland, he was free as air. The book is incomparably, and far beyond all competition, the only one calculated to give a stranger any thing like a conception of these astounding regions; and the mere traveller of the beaten roads will find he knows comparatively little of the country he has traversed.

Such a country is not to be known in any other way than that which the author pursued; but he had youth, health, vigour, and enthusiasm—a rare union of indispensable qualities; and, careless of accommodation, with his alpenstock in his hand, and a wallet at his back, furnished with some invigorating kirschwasser, he was ready to meet rough and smooth with, if not equal unconcern—for he talks occasionally of the trials of temper—at least with a disposition to make light of difficulties that led to what was to him intense enjoyment—to scenes that elicited the most thrilling feelings, and struck him profoundly with a sense of the grand and the beautiful.

We can only give the reader a taste of the writer's quality, in a mutilated extract or two: and those, perhaps, if we looked over the leaves again, would seem to ourselves among the least effective passages of the book.

The panorama from the Niesen is one of the most brilliant and graphic pieces of description we remember to have ever read:—

I cannot hope (says he, remarking upon the description he had given) to communicate to any other bosom, by the mere details of description, the glowing sensations excited by the contemplation of scenes like these. It is possible to give the outlines—to throw the sunshine over them—to separate the broader masses of light and shade—to picture forth the wide expanse of smiling country, stretched like a map beneath, farther and farther, to the dim horizon—the glistening river, and white-walled town—the blue lakes embosomed in hills, and piled-up mountains, overtopped by the vast glaciers;—but to describe the height, the depth, and space of the vast picture—to paint the blending of innumerable colours, and of lights and shadows—to embody in words the spirit and the feeling that rest upon the whole, and to give it its harmony and beauty—that neither the tongue, the pen, nor the pencil can do adequately.

We had worked a passage of some power on the feelings, excited by the last short and tranquil days of autumn;—but this must give way to one of another cast, awakened by Tell's Chapel:—

There is something in the grandeur and magnificence of the scenes which surround you in this classic country, which gently, but irresistibly, opens the heart to a belief in the truth of the page upon which the events which have hallowed them are recorded. Whatever a man may think, and however he may be inclined to question the strength of the evidence upon which the relation of these facts rests, while in his closet, I should think there are but few sufficiently insensible and dogmatical to stand firm, and bar their hearts against the credulity which steals over them, while contemplating the spots themselves. You feel that those deeds and those events are in strict keeping with the scenes around you, and are precisely of the kind you would look for in the history of the country, whose stern and awful features are presented to your eyes. You feel that the air you breathe, the lofty mountain-pastures above you, those gloomy forests, the blue, unfathomable lakes, and the sweet, smiling valleys, which ever and anon peep out from the deep recesses of the mountains, must indeed have nursed and cradled heroes. I own that this feeling was warm within me as our boat touched the rock.

Except in the more remote and unfrequented districts, the author, however, found the people of Switzerland fast departing from their ancient simplicity and independent spirit. The country—wherever the main roads pass—throngs with beggars, tempted obviously by the effects of importunity upon passing travellers. In the Catholic cantons—from a different cause—misery appears in its worst extremes.

Neufchatel is the only town and district of which he speaks in detail. His winterings there, with his personal activity, gave him abundant opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with its concerns. Even the common political circumstances of these countries are little known; and any thing

coming authentically has novelty as well as value. We quote his account of the actual government:—

The King of Prussia, as Prince of Neufchatel and Count of Vallengen, has a resident governor at the castle, the nomination of the mayor, and of a resident chaplain. The governor may be a Prussian, at the king's pleasure: the two latter must be natives of the canton. He has not the power of putting any foreigner in office in the country; and, except the presence of his governor, a yearly levy of a certain number of men for military service at Berlin, and a few trifling imposts, there are but few marks of his sovereignty. As a member of the body of confederate cantons, the Neufchatelois send a representative to the Diet. The weightier processes are determined at general councils, called "Les Trois Etats," held periodically at Neufchatel and Vallengen. The districts into which the open country is divided are governed for the time being by bailiffs, or Chatellans, who decide all trifling causes. The town itself has its Grand and Petit Conseil; the former holding its sittings at the Hôtel de Ville, under the presidency of the mayor; and the latter at the castle, under that of the governor. The population of the canton is between fifty and sixty thousand;—one fourth, descendants from refugees or foreigners, settled in the country.

We have no space for the blanchisseuses, and the repasseuses of Neufchatel—two privileged, or at least quite uncontrollable bodies: the author's account of them is humorous enough.

In his roamings to the head of the Simmenthal, his encounter of a family party will give no unfavourable impression of his descriptive powers in another walk:—

Just before I reached Seven Fountains, I met an English party, with their halos of guides and provision bearers, on their return. John Bull marched in the van with a kind of pet air, as if he thought he had been humbugged, and had not seen enough for his money and extra exertion;—no salutation, except that conveyed by a stare, passed between us. Ten paces behind him came my lady's maid, hopping, and slipping, and sliding among the loose fragments, with her under-lip thrust out, and every mark of offended delicacy, as she accepted the service of a brawny Swiss guide, to make this or that unusual hop or stride. About ten paces farther appeared the rear of the party, in the person of a young lady, probably the daughter of the elderly gentleman. Had I followed the humour in which I happened to be, I should perhaps have passed by the daughter with equal nonchalance with the father; but when I caught a glance of a clear, bright, speaking English countenance, beaming with that beautiful expression of vivacity and sense which characterizes my countrywomen, I could not avoid tendering my homage, by moving my cap; and when our backs were turned, after our mute salutation, I can hardly say why or wherefore, but my heart ached with the remembrance of my distant home and country. It seemed to me unnatural, too, that those to whom God had given a common country, language, and perhaps feelings, should thus pass each other, in the wilderness of a foreign land, with indifference.

We were sorry to observe a prediction of the speedy ruin of the road over the Simplon—unless a sum for its timely repairs be assigned by those who are most interested in its preservation, which they are apparently inclined not to do. Even the monks of St. Bernard are likely to fail, from the severity of the noviciate. Seven young peasants presented themselves suddenly, some time ago, as candidates, after a considerable space had elapsed without a single individual offering himself, and not one of them could stand the rigours of it.

*Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs, by Captain Thomas Browne; 1829.*—This is a very complete volume, and must surely exhaust the subject of dogs. It embraces not only the natural history of the genus, but the personal one of numerous individuals, many of which have been the property, and of course have come within the range of observation, of distinguished persons, whose names lend at once interest and authority to the details—Sir Walter Scott and Hogg, for instances. The writer's experience convinces him that dogs have intellectual qualities, of a much higher nature than mere instinct—"many of their actions," he says, "must be ascribed to the exercise of reason, in the proper sense of the word." This is obviously loose language. Certain acts are done obviously *with* reference to circumstances, and others *without*. The first are strictly acts of reason—the latter of instinct, in the common sense. The slightest observation must convince every body that not only dogs, but all animals, perform acts of both kinds. All the writer must be supposed to mean is, that he thinks dogs have a greater share of the reasoning faculty than is generally believed. He adds, what is better worth attending to—"That all the varieties of the canine species are not endowed with equal powers of reflection and sagacity; but, on the contrary, that they differ in this respect according to the purity of their lineage, and the care which is taken in improving their respective breeds."

The arrangement—technically we mean—is based upon that of M. F. Cuvier. The author adopts that naturalist's three groups or divisions, but subdivides them into sections, according to what he conceives to be their natural affections and propensities—and confers "scientific" appellations on certain varieties, which Cuvier omitted. In the introduction, too, the history of the dog is traced from the earliest times; but the bulk of the book is filled with anecdotes—forty of which have never, it seems, appeared in print before. *Ne quid nimis* is an excellent maxim—unluckily, the author has either forgot it, or knows not its value. He has no mercy. The eternal succession of instances of the "extraordinary" is wearisome beyond endurance. Numerous facts are produced to show that dogs understand

spoken language; but with all the gallant Captain's researches, only one has been known to articulate, and that only one word—but then the word was a *dissyllable*.

The animals of Dumfries-shire are a good deal celebrated, and not, it would appear, without reason. A speaking dog actually exists at the house of Mr. —, writer in that town. His name is Wellington, his size moderate, his shape handsome, and he is usually denominated the Dutch Pug. The editor of the Dumfries Courier declares most solemnly that he heard him repeatedly pronounce the word William, almost as distinctly as ever it was enunciated by the human voice. About a fortnight ago (January 1829), he was lying on a rug before the fire, when one of his master's sons, whose name is William, to whom he is more obedient than to any body else, happened to give him a shove, and then the animal ejaculated, for the first time, the word William! The whole fireside were as much amazed as Balaam was when his ass spoke; and, though they could hardly believe their own ears, one of them exclaimed, "Could you really find it in your heart to hurt the beast, after he has so distinctly pronounced your name?" This led to a series of experiments, which have been repeated for the satisfaction of various persons; but still the animal performs with difficulty. When his master seizes his fore-legs, and commands him to say William, he treats the hearer with a gurring voluntary; and, after this species of music has been protracted for a longer or a shorter period, his voice seems to fall a full octave before he comes out with the important dissyllable.

*D'Erbine, or the Cynic. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.*—D'Erbine is not the Cynic. D'Erbine is finally the conspicuous personage—he marries the heroine, and is therefore strictly the hero, and entitled to give his name to the piece; but the Cynic plays a very inferior part, and contributing nothing to its development or dénouement, has of course no claim to any such distinction. But we are not going to depreciate—nor, because the production is very irregular and unequal—begun apparently with one object, and concluded with another, are we going to say it is the work of a fool. It is, on the contrary, that of a very intelligent person, though probably of no great practice in scribbling. The first volume was written, it seems, some seven or eight years before the others; in the interval, probably, the original purpose cooled, and the writer's attention was turned by intervening experience to a different set of circumstances. The difference of style and sentiment is striking; and, fatigued as we were by the first volume, we were greatly surprised and relieved by the vigour and masculine tone of the second and third, which still shews, however, little or no amendment in the qualities of a story-teller.

The first volume introduces us to the country-house of a lady-leader of the fashionable world, who has collected a number of persons of distinction to spend the Christmas holidays. Characters in

crowds are presented to the reader—with more or less claims upon his notice:—one, the Countess of Fontainby, a sort of widow bewitched, of the most fascinating qualities, all of the lighter cast, deserted by her husband for no reason, but left, at the same time, with ample means for display—another, a leader of Bible societies, and a writer of evangelical tracts—a third, a savante, accompanied by her daughter and a governess, which latter is, surely a very unusual thing, introduced—very young, of surpassing loveliness, and indicating at times superior accomplishments, but not very visibly destined to figure in the story. Of the gentlemen, the greater number are nothing in description, and the rest are nothing in fact, with one or two exceptions, particularly a Lord Fitzgerald, who lives in the neighbourhood, and seems drawn to the scene chiefly by the fascinating widow-bewitched aforesaid, but once or twice, we catch him paying a passing compliment to the accomplished governess. The whole volume is occupied with the breakfasts, and dinners, and drives of the party day after day, with the most merciless vapidty, save and except the visit of the converting lady, in which some of the guests accompany her to the cottages, and a bible meeting. The visit to the cottages is admirable, and shews up, to the life, the busy importance of the *patronizing* great, and love of interference with the arrangements, feelings, pursuits, &c. of the poor, whom they affect to guide and instruct. No advance seems made towards a story.

The next volume changes the scene, in the abruptest manner imaginable. We are now in Italy with two gentlemen, perfect strangers to us—one of five-and-thirty, rather moping and melancholy, and disposed to quarrel with existing circumstances—the other as alert and wise as five-and-twenty can make him. They are travelling through Italy, and in their way call to pay their respects at the house of a Contessa, where they meet with a young lady, the life and soul of a large party there assembled. The younger gentleman, D'Erbine, is suddenly and irresistibly fixed by her charms and accomplishments. Though, mingling like a native with the Italians, she is English, nor is her face altogether new to D'Erbine, though he cannot recollect where he has seen her. By and by he discovers a friend of his, Count Valteline, a distinguished political person—a Bonapartist—is himself in love with this accomplished lady, and he in consequence, discreetly and considerably retreated; but, again and again in spite of all resolves, he returns to catch an occasional glance, or only to discover who she is. Once in company with his 'Cynic' friend at the residence of the contessa, the young lady opens an English newspaper, just arrived, and reads a paragraph aloud, relative to the Countess Fontainby, and some fête she had been giving.

This introduces some conversation relative to the Earl, who had so unaccountably deserted her, when D'Erbine's friend, the Cynic, takes up the case, and exculpates both parties, and then abruptly, and to the surprise of D'Erbine and the lady, announces himself to be the deserting Earl. He had left her solely because their tastes did not agree. She loved gaiety, and her retirement, she was frivolous, and he philosophical, and so he chose to quit her, and roam over the world, and grumble at its perversions.

Though at every interview the English lady is more and more fascinating—exhibiting fresh and fresh accomplishments, and proving, in short, an universal genius and rivalling Corinne herself, D'Erbine at last forces himself away, and goes to Russia, without making the discovery he had been so intent upon. After an absence of some few months, he comes again to Italy, and encounters his old friend Valteline, who informs him his hopes, with regard to the English lady, were all extinguished. She had frankly told him she loved another, which other he has discovered since by circumstances, but refuses to tell D'Erbine. With no suspicion of the enchanting truth that was soon to break upon him, he now visits the lady at her own charming villa, and, in the intensity of his admiration, in spite of his previous resolutions, he declares his love, and, to his amazement, is answered, "I have lived long enough, since Fitzgerald thinks me not unworthy of his love." For this D'Erbine, who, like his friend the Cynic, travels under a *nom de guerre*, is actually the Earl Fitzgerald, and the lady, the young and beautiful governess whom he had seen at Lady somebody's two or three winters before, and could not recollect where. The understanding is presently mutual and complete, and arrangements are made for the marriage; but a short absence on the part of Fitzgerald is imperative. In the interval, the lady, who had distinguished herself by her poetical productions, had been elected a member of the College of Milan, and was called upon to undergo the ceremonies of inauguration. She accordingly makes a splendid speech, in the style of Corinne, on the glories of Italy, and winding up with a brilliant peroration, she catches the eye of Fitzgerald, who had unexpectedly returned in time to witness and enjoy the raptures this extraordinary exhibition excited. The marriage now follows, and the arrival in England of the new countess excites no little sensation in the fashionable world. Every set is eager to get her, and the reader expects some distinguished scene at her entrée, but the whole terminates in the talk of others, and the curtain drops upon nothing. Through the latter volumes are interspersed sundry discussions of a literary and political cast, conducted with some skill and force. The author is the advocate of liberal, or rather of radical sentiments, and

laughs at the whigs for their imbecility, &c. The Cynic of course takes a leading share in these discussions; but as to his personal and domestic story, he is left as he was found—no change or conciliation being attempted, and his lady continues to figure in fashionable circles, and commits no indiscretions.

*Family Library, vol. 4. Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Painters; 1829.*—Allan Cunningham is himself no painter, but he is a man of good sense and sound cultivation, and of too much intrepidity to be deterred by the sarcastic complaint to which he alludes—will nobody write a book about what he understands? His business is to write lives, not to paint them—to gather and record events—to trace the rise and career of artists—to examine principles, and judge of execution, and why can none but a painter do this? Nay, is not the artist the very man *least* likely to do justice to such a subject? He is sure to have his bias and prejudice, and will be guided more by his own tastes, than general judgment. We question if there exists a painter with pluck enough, suppose him unprejudiced—to speak his mind freely of the British school. It is not long since, that we heard a distinguished artist, in a lecture, talk about the “dear, delightful Sir Joshua,” obviously, a mere clap-trap—it is so liberal to extol *established* authorities, good or bad.

The end and aim of painting is not, it is to be presumed, to please painters, but the public; and what is to prevent a cultivated person, though he knows nothing of the manipulation of the art, from judging correctly of its effects? He, as well as the best artist in the world, can surely decide where a man fails or succeeds. He can tell, as well as he, what is a likeness—yes, and what is a likeness represented with taste or grace. He may know when a thing is *well* grouped, or a tale *well* told. He can see what is nature and what is not. He can discern where ornaments are incumbrances, where appliances are appropriate, and judge too of the value of what proceeds from current practice and academic habit, and what springs direct from internal promptings, unshackled by rules and authorities.

All this, any man of cultivation, who gives his attention duly and steadily to the subject, can do; and this Allan Cunningham has done. He has not been alarmed by great names, nor constrained by fixed rules, which are fixed fetters, which every free man longs to shake off. Artists, some of them at least, will exclaim at his heresies and his temerity, but we have no doubt his example will unseal other lips, and teach them to speak out. The lives of Hogarth and Reynolds are good specimens of manly judgment; the latter is calculated to place Sir Joshua in his distinctive and true position, which is, we take it, somewhat below the niche he *now* occupies.

The work will extend to three volumes. The present contains an introductory view of the state of the Art, and some account of the Artists of England, and of foreigners employed and popular in England, up to the days of Hogarth. The earliest British painter entitled to individual distinction is Hogarth. In his sketch of this extraordinary artist, Mr. C. has pursued his career step by step, marked his peculiarities, and discussed all his main performances. In his early works he observes, there is little of the spirit which distinguished his afterwards, but they are well worth examination, were it but to learn, he wisely adds, the lesson which genius reckons ungracious—that no distinction is to be obtained without long study and well-directed labour. Self-taught, as he was, Hogarth had probably more than a just contempt for academies and authorities. The taste of his time was gods and goddesses, and especially allegorical figures, and for these Hogarth, whose eye was fixed upon the coarsest scenes of actual life, who had not been bred in the clouds, and had no ambition to soar thither, entertained the most sovereign contempt. Nor was his respect for the older painters, especially those who indulged in grave or fanciful subjects, and beyond all, the “*dark*” ones, as he called them, much greater. The truth is, he had cut out his own path—succeeded eminently—was naturally satisfied—indifferent about others—and contemptuous when bothered about others’ merits. The absurdities of the conceited and fastidious Walpole, as well as the prejudices of Ireland and Nicholls, are well exposed. “Hogarth, as a painter,” says Walpole, “had little merit.” “What,” asks Mr. Cunningham, with spirit and eloquence, “is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woeful reflection—to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring—Hogarth has done all this—and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will shew us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet,” &c.

Wilson’s is a short but spirited sketch. That able artist was unlucky enough to be unappreciated in his own day, and forced to labour for bread, which he could scarcely get. Hogarth sold some of his early plates by weight, half-a-crown a pound; Wilson parted with his Ceyx and Alcyone for a pot of porter and the remains of a Stilton cheese. His view from Kew Gardens was *returned* by the king, for whom it was painted. In the full consciousness of superiority, he nevertheless worked on, and confidently predicted his pictures would sell for high prices, when Barrett’s (a man then making two thousand pounds a year) would not fetch

a farthing. Reynolds depreciated him, as he did many others; but once, when he proposed, at an Artists' dinner, Gainsborough's health, as the "best landscape painter," Wilson started up with—"Yes, and the best portrait painter too." Generally, however, the coarse and unskillful vehemence of poor Wilson, as Mr. Cunningham remarks, was no match for the cautious malignity of the president, who enjoyed the double advantage of lowering his adversary's talents in social conversation, and, *ex cathedra*, in his discourses. In his old age, he came unexpectedly into the possession of property—which, however, he did not live to enjoy any considerable time.

Of Reynolds more is known, and of course more is told. He was a prosperous and prudent man, and courted literary men and great men. He was one of a coterie, and of course got well bepraised by the squad. The jealous spirit of this most unamiable person peeps out on all occasions, though veiled decorously under the cloak of moderation and fairness. He was himself almost nothing beyond a portrait painter—but in this branch of the Art his merit was supreme: he had the sense and courage to shake off old forms, and introduce a freer and more natural style. His efforts in historical painting, it must be acknowledged, were, for the most part, ineffective. He had little fancy, and no flexibility of imagination—to tell a story was painful to him, and cost him many efforts. Though he received a thousand pounds for *Macbeth*, and five hundred pounds for *Cardinal Beaufort*, he declared "it cost him too dear." That is, he could have painted portraits that would have paid him better, and cost him less trouble. In his discourses he was for ever preaching up the *grand style*, as the proper object of study and labour, while, in his own performances, he was intent upon the Venetian school, of which he never said any thing. This looked like *policy*. Barry, by listening to his injunctions, was brought to a garret and a crust, and many another, from the same stimulus, prosecuted fame, and missed his bread. Sir Joshua destroyed many capital paintings of the Venetian school, to get at the mystery of the colouring. "It may be questioned," adds Mr. C., "if his discoveries were a compensation for this loss." Alluding to Sir Joshua's solicitude in concealing his own preparations, Mr. C. asks, naturally enough; "What was the use of all this secrecy? Those who stole the mystery of his colours could not use it, unless they stole his skill and talent also. As a public and private teacher, he was surely bound to tell, not conceal, whatever he thought of importance to Art."

The account of Gainsborough is short, and, for the same reason as Wilson's, less is known; but his merits are very justly discriminated by Mr. C. His landscapes and portraits are equally and wholly his own.

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VIII. No. 44.

He was no imitator of any man. He belonged to no school. Mr. C. correctly observes, "he has not steeped his landscapes in the atmosphere of Italy, like Wilson, nor borrowed the postures of his portraits from the old masters, like Reynolds. No academy schooled down into uniformity and imitation the truly English and intrepid spirit of Gainsborough." He left a large mass of sketches and drawings. Lane, his great nephew, some time ago, published four-and-twenty of them, why does not he publish more? Gainsborough worked with a brush with a handle six feet long, and studied distant effect, rather than elaborate niceness, fitted for close inspection, which, however, he boldly challenged. In this dashing vigour of his hand he has had many imitators, but no equal. Reynolds remarks upon the manner very justly, if he did not conclude with a sneer: "It is certain," says he, "that all those odd scratches and marks which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance—by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly forbear acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence." That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses in exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed that his pictures at the exhibition should be seen near as well as at a distance. The imagination supplies the rest, and *perhaps more satisfactorily to the spectator, if not more exactly, than the artist, with all his care, could have done.*

Though both landscape painters, Wilson and he differed essentially. Gainsborough made his landscapes for the figures—while Wilson as obviously made his figures for the landscapes; by which, however, we only mean the figure was the main object with the one, and landscape with the other.

*Elements of Natural History, by J. H. Hinton, M. A.; 1829.* This is simply an introduction to *Systematic Zoology*, comprising no more than the classes and orders of an arrangement of his own, though taken for the most part from Linnaeus. The classes are six, I. Beasts, consisting of nine orders; II. Birds, of eight; III. Reptiles, of two; IV. Fishes, of five; V. Insects, of seven; and VI. Worms, of two. This arrangement, he considers, under all circumstances, the least objectionable, for, do what you will, the animals of one department will run unto those of another. But besides his new arrangement, the ingenious contriver has another object—a mechanical, an artificial assistance for fixing

it in the memory of the student. Dividing the floor, sides, and ceiling of a room into compartments, he encloses a specimen in each, very neatly engraved, of the several classes and orders, with the names also of two, three, or four others in the corners, and thus cleverly manages to exhibit at full his introductory arrangement. The mechanism is exceedingly simple—Feinagle's, in short, somewhat modified—and not calculated, like many others, more to encumber than assist. The author has given English names to his orders, as well as classes; thus the birds are called, Runners, Perchers, Scratchers, Tearers, Waders, and Swimmers. He suggests, moreover, a new division of the animal world into three more comprehensive departments, according to the structure of the heart. I. Compound Heart, consisting of beasts and birds, with blood warm and red; II. Double Heart, fishes and reptiles, with blood cold and red; III. Single Heart, insects and worms, with blood cold and white. The distinction, he adds, though not strictly universal, is nevertheless worthy of observation.

*Oldcourt*, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829. If this be the production of a *new* candidate for distinction in the 'lists' of fiction, the battle is won by the first onset—he may freely challenge all competitors of *his* class, the author of 'Anglo Irish' not excepted, to whom indeed the 'manner' inclined us at first to assign it. But the writer speaks in the tone of a Catholic, and much too naturally to be said to *take* it. He does so, with perfect ease and unobtrusiveness—not at all contentiously or offensively, but simply as occasions arise, and precisely as if the claims of Catholicism to superiority were universally admitted among rational persons, and required no enforcing, pleading, exculpating, or palliating. The Reformation is spoken of as the prolific manufactory of creeds, and as *humorously* so called—but still there is no bitterness, though perfectly unrestrained. The scene and characters are wholly Irish, and the story often merely a vehicle for conveying the writer's sentiments on the political condition of Ireland, where every thing is given in the undoubted but not unreasoning style of a person who is uttering nothing but unquestionable truths. They are indeed delivered with a degree of vigour and freedom that irresistibly fixes attention. Considered as a novel, the writer pours forth his reflections much too profusely, not to say overwhelmingly; but if the reader have time to weigh them fairly, they are well worthy of his distinct and deliberate perusal. The style is brilliant and felicitous, though occasionally too nicely laboured—ringing with alliteration, and glittering with antithesis. The story itself is somewhat rudely constructed—the author being far more intent upon his sentiments, than his plot or his characters.

A family of Irish antiquity—a true Mi-

lesian stock, in Connaught, contributes the chief materials; consisting of the Squire, his wife, three sons and a daughter. The Squire's estate, though once of boundless extent, has been from time to time cut down, by the thriftlessness, or the forfeitures of his ancestors—he himself, kept down by Protestant ascendancy, and unable to repair the ruin, is finally content to make himself as comfortable as he can, and live hospitably at home, and at peace with his neighbours of whatever communion. Though devoted to field sports, he is now too gouty to do any thing but eat and drink, and *dine* all comers and goers—high and low—friend and foe, down to the hearth-money man, to suspend his career of distractions among the miserable cotters. The eldest son is looking, as young Irishmen were then (the scene is laid during the revolutionary war of America) obliged to do, to the Austrian service; one to the bar, and the third takes after the Squire, and loves dogs and horses. The daughter, Grace, is a beauty of the first water, enchanting for her simplicity. Brought up with her brothers and a foster brother, and far away from all fastidious refinements and fashionable accomplishments, she has nothing but nature, cultivated by an old and liberal-minded priest, to enhance her personal charms. The whole country admire the beautiful girl, and she has offer upon offer from the bumpkins around her, whom, though she has seen nobody else, she instinctively rejects. In this state of domestic and peaceful existence, in the absence of all materials of excitement, suddenly is introduced, in consequence of a fall from his horse, a Sir William D'Arcy, a young gentleman of some distinction, whose estate lies in the neighbourhood, but of whom the Oldcourts knew nothing. He was himself, indeed, almost a stranger to the country, though the descendant of an old Irish family. His father had succeeded to a wasted property; and driven to his wit's end for the reparation of his fortunes, had renounced his religion—worked his interest in the county to court the favour of the prevailing party—screwed up his tenants, and was hated and detested, but, and that was all he cared for, he succeeded in the object of his ambition—he got into parliament and place. This Sir William, his only son, was destined by him to run the same noble career, and was, accordingly, to rub off the rust of Irish manners, and anglify completely and legitimately, sent to Eton and Oxford, and then into the dragons. Though possessed of qualities, which, judiciously cultivated, might have redeemed, in some measure, his worse propensities, yet educated, as he was, with an utter disregard of all serious obligations, he grew up a profligate as to religion, politics, and manners—still not utterly abandoned or unimpressible: he would not, for instance, like his father, cheat his creditors by plan and design—only by carelessness; if he had money,

he paid it promptly; if he had not, he could not; and he had never been taught restraint. The history of this hopeful personage, as well as that of his foster brother, a random, but warm-hearted fellow, and devoted to his master, are traced very minutely, through England, and Ireland, and an American campaign, where D'Arcy gets into many critical positions, from most of which he is rescued by the zeal and sagacity of his attendant — and all this, to the long suspension of the story, began in the first volume, and the entire oblivion of the Oldcourts; of whom not a word is heard through nearly two of the volumes. At last the arrears are brought up, and Grace Oldcourt re-appears. Sir William, struck by the enchanting loveliness of this rural beauty, resolves, to his own amazement, to reform and venture upon matrimony, gains her affections, and the wedding is fixed. On the bridal morning, assembled in the barn-chapel, for Catholics had then nothing but barns for chapels, the ceremony is suddenly interrupted by the coming forward of Grace's foster brother, (who by the way was passionately attached to Grace, but was supposed at the time to have quitted the country) accompanied by his sister, to forbid proceedings. The youth challenged the bridegroom with seducing his sister, and in the agony of his exasperation — embittered by rivalry, he snatches a pistol from his bosom and snaps it at him. He is prevented from turning another upon himself; but to make all sure, at least as to himself, he had taken poison, and dies on the spot. This harrowing event of course suspends the ceremony. D'Arcy makes every effort to conciliate Grace, but in vain, her delicacy is wounded past cure, and she peremptorily refuses a renewal of intercourse. The elder brother now challenges the profligate Sir W., and a duel is fought in the true style of Hibernian butchery. Sir W. gets a bullet through his heart, and Grace buries her charms in a convent.

As we cannot afford to quote at any length, we must be content to direct the reader's attention, to a comparison of English and Irish character, somewhere in the first volume — the discrimination is at once subtle and distinct — a very superior performance.

*A Discourse on the Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe, by Baron G. Cuvier; 1829.* Fossil bones discovered in positions, where no ordinary changes of the globe could have thrown them, have long been an object of inquiry and speculation. Cuvier has the merit of more closely and fully investigating these than any of his predecessors — of assigning single bones to their species — of tracing the whole animal from a scrap — of separating the unknown from the known — of applying, moreover, these relics of remoter times to detect the theory of the earth, and the successive revolutions

on its surface; — and of accomplishing all this with a severity and soundness of judgment, which we venture to say has no parallel among philosophical naturalists. The horizontal strata of the earth contains marine productions, therefore they have once themselves been the surface. These strata are found up the hills *oblique*, therefore they have been lifted up. On the tops of many hills are found again horizontal strata, therefore they are of later origin than the oblique ones. Here is evidence then of numerous revolutions — every layer is apparently one. Some of these layers preceded the creation of living beings, for in the deeper ones no indications whatever are discovered. The masses which now form the highest hills were once in a state of liquefaction, and covered with waters without inhabitants. The first organized matters which appear are mollusca and zoophytes, and even these present themselves only in the later layers of *transition* rocks; but are like nothing *now* existing. The nearer we approach the present surface, the more *shells* increase, and the more also these shells resemble existing species, till the very latest have some which are undistinguishable from existing species. *Bones* are all, comparatively, in the very latest layers, and no human bones are found even in the very last. But Cuvier does not hastily conclude there were *then* no human beings, for they might have inhabited some confined tracts — countries not yet geologically examined, and from thence have peopled the earth.

The general results of Cuvier's researches are, that more than 150 oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds have been determined and classed. Of these, considered as species, more than ninety are no longer found alive; eleven or twelve approach so nearly to known species, that there can scarcely be a doubt of their identity, and others present many points of similarity with known species. Considered as genera, among the ninety unknown species, sixty belong to *new* genera; and of the whole 150, about a fourth are oviparous; and of the rest, the viviparous ones more than half belong to non-ruminating hoofed animals. What specific relation these species bear to the several strata in which they are found, the carelessness with which they have been generally collected precludes the possibility of ascertaining, with entire satisfaction. Still something has been done; for instance — the oviparous appear more frequently than the viviparous, and they are more abundant, larger, and more various in the *older* strata. Tortoises and crocodiles are found immediately *below* the chalk, and *in* the chalk. These are marine oviparous animals. Marine viviparous ones, lamantins and seals, are first visible in the thick *shelly* limestone *above* the chalk, in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is not till after this limestone that *land* animals, oviparous or viviparous

are found; nor are there any traces of them prior to the layers deposited on the coarser limestone. In these, however, the bones of land animals appear in abundance. The limestone strata are the last, which mark a long and peaceful flowing of the sea over the continents. Above these are found layers filled with shells and other marine productions; but these are *shifting* layers, sands, marles, clays; and the few stony layers that present themselves betray marks of being the deposits of *fresh* water. Now almost all the bones of viviparous animals are found in these fresh-water deposits, or alluvial deposits; and the more obvious conclusion, of course, is, that *these* quadrupeds had not began to exist, or at least to leave relics in the layers that we are able to fathom, till after the last retreat but one of the sea, and during that state of things, which had preceded its last eruption. But there is an arrangement traceable also in the order of these bones, bespeaking a remarkable succession of species. The unknown genera, the palæotheria and anoplotheria belong to the oldest of these layers — to those which rest immediately above the coarse lime-stone, composed generally of sand and round flints — apparently the oldest alluvial deposits of the ancient world. With these are found, but in small numbers, certain lost species of known genera, and some oviparous quadrupeds, and fresh water fishes. The more celebrated of these unknown species, which belong to the known genera, or to genera very much resembling the known, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, mostodons, are not found among the oldest layers. It is only in the shifting layers that these are discovered; and finally, it is only in quite the upper layers, or in the last alluvions formed on the banks of rivers, or in the beds of old ponds, dried marshes, or turf layers, that appear the bones of species, which are the *very* same as ours. The existing continents are in fact of recent formation, and all examination tends to establish general tradition, and all historical records of any credibility. The author has examined this evidence with great care and candour, and with Deluc and Dolomieu concludes, if there be any thing determined in geology, it is, that the surface of the globe has been subjected to a vast and sudden revolution, not farther back than from five to six thousand years — that this revolution has buried and caused to disappear the countries formerly inhabited by man, and the species of animals now most known — that, on the other hand, it has left the bottom of the former sea dry, and has formed on it the countries now inhabited — that, since the revolution, those few individuals whom it spared have been spread and propagated over the lands newly left dry — and, consequently, it is only since this epoch that our societies have assumed a progressive march, have formed establishments, raised monuments, collected natural facts,

and combined scientific systems. But the countries now inhabited, and which the last revolution left dry, had been before inhabited, if not by mankind, at least by land animals; consequently one revolution, at least, had overwhelmed them with water; and if we may judge by the different orders of animals whose remains we still find there, they had, perhaps, undergone two or three eruptions of the sea.

The great object to which Cuvier now directs the attention of geologists and naturalists is no longer the primitive formations, the uniform march and regular succession of which he considers as very fairly ascertained — but the *secondary* ones, the study of which he justly thinks is scarcely begun — that wonderful series of unknown zoophytes and marine mollusca, followed by reptiles and fresh water fish, equally unknown, and these, in their turn, replaced by zoophytes and mollusca, more akin to those of the present day — those land animals and mollusca, and other fresh water animals, also unknown, which next occupy the places, to be again displaced, but by mollusca and other animals similar to those of our own seas — the relation of these various beings with the plants whose remains accompany theirs — the relations of these two kingdoms with the mineral layers which contain them — the more or less their uniformity with one another in different basins — “all these are a series of phenomena, which appears to me,” says Cuvier, “to call imperiously for the profound attention of philosophers.”

*Shreds and Patches of History, in the Form of Riddles*, 2 vols; 1829. The author met with a circle of young people finding amusement in proposing to each other historical questions, and guessing at the answers. That is, one of the party stated a set of circumstances, reserving names, places, and dates, which the rest were called upon to supply. This idea he or she adopted, and in the first of these volumes has drawn up nearly two hundred events and anecdotes, in this enigma form; most of them relative to popular and well-known subjects — such as are described in the common histories put into children's hands; and in the second is given the key, with occasional remarks and explanations. It is admirably calculated to promote the common purposes of instruction, by setting young people to work to recal and apply their readings, and thus fixing facts in the memory. It is indeed the only really useful application of the riddle we have ever seen; and calculated as the scheme of a riddle is to draw and force attention, it has often struck ourselves it might be applied to other purposes, than the nonsensical and idle ones on which it is usually employed. Dates are incorrectly given, we observed, in several places, and other little inadvertencies occur which may readily be corrected.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*American Dogs.*—Dogs have been transported to America since the second voyage of Columbus; it may even be remarked, that at the time of his first battle with the Indians of Saint Domingo, he had in his little army a troop of twenty bloodhounds. They were subsequently employed in the conquest of different parts of the terra firma, particularly in Mexico and New Granada. Their race is preserved without apparent alteration on the table land of Santa Fé, where they are employed in stag hunting: in this they display extreme ardour, and still employ the same method of attack which formerly rendered them so formidable to the natives. This method consists in seizing the animal by the lower part of the stomach, and upsetting it by a quick movement of the head, by availing themselves of the moment when the weight of the body is thrown upon the fore legs. The weight of the stag, thus thrown down, is frequently six fold that of the dog. Some dogs of the pure race also inherit, without being taught, the instinct necessary for hunting the peccari, in which they are employed. The skill of the dog consists in moderating its ardour, attacking no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check, without allowing itself to be surrounded. Now, among these dogs, some are met with which, the first time they are taken into the woods, make their attack in the most advantageous manner; a dog from other parents springs on at once, and, whatever its strength may be, is devoured in one instant.

*Law of the Phenomena attributed to Magnetism in motion.*—From a series of valuable experiments, made with discs of copper, tin, zinc, and lead, M. Saiey has found that their action on a magnetic needle may be thus expressed: Calling  $x$  the distance of the needle from the disc, and  $y$  the number of oscillations which it loses by the action of the disc, or the difference between the number of its oscillations while oscillating alone, and while oscillating under the influence of the disc, and  $a$  and  $b$ , two constant quantities,  $y = a b^{1-x}$  that is, the oscillations lost form a progression by quotients, when the distances of the needle from the discs form a progression by differences. Two numbers expressing the losses are necessary for calculating all the others, for we must determine the two constants  $a$  and  $b$  in the formula which expresses them, the first of these,  $a$ , indicating, for example, the loss at the unit of distance, and the second,  $b$ , the quotient of one loss divided by the following. The constant,  $a$ , varies for different amplitudes in the oscillations, but the ratio,  $b$ , is invariable for all amplitudes. The constants,  $a$  and  $b$ , increase in an inverse order, not only for different metals acting on the same needle,

but even for the same metal acting upon different needles.

*Geology.*—The striking difference in coal fields, as to inflammable gas abounding in one district and not being found in another, is a matter upon which no satisfactory theory has as yet been formed. In some of the Newcastle coals the inflammable gas is so very easily disengaged, that there have been several instances where coals recently drawn from the mines, and instantly shipped, have, by the fall and breaking of the coals descending into the ship's hold, disengaged such a quantity of inflammable gas as to ignite from the flame of a candle, by which the hatches were violently blown up, and the sailors severely scorched. This circumstance shews how very easily this gas is in some instances emitted from coal; and it must be in great abundance when we know that one pound weight of some coals will yield five cubic feet of this gas when exposed to fire in a retort.

*Effect of an Earthquake.*—On March 30, 1828, H. M. S. Volage was lying moored with two chain cables in the Bay of Callao, at half-past seven o'clock a light cloud passed over the ship, at which moment the noise usually attendant on earthquakes in that country, resembling heavy distant thunder, was heard; the ship was violently agitated, and felt as if placed on trucks and dragged rapidly over a pavement of loose stones. The water around hissed as if hot iron was immersed in it, immense quantities of air bubbles rose to the surface, the gas from which was offensive, resembling rotten pond-mud; numbers of fish came up dead along side; the sea, before calm and clear, was now strongly agitated and turbid, and the ship rolled about two streaks, say fourteen inches, each way; at this moment the earthquake which overthrew the town ensued. The Volage's chain cables were lying on a soft muddy bottom in thirty-six feet water, and on heaving up the best bower anchor to examine it, the cable thereof was found to have been strongly acted on at thirteen fathoms from the anchor, and twenty-five from the ship. On washing the mud from it, the links, which are made of the best cylinder wrought iron, about two inches in diameter, appeared to have undergone *partial fusion* for a considerable extent. The metal seemed run out in grooves of three or four inches long, and three eighths of an inch diameter, and had formed (in some cases at the end of these grooves, and in others in the middle of them) small spherical lumps, or nodules, which, upon scrubbing the cable to cleanse it, fell on the deck. The other cable was not injured, nor did any similar occurrence take place among the numerous vessels then lying in the bay. That the phenomena of earthquakes are

produced by volcanic explosion there can be little doubt, and that they are frequently accompanied by powerful electric action has long been known: to which of these causes are we to look for the powerful effects here witnessed?

*Organic Remains.*—A paper has been communicated to the Geological Society by Dr. Buckland stating that he has ascertained that the bony rings of the suckers of cuttle fish are frequently mixed with the scales of various fish, and the bones of fish and of small ichthyosauri in the bezoar-shaped *faeces* from the lias at Lyme Regis. These rings and scales have passed undigested through the intestines of the ichthyosauri. Dr. Prout has also found that the black varieties of these bezoars owe their colour to matter of the same nature with the fossil ink-bags in the lias; hence it appears that the ichthyosauri fed largely upon the sepia of those ancient seas. He has also ascertained, by the assistance of Mr. Miller and Dr. Prout, that the small black rounded bodies of various shapes, and having a polished surface, which occur, mixed with bones, in the lowest strata of the lias, on the banks of the Severn, near Bristol, are also of faecal origin: they appear to be co-extensive with this bone bed, and occur at many and distant localities. He has also received from Mr. Miller similar small black faecal balls from a calcareous bed nearly at the bottom of the carboniferous limestone at Bristol: this bed abounds with teeth of sharks, and bones, and teeth, and species of other fishes. Until they can be referred to their respective animals, the author proposes the name of *Nigrum Græcum* for all those black varieties of fossil *faeces*. They may have been derived from small reptiles, or from fish, and, in the case of the lias bone bed, from the molluscous inhabitants of fossil nautili, and ammonites and belemnites. In a collection at Lyme Regis there is a fossil fish from the lias which has a ball of *Nigrum Græcum* within its body: for this the author proposes the name of *Ichthyocopros*. He also proposes to affix the name of *Sauro-copros* to the so called bezoar stones of the lias at Lyme Regis, which are derived from the *Ichthyosauri*, and the name of *Hiainocopros* to the *Album Græcum* of the fossil hyæna. The form and mechanical structure of the balls of *Sauro-copros*, disposed in spiral folds round a central axis, are so similar to that of the supposed fir cones or *Iuli*, in the chalk and chalk marl, that the author has concluded that these, so long misnamed *Iuli*, are also of faecal origin. On examination he finds many of them to contain the scales of fish, and Dr. Prout's analysis proves their substance to be digested bone. The spiral intestines of the modern shark and ray afford an analogy that may explain the origin of this spiral structure, and the abundance of the teeth of sharks and palates of rays in chalk, renders it pos-

sible that the *Iuli* may have been derived from these animals. For these the provisional name of *Copros Iuloides* is proposed. The author has also recognised two other varieties of these faecal substances in a collection of fossils brought from the fresh water formations near Aix, in Provence. Dr. Buckland concludes that he has established generally the curious fact, that, in formations of all ages, from the carboniferous limestone to the diluvium, the *faeces* of terrestrial and aquatic carnivorous animals have been preserved, and proposes to include them all under the generic name of *Coprolite*.

*An English Stew.*—An Engineer, of the name of Vazie, has taken out a patent for various processes connected with food. Among them is a dish which he denominates an "English Stew." We know not if our readers are at liberty to make it, or can do so without infringing his patent; but the proportions are, one pound of rump steak, and one pound of a leg of mutton cut into slices: put these in the stove, (his own peculiar one, but any other would answer) and place thereon two full grown onions shred small, two table spoonfulls of rice, one desert spoonful of salt, and one tea spoonful of pepper, together with a slice of bread, and as much cold water as will rise to one third the height of the boiler.

*Force of running Water.*—An interesting communication of facts and observations as to the power which running water exerts in removing heavy bodies has been communicated to the Geological Society. The heavy rains which fell during three days of August, 1827, swelled to an unusual height, the small rivulet called the College, which flows at a moderate declivity from the eastern water-shed of the Cheviot hills, and caused that stream not only to transport enormous accumulations of several thousand tons weight of gravel and sand to the plains of the Till, but also to carry away a bridge then in progress of building, some of the arch stones of which, weighing from half to three quarters of a ton each, were propelled two miles down the rivulet. On the same occasion the current tore away from the abutment of a mill-dam a large block of green stone porphyry, weighing nearly two tons, and transported the same to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Instances are related to occur repeatedly in which from one to three thousand tons of gravel are in like manner removed to great distances in one day, and whenever four or five hundred cart-loads of this gravel are taken away for the repair of roads, one moderate flood replaces the amount of loss with the same quantity of rounded debris. Parallel cases of the power of water are stated to occur in the Tweed, near Coldstream.

*Substitute for Oil in Clocks, &c.*—It is well known that the gradual change of oil, when applied as a lubricating medium to

those parts where friction takes place in clocks, watches, and other fine mechanical arrangements, has induced numerous persons to endeavour so far to purify the oil as to prevent or retard the injury occasioned to the going of the machine as much as possible. Mr. Hebert appears to have overcome this difficulty all at once, by discarding the oil altogether, and using instead well prepared plumbago. He first prepares the plumbago by repeatedly grinding and washing it over, by which means the gritty particles that occur, even in the best black lead, are removed, and which, if allowed to remain, would neutralize every advantage the pure plumbago is found to give. This done, the prepared substance is applied with a camel hair pencil, either in the state of powder, or mixed up with a drop or two of pure spirit of wine. It readily adheres to the surface of a steel pivot, as well as to the inside of the hole in which it runs, so that the rubbing surfaces are no longer one metal upon another, but plumbago upon plumbago. These surfaces, by their mutual action, speedily acquire a polish only inferior to that of the diamond, and then the retardation of the machine, from friction, is reduced almost to nothing, and wear and tear from this cause is totally prevented. An astronomical clock of Mr. Hebert's own making, of which the pivots, and holes, and teeth of the escape wheel, had been covered, on their rubbing parts with fine plumbago fourteen years ago, was taken to pieces by a committee of the Society of Arts and examined; the surfaces of plumbago were found to be for the most part unbroken and highly polished, and neither the pivots nor sockets appeared, on examination with high magnifiers, to have undergone the slightest degree of wear.

*Origin of the Solar System.*—M. Nic. Cacciatore, the eminent director of the observatory at Palermo, has endeavoured to assign the cause of the movements of the celestial bodies by combining the idea of his predecessor Piazzi with those of La Place. He supposes that the planets owe their origin to an explosion which took place in the mass of the sun. In his system, the matters projected in an aeriform state, must have first formed round the sun an immense atmosphere, subjected to follow the rotatory motion of this body. These, condensed into different zones by cooling, the parts of this fluid most distant from the sun must have separated themselves from the rest of the mass without removing from the solar equator, and without ceasing to move in the same direction. Their mutual attraction has united them, and formed of them solid bodies, the movements of translation and of rotation of which are composed of all the particular movements of the aggregated particles.

*Account of the Explosion of Slickensides.*  
—Slickensides is a singular formation, occurring in some perpendicular mineral

veins, consisting of two imperceptible specular surfaces joined together without cohesion; they are sometimes composed of a mixture of fluor carbonate of lime, galena, blende, &c.; at others, these surfaces are thinly spread over with galena, as smooth and shining as if polished by art, and are then termed looking-glass ore: they are sometimes flat, at others waved; sometimes the waves in the same specimen are both perpendicular and horizontal, often in wedge-shaped nodular masses of various sizes dispersed in the veins. When their edges occur in the face of the vein, on the miner striking his pick into the vein they separate in some districts without, in others with a slight report, and in some of the mines in the neighbourhood of Eyam, in Derbyshire, with loud reports, particularly in Cracking-hole Vein in Haycliffe title, situated in the shell limestone beneath the shale stratum, where, in the centre of the vein termed a slack vein, was a small white impalpable (not effervescing) powder, called a mallyon, a quarter of an inch thick, which on being scratched a loud explosion immediately ensued, before which explosion a singing kind of noise was heard. By setting a blast in the vein, at a short distance from the mallyon, after the blast was fired, in a few minutes an explosion took place, when a large quantity of the vein fell down. In the year 1790, a loud explosion took place from a slide joint of Slickensides, going across, but not into the cheeks of the vein containing the mallyon, which caused, on its being stirred, the loudest explosion, and the largest quantity of vein materials to come down. The vein there was four feet wide, and three hundred yards from a dike vein. The last great explosion was in the year 1805. It has sometimes happened that persons have been maimed, and even killed by this phenomenon; which, however, has not been noticed in Slickensides, *where no shale is incumbent*. Are not these explosions occasioned by combining by friction carbonic acid gas with the hydrogen gas, which probably descends down a vein from the shale, and which hovers in the roofs of many subjacent caverns, and which instantaneously ignites with a tremendous explosion on the approach of the flame of a candle, and instances have occurred in which they have proved fatal to human life?

*Zoological Weather Glass.*—In the southern parts of Germany there may frequently be witnessed an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs of the species *rana arborea* are kept in a glass jar about eighteen inches in height and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder, reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water.

These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which will serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness.

*Botany.*—The deficiencies of the ancients in studying natural history are very striking, if we compare their attempts in this department with their glorious productions in poetry, eloquence, history, and morals. It is surprising what little progress they made in their investigations into nature, and it is the more remarkable that they should not have made more progress in botany, if we consider their extreme partiality and almost reverence for flowers. The secret which explains the whole is their want of system. That has been the great engine of advancement in modern times, for, as we understand the term, the ancients had no system in their study of nature. The three great names among the ancients, as professed naturalists, are Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny. But in none is there the smallest attempt at what we now understand by classification. Theophrastus describes about six hundred species, Dioscorides about seven hundred. But the contentions among commentators to ascertain the plants alluded to, are endless and irreconcilable. Pliny's work is valuable, as collecting all that had been done by Greek authors before his time; but the descriptions are so vague, taken from such uncertain marks, and, from comparison with other plants, of which we know nothing, that as a system of plants it is perfectly useless. Thus botany went on, till Lobel, in 1570, adopted something like a system of classes. This was improved by the two Bauhines, who published their works, the *Pinax* and *Hist. Plant. Univ.* in 1623 and 1650. But the first really systematic form given to botany was by Ray, the great English botanist, the second edition of whose *Synopsis*, his great work, was published in 1677, and is, strictly speaking, a systematic work, having an arrangement into classes, genera and species, though in this respect still very imperfect. Ray was unquestionably a great naturalist, and among the fathers of natural history, ranks only second to the illustrious Swede Linnæus.

*Oriental Archery.*—In the life of Jehan-gueir, written by himself, occurs the following account of a feat of archery performed at his court, which may serve as a stimulus to our modern fashionable practitioners with the long bow. "Another of the ameers of my court," says he, "distinguished for courage and skill, was Bauker Noodjum Thauri, who had not in the world his equal in the use of the bow. As an instance of the surprising perfection to which he had carried his practice, it will be sufficient to

relate that one evening, in my presence, they placed before him a transparent glass bottle, or vessel of some kind or other, a torch or flambeau being held at some distance behind the vessel, they then made of wax something in the shape of a fly, which they fixed to the side of the bottle, which was of the most delicate fabric: on the top of this piece of wax they set a grain of rice and a peppercorn. His first arrow struck the peppercorn, his second carried off the grain of rice, and the third struck the diminutive wax figure, without in the slightest degree touching or injuring the glass vessel, which was, as I have before observed, of the very lightest and most delicate material. This was a degree of skill in the bowman's art amazing beyond all amazement; and it might be safely alleged that such an instance of perfection in the craft has never been exhibited in any age or nation."

*Vegetating Fungus in the Stomach of a Cod.*—A French naturalist relates that a fisherman brought him three pebbles about the size of the first joint of a large thumb, on which were implanted, by adhesion (*empâtement*), plants and rudiments of plants of a fucus kind, which was identified as the fucus *confervoides* described by Bertolini in his *Amanitates Italiae*. On one of the three stones was found an unique plant, of considerable size, and nearly two feet in length, in active vegetation. The colour was a deep bottle green, except in one part, which formed the ramified summit, and which protruded by the *arrière bouche* of the animal. This part, nearly two inches long, was transparent, of a pale violet red, brittle, and more swollen than the lower branches, which are green, flexible, and sufficiently tenacious: above a second stone, a plant, two thirds shorter than that on the first stone, was growing. To this was attached a plant about three inches long, to the two sides of which, and at from one and a half to two lines distance two adhesions, not much smaller than that of the principal plant, were visible, and from which issued, in the shape of points bent back into hooks, and two lines in length, the rudiments apparently of two new plants. Another adhesion, placed laterally, and of less extent, bore, as the germ of a third plant, a straight point, one line and a quarter in length. Opposite to the plant which was developed, and in the direction of the length of the stone, was the germ of a fourth plant, two lines long, and also bent into a hook. The two other stones had no similar germs of new plants, but they might have been detached without leaving any traces behind. Drying produced the spontaneous separation of the others, and the plant itself then came off with the least touch; the place it had occupied could not then be discovered. The method of attachment resembled an adherence by excluding the air. One of the

stones was of gneiss, with amphibole, another of gneiss only, the third of a sort of quartz. One of them was found in the curvature of the stomach of a cod, the two others in the large diameter of it. All adhered strongly to the substance of the stomach, and were obliged to be cut out. This focus then can grow and spring from its seed, whatever that may be, in the stomach of a cod fish; also its force of vegetation prevails over the digestive force of the animal, unless it be that the fish, being entirely carnivorous, does not digest herbs. In one only, according to the testimony of the whole body of fishermen, a piece of wood the size of a man's fist was found imbedded in the substance of the stomach of a cod.

*Improved Flux.*—The chemist will find a flux composed of equal parts by measure of crystallized borax and common salt of tartar very serviceable for removing from his crucible, or other vessels of platina, those ferruginous scales with which, after long use, and particularly after being strongly heated in a coal or coke fire, they become incrustated. In the analysis of earthy minerals the late Dr. Wollaston was in the habit of using a similar flux, composed of two parts, by weight of crystallized carbonate of soda, and one of crystallized borax, well ground together. It has the advantage of not acting like caustic alkali upon the platina crucible, and is a powerful solvent of jargon and many other minerals, which yield with difficulty to other fluxes. If the mineral to be operated upon requires oxidation in order to decompose it, a little nitre or nitrate of soda may be added.

*The Brain.*—Dr. G. Spurzheim, one of the fathers of phrenology, has made a communication to the Royal Society respecting his peculiar views of the brain. The following is the substance of it. He contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is

which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot indeed be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals this process must be reversed, and whenever we find organs performing the same functions in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number. The author next attempts to establish the proposition that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality in different individuals. In support of this doctrine he endeavours to show that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains, and that their identity may be recognised in the two lateral halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an Ourang-Outang, which exhibited a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other of the mammalia, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man.

*The Great American Bittern.*—A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the Magazine of Natural History attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the Journal in question took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.

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## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Reynolds, Writing Master, Christ's Hospital, has in the press, for the Use of Schools, the Scholar's Practical Introduction to Merchants' Accounts, upon an improved Plan.

The Golden Lyre, or Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy, for 1830.

Mr. E. H. Barker is about reprinting Dr. Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, in 2 vols. 4to.

Illustration of the Parts concerned in the Late-ral Operations of Lithotomy, with a Description of the Mode of performing it. By Edward Stanley, Assistant Surgeon, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Royal 4to.

*M.M. New Series.*—VOL. VIII. No. 44.

Historical Recollections of Henry of Monmouth, the Hero of Agincourt, and other Eminent Characters.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the Subjects of the Two Collegial Anatomical Prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons; the first Part exhibiting the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera in large Plates, will be ready in January, 1830.

Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter, are about to publish a Map of England and Wales upon a new Plan; in which Numerals and Letters are substituted for the Names of Places and Rivers; the former being used to denote the Places, while the latter designate the Rivers. With an Explanatory Key, enclosing a brief De-

scription of the Counties, Places, and Rivers laid down in it, &c. &c.

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A Treatise on the Value and Application of Bones as a Manure. By the Doncaster Agricultural Association.

The Second Volume of the Remains of Wilmot Warwick, by Henry Vernon, will appear in August.

The Author of "Reginald Trevor" has a New Novel in the press, entitled "Lawrence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales."

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, the celebrated Painter, with various Letters and Testimonies to his Genius. By his Son, the Rev. John Romney, B.D.

The Heraldry of Crests, containing 3,500 Crests, from Engravings, by the late P. P. Elven, with the Bearers' Names alphabetically arranged.

Mr. Kendall announces for publication a full and illustrated Statement of his Hypothesis of a Circulation in the Sea in Analogy with the Circulation of the Blood.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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A Complete History of Dairy Husbandry. By William Harley, Esq., of the Willow Bank Dairy, Glasgow. Plates, 21s.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

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SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART. L.L.D.;  
F. R. S.; M. R. I. A., &c.

AN extended memoir of the life of that distinguished experimental philosopher, Sir Humphrey Davy, would be little else than a record of the state of chemical science and discovery for the last five-and-twenty or thirty years. Very slight and cursory must be our sketch.

Humphrey Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th of December, 1779. His family is ancient and respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar schools of Truro and Penzance. At Penzance, he resided with Mr. Tomkins, a surgeon, a benevolent and intelligent man, who had been on terms of intimate friendship with his maternal grandfather. The youth was remarkable for his early talent: at nine years of age, he began to compose verses; an amusement to which he was addicted till he was fifteen; and the Annual Anthology of that period may be advantageously consulted for specimens of his ability.

At the age of fifteen, young Davy was placed as a pupil with Mr. Borlase, a descendant from the celebrated Cornish antiquary of that name. Mr. Borlase was an excellent surgeon, and a man of sound, general, and extensive information. It was intended that, under his auspices, Mr. Davy should prepare himself for graduating at Edinburgh. In addition to the regular studies of his profession, he was fond of natural history; and, residing in a part of the island rich in mineralogy, he collected a

number of fine specimens. He also began to extend his views to the various combinations, decomposition, and recombinations of nature—to examine the different systems of the philosophers, both ancient and modern—and to form theories of his own. At length, he laid down for himself a course of study, which he followed with such perseverance, that, by the time he was eighteen, he was master of the leading principles of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the simple mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. At this period, experimental chemistry was just beginning to afford results honourable to the genius of those by whom it was practised. The discoveries of Dr. Black, Mr. Cavendish, Dr. Priestley, and others, were matter of notoriety in this country. In France, too, Lavoisier had begun to propound his new theory, and to form a new nomenclature for the science. Mr. Davy's strongest predilections were for chemistry; and an experiment which he made proved the fortunate means of drawing him from obscurity. He had ascertained that sea-weed performs the same part in purifying the air contained in water that vegetables perform with respect to atmospheric air. This fact he communicated to Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, who had projected the publication of a course of philosophical contributions from the west of England; and who was endeavouring to found an institution, the main object of which was, by means of dephlogistigated air, or oxygen gas, to cure, or at least to alleviate, the

horrors of phthisis. To effect this, an extensive apparatus became necessary, and for its regulation and superintendance, an able and ingenious practitioner was required. A correspondence ensued, in which Dr. Beddoes proposed to Mr. Davy, who was then only nineteen, to suspend his intention of going to Edinburgh, and to assist him in the prosecution of his scheme. Mr. Davy consented, on condition of having the sole management of the experiments; and he, in consequence, removed to Bristol, and resided for some time at the Pneumatic Institutions, Dowry Square, in the immediate vicinity of the Het Wells.

It was about this period that Mr. Davy contracted a friendship with Davies Gilbert, Esq. (now President of the Royal Society), who strenuously exhorted him to persist in his clerical pursuits. In those pursuits he was frequently assisted by another of his friends, Mr. W. Clayfield; and at Bristol—where he discovered the respirability of the nitrous oxide—he was already considered as a very extraordinary young man. The result of his inquiries into the gaseous bodies was afterwards published, with the title of *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical*. This work introduced him to Count Rumford, who had lately returned to England, and become one of the patrons and promoters of the new school of experimental philosophy. Through the introduction of the Count he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution; succeeding in that office Dr. Young, the nephew of Dr. Brocklesby.

The new Professor now found himself amidst philosophical information and resources of all kinds; and, at the Institution, he had the advantage of possessing more extensive means of electrical and chemical experiment, than had perhaps ever before been collected under one roof.

In 1802, Mr. Davy commenced a course of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, shewing the dependence of agriculture on Chemistry. These lectures were continued for three years. His talents were already so well known that, in 1803, he was chosen a member of the Royal Society; in 1805, a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and, in 1806, he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Society. He was also in habits of intimacy with most of the British literary characters and men of science, and in correspondence with the principal chemists in every part of Europe.

Mr. Davy had for some years been diligently employed in making experiments with the galvanic battery. In 1806, when he delivered his first Bakerian Lecture to the Royal Society, he began to communicate the result of his labours. This lecture related to some new and interesting chemical agencies of electricity, particularly with respect to acids and alkalies.

The subject of his next Bakerian Lecture, delivered in 1807, was "Some New Phc-

nomena of Chemical Changes produced by Electricity, particularly the Decomposition of the Fixed Alkalies, and the exhibition of new substances which constitute their bases, and on the general nature of alkaline lodies." In this he brought forward his great discovery of the metallic bases of potash and soda, to which he gave the names of potassium and sodium. By employing the same means, he also succeeded in decomposing other substances, and obtaining their metallic bases. His attention was next turned to the oxymuriatic acid, which he demonstrated not to be a compound, and to which he gave the name of Chlorine.

Notwithstanding the war which then existed between England and France, the prize of the French Institute was, in 1810, awarded to Mr. Davy; and, in 1814, the same year in which he was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Institution—he was elected a corresponding member of that body.

It is not unamusing to remark, that, in a Memoir of Mr. Davy, published about the year 1809, we find the following advertisement-like paragraph:—"To such of our readers as have not as yet seen him, we beg leave to observe, that the professor exactly resembles other men, affecting nothing rude, vulgar, or extravagant, either in his person or address, and to the ladies, in particular, it would be unpardonable to omit, that he is still unmarried. He possesses great animal spirits, is gay, conversible, destitute of the jargon of science, the common refuge of little minds, has a pleasing face, a good address, a person rather slender, and is from thirty-two to thirty-four years of age." Whether it was in consequence of this "gentle hint," we know not, but, in the year 1811, Mr. Davy became attached to Mrs. Apreece, a widow of large fortune, and, in 1812, he made that lady his wife. A few days previous to his marriage, he had the honour of being knighted by the Prince Regent. He was the first person on whom His Royal Highness conferred that dignity.

Sir Humphrey Davy's next discovery was of great importance. In 1815, a Committee was formed at Sunderland, to investigate the cause of fire-damp in mines, through the explosion of which so many lives had, from time to time, been sacrificed, and to seek for a preventive. His assistance having been requested, Sir Humphrey explored the principal collieries in the north of England, and undertook a series of experiments on the nature of the explosive gas. The result was the invention of the safety lamp, which the coal-owners of the Tyne and Wear considered to be of so much importance, that they presented him with a service of plate worth two thousand pounds. Within these few months, however, some essential improvements have been effected in this lamp.

In 1817, Sir Humphrey was elected one

of the Associates of the Royal Academy. In 1818, and 1819, he visited Italy, where he analysed the colours used by the ancients, examined the Herculaneum Manuscripts, and invented a solvent, which has proved partially successful, to assist in the difficult task of unrolling them.

On the 20th of October, 1818, (during his absence from England,) Sir Humphrey Davy was elevated to the dignity of a Baronet. About the time of his return, an opening was made for his further advancement, by the death of Sir Joseph Banks, on the 19th of June, 1820. The Chair of President of the Royal Society having thus become vacant, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Dr. Wollaston, (whose death also has recently occurred) were looked up to as the persons most proper to fill it. Dr. Wollaston, however, refused to oppose his friend; and, though an attempt was made to seat Lord Colchester, Sir Humphrey was elected, by a majority of nearly two hundred to thirteen. He continued to fill his high and honourable office till about two years since, when, finding a residence upon the Continent necessary for his health, he resigned, and his old friend, Davies Gilbert, Esq. M. P. was elected as his successor.

Sir Humphrey Davy remained abroad, but without obtaining the permanent advantage he sought. His death had long been regarded as an inevitable event at no distant period. Accompanied by Lady Davy, he arrived at Geneva on the 29th of May. He was then in a state of great suffering, but no immediate danger was apprehended. During the night, however, he was attacked with apoplexy, and he expired at three o'clock on the morning of the 30th. The instant that the news was known his afflicted widow received offers of services from the most distinguished individuals of the place, particularly Mr. A. de Condolle, the eminent botanist, and Mr. Sismondi, the historian. Mr. Condolle took charge of all the details of the interment; and the government of the canton, the academy of Geneva, the consistory of the Genevian Church, and the Societies of Arts and Natural Philosophy and History, together with nearly all the English resident there, accompanied the remains to the burying ground, where the English service was performed by the Rev. John Magees, of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr.

Burgess. In the procession were many of the most eminent manufacturers of the city, and a large body of mechanics.

Sir Humphrey is the author of Chemical and Philosophical Researches; Electro-Chemical Researches; Elements of Chemical Philosophy; Elements of Agricultural Chemistry; several pamphlets of importance, and a variety of scientific papers in the Philosophical Transactions, and in the Journals of Nicholson and Tilloch.

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#### WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

William Stevenson, Esq., of the Record Office in the Treasury, a gentleman of considerable eminence in the literary and scientific world, was born about the year 1772. He was the author of an elaborate and useful work, entitled "Historical Sketch of the Progress of Discovery, Navigation, and Commerce." This production, published in the year 1824, contains, in addition to much other valuable information, a *catalogue raisonnée* of books of Voyages and Travels, omitting only such as the compiler had ascertained to be inaccurate or unimportant. Having devoted much of his time to agricultural pursuits, he wrote the Agricultural Survey of Surrey. He was also the author of the article on Chivalry in Dr. Brewster's Encyclopedia; and of the Life of Caxton, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. During the latter part of his life, until the commencement of a severe indisposition, he was occupied, on the suggestion of Mr. Brougham, and under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, in preparing for the press a series of treatises, intended for the edification and improvement of the agricultural classes. It is understood that these treatises have been left in a state nearly, if not quite, ready for publication.

Mr. Stevenson had for some time laboured under repeated attacks of illness. On the 20th of March, however, he was apparently so much recovered, that his friends entertained the hope of his speedy restoration; but, two days afterwards, when sitting at tea with his family, he suddenly became unable to raise the cup to his mouth, sank back in his chair, and never spoke again. Mr. Stevenson was a man of profound research, of extensive knowledge, of scrupulous integrity; and he was universally respected.

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#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE present year has assuredly exhibited specimens of the most troublesome, vexatious, and expensive seasons to the farmer, within the longest recollection; and this equally in respect to the variable and anomalous state of the weather, and of the markets for almost all kinds of produce. Complaints, in consequence, of the deepest tenour, and to an accumulated extent, are reiterated in the late letters from every part of the country. It is repeated that, in many parts, particularly of the poor land districts, the tenantry are beginning to give way, and that Sheriffs' officers have been employed in too many parts. All the wheat of tenants of this unfortunate description has been already turned into money; and much

apprehension is entertained by them, not only on account of their rents, too many of them in arrear, but of the needful for securing the approaching harvest. The opulent farmers also, who held their wheat for a market, have made a most unfortunate speculation, the generality being losers to the amount of from six to twelve shillings per quarter. The complaints of the tradesmen, even in the best and most popular districts, are almost equally loud and general. Money, if the Reporters may be credited, has nearly vanished, and payments for cattle at fairs, are said now to be currently made in promissory notes. This disastrous state of country affairs, at no rate to be totally discredited, appears, however, to us to be assigned by the complainants to wrong causes, and the remedies, which they deem infallible, namely, a re-issue of paper, and the old restrictions in the commerce of corn, we really apprehend would be utterly delusive. The fact is, the universal national interest was in so dangerous a state, in both those momentous concerns, that some prompt and important steps could be no longer delayed, whatever temporary inconvenience and distress might be the result; and the immense populousness, prosperity and accumulated capital of this country, leave no doubt of timely improvement, although no very exalted degree of that can be expected, under the wasteful and profligate system of government to which the nation has so long been exposed, and which, if not timeously remedied by the besotted people themselves, will remedy itself in thunder.

As to the crops, and first, of the wheat, we adhere to our former opinion: that golden grain has, no doubt, received signal benefit from the late warm showers, but not in so great a degree as was at first inspired by the favourable change of the weather. We have never known so large a drought at a critical season, attended with cold and blighting winds, which did not induce radical, though perhaps not immediately apparent mischief on the wheat crop; and we have ever been accustomed to entertain apprehensions for the wheat, whenever we saw the beans and hops pining under the infection of vermin. In Scotland, the blight-insect (to use a very unfashionable, yet expressive term) seems to have made the greatest ravages; and the Scots rural philosophers, as usual, to avoid the disgrace of equivocal generation, have mistaken, or chosen to take the effect for the cause; for surely, had there been no blight, they would not have had to complain of insects. Thence they are gravely dissertating on the probability of finding a *remedy*, which, no doubt, they might find, were they constituted atmospheric directors. Too much of the wheat throughout the island is infested with those insects, which will much retard the growth and vitiate the quality of the grain. How or whence these insects come, whether *equivocally*, or in the ordinary course of generation, *ab ovo*, it concerns us little to ascertain, since of this we are certain, they never fail to appear at the command of their sovereign lord, if not their creator, the north-east wind. The late storms of wind and rain beside, have laid much of the loftiest wheat, to its very considerable damage, the very short and thin having better chance of escape. The present will not be a great straw year, in any crop, nor a very productive one in any grain. It is held doubtful whether the richest wheat lands will bear an average crop, with no doubt that poor soils will be much below that medium. The continental reports respecting the wheat crop agree generally with our own.

The drought and cold endured too long for the following genial showers to have their full effect on the spring crops. Barley, beans, and oats, appear too deficient throughout to warrant an average crop, or of good quality. Peas and winter tares are probably the best crops of the year. Much of the early sown beet and Swedish turnips failed from the drought, and a considerable breadth of the former was ploughed up and re-sown; where these articles stood they are promising. The season for cabbage planting has been most propitious, and also for that most important process, turnip sowing. The turnips have been some time out of danger from the fly, and the Swedes this year will be a considerable breadth. Drilling fortunately gains ground. Potatoes will be a crop, though the early planted received some damage. Of hops nothing good can be said.

Hay harvest has been, and continues most embarrassing and expensive. A very curious addition to these troubles has been noted by several correspondents. During the drought, many clergymen put up prayers for rain, which were held by their farming clients, rather *mal-à-propos* in hay-making time. A part of the earliest saved hay was fine, but the quantity short, not only from the dry season, but the exhaustion of the lands by the vast burden grown last year. As to the grass cut since the rains, the greater part has been reduced to the quality of straw; and the weather since has been so uncertain, that they who kept their grass, which many did till it shed its seed, will not secure the expected benefit. The clovers and artificial grasses have been very difficult to manage—the swathes lying wet upon the land, and the second growth rising up rapidly among it. In this case, the additional trouble is repaid, of removing and carting the clover to a bare field in order to its making. After-growth of all kinds will be great. The quantity of fruit has been immense, yet the farmers, who have a dependence on their cherries, make complaints, either from the damage the fruit has received from storms, or the lowness of the prices. Bark, not so plentiful as in last year, being shaved and chopped, obtains from 14*l.* to 25*l.* per load, of 45 cwt. Wool has been sold more freely, perhaps wisely. The paradox has appeared that lean stock, above the supply, has been in demand of late years, yet less flesh

meat is consumed. In the midland counties, fat cattle and sheep are said to be as high priced as in Smithfield—yet both plentiful in the country, especially sheep, though such numbers have been reduced or destroyed by the rot. As in our last Report, store cattle and sheep have a quick sale, on good terms, in some parts of the country, while in others, they are scarcely ridded at any price. The price of pigs still declining every where.

Harvest will commence in a few days on the most forward soils. The foulness of the lands in every district is more and more a prominent topic in every report, with the melancholy addition of a heavily increasing number of labourers without employ. The prospect for the coming winter is appalling. The corn markets have been on a descending scale for a considerable time, nor is there much probability of their rising, notwithstanding the expected deficiency of the present crops.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 4s. to 5s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 50s. to 80s.—Barley, 27s. to 38s.—Oats, 16s. to 32s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 50s. to 100s.—Clover, ditto, 80s. to 115s.—Straw, 38s. to 45s.

Coals in the Pool, 24s. 6d. to 31s. 9d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, July 24th.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**SUGARS.**—The demand for Muscavadoes last week was apparently languid, but the buyers took off, privately, much larger parcels than what generally transpired; they were estimated to exceed 2,800 hog-heads and tierces. The stock of West-Indian Muscavadoes is 6,251 hog-heads and tierces more than last year. The weekly deliveries continue to be much less than those of 1828. At the close of the market the estimated purchases this day, including the Barbadoes public sale, was 1,000 hog-heads and tierces. The Refined Market was very dull last week; several of the holders pressed sales, by submitting to prices a shade lower, but generally the trade was without variation, and the demand limited. East-India Sugar.—There were few purchases by private contract last week. Mauritius, of a very bad quality, went off heavily at prices 1s. and 2s. under any previous sale. Foreign Sugars.—The purchases were extensive by private contract last week; 1,000 chests White, at an average of 48s. sound Brown and Yellow, at 20s. damaged at 17s. sound White low, to Middling, 30s. Damaged, 24s.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales last week consisted of about 800 casks, 200 bags British Plantation, 3,161 bags East India. The Jamaica sold at a reduction of 1s. to 2s. but were taken in large parcels for export and on speculation, all other descriptions sold at full market prices, and with more spirit.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The contract with government has had an unfavourable effect on the market, on account of the low price at which it was contracted. The sales since are 240 puncheons Leeward, at 1s. 10d. and parcels of strong proofs, free on board, at 1s. 11d. to 1s. 11½d. Several parcels of strong Jamaica 28s. to 32s. over-sold 2s. 11d. and 3s. 2d. In Brandy and Geneva there was no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The Tallow market is rather more firm, and the prices higher, owing to the advance at St. Petersburg. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 3½.—Hamburg, 13. 15.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36. 0¼.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0¼.—Barcelona, 36.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0¾.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0¾.—Oporto, 45. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 24.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, 14s. 3d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 4s. 11¼d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 292½.—Coventry, 1,980½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½.—Grand Junction, 295½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 470½.—Oxford, 670½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 34½.—West India (Stock), 173½.—East London WATER WORKS, 113½.—Grand Junction, 51½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¼½.—Globe, 148¾.—Guardian, 22¾.—Hope Life, 5¾.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 187½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of June, to the 22d of July, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Best, W. Wolverhampton, factor  
Coster, J. Gosport, baker  
Hope, R. Liverpool, tailor  
Garlick, T. Fleet-market, undertaker  
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor  
Sillitoe, S. A. Newcastle-under-Lyne, silk-throwster  
Spence, H. Deritend, currier  
Shaw, W. Attleborough, ribbon-manufacturer  
Webb, J. Little Warner-street, cheesemonger  
Bonus, W. Ware, innkeeper  
Cooper, S. victualler, Wapping  
Smith, E. Cheltenham, silk-mercer  
Wyatt, F. Marlow, coach-proprietor  
Erooks, C. Tunbridge, linen-draper  
Turton, W. and T. Peas, Westbromwich, ironmongers.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[ This Month, 153. ]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Anderson, G. Great St. Thomas Apostolic, surgeon. (Whitlock, Cateaton-street)  
Anderson, J. West Smithfield, bookseller. (Spurr and Co., Warnford-court)  
Adams, J. Bury St. Edmunds, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Quartes, Bury St. Edmunds)  
Aldred, E. Milk-street, warehouseman. (Phipps, Basinghall-street)  
Atkinson, G. jun. Sculcoates, grocer. (Shaw, Ely-place; Thorne, Hull)  
Aurgers, G. White Conduit-street, wine-merchant. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place)  
Barker, J. Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings)  
Eriscoe, H. Denton, shopkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester)  
Banks, J. Lotherbury, auctioneer. (Noy, Cannon-street)  
Butcher, C. Rotherham, victualler. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings; Hoyle, Rotherham)  
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor. (Tanners, New Basinghall-street)  
Bennett, T. P. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant. (Combe, Tokenhouse-yard)  
Bradbridge, W. F. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Clare, Liverpool)  
Ewers, J. Petworth, scrivener. (Blackmore, Gray's-inn; Ellis and Co., Petworth)  
Baden, R. Burford, innkeeper. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Price, Burford)  
Brown, T. Bell-yard, plumber. (Teague, Cannon-street)  
Blagbrough, T. Keighley, linen-draper. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Carr, Skipton)  
Burton, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)  
Brogden, J. Bradford, wool stapler. (Robinson, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds)  
Bainbridge, R. Chesterfield, scrivener. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Hutchinsons, Chesterfield)  
Charles, M. and T. Burrows, Duke-street, tailors. (Taylor, Great James-street)  
Clarke, J. Regent-street, linen-draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
Christy, W. M. Starhope-street, cheesemonger. (Dods, Northumberland-street)  
Cooke, H. Northampton, watchmaker. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)  
Clarkson, A. Hounslow, coach-master. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane; Lovegrove, Reading)  
Cleveland, W. Gravel-lane, Southwark, innkeeper. (Crowther, Carey-lane)  
Cochrane, W. Lima, South America, and Robertson John Parish, London, merchants. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Crouke, Liverpool)  
Creswell, J. Manchester, cabinet-maker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester)  
Cantle, B. Tilley-street, basket-maker. (Collins, Spital-square)  
Clark, J. Southwark and Walworth, coal-merchant. (Clarke, Crosby-square)  
Cook, S. and S. M. Oliver, Ailleshurst, upholsterers. (Evvit and Co., Hayden-square)  
Cottingham, E. Bexley, surgeon. (Cookney, Bedford-row)  
Cooke, H. Nottingham, watchmaker. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)  
Davenport, J. Birmingham, victualler. (Anory and Co., Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham)  
Dye, C. High-street, Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. (Young, Great Titchfield-street)  
Davies, G. Dover-place, New Kent-road, carpenter. (Quallet and Co., Bernondsey)  
Dawson, T. Sunderland, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Wright, Sunderland)  
Dawson, D. Gainsborough, mercer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wilson and Co., Stockton)  
Dunn, W. Hatton-garden, perfumer. (Smith, Cateaton-street)  
Dixon, G. and H. Anderson, Bishop-Auckland, wine-merchant. (Griffith, Gray's-inn; Trotter, Bishop-Auckland)  
Dingley, S. Warwick, builder. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Tibbits and Son, Warwick)  
Davenport, A. N. Preshentle, nurseryman. (Blackstock and Co., Temple, Harper, Whitechurch)  
Eastman, J. and J. Streatham, wheelwrights. (Manning, Dyer's-buildings)  
Escudier, Albemarle-street, hotel-keeper. (Hensman, Bond-court)  
Ereeman, W. H. Prince's-street, composition-ornament-maker. (Walls, Hart-street)  
Esdaille, J. hat-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester)  
Easterbroock, R. St. Stephens, Barnwell, clay-merchant. (Atkins, Fox-ordinary-court; Burnley, St. Austell)  
Edwards, W. W. Fleet-street, boot-maker. (Nias, Prince's-street, Bank)  
Erwood, A. Brownlow-street, billiard-table-manufacturer. (Buzzard, Prince's-street, Bedford-row)  
Everitt, T. Worcester, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester)  
Esam, E. and J. Cheapside, linen-draper. (Ashurt, Newgate-street)  
Flood, T. Exeter, banker. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter)  
Fearn, D. Vere-street, carpet-warehouseman. (Parry, Gray's-inn)  
Ferguson, R. Leek, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)  
Fletcher, E. Upper Clapton, spinster. (Wilks and Co., Finbury-place)  
Fox, R. Quorndon, baker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Fosbrooke, Loughborough)  
Firth, J. and R. Sheepridge, fancy-manufacturers. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Barber, Bridge-house)  
Fuller, W. Pimlico, builder. (Ivimey, Harper-street)  
Fortunato, A. P. Liverpool, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)  
Gould, J. Litchfield, timber-merchant. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Sir J. D. Fowler, Burton-upon-Trent)  
Gilbert, J. High-street, Southwark, hoisier. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street)  
Gardener, J. Cirencester, baker. (Jones, John-street; Mullings, Cirencester)  
Gates, E. and W. Cornfield, Northampton, drapers. (Harrison, Bond-court, Walbrook; Buswell, Droppary, Northampton)  
Grindrod, J. Leeds, cheese-factor. (Holmes and Co., New-inn; Brittlebank, Ashbourne)  
Higgins, W. Shiffnall, draper. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Brookes, Newport)  
Hallam, H. Salford, tallow-chandler. (Kay and Co., Manchester)  
Herring, H. Burnham, Westgate, shopkeeper. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Taylor and Co., Norwich)  
Hindley, W. C. Boston, draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hopkins, Boston)  
Hewitt, G. Reading, corn-factor. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn)  
Harrison, W. Saddleworth, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Scott, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Greenlagh, Manchester)  
Hills, W. Cirencester, coal-merchant. (Jones, John-street; Mullings, Cirencester)  
Hallam, H. and J. Taylor, Salford, tallow-chandlers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)  
Halentz, S. and J. Baker, St. James's-street, dealers in ready-made linen. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
Hall, T. Basinghall street, Blackwell-hall, factor. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)  
Hummerton, G. Epping, shoemaker. (Wilde and Co., College-hill)  
Higgs, J. S. Exeter, woollen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)  
Jonas, W. Brecon, innkeeper. (Edmonds, Exchequer-office; Wynter, Brecon)  
Jones, J. Tottenham-court-road, hat-manufacturer. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn)  
Isles, N. R. New Sarum, linen-draper. (Gibbins, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum)  
Jones, J. Liverpool, bricklayer. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Grocott and Co., Liverpool)  
James, J. Lombard-street, bill-broker. (Fisher, Walbrook-building)  
Kirkman, J. Cockney-moor, and Manchester, manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Dean, Manchester)  
Kelshaw, T. Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool)  
Knowles, H. Hand-cross, Cuckfield, common-carrier. (Rigley, Cateaton-street)  
Leicester, O. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Lowten and Co., Gray's-inn)  
Longhurst, J. Reigate, ironmonger. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)  
Loft, G. Woodbridge, corn-merchant. (Ayton, Milman-street; Brame, Ipswich)  
Lee, S. Church-row, Newington, master-mariner. (Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostole)

- Lancaster, C. Old Accrington, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Neville and Co., Blackburn)
- Lloyd, J. King's-place, Commercial-road, hop-seller. (Farrar, Doctors'-commons)
- Mahony, J. Watling-street, builder. (Smith, Coleman-street)
- Maier, P. Manchester, publican. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester)
- Martin, T. Croydon, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Musgrave, T. Sudbury, tailor. (Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's inn; Frost and Co., Sudbury)
- Mitchell, E. Mincing-lane, broker. (Rankin and Co., Bainghall-street)
- Martin, J. Walcot, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, jun. Bath)
- Mott, R. Newington-causeway, tailor. (Blake, Essex-street)
- Mutlow, E. Leominster, linen-draper. (Barry, Old Jewry)
- Miller, E. Fleet-street, coffee-house-keeper. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)
- More, R. Shadwell and Underwood, distiller. (Hill and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Major, R. Frome-Selwood, wool-stapler. (Perkins and Co., Gray's inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)
- Marshall, S. Chesterfield, scrivener. (Lowe, Temple; Thomas, Chesterfield)
- Horton, W. Uxbridge, timber-merchant. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Newton, R. and W. Tasset, King-street, Commercial-road, White-chapel, shipowners. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Norris, J. Uttoxeter, draper. (Smith and Co., Red-lion-square; Blegg, Uttoxeter)
- Nevett, M. and W. Liverpool, brokers. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Pritt and Co., Liverpool)
- Norbrook, W. Fish-street-hill, victualer. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard)
- Phillips, N. Exeter, dealer. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)
- Plenty, W. West Smithfield, iron-founder. (Boscock, George-street, Mansion-house)
- Pape, W. Northampton-square, tailor. (Lumley, New inn)
- Farry, J. J. Madnesfield, boarding-housekeeper. (Church, Great James-street; Pateshall and Co., Hereford)
- Powell, T. Cheltenham, innkeeper. (King, Bedford-place; Packwood, Cheltenham)
- Page, E. M. jun. and J. Anthony, Bristol, commission-agents. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Heavens, Bristol)
- Pidgeon, J. Great Yarmouth, boat-builder. (Austin, Gray's inn; Nixon, Norwich)
- Prettyman, R. S. Regent-circus, linen-draper. (Lovell, Gray's-inn)
- Pierson, J. Bolton-le-Moors, linen-draper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cloughs and Co., Pontefract, and Huddersfield; Cross, Bolton-le-moors)
- Peacock, R. St. Paul's Church-yard, merchant. (Burra and Co., King-street, Cheapside)
- Russell, J. Keswick, mercer. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Lightfoot, Keswick)
- Ridley, R. Brighton, hat-maker. (Brough, Fleet-street)
- Rowbotham, I. Great Surrey-street, hat-manufacturer. (Burfords, Temple Sharp, W. Bermondsey-street, Southwark, carrier. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)
- Stokes, G. Frome-Selwood, clothier. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)
- Stephens, E. Merthyr-Tydvil, shop-keeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
- Shuttleworth, G. Wilmslow, victualer. (Appley, and Co., Gray's-inn; Gratix, Wimslow)
- Stinton, F. Droitwich, tailor. (Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn; Godson, Worcester)
- Simonds, J. Wangford, innholder. (White and Barrett, Great St. Helens; Crabtree and Co., Halesworth)
- Stone, R. W. and F. J. Bath, coach-makers. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Stallard, Bath)
- Shepherd, L. New Malton, yeoman. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Peirson, Pickering)
- Saunders, J. Fleet-market, licensed victualer. (Hill, Aldermanbury)
- Sturley, H. T. Aylesham, linen-draper. (Hardwicke and Co., Lawrence-lane)
- Southgate, J. S. Wells-next-the-Sea, ship-owner. (Swain and Co., Frierick-place; Garwood, Wells)
- Stephenson, T. Lime-street, merchant. (Fynmore and Co., Craven-street)
- Stevens, J. Birmingham, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Webb and Co., Birmingham)
- Smith C. Phoenix-wharf, coal-merchant. (Teague, Cannon-street)
- Stonehouse, J. Mincing-lane, and Clapham, wine-merchant. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)
- Sutton, H. H. Upper Thames-street, and Kennington, coal-merchant. (Sharpe and Co., Broad-street)
- Smales, T. W. Aldersgate-street, stationer and printer. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
- Smith, E. Liverpool, butcher and victualer. (Rowlinson, Liverpool)
- Topping, J. Liverpool, boot-maker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wilson, Liverpool)
- Twemlow, J. Hatherton, malster. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; Warren, Drayton-in-Hales)
- Tyrell, E. Brownlow-street, victualer. (Evans and Co., Kennington-cross)
- Tucker, W. G. Exeter, watchmaker. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)
- Thorpe, G. and T. Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, glass-benders. (Lloyd, Thavie's-inn)
- Westray, R. Stockport, grocer. (Falcon, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven)
- Wheeler, J. Pershore, corn-dealer. (Michael, Red-lion-square)
- Wainsley, J. Hammersmith, victualer. (Parton, Charlotte-street)
- White, A. and W. Mercalf, Lamb's-Conduit-street, linen-draper. (Burt, Mitre-court)
- Wyatt, J. Plymouth, rope-maker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Leach and Co., Devonport)
- White, R. jun. Binkney, tanner. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Chadborn, Newham)
- Williams, J. Manchester, chemist. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)
- Williams, J. Holborn, Fleet-street, and Skinner-street, boot-maker. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
- Wellevis, M. Crescent-place, Blackfriars, milliner (Farker, Furnival's-inn)
- Wright, D. Chapel-place, Vere-street, tailor. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The valuable living of Wilmslow, in Cheshire, which has been nine years in dispute, and the decision of the Court of King's Bench reversed in the House of Lords, has been vacated by the resignation of the Bishop of Calcutta. The Rev. Wm. Brownlow, for whom the next presentation was purchased, and who was married on the 9th inst. to the daughter of R. J. Chambers, Esq., the magistrate of Union Hall, is now rector of the above living. *Cambridge Chronicle and Journal*, June 26.—Rev. J. L. Hesse, to the Rectory of Rowbarron, Somerset.—Rev. T. Speidell, to the Rectory of Crick, Northampton.—Rev. J. Lupton, to be a Minor Canon of St. Paul's cathedral, and also of the cathedral of Westminster.—Rev. A. Fitzelarence, to be domestic chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. C. Rookes, to the Rectory of Telfont Ewyas, Wilts.—Rev. H. Salmon, to the Vicarage of Hartley Wintney, Hants.—Rev. W. Barlow, to the Rectory of Weston-Super-Mare.—Rev. F. L. W. Yonge, to the perpetual Cure of Frithelstock, Devon.—Rev. R. W. Moor, to the perpetual and augmented Curacy of Stoke St. Gregory, Somerset.—Hon. and Rev. J.

Vernon, to the Rectory of Kirkby Mansfield.—Rev. H. T. Payne, to be Archdeacon of Carmarthen, with the Prebend or Canonry of Llanrian annexed.—Rev. R. Salwey, to the rectory of Fawkham, Kent.—Rev. C. F. Bromhead, to the Vicarage of Cardington, Beds.—Rev. J. Allgood, to the Rectory of Ingram, Northumberland.—Rev. C. Davy, to the Vicarage of Preshute.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams, to the Rectory of St. Peters, Marlborough.—Rev. R. B. Hone, to the Curacy of Portsmouth.—Rev. J. Parson, to the Rectory of Campsey Ash, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Vicarage of Naseby, Northampton.—Rev. G. Gretton, to the living of Elmston Hardwick, Gloucester.—Rev. R. Daly, is appointed Dean of Cashel.—Rev. G. Carter, to the Vicarage of Rawburgh, Norfolk.—Rev. E. Thorold, to the Rectory of Moreott, Rutland.—Rev. C. T. Wade, to St. James's chapel, Ashted, Birmingham.—Rev. W. Wywill, to the Rectory of Black Notley, Essex.—Rev. H. C. Erice, to the living of St. Peter's Bristol.—Rev. J. Richardson, to the office of Subchanter to York cathedral.—Rev. W. Richardson, to be a Vicar Choral of York cathedral, and per-

petual Curate of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York.—Rev. W. Bulmer, to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Bishopshill Junior, in York.—Rev. H. A. Beckwith, to the Vicarage of St. Martin's, Coney-street, York.—Rev. G. Landon, to the Vicarage of

Branscombe, Devon.—Rev. B. R. Perkins, to the Vicarage of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Arthur, to the Rectory of Atherington, Devon.—Rev. N. Harding, to the Rectory of Aldridge, Staffordshire.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Viscount Melville, Sir G. Cockburn, Sir H. Hotham, Viscount Castlereagh, and Sir G. Clerk,

to be commissioners for executing the office of High Admiral of the United Kingdom.

### CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

June 25.—Rev. H. Price committed to Stafford jail for the space of one year for the publication of five several libels against the magistrates, and exciting the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster to a continuation of disturbances, in consequence of the men having refused to work at the reduced prices fixed by the masters.

28.—Court went into mourning for the Queen of Spain for three weeks.

30.—First stone laid of a new bridge over the Thames at Staines.

— By papers arrived from Van Diemen's Land, Feb. 14, it appears that a man named Joseph Moulds had been capitally convicted as a bush-ranger, and that previous to execution, he confessed he was the wretch who had murdered the unfortunate Mrs. Donatty.

July 5.—By the abstract of the net produce of the revenue in the years ending July 5, 1828, and July 5, 1829, it appears that the decrease on the year has been £92,828, and that of the last quarters of 1828 and 1829, the decrease has been £349,693.

7.—Marquis of Chandos and several gentlemen interested in the West-India trade, had an interview with the Duke of Wellington at the Treasury on the subject of the West-India affairs.

8.—Mr. Brunel had a long interview with the Duke of Wellington, relative to the Thames Tunnel.

9.—A meeting took place of the subscribers to the London University, Earl Grey in the chair, for the purpose of distributing the prizes awarded, to the different pupils. Amongst the successful candidates were the Earl of Leicester, eldest son of the Marquis of Townshend, who gained Latin and Greek prizes; and Count Calhariz, eldest son of the Marquis Palmella, one, natural philosophy.

10.—News arrived from New York with information of the steam frigate *Fulton the First*, having been blown up, and killed or wounded nearly all on board, nearly 100 persons.

14.—At a meeting of the proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre it was resolved to remit the lessee £1,800, to make up in part for losses sustained during the past season.

— A meeting of the Spitalfields' unemployed weavers was held at Hackney, when the report of their committee was read, stating the Duke of Wellington's answer of non-acquiescence, in furnishing means of emigration for 4,000 of them, from want of funds.

16.—The Recorder made his report to the King in council of the condemned prisoners in Newgate,

when 6 men and 1 woman were ordered for execution.

July 16.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey. — Admiralty sessions held at the Old Bailey, when 4 prisoners were tried—1 for piracy, and 3 for murder, and were all acquitted.

18.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 9 prisoners received sentence of death, 62 of transportation, and several of imprisonment for the various terms of 2 years, 1 year, 9, 6, and 3 months.

20.—News arrived of the surrender, by capitulation, of Silistria, to the Russians, that the Grand Vizier is closely invested in Shumla, and that the English and French ambassadors had arrived at Constantinople.

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. James's church, Lord Wriothsley Russell, fourth son of the Duke of Bedford, to Elizabeth Laura Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord William Russell.—At Blenworth, M. Seymour, esq., second son of Sir M. Seymour, Bart., to Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir W. Knighton, Bart.—At Exeter, B. C. Greenhill, esq., to Henrietta Lavinia, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, and grand-daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald.—At Great Thornham, J. Longueville, esq., to the Hon. Mary, second daughter of Lord Henriker.—At Coolattin Park, Wicklow, W. W. F. Hume, esq., to Margaret Bruce, eldest daughter of R. Chalmer, esq., and niece to Viscountess Milton and Lord Dundas.—At Castle Craig, Sir D. Kinloch, Bart., to Eleanor Hyndford, eldest daughter of Sir T. G. Carmichael.—S. Grace, esq., brother to Sir W. Grace, Bart., to Harriet Georgiana, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.—R. T. Glyn, esq., second son of Sir R. C. Glyn, Bart., to Miss F. E. Harford.—At Marylebone, Lord Bingham, to Lady Anne Brudenell, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.—At Dublin, the Rev. R. Pakenham, son of Admiral the Hon. Sir T. Pakenham, to Harriet Maria, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Denis Browne, M.P.—At Holywood, the Rev. J. C. Martin, to Agatha, only daughter of the Bishop of Down and Connor.—At Kingston, Capt. E. Rich, son of Sir C. Rich, Bart., to Miss Sophia Angelo.—At Melton Mowbray, F. Grant, esq., to Isabella Elizabeth, third daughter of R. Norman, esq., and niece to the Duke of Rutland.—At Granton, H. J. Robertson, esq., to Ann Wilhelmina, daughter of the Right Hon. C. Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session.—At Llanrhadr-y-n-Moelnant, the Rev. E. Evans, to Miss Charlotte Eleanor Steele.—At the Marquis of

Wellesley's, Regent's Park, Sir Richard Hunter, to Miss Dulany.—At Portman-square, the Hon. E. Petre, to the Hon. Laura Maria Stafford Jer-ningham, 4th daughter of Lord and Lady Stafford.

## DEATHS.

At Ormiston, East Lothian, Harriette, wife of John Francis Staveley, esq., and daughter of the late Honourable and very Reverend John Murray, Dean of Killaloe, grandson of John, first Duke of Athol, and Welsh uncle of the present Duke, and of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Murray, daughter of William, fourth Earl of Dunmore, and aunt of the present Earl.—In Conduit-street, Mrs. Wodehouse, wife of Edmond Wodehouse, esq., M.P. for Norfolk, leaving a family of 14 children.—Isle of Ely, J. Lee, esq., of Upwell, 65, he had erected and endowed a few years since an almshouse for a certain number of aged and indigent widows.—In Bedford-place, Anne, wife of T. Spooner, esq.—Mr. Terry, late of Drury-Lane theatre.—At Bingley, Mr. J. Pickles, 95; he had been member of the Wesleyan Society 65 years; 100 of his posterity followed his remains to the grave: sum total of his descendants is 410. (*Manchester Mercury*).—In Langham-place, Eleanor, wife of T. G. B. Estcourt, esq., M.P. for Oxford.—At Leamington, Sir N. C. Colthurst, M.P. for Cork.—Isle of Wight, Rev. G. Hayter, 78, nephew to the late Bishop Hayter.—At Bromley, Lady Anne Fraser, wife of R. Fraser, esq., of Torbreck, and eldest daughter of Lord Lauderdale.—Isle of Man, Amelia Ann, youngest daughter of Viscount Strathallan.—At Wrockwardine, Eliza Anne, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Cockburn, Bart.—W. Snyder, esq., 78.—At his seat in Louth, Viscount Clermont.—In Berkeley square, Harriet Viscountess Hampden, 80.—Rev. Dr. G. Gaskin.—At Bedwell-park, Sir C. Smith, Bart.—At Morton, Mrs. Sarah Fox, 106.—In Burlington-street, Mrs. Campbell, widow of Colonel Campbell, Governor of Bermuda.—In Judd-street, B. Lennard, esq., 96, formerly chief justice of Bermuda.—At Boyle Farm, Surry, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, brother to the late Duke of Leinster. In South Audley-street, 81, Anna Maria, daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and widow of Sir William Jones.—T. Shelton, esq., 81, coroner for London and Southwark.—At

Exeter, W. Newcombe, esq., banker of Fleet-street.—At Buckden, Mrs. Kaye, 89, mother of the Bishop of Lincoln.—E. T. Brooke, esq., youngest son of Sir P. B. V. Brooke, Bart.—At Swansea, aged 24, in the travelling caravan in which he was exhibited, Mr. J. Sewell, "the Lincolnshire giant." He was 7 feet 3 inches high, and measured 2 feet 6 inches across the chest.—Fanny, youngest daughter of C. Tottenham, esq., niece to the Marquis of Ely, and grand-daughter to Sir R. Wigram, Bart.—At Kilmory, Lady Orde.

## MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's chapel, Paris, T. H. Marshall, esq., of Leeds; to Maria Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Temple.—At Berlin, Prince William of Prussia, to the Princess Augusta, Duchess of Weimar.—At Toulouse, B. W. Yelverton, esq., grandson of the late Lord Avonmore, to the Hon. Anna Maria Bingham, sister of Lord Clanmorris, and also grandchild of Lord Avonmore.—At Berne, J. C. Jervoise, esq., eldest son of the Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart., to Miss Georgiana Thompson.—At Tripoli, T. Wood, esq., his Majesty's Vice-Consul at Bengazi, to Emma Mary, daughter of Colonel Warrington, Consul at Tripoli, and widow of Major A. G. Laing.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madeira, Lieut. A. Anson, eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Anson, M.P. for Lichfield.—At Bedford, West Chester County, United States, the Hon. and venerable John Law, at the age of 84; there is now but one survivor of the original American convention of 1777!—At Huy, near Liege, Sir C. Oakeley, Bart.—At Edgefield (S. C.) Tom, a negro man belonging to Mrs. Bacon, at the great age of 130; he died from the gradual waste of nature, without any disease, and apparently without pain. *Massachusetts Spy*.—At Rotterdam, Catherine Elizabeth, second daughter of J. Wells, esq., M.P. for Maidstone.—"At the poor-house, in the village of Middlebury, George Sparrow, an Englishman, aged about 46. He was by his own confession, one of Thistlewood's coadjutors in the Cato-street conspiracy." *Middlebury (Vt) American papers*.—At Leghorn, 70, J. Webb, esq., the philanthropist.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A parish meeting was lately held in Tynemouth, to consider the propriety of accepting an offer of a portion of ground in lieu of the ancient parochial burial ground within the walls of Tynemouth Priory. The meeting resolved, with only five dissentient voices, to reject that offer, and unanimously agreed to present a memorial to the King, for the restoration of the privilege of which they consider themselves unjustly and unnecessarily deprived by the Board of Ordnance.

The inhabitants of Easington recently assembled in their parish church, and presented their curate, the Rev. W. Rawes, with an elegant silver salver, of 55 guineas value, as a token of their respect for him, for having done his duty to them as a minister and a man!

A cutter, residing in Dean-street, Newcastle-

upon-Tyne, has manufactured a musical knife, with 208 blades.

The Hon. T. Liddell, M.P. has presented a service of communion plate to the church of Whittingham.

The corporation of Newcastle have subscribed £20 towards the Eldon testimonial.

**DURHAM.**—No less than 100 vessels have cleared from the port of Sunderland, for Archangel, during the present year: a larger number than was ever before known in the same period of time.

The Dean and Chapter of Durham have lately authorised the Rev. J. Carr, and W. L. Wharton, Esq., to engrave a meridian line upon the floor and wall of the north cloister of the abbey; which is so constructed, that the centre of a small pencil

of solar rays, admitted through an aperture which has been formed for the purpose, in the tracery of the adjoining window, falls upon the line, at the precise time when the sun passes the meridian of the place.—The superiority of this meridian line to the common dial is very obvious; and we think it would be useful were a similar plan adopted generally.

Cuthbert Ellison has presented to the committee of the Loyal Standard Association, South Shields, the sum of £10 as a donation towards establishing a school, to be connected with that association, on the Lancasterian system.

The foundation stone of a new bridge over the Tees, was lately laid by Miss Headlam, at Whorton, when the usual ceremonies took place.

**YORKSHIRE.**—Steps are taking to put the walls which surround the city of York, into a complete state of repair. The estimated expense is £3,000, which is to be raised by subscription.

Some further discoveries of underground ruins have taken place at St. Mary's Abbey. The workmen, in continuing their excavations from the line of the screen which has separated the choir from the nave of the parish church, have uncovered the base, and connected cylinders of the large clustered column, which has formed the north-eastern support of the arches, from whence the central tower has risen.

A new street is building in Hull, intended to connect Whitefriar-gate, in that town, with the Avlaley road.

The shipping trade is so dull at Whitby, that the builders cannot get a ship sold. Three vessels were launched early in the month; and eight are on the stocks; but no purchaser has appeared for any of them.

In the third and fourth weeks of Ju'y, lectures on natural history were delivered by Mr. Phillips in the museum of the York Philosophical Society; being the first that were delivered subsequent to the completion of the building.

The magistrates of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the corporation of York, are a little at variance. The magistrates of the city of York have a jurisdiction over a district about 32 miles in circumference; and its most remote parts, 10 miles from York, called the Ainsty, in which the county magistrates cannot act. The charter of the city of York being near its expiration, owing to there not being the number of aldermen who have not served the office of mayor, which the charter requires, the corporation have applied to the crown for a new charter; and the West Riding magistrates have applied to be included in it, so as to have a concurrent jurisdiction in the Ainsty, a request which ought to be granted; but which, we understand, has been refused.

July 14, John Elm, of Huddersfield, died of want, rather than submit to receive parochial relief!

The July sessions presented a great falling off of business: throughout the county the number of prisoners was much smaller than has been the case of late.

The Hon. and Rev. J. Lumley Saville, one of the prebendaries of York minster, has taken upon himself the whole expense of the new organ to be erected in York minster, which is estimated to cost £5,000.

The parishioners of St. Michael, in York, have

presented a handsome coffee-pot and stand, value £30, to the Rev. W. Baker, as a mark of their respect for his conduct during the 25 years he has been vicar of that parish.

A meeting of malsters, brewers, and flour dealers, was held in Leeds, June 19, to take into consideration the best and most effectual steps necessary to be adopted, to resist the claims made by the owner of the Leeds Stoke Mills. The question at issue is not whether certain exclusive rights are vested in the owner of the King's Mills; it is not disputed that he can compel the inhabitants to grind their corn there, but the individuals who attended the meeting deny that they are obliged to purchase flour in a ground state, or malt, in a crushed state, at his mills, exclusively; and therefore resolved, "that the proprietor of the Leeds Stoke Mill, in attempting to prevent the inhabitants and residents within the manor of Leeds from purchasing meal or flour (except such as has been ground at his mills), or from purchasing and using malt in a crushed state (except such as has been crushed at his mill) is endeavouring to obtain a monopoly of the first necessaries of life equally illegal, oppressive, and unjust." A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of protecting those who might be injured in resisting this remnant of the feudal system, "purchased by lords of manors and rich persons," said one of the speakers, "of Charles II., one of our needy kings."—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

This year the "Wellington Clubs" of this town have had no "Waterloo dinners" to celebrate the memorable victory obtained by British skill and prowess over the French forces on the 18th of June, 1815. They have, moreover, resolved in future to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, June 25.

The first stone of Huddersfield new infirmary was laid June 29, on which occasion a splendid procession took place. Donations amounting to the very munificent sum of £9,911. 15s. 6d., and £411. 8s. annual subscriptions, have already been received for this truly philanthropic establishment. Upwards of 100 gentlemen, in which were included all the wealth and talent of Huddersfield and its neighbourhood, attended the dinner on the occasion, when Mr. Clay (who had been the original mover for establishing the infirmary), said, on his health being drank, that he had the most sanguine hopes that it will become one of the most important medical institutions in the north of England. "May 18, 1825," he said, "I commenced my task in collecting subscriptions, and, on that day, and the three following, I collected £2,589 in donations, and £69. 14s. in annual subscriptions!!!"

There has been no duty performed in Meltham chapel for two months, and the respectable inhabitants are thus driven either to go to dissenting places of worship, or to go to a great distance: and we would only ask, how long are these disgraceful proceedings to be permitted to stain the character of the district in which we live?—*Leeds Intelligencer*, July 23. The same respectable paper adds, that the burial of the dead has been obstructed at the same place.\*

\* Meltham contains upwards of 2,000 inhabitants; the cause of the scandalous neglect is occasioned, we understand, by a dispute between

The operatives of the neighbourhood of Huddersfield have had another meeting at Almondsbury, and have resolved that the great masses of wealth consumed by the clergy should be inquired into—that the crown lands ought to be sold to the best bidder, and that it is the imperative duty of the labouring part of the community to come forward, and with one united voice, demand a sufficiency of food and clothing.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

In the night of July 11, about 12 o'clock, a large reservoir situate at Blackhill, broke down its banks, and swelling the small rivulet of Addebeck to a mighty stream, carried ruin and desolation along with it, till it emptied itself into the river Aire, at Leeds, a distance of 7 miles, which it did not reach till near 4 o'clock on Sunday (July 12) morning. The damage it occasioned is almost incalculable; nothing could arrest its progress, throwing down bridges, levelling walls, uprooting fences, and carrying devastation into all the adjoining lands, and destroying the dwellings of the humble cottagers. The list of damages incurred, as given by the *Leeds Intelligencer*, is quite appalling.

Meetings to fix a *maximum* price upon some of the necessaries of life are at present holding in many of the manufacturing towns and districts of the north of England. A meeting of this nature was held, July 8, upon Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, numerously attended, and at which it was resolved not to pay more than 1½d. a-quart for good new milk, and not more than 8d. a-pound for butter, and to adopt a rigid economy in the use of flesh meat and strong liquor. A similar meeting, though upon a larger scale, was held in Bolton, at which maximum resolutions were also passed.

LANCASHIRE.—The expenses for this county from June 25, 1828, to June 24, 1829, amounted to upwards of £45,000; £36,099 of which was expended in the criminal jurisprudence, and its *et ceteras*. Besides £1,562. 0s. 11d. for the lunatic asylum, and £1,500 for repairing bridges, the balance remaining in the treasurer's hands, for the county, is upwards of £10,000.—*Preston Pilot*.

The Common Council resolved, at the meeting held in February last, to grant a sum not exceeding one hundred guineas to be distributed in the form of prizes among the artists resident in the town of Liverpool and its vicinity, who shall produce the best pictures, drawings, or statues, at the next exhibition. The prizes are to be divided into two classes; one class for the works of academicians, the other for the works of students or artists residing in the town and neighbourhood, but not members of the academy. The particulars of the prizes were only communicated to the secretary of the academy on Saturday last.

The new fort, which has been erecting at the entrance of the Mersey, is quite completed; and from the position in which it is placed, and the nature of the entrance to the river, it will, we have no doubt, answer the purpose for which it was erected, and afford complete protection to Liverpool against any attack that may be made on it, or, what is of more importance, will prevent any attack being made.

two reverends. But does not "England expect every Clergyman and Bishop to do their duty," as well as every other man?

The entrances and lobbies of the new grand stand opened at the recent Liverpool races, are very spacious, both back and front. The under apartments are appropriated for refreshment rooms, and are surrounded on the three sides towards the course by a handsome colonnade supporting the balcony. Two elegant staircases lead to the main floor, the whole front of which is occupied by the saloon, or long room, an elegant apartment above 90 feet in length, and 22 in breadth. This room is lighted by 15 windows with arched tops, three of which are at each end, which form a segment, or bow. The windows can be thrown up to admit the ladies to pass to and from the balcony in front, which will accommodate about 500. Leading out of this room is a room on one side for the use of the ladies, and another, on the other side, as a meeting-room for the gentlemen. Ascending still higher, there are two entrances to the front or lower leads, forming the roof, in steps rising in a pavilion form. Behind, and railed off from this, are the higher leads, a further stand, over the back part of the building, and to which there is a distinct entrance from the lobby below. The stands are enclosed by neat iron railings; they will contain about 1,500 people; and the whole, it is calculated, will accommodate about 3,000.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At a meeting held at the chapter-room, Bristol, in aid of a fund for building and enlarging churches and chapels in the Isle of Man, it was resolved, "That, considering the poverty of the Isle of Man, and of its benefices, and its exclusion from the assistance of the two societies for building churches and chapels, this meeting is of opinion that it has peculiar claims on the sympathy and assistance of the Christian public," when a committee was formed, and subscriptions entered into. The population of the Isle of Man is not less than 50,000, and the existing churches do not afford room for more than 9,000.

The recent presentation, by the Dean and Chapter, of the living of South Petherton to the son of one of the prebendaries, on the resignation of his father, has excited much dissatisfaction amongst the minor canons of our cathedral, these gentlemen holding their situations, at trifling salaries, in expectation of being presented to the vacant livings in the gift of the Chapter. The value of this living, till very lately, was only about £200 per annum, and it has been customarily given to the senior minor canon or the precentor; but the gentleman who held it previous to the last incumbent having found means to raise its value to £500 or £600 per annum, it was thought worth the acceptance of one of the prebendaries, and, by the present which has just taken place, is continued in his family.—*Bristol Mirror*.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The first stone has been recently laid for a new bridge over the Avon, at Charlecoet Mill. The bridge will be constructed of cast iron, at the sole expense of the Rev. J. Lucy, rector of Hampton Lucy.

The iron trade continues in the same distressed state, and consequently prices are stationary. A considerable diminution of make (nearly 20 furnaces being put out of blast) has not yet equalized the supply and demand; and this branch of manufacture seems now fully to share the lamentable depression of every other branch of our national industry.—*Birmingham Journal*.

At a meeting held at the Old Library, Birmingham, July 16, it was resolved to form a Botanical and Horticultural Society in that town. The required outlay to be raised by shares of £5 each. A number of shares were subscribed for, and a provisional committee appointed to make inquiries for the most eligible situation for the gardens, and for framing a code of regulations for the government of the society.

At the general quarter sessions at Warwick, J. Harris, indicted for refusing to assist a constable in quelling a disturbance, when charged by him so to do, was found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned seven days in gaol. The court observed that the object of this prosecution was not so much to punish the prisoner, as to inform the public that they were bound to assist a constable when called upon by him, and if they refused, they did so at their peril, and were liable to be punished.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—At the quarter sessions, the learned chairman said—"It would be well for the fact to be generally known, that the magistrates of the county had come to the determination, as conservators of the public peace, to put a stop to prize-fighting. They have ordered that directions shall be given to the high constables of the county, as well as to all petty constables, to inform the nearest magistrates of any intention which may come to their knowledge of any breach of the peace of this description; and it should be well understood that it is the duty of constables to apprehend persons whose evident intention is to commit a breach of the peace, without waiting until they have committed the offence."

The new church at Sedgely, was opened June 13. The Bishop of the diocese preached in the morning, and the vicar and the curate in the afternoon and evening. The collections amounted to £230. The parishioners are deeply indebted to the Earl of Dudley, who, at an expense of £10,000, has given them a church not only ample in its accommodations, but of great architectural beauty.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—At the quarter sessions held for this county, the chairman addressed the grand jury at some length. He congratulated the court on the evident diminution of crime in this great county, compared with other counties similarly situated, and expressed his belief that it arose chiefly from the total absence of the pernicious practice so prevalent elsewhere, of paying the wages of labourers from the poor rates. So long as this nurse of idleness, poverty, and crime, was kept from Shropshire, he believed the county would continue to show the same paucity of offences, and decrease of criminal convictions.

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—The county expences from Easter sessions, 1828, to those of 1829, amounted to £3,015. 6s. 5d. which was used for criminal jurisprudence, allowing only about £1,200 for bridges and their repair.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—In the course of last week, the Mayor of Hereford made a visitation to the different bakers and other shops in the city for the sale of bread, to investigate a matter of some consequence to the poorer classes, at this period, namely, whether the legal weight of each loaf was correct, according to the charge made for it. We regret to state the result was the seizure

of nearly a cart load of bread deficient in weight, and the infliction of fines on 9 individuals only, to the amount of £5. 17s. We refrain on this occasion from inserting the names of those fined, but in future they shall appear in compliance with the wishes of the magistrates, who are determined to prevent such frauds on the poor.—*Hereford Journal.*

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At the last meeting of the managers of the Savings' Bank for this county it appeared that the cash received by deposits, and by interest, from the opening of the institution, August 3, 1816, to July 1, 1829, amounted to £326,021. 6s. 11½d., out of which £184,250. 18s. 9½d. had been repaid to depositors.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The ancient church at Ombersley, in this county, having become ruinous, was, with the exception of the chancel, some time since taken down, and a new church has been erected on ground adjoining the north side of the old church-yard. The new and very beautiful structure was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese, June 22; it is built of white stone in the decorated English style of Edward III., and consists of a nave and side aisles, with a transept and chancel to the eastward; and two porches, and a lofty steeple at the west end, with tower and spire, and a set of six bells. The church will contain about 1,000 persons; it is adorned with beautiful windows, all of stained, painted, and ground glass, and has a very handsome fine-toned organ.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—The gentleman who has carefully collected every thing he could that is rare and interesting from the very extensive Roman villa, lately discovered at Litlington, in this county, is shortly about to submit them to the inspection of the public.

**HANTS.**—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church in the forest of Bere, took place July-13, and attracted an assemblage of persons, in number not less than 2,000, to witness the commencement of this work of utility. The fourth annual report of the Hampshire Friendly Society is just published, by which it appears, that during the last 12 months there has been an increase in the funds of upwards of £1,000. The number of districts at present formed in the county, is 14; and of members enrolled 1,010; the total amount of the funds is £7,667. 6s. 10d., a considerable portion of which was subscribed by the nobility, gentry, and clergy; 160 of whose names appear in the annual subscription list.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Portsmouth and Portsea Literary and Philosophical Society, took place, June 30, attended by a very large concourse of respectable persons; the Mayor and corporation proceeded in grand procession from the Town Hall, with the members of the institution, to the site of the building in St. Mary's-street, when the stone was laid by the Mayor. Several interesting speeches were made on the occasion, in one of which it was aptly observed, that, "the scenery of the moral and intellectual world is rapidly undergoing a mighty change; fertility succeeds to barrenness, and the stagnant waters of ignorance, which formerly sent forth the pestilential vapours of crime and misery, have now given place to those fountains of know-

ledge, which issue their thousand streams to fertilize, enrich, and bless the world."

The Mechanics' Institution, at Portsmouth, is progressing in a very satisfactory manner; its library is increasing, and, to render the establishment still more useful, a school has been opened for gratuitously teaching the members and their sons, mathematics and English grammar.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—The question between the commissioners of Devonport, elected by the Act of Parliament passed in 1814, and the parishioners of Stoke-Damerel, which has kept that town so long in agitation, is at length settled by the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, which has decreed that the commissioners have no discretionary power, in the case of vacancies occurring among their body, but are bound by the letter of the act to proceed to an immediate election for the filling up of such vacancies as they occur. The receipt of the intelligence caused great rejoicings in the town.

Plymouth, in the year 1714, contained but 1,139 houses; in the year 1820, 3,018; and in the present year there are 3,697; shewing an increase of 661 houses within the last nine years, to which may be added from 50 to 100 new building.

Trade in the counties of Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall, is at the lowest possible ebb; and the efforts of the most experienced tradesmen are almost paralysed, and to get orders of those that are responsible is nearly impossible, except it be for the necessaries of life, and even for them in the most limited manner. Many persons now draw bills and promissory notes, who never did so until this year; and hardly a traveller goes on a journey but has an immense number of dishonoured drafts, many of which come back from errors in advice, or by the late arrival of the Welch post, by which means bills are often returned by the bankers, but taken up the next day.—*Farley's Bristol Journal.*

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The celebrated chestnut tree, the property of Lord Daere, at Tamworth, is the oldest, if not the largest tree in England, having this year attained the age of 1,029 years, and being fifty-two feet round; and yet such vigour remains in it, that it bore nuts two years ago, from which young trees are now being raised.\*

**KENT.**—A meeting of the churchwardens of the several parishes in Canterbury has been held at the Guildhall, the Mayor presiding, for "taking into consideration the best mode of raising and securing to the clergy of Canterbury and suburbs, a just, reasonable, and certain provision, in return for their ministerial services," when a committee was formed for that purpose.†

\* This must be the same tree mentioned in *Withering's Botany*, vol. ii. p. 435. His description agrees pretty well with that in the preceding paragraph, as will be seen by the annexed copy:—"A chestnut tree at Tamworth, in Gloucestershire, is fifty two feet round, and at least one thousand years old; nothing will thrive under its shade."

† The state of the established church, as regards the unequal distribution both of its labours and emoluments, has long been a subject of anxiety and apprehension to every disinterested well-wisher to its permanence and prosperity. Facts, upon this and upon every other subject, are stubborn things; and we should like the most satisfied

**SCOTLAND.**—Wednesday the opening of the New High School on the Calton Hill, took place, and a more splendid display has seldom been witnessed in Edinburgh. The fineness of the day, and the novelty of the thing, as well as the general interest which the public have taken in this thriving and popular institution, attracted a vast number of spectators. Nothing similar to it, in the way of procession, has taken place since the King's visit, which turned all our apprentices into gentlemen, and the whole city into a carnival. Every window where a peep could be obtained had found a tenant, and displayed a profusion of female charms. Parasols were even perched among the chimneys, and seemed to cover the roofs, especially of the register-house, the post-office, the Waterloo hotel, and the gaol, with a pavement of green silk. The front of the register-office had a beautiful appearance when seen from the High-street; and from the North-bridge the Calton appeared to be one vast mass of living beings, displaying all the party colours of the rainbow, faces rising above faces "in amphitheatrical pride." The immense procession began to move from the Old High School-yards at nearly half-past two o'clock, when the bells began to ring; and the streets were cleared of carriages and all other obstructions. The boys, and all who joined the procession, were decorated with sprigs of laurel. After the pageant and ceremonies were over, a splendid dinner was given, at which presided the Lord Provost. After the usual loyal toasts were drank, the chairman said it was extraordinary, that the Dux of the Old High School, when its foundation was laid, was yet alive, Lord President Hope, whose health was drank amid tremendous cheers. The Solicitor-General said that his father was, indeed, Dux of the Old High School, at its foundation, which he entered with no higher prospect than any of the 700 boys who marched in procession this day. It was to the friendships he had formed at that period that he now owed the possession of the highest judicial seat in Scotland; and every boy in the High School to-day was entitled to say, "I may aspire to equal dignity." The building is allowed on all hands to be the most elegant monument of architecture which even this "city of palaces" can boast of. Its internal arrangements, are, we understand, equal to its external splendour; affording every convenience which the business of teaching may require, and supplying facilities for the introduction of any improvements which knowledge may devise. The first stone was laid July 29, 1825, and the expense of building it amounts to nearly £30,000.—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

At a public meeting held at the Court House, Aberdeen, June 25, the Aberdeen Infant School Society was instituted for establishing schools for training the dispositions and minds of little children with the important view of preventing crime, and advancing the character and the happiness of their country.

encomiast of things as they are, to tell us coolly and dispassionately how he thinks the important office of cure of souls must be performed in a church in which 347 of its dignitaries enjoy no less than 1,155 benefices; and this while no small part of the curates—the really labouring part of the clergy—have not emoluments equal to the wages which some of these same dignitaries pay to their butlers, cooks, and coachmen?

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE rumours of a change in the inferior members of the Administration have died away. And glad we are that they have so. At a total change we should rejoice, because we believe it essential to the public safety, to the peace of the nation, the security of the throne, and the hope of recovering the Constitution. But no change for us, with the Duke of Wellington at its head; for we feel that no change can be safe, honourable, or salutary to the Constitution, with the principles which that noble personage has adopted for the guidance of his public conduct. We know his eagerness to grasp at power, his unhesitating use of means, and the matchless readiness with which he contrives, by influences which we disdain to penetrate, step by step, to sap the resistance of those who were bound to resistance alike by honour and duty, by the loftiest pledges to man, and the most awful responsibility to Heaven.

On those grounds, we have said to the true friends and champions of the Constitution—and our language is only the common sentiment of honourable men throughout the nation—“Shrink from all contact with the Duke of Wellington’s system. If he offers you concession, he offers it but for objects ten times its value;—if he offers to sacrifice the contemptible persons round him, he loves you as little as he respects them;—if he tramples on the Peels, the Dawsons, and the Copleys, be convinced that he would trample as readily upon the Newcastles, the Chandoses, and the Cumberlands, if they once put themselves in his power.” On the culprit cabinet of this fatal session, we solicit the heaviest hand of justice; and justice will be done. But we are not to be satisfied with partial examples of the great vindictory process, by which the triumph of rapacity is almost atoned by the warning of its close. We are not so anxious to hurry the judicial consummation of such a career, as to lose the benefit of the complete catastrophe. We must see that cabinet extinguished, one and all. We must not suffer the cause of the country to be identified for an hour with the cause of that cabinet. The strength of Protestant names must not be applied to buttress the falling rottenness of a popish administration. As it has begun, so let it go on. If the Duke of Wellington feel himself sinking, the nobles and gentlemen of England must leave him to struggle with the stream. If he have hung the Peels and their contemptible adherents round his neck, the only wish that we can form is—that they may cling closer and closer to him, be mill-stones round his neck, and go to the bottom together.

In admitting popery into the government of the empire, the head of the present administration perpetrated an act which has for ever put him beyond the hope of alliance with the genuine mind of England. Reconciliation is out of the question. He has taken his side deliberately—with what final purpose, we may all conjecture. But having led the way

in "breaking down the Constitution," as was presumptuously announced by his colleague—for once no hypocrite—he has cut down the bridge between him and every Protestant statesman of England. No fancied hope of undoing what has been done—no giddy contrivance for rescuing what remains of the Constitution—even no generous enthusiasm for arresting a progress, of which every man can see the aim, though none can see the end—must be suffered to delude the true strength of the English legislature, its sound Protestant part, into a Wellington *coalition*. The name itself should be a sufficient warning. It has dragged to a fathomless depth every party that ever suffered itself to be entangled in its mesh. The powerful mind and unbounded popularity of Fox could not give him buoyancy against it. The subtlety, indefatigable intrigue, and parliamentary skill of Canning, only made his struggles against public scorn the more hopeless. The whole inferior multitude—the rabble of Greys, Grenvilles, and Wyndhams, the followers of their master's steps into tergiversation—of course received no more acquittal than the rabble of the Brownlows and Dawsons of our time. And so it will be, and so it ought to be, with every man who joins the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington. He has brought Papists into the Protestant legislature: that is his ground of exclusion; on that, men of honour will stand, and firmly reject every offer of connexion with him. All the water in the ocean will not wash away the stain of that national homicide. By combining with him, they will only share the tinge of the deed. By sternly refusing his contact, they will at once do justice to their own names and to their principles, extinguish the miserable cabinet, and leave its head a monument of detected and blasted ambition. There never was a period in the history of the British empire, when the career of true policy was less obscured by the common clouds of public life. We have now to deal with none of the intricate, though comparatively trivial questions, on which good men may differ without a sacrifice of either understanding or principle. It is not a complicated question of war or trade; but whether we shall, by an unanimous and resolute effort, resist and break down an intrigue which has, in an unguarded hour, and by a course of almost incredible duplicity, broken down the Constitution; or shall, by a partial junction, confirm that strength which is tottering at this hour, and which, before the end of a single year, must be at our mercy? Who can hesitate in giving the answer? The present cabinet must *not* be sustained by the addition of a single name that could stand between it and ruin. "Measures, and not men," was the old cry of hypocrisy. "Men and measures both," is the cry of honour. Truth disdains the tender distinctions of those public traffickers, who see nothing in public transgression but the opportunity of making a better bargain with the transgressors. We live in times when those experiments on national patience must be made no more. We cannot separate the patronage of an idolatrous superstition from its patrons. We know that the protestantism of the Constitution is essential to its existence—that the introduction of Popery is its virtual death-blow—that the presence of Papists in an English Parliament is the presence of a class hostile by their earliest prejudices, by their individual ambition, by their allegiance to their own blinded faith, by the fierce antipathy of their personal recollections, and even by their obscure and extravagant fancies of the means of propitiating Heaven, to the freedom and safety of the Protestant religion. And with what feeling can Protestants and free-born men think of the doers of this deed? With what solemn recollection of the horrors of triumphant Popery of old, and what justified alarm at its incessant and incurable enmity for the time to come,

must we see it lifted into sudden power? And with what aspect must we look upon the apostate tribe who have thus "broken down the Constitution?" If to restore it be yet possible, there is but one way. The morbid place must be cut out. A line must be drawn round the quarter of the plague: the man that passes within it must be warned that he cannot be suffered to return—that he volunteers infection, and must be left to the course of the disease. Thus, and thus only, may the contagion be extirpated, and the land know health once more. *DELENDAM EST CARTHAGO!*

But it is said, that though England hates the Peels and their odious fraternity, she cannot do without the Duke of Wellington. Heavens! is it come to this?—that the mightiest empire of the world, a dominion which has grown by the wisdom of brave, manly, and virtuous generations to an unexampled grandeur and glory, is to live upon the precarious powers of an individual? We answer, not more in the pride of Englishmen than in the truth of experience, that, as the British empire grew by no single mind, its fate cannot be dependant on any single mind; that its true strength is in its National Honour, its Freedom, and its Religion; that through those alone it can be wounded, if the whole embattled force of the world were urged against it; and that with those it could see the Duke of Wellington, and fifty Dukes of Wellington, go down to the grave without seeing its mighty dominion diminished by an acre. If England could lose Pitt and Nelson with no other shock than the natural sorrow for the wise and the brave, she may well disdain to tremble for the fall of the sceptre from the hands of the Duke of Wellington. But the whole is an idle misconception. No country every perished by the loss of any man; and no country could better afford the loss of any man, let his eminence be what it may, than England.

It is not our desire to deny the Duke of Wellington's merits as a soldier. We believe him to be a most able officer. We disdain to listen to those idle insinuations which have attempted to tarnish his military fame. But we have yet to learn his title to the honours of a great statesman. We demand, what has he done in two years of unlimited power—of power unthwarted by cabinet or king? We answer, nothing that can substantiate his claim. In our foreign policy, he has given no evidence of exertion of any kind. This may have been wise; but this is the cheapest kind of wisdom: he could not have done less, had he been asleep. In the east, Russia conquers, and the Turk retreats; Austria musters her army of observation, and Persia sends her supplicating envoys. In the west, the South American Republics break up our commerce, and defraud our merchants; North America encroaches, and Spain invades. Yet this vast scene of commotion has no power to shake the official tranquillity of the British premier. His tranquillity may be the calmness of a sage; but it is still the calmness of slumber. The dead might as well gain credit for guiding the affairs of the world.

One measure he has carried in his whole administration: of that we shall yet speak. But, beyond the Catholic Question, what question has he actually decided within his two years of absolute supremacy?—Not one. The abuses of the law courts have been forcibly urged upon his attention. Has he corrected a single abuse?—Not one. The trade of the country has laboured under the most formidable evils. Has he applied a remedy in a single instance?—Not one. The Corn Laws are in as much perplexity as ever; the manufactures sinking faster and faster; the prohibitions of British commerce in foreign countries increased and enforced with more severity day by day; the question of

pauperism, more hopeless than ever ; the circulation, more a problem ; the very subsistence of the country endangered at this hour, by a long succession of vulgar tamperings with the natural laws of public provision ;—and yet which of those mighty emergencies has had the power to awake the slumbering genius of the Duke of Wellington ? The whole evidence of his Downing-street existence is to be found in the appointment of two itinerant committees, at 10,000*l.* a-year each, to make reports, which are to be buried with their own parchment in the Treasury cellars—the reward of a barrister’s anonymous labours, by the dignified sinecure of writer to a list of bankrupts—and the fooleries of aspirants after red and blue ribbons.

So much for the foreign and domestic administration of this man, whose presence is so essential to England ! He could not have done less had he been fox-hunting every day of his life at Strathfieldsay. But the one question which he has carried decides the claim of a great statesman against him altogether. If there be a distinguishing feature of greatness, it is dignity of mind—an utter abhorrence of circuitous proceedings—a plain, straightforward, honest pursuit of honest objects. But how stands the honour of the premier here ? The most artificial slave that ever stole his way through the most circuitous channel to a purpose that shunned the day, was not more artificial. The most crooked and contemptible trickery ever practised to keep a nation in confiding ignorance, was his for years. Who does not remember the note to Dr. Curtis ?—that note in which the premier declared, under his hand, that he saw *no prospect or possibility* of carrying the measure !—of which at that very hour he had arranged the whole machinery—with the bill engrossed on his desk—with his miserable creatures, Peel and Tindal, covered with its ink—and the whole posse of the Government retainers ready drilled for its escort into the presence of the astonished nation ! Are we to forget the note to the Duke of Leinster, the consummate hypocrisy of its insolence, the shuffling artifice of its contempt ?

“My Lord Duke. I have received your letter, also a *tin case*, containing a set of resolutions on what *certain Protestants call Catholic Emancipation.*”

At the moment of writing that letter, the measure thus studiously scorned in his Grace’s correspondence, was regularly resolved on in his Grace’s Cabinet ! And this is the great Statesman ! Bitterest of all sarcasms ! burlesque praise—prostituted name ! For what man ever deserved the name, who stooped to such miserable artifice ? He may be a cunning man ; he may be a dextrous impostor ; he may, by an affectation of extraordinary candour in the midst of the most beggarly intrigue, hoodwink men of integrity, who look for fair dealing where they meet with fair words. But the triumph is too short, to be coveted even by a vigorous charlatan. The discovery is too sure, to be, even on the calculation of an intriguer of any real scope of mind, worth the disguise ; and the retribution is too solemn, perpetual, and universal, not to shock the feelings of any man whose head or heart is yet accessible. Of all the characteristics of greatness, the most inseparable is an abhorrence of shuffling, an instinctive sense of honour, a zeal of fairness, manliness, and sincerity ; and this characteristic is not more dignified than it is wise ; for what is bred in artifice, in artifice will perish. The untempered mortar will break down the wall ; the dry rot will break out in the building, let its architecture be what it may ; will progagate itself through every joist and beam ; and before it can be pronounced to have stood, will hurl the whole fabric in dust to the ground.

But we are not, on those evidences alone, summoning the Minister before that tribunal, which sits with more impartiality and judges with a more irresistible sentence than all the courts besides—the mighty tribunal of the English mind. If those letters never had been written, what was the complexion of his whole management? He determines to make an experiment on the public endurance of the “atrocious Bill.” He first scoffs at popery. His scoffs and scorn are scarcely recorded, are yet hot upon his lips, when he sends out that most miserable tool, Dawson, to sound the course. Dawson does his business with thorough menialism; but the experiment is found to have been rash. Public disgust and wrath have been excited, and the wretched tool is instantly disowned; he is ostentatiously excluded from the sunshine of Mr. Peel’s refulgent countenance, and is branded by a sneer of the premier, as an instance of “the folly of young politicians talking over their wine!” The nation applauds the punishment, and the name of Iscariot is the slavē’s portion for ever.

But suspicion has been awakened, and Mr. Peel is the next menial pitched on to extinguish the public vigilance. This blooming patriot forthwith makes a tour among the manufacturing districts, harangues, attends feasts, compliments the “staunch defenders of our glorious and imperishable constitution in Church and State,” and comes back with the sallow smiles of a triumphant hypocrite, to soothe all alarms at Downing-street, and reassure the palpitating bosom of the sensitive premier. But some other menial of office at length lets out the rumour, that the “atrocious Bill” is actually engrossed. Protestantism is justly alarmed, and demands of the Premier whether, after his solemn protestations, this can possibly be true? All the ministerial journals instantly lift up their voices in a chorus of denial. Down to the hour when the King’s Speech was read at the minister’s table, the night before the debate, the same system of low craft is persevered in. And for what purpose?

This was no mere parliamentary stratagem to keep the opponents of a minister in the dark on some passing question of party; it was a system of intrigue to keep the nation in the dark to the most important change that could affect a nation; to a breach of the principles of the Constitution; to a fearful and hateful measure which ought to have been announced in the fullest manner for the solemn and general deliberation of the empire; which in honour ought to have been preceded by a dissolution of Parliament—by a direct appeal to the people for its decision on a new state of things. In a crisis like this, the conduct of a “great Statesman” would have been conspicuous for the sincere and lofty abjuration of all official manœuvre. The contrary would have been the conduct of a little statesman; he would have exhibited himself as a narrow-minded, hasty, and selfish struggler for power; degraded enough to stoop to paltry stratagem, and ignorant enough of the true sources of power to fling away the national respect, and be consoled for its irreparable loss, by the most contemptible and shortlived of all prizes—the brawling applause and rabble partizanship of popery.

Such was the management of the measure—mean and shuffling, shallow and despicable. And what are its fruits? Worthy of the planter and the seed—the apples of bitterness from the trees of Gomorrah. No measure, within the memory of man, ever more instantly and formally falsified the predictions of its abettors. The indignant empire saw the decision removed from its true tribunal, that tribunal of the national mind, which could not be corrupted. Parliament saw with increasing

disgust, the suspicious hurry of its progress, and the insolent avowal of a determination to force it by the weight of majorities, whose sudden creation is among the secrets of the cabinet. They listened with stern and contemptuous incredulity to the promises of the minister and his menials. Nothing could be more lavish than those promises. Where are they now? The Treasury benches echoed, night after night, to tropes and figures of felicity. Lord Plunket, the slave of every party in succession, was brought from his court in Ireland, post haste, to lift up his presbyterian voice, and retune his old Commonwealth songs to the new chaunt of Church and King. The whole cabinet was a chorus of the new era of Utopian tranquillity. Church and State were to be secured for ever by this fortunate effort of ministerial energy. The howl of Irish riot was to be turned into gratitude and loyalty. Discontent was to perish, and the hereditary malice of popery was to be changed into a marvellous rivalry in the race of conciliation! What has been the fulfilment? Unless a great statesman be a personage whose predictions are to be falsified within the month, the Duke of Wellington's claims to the character are empty as the wind. We demand—has not every one of those pompous promises been falsified? Has popery softened down a single feature of that hostility, which in every other land, hates and persecutes truth, grasps at power, and makes a burlesque of oaths, and obligations, gratitude, and principle? Are not the feuds of Ireland more extensive, systematic, and murderous than ever? Do not the late trials, the proclamations of the Irish Government, and the language of the popish leaders, shew irresistibly that the most furious atrocities are, throughout Ireland, hourly committed by the papists? Do not the despatches represent them as assembling in camps, exercising with arms, and marching in divisions, with military ostentation, to the attack of the Protestants? There has not been a single conviction of an Orangeman in the late sessions. Has the law reclaimed this spirit of outrage? Lord Francis Gower's letter makes the acknowledgment—and we know the reluctance of that noble *Liberal* to make any acknowledgment of the kind—that ever since the examples of justice in these Sessions, papists have publicly, and in large bodies, continued those attacks and murders.

One of the boasted securities of Protestantism, was the stipulation that the popish Bishops should not adopt their titles in public. Nothing could be more impotent than the stipulation, except its performance. In one week the popish Bishops *did* take their titles, use them with the most contemptuous publicity, and, after having scoffed at the prohibition, wrung the right from Government. Has Mr. O'Connell, or any of his fellow haranguers, limited his insults by a single syllable since? Concession, that was to have pacified and satisfied all the world, has but taught this orator to demand the Repeal of the Union, the formation of an Irish papist parliament, and the abscission of the Church property. It has even stimulated him to the announcement of "further views." A mysterious phrase, which will soon contain no mystery.

Thus has the Great Statesman done in the most boasted operation of his greatness. Perish such illusion! Perish the charlatanry of a name found failing in every political promise that it has ever made! Perish the vapouring wisdom, that is openly and instantly baffled by every droning priest, and drivelling demagogue!

The country has now had the Duke of Wellington before it during a period long enough for the most complete trial; with the most unusual opportunities for the unrestricted display of whatever ministerial ability

he may possess; at the head of a Cabinet, from which he has never heard a murmur of resistance, and will never hear a murmur—a Cabinet selected by his own volition, with as much a view to its humble acquiescence, as the selection of his servants' hall. And what is his answer to the national demand? Nothing. In our Foreign policy, in our domestic, in our trade, our laws, our agriculture, our manufactures, he has not originated one great measure. If his own horse had been stabled in the closet of Downing Street, its council could not have been more thoroughly a negation. But the "great statesman" is keeping his strength in repose, is watching events, is waiting for the march of affairs! How long is the nation to be trifled with by such babbling?—waiting for the march of affairs!—while thousands and tens of thousands of our manufacturers are starving, while trade is trembling through every limb, while the bankrupt gazette is swelling hour by hour, while the confused and neglected state of our agricultural laws is driving the farmer to ruin, forcing the population to supplicate for leave to transport themselves to the ends of the earth; and threatening to conclude the long catalogue of national inflictions by the horrors of famine!

The mind that with such demands upon it does nothing, may be either a crafty mind, or an indolent one, or a voluptuous one, or an exhausted one; but it is *not* the mind of a "great statesman." It may be the mind of an ambitious grasper at authority, or of a vain lover of the adulation of the bowing menials and beggarly instruments of place, or of an insatiable lover of public lucre; but it bears none of the true stamp of command. It is incapable of administering the councils of a great people. The capacity for the rough details of a camp never yet was the capacity for a cabinet. The education of a soldier never yet was the education of a legislator. And the hour that shall see any thing higher than the campaigning trickery of *espionage*, and the headlong and peremptory mandate of the truncheon, demanded in the cabinet, will see the utter emptiness of those haughty claims to the honours of a "great statesman."

In those remarks we have judged the Premier by the facts before us. His victory of Waterloo has its full share of distinction. It was a great success, and could have been obtained by none but a distinguished general. We cast aside all the rumours which might tend to disparage his generalship on that memorable occasion. Allowing that he was unprepared for the enemy's advance, that he threw a fourth of his army before forty thousand French troops, at Quatre Bras, without cavalry or artillery; and that nothing but the iron bravery of British soldiers could have out-fought the immense superiority of force at either Quatre Bras, or Waterloo, still the honours are due to the man who commanded those soldiers. Yet the value of the victory has been ridiculously magnified; and nothing but the frenzy of party spirit, or the folly of personal adulation could have called Waterloo the "Saving of England." It may have been the saving of France; for it saved her from being trampled into blood and ashes by the armies of the combined continent. The defeat of the British in Flanders, would have inundated her fields with a million of armed men, ready to be followed by millions. But it is mere burlesque to say, that if Napoleon had rode over the British army and its general too, he would have been a step nigher to overthrow of England. What! without a ship on the seas, with the whole continent in arms, with the whole population of the empire ready to meet him on its shores, if he should by miracle have crossed the sea! The supposition may figure at a cabinet dinner, or in a tavern speech, but it is unworthy of a sober understanding.

Nor do we now advert to the charges brought against the minister's ulterior views. If his ambition have shaped to itself forms which it has not avowed, we must wait for the avowal. The perpetual seclusion of the king at Windsor, the character of the persons about him, the rumours of intended alliances, the open disgusts of individuals of the highest rank of subjects, and the sudden gathering of those high personages to the vicinity of the Court, are matters still too cloudy for any development of ours. But, alike against what is not done, and what is done, we protest, in the name of the country. We have already suffered a tremendous change in the principles of the Constitution. It has "been broken in upon." Protestantism, the bulwark of liberty in every land, has in ours been levelled to an equality with the old tyrannical ignorance and jesuitical malevolence of popery. A papist demagogue, a papist spy, or a papist persecutor, may henceforth thwart, or rule the whole councils of protestant England.

But, if this be theory, a practical experiment of the Premier's system is now to be made. The whole local administration of police is to be taken from the customary hands, and given over to a *gendarmerie*;—a new force, paid not by the people, but by the minister, formed on a military plan, receiving its impulse not from the ordinary magistracy, but from military individuals!—ready to act as an organized force, by orders from the minister; and commanded by a confidential military officer! Is there nothing in this that ought to fix our attention with the keenest vigilance on the proceedings of power? What would be thought by our ancestors, of surrendering the metropolis into the hands of a domestic army, commanded by creatures of the horse-guards? The whole working of the Constitution was once to separate the civil force from the military. The whole working of the new policy is to unite them. The new army, which is to watch over us in spite of ourselves, is already eight hundred men, at *three times* the pay of a soldier. And this levy is but for a small portion of London. The whole force, at this rate, will not be less than four thousand men,—for London alone. But it is to be extended to the vicinity. Aye, and it will be extended to every city, and hamlet, and parish, through the island—a great domestic army, deriving its existence, its authority, its duties, its promotions, and its pay from the Minister! Is there nothing to awake the public mind in this? Or could there be a more ready or more fatal instrument of evil, if evil should enter into the minds of men in authority? What could give more immediate facilities for establishing a system of *espionage* through every corner of the land, if *espionage* should happen to please a government? What could render popular feeling more timorous, or ministerial excesses more easy? What could make the reclamations of honest men more hazardous to themselves; or the most formidable innovations more a matter of simple performance? We charge no man with those intentions *yet*. But it should be enough for those who knew the course of the human mind, to anticipate the evil where they see the temptation; the possibility of danger to their rights and liberties, should be enough for the vigilance of Englishmen!

But every moment presses on us the conviction of this minister's incapacity for directing the councils of England. We might ask but one question more on the subject. Has the Duke of Wellington anticipated the present posture of affairs in the East? Has he been prepared for the march of the Russians up to the walls of Constantinople? If he

has, where are his measures of preservation for our ally? Where his attempts to restrain the overwhelming and formidable power of Russia? Or are we to give him credit for the power of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wait for the development of his invisible victory, like a work of providence? Or are we not to believe our senses, and the fact, that *nothing* has been done; or worse than nothing?—That a British force has been sent to linger within sight of Turkey, only with the effect of exposing the feebleness of our help in the hour of need? And that the parade of embassies has been added, as if only to show that our diplomacy was as ridiculous as our alliance was unprofitable? But if the Duke of Wellington have not anticipated this, what becomes of his wisdom? Where has flown that supernatural sagacity, which was summoned from the Horse-guards to the Treasury, to interpose itself between England and ruin? Where that Herculean nerve, which was to put its shoulder under the falling system of Europe? Where that illimitable genius, which embracing the most minute and the most magnificent objects alike, was as great on a soldier's cuff as in a council; and from its easy chair, in Downing Street, blew with its breath, and shook every diadem in Europe, on the brows of its astonished possessor? If man is to be judged of by facts, the sentence of this man's public incapacity is decided. If vapours and imaginations are to make the substance of character, he may still triumph in all the honours of political wisdom.

The rumours of a junction with the Premier, we altogether disbelieve. It is known that some of the younger and weaker aspirants of the Protestant ranks, have suffered the pageantry of office to glitter before their eyes. But we deny that any of the leaders, any one of those distinguished men who resisted the Catholic question on principle, can ever, without utter ruin, coalesce with the man who effected that odious, and most short-sighted act of power. We can fully comprehend the influence that may have been exerted from the highest quarters, to enlist those individuals, at the hazard of their own characters, in the protection of that of the sinking Premier. But on one point they must make up their minds. If they join the present cabinet, they will be first disgraced in the eyes of the empire, and next, utterly duped by their new allies. The game of the present cabinet is to share its unpopularity; its actual power it never will share. The Protestant who is rash enough to enter into this coalition, is from that instant undone; he is the representative of Protestantism no more. He is the associate of the Dawsons, and Peels, and Copleys; and after having been compelled to recant his honourable and public reprobation of them and their miserable motives, and having shewn, by his condescending to act with them, that his reprobation was hypocritical, and his principles only a bait for office, he will be cast out to add to the number of the Huskissons. With the Duke of Wellington's cabinet no Protestant can combine. The popish question has drawn a line between him and the confidence of Protestantism for ever. If ever legislative act brought evil on a country, that act is the one. The strength of England was the presence of Protestantism in her councils, her standing as the great guardian of the interests of pure religion throughout the world, her immaculate preservation of the one only faith of scripture, as the guide and living essence of her Constitution. This is at an end. We have broken the covenant under which England was raised to power, as palpably as ever was king or people of the old world. The compact was dissolved by the sacrilegious act of suffering the idolator to enter into the councils of christianity. There may be

men who care nothing about those violations ; there may be ministers, who find in the tortuousness of their intrigue, a foolish triumph over honourable and unsuspecting minds. But if ever a nation wept in tears of blood an act of its legislature, England will yet weep the guilt of suffering Popery to pollute her Constitution. With the man who led the way to this offence, the religion of England can allow no alliance. His career may be brief—it will be bitter—and he must be left to run it alone.

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THE CONVERSAZIONE :—N<sup>o</sup>. II.

SCENE.—*A large house, near Hanover Square.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Every body in town.*

FIRST GROUP.

*Sir Charles Ar—t (bowing).* I am really quite delighted to see your lordship look so well. But what “makes you in Elsineur?” Are there no charms for your lordship at Malvern, Cheltenham, Leamington, or in the sylvan retreats of your own paradise, on the banks of the Wye, that you linger thus in the suffocating smoke of London, after the prorogation of Parliament?

*Lord L—.* You are poetical this evening, Sir Charles. But shall I tell you a secret?

*The Hon. Mr. R—ds.* Not in his ear, unless your lordship wishes the town to hear it afterwards. Our friend Sir Charles is such a veteran diplomatist, and has been so long in the habit of making “private and confidential communications,” that the moment he receives a good secret, he uses it like a good bill of exchange ; endorses it, “private and confidential,” and pays it away.

*Lord L—.* You mean to say, I suppose, that when a friend draws upon his discretion, he accepts the bill, and afterwards dishonours it.

*The Hon. Mr. R—ds.* No, my lord ; I protest against your inference. Sir Charles only discounts his own acceptances ; and that, let me tell you, is what very few men can or will do.

*Sir Charles Ar—t.* Well, now you have so obligingly settled my way of doing business, perhaps you will be kind enough to let business be done. And to shew you that I am not confined to any particular mode of transacting fresh affairs, will your lordship permit me to draw upon you for the amount of your secret, and at the same time accept it?

*Lord L—.* (*takes a piece of paper from his pocket, writes upon it with a pencil, and afterwards gives it to Sir Charles.*) There is my secret.

*Sir Charles Ar—t. (reads.)* “One month after date, I promise to deliver, or cause to be delivered, to Sir Charles Ar—t, or order, two thick octavo volumes, of my own writing, entitled, ‘WHAT HAS BEEN!’ L—.

*Omnes.* (*A buzz of polite applause, such as may be expected from well bred commoners, when a peer announces to them that he has written a book.*)

*The Rev. Mr. Sm—dl—y. (Who was standing at the edge of the groupe, now walks away, repeating to himself these lines :—)*

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starv'd, hacknied sonneteer or me:  
But let a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens, and the style refines!

*Lord L—.* Now, Sir Charles, you see why neither Malvern, Cheltenham, Leamington, nor my own paradise, have had power to with-

draw me from the smoke of London. In sober phrase, and in language more "germane to the matter," I am waiting the printer's pleasure, as I wish to correct the last sheets before I leave town.

*Sir Charles Ar—t.* (*Looking at the promissory note.*) "WHAT HAS BEEN!" It is an admirable title!

*The Hon. Mr. R—ds.* Excellent!

*Mr. T—ss.* It is quite new!

*Dr. M—k.* Yes. There never *has been* a work so called.

*Mr. C—ll.* No; and I venture to predict, not only that there never has been, but that there never will be, a work so delightful.

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* (*In a whisper to Mr. T—ss.*) Fudge! His lordship is one of the *has beens* himself; and what can you expect from the winter of a life whose spring never ripened into summer? what from the musty lees of an old age, whose best flowings were thin and sour? (*Aloud to Lord L—.*) I suppose the work is a species of autobiography; if so I can easily imagine what a rich harvest a mind like your lordship's must have gathered, in the abundant fertility of the scenes through which you have passed.

*Lord L—.* You do me honour! The fact is, my dear C—r, I have seen a great deal,—mingled with men of every party,—and as I never betrayed any, it is impossible for public men to conceive what an advantage that gave me in acquiring the confidence of all.

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* (*Smiling.*) I shall be impatient for the appearance of your lordship's volumes.

*Lord L—.* Suppose I were to give you a whet, just to take off the edge of your appetite—will there be no danger, think you, of its taking away your appetite altogether?

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* Just as much danger as in the first glass of a bottle that is kept for a *bonne bouche*. (*In a whisper to Mr. T—ss.*) His lordship's whet will take away all appetite, I'll be sworn.

*Omnès.* (*A clamorous chorus of entreaty which Lord L— is unable to resist.*)

*Lord L—.* Here is the last sheet, as I received it from the printer this morning. (*Giving it to the Right Hon. J. W. C—r.*)

*Omnès.* Read! Read!

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* Gentlemen, your cry is so parliamentary, that I could almost fancy you had all seen the very first words which have caught my eye. "Recollections of both Houses of Parliament."—I see, at once, the style which your lordship has adopted,—the desultory, the most agreeable of all styles, and the only one suited to a work—

*Lord L—.* (*interrupting him.*) Of which I intend the motto to be—"A thing of shreds and patches."

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* Most felicitously apt, indeed. Attend, gentlemen, while I read a few pages. (*Reads.*)

"Strange and whimsical blunders have sometimes occurred, from the haste and negligence with which public and private bills are prepared. I remember an instance of one, when the present Lord Bexley was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He brought in a bill for repealing 'all duties payable upon importation of madder into the kingdom of Great Britain;' and the bill actually passed through both Houses before it was discovered that the words, 'of madder,' were omitted. Instead, therefore, of repealing the duties upon that one article only, the duties upon all articles were repealed; and Mr. Vansittart afterwards brought in a second bill, to amend and explain the first.

"A more laughable blunder occurred in another instance, which was detected by the late Earl Stanhope. A bill had been introduced into

the House of Commons, in which the penalty of transportation was substituted, for some particular offence, in lieu of a fine, which had previously been inflicted. In altering the punishment, however, they forgot to alter the words of the clause: so that, after reciting the offence, and declaring the penalty to be transportation for life, the old provision was retained, and the enactment ran thus—viz, ‘that one half of the said penalty should go to the informer, and the other half to the King.’ I remember Lord Stanhope chuckled amazingly at the idea of transporting his Majesty to New South Wales, for half the term of his natural life.

“The late Earl Stanhope, by the by, was one of the most original and singular characters that ever sat within the walls of Parliament. I speak of him, now, as I was accustomed to see him, during the latter years of his life. How indescribably grotesque and ludicrous was his appearance! He was the Liston and Grimaldi, united, of the House of Peers. He wore a straight, wiry, black, scratch-wig, which descended in lank disorder into his neck. His apparel, which was always very much the worse for wear, and more than what may be called slovenly in its arrangement, generally consisted of a suit of rusty black, with a pair of whole boots, the tops of which were as dingy as the sack-like breeches they invaded at the knees; while his long, lean face, naturally of a puritanical cast, but into which he generally threw a character of comic archness, and his nasal twang in speaking, completed a *tout ensemble* of ineffable burlesque. He was eminently shrewd and sagacious; but the influence which his talents were calculated to exert, was too often impaired, if not wholly destroyed, by the proximity of the ridiculous. The weight of his arguments was forgotten in the laugh raised by the quaintness of his humour, and the broad caricature of his gesticulation. Sometimes, indeed, his reasonings were so forcible, and his demonstrations so conclusive, that they could not be resisted. His scientific knowledge and mechanical skill were universally confessed. His democratic follies, at the commencement of the French revolution, were only emanations of that originality of character which constituted its prominent and peculiar feature.

“Many whimsical anecdotes might be related of him. I remember his addressing the House of Lords on one occasion, in the following strain. ‘My lords, I am fond of talking with lawyers, because I know I can always pose them. I believe I may say what none of them can—that I have read the statutes through. My lords, I recollect once talking with Lord Thurlow upon a nice point of statute law, and his lordship said to me—‘Stanhope, if you ask my opinion upon a question of common law, I can give it to you; but as for that——’ Stop!’ Here Lord Stanhope looked across the House, with his head first on one side, then on the other, as if trying to peep behind the backs of those who were seated on the Treasury Bench—“Stop,”—he continued,—“I think I see a bishop!—never mind—it shall out!—‘but as for that d—d statute law,’ added Lord Thurlow, ‘I never know what I am about with it.’—The manner in which he hitched up his breeches, (always a favourite action with him while speaking,) with both hands, as he gave old Thurlow’s ‘very words,’ and looked unutterable things at the Bishops’ Bench, as if he *would* have said, ‘You may do your worst,’ baffles all description. The House roared again: and I am not quite sure that the bishop himself—for there was one present, and only one—kept his face as he ought; but Stanhope’s own countenance never relaxed a single muscle.

“ On another occasion, when he rose to signify his intention of withdrawing his opposition from some ministerial measure, then before the House, he illustrated his reason for doing so, by telling the following story. ‘ I remember, my lords,’ said he, ‘ an anecdote told of a great relative of mine, the late Earl of Chesterfield. He was walking along the street one day, when he met a drunken man, of whom he wished to take the wall. ‘ No—no,’ hiccupped the fellow, ‘ I never give way to a rascal.’—‘ I *always* do,’ said Lord Chesterfield, pulling off his hat and bowing as he passed. And, now, the noble lords opposite know why I do not mean to offer any further opposition to them.’

“ Once, when he wished to have witnesses examined at the bar of their lordships’ House, he said, ‘ Only let them come here, my lords—only let me once have them at that bar, and I’ll examine their guts out of them.’

“ A great laugh was excited, on one occasion, when he was vehemently urging the adoption of a clause he had proposed in some bill which was going through a Committee. The clause in question had been as vehemently opposed by the other side of the House, and Lord Stanhope was inveighing against them with great earnestness. At last, stretching his outspread hands, which were never remarkably clean, across the table, towards his opponents, he exclaimed, ‘ You wont have *my* clause—(*claws*)—No—you wont have *my* clause—and why wont you have *my* clause? Because you are afraid of *my* clause’—(*a loud laugh*)—‘ Yes—I tell you, you are afraid of *my* clause’—shaking his hands violently all the time.

“ It was this same eccentric nobleman who gave the nick-name of *one and sixpence* to a certain amiable earl, who has one eye considerably, or at least very perceptibly, less than the other.

“ A country member, Sir E. K——, rose suddenly, one evening, in the House of Commons, and thus addressed the chair. ‘ Mr. Speaker, I wish to call the attention of the House to a subject which personally concerns myself, and almost every member in it.’ There was a profound silence; for it was immediately concluded the Hon. Baronet had an important question of privilege to submit. ‘ I wish to give notice, Mr. Speaker, that on Tuesday next I shall move for a repeal of the act, passed last session, relating to *rogues and vagabonds*!’ A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement, for which the House certainly was not prepared, when the worthy baronet told them the subject so nearly concerned them all. The act alluded to was one relating to the game laws.

“ A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, a few years since, to inquire into the state of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland. The clerk of this committee, in affixing the usual notice upon the door of the room where it was held, for the guidance of individuals who had to attend it, unfortunately worded it in the following manner—*The Committee of Irish Lunatics.*

“ But the most extraordinary thing I ever witnessed in Parliament was during the administration of Mr. Pitt, when——”

*The Right Hon. J. W. C—r.* This is provoking! I am at the end of the page, just as I have arrived at so tantalizing a commencement. It is as bad as if the divine Sontag were to be seized with an irrepressible fit of sneezing in the middle of one of her most enchanting and soul-dissolving cadences: or the bell ringing for one of Hume’s divisions, at the moment you are sitting down to an incomparable rump-steak, up at Bellamy’s.—(*Turning over the other leaves.*)—Hah—hah—I see your lordship has hit upon the true method of making an agreeable book;

something of every thing, and every thing *piquante*. There needs no ghost to tell us who is the heroine of this *morceau*. (*Reads.*)

“The present Lady B—— was formerly a Miss P——, and a native of Ireland. Her personal attractions, and elegant accomplishments, procured for her the *honour* of becoming the *chère amie* of a Mr. J——, a man of fortune, but with little else than his fortune to recommend him. It was while she was under the protection of Mr. J——, that Lord B—— first saw, and fell desperately in love with her; so desperately, indeed, that he made direct overtures to the beautiful Mrs. J——, as she was usually called. But his suit was unsuccessful. At length J—— ran through his property, and then it was quite *comme il faut* that the passion of Lord B—— should be taken into consideration. The lady at this time lodged and boarded with a Mr. F——, a jeweller, who lived not a hundred miles from Pall Mall; and she boasted to the man of diamonds, that with proper means to spread her net, she would have Lord B—— for her *husband*, within a month. She shewed Mr. F—— sundry letters from his lordship, such as could have been penned only by an *inamorato* who was deeply smitten. Pierced to the very heart, Mr. F—— looked at the business with a prudent eye, and after a little consideration, agreed to find the capital necessary for embarking in this speculation. He furnished an elegant house for her, with a splendid sideboard of plate, servants, a dashing carriage, and every thing to correspond, as the auctioneers say. The net was spread, and the bird was caught. Lord B—— married Mrs. J——, and Mr. F—— supplied the wedding jewels, which did not cost *less* than 20,000*l.* It was rumoured, a few years ago, that the inconstant fair one had a little intrigue at Naples, with an Italian Count, and that Lord B—— discovered one morning she had set out for Milan, upon a journey where he was not wanted. But I dare say the report was one of those scandalous fabrications, which have so much the appearance of truth that people are apt to believe them.”

*The Hon. Mr. R—ds.* Ha! ha! ha! That last remark is a neat piece of *persiflage*.

*Omnes.* (*A titter of contagious delight; followed by a cataract of small talk, in the midst of which Lord L—— put the first sheet of his new work into his pocket, and slipped away to another part of the room.*)

#### SECOND GROUP.

*Mr. C—p.* I don't agree with you, Dr. ——, I think it was a gross breach of propriety, for any gentleman to do such a thing.

*Dr. H—tt.* Pooh—pooh—you are sore, because you cut no figure in the report.

*Mr. C—p.* I beg your pardon—I do cut a figure, and a very ridiculous figure; for I am made to appear as if I thought nothing could be good but what I said myself.

*Professor S—d.* What is the matter?

*Dr. H—tt.* Our friend is complaining bitterly of the Monthly Magazine, which contained an article in its number for June, entitled “The *Conversazione*,” where——

*Professor S—d.* I saw it, and a very clever paper I thought it too. It was quite delightful to find myself put in possession of all the good things that were said in different parts of the room, as completely as if I had had the faculty of ubiquity, and could have been in half a dozen places at once. So far from quarrelling with it, I only wondered “how the devil it got there.”

*Mr. M—d.* No. But I'll tell you what I saw, that the title was seized upon by the Court Journal, which had its “*Literary Conversazione*,”

in a Salon at Lady C. B—y's," and that "The Monthly Club," in some other magazine, was evidently framed upon the hint. I am sorry the Monthly has neglected to follow it up.

*Dr. H—tt.* You need not be afraid. The Monthly Magazine may nod sometimes; but I am much mistaken if it be found asleep when it ought to be awake.

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### THIRD GROUP.

*Capt. M—n.* What do you think of the Lord Chancellor?

*Mr. A—s.* That he has a very pretty wife—which is no libel, either on the lady or the gentleman. But what do you think of the Duke of Wellington?

*Capt. M—n.* That he *was*, a great general—and is—prime minister. I hope I know how to avoid a libel as well as other people.

*Mr. A—s.* I don't think so, for what can be more libellous than your inuendo? You assert, not in so many words, indeed, but by implication, which is the same thing, that the Duke of Wellington is not *now* a great general. Suppose you were to say of Mr. Peel, that he *was*—an honest man; would not the obvious inference be, that you considered him no longer an honest man? Let me tell you, that the Attorney-General would find in such an expression, matter sufficient to move for a criminal information, unless he were in one of his gentler moods, and preferred the more lenient process of an *ex-officio*.

*Mr. Mc. F—r.* I am sorry to observe this levity upon a subject so grave and momentous. "Nero fiddled, while Rome was burning." When the free citizens of a free state can cut quips and quirks, while their fetters are being rivetted, it is a melancholy proof that the period of their slavery coincides with their fitness for bondage. I look upon the recent attempts to stifle public opinion by the penalties of the law, not as a question between men of ricketty character, who cannot stand erect, and, therefore seek to punish the saucy railer who tells them the disagreeable truth, but as the beginning of a system, which is to give ricketty characters the exclusive privilege of protection. *Obsta principiis* is my maxim in all the affairs of life. You shall ever find, that where great inroads are meditated in civil and political rights, the beginnings are, comparatively, insignificant. It is the small end of the wedge that is applied; and we all well know, that when once the small end is firmly driven in, a succession of harder and harder blows gets the other end in. "It passeth not amiss," observes Lord Bacon, "sometimes in government, that the greater sort be admonished by an example made in the meaner, and the dog to be beaten before the lion." Be assured, that the spirit which has dictated these prosecutions, emboldened by success, will be urged to experiments upon a larger scale: one encroachment will prepare the way for a second; the second for a third, each preceding invasion of popular rights being rendered more easy by its precursor; till at last, to follow out the simile of Lord Bacon, when the *dog* has been well beaten, the *lion* himself will be boldly plucked by the beard.

*Mr. D—n.* The licentiousness of the press is a great evil.

*Mr. Mc. F—r.* All licentiousness is an evil, and all men, even the licentious themselves, have an interest in repressing it. But public men are

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(\*) We were in ecstasy for full ten minutes, listening to the most delightful things that were said in our praise; but as Hamlet observes, "all of which, though we most potently and powerfully believed, yet we hold it not honesty to have it set down here."—*Ed. of M. M.*

apt to call that licentiousness, which is only the natural consequence of the position in which they voluntarily place themselves. The higher the monkey climbs, says the adage, the more he shews his tail; and if a man places himself upon an elevated pedestal, he has no right to expect he should escape observation, like his fellow citizen who walks along in the crowd. The world will look, and stare, at a conspicuous object; it will laugh and sneer, if there be any thing mean or ridiculous in the appearance of that object; and it will revile the object, if it be loathsome and offensive. What then? The object is a free agent, and if it like not the laughter, the sneers, or the reviling, let it get off the pedestal. On the other hand, if it know that it is neither ridiculous nor odious, it will also know that neither splenetic mirth, nor envious reproaches, can make it so. It is a humane maxim of British jurisprudence, that it were better ninety-nine guilty should escape, than one innocent man perish; and, by a parity of reasoning, I am prepared to maintain, that in a free country, it is incalculably less injurious that good men, filling high offices of public trust, should be exposed to unfounded calumnies, than that one bad man should lord it over us in the impurity of a despotism that makes truth afraid of her own voice. It may seem like an illogical and an ungenerous conclusion, but I do firmly believe, that no man is an enemy to the freedom of the press, who does not live in secret fear of its power. It is the dread of what it may, some time or other, do to himself, arising from the consciousness that there is a something which it can do, that makes him impatient of its functions, and eager to circumscribe them.

*Mr. D—n.* I do not agree with you there; for we should be selfish beings, indeed, if we could look with indifference upon the perpetration of injustice towards others, because we feel secure ourselves.

*Mr. Mc. F—r.* And yet it would be difficult to prove that self-love and social are not the same. But we will not grow metaphysical. It is enough for me, that I have seen, in my own time, the purest characters slandered in silence, and the most tainted ones loud in their indignation at the breathing of a whisper, or the pointing of a finger. It is not your strong garrisons that take up arms and sally forth when a straggler, who may be a spy, is peering about the walls: but a vulnerable, ill-defended post, is easily alarmed, calls out for assistance, and, by the aid of others, not by its own strength, drives away the danger. When all is done, however, unless those who came to its aid, remain, the place is still "heinously unprovided" with the means of defence, and hardly worth the defending by such efforts.

*Capt. M—n.* This is a dry subject. Pray what is your opinion of Platonic love?

[A loud laugh followed this question, which was succeeded by sundry disquisitions upon the nature of love in general, the harem of the Grand Seignor, the height of the Falls of Niagara, and the source of the Niger. A little gentleman, in black, with a pale face and a red nose, which looked like a strawberry in a bowl of cream, was particularly eloquent upon the efficacy of sugar-candy in sweetening the blood; when the watchman cried twelve o'clock, and sprung his rattle. The former was a hint, and the latter a motive, to take our departure, which we accordingly did; running over in our mind, as we ran along Bond-street and Piccadilly, all the good things we had heard about Lord Stanhope and the liberty of the press, Platonic love, the Falls of Niagara, sugar-candy, and the harem at Stamboul.]

## WALKS IN IRELAND: No. IV.—DONNYBROOK FAIR.

“ HAVE you e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?”

inquires a lyric poem, well known to those wandering minstrels vulgarly called ballad-singers, who, in modern times, sustain the profession of the troubadour, just as respectably as the Fives'-court, Red-house dandy of the nineteenth century, does that of the knight without fear and without reproach, the *preux* chevalier of the days of the lance and the golden spur. The song proceeds to assure you, that

“ An Irishman all in his glory is there.”

But I deny the assertion with both hands: to see that exhilarating sight, you must extend your peregrinations to some southern or western fair, or *patron*,\*—Ballinagerah, for instance, where the Iraghtic Connor boys fight the Clanmaurices—ay, and beat them too, once a year; or Cahir, where Shaun Gar's faction keeps the field against all comers; or Portumna, the battle-ground of Munster and Connaught; or any other unpolluted spot, where “ batin' is chape,” and the rascally, new-fangled Peelers† do not interfere to mar sport, and interrupt the good old custom of breaking heads for fun; or go to the Cross of St. Doulaghs, in Fingal, and there you will see as pretty wrestling as any in the world. The peasantry there, are as fine a looking race of active athletic fellows as ever you saw in your life; and as for the girls, it is enough to make a man's heart leap for joy to look at them. You need not apprehend the slightest insult, not to say violence, from venturing into an Irish fair, even in the middle of a *row*, provided you have the sense not to interfere, directly or indirectly, with what is going on; for the “ Boys,”‡ will invariably respect a gentleman, “ if his honour laves thim alone, an' doesn't be axin' thim to be *quite* (Anglice, *quiet*), an' bringin' magistrates, an' thim divels ov polis' on thim;” and this I assert without fear of contradiction from their worst enemies, and I know more about them practically, may be, than the whole “ Wisdom” put together.

By the way, I remember a magistrate in the south of Ireland, a justice of the peace of the old school, who could not see either sense or reason in preventing the poor fellows from fighting out their little quarrels, after their own fashion, and who considered a row between two factions as a kind of safety-valve, to let off the over-heated passions of the parties, which might otherwise explode in some fearful violence; and, to say the truth, until the gentry condescend to sift out the root of the hereditary quarrels among the peasantry, and endeavour to reconcile them by reason and fair means, instead of staving them asunder by means of police, whom they hate, or soldiers, whom they should be taught to respect, by never seeing them employed except on weighty occasions, I think with him, and so will you, if you read the papers, and see who begins the *real* mischief, in nine cases out of ten, the peasantry or the police. It was amusing enough to hear the parting admonitions of the magistrate I speak of, when he saw a fight inevitable; “ Well, boys,

\* A kind of petty fair, so called because founded in honour of a patron-saint.

† Police, so called in honour of *their* founder and patron-saint, the Right Hon. Robert Peel.

‡ In Ireland, as in Greece, the unmarried men, no matter what their age, are invariably termed “ Boys.”

nothing 'ill do ye but ye must fight it out. Well, lave the road, and go into the field, and fight fair with your sticks like men ; but, if ye take to stones, and *brake the pace*, by all the books that ever were shut and opened, I'll ram every mother's son of ye into gaol, and *persecute* ye to the end of the law." And, to tell God's truth, as they say in the country, you seldom heard of more serious mischief in his district than a few broken heads ; whereas, had he followed the example of his brethren of the bench, and called out the police, you would have been edified on this side of the water, with half-a-dozen inquests on victims of gun-shot wounds, to improve your good opinion of us of the Island of Saints. Peace be with the worthy in question ! He has been gathered to his fathers since I visited the part of the country of which he was the Solon ; and an honest fellow and a fair sportsman he was. There was not a better mounted foxhunter in Munster ; and he would think as little of a double ditch in the morning, or a half-dozen cooper of claret " to his own cheek," in the evening, as any man from this to himself ; but he has paid the debt of nature, as I have said (though, indeed, he had no great taste for paying debts). So—*Requiescat in pace !* as the tombstones have it.

A friend of mine, who has spent the best part of his life in the service of king and country, in all parts of the globe, returned a short time since to his native village, in the county of Tipperary, after an absence of many years. It was on the fair-day that he arrived, and a melancholy scene the well-remembered spot presented to my pugnacious and enthusiastic friend, who recollected with a sigh the happy times when Peelers were not. In place of the accustomed crowd of jolly-looking fellows, their hilarious faces beaming with joyous anticipation of the coming fight, nothing was to be seen but lounging groups, with down-cast visages, bent upon the ground ; some leaning in sullen listlessness against the cabin-walls—others propped upon their useless shillelaghs, and looking as sulky, to use my narrator's words, " as if they had tossed up for their breakfast, and lost." At length he asked a decent-looking farmer, who seemed to partake of the general despondency, what was the matter ? " The matther !" he replied, " matther enough to vex a saint out ov heaven ! Look at the polis, bad fortin' to thim !—there they are, an' they've hindhered the fight ! Ogh ! Musha an' it's it that would have been the purty one ! An' there's Mистер Butler says, iv we don't *asperse* ourselves, he'll read the Riot Axe—jist as iv anybody wanted to riot—only fight fair. Bud what's worst ov all, there's Father Wade, that ought to know betther, turnin' agin us, jist as bad as the rest, an' says its a shame to be fightin'—as iv he forgot his own father, may the heavens be his bed ! that whin he was to be the fore, used to bate the whole fair afore him. Ogh an' throth, betune thim all, the country's fairly spoilt !" My friend could not help sympathizing in the natural distress of the poor fellow ; so riding up to the officer of police, he requested as a favour that he would no longer prevent the usual diversions of the people, assuring him, at the same time, that he himself would undertake that nothing serious should occur. " Why, Captain ——," said the officer, " there's a great deal in what you say : I cannot give the men *leave* to fight ; but, now that I think of it, I may as well take a walk to the other end of the fair, and see what is doing there. —Right shoulders forward !—March !" Away went the goodnatured policeman, and the *purty* fight instantly commenced.

All this is nothing to Donnybrook Fair you will say—I deny that too; I have told you what Donnybrook Fair is *not*, now let me explain to you what it *is*.

To begin scientifically by describing the locality, the renowned village of Donnybrook is situated within less than a mile of the still more renowned city of Dublin, on the banks of a pleasant rivulet, from which circumstance it derives its name, Donnybrook signifying, literally, a puny, or dwindled stream. The scenery around it is of a peculiarly gay and lively character, well suited to the comical extravaganza there enacted once a-year; but in the distance is a threatening looking ridge of barren mountains, scowling rather ominously on the lowlands, and they too, suit the ideas which they inspire; for within their recesses dwell a pugnacious race, who, a few years ago, thought fit, for some reasons best known to themselves, but hidden from the rest of the world, though, in all probability, just as satisfactory as most causes of war, to descend from their fastnesses, and, as they pithily expressed it, “bate the fair,” and they carried their determination into effect with a vengeance. On the appointed day the invaders were seen entering the fair, not in a body, or with any note of martial preparation; no, no, they were too “cute” for that, but in detached groups, by twos and threes, apparently without any organization, or connexion. During the forenoon, and while the daylight lasted, they conducted themselves with perfect decorum; never did troops behave with more prudence, and prudence is the better part of valour; they ate of the fat, and drank of the strong, and paid their way like a set of bibacious accomptants. Had they been clerks of the Bank of England, or even of Messrs. Pugett and Bainbridge, who, I am told, pique themselves on possessing still more accomplished accuracy in financial operations, they could not have cleared scores more neatly or punctually; but when evening came with her treacherous shade, the scene was changed—the forlorn hope, in the shape of a huge two-handed fellow, a regular Irish giant, from the glen of Imal, opened the campaign by upsetting a table where a parcel of the “Liberty Boys,” not generous youths who burned with zeal in the sacred cause of freedom, champions of the rights of man, but boys from a district called the liberties of Dublin, were drinking. This, as the phrase goes, “riz a fight;” the townsmen flew to the assistance of their fellows; the mountaineers, with the elevated spirit of their region, rushed to the charge, and then began the “certaminis gaudia,” as a gentleman of the name of Attila, who would gladly have taken a part in the affair, had he lived at the time, once said on a similar occasion; tents were trampled under foot by the combatants, like standing corn by a drove of bullocks; booths disappeared with the scene-shifting rapidity of a pantomime, though certainly in anything but dumb shew; publicans and drunkards bit the dust in promiscuous confusion; theatricals were at an end, the curtain dropped upon histrionic woe, and the real tragedy of broken shins, and bloody coxcombs assumed the stage; Punch and Judy forgot in an instant, the bitter heart-burnings, and domestic dissensions of an age, and fled in the amity of terror; in short, to sum up all in the expressive language of a spectator who described the scene to me, “the battle of *Watherlem* was a cockfight to it.”

Donnybrook Fair is unique in every sense of the word: it has little in common with other Irish fairs, and they resemble nothing else on the face of the earth. From its proximity to Dublin, it is within the reach

of all classes, and in fact, during the course of its week of existence, you may meet with specimens of every rank and station of Irish society amongst its motley groups: peers, horse-jockeys, aldermen, sheriffs, pickpockets, showmen, peasants, strolling players, Dublin jackeens, barristers, thieves, oràngemen, and liberators, all mingled in an universal saturnalia, all confounded in a mazy labyrinth of headlong jollity, without distinction of rank, fortunè, or avocation.

Rows of tents of every shape and description, disposed in streets, afford accommodation to the endless succession of visitors; and during the day-time, the unaffected genuine fun of the scene, would win a laugh from a puritan, but as night approaches, the lovers of quiet and eschewers of broken heads gradually retire; the strains of the emulous fiddlers and pipers grow fast and furious; the tents are lighted up; dancing, drinking, and fighting, commence their joint and riotous reign, and then begins a scene of uproarious merriment, to which the polyglott revelry of the workmen of Babel, if we could imagine them drunk with Irish whiskey, would be a modulated harmony. In the dim recesses of one booth, may be seen a group of thieves, "making a bartley," which being translated, means sharing the produce of a successful adventure; under the ample canopy of the next, all unsuspecting of their dangerous proximity to the votaries of St. Nicholas, a knot of well-fed corporators are purifying their faculties with whiskey punch, the rays of the "tallow dips" glancing on their shining faces and twinkling eyes, like moonbeams on a tranquil lake, as Leigh Hunt, or Rosa Matilda, I forget which, beautifully remarks, when speaking of a farthing rushlight, reflected in a wash-hand basin; while in a third, poles tremble, and glasses jingle with the vigorous bounds of the rival dancers, to the tune of "The Coulin," or "The Exile of Erin," or some equally pathetic air, played in jig time, the blind minstrel encouraging the performers all the while, with "who's on the fleuer?—yer sowls to glory, let a body hear yez;" the beauty of the performance consisting in beating audible time to every note of the tune, with heel and toe.

But in spite of all that yet remains, it must be admitted with a sigh, that the glory of Donnybrook has departed in the person of the renowned Daniel Donnelly, better known among his admiring followers, by the sounding title of "Sir Dan Dann'ly, the Irish haroe." Of course if you know anything of the glorious science of self-defence, a necessary accomplishment which I hope you have not neglected amidst the general diffusion of knowledge which distinguishes this happy age, of course if you have cultivated that noble art, that true *ἡρωϊσὶ σθέντων*, which teaches us the superiority of practical demonstration over theoretical induction, the recollection of that celebrated champion must fill your mind with reverence for his exploits, mingled with regret that he was snatched so soon from the path of glory.

I was fortunate enough to possess the friendship of that great man, and I esteem among the happiest days of my life, that on which I was lucky enough to attract his attention: it was during a *roue* at Donnybrook Fair. I was defending myself with whatever energy I possess, against overwhelming odds, when suddenly, as if Mars himself had listened to my invocation, and descended to the fray, Dan rushed from his tent to shew fair play, and in an instant my cowardly assailants fled, as if scattered by a whirlwind. From that hour, gratitude on my part, and a consciousness of protection on his, cemented an intimacy between us.

After death had snatched him from the scene he illustrated by his achievements, I contemplated publishing his memoirs, under the title of "Recollections of Sir Daniel Donnelly and his contemporaries;" I intended to prefix a silhouette sketch of Dan, as he generally appeared on his return from the prize ring, and impelled by the love of truth, I would have heightened the interest of the work, by detailing, with the unvarnished simplicity of a diary, those various little domestic failings which my hero possessed in common with other great men, and the disclosure of which is so soothing to the vanity of the rest of the world. I was eminently qualified to perform the task, since I was admitted to his confidence, and shared his convivial hours; but by a singular coincidence, just as I was arranging my materials, and culling piquant anecdotes from my fancy, my memory, and my journal, "Recollections of Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," appeared, on a plan so similar to mine, that I gave up the undertaking, lest I should be suspected of imitating a work which I could never hope to rival.

The character of Dan Donnelly will not suffer by comparison with that of any hero of ancient or modern times. It is true it was never his fortune to lead hundreds of thousand to glorious slaughter; nor, in truth, did his taste lean that way, for he could not, as he himself energetically expressed it, "See the fun ov thravellin' over the say, to be shot at by blackguards that couldn't spake English, an' daren't stand up to a man, for a *hog* (Anglice, a shilling) a day." But it is not so much by the magnitude, as by the nature of his exploits, that the character of a hero is measured in the estimation of the philosophical historian; he strips it of the adventitious support of accident or fortune, he appreciates it according to its intrinsic strength, and draws his conclusions as to its value, from its development when left to its unassisted energies, rather than when supported by, and linked with the powers of others. Following this just and equitable rule, let me ask any sound and impartial judge what chance would even the Great Captain himself have had against Sir Dan in a twenty-four feet ring, at half minute time? Why he would be "doubled up" in the twinkling of an eye. As for Napoleon, that arbiter of the destinies of nations, he was one of the "light weights;" and the gigantic champion would have disdained to lift a finger to him. Perhaps, after all, the character of Alexander the Great is that to which my departed friend bore most resemblance; and let me remark, that there is a coincidence in the manner of their deaths, too striking not to excite the attention even of the most careless observer. In the cup of Hercules the conqueror of the east found the fate which he had escaped at Issus and Arbela; and the champion, whom Oliver and Cooper could not overcome, sank beneath the overpowering influence of eight-and-twenty tumblers of punch.

My feelings have seldom been so much excited as they were one day when passing through Thomas-street, the Whitechapel-road of Dublin, I chanced to look into a barber's shop, and almost the first object which met my eye was a cast from the never-to-be-forgotten visage of Sir Dan moulded into a wig-block; there it was—that iron, indomitable face, which beating might improve, but never could injure: that round, solid-looking, bullet head, that seemed made to be propelled, in the fashion of a battering-ram, against adventurous assailants. Still did the glassy eyes stare with their usual expression of tranquil self-assurance, while the compressed trap-like lips, denoted that inflexible determination of

character, and fixedness of purpose, upon which argument would be as completely thrown away, as upon the matured and well-considered decision of a mastiff.

A memorable spot is Thomas-street in the annals of Dublin. The theatre of the frantic insurrection of Robert Emmet in 1803, and of the tragical arrest of the unhappy and misguided Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1798. The recollection sobers me at once.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was brother to the late, and uncle to the present Duke of Leinster. Of violent passions, both evil and good, had his lot been cast in a happier time he might have been a hero, the glory of his country and his illustrious race, but he lived in the disastrous days, when the pestilent infection of the French Revolution spread to our unfortunate country, to madden the mind and corrupt the heart of many a young and fiery enthusiast, who, stung with the recollections of our sad and melancholy history, and listening to the satanic philosophy which teaches that the end justifies the means, was willing to peril the future to avenge the past, and buy, no matter at what cost of desolation and blood, a share in that universal equality which denounces altars, and thrones, and hereditary rank, as tyrannical superstitions, unworthy of the Age of Reason, and incompatible with the Rights of Man.

Two wily parties watched the course and progress of popular excitement in Ireland. On the one side the restless and practised malcontents, who hoped to profit by political convulsion, and how it might; on the other, the cool calculators, who, possessed of sure intelligence, traversed the plans of the conspirators, and suffered them to mature their plot, in order to cut them off the more effectually in the overt act. Alas! for many a bold-spirited, over-credulous youth, who hearkening to the suggestions of those who, for their own evil purposes, taught him to look upon a bloody servile war, without concert or arrangement, that could give a chance of success, as an honourable and noble enterprize, and rushing into the double toils of private treachery and forestalled insurrection, perished in the inglorious field, or on the ignominious scaffold.

In an evil hour, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, piqued by a personal affront which he had received in a high quarter, lent himself to this ill-omened conspiracy. Little did he think, that plot within plot, and treachery within treachery, then lurked a canker in the very heart of the body to which he had united himself, and that not a step did he take, not a plan did he concoct, which was not detailed by an unsuspected informer to the government he sought to overturn. But so it was. I hasten to get rid of the subject. I am sorry I spoke of it at all, filled as it is with gloomy and mournful recollections. In a house in Thomas Street, on the right hand side as you go out of the town, and in a room which never has been used since that fatal day, was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, lying on a bed, disguised as a countryman, and reading *Gil Blas*, when the party commissioned to apprehend him, and guided by the double traitor to whom I have alluded, arrived; they were headed by the two town majors, Sirr and Swan, and a Captain Ryan, who joined them just as they were setting out from the Castle. Swan and Ryan entered the room together, and summoned Lord Edward to surrender; but he, relying on his extraordinary activity and personal strength, determined to make a dash for escape, and closing with poor Ryan, who rushed forward before his companion, killed him with a dagger on the spot.

Swan, who was in no way deficient in resolution, pinioned him round the body before he could well disengage himself from the dying man, and threw him back upon the bed from which he had sprung on their entrance, and then Sirr, who during the conflict was safely ensconced outside the door, saw fit to enter, and putting a pistol to his shoulder, as he lay under Swan, shot him into the body. He was carried off instantly to a place of security, and among the first who saw him in his miserable state, was a near and valued friend of mine, who, though he abhorred his politics, had known him long and intimately in private life, and who, himself a man of as strong nerves, and as little likely to give way to emotion as any one I know, was so shocked at the sight that he burst into tears. "Don't be downhearted," said the unhappy man, "it is the fortune of war." He lingered for a day or two in extreme agony, before welcome death closed his unfortunate career. Thus perished a high-minded but hot-headed man, who, born for better things, suffered himself to fall blindfold, as it were, into the hands of a knot of sanguinary dastards, who, as they betrayed him in the conspiracy, would have deserted him in the field. Something too much of this. I know not how I stumbled on the subject. I have done with it for ever.

Let us return to Donnybrook. During the fair week, Dan Donnelly's tent (he always kept one after he became a celebrated character) was always crowded to excess by all classes, high and low; some attracted by admiration of the good things of this life dispensed by the amiable Lady Dann'ly, others by the convivial and facetious qualities of her redoubted spouse; in the evening, especially, you were sure to find him the centre of a circle of wondering listeners, detailing some of his extraordinary adventures, the most astonishing of which it was heresy in the eyes of his followers to doubt for an instant, though my love of truth obliges me to confess, that one or two I have heard him relate sounded a little apocryphal. But great and extraordinary characters are not to be judged of by common rules; for instance, his account of the manner in which he obtained the honour of knighthood from the hands of our present gracious Sovereign, then Prince Regent, always appeared to me to differ in some material circumstances from the ordinary routine of court etiquette, and rather to resemble one of those amusing and instructive narratives denominated fairy tales. But on this delicate subject perhaps the safest course is to suffer the reader to judge for himself: so without further circumlocution, I will submit my lamented friend's account to his perusal, in the precise words in which I have so often had the pleasure of hearing it.

"My jewels, I was lyin' in bed one mornin', restin' myself, in regard ov bein' dhrunk the night afore, wid Scroggins an' Jack Randall, an' some more ov the boys; an' as I was lyin' on the broad ov my back, thinkin' ov nothin', a knock came to my door. 'Come in,' says I, 'iv you're fat.' So the door opened sure enough, an' in come a great big chap, dhressed in the most elegantest way ever you see, wid a cockade in his hat, an' a plume ov feathers out ov id, an' goolden epulets upon his shouldhers, an' tassels an' bobs of goold all over the coat ov him, jist like any lord ov the land. 'Are you Dan Dann'ly,' says he;—'Throth an' I am,' says I; 'an' that's my name sure enough, for want ov a better; an' what d'ye want wid me now you've found me.'—'My masther is wantin' to spake to ye, an' sint me to tell you to come down to his

place in a hurry.—‘ An’ who the divil is your masther?’ says I; ‘ an’ didn’t think ye had one, only yourself, an’ you so fine.’—‘ Oh,’ says he, ‘ my masther is the Prence Ragin.’—‘ Blur an’ ouns,’ says I; ‘ tell his honour I’ll be wid him in the twinklin’ of a bedpost, the minit I take my face from behind my beard, an’ get on my clane flax; but stop a bit,’ says I; ‘ where does the masther live?’—‘ Down at Carltown Palace,’ says he; ‘ so make yourself dacent, an’ be off wid yourself afther me.’ Wid that away he wint.

“ Up I gets, an’ away I goes, the instant minit I put on my duds, down to Carltown Palace. An’ it’s it that’s the place; twicet as big as the castle, or Kilmainham gaol, an’ groves ov threes round about it, like the Phaynix Park. Up I goes to the gate, an’ I gives a little asy rap to show I wasn’t proud; who should let me in but the ’dential chap that come to ax me up. ‘ Well Dan,’ says he, ‘ you didn’t let the grass grow undher your feet; the masther’s waitin’, so away in wid ye as fast as ye can.’—‘ An’ which way will I go?’ says I.—‘ Crass the yard,’ says he, ‘ an’ folley your nose up through the house, ever ’till you come to the dhrawin’-room door, an’ then jist rap wid your knuckle, an’ ye’ll get lave to come in.’ So away I wint acrass the yard, an’ it’s there the fun was goin’ on, soldiers marchin’, an’ fiddlers playin’, and monkeys dancin’, an’ every kind ov diversion, the same as ourselves here at Donnybrook Fair, only it lasts all the year round, from mornin’ till night, I’m tould.

“ Whin I come to the house, in I wint, bowin’ an’ doin’ my manners in the most genteel way to all the grand lords an’ ladies that was there, folleyin’ their own divarsion, the same as thim that was in the yard, every way they liked—dhrinkin’, and singin’, an’ playin’ ov music, and dancin’ like mad! I wint on, on, on, out ov one room an’ into another, till my head was fairly addled, an’ I thought I’d never come to the ind. And sich grandeur!—why, the play-house was nothin’ to id. At last I come to a beautiful big stairs, an’ up I wint; an’ sure enough there was the dhrawin’-room door, reachin’ up to the ceilin’ almost, an’ as big as the gate ov a coach-house, an’ wrote on a board over the door, ‘ No admittance for strangers, only on business.’—‘ Sure,’ says I, ‘ I’m come on the best ov business, whin the Prence is afther sendin’ his man to tell me to come on a visit.’—An’ wid that I gave a knock wid my knuckle the way I was bid. ‘ Come in,’ says a voice; and so I opened the door.

“ Oh! then, ov all the sights ever I see, an’ it’s that was the finest! There was the Prence Ragin’ himself, mounted up upon his elegant throne, an’ his crown, that was half a hundhred weight ov goold, I suppose, on his head, an’ his scepture in his hand, an’ his lion sittin’ on one side ov him, an’ his unicorn on the other.’—‘ Morrow, Dan,’ says he; ‘ you’re welcome here.’—‘ Good morning, my Lord,’ says I, ‘ plase your Reverence.’—‘ An’ what do you think ov my place,’ says he, ‘ Dan, now you’re in it?’—‘ By Dad! your worship,’ says I, ‘ it bates all the places ever I see, an’ there’s not the like of id for fun in the wide world, barrin’ Donnybrook Fair.’—‘ I never was at the fair,’ says he, ‘ bud I’m tould there’s plenty of sport there for thim that has money, an’ is able to take their own part in a row.’—‘ Throth, Majesty,’ says I, ‘ your honour may say that; an’ iv your holiness ’ll come an’ see us there, it’s myself that ’ill give you a dhrop ov what’s good, an’ shew ye all the diversion ov the place—ay, an’ leather the best man in the fair, that dare say, Black is the white ov your eye!’—‘ More power to ye, Dan!’ says he, laughin’; ‘ an

what id you like to dhrink now?'—'Oh, by Gor!' says I, 'I'm afeard to take anything, for I was dhrunk last night, an' I'm not quite study yet.—'By the piper that played afore Moses,' says he, 'ye'll not go out ov my house till ye dhrink my health;' so wid that he mounted down off his throne, an' wint to a little black cupboard he had snug in the corner, an' tuck out his gardy vine an' a couple of glasses. 'Hot or cowl'd, Dan?' says he.—'Cowl'd, plase your reverence,' says I. So he filled a glass for me, an' a glass for himself.—'Here towards ye, Dan,' says he.—'The same to you, Majesty!' says I;—and what do ye think it was? 'May I never tell a lie iv id wasn't as good whiskey as ever you see in your born days. 'Well,' says I, 'that's as fine sperits as ever I dhrunk, fo'r sperits like id; might I make bould to ax who does your worship dale wid?'—'Kinahan, in Dublin,' says he.—'An' a good warrant he is,' says I: so we wint on, dhrinking, an' chattin', till at last, 'Dan,' says he, 'I'd like to spar a round wid ye.' 'Oh,' says I, 'Majesty, I'd be afeard ov hurtin' ye, without the gloves.'—'Arrah, do you think it's a brat ov a boy ye're spakin' to?' says he; 'do ye're worst, Dan, and divil may care!' An' so wid that we stud up.

"Do you know he has a mighty purty method ov his own, bud thin, though id might do wid Oliver, it was all nonsense wid me, so afore you could say Jack Lattin, I caught him wid my left hand undher the ear, an' tumbled him up on his throne. 'There now,' says I, 'Majesty, I tould ye how id would be, but you'd never stop until you got yourself hurt.'—'Give us your fist, Dan,' says he, 'I'm not a bit the worse of the fall; your a good man, an' I'm not able for you.'—'That's no disgrace,' says I, 'for it's few that is; but iv I had you in thrainin' for six months, I'd make another man ov ye'; an' wid that we fell a dhrinkin' agin, ever till we didn't lave a dhrup in the bottle; an' then I thought it was time to go, so up I got.—'Dan,' says he, 'before you lave me I'll make you a knight, to show I have no spite agin ye for the fall.'—'Oh,' says I, 'for the matter ov that, I'm sure ye're too honourable a gintleman to hould spite for what was done in fair play, an' you know your reverence wouldn't be easy until you had a thrial ov me.'—'Say no more about id, Dan,' says he, laughin', 'bud kneel down upon your bended knees.' So down I kneeled.—'Now,' says he, 'ye wint down on your marrow bones plain Dan, but I give ye lave to get up Sir Dan Dann'ly, Esquire.'—'Thank your honour,' says I, 'and God mark you to grace wherever you go.' So wid that we shook hands, an' away I wint. Talk of your kings and prences, the Prence Ragin' is the finest Prence ever I dhrunk wid."

J. R. O.

## MY INABILITIES.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why some men have ten thousand a-year; others fifty thousand a-year; and some a hundred thousand a-year, while I can't get any thing like the least of those sums. And yet I am quite sure it has not been for want of wishing. The latter, indeed, for to say the truth, I am prone to that which Young calls "the constant hectic of a fool," though, at the same time, to do myself equal justice, I am far from being averse to that which I consider better than wishing, doing. I have been doing something all my life; even when I have had nothing to do, I never did nothing; and I may add, that, like the ostler at the Elephant and Castle, who "never does nothing for nothing," I have always made it a rule to have my *quid pro quo*. Why, then, am I doomed, every time I put on my hat, "to clap a ring fence round my whole estate?" Why are the pockets, the only part of my nether garment, I mean, which are always as good as new? Why, in short, as often as I look in a glass, do I behold, at one view, the whole of my personal property, and find myself forced to confess I have the appearance of a man of substance, though the very confession arises from a sort of personal reflection upon the nature and bulk of my real property? I could ask a dozen more questions, all of them as much to the purpose as those I have asked, and yet have as far to seek as ever for a sufficient answer to my main one. Touching the reasons why I cannot have all the money I could spend, while there are so many in the world who cannot spend all the money they have, and so many more who get all the money they want. I know it may be said that both these manys put together, would not amount to a thousandth part of that huge colossal many, who are in the same predicament as myself.—Granted. But as it could not be proved, I take it, that if there were a hundred men going to be hung, the disagreeable sensation of that ceremony would be divided between them, instead of each individual of the party having his separate allowance of rope; so, I maintain, it is equally incapable of proof, that the knowledge of there being ten thousand, or ten hundred thousand empty pockets, is, or ought to be, sufficient to produce in any one of them the same sensation as a purse would which is never empty. Besides, every man is the best judge of his own wrongs; or, at least, of the degree in which he feels an injury. I, therefore, knowing exactly to how many excellent purposes I should apply a large fortune, if I had one, am peculiarly sensible of the injustice, not only to myself, but to others, of keeping me without. It is incalculable the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. If any body thinks this is a mere piece of brag, all I say is, *try me!* I only wish the Duke of Northumberland, or Lord Grosvenor, or the Marquis of Stafford, or any other man who has more money than a man ought to have, would just let me serve an apprenticeship to ten thousand a-year, and if, long before I was out of my time, I did not shew I was fit to carry on the business afterwards upon double that scale, I would consent to have my indentures cancelled. Or I would undertake to spend other people's money upon commission; that is, if fifty or a hundred benevolent persons, sincerely desirous of making their wealth more extensively beneficial than they are able to do of themselves, would club their five hundred or thousand a-year each, for a time to be specified, but *long enough*

to give the thing a fair trial, and let me use it, I have no more doubt than I have of wanting their money, that I should be able to give them satisfaction. But to return from this digression, I repeat, it is incalculable, the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. Where I now give only a tear to misery, because I can give nothing else, I should give a guinea; and every body knows how much farther that will go with bakers and butchers. Where now I can only sigh over misfortune, I should pay misfortune her wages, and send her about her business; and where now I am fain to content myself with simply advising a friend in distress what is the best thing for him to do, if he can, namely, to get out of it, I should do it for him, and get him out. I am quite, positively, certain, these would be among the consequences of my having only ten thousand a-year; and therefore I do maintain, that besides the injustice which the want of it inflicts upon myself, exhausting every day, my stock of sensibility, which is constantly oozing away in tears and sighs, and my store of common sense, which is hourly melted down into good advice to a numerous circle of friends who stand much in need of it, an equal injustice is done to every man, woman, and child, to every maid, widow, and wife, who do not get what *they* might, because *I* have not got what I ought.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND what commonly passes for *fine* writing; that is, fine words strung together, like a row of painted egg-shells, with nothing inside; or like an artist's palette, daubed over with vivid colours of bright yellow, deep purple, glowing crimson, &c., a mere confusion of gaudy hues, which offend the eye, and convey no meaning to the mind. There is a knot of these writers, just now, who figure in annuals, monthlies, weeklies, and hot-pressed duodecimos, and who call aloud for another Gifford to sweep them away with the besom of common-sense. They are upheld in their fooleries by another knot of small critics, each of whom has his pet poet or poetess, and snivels or drivels, as the case may be, over his or her "affecting," "sublime," "touching," and "powerful" effusions. There is Miss A., and Mrs. B.; Caroline C., and Letitia D.; Mr. E., and Leonard Lubykin F., Esq.; Lady Matilda G., and the Hon. Augustus H.; and so on, to the end of the alphabet—each and all of whom are, severally and individually, taught to look back with supreme contempt upon that age which was contented with such authors only as Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, and Cowper. They blot quire after quire of foolscap; but, as they never think, it is not surprising the thought never comes into their heads of blotting out what they write. They are the idols of the aforesaid small critics; the paragons of young ladies, who subscribe by the year to circulating libraries; the astonishment of that very numerous class of readers who wonder "how people can write a book," because they themselves find it a serious business to write a letter; and the oracle of every circle where they appear, because they are always careful never to appear where they are not an oracle. I may take another opportunity, and in a different character, perhaps, of illustrating the opinions here expressed, by quotations from their works; but, as I have often fancied I could write very much like these modern Sapphos and Shakspeares, I will take *this* opportunity for the experiment:—

## THE WARRIOR-LOVER, BY THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

There he sat,  
 In the dark storm of his soul! And the proud  
 Warrior of a hundred fights, on whose  
 Battle-blade his own fierce spirit dwelt—he,  
 Who in the field of strife, all red with blood  
 From helm to spur, had played with horrid Death,  
 As children sport with it—a child himself,  
 Now wept warm tears upon a new-made grave:  
 The grave of his heart's mistress!—the lovely  
 Ethelinda! Oh! she was beautiful  
 As breathing morning in the vernal spring:  
 And fair as summer flowers, that wanton  
 In the sun, yet droop before his setting  
 Ray kisses their fragrant beauty! Alas!  
 That youthful love and maiden innocence  
 Should wither to decay, and shrouded lie,  
 Or ere the kindred soul their charms have touched,  
 Can say farewell, and then decay itself!

And the warrior came! In the pride of his  
 Glory he came! But stern and terrible  
 In the tempest of his grief! And the grave  
 Of Ethelinda was *his* grave! The bride  
 Of death slept gently with the warrior,  
 Who in life was the affianced bridegroom  
 Of her heart!

There it is!—and it reads, I think, like something or other which I have heard called uncommonly fine. But if the reader thinks so, it is more than I do; and Heaven forgive the man who calls such writing poetry!

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I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why the alchemists of former times are considered by the philosophers of modern times as little better, if at all better, than fools. I am quite serious; though I know I make the declaration at the hazard of being accounted an egregious fool myself. But let me state my own case. I renounce, at the outset, not only as utterly futile, but as a presumptuous denial of Heaven's declared will, the dream of compounding an elixir, which, by the subtle concentration of the essence of vitality, or, in other words, by the discovery of the elemental principle of life, should enable the fortunate possessor of it to renew his youth, as the vegetable world revives at the approach of spring. I give this up, I say; not merely as a visionary bauble of the imagination, but as a direct attempt of the creature to contravene and abrogate a decree of the Creator. But I make my stand in defence of alchemy, upon that other grand object of its followers—the discovery of the philosopher's stone, as it is called; or of the tincture, or powder, or art,—not of transmuting metals, by converting a lump of lead into a lump of gold,—but of *bonâ fide* MAKING gold by a regular and scientific process. “It never *has* been done,” is the triumphant answer of philosophers; but that it *therefore* never *will* be done, is not the deduction of philosophy. He who should have attempted, when alchemy was in fashion, to discover the means of navigating rivers and seas without the aid of wind and canvas, or of producing a brilliant and

permanent light without employing any combustible substance, would have been deemed as confirmed a disciple of folly by his own generation, as the seekers after the philosopher's stone have since been by succeeding generations. Yet the steam-boat and the gas-lamp are now too common to excite the wonder, or attract the notice, even of the vulgar; and there are many other mechanical inventions and discoveries of science which might be adduced to fortify this mode of argument. Why, then, should the notion be treated as an absurdity too gross almost for serious argument, that one of those accidents to which we owe various discoveries, or some of those experiments which have led to such astonishing results in chemical science, may one day penetrate the laboratory of nature, and detect her process in the formation of this precious metal? In short, is there any difficulty in conceiving such a progress to be made by the gradual triumphs of science, as to acquire the power, by analytical investigation, of ascertaining not only what are the component parts, but what are the respective proportions in which those component parts exist, in a piece of gold? And if once chemical science gets thus far,—if once she is able accurately to detect and separate whatever these component parts may be, and to determine, with equal accuracy, whatever may be their several proportions,—I should not despair of the synthetical process soon accomplishing all the rest. In conclusion, this is the sum and substance of my doctrine—that it is within the reasonable calculation of chemical science to be able to resolve gold into its primary elements; that when so resolved, the relative and positive quantities of those elements may be ascertained; and, lastly, that when we know what are the separate ingredients, and what are their combined proportions, to make gold will be no more difficult than it now is to make any other artificial metal. They who deny these propositions *à priori*, must be prepared to do so upon the grounds that there exists some moral, physical, or philosophical impossibility of decomposing gold, as palpable and self-evident as that which would stare a man in the face who should seriously set to work to contrive how he might get the sun and moon into a crucible, in order to make suns and moons, or stars and comets. And so ends my argument in defence of that branch of alchemy which sought to discover the philosopher's stone!

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND, why members of parliament call each other *honourable*; unless it is, because they choose to be singular in their opinions, or expect to have credit for more discernment than the rest of the world. If it be the former, all that can be said of the matter is, that it is their whim; it deceives nobody, and cannot fairly be complained of therefore, as an injurious misrepresentation; but it would redound more to their credit and utility as a public body, if they reciprocally gave themselves their proper designations. With regard to the latter hypothesis, they ought to know, that no man gains credit for superior discernment, by shewing he is deplorably ignorant of the knowledge recommended with such emphatic brevity by the ancient sage—*Nosce teipsum*. After all, it is very ridiculous constantly to employ a misnomer, susceptible of such malicious ridicule, and so much at variance with the known sentiments of their constituents. I am aware it may be said that it means no more, than when the first peer in the realm, writing to his tailor for a vote he happens to want for a particular friend, concludes with declaring that he “has the honour to be” Snip's

“most obedient, faithful, humble servant.” But here is the difference. Snip, it is a hundred to one, really believes that his grace does feel it an “honour,” however much he may be puzzled with the condescension of the feeling, or struck by the dignified humility of calling himself his (Snip’s) “very obedient humble servant,” to the sincerity of which declaration he sees his grace’s name “faithfully” pledged. But when *some* members of the House of Commons call *other* members of the House of Commons “honourable,” they are in the predicament of Johnson’s shrewd distinction of the degrees of mendacity, “they lie, and they know they lie;” with this uncomfortable addition, that all who hear, and all who read, what they say, know it too.

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I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND what is the use of writing so many books as are published every year. It cannot be said that it is to supply the increased and increasing number of readers, because it is very well known to publishers and authors that very few of the works which are written are ever read at all; while surely a much less expensive mode of providing trunk-makers, pastry-cooks, and cheese-mongers with waste paper, might easily be hit upon. I should think lawyers’ letters, and barristers’ briefs, for example, if carefully preserved, would always be more than sufficient for those purposes. Be that as it may, however, there can be no fear of a dearth of waste paper for many years to come, were there no other to be had, than the reams of SECURITIES which were made during the bubble mania, to say nothing of the prospectuses. These are as good as ever they were, and better without the “securities” than with them; for, in the former case, they are like a bill of exchange or a promissory note, with a long time to run; but with the securities tacked to them, they look like the same bill of exchange after it has been noted for non-payment. With regard to curling paper for young ladies who wear their own hair, if all the printing presses in England were stopped for the next century, there are enough of poems, novels, romances, travels, and reminiscences, waiting to be torn up, for all the tresses of all the heads that shall need them during that space; and as to the old ladies, their wigs and mohair fronts, curl naturally. I saw it stated lately, that the new catalogue of the British Museum would extend to fifteen quarto volumes! The catalogue alone! The catalogue of only one library! Upon a moderate computation we may calculate that each volume will contain the names of three thousand books; so here we have FIVE AND FORTY THOUSAND volumes, and yet we go on writing and publishing. It follows, that reading, not thinking, must be the business of an author. Two hundred years ago, a man might hope to read all that was expected to be read by an industrious scholar, by the time he was thirty; but now, if a man could live to be two hundred years old, and ne’er so industrious, he could not reckon upon the same result. Either every thing has been said that can be said, and therefore a new book is, after all, nothing more than a new edition of an old one; or a man’s life must be employed to find out what has *not* been said already, and then, he is ready for his coffin by the time he has ascertained that he has something original to publish. What is to be the lot of future scholars, I cannot pretend to foretell; but I suppose, as extremes are said to meet, the consequence of there being more books than *can* be read, will assimilate itself to that of there being no books to be read; and so, nobody will read. When these fifteen volumes

of the catalogue of the British Museum are finished, it would furnish a curious standard, by which to estimate the labours of a scholar in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, if the pen were run through every book, in every language, which has been written since the reign of Elizabeth, and which are considered as standard works in their several departments of literature or science. And yet I doubt, exceedingly, whether we are one jot wiser, or more erudite, in the strict sense of those terms, than were those ancestors of our, who had not the advantage of reading all that their posterity has given to the world.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why a man should be not merely permitted or expected, but absolutely persuaded and almost compelled, by a judge, sitting on the judgment seat, and representing there the dignity and purity of justice, to tell a bold, deliberate, and notorious LIE. Yet, this is what every culprit does, or is expected to do, and if he refuse, is persuaded to do, when he is arraigned at the bar of a criminal court, and pleads to the arraignment, "*not guilty.*" And why is this judicial form insisted upon? Not that guilt may more certainly be punished, but that it may have all the benefit of legal fictions and quibbles, for its possible escape. A case actually occurred at the Old Bailey, about eighteen months ago, where a young man of respectable connexions, was indicted for forgery. He pleaded "*guilty*;" that is, he confessed his guilt; but he was induced, after much persuasion from the bench, to retract his plea, and substitute for it the usual one of not guilty. The trial proceeded—there was some flaw in the indictment, or some defect in the evidence, and the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty! Now this was all very well for the culprit; and he must have felt himself most agreeably bewildered with surprise and joy at finding his neck so unexpectedly slipped out of the halter: but what an indescribable satire it was upon the grave and impartial administration of justice! A criminal placed at the bar is asked whether he is guilty or not guilty of the offence with which he is charged; he says, "I am guilty, I acknowledge my crime, and I am prepared to atone for it;" when in steps the judge himself, exhorts him to tell a lie, entreats him not to be hanged, though he deserves it, and finally succeeds in placing him in a situation where he can escape from the consequences of his own frank confession, only by a gross mockery of all law. The very ground upon which he is urged to forswear himself, is one that proclaims the inadequacy of the law to protect the subject, and to punish the guilty. Why call upon a man at all to *say* whether he is guilty or not, when the fact of his guilt must be established, not by what he admits or denies, but by sufficient evidence? Why obtrude such a practical illustration of the lottery of justice, as to compel a man to take his chance of drawing a prize or a blank? But above all, why make the judge himself play the pander for a lie? M.

Our ink was hardly dry, when we read in a newspaper the following extraordinary illustration of the practice referred to:—

"NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

"York, August 5th.

"Mr. Justice Littledale took his seat upon the bench at nine o'clock.

"James Pilling, against whom there were five indictments for passing

forged notes, purporting to be of the Bank of England, of £5 each, PLEADED GUILTY.

“*Mr. Justice Littledale.* Prisoner, there are five indictments against you for paying away forged notes. I can only tell you, you will receive exactly the same punishment as if you were found guilty by the jury. You will be punished, whether by hanging or transportation, precisely the same; and I must tell you, that a great number of persons have been hanged for a similar offence to that you are charged with. If you expect any less punishment from pleading guilty, you are deceiving yourself. Do you persist in pleading guilty?”

“*Prisoner.* Yes.

“*Judge.* This is a very serious case which is charged upon you: you are liable to be hanged.

“*Prisoner.* Well, have mercy on me!

“*Judge.* Do you still plead guilty?”

“*Prisoner.* I WISH TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, *as near as I can.*

“*Judge.* I must tell you, as I told you before, that if you expect to be dealt more leniently with by pleading guilty, you are mistaken; your punishment will be precisely the same. Pleading not guilty to an indictment, is not telling a falsehood in the name of God; it is not taking an oath; or committing perjury: it is *only* denying the charge, which must be proved by the prosecutor.

“*Prisoner.* I must plead guilty, my Lord.

“*Judge.* Consider, prisoner—I will allow you time for consideration.  
(*After a few minutes pause.*)

“*Prisoner.* I AM guilty, my Lord.

“*Judge.* Then you are determined to plead guilty?”

“*Prisoner.* Yes; and have mercy on me!

“*Judge.* I ask you, once for all, do you determine to plead guilty?”

“*Prisoner.* Yes, my Lord.

“*Judge.* Very well. (The prisoner was then removed from the bar.)”

What a sorry exhibition is this! To see a Judge, on the very judgment-seat, quibbling jesuitically upon the distinction between simple and compound lying—between a lie in the *sight* of God, and a lie in the *name* of God—between mere naked falsehood, and falsehood heightened into perjury by the solemnity of an oath! The prisoner was either guilty, or not guilty; and, before trial, he alone was competent to declare in which predicament he stood. He does make the declaration: he confesses his guilt; not in the hope of obtaining mercy—for the Judge emphatically warns him of the fallacy of such hope—but from a conscientious repugnance to aggravate the crime he has committed by a fresh one; when the Judge, in what he believes to be the discharge of his duty, informs him that, to deny his guilt, in defiance of his own knowledge that he is guilty, is “*only* denying the charge which must be proved by the prosecutor.” Only! only telling a deliberate lie! All the lawyers in England, entrenched up to their teeth in precedents and technical sophistries, cannot make the assertion of falsehood a truth. If there be any good reason why a man should be asked, at all, whether he is guilty or not guilty, when his reply either way does not matter a straw, surely there can be none why he should be persuaded to renounce his voluntary confession of guilt, and plead his innocence, for the miserable mockery, in such a case, of being *proved* guilty in the regular way of legal business!

OUR COLONIES—THE PROGRESS OF THE WEST INDIAN GOVERNMENTS TOWARDS AMELIORATING THE CONDITION OF THE SLAVE POPULATION.

“There are two objects for the attainment of which it is necessary that effectual provision should be made. The first of them is, the gradual elevation of the moral character of the slave population; and, the second is, the due protection of all the just rights of property which existing laws have vested in the owners of slaves.”

*Sir G. Murray's Dispatch of Sept. 3, 1828.*

A POSITION so extraordinary as that in which Great Britain is placed with respect to her colonial possessions has no parallel in the history of modern politics. The case may be stated in a few words. A system, the growth of a great many years—the result of measures of national policy—involving, as all such measures must, a vast variety of personal and individual interests—has prevailed so long that it has become a part of the law of this country, and the very foundation of the only law that prevails in its foreign dependencies. Circumstances have arisen which render it expedient, or which are thought to render it expedient, that a material alteration should be made in that system. The alteration is proposed by the government of the metropolis to the colonies; the governments of the colonies agree to its principle; some differences arise as to the carrying it into effect: but those differences apply only to the details, not to the principle of the measure. Upon such topics as those which come into discussion under the circumstances here stated, common sense and common justice would require that the persons whose interests are most materially affected by the proposed alterations, and who, possessing experience and practical knowledge of the existing system, must have better means than any other class of men for judging of the probable effect of the changes which are to be made, should be listened to, that their reasons should be heard and examined, and should be allowed to have so much weight as they may appear on the discussion to be entitled to. A question so treated could not long remain unsettled; the power to enforce on the one hand, if coercion should become necessary, would of itself be enough to dispose of it; but when, besides that power, there is on the other side a willing and prompt recognition of the principle of the alteration, a ready obedience and an unequivocal desire to comply with whatever shall be found to be really for the benefit of *all* the parties concerned, nothing but a grievous mistake, or the interference of some evil disposed persons, who, from prejudice, or ignorance, or dishonesty—from an incapacity to understand what is true, or from a disinclination to adopt it—create most needless obstacles, could thwart the satisfactory adjustment of the matter in dispute.

Such a dispute exists between Great Britain and her West India colonies—such is the avowed disposition on either side to adjust it—such are the causes which have hitherto prevented its adjustment—and the same causes, unless the government is wise and vigorous enough to remove them promptly, will not only prevent it for ever, but are too likely to bring in their train consequences, the bare apprehension of which is dreadful, and which, if they are once permitted to begin, no man can see the termination of.

The sentence which forms the epigraph to this article expresses, as concisely and as explicitly as may be, the principles which the govern-

ment of Great Britain have laid down for their dealing with the colonies. To those principles, in their broadest and most general sense, the colonists agree. They are not stated by Sir G. Murray, in the document we have quoted, for the first time; but have been reiterated, in Parliament and out,—by all who have a right to be heard in the matter, and by all, who, having no right to be heard, raise their voices upon it.

It is now more than six years since Mr. Fowell Buxton (into whose merits we do not propose to enter very fully at this moment, although an opportunity may occur in which we shall have occasion to notice some parts of his public conduct), who had for a long time openly avowed the most decided hostility to the West Indian colonists, and had pursued it with all the zealous fury which characterizes fanaticism, proposed a set of resolutions to the House of Commons, the result of which, if they had been adopted, would have been the total destruction of those possessions, their certain loss to this country, and the ruin of the persons who had made the unpardonable mistake of believing, that if the government of England could not see its own interest, it would at least have too much regard to its own honour and good faith to commit an act of such flagrant injustice as to wrest from them their property. Mr. Buxton's attempt met with a disgraceful, but well merited, defeat. Mr. Canning detected the hypocritical duplicity of that too pious personage, and after bestowing on him a vapulation, which, only to read, makes one almost pity the humiliated object of such a chastisement, proposed other resolutions, which were adopted by Parliament. Those resolutions are to the same purport as the intimation before alluded to from Sir G. Murray, and they lay down the principle on which the work of improvement is to be carried, and the means by which it is to be ultimately effected, so clearly as to leave no room for cavil or equivocation. They are:—

“That it is expedient to adopt effectual and decisive measures for meliorating the condition of the slave population in his Majesty's colonies.

“That, through a determined and persevering, but at the same time judicious and temperate enforcement of such measures, this House looks forward to a progressive improvement in the character of the slave population, such as may prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects.

“That this House is anxious for the accomplishment of this purpose *at the earliest period that shall be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property.*”

With these resolutions, wise and righteous in spirit, and moderate in tone, the West India body in England concurred as far as their powers enabled them to do so, and recommended their adoption to the several colonial legislatures. It has been asserted that they also approved of the further regulations, which, in the shape of orders in council, were transmitted by Lord Bathurst to such of the colonies as possess no independent authority, and are therefore under the controul of this government; that assertion is untrue, and known to be untrue by the persons who have been most busy in spreading it. If therefore we thought fit to advocate the cause of the free West India colonies with the feeling of partizans, we should rest their case upon the obedience

they had shown to Mr. Canning's resolutions, which alone had any force upon them, and to which alone their agents had given their concurrence; but we have no disposition to treat a question of so much importance to the political and commercial interests of Great Britain, (important, no doubt, to the colonies, but of an importance incalculably greater to this country than to the colonies) on any such narrow grounds. We will put the case higher, and show what the colonists have done towards effectual and earnest improvement, and we shall be content to rest their claims to more worthy treatment than they have yet experienced, on the result of that statement.

The orders in council, which Lord Bathurst transmitted to all the colonies, embraced about twelve heads, which were recommended by him as the means of effecting that amelioration in the condition of the slaves which was admitted on all heads to be so desirable. They were—

*First*, to provide the means of religious instruction and Christian education for the slave population.

*Secondly*. To put an end to markets and to labour on the Sunday, and to appropriate that day entirely to rest and recreation, and to religious worship and instruction; and instead of Sunday, which had hitherto been the day on which, in most of the colonies, the slaves had cultivated their provision grounds, to allow them equivalent time on other days for that purpose.

*Thirdly*. To admit the testimony of slaves in courts of justice.

*Fourthly*. To legalize the marriages of slaves, and to protect them in the enjoyment of their connubial rights.

*Fifthly*. To protect the slaves by law in the acquisition and possession of property, and in its transmission by bequest or otherwise.

*Sixthly*. To remove all the existing obstructions to manumission, and to grant to the slave the power of redeeming himself, and his wife and children at a fair appraisement.

*Seventhly*. To prevent the separation of families by sale, or otherwise.

*Eighthly*. To prevent the seizure and sale of slaves detached from the estate or plantation to which they belong.

*Ninthly*. To restrain generally the power, and to prevent the abuse, of arbitrary punishment at the will of the master.

*Tenthly*. To abolish the degrading corporal punishment of females.

*Eleventhly*. To abolish the use of the driving whip in the field, either as an emblem of authority, or as a stimulus to labour.—And

*Twelfthly*. To establish savings' banks, for the use of the slaves.

In every one of the colonies to which these resolutions were addressed, whether they were received as mere intimations or as possessing a character of authority, steps have been taken to comply with them. In Barbadoes an act has been passed which the government of this country has confirmed, and which Mr. Huskinson described as containing "unequivocal advances to a better system of law, of which his Majesty is graciously pleased to mark his approbation by its allowance." In St. Vincent a similar bill was passed, and was received with equal approbation, which was intimated by the Secretary of State to the Governor in these terms. "His Majesty has observed with satisfaction the progress made by those enactments in the measures to be taken for the improvement in the state of the slave population. Upon a revision of the whole of this law, I am commanded by his Majesty to express

his satisfaction with the general disposition of the council and assembly to adopt the recommendations which have been addressed to them on this important subject." The law passed by the legislature of Grenada for the same purposes, provides for the evidence of slaves in all cases, for the abolition of Sunday markets, and permits all free-born coloured people to sit on juries. The new slave law of Dominica has been confirmed, and his majesty has been pleased to commend the disposition which the legislature of that colony has manifested "in many of the provisions of those acts to improve the condition of the slave population," and to acknowledge "that they are framed, in general, in such a manner as to promote the well-being of that class of society." The bills passed at St. Christopher's have been approved of, and that circumstance notified to the governor in terms of warm encomium. At Nevis eight bills of a similar import have been passed, on which the determination of the privy council has not yet transpired; although, from their resemblance to those of St. Christopher's, no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the matter. A bill was drawn up by the Assembly at Tortola, providing for the same objects in the Virgin Islands; but its progress has been suspended, owing to the death of the late Attorney-General at St. Christopher's, to whom it had been sent for revision. The law passed in the Bahamas has been approved of by the government of this country, and the disposition which has been there manifested "to acquiesce in so large a proportion of the suggestions which were made by His Majesty's command for the improvement of the condition of the slave population of that colony" has been strongly recommended. At Tobago an act has also been confirmed, which Lord Bathurst characterizes as comprising many humane and judicious enactments very materially contributing to the improvement of the slave laws. And, in Antigua, the opinion expressed by Sir Patrick Ross, the governor, in a speech to the Houses of Legislature (June, 1827), proves most satisfactorily the point to which the work of amelioration has there been carried. "It gives me pleasure," he said, "to assure you, that my experience, during the last twelve months, has enabled me to form the most favourable judgment and conviction of the reciprocity of attachment which I have observed invariably to exist between the higher orders and proprietors throughout this colony on the one part, and the slave population on the other. An attachment which could have originated alone, and been gradually cemented by, those benevolent and humane feelings, which you with justice attribute to yourselves, and which are confirmed by the various enactments which are already contained in your code of laws."

In recapitulating what has been done by other colonies, we have left out the case of Jamaica, as well because it occupies an important and distinct feature in the subject, as because it has been singularly exposed to the successful misrepresentations of the malignant enemies of the colonies. We now, however, proceed to it. In Jamaica, where the orders in council had no more force than the blank paper they were written on, the legislature prepared and passed an act for consolidating the slave laws then in existence, and for adding such other provisions as had become necessary. The preamble of that act states its express object to be "to promote the moral and religious instruction of the slaves, by means whereof their general comfort and happiness may be increased as far as is consistent with due order and subordination, and the well-being of

the colony." A more perfect and unqualified recognition of the principle of the resolutions of the House of Commons cannot be conceived. An examination of the substance of the act will shew how far the legislature of Jamaica have evinced a disposition to carry into effect the specific recommendations of Lord Bathurst: a disposition not generated by any notion that those recommendations possessed even the shadow of authority, but a gratuitous and spontaneous inclination on the part of the colonists to fulfil the promise which had been made in their names, and to go as far as prudence would permit them in the very path pointed out by the government of this country.

In considering what has been done by the legislature of Jamaica, the fact must never be lost sight of, that regulations which are not only wise and humane, but which would be absolutely just in this country, are, in many respects, wholly inapplicable to the state of negro slaves—that they must be prepared gradually for the improvement they are to undergo, and that the first steps towards such improvement must be the releasing them from the ignorance, and from the practices of that degrading superstition which is a characteristic of the nations of Africa; in short, that before they can be made free, they must be made Christians. With a view to this important point, and in compliance with the first of the requisitions, the proposed act directs the owners of slaves to endeavour, as much as in them lies, to instruct their slaves in the principles of the Christian religion, whereby to facilitate their conversion; and requires them to do their utmost endeavours to fit their slaves for baptism, and to cause them to be baptized, which ceremony clergymen are directed to perform without any fee.

The spirit of the second regulation is carried into effect by the colonial legislature by an enactment, the preamble to which recites, that "it is expedient to render the Sabbath as much as possible a day of rest and for religious worship;" and which then provides, that no levy shall be made on slaves under any description of process, on Saturday or Sunday—that the slaves shall be allowed one day in every fortnight to cultivate their own provision grounds, exclusive of Sundays, except during the time of crop; and that the number of days so allowed to the slaves, for the cultivation of their own grounds, shall be at least twenty-six in the year, exclusive of holidays at Christmas and other accustomed festivals; that no person shall hire the slaves of others to work for them on the Sundays or holidays; that, during the crop, not only shall the slaves be exempted from labour on Sundays, but that no mills shall be put about or worked between the hours of seven o'clock on Saturday night and five o'clock on Monday morning; and, for the purpose of preventing that violation of the Sabbath, which the Sunday markets had been found to give rise to, no white person, or persons of free condition, shall expose on a Sunday, after the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, any goods or provisions for sale in any market, or in any shop or other place. When it is remembered, that the distances at which some of the negroes reside from the markets of their several parishes or districts renders it necessary that they should have time enough allowed to reach them; that under the old law, the markets might be kept open till nine o'clock at night; and that the act from which we quote was only proposed to remain in operation for three years (after which the result of this experiment would form the basis for future regulations), it will not be denied that every disposition has been shewn by the colonists to comply with the resolu-

tions of parliament, and with the wishes of the government; and that, of all things, they least deserve the imputation which has been cast upon them by Mr. Huskinson, of proposing a systematic violation of the Sabbath.

The third resolution relates to the admission of the evidence of slaves. On this head the act agreed to by the Colonial Assembly, provided that in all criminal cases the evidence of slaves should be received *on any complaint, inquisition, or prosecution*, with the single qualification, that the slaves so giving evidence should first have been baptised—an equivalent to the provisions of the English jurisprudence, which require that a witness should be acquainted with the nature of an oath, and should believe that it is binding on his conscience.\* It went on to enact, that objections as to the competency or credibility of slave witnesses should be received in the same, and no other manner, as they would be received respecting white persons, and persons of free condition; and added the salutary and necessary caution, that the consistent evidence of two slaves, who should be examined apart from each other, should be given within twelve months from the commission of the crime charged, before any white or free person should be convicted under it. These provisions go far beyond the recommendations made on this subject by the British Government, which declared expressly, that “the admission of the evidence of slaves is not to extend to cases where a white person, or person of free condition shall be charged with, or prosecuted for any capital crime.” And it is a most important fact, that during the very short operation of the act now under consideration, the evidence of slaves was admitted in two capital cases. In one, the offender, a white man, was convicted, partly on slave evidence, of murder; and in the other a man of colour was convicted of manslaughter, solely on such evidence.

The fourth resolution has for its object the legalization of the marriage of slaves. On this point the proposed act provided, that slaves who had been baptised, may be married by any clergyman of the established church, if such clergyman should, upon examining the slaves, be satisfied that they had a proper knowledge of the nature and obligation of the contract, and should produce a written consent from their owners. In limiting the performance of this ceremony to ministers of the established church, the colonial legislature not only adopted a precaution, which their experience and local knowledge of the state of the colony had

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\* The true construction which the English Government intended to put on the Orders in Council, is contained in a speech of the late Mr. Canning, delivered in Parliament, on the 16th of March, 1824. The whole speech is no less admirable for its honesty and benevolence than for the eloquence which it displays: every part of it might be satisfactorily appealed to by the colonists, as a vindication of their readiness to comply with the expressed wishes of the Government; but there is none that affords a more striking proof of this than that part in which he speaks of the qualifications under which slave evidence is to be received. “It would be as wild,” he said, “to say that the evidence of slaves should be indiscriminately admitted in all cases, as it would be unjust to exclude it in all cases. In this country a person in the condition of a slave—I do not mean politically but morally,—an infant, whose mind is not sufficiently expanded to be able to estimate the obligation of an oath, is not permitted to give evidence. It is first ascertained by examination that the mind of the infant is in fact so matured as to be capable of comprehending that obligation. It would be improper to admit the evidence of blacks without a similar guard.”—(*Canning's Speeches*, vol. v. p. 204, Ridgway's edition.) Compare this with the disallowed Slave Law Consolidation Act of Jamaica, and let any honest man say whether the Legislature of that Island have not fulfilled the spirit—nay, whether they have not exceeded the utmost scope, of that order in council.

convinced them is necessary, but they also adhered to the law of England relating to the same subject.

The fifth resolution concerns the acquisition and transmission of property by slaves. By the fifteenth section of the proposed act, which recites that the usage of Jamaica has always been to permit slaves to possess personal property, and that it is expedient that such laudable custom should be established by law, a penalty is inflicted on any person who shall take away from, or deprive a slave of any species of personal property; and the next section provides, that any pecuniary bequest or legacy of a chattel to a slave, shall be valid. In this respect, it must be admitted, that the act falls somewhat short of the recommendation of Parliament, inasmuch as the slave has no personal remedy for property which may be withheld from him. This, however, is a defect which must be ascribed, not to any unwillingness on the part of the colonists to do all that has been required of them by this Government, but to an unfitness in the present state of things, on the part of the slaves, to receive all the advantages which the benevolence of the British legislator intended to confer on them. The very essence of the condition of slaves is their dependence on their masters; that condition secures for them many immunities, and brings with it some unavoidable disabilities. Consistently with that condition, they can neither have the time nor the means of engaging in litigation; but, again it must be observed that the amelioration of the condition of the slaves must be progressive; that the operation of this act is intended to be only temporary; and that even if any immediate alteration were necessary, that alteration might be shortly and easily made. In the mean time, no honest man can deny that a sincere desire has been evinced by the Legislature of Jamaica to go as far, in this particular case, as their own convictions, and a due regard to their own interests, justified them in complying with the terms of the requisition. To give the slaves the means of acquiring landed property while they remain slaves, would be wholly absurd, because they cannot have either the means of enjoying such property or of making it productive; and they would be at the same time placed in a condition wholly inconsistent with all the relations and incidents that now belong to them.

The sixth resolution is devised to facilitate the manumission of slaves. This point is an extremely debateable one, and that upon which the greatest difficulty of the whole case rests. It is that to which the advocates for general emancipation look with an eager interest; but, as it is also one which involves to a considerable degree the property of the colonists, they are naturally desirous that such protection should be afforded to the rights they possess, as is consistent with those laws, and that policy of the British government under which they have been induced to invest their capital, and to bestow their enterprize and exertions in the acquisition of such property. At the same time, that they are neither slow in their endeavours, nor insincere in their expressed readiness to co-operate with the government in the design which has been formed, is clear from the enactments they have proposed on this subject. The question of compulsory manumission, forms no part of the parliamentary resolutions, has been in no shape agreed to by the West India body, and has, moreover, been by common consent postponed for the present. From the necessity, induced by the state of society in Jamaica, it is requisite to provide, that the owners of slaves shall not get rid of the

burthen of maintaining their slaves in sickness or old age, and therefore the proposed act provides against owners availing themselves of the pretext of manumitting their slaves, to cast upon the general community the care and expence of providing for such of them as may be past their labour. With this one just restriction, every possible facility is afforded to the manumission of slaves; they may be disposed of by will, they may be freed by persons having legal or equitable estates in them for life; and in case of dispute, the value having been ascertained by proper officers, the mode of doing which is pointed out by the act, the amount may be paid into the Court of Chancery, which has power to decide on the claims of parties who may be entitled to it, so that the liberation of the slave cannot be postponed by reason of "the law's delay," or the disputes of parties. It has been usual, under the existing law of Jamaica, to require from the persons by whom slaves have been manumitted, a bond for the purpose of indemnifying the parish against the expences to be incurred by maintaining the persons so freed, if they shall become chargeable by reason of age or infirmity; this bond is dispensed with in manumissions by will, to which the law proposed to give immediate effect, and also in those cases in which the owner shall give satisfactory proof that the slave is not old or infirm.

The seventh resolution is directed against the separation of families by the sale of any of their members to different proprietors—a practice which was never common in Jamaica—which by universal consent has long ceased to exist, excepting in very rare instances, and which might obviously be the cause of great grief and agony to the persons who are the objects of the proposed regulation. The act of which we are speaking—one of the purposes of which is to give the effect of law to customs which are so common as to require such an enactment only for form's sake—provides, that in all cases where a levy shall be made by any deputy-marshall or collecting constable of a family or families, (that is, the only case in which such a sale is ever known to take place) such family or families shall be sold together or in one lot. In the hope of preventing the possibility of doubt or misconception as to the word families, (a vain hope, as it should seem, from Mr. Huskisson's despatch) a former act is quoted in the same section, and its definition of a family adopted, in which it is expressly stated to consist of "a man and his wife, his or their children." Any sale made contrary to this provision, would have been void, and might be set aside.

With respect to the eighth resolution, the proposed act contains no provision, and for a very obvious reason. The slaves being, by the laws of England, the property of their owners, must be subject to the incidents of all property, so far as the interests of those owners are concerned. All that humanity requires having been, as we have shown it is, provided for by the act, that mistaken philanthropy, or that affected benevolence which would indulge itself at the expence of others, is not to be so far encouraged as to defeat the just claims of honest creditors, to unsettle the established law of property, or to be made the means of protection and impunity to fraudulent debtors; and what other effects than these the resolution could produce, if it were carried into effect, would be difficult to conceive.

The ninth resolution proposes to restrain the power of arbitrary punishment at the will of the master. No one will venture to deny—no one can affect to doubt, that if such punishment could be wholly abo-

lished, it would be in the highest degree desirable; but of the practicability of such an abolition there may be much question, under the existing state of things. To persons disposed to investigate this matter with fairness and candour, and with a sincere and honest desire to arrive at the truth, in order that they may apply the most speedy and effectual remedy to an evil which every one possessing human feelings must be most desirous of putting an end to, the state of Hayti offers a useful example. There the existence of slavery was abolished at once; five and twenty years have elapsed since the freedom (as it is called) of that republic was achieved, in the midst of tumult the most frightful, and excesses the most sanguinary and revolting. The consequences have been, that the population has lamentably decreased, the revenues are in a state of the utmost uncertainty and poverty, the strength of the country is almost annihilated, even for the purposes of defence, religion is little better than a name, and all progress towards the education and moral improvement of the people is at a stand still. We would not be understood to say that such must be the result of emancipation under any circumstances; but we do insist, that with such an example before their eyes, legislators would do well to carry on the work they have undertaken with caution; and that, whatever fanatics may think, and designing persons may assert, there is no safe or certain way of effecting emancipation, but by patient and prudent measures, which shall have been carefully tried by the test of experiment. In Hayti it has been said with an appearance of triumph, compulsory labour is unknown. Sir G. Murray observed on a recent occasion in the House of Commons, that unless the power of coercing labour was abolished, it appeared to him that government was acting in a circle, and that when it had done all it proposed to do, it would find itself at the point at which it set out. What will he say to the evidence furnished by the Hayti papers, which have been published since that remark was made? What will the advocates for immediate emancipation say when they find that the practical results of their scheme have been the decrease of one-third of the population of the only country in which it has been tried, in a period of five and twenty years, the desolation and irreclaimable poverty of a state which is one of those most favoured by nature, and which was formerly one of the most prosperous on the face of the globe? The system of military inspection established by Toussaint, which was infinitely more severe than any coercion that had ever before been practised in Hayti, or than has at any period existed in the British colonies, was abolished in 1806. The blessed effects of the law then adopted are obvious. At a much later period the Code Rural, to which the anti-colonists appeal with all the confidence of ignorance, came into operation. Mr. Mackenzie\* says of

\* Mr. Mackenzie, the late Consul-General at Hayti, in a letter to Mr. Canning, dated the 5th of March, 1827, after specifying the decrease in British imports and exports there, adds, "the insuperable indolence of the population, the extraordinary facility of acquiring the means of subsistence, render any chance of improvement hopeless; added to this, there is but one staple article of export from Hayti, viz., coffee, the cultivation of which has been so rapidly and enormously extended in other parts of the world, as to reduce its value largely. The loss in remittances has been such as to reduce, occasionally, the value of the current dollar to three shillings sterling. This diminution of value in the principle of exchangeable produce, lessens the means of purchasing foreign manufactures; and, accordingly, in the country, the labourers are, generally speaking, nearly naked; in fact, adults only wearing what is barely necessary to prevent indecent exposure, while the children of both sexes run about without covering of any kind."—*Hayti Papers*, p. 86.

that code, "the provisions are as despotic as those of any slave system that can be conceived. The labourer may almost be considered as *adscriptus glebæ*; he is deemed a vagabond, and liable to punishment if he ventures to move from his dwelling or farm, without license; he is prohibited from keeping a shop; no person can build a house in the country unconnected with a farm. Deviations from the law are punished by fine and imprisonment. The code determines the method of managing landed property; of forming contracts for cultivation between proprietor and farmer, farmer and labourer; of regulating grazing establishments; the rural police or the inspection of the cultivation and cultivators; of repressing vagrancy; and of the repair and maintenance of the public roads. Lastly, it affixes the penalty of fine in some cases, and in others of indefinite imprisonment, at the option of the judge of the peace." Let the spirit of this be-praised law, be compared with that which the legislature of Jamaica proposed for the protection and amelioration of the slaves in that island, and let the state of the agricultural population of the one be compared with that of the other, and the British colonists need ask no other justice to be done to them. All that they can do with respect to compulsory labour, they have done. It is indispensable that they should prevent the punishment which wilful and obstinate idleness justly provokes, from being inflicted wantonly or degenerating into cruelty. If the disallowed act has failed in this respect it is defective; if it has guarded it with the best cautions and restrictions that can, under the circumstances, be devised, surely it ought to be exempt from the insulting and undeserved reproaches it has encountered. The proposed act limits the punishment of a slave at any one time, or for any one offence, or until he has recovered from any former punishment, to thirty-nine lashes if they be inflicted in the presence of the owner, and to ten lashes in his absence. In order to obviate the possibility of any cruelty being practised with impunity on the slaves, it enacts also that in case any owner, or others by their direction, shall mutilate or dismember, or wantonly or cruelly whip, maltreat, beat, bruise, wound, or imprison, or keep in confinement without sufficient support, or brand any slave or slaves, the offender shall be subject to a fine not exceeding £100, and imprisonment not exceeding twelve months, and the slave freed at the discretion of the court before whom the same shall be tried; and all provisions are added for facilitating such trials, for doing effectual justice on the offenders, and for giving to the injured slave such compensation, as the case may admit of.

The tenth section proposes to abolish the corporal punishment of females. That it "were a consummation devoutly to be wished" every man will agree, and the only reason which can be offered against the abolition is that which is furnished by the resolutions of the House of Assembly, which, as they cannot be stated in more temperate and becoming language, we take leave to quote. "Until negro women have acquired more of the sense of shame that distinguishes European females, it will be impossible, with respect to them, to lay aside altogether punishment by flogging, there being no substitute that promises to be accompanied with the same salutary dread."

The abandonment of the whip, either as an emblem of authority or as a stimulus to labour, which the eleventh section recommends, is in the present condition of the slaves pronounced, by those who are best acquainted with their habits, to be impracticable. That such will be the

ultimate consequence of the meliorating process that has been begun is certain, unless the rash measures which are threatened shall prevent it. In the mean time it will be remembered that the use of the whip has been discontinued for any other purpose than those which the laws allow, and the manner in which the protection of those laws is secured to the slaves we have already shown.

The twelfth resolution relates to the establishment of savings' banks, respecting which we believe nothing has been done, for the best of all possible reasons; but there can, we apprehend, be no objection on the part of the colonists to adopt it, if any necessity or use for it should arise.

Such are the steps which have been taken by the British West India Colonies to fulfil the wishes of Government. Some of them, as we have shown, have been commended; nearly all their regulations have been approved, with the exception of those proposed by Jamaica, and these latter have been disallowed for various reasons stated by Mr. Huskisson, (as we mentioned in our number for May last); the principal of which is disclosed in the instructions which have been sent to the Governor to allow no bill which shall contain any enactment on the subject of religion\* without a suspending clause: a condition which is contrary to the constitution of Jamaica, and which the legislators of that colony, who are as jealous of their rights as free men should be, are not likely ever to submit to. That their attempts have miscarried, must be a subject of deep regret to every one, and to them more so than to any other description of persons. They have, however, the consolation of knowing that this lamentable consequence has been produced by no fault of their own.

The great disadvantage under which the colonists have hitherto laboured, is that their intentions have been wholly misrepresented, that their honest endeavours to ameliorate the condition of their slaves have not been fairly and fully laid before the public, that they have been stigmatized as the pertinacious and incorrigible advocates of a system which, for their gain, inflicts a load of misery and oppression on a class of human beings, who have rights as indefeasible, and feelings as much entitled to protection, as any other creatures made in God's likeness. A crowd of mistaken and designing persons — for of both descriptions are the enemies of the colonies — have laboured to represent them in this light to the British public. Availing themselves of that natural sympathy which Englishmen have for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and of their detestation of the very semblance of oppression,

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\* The influence of sectarians, which has of late been most disastrously exercised against the best interests of this nation, has never been more openly or more impudently apparent than in the disallowance of the Jamaica consolidated slave law, solely because it restrained missionary dissenters from extorting money from the slaves, and from holding nocturnal meetings. A passage of Sir George Murray's letter, above quoted, forms an amusing commentary on Mr. Huskisson's dispatch, in which the disallowance is notified. Sir George Murray says, "I am aware, however, that whilst provision is made for securing to the slave sufficient time and opportunity for religious instruction, and every latitude is allowed with respect to the mode of his instruction which the spirit of toleration demands, it is very fit, notwithstanding, that certain local regulations should be established to guard against those abuses and that misapplication to which the best institutions are liable; and to obviate those disorders which might be occasioned, or the apprehension of which might at least be occasionally entertained, if an unrestricted liberty were permitted, to assemble considerable bodies of the slave population at unreasonable hours, or without the previous consent of their owners."

they have succeeded in raising a cry against them which they keep up with that blind and untiring industry which as often characterises the machinations of bad men as the enthusiasm of good ones. One moment's reflection ought to convince every man who can think for himself, that since, by the operation of English laws, and under the express and often repeated sanction of the British Government, the slaves have become the property of their owners, the latter are not very likely wantonly to ill-treat the former. No person of common sense can believe that the owners of slaves will, by cruelty or severity, by flogging or over-tasking them, prevent their increase or destroy their capability of making those exertions on which the very bread of their owners depends. It would be a tale just as credible, that the old ladies who subscribe to the Anti-Slavery Associations would throw the dividends they receive upon their stock into the river Thames—or that the man who breeds cattle should wantonly torture or dismember his beasts—as that a slave-owner should ill-treat his slaves. But the case does not rest upon probability. Here are a series of laws framed, by the Colonial Government, tendered by them for the sanction of this country, in which they expressly provide for the security of the persons, for the comforts, for the gradual amelioration of the condition of the slaves, and for their liberation when that may become practicable. Let any one look at the provisions of these several laws, and if he dare afterwards say that the several legislatures, as well those which have been approved of as that of which the proposed law has been so strangely rejected, have shown themselves unwilling to aid the progress of improvement or to meet the wishes of this Government, he must be one who has no reverence for truth and candour, no regard for the opinions of honest and thinking men, or else he must be strong in the belief that the affectation of sanctity and charity can impose upon all the world.

It will be said—it has been said—that the legislature of Jamaica has not gone far enough; that the provisions they have made fall short of the purpose to which they ought to be directed. That is a point very much open to discussion: the diversity of opinion which prevails on these subjects cannot, perhaps, be easily, and ought not to be hastily settled. It may happen, as it always does in such matters, that the consolidation of the laws has not been perfectly accomplished. Does not the whole history of jurisprudence, particularly of modern jurisprudence, show that the task is a very difficult one, that the wisest and most cautious provisions want revising, and that experience alone only can shew in what respect a code may chance to be defective, and where it ought to be amended? What has been the result of the recent attempts in France? what has been the success of Mr. Peel's attempt to consolidate some branches of the criminal law of England? what has been done, after years of labour, with the commission for inquiry into the equitable jurisdiction? why, if the work be an easy one, are the labours of some of the most enlightened lawyers perhaps in the world now being exercised on the several branches of the law relating to real property in this country? Who can judge of local interests so well as the persons who are most conversant with them? What statesman, following his own notions of abstract right, would compel a whole community, of whose habits he can know little or nothing, to conform to a rule of local government prescribed by himself? or, what is worse, and applies more directly to the present case, prescribed by the ignorant, prejudiced, and, sometimes, dishonest views

of the sworn foes of the people against whom that rule is to be established. With respect to slavery, no man advocates it. As regards Jamaica, no man is called upon to justify it; because it is by the law, not of Jamaica, but of England, that it has been established in that colony. Upon the question of amelioration, no doubt exists among free and Christian men; and that the legislatures of the several colonies, and none more than Jamaica, have shown themselves ready powerfully to assist that good work, their proposed enactments triumphantly testify as honourably to themselves as the denial of their fair intentions is disgraceful to their enemies.

We have provoked—in common with all persons who have ever ventured to appeal on this subject from falsehood and prejudice, to common sense and justice—the ireful invectives of a certain notorious periodical called the “Anti-Slavery Reporter,” and for which it would not be difficult to find a more appropriate cognomen.” The general character of the publication is so well known that we should have hardly condescended to reply to it, but that the indolence of those whose business it ought to be to expose its misrepresentations has given it a sort of currency; and when any of those members of the House of Commons who are the constant antagonists of the colonies and the interests connected with them, have occasion for a startling lie, which they do not care to vouch for themselves, they find it, or have it made for them, in the “Anti-Slavery Reporter.” The ingenious person who “does” it, is a sort of murder-monger to the general body, and frightens the old ladies of Clapham once a month with tales “most incredibly attested,” of atrocities that never existed but in his fertile imagination. The style is something between that of *Manworm* and Mr. Wilberforce, flowery as the one, and vehement as the other.

“Scarce so much learning as makes felons’ scape,  
Less human genius than God gives an ape,”

this worthy gentleman finds good enough for his purpose and for his readers; and, with a very accurate notion of the value of his productions, they are given away every month by the handful to any body who will condescend to accept them. He has honoured us with his abuse, and has, in his charity, consigned us already to that place in the public execration which has been well deserved by the advocates of the slave trade (we, who never did him harm, and who abominate the slave trade and all that belongs to it, as much as we hate all canting hypocrites!). This we might have let pass, but although we do some violence to our own feelings, and little good, we suspect, to our cause, by noticing so utterly contemptible an assailant; yet, since he has brought against us a charge of misrepresentation, we owe it to ourselves to waste three words upon him.

He says that our former article is an epitome of Mr. Barclay’s exploded work. In the first place it is untrue that Mr. Barclay’s work is exploded, or that it has ever been satisfactorily contradicted; it has on the contrary, gone through three editions, which have not been *given away*, and is well known to be a book of authority, written with honest intentions, and displaying as much good feeling as information: two particulars in which it differs from every thing the “Anti-Slavery Reporter” ever yet produced. In the next place, that our article is an epitome of it, is a pitiful falsehood, the satisfactory proof of which will be apparent on looking at the two works, which have no other resem-

blance than is unavoidable on all writings on the same subject. The honest Reporter then takes four several points, in which he accuses us of falsification. The first is, that we have said "the slaves in Jamaica do not work for a greater number of hours than the agricultural labourers of Great Britain." We say so again, and defy contradiction—and we say, moreover, that the artizans and mechanics of Great Britain work for still longer periods, and that many of them have less comfort and enjoyment as the reward of their labour than the slaves of Jamaica. His second charge against us is for having asserted that the practice of enforcing the labour of slaves by the whip, has been almost, if not wholly, discontinued in Jamaica. Without condescending to notice the dishonest artifice by which he has extracted from a long paragraph a single sentence the meaning of which can only be understood by the context; without referring again to the provisions of the law which provides for the safety of the persons of slaves against any cruelty by their masters, we stand upon the very letter of our former assertion, and in support of it we quote an authority, at least equal to that of this scribbling Mawworm—the Report of the House of Assembly of Jamaica—who in replying to an objection of Mr. Huskisson's on this subject, say "on many properties the whip is no longer an instrument of punishment, and the use of it will soon be so generally discontinued, as to enable the legislature to restrict or abolish it by law." His third complaint is that we have stated "the use of the whip, save as the punishment of crime, is discontinued;" and the proof that we are right in saying so is contained in the law we have referred to, and the sentence we have just quoted. In the fourth place, Mawworm is touched to the quick by a sentence in which we said, "If some of those good-natured dreaming people, who take for granted all that they have been told on the other side, ask why we have left out of the picture the torture to which slaves are put, at the mere caprice of their masters, the dismemberments, the chainings, the wanton floggings, the separate selling of slaves who are united in families, the cruel severing of nature's sweetest and holiest ties, the answer is, that if such atrocities ever existed, they have for many years past ceased to disgrace the colonies;—that to assert they now exist in any degree, is a foul, gross, malignant calumny; the falsehood of which is notorious to every one who has taken the trouble to read and examine the evidence on the subject, and more notorious to none than to the crafty forgers of these monstrous lies."

Is this not true? Do not the conduct of the colonists of Jamaica, the law they proposed, and their vindication of that law, establish beyond doubt or dispute that what we have said is true? Does it not prove also that the sentence which follows, and which Mawworm would not venture to quote, is true also?\*

But we are shocked at finding ourselves insensibly engaged in a contest with such an antagonist. It is upon other grounds that the case of the colonies rests; and however the equitable and most desirable adjustment of such differences as exist may be retarded by the machinations of such an assailant, and by those of his

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\* Relying upon the public appetite for whatever partakes of the marvellous—upon the proneness of uncharitable nature to believe imputations of evil rather than to receive proofs of good deeds—and more than all, upon the supineness and apathy of the West Indian proprietors, their enemies have exerted themselves indefatigably, and to a certain extent successfully, to create a public prejudice against the colonists, and to engage the co-operation of Government to their ruin.

prompters, it cannot be prevented. For ourselves, we protest we blush at having to reply to such a person; and as Swift said, upon a somewhat similar occasion, "Nothing can be more mortifying than to reflect that we are of the same species with a creature capable of uttering so much scurrility, dulness, falsehood, and impertinence, to the scandal and disgrace of human nature."

It is upon the broad basis of public justice, of humanity, and of good policy, that the colonists rest their case. And it is because we believe that it is a question of deep and momentous interest to England, that we have thought it right that it should be, for once, truly stated. They have proved to the Government of this country, and to the whole world, that they have no other interest, no other desire than to settle the question between them on the very terms proposed by the existing administration—that they have exerted themselves strenuously (it is the shame of others that those exertions have been rendered fruitless) in promoting "the gradual elevation of the moral character of the slave population;" and that all they ask for, is "the due protection of all the rights of property, which existing laws have vested in the owners of slaves."

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#### THE FRIENDLESS ACTRESS!

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"The bewitching Miss Foote has certainly been as much admired in her present provincial tour, as she has been ill-treated by managers. She has no town engagement, and she has declared herself 'without a friend!'"—*Country Paper.*

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HANG all politicians! I'm sick of their tidings,  
 Of cabinet trickings, and patriot backslidings;  
 How this rogue has ratted, and that rogue has jobbed;  
 How many good pounds t'other rascal has fobbed;  
 How sycophant Banks has sneaked back to his place,  
 Yet still walks the streets, and looks men in the face:  
 I value them all, at their worth, a rope's end;  
 But my heart's-blood's all up, to hear Foote wants a friend!

What care I if Peel by all mankind is cut;  
 If Tindal's a booby, or Lethbridge a butt;  
 If Melville hangs booing at Wellington's heels;  
 If Lyndhurst takes physic, and throws up the seals;  
 If Palmerston bellows, or Huskisson snivels;  
 If Grant plays the pious, or Castlereagh drivels?—  
 But two things there are that I can't comprehend—  
 How Fitzgerald can find, or sweet Foote want, a friend!

Oh! where are the ensigns and captains so brave;  
 And where are the judges and lawyers so grave;  
 And where are the sheriffs and knights of the shires;  
 And where are the doctors, and where are the 'squires;  
 And where are the ploughmen, and where are the players;  
 Nay, are even the Methodists turning betrayers?—  
 But the sky's coming down, and the world's at an end,  
 When beauty like your's, pretty Foote, wants a friend!

And where is that play-going colonel of thine,  
 So famed for old wit, and so famed for new wine;  
 Who fills all the country with lispng young sinners—  
 Who never choaks woman or man with his dinners—  
 Whom none of the sex to the altar can bring—  
 Who, less than a lord, is as wise as a king—  
 Who will love, drink, and dun, and do all things but lend?—  
 In short, pretty Foote, have you lost your old friend?

And where is that exquisite saver of shillings,  
 With his tinder-box soul, and his cooings and billings?  
 The puppy! to think that his pair of white eyes,  
 And his kid-covered fingers, could hold such a prize!  
 Be hanged to both coxcombs! the deaf and the dumb—  
 The man of new wine, and the man of new rum!  
 But brains and old women no lawyers can mend;  
 So you kicked Peagreen off, much too green for a friend!

Sweet actresses! think of this fruit of your labours,  
 When you scamper from home after fiddles and tabors!  
 See the beauty that kindled a blaze in each breast,  
 From the cit in the east, to the lord in the west—  
 Who has flirted in Juliets, in Imogens blubbered,  
 By Richards been jilted, by Jaffiers been slobbered—  
 Who has made Rogers blush, and Charles Kemble bend—  
 More shame for the world—at a loss for a friend!

You may play Desdemonas to ragged Othellos,  
 With neither their eyes nor their pantaloons fellows;  
 You may walk *en chemise* with undone Mrs. Shore,  
 And rant till your'e hoarse at your length on the floor;  
 Spoil dozens of dresses, break hundreds of laces,  
 And disfigure your own by all horrid stage faces;  
 Or gaze upon ghosts, with your hair all on end;—  
 And yet, for your pains, be in want of a friend!

You may smile from a throne on a courtful of knights;  
 You may walk in a churchyard in all kinds of frights;  
 You may play in a stable, or dance on a green—  
 To-day be Pope Joan, and to-morrow a queen;  
 May ride on a moon-beam, and sing like a fairy;  
 May feed your own sheep, or be maid of a dairy;  
 May play all that England's worst blockheads have penned;—  
 And yet come to your exit in want of a friend!

Betwixt Bristol and Bath, at five shillings a night,  
 You may fly, dance, and die with the speed of a sprite;  
 You may romp Little Pickles, Paul Prys, and Tom Thumbs;  
 Be the victim, in short, of all nonsense that comes;  
 Be sea-sick, and land-sick, and tired as a hound,  
 And wish you were banished, or wish you were drowned;  
 And wish Diamond hanged—for he's hopeless to mend—  
 And yet, like sweet Foote, be in want of a friend!

## THE MAN OF ILL-OMEN.

SOME years since, as I was lounging over my breakfast in one of the hotels of Rome, my valet rushed into my chamber, with a face writhing with consternation, joy, and a hundred other passions, for which none but an Italian face was made. I apprehended a new invasion of the Turks, the failure of Torlonia's house, or the general conflagration. But when my Roman could speak, his speech was—"The mountain! the mountain! Vesuvius is on the point of a new eruption; there has not been one these twenty years; all the English are going to see it. If Milord waits another minute, there will not be a post-horse in the states of his Holiness disengaged."

The rattle of equipages in the Piazza di Spagna told me that my road-loving countrymen were already on the alert. I ordered the newspaper for further information; but my valet's look was now as expressive as it had been on the tidings of the mountain. The finger on the lip, and the shrug of the shoulders, additionally told me that I might consult its pages in vain. It was even as he said. Not a word on the subject was suffered to enter the *Diario*. The affair was a matter of state, and the only allusion to it was a paragraph stating, that "a meeting of cardinals had just been summoned on an affair of particular importance, connected with the arrival of a courier from Naples." I left the conclave to settle the question of treason with the mountain, and followed the tide. Curricles, post-chaises, britchskas, and berlines, were rolling along the Pontine, without the fear of banditti before their eyes, and loaded with a living freight of English beauty and English bronze, the hysteric population of Mayfair, tossing over roads rough as their original quarries, ploughing through floods of alternate sand and mire, and musquito-bitten from instep to eyebrow. But the sex are incomparable in every way; and Science, daughter of Italian skies, and sharing its honours only with that exquisite Sensibility which converts the English prude into the most outrageous of foreign coquettes, and makes her scorn the dull distinctions between the "friend" and the husband; alike elevates the soul, and invigorates the sinews. Praise be to the land of fat monks, mustachiod heroes, and soft sentimentality, boundless and glowing as it can be made by a sovereign contempt for the frigid decencies of England!

I struggled on through the scientific multitude, arrived at Naples, and found that for once a Roman valet had told the truth. The mountain was giving signs of one of those explosions which, from time to time, relieve the rabble-population of this picturesque and very profligate kingdom from being buried in general ruin by an earthquake. Naples was all in a tumult—perfectly resembling the confusion in which I have seen some of the great continental cities on the approach of a French army, with Napoleon at its head. But the tumult here was one of exultation. The innkeepers, the gamblers, the nobles, and the lazzaroni, all saw their harvest in the eruption. The mountain, it is true, poured down nothing but smoke and lava; but, by the magic of the "social system," every puff of smoke and every burst of lava was turned into gold.

I soon grew sick of the city. Dust, heat, confusion, and extortion, are sufficient reasons for hating any city on earth; and I took refuge in one of the dilapidated villas that the noblesse of Sorrento let out at

fifty times their value to my much-enduring and well-plundered countrymen. The mountain was still tardy in its performances, and I was not unwilling to wait its leisure. A roar like that of distant artillery now and then gave signs that the battle was at hand; and then died away, as if the belligerent spirits of the mountain had made up their quarrels, and, like continental kings, were satisfied with having made fools of the English. But the mountain-mania was as wild in Sorrento as in the Strada di Toledo. Every living soul was full of it, and every one seemed to have registered life only by the movements of this paragon of fireworks. "It is twenty years since we have had an eruption!" said a monk loaded with flesh and sanctity, as he toiled along under my window, counting his beads. "It is twenty years since we had an eruption!" resounded a troop of peasants, hurrying to market with their water-melons. "It is twenty years since we had an eruption!" was the cry of the four postilions of an English duke and his suite, as they rushed by, clattering their whips, and raising a dust that almost hid Vesuvius itself. All the world were moving up the mountain like swarms of ants; covering every gully and gorge of the mighty pyramid, and all crying out the same words. I grew tired of this, too; and, turning away from the scene of clamour and science, went unphilosophically to take my rest, and enjoy the shade of an enormous vine that, in defiance of training and trellises, hung down to the water's-edge. The "twenty years" cry was still in my ears; and I was trying to get rid of it by the wise occupation of thinking what absurdity had brought me a thousand miles, only to be choked with dust, and die of the popular scream of a rabble of Neapolitans, when I heard it repeated at my side. I started up more angrily than became a sage. But the fellow's look was not one to give much ground for hostility. He was a jocular-visaged rogue, half in rags; but rags are no sign of humiliation in the southern paradise. The face had been handsome; the eye was still bright and black as jet; and the remains of the figure—for he had lost a leg—were those of a Hercules. In England, this fellow would have been a sturdy beggar, hunted by constables, and convertible into a highwayman on occasion. But he was here in a congenial land, privileged to all the pleasures of freedom, and living at his ease on the revenues of a cracked guitar. He approached me with the bow of a courtier, prefacing his entreaty by telling me that "it was twenty years since there had been an eruption!" I shall not say what answer I gave; but it was sufficient to astound the minstrel. He started back a few paces; but needless alarm was no part of his trade, and he returned, begging a million of pardons for having obtruded on my leisure, and requesting permission to give me a specimen of his skill on his instrument. He next tried to improvise some of the common-places, on love, absence, and the glories of Naples. But his art failed. He was full of but one topic; and he gave me a long succession of stanzas on the virtues and values of "twenty years."—

"Within the next twenty years," sang this dismantled son of Phœbus, "all the world expects to find what it wants. The trader marks it as the end of his trade, when he shall be compelled to cheat no more, and may retire to settle the affairs of his soul in a villa within sight of the bay; the lawyer expects, by that time, to labour for fees no more, but to be entitled to bribes on the bench; the man of office is to be reposing in the delights of a sinecure; the soldier is to have a brigade; and the statesman—that most unsatisfied and unpitied of all the slaves that human

folly ever made—is to be lifted beyond the chances of kingly caprice or popular ill-fortune. Twenty years to come are a life !”

The minstrel paused, and received my congratulations on his panegyric, accompanied with a slight donation.

“ But what is to be said for twenty years past ?” I observed.—He retuned his strings ; and, throwing himself instinctively into an attitude that reminded me of some of the lyric statues in the Vatican, dashed off a few shewy chords, and began :—

“ What are twenty years past ? A dream, an echo, an hour. We look on them as we look on a play, when time and distance are compressed into a scene ; or like the gazers on a map, where the eye glances from continent to continent, and a turn of the compasses measures an ocean. Yet what rich, strange, and fearful materials have the last twenty years had for the thought of the poet and the philosopher !—Kingdoms overwhelmed, and kingdoms raised ; proud dynasties dragged at the conqueror’s chariot-wheel—that conqueror himself more a wonder than all the rest, yet himself, in turn, dragged at the wheel ; Europe restored ; France stripped of the sword and shield together ; new republics starting into life in the west ; old empires struggling in the east ; colonies rising into the strength and stature of empires ; ruin, triumph, war, revolution, freedom, all the great elements of human hazard and renovation, let loose in full conflict ! And yet of this grand disturbance, what remains upon the eye ?—what more than remains on a field of battle, when the day is done ; or in a theatre, when the heroes and heroines, kings and queens, have laid by their trappings, and the curtain has fallen, and the lights are extinguished ? Or are human affairs, after all, but like Pulicinello’s wooden company—very busy things before the spectators ; but, when their hour is over, flung together into a box, there to lie as quiet, and wooden as ever ? Then comes some master-hand again : the puppets are put in motion—the show is begun—the heroes and heroines flourish—the spectators applaud, and are fleeced for the spectacle—and, finally, the puppets are flung into their box once more.”—He finished with a flourish that was to take my patriotism by storm :

“ Then let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled go play ;  
For some must watch, while some must sleep—  
Thus runs the world away !”

The quotation, recited with a tolerable attempt at the English accent, was evidently meant as a peculiar civility by one who probably scorned Shakspeare in his inmost soul as a northern barbarian ; and the compliment was acknowledged in the most congenial way, by a few pauls more than customary. The improvisatore bowed to the ground ; and, carelessly tossing the pauls into a purse capacious enough for the national treasury, told me, laughing, that “ he was rejoiced to have found a noble signor so generous, for he had observed that all those who treated him with neglect, were sure to have ill-luck.” I laughed in turn. He felt his honour implicated ; and drawing out a bottle of brandy, which he begged me to taste, and which I candidly acknowledged to be superior to any thing that I had touched south of the Apennines, he seated himself on the ground, and proceeded to demonstration.

“ Twenty years ago,” said he, “ exactly on the day of the last eruption——”

I writhed at the sound ; but he was not easily disconcerted, and with a smile he began :

—“ At daybreak I ran away from Reggio, to see what all the world was running to see—Vesuvius in his glory. I had a guitar, a passable voice, a handsome pair of legs, and a light heart. With those accomplishments, if a man cannot make his way through the world, the fault is his own ; and with those I made my way gallantly from Calabria up to nearly this very spot. But here my trials began. As I was singing a stanza, to the great applause of a circle of brown beauties, a party of officers of the Customs burst in upon us, swore that we were all smugglers together, and, having pilfered the greater number of my auditors in the name of the king, seized upon me as the ringleader. I spent that night, and some others too, in the dungeons of the custom-house. My first determination was revenge upon the whole human race ; but, as my passion cooled, I narrowed this general war to the fellow who had especially singled me out, and robbed me of my guitar besides. After a week of the usual prison pleasures under the most humane of all monarchies—that is, after being almost stifled and almost starved—I saw my custom-house friend open the door of my cell. I flew at him as far as my chain would let me, and poured my whole vocabulary of wrath on his head. He took it with a true Neapolitan sneer, promised me another week of the dungeon, and kept his word. When he returned again, I was calm. He congratulated me on my good sense, questioned me about Calabria, and finished by offering me a share of the profits of a grand smuggling transaction, in which he was the principal. I was all acquiescence. My chain fell off immediately. I was taken privately to his house, and fed like a German elector. A felucca was fitted out, and with the gains of a life of loyal extortion, I was commissioned to buy Barcelona brandies, which were to revisit the lovely shores of Naples, and rejoice the next Carnival, without troubling the collectors of his majesty’s rights and dues. My Calabrese life had trained me to the sea ; and my management of the felucca in the bay was considered a first-rate specimen of seamanship. The officer was enchanted ; so was his handsome, black-eyed, and very impudent wife. I might have carried her with me as one of the ventures ; but I owed the husband a grudge, and that at least was not the way to punish him. I sailed at last, reached Barcelona, enjoyed that delightful city for a month, and concluded my career by selling the felucca, putting the money in my purse, and enclosing my tavern bills to the signor, with a significant hint that any delay in their discharge, or any inquiry after me, would produce a public discovery of the whole affair.—You see, Milordo, I had foretold his ill-luck, and it was no fault of mine if fate would have it so.

“ But where can an Italian live out of Italy ? I sold my villa, my horses, and my share in the hazard-table of the Duke of Bandelero—a grandee who had claims to the throne of Spain ! and in company with whom I had for three months raised more dues on noble exchequers, than his Majesty of the two Indies in as many years. I sent the money on board a Florentine ship in the offing ; and, for reasons of my own, made my arrangements for bidding farewell to Barcelona and its beauties by moonlight. Night fell ; I figured at a masquerade, was the charm of a host of senoras, the envy of as many senors, and was in the act of listening to a long detail of complaints of my friend the duke from the rosy lips of the duchess herself, just as the bell tolled twelve. At the sound, I

left her to dream of me, if she liked, and galloped down to the shore. There never was a brighter moonlight, nor a smoother sea. The scene would have been incomparable for a serenade; but never was man less disposed to the picturesque. My ship was not to be seen between heaven and earth, nor on the waters of the earth. My dollars, doubloons, bills, jewels, rings set with the most jetty locks, and miniatures presented by the noblest fingers of Spanish beauty—all were gone! I grew furious; I screamed—I tore my hair—and, in the loudest tones of my voice, devoted ship, captain, and crew to more than purgatory. I called on the rocks to echo my vows against the traitors; and echo they did, with a vengeance! A roar of merriment and a shot were the echo. I was instantly in the hands of a dozen coffee-visaged thieves, fresh from Tripoli. They had touched upon the Spanish coast for information from the governor's secretary of the sailing of a vessel with royal treasure for Cadiz. A thought struck me. I told them that the vessel had put to sea, that I was sent by the secretary with the information, and that they had no time to lose. I exulted in this sudden retribution; and, having pointed out her course, was about to bid them good night. But I felt the captain's strong grasp on my shoulder at the moment. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to have a gentleman on board, to teach my fellows manners; and, as you seem to be a showy cavaliero, you cannot do better than take a trip with us.' I was thunderstruck; but where was the use of resistance? I walked on board with a heavy heart. But sorrow never sat long upon me.

"The captain was as bold a ruffian as ever swam a ship, and his felucca as pretty a sailer as ever carried a gang of robbers. The captain, too, was a man of taste; for I soon became such a prodigious favourite, that he offered to make me a true believer. 'A turban would become you,' said he; 'you have a fine marauding eye, and, to judge by your figure, it would be pity to spoil so fine a pirate by making you a grandee.'

"I liked the man. The turban was as good as the cap, and better looking. A scimitar by my side was more showy than a fisherman's pouch, or even a cartouch-box. So I took his offer; and a month's sailing made me his lieutenant. We now ran along the coast just as we pleased, and never had man a gayer time; for wherever we chased a merchantman, we took her; and wherever we fell in with a frigate, she ran away. We had made little fortunes apiece before the month was over; for I knew the coast, and I was not indelicate enough to make any distinctions between Europe and Africa. But this could not last. Off Corsica we fell in with a sloop, that, at a distance, glittered like a church-steeple. Our fellows gave a general shout, and got pike and pistol ready. They would have run through a fleet of line-of-battle ships, to lay a grappling-iron on such a prize. Still we found it impossible to make out the nature of this shining display. The captain, a pious rogue, pronounced the sloop some magical thing risen from the bottom of the deep, and covered with gold. Others would have sworn that it was the Grand Signior's barge, driven down the Mediterranean by the last east wind. But she had now caught sight of us: all her finery vanished in a moment, and away she flew like a swallow. A shot from one of our chasers, however, soon brought her to reason, by knocking down her mast. She lay quiet, and we stepped on board of the Santa Maria of Livorno. The shew that had been her ill-luck was now explained. The captain, a precious Maltese, had been freighted with a

live cargo—an opera company, bound from Lucca to Ajaccio. The captain was struck with the look of their baggage; and after casting up the balance between the passengers and their portmanteaus, settled with himself that the baggage was the better worth of the two. Under pretence of a puff of wind from the heights of Cagliari, he put them on shore for the night; and they saw no more of the captain. He was gone before a king, queen, or lover of them all, was out of their first sleep. A general overhaul of the baggage was the captain's first employment; and as, in an Italian sloop, the only merit is that it lets out sea-water as fast as it lets it in, the royal mantles, crusaders' armour, and maids-of-honour's petticoats, were found in a drowning condition. A sunny day and a brisk breeze produced a general muster of the wardrobe; and mast, shroud, and sail, hung with helmets, crowns, turbans, and embroidered pantaloons, dangling to dry, made the showy sight that caught our enamoured gaze.

“After a great deal of burlesque at the fellow's being caught in his own trap, we proceeded to divide the plunder, equipped ourselves in the finery, and held a mock trial on the Maltese, whom we unanimously condemned to the alternative of putting the turban on his head, or of having no head to put it on. The Maltese, half dead with fright, and being a profound physiognomist, took a liking to my visage, and whispered that, if I saved him from this scrape, he would be the maker of my fortune. I closed with the terms as readily as if I had been chief judge of Naples—followed him into his cabin—and there, behind a cupboard, saw one of the prettiest brunettes that ever danced a tarantella. ‘I reserved her to sell,’ said the captain, ‘when I sent the rest of her compatriots adrift; and as it was, of course, quite the same to the signora in what part of the world she made her pirouettes, it was my idea to steal a march to the Dardanelles, and see what sum the pashas would bid for La Caramboli.’

“We had now nothing to do but to steer for the Straits; and as operadancers sold as high in his highness the dey's harem as if it had been a college of cardinals, I took charge of the signora. The captain of the felucca, however, had not the sense to understand the law of the case—insisted on having the right to choose among the plunder—and offered me my choice, of jumping overboard, or being put in irons. On went the irons; and I took my revenge in telling the tyrant that ill-luck would befall him. The fellow answered me only by a blow with the flat of his scimitar. He had better have saved himself the trouble.

“I had been not half an hour chained on the poop, where I sat under a sun that would have calcined a salamander, before I saw a heavy ship looming on the horizon. The felucca was put about instantly; for the captain well knew that this was not one of his old friends, the frigates of his highness of Tuscany. After an hour or two's run, the wind dropped dead; for Mediterranean winds are like Mediterranean promises—abundance of them at all times but the time when you want them. The frigate had the wind still, and came down thundering on us from her bow-guns, with now and then, as she brought her broadside to bear, a fire from a dozen twenty-four-pounders together. This could not go on for ever. But the captain was a sturdy Mahometan, who, if he knew but little about fighting, knew nothing about surrendering. So, rather than see his plunder taken quietly from him, or go home and be hanged for the loss of the felucca, he fought like a fury. The balls fell thick; men

were soon wanting, and I was let loose, and ordered to a gun. The round shot were flying about; and, as my revenge might be put off by an accident, I resolved to lose no time. I fired away all my cartridges at once; but the gun, by miracle, did not burst; and one of the enemy's masts came tumbling over the side. Charges to the muzzle suddenly became the order of the day. The frigate soon felt the work of the new system, in ports knocked in, yards falling, and sails cut to pieces. I saw that she was getting sick of the affair, and made up my mind at once. In the hurry of the business, I scattered the contents of a barrel of powder unseen along the gunwale, slipped down to the cabin, brought up the brunette on my arm, and, throwing a cloak over her, coolly speculated on the future.

"The captain's quick eye discovered me, and he came up, raging, scimitar in hand. I knocked him down with the portfire, dropped it on the train, jumped on the bulwark, holding the signora fast, and plunged with her into the sea. A flash, a howl, and an explosion, that seemed to tear the waters to the bottom, followed almost before I fell. I was stunned,—but life is sweet; and, after rolling about for a while, the signora and I were picked up together by the boats of the enemy.

"I was now on board a French frigate, which my system had mauled as cruelly as any frigate that ever fell in with a true believer. But the French are all heroes, and, of course, love a hero. I had been conspicuous during the business; and, as I had no objection to their thinking me Alexander the Great if they chose, I gave them to understand that, but for me, they might have taken the pirate without the loss of a man. They applauded me to the skies—swore that they loved a gallant enemy, whether he believed in the Pope, or in Mahomet, or, like themselves, in nothing. I found excellent wine, capital rãgouts, and practical toleration of the gayest kind among those brave fellows; and might have lived with them till now, but for one misfortune—my pretty fellow-swimmer.

"In whatever part of the globe an opera-dancer may have been born, her soul is Parisian. My barrel of gunpowder did not catch the portfire in a more sparkling style than this enchantress the shrugs, smiles, compliments, and *calembourgs* of the French officers. I had been too obviously anxious to bring her along with me for any of those well-bred warriors to believe my protestations that I was her husband; and the captain, a French beau of the most *dégagé* species, gave various hints that he was disposed to relieve me of her guardianship. This adorer was indefatigable: he wooed with sigh and smile; sang *chansons*, which he swore he wrote; and was the most languishing of swains, except when he preferred delighting the signora with his activity in the gavottes and sarabandes that our old Spanish fiddler played with patriotic constancy. This victim of love was not quite a skeleton, was not more than bent double, and acknowledged only seventy-two years on his last birthday. His charms, however, were evidently making a rapid impression on the susceptible heart of my brunette. I was likely to lose the purchase-money of my prize. No man likes to be forced out of any thing, and I ventured on a private remonstrance. The signora's answer was in a tone which brought all the idlers of the ship round us. We were laughed at, until the lady burst into a hysteric, and I forgave. But on that night, I slept with a soundness that might have been envied by a dormouse.

"It was late in the day when I awoke: the sun was scorching the skin off my face. I opened my tardy eyes. But where was the roof of that

cabin against whose heavy beams I had so often expected to be knocked to pieces? Where was the peep of daylight through the little jail-like windows? My cabin was now wide enough, for it was the sky; my mattress was a layer of sand and shingle; and my curtain was the broad foliage of an immense cedar, that waved and nodded down to the water's-edge in as hot a blast as ever breathed African fire. The catastrophe was complete. The signora had given me this opportunity of knowing woman and the world. The old captain, *tout à fait Français*, had gallantly saved her from the pain of making any apologies to me; and a few opiate drops administered by her own fair hands, and a stout boat's crew, left me on shore ten miles from the frigate, to watch her ploughing away the azure, and curse, or laugh at, as I might, the perfidy of operadancers, and the perilous charms of youths of seventy-two!

“On what part of the globe I was thrown, was beyond all conjecture. Sand, interminable sand—a sky clear as glass, with a sun burning like a red-hot shot in the centre of it—and a level sea, where the frigate was already flying away like a phantom—were all that lay before, behind, or above me. For the first time, I felt an inclination to give up the struggle, and find in the bottom of the sea a bed from which I could not be flung by the tricks of opera divinities, the rivalry of innamoratos past their grand climacteric, nor the hands of all the boats' crews of Christendom. I will acknowledge, to my shame, that I suffered this petty accident to weigh with me; and, in two minutes more, I might have been among the sharks and lobsters of the Mediterranean, had not a shot, that whistled by my ear, broke the whole chain of my meditations. Half-a-dozen savages, lance and carbine in hand, darting from a thicket, were round me.

“I expected that this was to be the last day of my adventures, and, as life was of no use to a man who had nothing to eat, I offered it to them. But they were better judges of the value of things than to trouble themselves with taking it: they took my clothes, stripped me of every claim to an appearance in civilized society, and galloped off, leaving me to make my meal of the sand, and wash it down with the sea-water. I might now have drowned myself at my leisure; but the fit was gone by. A man is never fitter for a hero than when he has nothing to lose; and, as I compared the shrivelled wretches that had robbed me, with my own full-shaped and sinewy limbs, I determined to begin by the usual end of heroism, and turn collector of that harvest which one man sows and another man reaps, which asks neither plough nor sickle, and which finds its most arable field in the high road.

“My resolution might be slow, but my execution was rapid. After a day and a night's march, I reached a small forest, where I sheltered myself at once from sight and from sunshine. A little village was at one end of it—an Arab saint's tomb at the other. In the shrine I found a priest, who, instead of saying his prayers, was luxuriously indulging himself on his carpet with coffee and a pipe. The sight was irresistible. I sprang upon him, knocked him down with my naked hand, and, before he could recover the blow or his astonishment, was master of his breakfast, his purse, his carpet, and his pipe. Never was Mollah more completely cleared of the temptations of this world!

“But I ought to have robbed him of his voice; for, long before I could wind my way through the thicket, I heard it calling after me in all the names that African tongues ever showered on the head of the

spoiler. The whole village was instantly up in arms; and where every living creature, from the child of three years old to the man of a hundred, carries his carbine or his bow as regularly as his head, I may be supposed to have been in danger. I fled through the forest like a hare. Shots fell thick among the brambles round me. I saw the shrine, sprang in, and the saint's bones had thenceforth the honour of my companionship.

"None thought of looking for me there. The Mollah's business was done with his morning visit: he had come to feed on the offerings, and he hated ultra-activity as much as if he had been king of Spain. The villagers dreaded the resting-place of so much sanctity, and would have cut the throats of half mankind rather than violate it by an intrusive step. So, in that spot I remained a week, incomparably fed, so far as African banquets go—thriving in flesh, though horribly ennuied. But my trial drew to a close.

"One morning I observed a large, heavy-built man, with a countenance in which guile, good-humour, dulness, and a love of good eating, were moulded in every line, prowling about the tomb. My first idea was to treat him as I had done the Mollah. But I was too well-fed to be hungry; and the best time to meet even the tiger is notoriously after he has had his breakfast. Wrapped in my carpet, I approached the investigator courteously. He at first cocked his pistols; but his alarm was turned into rapture when he discovered that I was human. He had come out on a three months' journey to explore the site of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. He was an English linendraper, who, having acquired a taste for more sublime pursuits in one of the brilliant institutions of his country of philosophers, had thrown aside the measuring of long-cloth for the measuring of every stone within his reach. I found him at once civil and sullen, crafty and gullible. I gave him full opportunity for the exercise of his genius—cordially invited him to the hospitalities of the shrine—sold it to him, bones and all, for a sum of money which would have purchased an African principality—presented him with half-a-dozen inscriptions in a dialect invented for the occasion, on the strength of which he made up his mind to canvass his Royal Society—and, to complete his raptures and his collection, suffered him to sketch me in my carpet, as a native chieftain in the original costume of the Pharaohs.

"Till now, all went on swimmingly; but there was still a delicate transaction to settle between us. I applied to him for the purchase-money of the tomb, out of the enormous bag of dollars that he carried on his camel. The antiquarian asked for delay. I saw the *esprit bou-tiquière* rising within him; and, as his friend, I desired to lay it. He offered me a bill at an immense date; but my affairs required expedition. I refused the offer, and calmly told him that those who attempted to injure me were always unlucky.

"He was probably glad of the excuse for a quarrel; and he replied by one of those brief phrases in which Englishmen couch such ready opinions of every thing that stands in their way. I remembered his pistols, and bade him a very good night.

"How he enjoyed my wish, I cannot tell to this hour; for I no sooner perceived the moon go down, than I emerged from my lair, piled one of his camels with his trunk, slung the bag of dollars over the hump of the other, and instantly set off at a steady pace of seven miles an hour.

"For two days I rode across the sandy ocean, piloting my way as far

from the coast as I could, in the surmise that there my indignant antiquarian might have made my route troublesome. But just as I was beginning to grow weary of solitude, a cloud of dust rose at a distance. I trotted towards it, and found it to be a caravan of negroes marching to the coast for embarkation. I saw that here was something for a man of my style, and addressed myself to the superintendant of this battalion of sugar and indigo makers. I offered him my tribute—a flask of excellent brandy out of the Englishman's store. He swallowed it to the bottom, embraced me with tears in his eyes, suffocated me with kisses and snuff, and pronounced me a *bon sujet* on the spot. I had found the royal road to his heart, and he told me his whole story. He was from Nantes, and 'boasted but of three things on earth—his knowledge of brandy, beauty, and the slave-trade.' He was now driving the 'finest venture of negroes that had been caught for the last twenty years,' on account of one of the French ministers, who had just made a prodigious harangue against the traffic, and established his fame over Europe as an *Ami des Noirs* of the first magnitude.

"We were within a day's march of the coast, when, on entering a miserable village, whom should I find, in the midst of an Arab rabble, but my Englishman. A bag of dollars, that escaped my accurate eye, had worked the miracle. He was as furiously bent on the plunder of stones and old clothes as ever; and the tumult had arisen from his secret purchase of the travelling costume of the sheik's favourite wife. He flew to the Frenchman for protection, saw me, and charged me with robbery. I denied ever having seen his antiquarian face before. He stormed, and threatened the rigour of the law on our first reaching a civilized port. The threat put me on my mettle, and I determined that we should never reach one together. A Greek would have shot him in his bed; a Frenchman would have run him through in daylight; an Englishman would have brought an action for libel, and sent him to die in a jail; a Venetian would have invited him to his casino, and poisoned him:—but we of Naples are tender creatures. I asked him to supper; but I only made him drunk with his own brandy, and, in his sleep, painted his face as pure an ebony as ever shone on negro. The ship was at hand; the captain was a man of the world; the slave-dealer made no scruples, on condition of sharing the purchase-money; and, before the antiquarian could open his eyes next day, he was in the hold of the *Bon Citoyen* of Nantz, enjoying the finest opportunity imaginable of studying African habits, and rolling away at the rate of ten knots an hour. My friend the slave-dealer, and myself, took our coffee on the shore, while we contemplated the rapid run of the vessel, and congratulated ourselves on the good fortune of having fallen in with so capital a display of thews and sinews as the Englishman. But then came the grand affair, which has broken up so many friendships—the division of the money. The Frenchman tried to cheat me; and I was forced to warn him against the ill-luck of every one who injured me. He laughed at the idea, and proposed a bumper of brandy to our chance of coming athwart another antiquarian.

"The brandy was excellent; but I either indulged my taste too much for the laws of Mahomet, or my French friend had been trying his skill on it; for I soon fell into a strange half-slumber, not quite so solid as the Englishman's, but with a narrow escape of the same consequence. I could still hear the hum of voices; and as the slave-dealer, in his

eagerness to overpower my understanding, had very fully set me the example, the tone was rather louder than became the business. The dialogue concerned myself; and, to my sincere surprise, I heard the slave-dealer striking a bargain for the disposal of my faculties with the owner of a Sicilian chaloupe, who had joined us at our coffee, and enjoyed with infinite laughter the capture of the antiquarian. The bargain was struck in my hearing; and, if I had had any vanity, it would have been completely punished by the low price that I bore in the market. But my time was to come. My first thought was to start up, and shame both the traffickers; but my second thought told me that the probable reward of my putting them to the trouble of making apologies, would be a brace of bullets through my head. I lay in the most profound sleep that ever man wore upon his features, in the chance of having his throat cut; and, by degrees, had their whole story, and discovered they were rapidly getting drunk. The talking ceased: I awoke as they fell asleep. There was not a soul within view of the tent, which we had pitched out of sight of our rabble of drivers, to carry on the Englishman's transfer more at our ease. I arose, and made a rapid examination of their persons, which I relieved of every temptation to the lovers of watches, purses, and bills of exchange. The tent was next inquired into, thoroughly cleared, its portable contents thrown into a pair of panniers, and, on the Sicilian's mule, I took my departure under the shelving shore, in the cool of an evening that would have set a lover of the picturesque out of his senses. But I had eyes for other things than seas blue as indigo, and gold and silver tissue skies. My eyes were fully employed in looking out for the chaloupe; and gladly I saw the smoke of its little stove rising from behind one of the ridges covered with wild orange-trees that are so common along the African shore. I found the crew already more than tired of waiting for their captain, and prodigiously anxious to set sail with a little cargo of Moorish sheep, which they had purloined the night before. The fear of impalement was in every rogue's face; and never was man received with more popularity than I, on displaying the captain's papers, of which I had taken especial care, and giving his order for instantly hoisting sail, and steering for Messina.

“The distance of the Moorish coast from the Italian is the most convenient one in the world for sweeping off the superfluous population of my countrymen. A single puff of wind from the south, and twenty-four hours, carries the corsair clear into the Strait; and he must be an unlucky devil of a captain who does not, in the course of a night, pick up a cargo, whether of monks or princes. But it was our purpose not to relieve, but to increase the burthen of the soil. Our passage was disastrous from the first half-hour. The wind changed to all the points of the compass at once. My seamanship was good for nothing, with a crew of such piety, that, at every roll of the little chaloupe, they fell on their knees, roaring out to the Virgin; and I began at last to tremble for my doubloons. One entire week saw us tossing about in billows as high as the mast-head; and, on my soul, I do not believe that, in the entire week, we stirred a hundred yards from the same spot. My crew were half dead, and had even given up praying to the Madonna; and I was taking what I thought a last meal upon our last biscuit, when a brigantine shot by us full of as ill-looking ruffians as ever bore arms in the service of monarchy. They sent up a roar of laughter at our battered appearance, and left us to go to the bottom if we would. But they

suddenly changed their minds. The vessel was put about; and we were taken formal possession of in the name of his Majesty of the two Sicilies.

“ From that moment, I gave up my worldly possessions for lost. If we had fallen into the hands of a regular pirate, we might have contrived to keep a few of our piastres. But I knew the searching hand of law, and set myself down as lucky to escape with my head on my shoulders. Even of that I was not perfectly sure, when I saw the personage who commanded the brigantine: it was my old friend of the customs. He had recognized me at a glance, as I stood forlorn on the deck, taking what I thought my last look at the brigantine. On being brought up for examination before this new scourge of the ‘ free trade,’ I denied all possibility of my ever having seen him before. He listened with a smile; and, ordering my rags to be stripped off, and a stout iron collar and handcuffs to be put in their place, saw me carried down to his cabin, with a promise of preserving me to be hanged on the point at Capri, for a general warning to the contraband. In about an hour, which was employed in plundering the unlucky schooner, he came down; and, while he employed himself in unpacking my trunk, and robbing me deliberately, he told me that the whole affair was of my own doing; that my exploits in Barcelona having stripped him of his office, he had purchased the command of one of the custom-house cruizers; and was now rewarded for all his troubles, by making an example of the rascal who had caused them.—My prospects, on this occasion, certainly were not brilliant. But ‘ *patienza!*’ He had robbed me of every testoon I possessed on earth; and nothing prepares a man so much for being hanged as the certainty of being starved. I bade him do his worst, and roundly acquainted him with the fact that ill-luck would be his portion. My wisdom was recompensed only by a kick, which I bore with a perfect resolve that it should be repaid in due season, and with compound interest.

“ The philosophy with which I took the insult did me good service. On that very night my jailer roused me from as sound a sleep as ever wrapped a judge, by telling me that we were close in with the shore, and that, if I chose to save my neck, now was the time.—‘ The fact is,’ said he, ‘ I always had a regard for you; and, though your Spanish trick was a confoundedly slippery one, yet I will acknowledge that it shewed genius. Still it was rash. You must have risen among us. You had a plausible air, a sly tongue, and a conscience wide enough to swallow a bribe as large as the exchequer. You might have made a figure in the law: you had certainly the talents that might have made you a cardinal. I had intended to make you a custom-house officer; and there, with the natural produce of fees, secret service-money, and smuggling, you must in a few years have made your fortune.’

“ I began to feel the guilt of my offences, and professed myself a sincere penitent.—‘ Now,’ said my master, ‘ as I see that virtue is taking root in you again, I will show you that I can forgive. One half of this prize is the king’s; but I know how little the poor man will ever see of it, if it gets into the hands of the admiralty. So, to prevent ill blood, and take away temptation from the heads of departments, I mean to carry it to my own account. You know the coast well: take a boat, and carry this letter to a friend, whom you will know by signal—the firing of a pistol, off Pausilippo.’ I expressed the greatest gratitude for being allowed thus to exhibit my return to virtue. The boat was hoisted out,

and I was set loose on the waters of the bay, in a night as black as ink. I shot along the bay; but my course was not for Pausilippo. In half an hour, I was on the quay of Naples; and, in five minutes more, I was in high council with the chief of the police.

“My terms were simple—a third of the cargo: they were instantly granted. I was furnished with half-a-dozen of the police row-boats; and, just as the sweetest dawn began to touch the rigging of the brigantine with silver in its nook under the shore, I was on board, at the head of fifty soldiers, and had the honour of seeing the giver of my kick handed over the side of the vessel into my boat. His rage was indescribable, but useless. He poured out a perpetual fire of the Neapolitan vocabulary on my defenceless head; but I only reminded him of his yesterday’s exercise of power; and, laughing, told him that if he escaped the gallies this time, he might reckon upon his being an emperor.

“On my arrival at the prison, the chief of the police congratulated me in the highest terms on my address, activity, and loyalty—promised that the adjudication of my prize-money should be made with the smallest possible delay—and exhibited me as a model to all his subordinates. I answered him in a speech, which excited a burst of applause, “that I was only too happy to have done my duty to the most distinguished of police officers and the best of kings.” Naples was now before me—glorious Naples!—and I was taking my leave of the escort with a low bow, when one of the officers whispered to me that I had better remain where I was, at least until the popular irritation had subsided a little—informers not being in more vogue at Naples than elsewhere. I remonstrated. But a look from the chief settled the business; and I found myself housed within—the walls of the city prison.

“I raved for a while against all public functionaries all over the world, and wondered where were the earthquakes for Naples, above all other spots of the earth. But the earthquake slept: I found not a single stone of the prison-walls shaken by my wrath; and within these walls I remained a week, a month, a year. The world was not at a stand in the mean time; and one day the prison-doors were opened, and all its tenants ordered to appear in their best costume. I found in the court-yard a company of French grenadiers drawn up, and half-a-dozen drill-serjeants examining the prisoners. The whole dynasty of Naples had run away. Murat had come in their place; and the present operation was to raise recruits among the best-looking of the prisoners. I had the honour to be selected, in spite of my desperate reluctance to be shot for any monarch, legitimate or illegitimate, under the sun. I was sent to parade, learned the art of killing with a rapidity which earned me the good opinion of one of the royal aides-de-camp, and was, in consequence, drafted into the body-guard.

“Here was the happiest period of my life—for it was the idlest. To stand the ornament of his majesty’s staircase—to wear lace, receive douceurs, and enjoy pay for nothing—were my sole occupations for a month. Delightful time! But what man is born for perpetual good fortune? I fell in love. The fair one was the daughter of one of the king’s chamberlains—a marquis, and as proud as Lucifer. But love is the finest leveller in the world. The lady was lovely, young, and of first-rate taste—for she adored me. I had fixed on the night of elope-

ment, when she was to be the wife of the handsomest man in his majesty's guards, and a hero.

“ The night was as dark as Hymen could desire ; and I was leading my lady and my love to the door of the San Januario chapel, where a well-fed monk was in waiting. As I lifted her from the caleche, I found my arms pinioned, and a cloak thrown over my head. Resistance was useless, for I was already half-strangled. The cloak was taken off my eyes in the guard-room ; and I was left to repentance in the barrack-dungeon. The lady, disappointed of one husband, made up her mind without delay ; she took an old gouty adorer ; and, within the next twelve hours, was the Marchesa di San Caracolo. Happiness be to them both !

“ But the truth always comes out at some time or other, even in Naples, and I discovered that my betrayer on this memorable night, was the serjeant-major of my own corps ; he having been an accepted lover of the lady, but distanced by my superior charms, and taking his revenge in the shape of revealing my plan to the lady's family. I reproached him with his baseness ; he laughed in my face, ordered me to drill, and superintended its performance in person. I was sullen, and he grew insolent ; I made no improvement, and he raised his cane. This was an indignity forbidden in the service ; and calmly ordering my musket, I defied him to strike, telling him at the same time, that no one was ever the better for my ill-will. He was enough in the wrong to fly into a passion, and down came the cane, and a *saere* together. He was a tall showy Frenchman, the best dancer, foto-player, and small-swordsman in the guards. If he had spared himself one blow the more, he had effrontery enough to have risen to be commander-in-chief. But it was the last blow, and the last *saere* that the serjeant-major ever threw away. We fought that night under one of the lamps in the Strada di San Geronimo, and the serjeant-major never drew rapier nor ration again.

“ Naples was now no residence for me. I quitted his Majesty's guards before day-break, and without waiting for a furlough, had soon made a tolerable progress towards the States of his Holiness. But I quitted Naples with a heavy heart. The Mahometan waits for his paradise till his throat is cut. But we had the glorious certainty in Naples under king Joachim. Never was king so fitted for a people, nor people so fitted for a king. He was a thorough lazzarone : as idle, as gay, as bold, as profligate, and as useless, as if he had been born on the sands of the bay, and lain naked on them from the time he was born. Contractors and commissaries, duchesses and opera dancers, managed all as they liked ; the palace was a French guinguette, the city a French theatre, the kingdom a French fauxbourg, and the whole reign a long French holiday of plunder and pleasure.

“ But, as ten years in the gallies, or a discharge of a dozen muskets into me on parade, would have been my penalty for remaining, I bade adieu to the joys of Naples, and pushed across the dreary frontier of the dreariest corner of Europe—the territory of the Pope. Of all countries, however, give me that territory for an escape. For as nine men out of every ten are actual robbers, and the tenth looks as like one as possible, the less resemblance you have to an honest man the better. I took up my quarters in a convent, by giving a touching detail of my escape from captivity among the Moors, and by giving the promise of becoming an eminent saint in good time. Here I lived pleasantly enough for a while. But I felt the loss of Naples. The eternal clamour, guitaring, rioting, rattling of equipages, and masquerading, rose upon my mind, and I

never started from my bed with more delight than one morning, on hearing an uproar of true Neapolitan throats in the convent hall. I sprang down stairs half dressed, and was received with shouts of laughter. I had sprung into the midst of old acquaintances; or the convent had the honour to be made the head-quarters of his Majesty, marching to take possession of the Pope's estates, on his way to take possession of Italy. I protested my astonishment at the general error in my person. But all my eloquence was in vain. My comrades swore that they were inconsolable for my loss; that half the Marchesas in Naples had put on mourning, and that now I had nothing to do but to put on my harness and go along with them to beat the Austrians. I appealed to his Holiness, the cardinals, and the saints, for their protection to a pious brother, who 'desired nothing but to say matins and vespers until he was removed from this mortal scene.'—'His Majesty is coming to breakfast here,' was my quondam colonel's answer, 'and unless you choose to follow us in chains, you will take your musket, and hold your tongue.'—'Well,' said I, 'so much the worse for his Majesty; if ill-luck comes on him after this warning, it is no fault of mine.' A roar of laughter followed my prediction, which, however, was carried to Murat, and was, I fully believe, the only word of truth that was ever suffered to reach his royal ear.

'He sent for me. Murat was a jovial fellow, and never forgot that he had been a trooper. 'So, Birbone,' said he, '*per Bacco*, to judge by the swelling of your shape, you have made a capital choice of your quarters. I hear that you are a philosopher, and threaten me with the vengeance of the stars. Now, I like philosophers well enough, though I like grenadiers better, and as you luckily combine both, you see we cannot do without you.'

'As I found that refusal was of no use, I exhibited the greatest promptitude, 'in thus being honoured with the command of the most gracious and gallant sovereign in Christendom,' and forthwith proceeded with my corps.

'We went on magnificently for a week; singing, '*Italia, Italia! bella, bellissima!*' and so forth, for eight or ten days, during which we lived on the oil and wine of the land, plundered *ad libitum*, frightened the conclave out of their pious senses, and voted ourselves the most heroic host that ever gave liberty to a fettered land. My prediction had gone abroad through the ranks, and in return I got the soubriquet of 'the Man of Ill-Omen,' and was ridiculed from right to left of a line of forty battalions, and twenty-four squadrons. But at the close of one of those days of pleasantry, while his Majesty's body-guard were dining in the château of a Lombard duke, and in the very act of drinking, 'Confusion to Austria and success to Naples,' a volley came in from the garden, which sent the glass of every window flying about our heads. This was the experiment of a platoon of Tyrolese yagers, who had slipped through our position. The camp was roused instantly, and for that night we lay on our arms. The day broke, and showed us the horrible apparition of the whole Austrian army drawn up in line, within half a mile of our front. Of what followed for some hours, I can tell nothing more than blindness and deafness can tell. The whole was a business of roaring, galloping, the fire of artillery, and whole volcanoes of smoke. But the Austrians had by no means the best of it; and towards evening Murat, covered with dust, rode up to us, at the head of an immense crowd of aides-de-camp, applauding

us for our extraordinary prowess, and telling us that a single charge would send the Austrians over the Alps. No news could be more popular, and if huzzas could have decided the day, no battle was ever more triumphant. But the order was given to advance. The Austrians were evidently tired of having their bones broken for an emperor three hundred miles off; and ten minutes more would have seen them in full march off the ground. But our advance compelled them to halt; and I had, for the first time in the day, a view of their battalions within the fair firing distance of one hundred yards. I saw them regularly load, cock, and come to the present, till I could have looked into every musket barrel of the ten thousand that seemed directed expressly at my own person. The thought occurred to me, quick as lightning, 'What am I to get by standing to be shot? I shall not be a piastre the better, turn which way the day will. Have I not been brought here without any will of my own? and have I not given my bringers fair warning that they might better have left me where I was?' At that instant a platoon fired. There was evidently no time to be lost, if I meant to live with whole limbs. I faced to the right about, and ran for it. The whole guard followed my example, crying out, 'Treason.' The cry spread along the line, and the line ran, crying out, 'Treason,' louder still. The reserve saw the movement in front, and, congratulating themselves on their being five hundred yards further out of mischief, led the way, crying out 'Treason,' like the rest. Volleys from the Austrian infantry, and the galloping of three thousand Austrian hussars among us, did not increase our tranquillity; and before sunset there was not a Neapolitan within sight from the highest hill. The Austrians sang *Te Deum*. About the same time, Murat reached Naples, and also ordered *Te Deum*, and by the light of an illumination, for what the Neapolitan bulletins declared the greatest victory gained by them since the Crusades, got into a felucca and made his escape to the French shore.

"So, you see, Milord," said the fellow, taking off his cap, and making a flourish with it down to the ground, "I had some right to be glad that so accomplished a cavaliero as yourself behaved so handsomely as you have done; for, some how or other, ill luck would have followed you, if you had not listened to my claims on the bounty of every man of taste and talent."

"But your leg, my friend," said I; "you did not lose it in the wars, at least?"

"Ah!" was the reply, "that was an oversight. A man never should forget his principles. In foolishly endeavouring to carry off my old colonel, whom I found wounded and trampled on, I got into contact with an Austrian dragoon. As he could make nothing of my bayonet with his sabre, he sent a ball through my leg, which I returned by one through his forehead. The leg was useless, and I had it cut off at the monastery, where I lived so much at my ease. The monks offered me my old quarters; but I liked the world—had no taste for the cloister, and so set forth to add to the pleasures of the noble cavalieri who come from England to add to the happiness of Naples."

MONTESQUIEU BELLEW AND LAWYER SHEIL :  
A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

ALL newspaper readers have seen an account of a drunken quarrel which lately took place at a dinner in the county of Louth, between Montesquieu Bellew and Lawyer Sheil, the two candidates, under the Emancipation Bill, for the honour of representing that place. Some people may suppose that this brawl was a mere wine-bibbing prank—an accidental Irish row—an electioneering combat. No such thing: its elements were more deeply seated; its rise and origin must be traced to causes which have escaped attention, in the confusion of more important subjects.

Sheil, in writing his "Sketches of the Irish Bar," forgot to write his own sketch;—we shall supply the deficiency; and if our portrait be not quite so poetical and imaginative as he would have made it, the difference of temperament must be taken into consideration. Our object is truth—his has been fiction.

The progress made by this assertor of "grievances"—himself the worst of all—to notoriety, is one of the remarkable evidences of the state to which society has been brought in Ireland, by the vulgar intolerance of the liberators. We should not now be led to chronicle his name, if Ireland had been less enslaved by the arts and mendacious profligacy of a faction. His name would never have attained the distinction conferred by the billsticker and the secretary of a conspiracy assembly. But in the storm straws are thrown to the surface; and now that the excuse for agitation is removed, the shred struggles to float, with a certain consciousness that when the waters are calmed, it must sink to the bottom.

Years passed over his bag, and never brought a brief. He was to be seen in the vast hall of the Four Courts, traversing its sullen round with inflexible submission: and it was not the least amusing part of the exhibition to observe his figure, as it glided along in contrast with the oily, well-fed, and monk-like looking rotundity of O'Connell, who had commenced his trade of clamour, and was beginning to receive his new customers in the crowded lounge of the Irish Westminster Hall. O'Connell takes a remarkable pleasure in the disappointment of others; and the chuckle of self-satisfaction is so habitual to his nature, that it has worn its facetious channels into his cheeks and lips. On those occasions he might have been observed casting a satirical glance at the junior, who had as yet never ventured in his political displays beyond the noisy turbulence and equivocal patriotism of the tavern. Sheil was originally bred amongst Jesuits, and had contracted from them that peculiar air of pedantry and insidious pliancy which, though apparently contradictory to each other, those admirable professors of Machiavelian theology have blended into harmonious union. His response to O'Connell's sneer was a jerk and a smile; he dared not dissent or remonstrate in words, because he knew that his future hopes depended upon embarking, when he could summon courage for the enterprise, in the same boat with the demagogue. He bore the silent taunt, the supercilious contempt, and arrogant ridicule of his more powerful fellow Catholic with external submission; but he burned at the heart to revenge it one day or another. Having no business to transact in the Courts, he had the more leisure for cultivating the ac-

quaintance of the numerous petty politicians that congregate daily in the vestibule of the Law : and being gifted with a capacity for talking, he contrived to possess his auditors with a notion that if he could not talk well himself, he had volubility and audacity enough to prevent any body else from talking at all. This is a popular quality in Ireland. The man who has what Curran called "the gift of the gab," is sure to become known, if not trusted. In addition to colloquial facility, Sheil superadds what is also essential to notoriety in Ireland,—the power of talking nonsense for any given period ; or in other words, the science of mystifying any given subject, while he pretends to argue and explain. Such recommendations as those could not glide unostentatiously through a heated community. He became, not quickly, but after long and almost despairing repetitions of his mystifying eloquence, a sort of stalking-horse for the scanty wit and adust chit-chat of the little attornies and nominal barristers, and miscellaneous idlers of the Common Pleas and King's Bench. Even the criers laughed when they saw him ; and groups of tip-staffs laid down their rods and tittered. In the robing-room, where at first he was dogged and speechless, he now became grotesque and comical : but his grin was sardonic. Many and many a bitter joke he uttered as he descended the narrow stairs to the dark, under-ground chamber where the gowns and wigs were deposited, and which, on more occasions than one, being visited by an overflow of the neighbouring river, has floated the serges and bob-tails up to the landing-place, and saved the barristers the trouble of a descent at the expence of a deluge. If we would not be accused of a pun, we might refer to these damp wigs the source of that water-on-the-brain giddiness, which he has since so frequently betrayed.

Dublin is but a village, in as far as professional reputation or personal character are concerned. Farquhar, the funny attorney, was as well known as Sir Boyle Roche. To be the centre of a coterie of drivellers—the hero of tavern riots—the best voice in a catch—the ablest master of slang—or the most potent drinker of whiskey—will ensure that sort of fame which lives just so long as the distinguished fool is blind, or vigorous enough to keep up the excitement. Easily earned by those who care nothing for just and rational conduct, this kind of distinction is as rapidly forfeited. Sheil might as well have been the penny tumbler of a fair, as the versatile mummer of his little circle ; but chance having made him a barrister, he shaped his course into the next convenient avenue to which his destiny led him, and was soon the gossip-god of all those who not having ability or nerve to follow O'Connell in public, were needs forced to babble politics in private. All he wanted was to be known—else how could he thrive in the courts ? and, like men who are destitute of manly feelings, he pursued his end with utter indifference to the means.

Then came the consideration of the veto—what a significant title for a measure that went to invest the Government with the power of doing that which it is the inalienable right of every Government to do. This was the occasion for him to try his wings. He had long, after the manner of the old woman in the fairy tale pursuing the ghost, followed O'Connell, and in vain tried to catch his mantle ; and conceiving that as he made nothing by acquiescence in the views and theories of the man who supplanted Keogh, and humbugged Scully, who permitted Magee to expire in Newgate, and Harding Tracey to die of want,

he might, by a stroke of good fortune, succeed by flinging himself into an eccentric opposition, and creating a party of his own. The French Revolution, and dreams of meretricious eloquence and sentimental martyrdom were before his eyes; he thought of the tailor in the revolt, who threw his goose into his leader's face, and flourishing his needle, cut off a remnant of the *sans culottes*. Brilliant prospects opened upon his crusade against the chief democrat; and he became an incarnation in little of Mirabeau, as the infant at Astley's personifies the heroism of Napoleon. Alack! there was no justice in those days; mistaken clemency spared the idiot insurrectionists; and the only fluid that was spilled was some vagrant ink to rebut calumny and detraction.

It was natural that Sheil, in his lack of political knowledge and sound judgment, should fly from one extreme to another. His transit from ultra emancipation—unconditional, unrestricted, and boundless—was to that qualified arrangement, the most atrocious in the eyes of all true Catholics, which would have placed their ecclesiastical appointments and their church government in the hands of the British minister. Upon this alarming negation of Papal independence, he took his stand against Daniel. The consequence was personal estrangement, lavish abuse, mutual Billingsgate, and the utter defeat of poor Sheil, who shrank out of the whirlwind he had raised about his own ears.

It must not be supposed, because he adopted this line of policy, that he therefore assented to its utility, or believed in its merits. His actions have never been of the syllogistic class; it is impossible to infer first principles, or draw logical conclusions from any part of his conduct. He always did that which seemed to suit the momentary exigency, without consulting results or reasons. He hoped to make a diversion by resisting O'Connell, and he expected, at all events, to combine out of the scattered troops, a sufficient number over whom he might assume the command; a desire which, next to filling his bag, mainly occupied his attention. An embittered correspondence between the worthy champions ensued, in which he exhibited a specimen of that new talent which, under the mortifications of a neglected probation at the bar, he found it useful and convenient to cultivate. We mean that politico-dramatic skill which enabled him to exhibit to the public, in all the perfection of character, the "Apostate." His letters to O'Connell developed an intimate acquaintance with stage trick, and the usual melo-dramatic flourishes of the theatre; he ranted like Lee's Alexander, and boasted of bestriding the people, as the Macedonian gloried in crossing Bucephalus; and when O'Connell reproached him with borrowing his patriotic enthusiasm from the green-room, he hinted darkly at some deep tints that lay within the surface of his rival's reputation; and a compromise in secret preserved the public from the continuance of a controversy which promised to commit both parties. Sheil retired, fell into the ranks again, and with an O'Connell cockade in his hat, was well pleased to follow where he could not lead, and to pick up the loose guineas which the superabundance of business enabled the "Counsellor" to drop in his path. From that hour he became an echo in the councils, and a jackall at the aggregates. His political importance consisted in a subservient repetition of the praises of him whom he hated to obey, but feared to contradict; and a miserable improvement in his finances was the only token he ever received of the wisdom of his degradation.

Finding the veto unpopular, his next line of acting was a violent opposition to it. Nobody heeded, or cared about, his unexplained apostasy. He was too insignificant to excite attention, and too heartless to feel contumely if he had been sufficiently prominent to be honoured with it. This course was pursued with unabated perseverance until the period of the deputation to London, and the proposition of those auxiliary measures absurdly entitled the Wings. Imagining he saw another crisis, which might be dextrously turned to advantage, he went back to Ireland to defend once more the payment of the priests, and to suggest a new Whig-like remedy for the troubles of the people—the abolition of the forty-shilling frecholds. He was the first who publicly announced these adjuncts to the Catholics; and the sophistry by which he sought to vindicate them, affords a characteristic specimen of the shallowness of his mind and the insincerity of his heart. His reception was precisely such as he merited. Even the stolid peasantry detected the lurking hypocrite, and they hooted him into his old guilt of swallowing his words, and abandoning his opinions. In a week he reviled his new code of liberty, and was as suppliant as before. He could not be firm, for two reasons—first, because he could not afford it; and second, because it is his nature to vacillate and intrigue.

At this period Mr. Montesquieu Bellev appeared in public. His connection with a respectable Catholic family, which had long maintained an unostentatious place in the Popish aristocracy, his youth, his abilities, and his judgment obtained him at once hearing and respect in the assembly of demagogues. It was a pity to see a young man, well-dressed, well looking, with a fluency of tongue, and a gentlemanly demeanour, enter as a performer into a theatre where the audience, like the folks in our upper gallery, were admitted at a shilling a-head. But he was carried away in the stream, which had now grown too strong even for those who had embarked at its source, and were experienced in the navigation of the rapids. Mr. Bellev, having still an unpolluted mind, and being zealous and unsophisticated, exhibited on all occasions a just contempt for the tergiversations of the moral hypocrites by whom he was surrounded. He could not justify to his school understanding, the defamation of all that was great and good in the country—he could not reconcile to his natural sense of right and wrong, the helpless opprobrium that was daily cast upon the highest official authorities and the resident gentry, with many of whom he was on terms of personal intimacy; and he accordingly did not hesitate to expound his notions of good breeding and honourable discussion for the benefit of the impudent and senseless round him. This species of remonstrance was quite new to the self-elected representatives of all the Catholics; they were astonished to find themselves bearded by a beardless boy; they murmured, insinuated sundry malevolent charges, and at last endeavoured to drown his expostulations by the most daring repetitions of their offences against society. Among the foremost of the crew was Sheil, who always tried to make up by violence what he wanted in power. The chief points of his puny satire were directed against the Beresfords—whom he abused collectively and individually. Many believed that he must have had more than ordinary grounds of hatred to the race of Curraghmore, and referred less to his political predilections than his personal ire, as the cause. That he had good reason to detest them, may be drawn from the fact—and the more the fact because

he denied its truth—of his having offered his professional services on the occasion of the celebrated election against Villiers Stuart, and of that offer having been indignantly rejected. Had that Lord George Beresford who has now stooped to employ him, feed him *then*, we should never have heard one syllable of reproach from his lips.

Of this damning circumstance Mr. Bellew was either positively aware, or shrewdly suspicious; or, at all events, he could not see a sufficient pretext, in the history of a family, for such fearful denunciations of its descendants; and he therefore took every opportunity of resisting the current of Sheil's vituperation, and of separating in the Catholic orgies the demerits of public men from legislative measures. Having a touch of philosophy in his spirit, and being bred up amongst gentlemen; and, with the other advantages of a liberal education, having imbibed a tendency towards the fair and rational examination of questions, before he came to an irrevocable conclusion upon them, he stood in the front of those individuals who censured and doubted Sheil. That was his crime—there lay the mystery of that animosity, which, ripening into feud, has at length broken out into congenial vilification. Mr. Bellew is denounced to the freeholders of Louth, because he dared to question Mr. Sheil's motives,—because he had the honesty to expose his *charlatanerie*.

Little as we desire to see either of those persons represent the county of Louth, in the House of Commons, we have no hesitation in preferring the manliness of Bellew to the time-serving chicanery of Sheil. If we are to have a Catholic parliament, give us at least the men who have not yet been prostituted to the dirty work of the mob. Bellew's powers of eloquence, and his general manners, in public and private, afford a strong and instructive contrast to that of the trading counsellor, who has so indiscreetly intruded himself upon the suffrages of the freeholders of Louth.

A pretty extensive course of polite reading has supplied Mr. Bellew with a correct and ready phraseology. His language, less ornamental but more appropriate than Sheil's, is nervous, frequently figurative, and often powerful. He deals in principles, not dogmas; he seldom indulges in personality, and cannot command that species of bitter invective and wormwood exaggeration, which form the staple of Sheil's rhetorical displays. Although educated as a Catholic, and nurtured in the prejudices of his creed, he has a dash of protestant high-mindedness that enlivens and redeems the darker portions of his belief. He would never have fulfilled the anticipations that had been formed of him during the reign of the Association; he never could have inspired a vulgar auditory with the frantic theories of revolution; he never could have marshaled their fury, nor acted a diplomatic part in their hill-side negotiations; if he wore the ribbon of the liberators, he despised its emblematic office, and could not have levelled himself to the purposes it was meant to provoke. No doubt he would have been found in the ranks of the disaffected; but his family's existence, his own life, and the safety of his property, were so many motives to force him in self-defence to mingle with a herd to whose views and proceedings he felt himself superior. That superiority consisted less in the amount than the sobriety of his merits. His judgment was sufficiently cautious to keep him on the reflecting side in politics; he felt it was better to hesitate than to hurry;

and that the procrastination of dangerous objects was better than their precipitation. Evil as were the whole gang with whom he associated, he still preserved his moral purity: he cannot be accused of any of those meannesses and abominations which his companions perpetrated! he is bad for being of them, but the choice was scarcely of his election. It is said that he once breathed the air of official favour, and grew ashamed of the men in whom he had been accustomed to confide. One always revolts at low company after enjoying higher and more intellectual society. Certain it is that should he once emancipate himself from the trammels of his plebeian party, he will never return to their earthly communion. One of his relatives, we believe his uncle, is in the enjoyment of a pension from the Government. This is some guarantee for the conduct of the nephew. He will not wantonly vituperate men in authority, merely because they are so; but feel disposed, with Lord Chesterfield, to think twice, before he speak once. After all, there is some assurance of propriety and good faith in high birth, or even association with the upper classes. Men of rank, and those who are habitually in their company, carry into public life, generally, the nobility of carriage which marks them in private; they are above the use of slander and petty expedients; they are usually honourable and elevated in their feelings; and can no more descend to the base subterfuges than to the degrading customs of the *canaille*. Witness the examples of both in our own ministry. Contrast Peel and Lyndhurst even with Wellington, the prime innovator. Does not the mind feel almost respect for the haughty bearing of the one, compared with the shrinking and adaptive tenacity of the others? Does not the aboriginal pettiness stick to the sons of the painter and the weaver, which, with all his faults, we can no where discern in the victor of Waterloo? We condemn Wellington for his ambition—it will lead him and his country into great peril; but we abhor his compeers for the want of that very temperament the excess of which we censure in him. Had they nobler aspirations, and he juster, perhaps we might have forgotten the distinctions of birth, and left them to fix their own rank in their proper circles.

Mr. Bellev's uncle was a lawyer of some consideration, and during the period when Scully was insulting the common sense of his profession by one of the most monstrous fictions that ever escaped from the pen of a legal writer—when Keogh was heading a band of mercurial shopkeepers in the metropolis—and sundry other wild freaks were perpetrating by the excited Catholics in various parts of the country—he kept aloof from their drunken brawls and inflammatory meetings, and satisfied his patriotism by occasionally advising both the administration and the people against the consequences likely to ensue from the atrocious appeals of the fanatical champions of equal rights to the constituency of the country. One of the favourite schemes of reform in those days was the annihilation of the obnoxious members of the government; an effective recipe, no doubt, for a change of heads as well as hands. Physical revolution was the darling theory; the moral purpose was left unconsidered. In expressing his dissent from doctrines and designs so flagitious, Mr. Bellev exposed himself to hazards in various shapes. The worst of all was the imputation of being a bad Catholic; which, however, he had courage to bear without repining. He could afford to be thought an indifferent disciple of the mother church, while he advanced the true interests of his native land, and upheld the legitimate authority of the

state. The sins of the uncle, however, are not forgotten to the nephew ; little Sheil reminded him the other day of the pension and the government influence ; and drew therefrom a series of deductions, which, as they were neither logical, true, nor apposite, we shall not pause to recount. Pretensions that are founded upon the demerits of another, could find favour no where except at the election of a Pope, where the votes of the assembly fall on the man who is least capable of performing the duties of the office.\*

Considered merely as a speaker, without reference to his political tenets, Sheil presents some curious points for consideration. His phraseology is of the most laboured and infelicitous description ; he seems carefully to avoid those words that would most clearly convey his meaning, and to ramble away in search of those modes of expression that are the least obvious and natural. He uses words that have long been laid aside in polite literature ; and delights in creating out of foreign and heterogeneous materials, a strange and indescribable style in which he is certain nobody will attempt to imitate him. His enjoyment consists in this very dissociation from the ordinary habitudes of public speaking. The favourite figure with Sheil is, as may be anticipated, the antithesis ; the last remnant of that old, formal, and crippled school which depended, like the French gardeners, rather upon the cut of its flowers than their beauty or fragrance. We have had no writer since Junius, who could render antithetical composition popular ; with him the power died : and we have fallen into the more simple, but just, manner which substitutes fluency for method, and aims at attaining perspicuity, unincumbered by obsolete forms. But Sheil has not participated in the improvements of the age. His mind and his models are with the Jesuits ; he cannot fling himself abroad, and bathe in the fresh waters of regeneration. There is no flow of thought or language in Sheil, although the flexibility and rapidity of his speeches have been mistaken for facility of comprehension and delivery. He is cold and slow, but by a painful preparation of topics, and the gathering of a voluminous vocabulary, he is enabled to assume the air of a ready speaker. His speeches are all written deliberately for the occasion. Break in upon him, arrest him in the midst of his memory, and he drops into verbiage and common-place. Flights, such as he indulges in, are not compatible with deep thinking, or a profound mastery of the subject ; they betray their origin, and can never deceive the audience into a belief that they spring from the emotions they are intended to characterize. In describing him, we should rather say, that he has accomplished the art of talking quick, not the art of oratory. But such audiences as he addresses would spoil loftier minds. Unless a speaker at the association uttered extravagant absurdities, and indulged in violent anathemas, he would make no impression. Sheil has profited by a temperament so congenial to his own, and perfected himself in that species of hyperbole which is fortunately suited at once to the elements by which he is surrounded, and his own taste.

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\* It is well known that the animosity which rages amongst the cardinals previously to an election is of so bitter and uncompromising a kind, that they invariably elect the oldest of the fraternity, because he is the least likely to live long in the enjoyment of the pontifical chair. Thus the head of the Catholic church, and the successor of St. Peter, is systematically the most incompetent papist in the priesthood !

Those are the future candidates for the representation of Louth ; the gentlemen whose pretensions are to be canvassed on the hustings, and insinuated into the houses of the freeholders. It might be well that the freeholders who are now called upon for the first time to exercise a delicate and important prerogative, should be warned how they abuse their trust. Hitherto the voice of the election came from the hovels of the serfs ; and the multitude of hireling voters, bannered under the priest and his myrmidons, drowned the honest votes of that intermediate class who are just independent enough to be raised above the temptations of perjury. It was unavailing to contend against clouds of senseless peasants ; hence many abandoned their privilege altogether in despair, and neglected to register their votes, since they could not render them available. Thus the representation of the country gradually fall into the hands of those who had no judgment in their own cause, and who were, therefore, the most unfit to select the representatives of the interests of others. With the abolition of these nominal electors, who had power without will, and who were invested with a right which they exercised to promote sinister objects, the constitutional prerogative has reverted to a comparatively respectable class of persons. Their numbers are, relatively speaking, few ; but it is that very physical paucity that enhances their responsibility. The attention of the empire is earnestly fixed upon the Louth freeholders, because it will be with them to set the example that may determine the future character of the Irish representation. Let them boldly refuse their votes to the tom-fools of a scattered party. Let them select from the Protestant gentry of the county, an honest and able man ; his religion can no longer be hateful in their eyes, since it can no longer be an impediment to their political schemes. But if they desire to hold a station in the estimation of the people of this country, let them with the same ardour that we advise them to scout Sheil and Bellev, reject indignantly either Mr. lisping Leslie Foster, or any nominee of his or of his family. He has already skulked one party—give him not the opportunity to insult another.

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#### THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE prominent topic of the theatrical world is, we regret to say, the surmise that Covent Garden Theatre will not open during the next season ; the expences of that establishment having for a considerable period largely outrun its income. It must be acknowledged, that the change from Harris's management has worked no miracle with the house, for the chief result has been in a few years an addition of 30,000*l.* of debt to the 50,000*l.* left by Harris. There is no imputation on the fidelity of any of the parties to their trust. They have probably exerted themselves to the utmost in their several vocations. But there is no answer to the facts, "that the establishment is desperately involved, and that there is a painful probability that the company will be dispersed, and this magnificent theatre abandoned." The causes of this unfortunate state of affairs are allowed, we understand, to be, the original improvidence in building the theatre of so vast a size—at so large a waste of ground and rents from the houses which occupied that ground—at so large an advance of rent to the Duke of Bedford ; and, independently of all this, at so immoderate an expence in the actual building and its equipment, that nothing but the most unabated popularity could make it productive: the debt originally thus contracted being upwards of 150,000*l.*, and the rent being 14,000*l.* pounds a year. The next incumbrance arises from the nature of the management. In

the absence of all that authorship which, even so late as the days of the elder Harris, made the fortune of the manager, though he afterwards thought proper to throw it away upon this enormous building, it has been found necessary to rely upon the popularity of peculiar actors; and, like all marketable commodities, those actors rose in price with the demand. These salaries became inordinate. The nightly salary of one tragedian takes away the receipts of the pit. A comedian has carried home the gallery in her pocket, and the whole dress circle has been the prize of a singer. With such claimants for the division of the spoil, the other performers must be not only reduced to the lowest possible pittance, but the management must be a system of perpetual loss.

The absence of authorship produced its evil, in the second shape, of giving over the stage to melodramas and translations from foreign operas, nine of them unsuccessful for one that can be endured; intolerably heavy, drearily unpopular, and ruinously expensive. Of all these operas, the Freischutz alone stands its ground. But it was the work of a man, who, *in his style*, never has had his rival, and may never have his equal. The Freischutz is a phenomenon, and managers might as wisely calculate upon a shower of gold from the Georgium Sidus, as on its successor.

The Court of Chancery has had a formidable share in the catastrophe. Of that court it has been said, that "it is worse than purgatory; because, out of purgatory a sinner may expect to come at some time or other, and to be even the better for his penance." The quarrels of the late managers with the present, could not be weak or ruinous enough, without calling in the aid of Chancery; and accordingly Messrs. Const and Harris, Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, have figured in the court for a succession of years,—long enough to have excited the compassion of even the Chancellor, and to have induced even the Vice Chancellor to go the length of hazarding an opinion. Those functionaries having both recommended the amicable arrangement of the business, with the additional hint, fatally true, that perseverance in this passion for equity practice, must rapidly reduce the theatre to bankruptcy.

Yet Covent Garden might still become, as it once was, eminently a source of fortune to its managers. The elder Harris realized no less than £80,000 by it, besides keeping up an opulent style of living for a long course of years. William Lewis, the comedian, was one of the sharers in that time, of prosperity, and he retired from it with £20,000. He had first purchased the shares now held by Charles Kemble; but, in consequence of what was denominated at the time, a rebellion by the *glorious eight*, (composed of distinguished actors in the establishment, who sought to rid themselves from what they deemed grievances and exactions, and, in a sort of *round robin*, afterwards embodied into a pamphlet, addressed to the proprietor and the Lord Chamberlain), was "frightened from his purpose," and Harris, the kindest-hearted man in the world, let him off. Lewis, in conjunction with Knight, afterwards became proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre, where they realised handsome fortunes. Lewis left to his family upwards of £60,000; and Knight, who married a sister of the Countess of Derby, survived his partner, and died a rich man. When the disputes between the proprietors and the "glorious eight" had terminated, John Kemble became a partner; and we understand if the money invested in the concern by that great actor, who was neither a man of business nor a man of the world, had been placed at compound interest, it would by this time have amounted to £60,000; whereas, according to the present condition of the pecuniary affairs of the house, the whole has dwindled to nothing.

Drury Lane is recruiting vigorously for the opening in October. It will probably have the start of Covent Garden for a while, and Price deserves all the patronage that ought to be given to great assiduity, punctuality, and, we believe, very considerable liberality. We, however, regret to hear of some of his dismissals. Gattie is a good actor in his line, and popular. Mrs. West ought to have been retained, at least until the manager could see her relieved from the odious and unmanly persecution that seems resolved to destroy a meritorious actress and, we understand, a very well conducted and estimable woman. And Miss E. Tree, is at once the handsomest, and one of the most

intelligent and promising of our young performers. She ought to be retained in deference to the public opinion, not less than to the exigencies of the stage.

The Haymarket has produced nothing that we have heard of but Liston, who plays at the rate of four times the pay of a field-marshal; three times the salary of a vice-chancellor; twice the average of a bishopric; one half more than the salary of a secretary of state; and the full salary of a chief justice; or about 8,000*l.* a-year. Liston is certainly a pleasant fellow, but after this, he can have no great reason to complain of public parsimony. Like some of our statesmen, he cannot deny that "he has had his price."

But it is in the English Opera House that the true activity of management has been displayed. Since the commencement of the season there has been a vigorous succession of performances, the only way to deserve the popularity essential to a theatre.

A clever melodrame, "The Witness," from an Irish tale, has been frequently played.

This was followed by "The Spring Lock," a musical drama, founded on the old Italian story of the Bride who disappeared on her marriage day, and was, after many years, found to have perished in a chest, where she had sportively hidden herself, and whose spring lock had closed upon her. But Mr. Peake, the present author, has had more compassion on her, and has merely shut her up for a few days in a cabinet where she had gone to give a last look to a favoured lover's letters. This serious portion is diversified by the adoption of another old Italian story of the frolic of a prince who brought a stranger to his palace while overpowered with wine, and amused himself with his embarrassment when this Christopher Sly has returned to his senses. *Doctor Manente* (Keeley) is the subject of the experiment on this occasion, but the amusement arises not from his luxury but his fright. He is left in darkness, and then visited by fiends, who dance round him, compel him to swallow food, which he thinks the direct cookery of Beelzebub, and finally, whirl him down a trap-door in the midst of an explosion. Keeley's acting his terrors is extremely clever; but mere pantomime is a waste of this pleasant little performer, and the author has given him nothing better. A few remarks on a negro attendant, more remarkable for matter of fact than novelty, are all his dialogue, and Keeley is reduced to his skill as a grimacier. The music is by that promising composer Rodwell; and very pretty and well adapted to its purpose. But we should wish to see him exert himself on the production of something in a higher style. He has talents, and should give the evidence of them, that can be furnished by an opera and by an opera alone.

Two operas from the German school have appeared. The first was *Die Rauberbrant* ("The Robber's Bride,"), by *Ries*.

Theatres are at a discount in all directions. The proprietor of one of the Paris theatres has fled the capital in order to escape his creditors; and we believe that the art of flying would be one of the most popular among our theatrical neighbours if it could effectually lift men above their difficulties.

The Dublin theatre, built a few years ago, by Harris, at a sum not much less than 100,000*l.*, was lately put up to auction, and, notwithstanding all its merits, and among the rest, that of "not being under the jurisdiction of the licenser," as the bills declared, in their largest letters, it was scarcely bid for, and was bought in at 17,000*l.*!

The papers gave Covent Garden to Arnold; an imputation which Arnold instantly repelled in the most unequivocal manner, as an attack on his common sense.

Laurent, the Parisian manager, was reported to have offered 8,000*l.* a year for it. But it turned out a *fanfaronade*; for, on his being applied to, to put the offer on paper, it was discovered, that, "in his education, writing had been neglected."

Mathews and Yates have been counteracting the gloomy weather through a large range of country. But the farmers are so busy drying their crops, the merchants so busy speculating on an importation of corn from the Baltic,

the country ladies have been so severely washed at the race balls, and the world, in general, is so *pluviose* and cloudy, that we are inclined to think the Adelphi would have been as good a treasury as the provinces to those enterprising and merry persons. But they still have to encounter water; for M. Laurent summonses them to Paris, where they are engaged at the particular request of the new Ministry, to take off the edge of the public wrath against the turners-out of the liberals.

Price generally contrives to open with a lion. The royal beast on this occasion is to be young Charles Incedon, son of the celebrated English melodist, who will make his first appearance on any stage, at Drury Lane theatre, the first week in October, in the character of *Young Meadows*. There is the strongest possible resemblance both in person and features between this youth and his father, when the latter was in the prime of life. Young Incedon is, we understand, married to an amiable lady, and is exemplary as a domestic man. The only fault about him is said to be his *extreme diffidence*. Time will cure him of that. We hope his likeness to his father is stronger in his voice than in his diffidence. Old Charles never suffered under the imputation of any weakness of the kind. Of all men living, he had the highest respect for his own merits. When the O.P. row commenced at Covent Garden with abuse of Catalani's engagement, and a demand for "native talent," Incedon could not suppress his indignation at the preposterousness of the cry. "Native talent!" he would exclaim, as he paced furiously behind the curtain, and heard the thunders of the population beyond; "Confound the fools, what do they want—native talent! is not Charles Incedon here?"

The second German opera at Arnold's theatre is the "Vampire," founded on the story of a Wallachian nobleman's selling himself to the fiend, and being allowed a respite only on condition of sacrificing a female before a particular hour. The music is bold, various, and learned, and the performance altogether interesting. The translation is by Planché, and managed with his usual cleverness. The opera is popular.

A fierce newspaper controversy has been started, from assertions relative to the Covent Garden patent,—some saying that it must lapse if the theatre is not opened in the beginning of the season. The facts are, however, these:

Charles II. granted to Tom Killigrew, and to Sir W. Davenant, (who had a grant from Charles I. in 1639) full power and authority to collect two companies of players, and to purchase, build, and hire two theatres, for the representation of tragedies, comedies, operas, &c. The grant was dated August 21, 1660, and was for their personal advantage. Davenant's was called the Duke of York's company, and Killigrew's the King's. The latter commenced at Drury-lane in 1663. Davenant continued at Dorset Gardens. In 1682 there was a junction of the companies, and both patents lapsed into one, under the name of "His Majesty's Servants." In 1714, George I. granted a licence to Steele, Wilks, &c., to establish Drury-lane Theatre. This was revoked by the Lord Chamberlain in 1719, since which time both theatres have continued to act by sufferance only. Drury-lane licence commenced in 1816, and ends in 1837, 30*l.* a-year being paid to Mr. Mash. The "act of patents" prohibits a grant for more than 21 years.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE British cabinet, with the most wonder-working genius at its head that ever decided the destinies of nations, may now go and cut toothpicks. The barbarians have turned the miracle-worker to scorn, the Muscovites have laughed at his politics, and the Cossacks have made cartridge-paper of his protocols. The Russians are at Constantinople. Yet Europe may feel itself safe, for his Grace the Dictator has said so, and is gone to Walmer Castle. The Russians are marching over hill and plain, swimming rivers, storming fortresses, and firing at the very beard of the Sultan. The Dictator is whitewashing, bricklaying, papering, painting, and glazing. Russia is gathering fleet upon fleet in the Euxine, and throwing cannon-shot into the seraglio. The Dictator is taking his morning's bath at Deal, and his evening's ride at Dover. But tranquillity is the true attitude of grandeur, as Voltaire says, we are afraid, with a sneer, at the dulness of the great; and "solitude is the true school of a statesman and philosopher," says Zimmerman, we are afraid, with the grave foolery congenial to his countrymen. At all events, if the Czar establish himself in the seraglio, we shall have opium cheap, and we then may share the dignified repose of the first of ministers.

All Paris had been employing itself during the dull months of spring in conjecturing what under heaven could make Prince Polignac so fond of crossing the channel. The weather was a perpetual storm; the king was no lovelier than he had been during the last seventy years; the prince had not a share in the proceeds of the Académie Royale de Danse, and was not miserable without the play and *petits soupers* of the Salon; and yet not a fortnight transpired without the sudden apparition of the prince in Paris. The problem is at length resolved. He was manufacturing a ministry—which early in this month was announced in form, in the indignant journals of the astonished capital of the Graces. Prince de Polignac, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. de la Bourdonnaye, Minister of the Interior; Count de Chabrol, Minister of Finance; General Bourmont, Minister at War; M. Courvoisier, Minister of Justice; the office of Minister of Commerce, Public Instruction and Religion, being united with that of Minister of the Interior; Baron de Houssez, Minister of the Marine; M. de Portal's, First President of the Court of Cessation.

The whole revolutionary and jacobin press of Paris, which is about nine-tenths of the whole, has been in uproar ever since, and every phrase that the bitterest writhings of French vexation can invent, has been poured upon the new ministry. Prince Polignac has certainly not profited much by his English sojourn, in making battle against this host of patriotic scolds. Here, when the ministry are pelted by one journal, they administer that kind of wisdom to another, which raises a champion immediately. The attack is retorted in an hour or two after it is made, and the minister who was torn down to the earth in the morning, is exalted to the skies in the afternoon. The balance is kept up. A few judicious fragments of intelligence thrown into the friendly paper, soon give it a formidable supremacy with the reading mob; and the opposition journal, finding the diminution of its pence and popularity, follows the example of its superiors, and quietly *rats* as fast as it can. We give this advice to Prince Polignac as the result of an experience never once

contradicted, and recommend him to lay the soothing system aside (the French are too mad for this regimen), and try the treasury system. It would settle the affair in a week.

“*A certain Personage*,” says one of our newspaper writers, “could, if he had the inclination, solve the enigma and mystery in which the marriage of a celebrated *Prima Donna* is at present involved. After some provincial engagements, highly advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, shall have been fulfilled, the lady will return to the continent, attended by her secretary and another individual of far greater importance.” No doubt he could, and so can every body else. We wish those ridiculous singers and dancers would not add hypocrisy to their other qualifications. We have actresses who appear regularly before the public in a state of which any eye may be a satisfactory judge; though whether they love their lords, or their lords love them, or whether they have any lords to love, is as doubtful as it should be. If theatrical women will insist on thus making a class of their own, we cannot help their taste, whatever we may think of their decency. But let us be done with the sickening affectation of the business. Let the truth be told. Let us get rid of those marchionesses in disguise, call them opera-dancers and singers, and feel no wonder at their conduct. If the miserable woman alluded to in this paragraph be the slave of some German beggar, of some fifty quarterings, who covers his sullen physiognomy with one hand, while he seizes her salary with the other, let him be forced at once to take down the covering hand, and give a respite to the financial one. Then let him leave a country into which he ought never to have come, and which he cannot leave too soon.

A circular has been published by the Horse Guards, stating the prices of military equipments. This paper comes signed by an adjutant-general who has the appropriate and unlucky name of Taylor; and unquestionably there has been more legislation upon cuffs and collars since this officer's appointment, than for twenty years before. The following tariff exhibits the average expense of equipment in the different branches of the service:—

Cavalry.—Dragoon Guards and Dragoons	-	£140	0	0
Light Dragoons	- - - -	140	0	0
Lancers	- - - -	170	0	0
Hussars, as per returns.—7th	- - - -	252	19	4
8th	- - - -	281	13	0
10th	- - - -	399	7	6
15th	- - - -	283	8	6
Infantry and Light Infantry of the Line, with lace		50	0	0
Ditto, ditto, with embroidery	- - - -	60	0	0
Fusileer Regiments, including the cap	- - - -	60	0	0
Highland Regiments	- - - -	65	0	0
Rifle Regiments	- - - -	50	0	0

The curious reader will observe the happy variety of expenditure in those corps. First, to take the cavalry:—the equipment of the Light Dragoon officer costs £140, and this equipment is complete for all purposes of service and of frippery, as every one who sees them can tell. But then come the Hussars, the very lowest of whom cost twice the money. Why should this be? Is the hussar a more useful soldier than

the dragoon, either light or heavy? But even among the Seventh—and Heaven knows there is dandyism enough about the Seventh, and will be so as long as it is the Marquis of Anglesey's regiment—is eclipsed by the Tenth to the amount of £150. a coat—the Tenth costing no less than £399. And why, we must ask, is this suffered? We will not believe that it is because the Marquis of Londonderry is the colonel, and chooses to ride once a year at a Hyde Park review, at the head of the most frippery corps, excepting Mr. Merryman's, in the universe? Is it in the idea that the more yards of lace, and the more fur on pelisses, the better soldiers? or is it in the still sillier idea of creating an aristocracy in the army, to be ascertained by their tailor's bill? We must leave the solution to the twin marquisses. But we will tell them, that a more vulgar and effeminate mode of marking a military distinction cannot be made: and we will tell the masters of those marquisses, that a more vexatious and paltry contrivance for offending the feelings of the service in general could not be adopted.

If superior ornament of dress be a distinction, let it be given for actual merit in the field, if it must be given at all; and then we shall acknowledge the pre-eminence of the Seventh and the Tenth, as soon as we can discover the scene of their exploits. But if it be the mere occasion for a coxcomb who has just put on his first boots, and knows much more of bergamot than of bullets, to flourish in the face of men of honour, who have known what fighting was, though they have not so many yards of gold and silver on their pantaloons, we must pronounce it a piece of unwarrantable absurdity. We shall tell them further, that nothing is actually more a subject of complaint to the officers, even of these Hussar regiments, than this extraordinary and silly expense of uniform. With half-a-dozen young spendthrifts in a corps, it may be popular while their money lasts; but with the great majority it is felt to be an offensive, because a totally unnecessary burthen. And there is not one circumstance which causes so much discontent, so many exchanges out of a regiment—always a bad sign—and so rapidly strips a regiment of all its experienced officers, as the expense of this frippery. But the expense is not limited to the first equipment: a dandy colonel is perpetually making some alteration, which, though trivial to the eye, is formidable to the purse.

But the whole system is absurd, from the gingerbread hussar to the subaltern of marines, with his collar embroidered with gold acorns and oak leaves, like a French field-marshal. While an uniform at once serviceable and handsome, answering every purpose of the field and of parade, might be supplied to the infantry for less than one half the price in this Taylor General's list. The less lace daubed on a soldier's coat the better. Why should there not be some reference of the cost to the power of the officer to disburse it? The pay of the subaltern is not the pay of a scrivener's clerk, yet he must renew his uniform perhaps twice a year—and his uniform costs £50, the sword being its only permanent appendage. A hundred pounds a year out of a hundred and forty, is a handsome allowance for a man's coat out of his whole income. And the evil does not stop here. There are perpetual changes of taste in the clothing board, whether those changes come from head-quarters or from the genius of the old personages who preside over this cutting and button-hole department. It is discovered that the troops will fight better with three buttons on their skirts than with six; and that without a new

lapel the British name must be undone. The tailor is in immediate requisition in every regiment from Bermuda to Bengal—the grand reform of coat-breasts and breeches is made, and the British army is made invincible by the magic of the needle and thread-paper. The evil is not over yet, for the tradesmen advance their prices with every new change. To take a single instance, the common cap of the infantry officer, about a year since cost six pounds—exactly three too much. But it has pleased the higher powers to order a change in this cap, and the price charged by those honest tradesmen is now actually eleven pounds, or nearly twice the former. How has this been done? A clumsy piece of gold twist is hung in front of the cap, which tarnishes in a week into the colour of so much brass wire, and which is a mere incumbrance to the head, and an ugly incumbrance. And for this foolery the set-off is seven guineas! What can be more preposterous than all this? Or are we to be surprised if, while the army is putting new stripes upon its breeches, tailors should flourish about in their curricles, purchase villas, and plant their monstrous wives in opera boxes?

We never knew a radical who was not a slave in his inmost soul, nor a hunter after mob popularity who was not a pitiful creature. What has become of Westminster's darling? Where, as the bard of republics says,

Liveth he with his dear constituents,  
Showing his noble presence and his rents;  
Scattering around the land his beef and beer,  
Sublime on fifty thousand pounds a year?

One merit, however, he has. No man has ever less administered to the corporeal corruption of his followers; stomachic bribery has been scrupulously avoided; and if patriotism was ever, like poetry, the more dinnerless the more divine, the patriotism of his lovers and countrymen was in a fair way of reaching the highest point of perfection.

Of Sir Francis Burdett's innate slavery, his panegyric upon Sir George Murray's harangue on the benefits of a military cabinet is proof that will last him all his life. As to his pitifulness, take the fact that notwithstanding his large rental, and the number of splendid mansions placed upon his different estates in various parts of England, he has not at present a single country house in his own possession. A villa now occupied by Lady Burdett and her family, at Twickenham, is only hired for a limited period. And why? not only because lodgings are cheap and houses dear, but because the poor devil who lives in lodgings has the excuse of a poor devil against seeing any body inside them. Dinners and the common hospitalities of English life are, of course, quite incompatible with the "unsettled establishment" of gentlemen gliding from one hired floor to another hired floor. The world must excuse them—recollect the inconveniences of their locomotive state, and put off their expectations of reception until "the family have a house that they can call their own." The patriotic baronet has half-a-dozen. But it is a much better contrivance to let them than to live in them; and thus after dragging out the costly periods of the year in the obscurity of the suburbs of Paris, the baronet escapes the London spring, and runs down to a hovel twenty miles out of town. Such is the advantage of knowing the difference between sixpence and sixpence farthing.

The world rings with accounts of the extravagance of London. There is extravagance, but it is among the strugglers for high life, the *gens de banque*, who, thank the just stars! are so often the *gens de banque*, the half-breeds, the Mrs. Boehm tribe, the Barings and Trotters, and Masseh Manassah Lopezes, and so forth, through the whole Judaic pedigree. But the established *monde*, having no necessity for this canvass through the gastric region, and feeling necessities of every other kind, contrive to manage matters with an economy that might have done honour to old Elves. We give from the fashionable chronicles, a Collection of "Exempla varia."

"The Marquis of Hertford has *hermetically sealed* up the doors and windows of his pleasant cottage at the foot of Richmond-bridge, where the late Duke of Queensbury enjoyed 'midnight song and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity,' for half a century. The good tradespeople of Richmond sigh for the return of the marquis."

The marquis has done more; for he has shut up his house in Piccadilly, and, with a hundred thousand pounds a-year, has shut up himself in that region of retired tailors, and grocers past their labours—the Regent's Park.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley, with 50,000*l.* a-year, has let the handsome family mansion in Piccadilly, and has gone to some hut or other, to save his soul! a practice happily coincident with saving his pocket too.

"The Duke of Gloucester has regularly conveyed to each theatre he may please to visit his *tea equipage*; and the Duchess of St. Albans, in imitation of royalty, has adopted the same plan.—There are rooms attached to the private boxes occupied by these personages, where the *hissing-urn* or more humble *tea-kettle* are put into requisition."

The unlucky coffee-room keepers at the playhouses have calculated that his Royal Highness cannot save more than a farthing a cup by the importation of his own tea and sugar into their territory.

"Lord Stair, one of the very accomplished *gourmands* of the present day, arrived in town, from Paris, last Tuesday.—On Wednesday, his lordship gave a dinner at the Albion, in Aldersgate-street, to two distinguished individuals of well known *goût*, which consisted of cold oysters, by way of a *whet*, turtle dressed in a variety of ways, and afterwards three regular *courses* of the most choice *viands* peculiar to Mr. Kay's establishment. The party finished the evening at Vauxhall."

Thus were *gourmandise* and economy exquisitely united. The noble lord feasted himself and his two distinguished oyster-eaters without the bore of a dinner establishment at home. About five pounds discharged him of the obligations to Mr. Kay, and four shillings expended at Vauxhall made a handsome completion of a day of patrician pleasure.

The Herald lately published an account of the rebuff of the Dover corporation, by the Dictator, and attempted to explain the reason in the following style. The corporation had waited on his grace at Walmer Castle to congratulate him on his appointment.

"'Tell their worships,' said the man wot drives the Sovereign, to the man wot brought the message—'tell their worships that I am ready to receive them if they have any *business of importance* to communicate, or any thing *useful* to suggest to me touching the wardenship of the Cinque Ports; otherwise I have no leisure at this time to attend to them'

And then their worships looked at each other, and so came back to Dover, each man with a flea in his ear. Never was the corporation of the town and port of Dover so cavalierly treated by any Constable of Dover Castle since the days of *Odo*, Bishop of Bayeux, the *first* Constable, down to Robert Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, the 137th, and last Constable! And nobody can make out why they were so treated—except that on the 14th of May, 1827, only twenty-one months ago, they sent up their hearty congratulations to the King for having allowed Mr. Canning to form a cabinet from which *the duke was excluded*; and in which hearty congratulations they took occasion to insinuate that the duke had been engaged in an ‘attempt to controul the just prerogative of the crown.’”

Nonsense! the Dictator forgets the year 1827 as much as if he had never made an harangue against popery in it, nor pledged himself against ever “breaking in upon the constitution.” The true secret is, that an order has been issued against the undue prodigality in cake and wine that was supposed to allure the various addressers of his grace. In future let the corporations indulge their tastes at home.

The reign of liberalism is prospering. The papists at Montreal having built a cathedral, which they, oppressed and impoverished people! have, however, been able to build twice the size, and at ten times the expense of any British protestant church within the last two centuries; exhibited the pageant which they call High Mass, in honour of its opening. The ceremony is eminently papistical, and has the worship of the wafer, the adoration of images, the prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and all the other performances of popery, displayed in the most distinct and outrageous style. Yet at this ceremony attended Sir James Kempt, a protestant, the officer of a protestant government, and the governor of a colony under protestant laws, and of which two thirds of the population are protestant; and with this protestant governor attended the whole crowd of protestant functionaries, &c.! We should like to know how they managed the mass, with what degree of prostration they honoured the images on the altar, how they knelt to the virgin, and how their foreheads smote the ground and their hands flew to their penitent bosoms, when the wafer, the god of popery! rose in the hands of the priest, and they were presented with the full glories of idolatry!

We take this account from the Montreal papers. We can scarcely believe it to be true. But if it be, it strikes us as one of the most extraordinary experiments that we ever remember. It is, however, not the less an evidence that a new order of things is contemplated. It is a genuine “sign of the times.”

The nonsense talked in the Parisian journals about Prince Polignac is only fit to be laughed at. Those wise men are ready to swear that the Prince has been put into office by the Duke of Wellington. If they knew anything on the subject, they would know that the Duke of Wellington never troubled his ducal head about the French ministry, nor any other ministry fifty yards from Downing-street; that if he could keep matters going on smoothly at Windsor, and could contrive a daily tour round Virginia water, and an hour’s gudgeon fishing, to be among the pleasures of those who could extinguish him with a breath; he thinks he has accomplished the first feat of human policy.

No, if the magnificent Marchesa be kept in smiles, what cares he

who may frown—all the Polignacs that ever wore beards would not disturb a hair of his, while he retained the pleasant security of his pay, his place, and his patronage. But Polignac has brought half the evil on himself, by the associates whom he has chosen. Could he find no man in France fit for a minister of war, but Bourmont? a personage never to be forgiven by the French military. “Before the Revolution he was in the Royalist army; after it, we find him among the generals of Buonaparte. On the return of the Bourbons, he offered his services to Louis the Eighteenth. Subsequently, when Buonaparte appeared in France, he obtained the command of a division of the *corps d’armée* of General Giraud; but just before the battle of Waterloo, abandoned his post, and again took his station on the side of royalty. He has thus, beyond dispute, proved himself a most accomplished *girouette*—friendly, it would seem to the royal cause, but always faithful to his own interest.” So say the Frenchmen.

Next comes La Bourdonnaye, son of the furious declaimer of the Chamber of Deputies, against whom the journals are quoting a speech of a few years since, calling on the throne for a sweeping measure of execration against the generals, the functionaries, &c., of France, in the hundred days; a speech which implied, either the most excessive rashness, or the most excessive thirst of vengeance; neither of them very eminent qualifications for the highest rank of office, and both giving a most powerful occasion of obloquy to the opponents of the ministry.

The word *humbug* was once vulgar; but, like the Dundasses, it has risen into repute by its being ready for all kinds of work; and we must make use of the drudge till we can find a better. Three-fourths of human transactions are naturally ranged under the title. Some time or other we shall write an essay on it in forty folio volumes, with an appendix, a supplement, and a “postliminious preface.” What an infinity of heads would be furnished by modern authorship, modern patriotism, modern benevolence, (slave trade and otherwise,) tavern charity, and high-life morals, national architecture, cabinet councils, king’s friends, National Galleries, patronage of the arts, plays, players, and patent playhouses, commissioners of woods and forests, patriotic prelates, Popish Protestantism, and presidents of the Royal Society. We give a few miscellaneous notes.

Sir something Sugden, the new *rat*, and solicitor-general, has been lately in a degree of bodily peril which has greatly moved the compassion of the bar.—“A gentleman named Johnson having called upon him to retract an assertion which he had made professionally, in a case in which he was engaged some months ago, he had *forgotten* all the circumstances, but he proved that he only spoke from his instructions. Under these circumstances he refused to apologise, and in consequence Mr. Johnson addressed a letter to him, which contained these expressions:—‘Your conduct throughout sufficiently shows that you are *destitute* of the feelings of a *gentleman and a man of honour*; and I am now only withheld, by the respect which is due to myself, from inflicting upon you that personal chastisement which you so richly deserve.’ He has since published the whole of the correspondence in the *Morning Post*.”

That Sir something Sugden should have totally forgotten a transaction in which, however, he brought the margin of his brief to prove that he

had been paid his five pounds for repeating the words "then and there written," is bar logic, with which, of course, common understandings have nothing to do. But we see that he has been neither shot nor horse-whipped, and we congratulate the bar on his continuance in this world, and in his wig and gown.

We come to another instance, to which we invite the attention of all our pictorial knights.

"If the speculators and promoters of the fine arts are to be trammelled with enormous exactions, how is it possible that they can flourish, or the utter ruin of the speculator be prevented? One individual, eminent certainly in his art, prevailed upon a single establishment to give him six thousand pounds for permission to engrave paintings and drawings, for which the artist had previously been paid the highest price. This, with other improvident bargains, not quite so flagrant, produced the result which we anticipated as inevitable."

The speculator in question, broke for the insignificant sum of six hundred thousand pounds! His creditors can best tell how many farthings in the half million this dashing firm has since paid.

"The Duke of Wellington is carrying his system of retrenchment into every part of the State and public offices. He contemplates a considerable saving in the stamp revenue, by *consolidating* districts. Berks has lately been added to Oxford; and the eastern and western districts of Hants are now consolidated; and Mr. Græme, as the senior distributor, has both. This will be a saving of from £200 to £300 a year, as the poundage *per cent.* to the distributors, lessens as the annual remittances from each increase."

We should feel much obliged to some of those mustachioed and military gentlemen who rule the world from the Horse-guards, to give us a fair answer as to the number of pence that those grand retrenchments have produced to the nation, within the last two years of Horse-guards' sovereignty. We deeply doubt whether the blacking of a staff boot has been carried to the national purse.

It would further gratify us to know whether, with this routing out of clerks, stamp distributors, and the other pauper establishments of the state, there has not been a righteous reserve for that sublime race of functionaries, "whose services cannot be too amply repaid by a grateful and rescued people." How many shillings of his salaries has Mr. Peel's patriotism laid on the altar of his applauding country? How many appointments does the dictator hold at this hour, and of how many has he abandoned the salaries? How much is the First Lord of the Treasury minus by the sacrifice of the Field Marshal's pay and allowances, by the grenadier guards, by the rifle brigade, the constableness of the Tower, and the governorship of the Cinque Ports and Walmer? How much of their military pay is sacrificed by the Hardings, the Murrays, and the whole crowd of these men of the epaulette, who are now drawing from two to eight thousand a year, as men of the desk? Let those bloated functionaries disgorge, and then we may listen to their stories of savings from the pittance of miserable clerks, superintendants and subalterns; but not till then.

"The death of Mr. Charles Warren, which took place at his house in Bedford Square, on Wednesday afternoon, makes a vacancy in the lucrative and much-sought-for office of chief justice of Chester."

Warren was a clever barrister, but a *rat*. Copley says "that Warren

had not nerve enough for rattling," and prides himself on his superior energies in the science. But, whatever might be the reason, Warren never rallied after his rattling. His chief justiceship comes under the general class. It is a sinecure: It has been declared useless by a Committee of the House. Yet it was kept up, and will be kept up, though the price of *rats* has greatly sunk of late, according to the market principle of the superabundance of the commodity.

Another.

"Notwithstanding current reports to the contrary, we believe Covent Garden Theatre will open at the period specified by the acting manager at the close of the last season. A powerful and most effective company, in every department of the drama, is already engaged; and the rent, no small consideration in the accumulation of debt, must be paid, even if the house were shut."

We strangely fear that there is a "current report" in the name of the Court of Chancery, which is worth all the others, and that the "most sumptuous theatre in Europe," as John Kemble used to call it, in all his speeches, will not have any better audience than Sir Richard Birnie and his surrounding ragamuffins for the season.

Another.

"There are several *love* matches on the tapis in the higher circles. Among them are Miss Cavendish, sister to the member for Cambridge, to Lord Titchfield, son of the Duke of Portland; Miss Frederica Law, youngest daughter of the dowager Lady Ellenborough, to the son of Sir John Ramsden; the daughter of Lady Eliza Talbot, to Mr. Abbott; Lady Emma Bennett and Lord St. Maur, son of the Duke of Somerset."

Of this we do not believe a syllable, further than that the parties will probably go to church together. The *love* is out of the question. The portion on one hand, and the settlement on the other, will doubtless join issue. The pounds, shillings, and pence will, we dare swear, be Arcadian friends, as long as they can keep together; but, as for the Arcadian absurdity of the *love*, we should as soon expect it from the Saracen's Head, or the piety of Lady Charlotte Bury. A propos, why does the Duke of Somerset suffer his sons and daughters to Frenchify their name, and at this time of the earth, lisp themselves St. Maur? The name of Seymour is a noble name, known in the history of their country, and borne by eminent persons, who would probably be as much astonished at finding it abandoned by their descendants, as at finding that they had such descendants to abandon it. It perhaps, however, does not look so enchantingly foreign; it does not slide so fondly into a *chansonnette* with an accompaniment on the harp-lute; it is not so naturally pronounced with a sensitive shrug of the sensitive bosom, and a heavenward glance of the fainting eye on some Count dancing master, or Baron black-leg. This may do well enough for women, and men like women. "La Comtesse Seraphina Chitterlina St. Maur!"—The very sound is *à ravir, charmante*, quite a spell! But we hope that there are some of the family superior to this sickly absurdity.

But in the matter of matrimony, we propose the following form of announcement for general adoption, as the most natural, simple, and easy, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the most true. As all the well-bred world prefer poetry to prose, we give the fact and form together, thrown into verse by the most celebrated improvisatore of this or any other country:—

## DIALOGUE ON MATRIMONY.

*Dramatis Personæ*—THE COUNTESS AND HER COUSIN.

*Cousin.*

Heavens! how *could* you marry that frightful old peer?

*Countess.*

Can a man be a fright with ten thousand a-year?

*Cousin.*

I'm sure you must wish the old fool in the Styx.

*Countess.*

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my chariot and six?

*Cousin.*

But he's gouty. In fact, he but wanted a nurse.

*Countess.*

Pray, my dear, do you think you could carry this purse?

*Cousin.*

But he'll never stir out of his flannel and chair.

*Countess.*

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my house in the square?

*Cousin.*

But he's eighty. The world will all laugh in your face.

*Countess.*

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my new Brussels' lace?

*Cousin.*

But at eighty a man has his toe in the tomb.

*Countess.*

My dear, I'm prepared for the worst that can come.

*Cousin.*

But all dies with himself. You don't dream of an heir?

*Countess.*

My, dear, 'tis but virtue to *bear* and forbear.

*Cousin.*

Well, six months, or weeks, and he'll leave you behind.

*Countess.*

Well, my dear, I must try not to weep myself blind.

*Cousin.*

You'll linger till then a most nursery-maid life.

*Countess.*

A widow well jointured can soon be a wife.

Chance dropt in my fingers four thousand a-year.

*Cousin.*

There's not one of our sex but would take the old peer.

We hear a vast deal of the delicate honour of military and naval officers, of their scorn of menial employments, and of their very unequivocally, however very absurdly, thinking that all other professions are but contemptible affairs compared with that of the sword and epaulette. Until lately, it was even considered a decided indignity in an officer to be surmised to have written any thing beyond a return, or to be capable of higher exploits than a signature in the Orderly-book. But a good deal was to be pardoned to the sense of professional honour, when

it produced a reluctance to mingle the profession with lower pursuits ; and we are perfectly sure that if, ten years ago, any man happened to have told a Lieutenant-Colonel that he would yet stand in the shoes of Sir Richard Birnie, of precious memory ; or have hinted to a Post Captain in the British navy that he would be a succedaneum to the keeper of the Hulks, and inspect a gang of thieves in Botany Bay, the teller of those tidings would have to prepare himself for a grand diplomatic negotiation as to the time when he was to be summoned to Chalk Farm, there to be run through the body, or shot, and otherwise dealt with, according to the heroic manner of wiping away insults.

Yet here we have the thing done before the face of mankind. We have Captain Parry, a post-captain and a knight too, tranquilly putting his sword into his closet, dismounting his epaulettes, and metamorphosing himself into a hired servant, or steward, of some obscure knot of adventurers, and steering forthwith for Botany Bay.

We have the same transmigration in the Colonel. His business henceforth is to do what that brilliant member of the magistracy, Sir Richard Birnie, is employed for doing, however he may do it. The Colonel is to be principal thief-taker, arrester of strayed demireps, examiner-in-chief of gin-shops, and muster-master-general of pickpockets. And this is to be the occupation of a soldier—of a man who once commanded a regiment in the field, and who probably thinks himself entitled to look down upon some individuals in society. We shall tell him, that society will form an altogether different estimate on the subject—that he is taking a miserable occupation—and that, from the moment of his catching his first thief, and touching his first shilling for the capture, he is a constable, and nothing more.

The art of poetry, like the art of cookery, will never perish while men have tongues or palates. Moore is, we hope, not dead, nor altogether buried in Lord Byron's book ; but, in the mean time, Bath supplies a substitute, and Mr. Bayley waves his papilionaceous wings, gay and glittering, over the British Baia. The style of his poetry is characteristic of the spot of its inspiration ; it is coquettish, pastiled, and perfumed—redolent of courtship and quadrilles. What can be more effervescent of the fixed air of the Upper Rooms than these sparkling and dancing lines?—

“ THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR !”

This is my eldest Daughter, Sir !  
 Her mother's only care ;  
 You praise her face—Oh ! Sir, she is  
 As good as she is fair !  
 My angel Jane is clever too,  
 Accomplishments I've taught her ;  
 I'll introduce you to her, Sir,  
 —This is my eldest Daughter.

I've sought the aid of ornament,  
 Bejewelling her curls ;  
 I've tried her beauty unadorned,  
 Simplicity and pearls :  
 I've set her off, to get her off,  
 Till fallen off I've thought her :  
 Yet I've softly breathed to all the beaux—  
 “ This is my eldest Daughter.”

I've tried all styles of hair-dressing,  
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops;  
 Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced,  
 Till circulation stops!  
 I've padded her; until I have  
 Into a Venus wrought her;  
 But puffing her has no effect!  
 —This is my eldest Daughter.

Her gowns are à la Ackerman,  
 Her corsets à la Belle;\*  
 Yet when the season ends, each beau  
 Still leaves his T. T. L.  
 I patronise each déjeûné,  
 Each party on the water;  
 Yet still she hangs upon my arm!  
 —This is my eldest Daughter.

She did refuse a Gentleman—  
 I own it was absurd—  
 She thought she *ought* to answer “No!”  
 He took her at her word!  
 But she'd say “Yes!” if any one  
 That's eligible sought her:  
 She really *is* a charming girl,  
 Though she's my eldest daughter!

This is all very light and pleasant, and will be said and sung in all parties where “wits” are entertained for their *facetia*, and where “gentlemen” are called on” by a circle of adoring belles, to give them some subterfuge from the “*Di tanti palpiti*” of the daughters of the house, not yet brought out. But we like his pathetic compositions still better. Few madrigals in the language contain more tenderness, expressed with more simplicity, than this little appeal:—

OH! AM I NOT A LOVER STILL?

Oh! am I not a lover still  
 In heart and soul the same—  
 As when I sought thy bower first,  
 And learnt to breathe thy name?  
 Oh! look I not as proud of thee?  
 Oh! speak I not as kind?  
 And when I leave thee, do I not  
 Leave joy itself behind?

The love I offered long ago  
 Is but matured by time;  
 As tendrils round their chosen bough  
 Cling closer as they climb:  
 Then am I not a lover still,  
 In heart and soul the same,  
 As when I sought thy bower first,  
 And learnt to breathe thy name?

\* La Belle Assemblée, the elegant publication that gives monthly a well-engraved portrait of one of the Female Nobility, and coloured prints of London and Parisian Fashions.

The science of humbug is prodigiously vigorous among all that infinitely ingenious race who possess "collections of rare and valuable books, with original autographs, and all the *erroures*."—The "editiones principes" men who offer the primal copy of "Tom Thumb," for fifty pounds, and are lucky enough to find pudding-headed pretenders to "book learninge," who will rejoice in carrying home the invaluable treasure.

But there remains a class deserving of no slight honours in the science of humbug. And among those we should take a rule to show cause why the managers of the State Paper Office should not claim especial rank. Every six months the world is electrified with the discovery of some "prodigiously magnificent" nonsense, dug up among the dusty ruins of the State Paper Office. People, at a distance, must naturally conclude that this State Paper Office is some dreary Colossus of a building, which it would take a century, and a battalion of spectacled sages to overhaul—a sort of Mrs. Radcliffe cloister of boundless extent, hiding in its subterranean bosom, some hundreds of miles towards the centre of the earth, the recondite literature of the whole world dead and gone! What a relief must it be to their despair, to know that this more than labyrinth is a spruce modern house, in a spruce modern street, with not a room in it larger than a decent breakfast parlour; and where a smart housemaid, with a brush in her hand, would put the spiders to the rout, exterminate the cobwebs, and expose the whole treasure of manuscripts to the garish eye of day, as an easy morning's work. But then, to be sure, we should not have such fine periodical announcements of "Interesting Discoveries."

"An interesting discovery has just been made at the State Paper Office, of a translation of Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, nearly the whole of which is in the hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth; and from another document, which has also been found, it appears that this translation was made by the queen at Windsor, during five weeks of the winter season."

Now who on earth is the better for such a discovery as this? Or why was it not made at any time during the long term of years in which the present people concerned in keeping this office in the dust, have been receiving their salaries? We say, that the whole business is paltry, childish, and humbug; and insist on the housemaid and her broom being employed, without loss of time, if it were merely to relieve the world from being bored with the pretence of any more such foolish discoveries.

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## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols. ; 1829.*—Two more agreeable volumes it has not been our good fortune to see for ages. Here are topics of all sorts and sizes—something for all ages and tempers—the odds-and-ends of the talented Lady Morgan's scrap-book—a *mélange* of gravities and gaieties—philosophy and flippancy—truths and trifles—facts and fancies (by the way, a collection of alliterations her ladyship's self might envy)—all in most admired disorder, but all hit off *à sauté et à gambade*, Montaigne-like, with a go-lightly touch of the pen that flashes amusement at every stroke. Sourer critics than ourselves might say, Lady Morgan has no discretion : we prefer saying she has few reserves. A quaint phrase, a bon-mot, a strong thought, an equivocal pun, imply and involve what they may, are equally irresistible ; and the good spirits and elasticity which nature gave her, carry her safely over dangers that would suck others down into depths from which there could be no emerging. Her own "image and superscription" are stamped upon every page of her attractive book. Politics, religion, morals—in all she fearlessly lances her occasionally startling opinions ; but they spring fresh from her convictions, and are uttered in a tone which says, These may be wrong, or may be right ; let them go, and find their own value.

Some of her scenes are admirable, and almost all speak of persons eminent for station, literature, or eccentricity ; and to details about people of these descriptions the world will always lend an untiring ear. Her first rout in London, at Lady Cork's, with Kemble's capricious—the old Duchess of Gordon's brusqueries—Kirwan's visit to the "fair authoress of the Wild Irish Girl," with some of his crudities and absurdities—Owen's chemise—Denon's frolics and raconteurings—Helen Maria Williams, &c., are all excellent, but not to be brought within our limits. We must cut our coat according to our cloth.

Lady M. is as ready to smile at her own foibles as at those of her neighbours. Take a specimen :

I originally wrote my "Novice of St. Dominick" in ten goodly, stout volumes, which, with much humility, as I thought, I cut down to seven. With these seven—by far the heaviest part of my luggage—I arrived in London, and presented myself to Sir Richard Phillips, who advised me to take back my manuscript, like a good girl, and reduce it to five. "Insatiate monster, would not one suffice!" But down went the volumes ; and when I took the remaining sibyl leaves to Sir Richard, he again begged they might be reduced to four. This was too much ; though I verily believe, at this moment, that the publisher's good-natured consideration of my *amour propre* alone prevented him from stinting my exuberance to two volumes, which, perhaps, he ought to have done.

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. VIII. No. 45.

Self is the conspicuous figure of the recollections ; and Lady M. is herself as well worth studying as any she commemorates. The peculiarities of others elicits her own :

Of all metaphysical mysteries, there is nothing more difficult to get at than the mystery of memory. Montaigne, complaining of his, observes "*et suis si excellente en oubliance, que mes escripts mêmes, je les oublie, pas moins que les autres.*"\* This is precisely my own case. I never could remember any thing I wrote, beyond the moment when it was going through the press. The other evening I found a book lying open on the piano-forte, which somebody had just laid down, on being called to take a part in the *Pregiera* in the opera of *Mosé*, and I chanced to light upon a high-flown and rather nonsensical passage, of which I could make nothing. This induced me to look at the title-page. It was "The Wild Irish Girl," seventh edition. I had not seen it for years. I was amused, and a little surprized.

A pun is sure to live in Lady M.'s memory :—

What a droll pun is that of the grammarian presenting his book to the Académie, after the Duke de — had advanced his pretensions to be elected one of the *quarante*, on the score of his illustrious ancestors. "*Je suis ici pour mon grand-père,*" said the duke. "*Je suis ici pour ma GRAMMAIRE,*" said his ignoble philological competitor.

Here is another, which does not bear conclusive evidence of being so well preserved :

It is extremely difficult to get the Irish to be grave upon grave subjects. With a few exceptions in favour of absolute dulness and mediocrity, all our judges are *drôles de corps*, and the highest the drollest of any. What was Joe Miller to Judge Norbury, who kept the bar in a roar for nearly half a century, and rarely passed sentence of death without making some of his auditors die laughing?

"Here is a fellow, my lord," (said an attorney, the other day, to one of our legal chiefs), "accused of stealing turnips ; under what act can he be attacked?"

"I really don't know," said the judge, without taking his eyes from the paper on which he was writing.

"You don't know, my lord?"

"No, not immediately, Mr. \*\*\*\*."

"What does your lordship think of the *timber* act?"

"Probably—that is, if the turnips were *sticky!*"

Turn to a scrap, then, of a graver cast. Lady M. has been adverting to the many sprightly volumes of memoirs, written by French women, with which, as all lovers of gossiping—and agreeable gossiping, too—must be, she is extremely delighted :

I grieve to be unable to add some fair British writers to this list of sparkling memoirists : but the

\* "And I am myself so excellent at forgetfulness, that I forget my own works as much as those of other persons."

female authorship of these realms is too serious, perhaps too passionate, for the task. English women can write upon nothing but love and religion; and therefore they write little besides novels—serious or frivolous, sacred or profane. Wit and philosophy are very sparingly conferred upon them.

The few female auto-biographists who have graced the literature of England, were confined to the stirring times of the commonwealth, when the pressure of circumstances, by acting upon the strongest and finest feelings of woman, developed her intellect, and forced her upon active and even perilous existence. The two most brilliant instances of this charming *genre* of egotism are to be found in the memoirs of the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, and in those of the heroic Mrs. Hutchinson;—both admirable illustrations of their respective classes, at the epoch in which they flourished; the one, of the pure, unmixed aristocracy of England; the other of its gentry, or highest grade of middle life.

#### A little graver still :

Intolerance is the offspring of conceit: we push an opinion, because it is our own, and resent contradiction as a personal insult. Very few persons, however, have any lawful right of property in their own ideas. The greatest number of our opinions are corporate, and belong to the age and country in which we happen to be born. No inconsiderable quantity belong to that venerable and respectable personage, our old nurse. Even the few notions which strong thinkers develop for themselves, depend very closely on habits of thought, impressed by tutors and parents, modified by external circumstances, equally uncontrollable. If some of our worthy anti-catholic, anti-reforming, corn-trade-fettering aristocrats, could be made sensible of the very vulgar origin of many of their favourite ideas, they would as soon shake hands with a chimney sweeper as entertain them.

#### Very grave, indeed :

The brightest page in the history of aristocracies, is that which relates the events of the revolution of 1688. Yet, what a tissue of heartless intrigue, corruption, and tergiversation! what underhand correspondencies with the excluded family! what promptitude to overturn the work of their own hands, are displayed in the lives of the great men of that day! Since the revolution, the aristocracy have been the remora of civilization,—a feather-bed between the walls of despotism, and the battery of public opinion. A surplus wheel in the machinery of the state, they would long since have stopped the movements of government, if their subserviency did not adapt them to every impulse from the crown; while, by means of their representatives in the House of Commons, they modify the proceedings of that body. At the moment in which I write, the influence of the aristocracy, in defeating a liberal ministry, in making the corn laws an affair of their peculiar "order," in opposing a necessary retrenchment of corrupt expenditure, prove to demonstration the futility of the received theory. Should public opinion, however, triumph in the lower House, the aristocracy must submit to reform, or be crushed. An enlightened people, and an anti-national aristocracy, cannot long co-exist.

A flash of wrath, even!—the unhappy object, her reviewer—whom she detects, through an act of imprudence in her publisher scarcely to be credited :

I was not mistaken; nor do I know any just cause or impediment why I should not denounce my critical executioner, who has shewn me so little mercy, so little justice! There is something so revolting in hired misrepresentation—something so mutually degrading, in a task thus given, and thus performed—it belongs so peculiarly to the *canaille* of literature, who stab for pay, like bolder (and honester) assassins, that the soul sickens when talent, and supposed liberality, desert the standard of independent opinion, to enlist in the *bande noire* of organized vituperators, or enrol in the troop of well paid puffers and party panegyrists!

But why so very angry? We gave Lady M. more credit for tact than this vehemence implies. She is not so much behind the curtain as she imagines. For reviewers to *praise* beyond desert is, beyond all manner of doubt, dictated often by the interest of publishers, but much oftener brought about by the solicitations of authors and authors' friends. *We* do not believe—and "we should know"—*abuse* is ever purchased. Pique may sometimes sting the irascible into malevolence; but *stipulation*, never. It would not be so easy, so natural, nor so effective.

We must wind up with a scrap, equally acute and lively—like her own conversation, of which it is manifestly a specimen. It is headed, "Idleness of Genius:—"

I said, not long since, to Mr. \*\*\*, "Nobody tolerates, or even likes, a thorough-going, genuine, conscious coxcomb, more than I do—one who has taken up the profession coolly and deliberately, like the Brummels, &c. &c. of old. But I cannot stand your friend: he is such a dull dandy, and nothing but a dandy."

"No, I assure you," was the reply; "he is by no means deficient. He has, on the contrary, considerable talent; but he is so indolent. How often do you see great talents rendered inefficient by indolence!"

"Yes, you do," I said; "it is a pity." But suddenly struck with the absurdity, I observed, "What nonsense we are talking. One goes on for ever repeating common places, without reflection. You know, as well as I do, that great talents and indolence are physically incompatible. Vitality, or all-aliveness—energy, activity, are the great elements of what we call talents."

The idleness of genius is a mere *platitude*. Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Voltaire, Newton—

—No; it is too long—not for us, but our grudging columns.

*Devereux, by the Author of Pelham, 3 vols.; 1829.*—Mr. Bulwer reads much, digests well, and writes ably and rapidly. His mill is constantly going—in at the hopper in one shape, and out at the mouth in another—in meal or in bran, nothing is lost, and much of it is thoroughly *boulted*. To throw off our metaphor, which will only

encumber us, like many we could name, he has made a skilful and a very agreeable use of his historical and literary studies among French and English writers of the last century. The new volumes before us are concerned mainly with *recorded* existence, and bring into active and characteristic dialogue many of the distinguished individuals of England and the Continent, in the early part of the century. But the chief personage, introduced in every stage of his career, is Bolingbroke, whom the author has taken under his especial patronage, and is resolved to whitewash—a man, indeed, whose character deserves discussion, and has never had it—fairly, we mean. Materials for the purpose abound; and we could scarcely name a man more competent, in acquirement and temper, than Mr. B. himself. Bolingbroke's ambition was as large, we were going to say, as the universe: his aims, unquestionably, were to be the foremost man of all the world in politics, literature, conversation—folly even. In Devereux we have him, in office, as secretary of state, and scheming for the premiership; in private life, at dinners and parties; in the theatre, at a new play; at a bookseller's, in quest of a new edition of the classics; in his closet, with philosophers, discussing metaphysics; and with a friend, professing to bare his bosom thoughts. In exile, we have him again the welcome guest of all parties—the gayest of the gay—flirting and bandying compliments with the women, and fixing the admiration of old and young. Again, we meet him joining the Pretender—intracetable in office—dismissed—and raving at the treatment he received: and, finally, in England we discover him, thirty miles from town, cultivating a farm in domestic felicity, the husband of Madame Maintenon's niece; but, even in retirement, and excluded from his place in Parliament, still busy in opposing and exposing his bitter and immitigable foes, the Whigs. He is exhibited, in short, in all his Protean shapes; and, in all his changes and caprices, zealously defended, while his adversaries are as zealously depreciated. This is, perhaps, on the whole, but fair—necessary even to counterbalance prejudice. Bolingbroke is known to *our* age mainly as a mischievous but baffled statesman, and a profligate moralist—that is, just as his political opponents, the Whigs, who for fifty years ruled the roast, shewed him up. Such was the virulence of party during that period, that no Tory had a chance for fair dealing. The spite and malignity of the Whig were as infernally active against the Tory as, within our memory, *his* were against the Whig and Jacobin.

Mr. B.'s first object is, obviously, to exhibit public characters, and record his own judgments of them—with a fling occasionally at the bias and perversions of modern scribblers. The hero—who tells his own tale—has a love-story, of course; but this love-

story is judiciously despatched early, and the disentanglement of its involutions—which, by the way, are full of extravagance—is not suffered to occupy any great share of the pages. Count Devereux is the son of an English Catholic, who had, by his gallantry, won a marshal's baton and a title, in the service of Louis XIV. At his father's death, the young count and his two brothers, came with their mother to England, and took up their residence with an uncle, the head of the family—a widower, without a family, and possessed of immense estates. He was a good-natured and gay old man, who, after mixing with the follies and vices of Charles's court, and suffering from them, withdrew to the country, and dwelt with delight upon the memory of his early dissipations. The children were treated with all possible indulgence; and for the eldest, his favourite, his estates were apparently destined. Out of these, however, he was jockeyed by the artifices of the family-confessor—a Jesuit, and one of the cunningest of his tribe, in due conformity with the Jesuit character, in novels and novel-like histories. He was a confidential agent of the exiled Stuarts; and his object, to secure the potent family and property of the Devereux to their interests. To keep an individual hold upon the boys, he had excited jealousies among them from their childhood; and the two eldest, in consequence, hated each other heartily. The youngest, a lad of a more delicate temperament, seemed devoted to prayer and penance, and apparently entered into no contests or rivalries of any kind. The young count—very precociously—falls in love with a Spanish girl, and speedily discovers, as he thinks, he has a rival in his twin brother; and abundance of intrigue, and many outbreaks of hatred and passion, follow. In London, the count marries the young lady privately, and conceals her in the outskirts of the town; and, in the meanwhile, the old uncle dies, and the whole property, save a legacy or two, is left to the twin brother. Of the fraud he entertains no doubt, nor of the authors; and he accordingly challenges with it both his brother and the Jesuit. But railing will not bring back the estates. He makes the best of his disappointment, and wends his way back to his bride. Within a few weeks, however, his uncle's attorney dies, and the *real* will is put into the count's hands; but before he can make the proper use of it, his house is broken into, his papers are seized, his wife is pierced through and through, and himself left with wounds enough to kill any common mortal. All seems the act and outrage of his brother and the Jesuit; but nothing can be brought to proof.

Thus stripped of his wife and property, on his recovery, nothing daunted, he sets out to seek his fortunes. The world is all before him—his oyster; and, like *Pistol*, with his good sword—a splendid present, by the way, from Louis le Grand—he means to

open it. In France he is presented to Madame Maintenon and the king, under the auspices of Fleuri; but, before any thing can be done for him, the king dies. Luckily, he rescues the regent from an awkward scrape, into which his dissipation had led him, becomes a favourite, and assists at the *petits soupers* with the regent and his *roués*, where the party cook their own supper. Employment is the count's object; and he is speedily dispatched to Russia on a special mission, and has the good fortune to conciliate Peter, and partake of his rough hospitalities, too. On his return, Du Bois' ugly mistress falls in love with him, and, on Du Bois resenting it, publicly affronts the haughty minion. His dismissal became inevitable; and he accordingly offers his services to Peter, who immediately employs him, in offices of confidence and profit. In the Russian service he continues till Peter's death, by which time he finds himself in possession of great wealth, and solicits his *congé*. At some German court, where he had been residing, he gets involved in some perplexing debates with a philosophical atheist; and, becoming shaken in his convictions on the subject of revelation, he resolves, as the best means of coming to a sound and safe conclusion, to retire into Italy, in the neighbourhood of some convent, for the sake of books especially and quiet, and consider the matter at leisure. In this seclusion he discovers his younger brother—whom he had understood to be dead years before—in the shape of a hermit. This miserable hermit—he did not recognize the count—has a tale of horror to communicate. Without knowing him, he makes Devereux his confidant. He had been his brother's rival—the murderer of his wife—the coadjutor of the Jesuit! No sooner was the communication made, than the hermit dies; and Devereux, armed with the proper documents, flies to England, impatient to see the brother he had wronged by his suspicions, and to seize and hang the Jesuit. The brothers meet, and Devereux refuses to take back the estates; but, in the *mêlée* that follows, in an attempt to rescue the Jesuit, the brother is killed; and the said estates, of course, without further ado, fall into the wealthy count's hands, who is now only thirty-four, and will doubtless live on to carry us, in another three volumes, through a considerable part of the century.

One word still. The historical matter is every where correctly and *easily* introduced, and all according to the best existing evidence. The scenes are generally well-managed, and the judgments, as our neighbours would say, well *motived*. The whole is, indeed, familiar to reading men, especially those who have any acquaintance with French and English memoirs, and literary history. But, considering into whose hands the book will fall—into many who know little of these matters—it must do good: it must excite a taste for better things—for

something like facts and realities, and the neglect of idle fancies or fashionable foppery. The performance, in short, is a very superior one, and places the author—a conspicuous mark—at the head of his class; and that class is among the first.

We wish we could quote a *purpureus panus*, in the beginning of the second volume, relative to Spinoza, and man's entanglement in the spider's-web of necessity. We can only direct the reader's attention to it; but his must be a dull eye that does not catch it.

*The Anthology, by the Rev. J. D. Parry; 1829.* This is planned for the first specimen of a new annual, the object and aim of which is to combine amusement and instruction for young people from ten, it seems, to fifteen, and calculated for a reward book in schools. It consists wholly of selections, and the editor claims nothing but the merit of diligence and judgment—of consulting, that is, nearly two hundred volumes, and of rejecting not more than half of them. The first fact attests his diligence, and the last his judgment, if not his liberality—for surely to find in every second book he consulted something worth reprinting, can never be the act of a very stern censor. The articles are classed as I. Curiosities in Zoology, Botany, &c.; II. Tales, Apologues and Anecdotes; III. Voyages and Travels; IV. Moral, Elegant, and Miscellaneous Extracts; and V. Poetry; with respect to which the editor observes, the natural history consists of sketches of some curious *foreign* productions: the tales have been taken principally from the French, partly because the unexceptionable writers of that nation seem to possess a greater power over the taste and feelings than any others, and also because on a hasty survey, scarcely any could be found in English sufficiently brief to suit the space for which they were intended. And as to the rest he has nothing particular to say—nor have we, except to express our wonder at finding an anecdote, given on *anonymous* authority, of Judge Hale's contempt of witches and witchcraft, in the teeth of judicial and indisputable evidence to the contrary. We may add another little wonderment of ours too, at finding, in the fourth division, the only extract from a living author, to be one from Dr. Dibdin's sermon on Joseph's filial piety, the extreme poverty of which might surely have screened it from republication. The editor promises better things next time; and will probably—may we have no doubt, for he is obviously a man of good taste—make good his promise. It is a very nice little book for schools.

*Waverley Novels, Vol. 3.; 1829.*—The distinguishing feature in this new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, are the Prefaces, which the author is pledged to give, communicating particulars relative to the origin and sources of the tales, and occasionally of the characters. Guy Mannering's preface—

the one before us—is certainly, as may be supposed, indeed, a graceful and not uninteresting narrative. But surely there is something “too much of this!” The writer, indeed, is making money by the illusion; and who can blame him for taking advantage of the tide? But the gaping curiosity of people about what *we* must think essentially indifferent matters—at least in nothing distinguishable from the experiences of every writer of fiction—is manifestly, the greater part of it, mere idle fashion and gregarious imitation, where one runs after another, like a flock of sheep, without knowing why or wherefore. It is getting already all but ridiculous, and, we prophesy, will be completely so, long before the series is exhausted.

Sir Walter was indebted, it seems, for the basis of *Guy Mannering* to a legend of old John MacKinlay—an honest highlander, and a servant of his father’s. According to John, an elderly gentleman lost his way somewhere in the county of Galloway, and sought shelter for the night in the house of a country laird, where the family were in a state of bustle and distraction from the impending accouchement of the lady. After partaking of the laird’s hospitalities, and receiving his apologies for any lack of due attention under the peculiar circumstances, with a view of making the best return in his power, he begged to be informed of the precise instant of the birth, and, in the meanwhile, set about drawing the coming infant’s horoscope. While intently gazing upon the stars, he observed something alarming in the approaching conjunctions, and eagerly desired the birth, by all means, to be retarded, if but for five minutes. Nature, however, was peremptory; and the child came into the world at the critical moment which the stranger had most desired to avert. What was the foreboding? That the child, on coming to the age of discretion, would be exposed to some formidable temptation;—if he firmly resolved, happiness would ensue; if he succumbed—The alarmed parent—(what better could he do?)—resolved to be guided implicitly by the stranger’s advice, which was to seclude him wholly from the world, dedicate him exclusively to religious services, and, on his approaching twenty-one, send him to encounter the peril at his (the stranger’s) house. So rigorously was this advice adhered to, that, as he grew up, the youth’s intellects were in some danger of flitting before the severity of the regimen. Luckily, however, they survived; and, as the hour of doubtful event approached, he was dispatched to the old gentleman—now, of course, *very* old—by whom, after due examination and abundance of injunction, he was shut up, with his bible, in a study; and, precisely at the completion of his majority, another old gentleman—Old Nick, in *propria personâ*, horns and claws—presented himself, full of smiles and wiles, alternating with frowns

and terrors. The reader anticipates the conclusion. By the aid of the sacred volume, which the youth clasped with a pious compression, he baffled the demon, and returned victorious home.

Such was John’s tale. In the course of printing what he had built upon it, the author changed his purpose, and abandoned the astrology. This, it seems, must account for the appearance of certain passages in the earlier sheets, which have nothing in consistency, or in prosecution of them, in the latter ones. These are still left, though confessed to hang an unsightly incumbrance on the neck of the story. Notwithstanding his rejection of the astrological machinery, he reluctantly lets go his hold of the subject, and cannot withhold us a marvellous tale—though how far it came within his own knowledge, does not appear. Here it is:

One of the most remarkable believers in that forgotten and despised science, was a late eminent professor of the art of legerdemain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the fantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations, by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, &c., are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic communications.

He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him, but in the important prospect of the future a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years, during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge, whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive; at another, that he was unquestionably dead; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.

The astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legerdemain, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer, suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. *It is said that the diary of this modern astrologer will soon be given to the public.*

Meg Merrilies, it appears, was an acquaintance of the author’s father, though he himself dimly remembers to have seen a grand-daughter of her’s—a woman of the

same extraordinary number of inches, and of pretty much the same moral qualities, as her illustrious ancestress—a Scotch queen of Scotch gipsies. An account appeared in the early numbers of *Blackwood* of both these personages. The part which concerns madame grand-mère came from Sir Walter himself; the other from somebody else, who took upon him to assign the grand-daughter as Sir Walter's original. He appears to have been mistaken, whoever he was: the old one is the true one.—So much for Meg; and we have no room at all for Dominie Sampson's *double*.

*Sketches of Irish Character; by Mrs. S. C. Hall; 2 vols; 1829.*—Another and another succeeds.—Miss Edgworth's place is adequately supplied, and her indolence no longer to be regretted. These sketches from life show up the individuals of an Irish village, after the manner of Miss Mitford's Berkshire one. Bannow, Mrs. Hall's birth-place, is situated on the eastern coast of Ireland, and is justly, she says, the pride of the county of Wexford. It is indeed, the fair writer confesses, a favourable specimen; no den of filthy cabins and miserable occupants. It is far from any town—the soil is rich—the sea almost surrounds it, and, what is the main source, probably, of its felicity, its landlords reside upon their estates. Moreover, she adds, the people know little, and care less about politics; and the Protestant clergyman and the Catholic priest (at least so it was in her time, and she is young) conceive each has sufficient employment in attending to the moral and physical wants of his flock. The neighbourhood also affords many attractions to the antiquarian and the lover of wild and beautiful scenery. Several ancient castles, particularly the seven castles of Clonmines, are in its immediate vicinity; the Irish Herculeum, the old town of Bannow, lies buried in the sands that skirt the coast, and within a few miles is “Bag and Bun,” where Strongbow landed, on first visiting the country, and where, according to the legend—“Irelande was loste and won.” The characters are so strictly individual, and the dialogue so exclusively sustained in the native idiom, of which Mrs. Hall has a perfect command—more thoroughly complete, apparently, than any of her scribbling cotemporaries—that no fair conception of the book can be given but by extracts, and we have no space for long ones, which alone would be adequate. We have no hesitation in recommending them to our readers as spirited sketches—taken with fidelity, and executed with vigour and effect.

*History of the Jews. Fifth volume of Murray's Family Library; 1829.*—Mr. Milman could not have laid his hand upon a subject that demanded more discretion in the management of it—nor would it be easy, we are persuaded, to find a person to tread the critical—the treacherous path—

which that discretion requires, more securely and correctly. Though sometimes intrepidly stepping over perilous ground, he will not often alarm by venture and audacity, nor will he justly incur, at all times, the sneer of evading perplexing questions.

He has taken his tone wisely, and defined his course strictly—keeping close to the historical, and trenching as little as was practicable, consistent with imperative discussions, upon theological topics,—though too intent, perhaps, on *explaining*, with an affectation of philosophy—and detecting the natural instruments employed in miraculous action. But the book is one that thousands will read, who turn with disgust from the bible—not so much from alienation for matters connected with religion, as from childish associations inseparably attached, originating in our unlucky and ill-judged habit of making the Jewish writings a school book. Considered only as a source of historical materials, containing the oldest records in the world, and the most circumstantial, the bible is full of curious matter, and more illustrative, we venture to affirm, of mind and manners in the early stages of civilization, than any writings extant. Those who *do* read the Bible, for the most part, do so with a spirit so shackled and subdued, that half the advantage derivable from it is utterly lost; and to speak paradoxically, perhaps, but yet correctly, more harm than good is done to the understanding, and even, or rather consequently, to morals, by the habit of forcing every thing, as numbers endeavour to do, to a purer and more elevated standard than the condition of society which it describes, can bear. They read the Bible under two misconceptions—first, that every phrase and fact is matter of inspiration, and direct instruction; and next, that every thing, in some way or other, is consistent with Christian principles, or by some theological legerdemain, reducible to them. Mr. M. has taken pains worthy of the occasion, to correct such and similar perversions. After describing the condition of society in the period of Patriarchal history, he observes—

Even the characters of the different personages are singularly in unison with the state of society described. There is the hunter, the migratory herdsman, and the incipient husbandman. The quiet and easy Isaac adapts himself to the more fixed and sedentary occupation of tillage. Esau the hunter is reckless, daring, and improvident. Jacob the herdsman, cautious, observant, subtle, and timid. Esau excels in one great virtue of uncivilized life, bravery; Jacob in another, which is not less highly appreciated, craft. Even in Abraham we do not find that nice and lofty sense of veracity which distinguishes a state of society where the point of honour has acquired great influence. It is singular that this accurate delineation of primitive manners, and the discrimination of individual character in each successive patriarch, with all the imperfections and vices, as well of the social state as of the particular disposition, although so conclusive an evidence to the honesty

of the narrative, has caused the greatest perplexity to many pious minds, and as great triumph to the adversaries of revealed religion. The object of this work is strictly historical, not theological; yet a few observations may be ventured on this point, considering its important bearing on the manner in which Jewish history ought to be written and read. Some will not read the most ancient and curious history in the world, because it is in the Bible; others read it in the Bible with a kind of pious awe, which prevents them from comprehending its real spirit. The latter look on the distinguished characters in the Mosaic annals as a kind of sacred beings, scarcely allied to human nature. Their intercourse with the Divinity invests them with a mysterious sanctity, which is expected to extend to all their actions. Hence, when they find the same passions at work, the ordinary feelings and vices of human nature prevalent both among the ancestors of the chosen people, and the chosen people themselves, they are confounded and distressed. Writers unfriendly to revealed religion, starting with the same notion, that the Mosaic narrative is uniformly exemplary, not historical, have enlarged with malicious triumph on the delinquencies of the patriarchs and their descendants. Perplexity and triumph surely equally groundless!

His estimate of David's character has the same tendency to correct misconceptions arising out of a partial view of the state of society in those early times.

His personal character has been often discussed; but both by his enemies, and even by some of his learned defenders, with an ignorance of, or inattention to his age and country, in writers of such acuteness as Bayle, as melancholy as surprising. Both parties have been content to take the expression of the *man after God's own heart*, in a strict and literal sense. Both have judged by modern, occidental and Christian notions, the chieftain of an eastern and comparatively barbarous people. If David in his exile became a freebooter, he assumed a profession, like the pirate in ancient Greece, by no means dishonourable. If he employed craft, or even falsehood, in some of his enterprises, chivalrous, or conscientious attachment to truth was probably not one of the virtues of his day. He had his harem, like other eastern kings. He waged war, and revenged himself on his foreign enemies with merciless cruelty, like other warriors of his age and country. His one great crime violated the immutable and universal laws of morality, and therefore admits of no excuse. On the other hand, his consummate personal bravery and military talent—his generosity to his enemies—his fidelity to his friends—his knowledge of, and steadfast attention to the true interests of his country—his exalted piety and gratitude towards his God, justify the zealous and fervent attachment of the Jewish people to the memory of their great monarch.

The contrast between the Jewish history and that of other nations, as to their origin, is well stated.

The genealogies of most nations, particularly the eastern, are lost among their gods; it is impossible to define where fable ceases, and history begins; and the earlier we ascend the more in-

distinct and marvellous the narrative. In the Hebrew record it is precisely the converse. God and man are separated by a wide and impassable interval—Abraham is the Emir of a pastoral tribe, migrating from place to place, his stations marked with geographical accuracy, and with a picturesque simplicity of local description; here he pitches his tent by some old and celebrated tree, there on the brink of a well-known fountain. He is in no respect superior to his age or country, excepting in the sublime purity of his religion. He is neither demi-god nor mighty conqueror, nor even sage, nor inventor of useful arts. His distinction is the worship of One Great God, and the intercourse which he is permitted to hold with this mysterious being. This is the great patrimonial glory which he bequeathed to his descendants; their title to be considered the chosen people of the Almighty, was their inalienable hereditary possession. This is the key to their whole history, the basis of their political institutions, the vital principle of their national character.

We can quote no more—but we may point out Mr. M.'s review of the Hebrew Laws, as correct and instructive in no common degree. The general humanity of them, contrast favourably with what is known of the spirit pervading the codes of neighbouring nations. His remarks are well calculated to excite more attention to the Jewish laws than, we are sure, they commonly obtain—though at least as deserving of regard as the institutes of Greeks and Romans—superior as they often are in matters of domestic policy and political government. This is like talking of a new matter, and *new* it is to numbers. This first volume brings the story down to the Captivity. Materials for succeeding periods are not so accessible,—but the subject is in able hands, and nothing will be wanting.

*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, edited by E. Griffith, Esq. and Others.—Part XX.—1829.*—This portion of the very superior publication, to which we have more than once directed the reader's notice, is occupied with the fourth order of birds, termed Gallinæ, comprising most of our most valuable domestic birds—most valuable, we mean, for eating, not for show. Extended as our discoveries have been over every quarter of the globe, and multiplied as is our acquaintance with animated nature, it is marvellous that we do not extend the paltry list of our eatables. Out of the whole range of quadrupeds, we get nothing, from century to century, but oxen, sheep, and pigs—now and then, those who can catch them, a fat buck, or a lean doe—out of the hundreds or thousands of birds, nothing but cocks and hens, turkies, ducks, and geese; wild fowl are not always eatable, and game, exclusively called so, exclusively belong to the magnificoes of the land—and out of oceans of fish, half a score at the utmost ever visit the table. Yet of this Gallinæ order alone, numbers of new ones might be obtained. North America gave us the turkey, and South America would supply the whole genus *alcoctore*, and

especially to name an instance or two, the Hocco and Pauxis, which latter, or both, are perhaps better known by the name of Curassows. But we need not go so far for them. The Dutch already, it seems, have them, as frequent and familiar as turkeys. They are noble birds, with something considerable to eat upon them—beautiful in feather, (but what's that?) excellent in flesh, and superior in flavour to the aristocrat pheasant himself, and improveable by cultivation. These birds, the hocco and pauxis, in a state of domestication, have very much the habits, it seems, of our common fowls. They are fond of being in the neighbourhood of man—the reader will see we are quoting—and seem, according to the editor, to discover a peculiar relish for his *society*—not the editor's, particularly, that we know of. They do not betake themselves to solitary places for refuge (for laying?), but rather make use of nests, which man provides for them, returning daily to lay their eggs, and hatch there, in preference to any other situation. Can any thing be more accommodating? The zoological "fellows" talk large of what they will do. We hope they will do something; and in the way we suggest—for we get heartily tired of "*toujours perdrix*." To bring these gentlemen to action,—let them set about domesticating the hocco and pauxis forthwith: they may find more *euphonous* names also, though that is not perhaps exactly in their way.

*The Horse, in all his Varieties and Uses, &c. &c., by John Lawrence; 1829.*—This is not a book for the naturalist—though he may and ought to benefit from it. John Lawrence has nothing to do with theoretical matters—he is thoroughly a practical man, and studies the horse to find out what will make him useful, and keep him so. John claims the privileges of garrulity, and rattles away at a prodigious rate. He remembers the total eclipse of the sun in 1761—that memorable morning, when the famous Eclipse was foaled, and thence named—which total eclipse was, he says, '*ominous* of his (the horse's) future glory and immortality in the deathless annals of the English Turf.' He was himself, then, a groom-boy, under the care of one of those persons made by that truly Right Honourable Richard Rigby (the well-known *whipper-in*, elsewhere,) with *his twenty wives*. Independently of the practical value of the book, which we may come to presently—and it is really and extensively valuable, because it contains nothing but the free results of downright experience, suggested to a sound though rough and uncultivated understanding—independently of this uncommon value, the book is one of the most amusing the reader will meet with in a thousand. The very conceit and petulance of the old man—the consciousness and pride of being something above the canaille among which

he was born and bred—illustrated and enlivened by his slip-slops, which are worth all the merit, ten times told, of precision and purity—are exquisitely comic. They do not in the least mar the authority and use of his doctrines, for he writes upon nothing which has not fallen within his own knowledge, and which he does not thoroughly understand, and make the reader comprehend. It is only the mode of communicating, which strikes as ridiculous, though that is rather to be called amusing than ridiculous—for the ridiculous involves absurdity, and of that quality, at the bottom, there is truly very little. The cheeriness of the old coxcomb puts the reader insensibly into good humour, and leads him on to subjects which he does not perhaps care a fig about, and even interests him in them—some whimsical association is sure to repay him amply.

The work is complete and unique—embracing every possible subject that can be connected with the horse—his breeding—feeding—grooming—training—shoeing—all his points—shapes, crosses and classes, from the cart horse, through the roadster and carriage horse, to the hunter and racer; and the whole interspersed with anecdotes, occasionally coarse, but always to the purpose. The general humanity of the man too, deserves a grateful notice—though, after his manner, he parades it a little too much for fastidious people, as if it were a virtue that distinguished *him* from his fraternity, and entitled him to commendation. Nor will his exposure of acts of cruelty be without their practical use—for his arguments are bottomed on grounds to touch the selfishness of the callous bosoms at which they are levelled—for instance, gentle treatment is urged as *most effectual*, and *shortest in the process*, and moderate working as *most profitable* in the long run. Again, the abominable practices of grooms and farriers are inveighed against, with a sort of scorn most sure of stinging and piercing their thick skins—inflicting upon them the conviction of their overreaching themselves by their own cunning—and of John himself being more than their match in their own way.

We print a portion of honest John's remarks on racing atrocities.

My next topic is a disheartening one; it is the horrible—and I have some right to know, as a "bit of a jockey"—useless and needless practice of butchering and cutting up racehorses alive, with the whip and spur! In aggravation and countenance of this barbarism, the spectators of the run in, even ladies, seem delighted with it, as the very marrow and cream of the sport; and we often witness, in the accounts of races, the columns of newspapers sullied with such filth as—"a slashing race, what whipping, cutting and spurring!" Certainly there are stout and sluggish horses which require to be reminded by the whip and spur, but even those, running against others, their natural emulation is stimulated, and they

will do their utmost with moderate excitement, and all the whipping and spurring that could be used, even by that butcher on horseback, old Jack Oakley, must fail to obtain more. As to free horses, indeed the generality, they need little or no driving, and often are rather cowed, embarrassed, and retarded by it. There are, also, high stomached horses, that, being severely whipped when all abroad and at their best, of which they are well aware, will instantly slacken instead of endeavouring to increase their speed. Cutting up horses, known to be incapable of winning, and those, though capable, which *do not run to win*, is surely gratuitous cruelty. There is, finally, a strong and valid distinction between use and utility; and when a horse has won by a head or neck, both proprietors and jockeys, in attributing their success to the extreme use of whip-cord and cold iron, may, as is so perpetually the case in other affairs, have assigned the effect to a wrong cause, to one, perhaps, which may have, in degree, operated unfavourably. When a horse is at all that he can do, what the devil more can you have of him, but to keep him up to the mark? which surely, encouragement and moderation will most successfully effect; but if the vain attempt be made to drive him beyond that point, his next effort must naturally be to throw up his fore quarters and fight the air, whence he must shorten his stride, and lose ground. Surely the flourish of the whips, without the wanton and useless torture, together with the graceful action, and skillful exertions of the jockeys at the run in, ought to afford a superior and sufficient gratification to British spectators, male and female.

One little scrap just to shew John in the full glory of his literature.

After all, nothing can be more plain and level with common sense, which we trust has, in these latter days, something in common with farriery, than the forging a good, useful, and comfortable shoe for a horse with sound feet, and fitting and nailing the same in a safe and proper manner. The difficulty lies with naturally defective or worn-out hoofs, which the devil himself, or Vulcan, *in propria personâ*, would be unable to manage with any tolerable degree of success. With respect to this man's shoe, and that man's shoe, or which of them you will, out of the one thousand and one, who have every one of them, each in opposition and superiority to the other, during the last half century, improved the horse shoe, patented, or otherwise; some within a degree and half of perfection, and others, two degrees beyond it. That which may with any certainty be predicted of them is, *omne quod exit in lum*, with the addition of the *bug*, to those who prefer it. But new coined horse shoes are fancy articles, thence cannot fail of due periodical attention.

*The Brunswick; 1829.*—The Brunswick—"fallen, fallen, fallen." This alarming announcement concerns not the fall of the House of Brunswick, but "only of a theatre that bore that name," and an odd subject, at the first glance, it seems to mix up the ludicrous with. But stones prompt sermons, and we see not why ruins may not rhymes and farces. Every event and circumstance of life has a weeping and a laugh-  
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ing aspect, or how came there to be a Democritus and an Heraclitus? *N'importe* the *matériel*—the tact and touch of him who handles it is the all in all, and the artist before us is no common workman. Giving way to his associations—yielding to any suggestion—breathing any and every vein of reflection—and bringing forth from his treasures things new and old, he produces an agreeable mélange, at once spirited and amusing. The style of versification is in good taste, smart and terse, reminding us of Punch and Judy, which first appeared in our own pages.

The common sentiments which a circumstance of this nature usually draw forth, are hit off happily enough, and may furnish a quotation:—

The largest class in all the king's dominions  
Are those who have no notions of their own,  
But having fish'd for orthodox opinions,  
Adopt them with a grave and solemn tone;  
Antiquity's admirers, custom's minions,  
Who always are for letting things alone—  
These thought, good souls! 'twas providential  
quite,  
That the thing fell by day, and not by night, &c.

The Meritorians—the word being new,  
I wish to make it clearly understood—  
'Tis to denote that class of persons who,  
Whatever happens to themselves of good,  
Whate'er of ill to others, always view  
Such matters in a calm complacent mood—  
These merely said, as at their ease they sat,  
"Poor, wretched players, they deserv'd their  
fate!"

Deserves!—it is a pretty word, deserves!  
This blessed world's more blessed inequality  
It serves to reconcile—it also serves  
To paint as vice or virtue every quality  
Which stirs mankind, according to their nerves.  
I'll write a book to show its liberality;  
The Book of Merit shall its title be,  
And in it you shall see—what you shall see.

Then you shall see—not knav'ry robed in scarlet,  
Nor honesty in rags—for these are common;  
Nor prank'd in office some low-practis'd varlet  
By base intrigue—a sight to overcome one;  
Nor ruling o'er a court some pamp'ring harlot  
Nor hypocrites in mitred robes,—lest some one  
Should dub me libeller, and damn the Book  
Of Merit for some truths he cannot brook.

But you shall mark upon your gaze enroach,  
Lacquied by liv'rymen, and proudly roll'd  
Through fawning crowds that smile at her  
approach,  
Some Queen of Fashion, with no charms but  
gold,  
And the poor trumpery that daubs her coach,  
And only pure as snow because as cold;  
A prize upon the lists of wealth and rank,  
But in the book of nature a mere blank.

Near her, but oh! how different in fate!  
Behold a form with ev'ry grace endued;  
That very loveliness hath marr'd her state,  
For ever tempted, only once subdued;

But, ah! that once has touch'd her with the weight  
Of the world's scorn, and blighted all her good;  
Such is the piteous portrait you shall see,  
And having seen it, then exclaim with me,

Curse on the savage and unbending law  
Of stern society, that turns a speck  
In woman to an everlasting flaw!  
And, far from whispering us to save or check  
Her course in wantonness, but bids us draw  
Round her, like wretches hov'ring round a wreck,  
All that the wave hath spar'd, to spoil and plunder,  
And sink the noble vessel farther under.

The inquest, which, it will be remembered, sat, as if it never meant to rise again, is thus *humorously* broken up by the great Duke—

Well, there they sate—and there they'd still be killing  
The nation's time and patience, had not they  
Sent to the Duke, to know if he were willing  
They should be paid: who in his slap-bang way  
Replied, "Pay—Inquest! damme, not a shilling!"  
Which brought their verdict in without delay,—  
'Twas this, divested of its legal pride,  
"The roof fell in, and so the people died."

*Cain, the Wanderer, &c.* By ———  
1829.—Another Cain, an emanation from we know not whom—in the very tone and spirit of Lord Byron's, and in execution equal, we have no hesitation in admitting, quite, to that able and memorable, but harassing and comfortless performance. The author, whoever he may be, and he will soon be, as Pope said of Johnson, *déterré*, is of course fully aware of the trying comparison he subjects himself to, and braves it; he knows all about the matter. He himself sketched the thing years ago, and actually wrote a scene or two, but threw them into the fire. The subject resumed its sway in his own bosom, when Lord B.'s poem appeared, and he has at length given vent to his long-suppressed and burning thoughts. He willingly acknowledges his general idea of the subject has been enlarged and "inspired" by dwelling upon Lord Byron's—he has shared in the common impulse given to the age by that exciting writer; but he disclaims imitation, or the plunder of any one thought or line of his, or of any one else. If the tendency—the very end proposed—the very plan "adopted," be the same—all is extended, he says, on an enlarged scale. His specific object is to developé Cain as a man of a powerful and daring mind, of which pride is the basis, as it is, he observes, of all strong minds—as a man, who regards his own impulses, his own acts of passion, not as the natural effects of unformed and undisciplined principles, but as predestinations of the Deity, and yet resolves to struggle against them. He is too proud to yield to his own convictions—

he wrestles with this supposed over-working influence; and while doing ill, clings to good, not from any relish for its beauty, but from something like *perverse* opposition, because he conceives the Deity has thrown obstacles in the way of his attaining to good, and attain it, he *will*. This was Cain's principle of action, as it had been precisely that of Lucifer's; and Lucifer, though it had been the cause of ruin to himself, presents himself to Cain, at a critical moment, and kindly urges the unhappy man onward in his fatal career. We cannot ourselves, *con amore*, enter into the depths of these feelings so forcibly and fondly portrayed—it is painful, and revolts us—with the writer, it must have been the indulgence of a passion—the mere tasking of his ingenuity it never could be; but though such be our feelings, we cannot see the strong occasion for moral horror, which some appear to feel. The writer does no more than the preacher does, who endeavours to track the wiles of the devil, only that few preachers do it so effectively; and as to the "moral" of the piece, it is as instructive and alarming a lesson as moral can be.

Instead of plunging into Lucifer's metaphysics, or Cain's ultra-stoicism, we prefer giving the reader a scrap of *Ada*, his wife's passionate, but more tender expostulation, after Cain expresses his determination to quit her, because he cannot make her happy.

Oh God! do I hear thee?—No, and yet  
Thy lips are quivering—thy heart heaves with passion.  
Wilt thou forsake me, Cain, in my distress?  
Me, whom till now thou hast ever turned to in  
Thy sorrows—hast thou the heart to do this thing?  
Canst thou abandon me? By all most dear—  
Alas! what is or was—by our young days  
Together, those trusting, innocent days!—recall  
them  
But a moment, a brief moment, then look on me  
And feel the change now! by our own child—  
kneel, wretch,  
And pray—look down on us—look on the child  
Of thine own loins, the young, the unformed  
helplessness!  
Thou couldst not leave *him*—I see the very  
thought  
How it shakes thee: look on thy desolate wife,  
Think of our utter wretchedness without thee!  
I shall not long be with you—I feel I shall not—  
O let me live that little while, and then  
Die at your feet! you will not have remorse,  
The burden of my death will not oppress you!  
Remember—oh, he has no memory—  
No gentle feelings to awaken! I—  
I cannot speak—this pain—my heart.—

*Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains,*  
by C. Redding, 1829.—A beautiful little performance, full of truth and nature—and of a simplicity studiously rejecting all extravagance of colouring and vehemence of sentiment. It is a novelty—at least a rarity in these days, when "tales of passion" thrust out the realities of common expe-

rience. It is an attempt, and a very successful one, to raise an interest by exhibiting the wilder aberrations of intellect in the form of deep and absorbing melancholy. Gabrielle is a beautiful Swiss girl, who witnessed the destruction of her home, and all its loved inmates, by the sweep of an avalanche, and whose senses, at the sight, fled from her for ever. Her looks, her feelings, her thoughts, her wanderings, her habits, are all traced with the minuteness of fact and the gracefulness of fancy—bending the heart to softness and sympathy more irresistibly than the wildest strainings of passion ever could do. The absence of stirring events is supplied by descriptions of romantic scenery of a very peculiar kind. A few lines will speak the character of the poetry, and shew its value better than pages of talk. The poor girl gives expression to one of her visions in these fanciful but forcible terms:—

On, on along the eternal canopy,  
I view them now!—their shadowy steps I see,  
The long-drawn distance, girt with sandals white,  
That on the living azure shed their light.  
There, there within the corner of the sky,  
Far, far from earth, in golden regions high,  
Dwells my far isle of bliss, a spot of blue  
Shown now and then indulgent to my view,  
Between white clouds, on all heaven's face beside,  
Standing alone amid the picture wide,  
A gate to bliss, a door of Paradise,  
A port for sufferers where no danger lies!  
In this, my dreary life, I never knew  
One glimpse of joy but in that happy hue;  
And when I am among the cold, cold dead,  
Blue violets shall adorn my dusty bed,  
And the blue sky o'er canopy me where,  
E'en brain-struck mortals lose their soul's despair.

I know not why, yet blue to me appears  
A gleam of morning on a night of tears.  
Tho' green be wanton, purple play the lord,  
Blue keeps unstained its truth and plighted word,  
The sight ne'er palls of that celestial dye,  
Fresh glances make it lovelier to the eye.  
To my own feeling, nay, I know it true,  
If happiness had colour, 'twould be blue.  
Oh what a joy throughout a nightless year  
To breathe the rainbow's azure atmosphere,  
Methinks I should not see, nor hear, nor be,  
If that dear colour were denied to me;  
But when I die with that before my sight—  
I know my soul will take her buoyant flight  
Up to yon happy isles, where angels fair  
Wave their white wings in fields of serene air.

A morceau of great beauty and considerable vigour follows almost immediately, with the true touch of the poet in it.

O, fantasies of madness! who can tell  
But ye may have great pleasures, that as well  
Minister their own comforts—even bless  
Your victims with short gleams of happiness—  
As near to all we wish, as those whose day  
Is lit by vaunted reason's prouder ray?  
Your votary rustling on his straw-spread floor,  
Reckless of cold and storm, naked and poor,  
May feel oblivions of the past and dwell  
In some proud palace, or tall citadel,  
Or spicy grove, or garden rose-bestrewed,  
Where zephyr scarcely dares by stealth intrude.  
He may so love his flinty cell and deem  
All else of life, just what it is, a dream,  
That it may be his temple, &c. &c.

The author dedicates to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," as a memento of an interrupted intercourse of friendship, during many years of literary co-operation.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

*Panorama of Constantinople.*—A new and magnificent view of the above-named city has just been opened, at the large circle of Mr. Burford's building in the Strand, which will be seen with great interest at the present moment, on account of the important events which are daily passing in connection with it, but which must have excited a more than ordinary degree of curiosity and attention at any moment, on account of its singular and striking merit as a work of art. Indeed we have seldom seen a panorama more fraught with real interest than this, in whatever point of view it may be looked at—whether as a mere happy arrangement of natural and artificial objects skilfully and brilliantly depicted—or as a scene, eloquent at every point with beautiful, or affecting, or wondrous associations growing out of the events of ages past—or as the immediate scene of probable events that may affect the whole civilized world for ages to come.

On the right, as you enter the circle, Constantinople itself rises as if immediately

from out the waters, like a vast temple, varied at every point, but all conforming and blending together as if into one congruous whole. Towers, and domes, and minarets start up here and there, so as to do away with all impression of monotony and regularity; but still the buildings are all so closely connected one with another—so interwoven together, as it were, by the tracery of trees, gardens, inclosures, &c. that the whole has a look of unity, and consequent grandeur and beauty, that is very striking; and what is not always the case with striking objects, very satisfying and complete. Opposite, on the left, is Scutari, with the sacred burying-ground, Pera, &c. which presents a scene, if not so grand and imposing, still more beautiful, on account of the natural objects of beauty interspersed among the artificial ones. Beyond, is Prince's Island, and beyond that, the ancient Calcedonia; and above these rises that mountain which, of all mountains in the world, is the most richly and sublimely invested with moral associations, which no

time can ever again give to another, and which no time can take way from this: we mean Mount Olympus. Another object of deep interest is Leander's Tower, which is so placed, in relation to the supposed position of the spectator, that it occupies the nearest point of his observation, and, consequently, the most striking and conspicuous. The ground work, too, (so to speak) on which all these objects are depicted, (the uniting seas of Marmora and the Bosphorus,) is rendered highly interesting by the objects with which it is studded in all directions—the magnificent Turkish man-of-war that rises close to the spectator's eye—the distant fleet of the same that studs the receding face of the Bosphorus—the stately and singularly elegant gondolas of the Sultan and his suite—the winged and bird-like skiffs that glide over the glassy surface of the sea of Marmora—and, finally, the little overloaded domestic canoe that seems to go tituping over the water as if a breath would upset it.

The original drawings, from which the panorama is painted, are entirely from the pencil of Mr. Burford.

*British Institution.*—An unavoidable circumstance prevented us from concluding, last month, our account of the works by the Old Masters at the British Institution; but as they are of a kind which can well afford to wait for their fame, and which produce impressions that do not (like those from ordinary works of arts) pass away almost as soon as they are received; we shall make no apology for returning to the subject at this late hour, especially as the season is one which puts forth little else claiming detailed notice. In our last paper on this subject, we passed through the catalogue regularly from its commencement to No. 110, in the middle room, particularizing as many of the most conspicuous works as our confined limits would admit. Proceeding in the numerical order of the arrangement, we arrive at 127, an Italian Landscape, with figures and a waterfall, by Both. It is seldom if ever that we have seen a nobler production by this artist, or one which conveys at once so characteristic and so favourable an impression of his style. It presents little, if any, of the artist's faulty manner, of his finikin and affected handling, or his false tone of colouring; and it includes all his best attributes—his glowing warmth—his delicate discrimination in the character of individual objects—and his fine taste and true feeling for natural beauty in the choice of them. 128 is an excellent Landscape, by Ruysdael, also with a waterfall; and hanging, as it does, in almost immediate contact with the above, it offers an interesting opportunity of comparing and contrasting the characteristic differences and distinctions between the style of these two artists—each admirably conformable with nature, yet bearing no resemblance whatever to each other, except

in that conformity. We must not stay to point out the particulars in which these differences and this conformity are observable, but pass on to 129, one of the finest works in the collection, but one that will, on account of its perfect truth and simplicity, not be likely to attract or fix general attention. It is a Holy Family, with St. Catharine, by Titian, 129. It consists of two distinct groups—the Virgin and Child forming one, and Joseph and St. Catharine the other; and it is impossible to picture to the imagination a more exquisite conformity than that which subsists between the two groups—blending their beauty into one general effect, yet preserving the distinctness of each. This, no doubt, is partly effected by the consistency of expression which prevails in all the faces and forms; but the effect is chiefly produced by the rich harmony of the colouring, which gives to the whole the effect of one object. Passing, with a mere word of recognition, an exquisite view of Dort, by Cuypp (31), a Holy Family, by the elegant and tasteful Garafalo (132), and a most interesting portrait of Guido, by himself (138), we arrive at an exquisite little work, said to be by Raphael. Whether it is really by that astonishing artist, we will not wait to inquire; for the truth is, that of all the distinguished painters that ever lived, he is the one who has not merely the least of mere *manner*, but so little of it as scarcely to admit of a positive recognition, even by the most practised eye. But his pictures have *this* peculiarity about them—that we can tell at once who they were *not* painted by. Now the picture before us, the Holy Family with St. John (141), has decidedly that about it which is beyond the reach of any other painter but Raphael; not that it includes a greater degree of grace, or sweetness, or dignity, or purity, or elegance, or general power of style and expression; but it includes a something blended with these, which none but Raphael ever did blend with them. Therefore it is that we believe it to be by him. In fact, there is that astonishing consistency and conformity of every part with all the rest, which we do not find in the works of any other painter: we find it, indeed, in the *colouring* of some—Titian for example—but not in the whole production, the conception, design, expression, colouring, style, and mechanical execution of any one, Raphael alone excepted.

Pointing for a moment to a Lady in a Fancy Dress, by Diétricy (147), on account of its striking resemblance, in style, to the works of one of the very cleverest and most original artists of our day—Newton, we pass on to a noble piece of execution, by Salvator Rosa (149). It consists of a wild woody scene, about every touch of which there is a life and power that is to be found in the productions of no other hand whatever. Salvator's works, at least this class of them—for the historical ones we do not

so much admire—realize, in a certain sense, (though not exactly in the one intended by the poet) the phrase—

“Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,” &c.

His trees, and lakes, and rocks, and clouds, and ground—all the inanimate objects belonging to his pictures have a tongue; they speak, they hold high converse with the instincts and associations that are within us, relative to all the objects of external nature. 153 is one of Cuyp's exquisitely glowing, yet tender and aerial works; one of that class in the production of which he excelled all other artists that ever lived, not excepting Claude himself. But what shall we say to 161, Titian's Daughter, by Titian himself? It is one of the most extraordinary productions of art, in its way, reversing, as it were, the laws of nature, in presenting an effect almost without a cause, a picture of the most striking and admirable character, including all the highest properties to which the highest class of pictures aspires, yet with scarcely any of the appliances and means usually employed. Here is no skill of conception or design—no power or peculiarity of expression—no grace of air or of attitude—no harmony of colouring—no contrast or relief, even, of any kind whatever. Here is nothing but a somewhat stiff and not over-refined—a sort of milk-maid beauty, standing bolt upright—in a green dress, with yellow hair, and a Venetian complexion; that is to say, not of the clearest; yet the figure catches and rivets the attention from the first instant of looking upon it, and you can scarcely get away from before it, or get it out of your head

when you are away, so intense is the *gusto* with which it is executed—so resistless the force of style and of execution with which it is transferred, as if by a single blow, from nature to the canvas. There can have been no sitting or standing (for it is a whole length) for this picture. It looks as if the original had presented herself at the door of the artist's study as if by accident, and had been metamorphosed at once, by some wondrous magic, from a living being into a picture—yet scarcely less alive under the one form than the other. It is to be feared that no written criticism can convey any impression of, much less explain and illustrate, this wonderful work: we shall therefore merely add, generally, that it strikes us as being the most extraordinary single figure with which we are acquainted in the whole circle of modern art.

The only other works that we shall notice, are two which bear, in point of mere execution, a striking resemblance to, and analogy with, the above; and they, moreover, offer the finest and fairest opportunity we have for a long while enjoyed, of comparing together the powers of two of the noblest painters that ever lived. We allude to 166 and 168, each representing the single figure of a Magdalene—the first by Paul Veronese, the second by Titian. For grandeur of design, and subdued force of expression, we know of few things finer; but we cannot help thinking, that in the first, the grandeur is artificial—that it is tinged with affectation—whereas, in the second, it is the pure and almost involuntary result of that natural elevation of mind, which communicated itself to all things which became the subject of its earnest contemplation.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*German Aristocrats.*—Dr. Buckland, in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, has given a detailed description and drawing of the cave of Kühloch, in Franconia. The enormous quantity of black animal earth derived from pulverized bones constituted its peculiar feature; and the eminent professor endeavoured to explain the causes of this peculiarity by the form and features of its entrance. In the course of June last two English travellers visited the spot, and ascertained the melancholy fact of the total destruction of the deposit of bones in the caves of Kühloch and Rabenstein. His majesty the king of Bavaria having announced his intention to visit Rabenstein, the owner of that castle has thought fit to prepare these two caves for his reception; in order to do which he has broken up the whole of the floors, pounding the larger stones and bones to the bottom for a foundation, and spreading the earth and finer particles to form a smooth surface over them. On arriving at Kühloch, they found thirty men at work wheeling out the animal earth

to level the inclination of the entrance, by which Dr. Buckland so satisfactorily explained the phenomena of the absence of pebbles and diluvial loam in this remarkable cavern. There was not a bone to be found there when they arrived—some few, however, were obtained from the workmen. In the cave of Rabenstein they found very few bones, but a great many old coins and iron instruments.

*Physiology.*—A curious fact has been communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, namely, that the hiccough can be artificially produced in animals. The following novel experiment, which the author relates, he stumbled upon by accident. Cause a dog to fast for eight or ten hours, then turn it on its back, and throw cold water upon its stomach, and the hiccough will be produced immediately. This succeeded upon twenty-two dogs out of twenty-three upon whom the author, Mr. Daniel, operated. The same result followed when trial was made of calves and bulls without any exception.

*Russian Empire.*—The following is an accurate view of the progressive aggrandizement of the Russian empire.

	Surface in sq. miles.	Population above
1462. At the accession of John III.	295,900	6,000,000
1505. At his death,	594,200	10,000,000
1584. At the death of John IV.	2,007,400	12,000,000
1645. At the death of Michael Romanof,	4,069,800	12,000,000
1689. At the accession of Peter I.	4,222,400	15,000,000
1725. At his death, inclusive of the Persian conquests	4,413,000	20,000,000
1762. At the accession of Catharine II.	5,112,600	25,000,000
1796 At her death,	5,309,300	36,000,000
1825 At the death of Alexander	5,879,900	58,000,000

The following is a statistical representation of the empire. Surface in square miles, 5,912,000; population, 60,000,000; revenue, nearly 17,000,000*l.*; debt, nearly 54,000,000*l.*; army, 1,039,600; vessels of war of every description, 130. The population of St. Petersburg may be thus stated:—

	Men.	Women.	Total.
Number of inhabitants,	297,445	124,721	422,166
Of these there are in the service of religion,	1,080	681	1,761
Belonging to the class of nobles,	24,345	16,819	41,164
Soldiers and inferior officers,	46,076	9,975	56,051
Merchants,	6,706	3,983	10,689
Burgesses,	20,377	12,191	32,568
Strangers,	8,473	4,511	12,984
Artisans,	4,775	3,019	7,794
People of different conditions, serfs, and peasants,	185,613	73,542	259,155

*Variation of the Population.*

Births, ..	4,904	4,875	9,779
Children deserted,	—	—	10
Marriages, ..	—	—	1,032
Deaths, ..	4,046	2,278	6,324
Vaccinations, ..	—	—	543
Accidental deaths, ..	—	—	412

*Value of Russian Weights, Measures, and Coins in general circulation.*

	<i>Measures of Capacity.</i>	<i>Solid Measures.</i>
1 Vedro,	12.289 French litres	0.359707 stere, or cubic metre
1 Garnetz,	3.276875 do.	9.712080 do.
1 Tschetrick,	26.215 do.	0.401 franc, = 0.401 pence, English
1 Osmine,	104.86 do.	4.010 do. = 3s. and 4 <i>1</i> / <i>d.</i>
1 Tschetvert,	209.72 do.	4.020 do. = 3s. 4 <i>2</i> / <i>d.</i>
1 Last,	3355.52 do.	20.565 do. = 17 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>6</i> / <i>s.</i>
1 Cubic archine,	0.359707 stere, or cubic metre	41.130 do. = £1, 14 <i>s.</i> 3 <i>3</i> / <i>d.</i>
1 Cubic sagine,	9.712080 do.	
1 Kopek,		
1 Silver rouble,		
1 Gold rouble,		
Half imperial,		
1 Imperial,		

	<i>Linear Measures.</i>	<i>Agrarian Measures.</i>	<i>Weights.</i>
1 Line (1-12th of an inch)	0.002117 French metre,	1 line English	0.0094 lbs. English
1 Inch, ..	0.025399 do.	1 inch do.	0.028217 do.
1 Verschok,	0.044449 do.	1.75 inch do.	36.117 do.
1 Foot, ..	0.304794 do.	1 foot	0.90294 do.
1 Arschire,	0.711187 do.	28 inches do.	361.176 do.
1 Sagine,	2.133561 do.	7 feet do.	
1 Verste,	1066.78075 do.	1193.83 yards	
1 Deciatine, or 2,400 square sagnes,	109.2497 hectares		
1 Zolnick,	0.004263 French kilogrammes		
1 Loth,	0.012791 do.		
1 Pound,	163.720 do.		
1 Poud,	0.4093 do.		
1 Berkovetz,	163.720 do.		

*The French Librarian.*—The appointment of M. Cæsar Moreau to the household of the young Duke of Bourdeaux must afford the highest satisfaction to every admirer of indefatigable industry. His statistical tables relative to this country, are a monument of well-regulated application that has never been equalled, and every lover of literature looks forward with interest to the result of his labours in the French king's library. Years, of course, must elapse before they can be communicated to the public; and, in the interim, another gentleman has started up to take possession of some ground bordering upon what M. Moreau will hereafter occupy. This is a M. Ventouillac, who, with incredible industry, has collected from every authority the opinions and character, of every French book, we cannot say, but of the most valuable works in the French language, so as to enable the scholar and amateur to decide at once in the selection of a library, or to ascertain the most valuable sources of information on any given subject. Considering how innumerable are the French writers on almost every topic, it is not surprising that many omissions should be discoverable: these, however, we shall expect to see supplied in another edition, which, of a work so useful, we doubt not will be speedily required.

*Cement for Hard Stone, Porcelain, Glass, &c.*—This cement is a product of nature, which, without being very abundant, may suffice, nevertheless, for all the purposes to which it can be applied. The large snails, which are found in great numbers in gardens and woods, and which, in some parts of Europe, are used for the table, at the extremity of their body have a vesicle filled with a substance which seems to be greasy and gelatinous, and is of a whitish colour. When this is taken away from the snail, and applied between two bodies, however hard they may be, and these bodies are united by being placed in contact throughout their whole extent, they adhere so strongly that a blow or violent shock will frequently break them in a different part from that where they have been joined. To allow of this natural glue producing its full effect, it is only requisite to afford sufficient time for its becoming perfectly dry.

*Jelly from Buckshorn.*—It is well known how completely the late war, and the continental blockade, threw the French upon their own resources. We have had occasion to speak, in this journal, of their beet-root sugar, &c. The following substitute for isinglass has been just made public in one of their best scientific periodicals, and the process is spoken of as one which has been successfully applied. It consists in macerating four ounces of rasped stagshorn, during ten minutes, in eight ounces of water acidulated with a drachm of hydrochloric acid; then wash it with two or three waters, to remove the salts, which are formed and soluble, and which, at a later stage, would

impair the transparency of the jelly, or render necessary clarification with the white of an egg. This stagshorn, thus washed, is then boiled for half an hour in some fresh water; this short space of time is sufficient to remove whatever gelatine it may contain: then press it strongly through linen, and filter the warm water. By treating this liquor with the proper quantity of sugar and other ingredients, after a slight boiling and cooling, a perfectly transparent jelly is obtained fit for the preparation of blanc-mange, &c.

*Aristolochia Glaucæa.*—The different manner in which vegetables exert their organic powers to effect the destruction of insects, is not unworthy of a brief notice. Some accomplish it by means of elastic or irritable actions, adhesive substances, and so forth; but we have another plant in our green-houses, the glaucous birthwort (*Aristolochia glaucæa*), that effects these purposes without any of these means, but principally by conformation. The whole internal surface of the tubular flower is beset with minute strong spines pointing downward; these present no impediment to the descent of the animal which may seek for the sweet liquor lodged upon the nectarium at the base of the blossom; nor is there any obstruction provided for its return, by means of valves or contractions, the tube remaining open; but the creature cannot crawl up by reason of the inverted spines, and to prevent its escape by flying up the tube, the flower makes an extraordinary curve, bending up like a horn, so that any winged creature must be beaten back by striking against the roof of this neck as often as it attempts to mount, and falling back to the bulbous prison at the base of the flower, dies by confinement and starvation, and there we find them: a certain number of these perishing, the blossom fades and drops off.

*Herculaneum and Pompeii.*—The accidental discovery of these two subterranean cities has done more to improve our knowledge of antiquity, or rather of the habits, usages, and manners of the ancients, than could be effected by any other means. The structure of their houses, their furniture, the various implements for domestic purposes, the state of the advancement of the mechanical arts, have been displayed in a manner which has had the effect of almost carrying us into those distant times. Last year an oil-mill was found in one of the houses of Pompeii very far superior to any now in use in Italy. It was formed of lava, and consisted of a concave and convex hemisphere fitting into each other, and having rotatory motions in opposite directions. By a neat mechanical contrivance, these two stones were prevented from approaching each other in the first instance so nearly as to break the stone, but merely to crush the pulp of the olive, so that this fruit oil must have been of singular purity. When this has been pressed off, the convex

stone could be lowered into the concave, and the whole fruit was broken up together. At Herculaneum, a short time since, the residence of a barber was discovered. The shop and its implements were in a wonderful state of preservation: the seats on which the customers were seated, the basins, the stove, and even many pins designed for the head-dresses of the Roman ladies.

*Natural History.*—The following circumstance is related by a naturalist, whose entertaining journal has been recently given to the public. He says, "I can confusedly remember a very extraordinary capture of kites, the *falco milvus*, when I was a boy. Roosting one winter evening, on some very lofty elms, a fog came on during the night which froze early in the morning, and fastened the feet of the poor kites so firmly to the boughs, that some adventurous youths brought down, I think, fifteen of them so secured. Singular as the capture was, the assemblage of so large a number was not less so, it being, in general, a solitary bird, or associating only in pairs. The occurrence took place in the west of England."

*To preserve Insects.*—The entomologist will frequently find the wings, limbs, and bodies of the insects in his collection separated by those tiny depredators, *ptinus fur*, and *acarus destructor*. Mr. Waterton's recipe for preventing this evil is very effectual, and, generally, an innocuous preservative; but as this gentleman has not given the exact proportions of his mixture, it may be of use to observe, that if one part of corrosive sublimate be dissolved in eight parts of good spirit of wine, and the under side of the insect touched with a camel's hair pencil dipped in the liquor, so as to let it lightly pervade every part of the creature, which it readily does, it will prevent any future injury from insects. A larger portion of the sublimate will leave an unsightly whiteness upon the creature when the specimen becomes dry. The under side of the board on which the insects are fixed should be warmed a little by the fire after the application, that the superfluous moisture may fly off before finally closing the case. If this be omitted, the inner surface of the glass will sometimes become partially obscured by the fume arising from the mixture.

*Ossification of the Vitreous Humour.*—M. Krehn has lately met with that rare case, the ossification of the vitreous humour of the eye. It occurred in a man 70 years old, who died of gastritis. The preparation is placed in the Strasburg Museum. The left eye was healthy, but the right presented the following appearance: the globe was diminished in size, had lost its spheroidal figure, and presented the appearance of four wrinkles, or furrows, corresponding with the insertion of the recti muscles. It was heavy and hard. When a horizontal section was

made from behind forward, the sclerotic was found to be very thick, particularly at its posterior part, near the entrance of the optic nerve; the instrument was soon arrested by a hard body filling the whole space of the eye-ball behind the crystalline lens, and consequently occupying the place of the vitreous humour. Immediately within the sclerotic was the choroid membrane, distinct, and rather thicker than natural. The retina was unchanged: the solid body within was marked by the same depression which had been observed externally. It was of a pale white colour, and was internally of a cellular texture, like the cancelli of the long bones. The crystalline was indurated, and of a yellowish white colour: the optic nerve was wasted.

*Effect of Chlorine as an Antidote to Hydrocyanic Acid.*—The following is abstracted from a letter by M. Dauvergne, to M. Gay Lussac, describing an experiment made by himself and M. Simion. Two drops of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid were put into the end of a glass tube, and introduced into the lachrymal gland of a cat. Contortions immediately came on, followed by strong tetanic convulsions: an abundant salivation took place, producing, through hard breathing, a thick white froth. The pulsations of the heart were quite irregular and extensive, as if each were the last effort of life. Respiration was difficult and painful; expiration frequent, prompt, and forcible. Notwithstanding this desperate state of the animal, M. Simion was induced, from his previous knowledge, to expect good effects from the use of chlorine, and therefore introduced a considerable quantity into the mouth: the salivation, in consequence, ceased; the respiration became easy; the circulations less forced and rapid. The animal now raised its head, which before it could not do, put out its tongue, and scented the chlorine, as if it took pleasure in respiring a salutary and agreeable atmosphere. In this manner the symptoms gradually diminished; but, as yet, the cat could not stand up. Being exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it voided a large quantity of feces, gradually rose on its feet, and made a few tottering steps: this was in one hour after the poisoning. At the end of two hours, traces of the event were scarcely visible, and the next morning the cat ate, and drank, and walked, as if in perfect health, no sign of the poison remaining.

*Decomposition of Ammonia by Metals.*—M. Despretz, who first announced that metals, when subjected to heat and ammoniacal gas, underwent a considerable change of density, has also discovered that the weight of iron is sometimes increased as much as 11.5 per cent., owing to its combining with azote; but if the heat be too great, then the azote is again expelled.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The portrait of Lady Sophia Catherine Gresley is to form the 57th of the Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility, publishing in La Belle Assemblée.

The Picture of Australia, exhibiting a faithful representation of the Geographical Position, Surface and Appearance of the Country; of the Seas around its shores; of its Climate and Meteorology; of its Native Productions, and Native Inhabitants; of the several Colonies in New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Swan River, Melville Island, and other places; of the Agricultural and Commercial resources of the Country, and the prospects which it holds out of advantage whether to the intending Settler, to the Merchant, or to the Country at large. In post 8vo.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

CONSIDERING the great popularity of Miss Farren as an actress, and the extraordinary *éclat* of her marriage with the Earl of Derby, it is remarkable how slight has been the interest created by her final exit. But, such is human celebrity, by whatever means acquired: Nelson and the victory of Trafalgar, once in every mouth and in every heart, are now seldom mentioned; and the time will come when Wellington, and the glories of Waterloo—Wellington, with his premiership to boot—will also fade from the general memory of the land.

Eliza Farren, born in 1769, was of a re-

spectable though not opulent family: her father was a surgeon in the city of Cork; her mother, the daughter of Mr. Wright, at eminent brewer at Liverpool; her paternal uncle a Captain in the 64th regiment of foot, a gentleman distinguished also by his literary taste and talent. Mr. Farren, too fond of gay society, failed in his profession, became a provincial actor, died, and left a young and destitute family at an early period of life. The children were educated by Mrs. Farren, who devoted herself indefatigably to their care. The stage was their only support. Kitty, the eldest of seven, was considered clever in the parts of cham-

bermaids, &c.; Eliza was equally successful in the personation of such characters as Edward the Fifth, in Richard the Third; and Peggy, the youngest, was, many years afterwards, well known on the London boards as the wife of Mr. Knight, an exceedingly clever actor in light and elegant comedy.

In the year 1773, Miss Farren, at the early age of fourteen, made her *début* on the Liverpool stage, as Rosetta, in the opera of Love in a Village, under the auspices of Mr. Younger, the manager. She became a favourite with the public at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Chester, &c. Strongly recommended by Mr. Younger to the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, she came to London in 1777, and made her first appearance as Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; Edwin, also, making his first appearance the same night, as Tony Lumpkin. According to the critics of the day, her performance of Miss Hardcastle, though far short of Mrs. Bulkeley's, was highly respectable. Her person was genteel, and above the middle stature; her countenance full of sensibility, and capable of expression; her voice clear, but thin, rather sharp, and not sufficiently varied; her action not directly awkward; her delivery emphatic and distinct.

When *The Spanish Barber* was first played, in 1777, Miss Farren played the part of Rosina, and contributed greatly to its success. In the winter of 1777-8, she was engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre, where she performed chiefly in tragedy. Subsequently, at Drury Lane, she also appeared as a tragic actress, representing Juliet, &c. with great applause.

It may be said that, throughout life, accidental circumstances greatly favoured Miss Farren. At Bath, Mrs. Siddons had played Almeida, in Pratt's tragedy of *The Fair Circassian*, with great success. In bringing the piece forward at Drury Lane, it was Mr. Sheridan's intention that Mrs. Crawford should make her first appearance as the heroine. Through some disagreement, however, that lady was not engaged; the part of Almeida was consequently given to Miss Farren; and the piece had a nearly uninterrupted run of three-and-twenty nights. This was in the year 1780. Mrs. Abingdon's desertion of Drury Lane for Covent Garden Theatre, was another fortunate circumstance which at once placed Miss Farren, who succeeded her, in her own proper sphere. On the suggestion of Parsons, her first character was Lady Townley; and, from that time, she took the whole of Mrs. Abingdon's characters with equal success.

Amongst her numerous admirers, Mr. Fox was, about this time, very particular in his attentions. The propriety of the lady's conduct, however, not only induced him to relinquish the pursuit, but to introduce her to some of the first characters in

the world of fashion. Lady Dorothea Thompson and Lady Cecilia Johnstone, &c. received her into their coteries; and thus it was that she first attracted the notice of Lord Derby, who, at that time, was very painfully circumstanced with respect to his Countess. There had been a separation between them, but no divorce. An intimacy commenced between his Lordship and Miss Farren; but to the honour of the parties, Mrs. Farren, who resided with her daughter, was present at all their interviews, and not a whisper of calumny was ever breathed against them.

The exalted estimation in which Miss Farren's conduct and character were held, induced Mr. King, when appointed manager of Drury Lane theatre, to pay her all possible respect and attention. When the Duke of Richmond became enamoured of private theatricals, Miss Farren was appointed to preside over the stage business, at his house in Privy Gardens. To this employment she devoted much attention, as it introduced her to a wider circle of nobility; and she was caressed by numerous ladies of rank and fashion. At the little theatre which the Duke had caused to be fitted up, Lord Derby, Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald, Charles Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, &c. were accustomed to appear in the principal characters.

At this time Miss Farren had a house in the vicinity of Grosvenor Square, kept her carriage, and was received in the first circles. Occasionally, she played with great success in Ireland, where, also, she was much noticed by the nobility. On the opening of the new theatre of Drury Lane, in April, 1794, she delivered an amusing epilogue, written by George Colman, the younger.

It had long been understood that, on the demise of Lady Derby, should that event occur in the lifetime of the Earl, Miss Farren would be elevated to the rank of a Peeress. Lady Derby died on the 14th of March, 1797; and, on the 8th of April, Miss Farren took her final leave of the stage, as Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*. On the 8th of the ensuing month, she was married to Lord Derby by special licence; soon afterwards she was introduced at Court; and, having long been greatly esteemed by their Majesties George III. and Queen Charlotte, and also by our present sovereign, her Ladyship made one in the procession at the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Wirtemberg.

The Countess of Derby had three children by her marriage: Lady Lucy Elizabeth, born in 1799, died in 1809; Lord Henry James, born in 1800, died in 1817; and Lady Mary Margaret, born in 1801, and married, in 1821, the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Wilton.

From the period of their union, the noble pair spent much of their time at their seat,

Knowley Hall, where Lady Derby was in the daily exercise of benevolence and charity. She died there, after several years of ill-health, on the 23d of April, 1829.

#### COUNT PINDEMONTE.

This nobleman, one of the most esteemed modern Italian poets, whose recent death we have to record, was born at Verona, in 1753. He was educated at the College of the Priests of the Order of St. Charles, at Modena. He relinquished his studies there at the age of eighteen; and, soon afterwards, he published a series of Essays in Prose and Verse; some of which were composed in Latin, and others were translations from the Latin and the Greek. His works, which we can only partially enumerate, were extensive and varied: amongst them, we find the following:—a Translation of the first two books of the Odyssey;—Fragments of the Georgics;—Abarite;—Bucolics, in Prose and Verse;—Two Epistles in Verse, one addressed to Homer, the other to Virgil;—The Tomb;—Verses on the Theseus of Canova, and on the death of that Artist;—Eulogiums on several distinguished persons;—Verses on the Voyages of Captain Parry;—Sonnets addressed to Antonio Cagnoli;—Stanzas on the Death of Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber;—a Discourse on Theatres;—Dissertation on the English Mode of Gardening, &c.

Count Pindemonte was distinguished as much by the excellent qualities of his heart, as by his fine genius. His constitution was naturally weak; yet, by care and temperance, he attained the age of seventy-six. He had visited England, France, Germany, Holland, &c.; and, wherever he went, his benevolent disposition and urbane manners ensured him an increase of friends. Amongst his intimates was the celebrated dramatist Alfieri, whom he was accustomed to meet at Paris and at Florence.

The magistrates of the city of Verona, where Count Pindemonte died, also the professors of the public schools, the members of the Agrarian Academy, and all the most distinguished inhabitants, attended his funeral; and it is understood that a monument will be erected to his memory.

#### SIR WILLIAM BURROUGHS, BART.

Sir William Burroughs was the fourth son of the Rev. Lewis Burroughs, D.D., of Dumbow, in the county of Londonderry, by Mary, daughter of Richard Cane, of Ialabrian, in the county of Kildare, Esq. Having been bred to the law, he was called to the Irish bar, in 1778. Soon afterwards, he embarked for India, and practised with considerable success at Calcutta. He filled the office of Advocate General of Bengal during the government of Lord Cornwallis; after which he returned to Europe, and, on the 1st of December, 1804, he was created a Baronet. In the same year he was elected

M. P. for Enniskellen, in Ireland. He frequently spoke in the House of Commons; at first on the ministerial side; but afterwards, he more usually voted with the Opposition. At the last general election but one, he was again returned, but lost his seat on a petition against him.

Sir William Burroughs married Letitia, daughter of William Newburgh, Esq., of Ballyhaise, in the county of Cavan, by whom he had an only daughter, who survives him. Sir William died at his seat, Castle Bagshaw, in the same county, early in June.

#### LORD HARRIS.

The Right Hon. George Harris, Baron Harris, of Seringapatam and Mysore in the East Indies, and of Belmont, in the county of Kent, G.C.B., a General in the army, Colonel of the 73d regiment of Foot, and Governor of Dumbarton Castle, was the son of the Rev. George Harris, of Brasted, in the county of Kent, by Sarah, daughter of George Twentymann, of Baintree, in the county of Cumberland, Esq. He was born on the 18th of March, 1746. Having entered the army at an early period of life, he held the rank of Lieut. General at the siege and capture of Seringapatam, in the year 1799; and, it was in commemoration of his signal gallantry and important services on that occasion, that he was advanced to the peerage, on the 11th of August, 1815.

Lord Harris married, in 1779, Ann Carteret, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Dixon, Esq. of Bath. His third son, Charles, fell in the act of leading on the troops to the attack on New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815. His Lordship died at Belmont, on the 19th May, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William George, a Colonel in the army.

#### MR. MACREADY.

Mr. William Macready, the father of Mr. Macready, one of the most popular actors of the present day, was a native of Dublin. He was bred to the business of an upholsterer, by his father, who carried on that trade there to a considerable extent. Having a strong *penchant* for the stage, he relinquished his business, performed in almost all the Irish provincial theatres, and at length obtained a respectable situation in Mr. Daly's company, at Dublin. He was so engaged when the veteran Macklin paid his last visit to Ireland. Macklin, desirous of appearing in his own comedy of *The Man of the World*, allotted the character of Egerton to Mr. Daly. The manager submitted to the old man's caprice, in being directed like a school-boy, until the appellations of "blockhead," "stupid fellow," "no actor," "dunce," &c. were bestowed on him with much liberality, when he threw up the part in disgust. Macready was selected as his substitute; and he accommodated himself with so much deference to the

will of Macklin, that the latter patronized him very warmly, presented him with some valuable trinkets, and obtained for him an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. There he made his *début* as Flutter, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, in 1786; and, for several seasons, he represented what are technically termed walking gentleman with all the *éclat* that can be derived from the personation of such characters.

Mr. Macready afterwards became manager at Birmingham; and, having left Covent Garden in consequence of a disagreement about salary, he opened the Royalty Theatre (on the site of which the unfortunate Brunswick was recently erected) on the plan of Sadler's Wells, for the winter. This scheme proving unsuccessful, he next obtained the management of the Sheffield company. He afterwards undertook the Manchester Theatre; in which concern he failed, and became a bankrupt in the year 1809. He has since been occasionally in the management of the Leicester, Bristol, and other theatres. He was the author of *The Bank Note*, a Comedy, and of *The Irishman in London*, a Farce. The *Village Lawyer* was also ascribed to his pen, though, we apprehend, erroneously. Mr. Macready died at Bristol, in the month of April last.

#### THE REV. ARCHDEACON NARES.

The Rev. Robert Nares, D.D., was the son of Dr. Nares, an eminent composer, and Mus. Doc., and first cousin of the Rev. Edmund Nares, Rector of Bidenden in Kent, and Professor of History in the University of Oxford; whose father was Sir George Nares, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born about the year 1743; the early part of his education was received at Westminster School; and thence he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he proceeded A. M. in 1778. On entering into holy orders, he obtained the Rectory of Sharnford, was chosen preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Assistant Librarian at the British Museum. In 1799 he was made Archdeacon of Stafford, when he resigned his first preferment. He was also a prebendary of Lincoln, and, for some time, rector of St. Mary's, Reading, where he at the time resided. At his death, which occurred on the 23d of March, he was Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon of Lichfield, and rector of All Hallows, London Wall. His health had been for some months visibly declining; but he was confined only about a week to his chamber.

The life of Dr. Nares, distinguished by industry and talent, by learning, usefulness, and virtue, was pre-eminently literary in its character. His writings were chiefly in divinity, criticism, classics, and philosophy. Amongst them we find the following: *Essay on the Demon of Socrates*, 1783; *Elements of Orthoëpy*, 1784; *On the Ballad of Cupid and Psyche*, 1788; *Princi-*

*ples of Government*, 1792; *Man's Best Rights*, 1793; with a number of Sermons; among which are, a *Connected Chronological View of the Prophecies relating to the Christian Church*, in Twelve Sermons, preached at the Warburton Lecture, 1805; and we believe an admirable *Glossary of Provincial Terms*, published about the year 1824. Many years since, Dr. Nares, conjointly with the late Mr. Beloe, established and conducted the *British Critic*, a literary periodical of some celebrity in its day, and eminently devoted to the interests of the Church establishment. He was also a contributor to the *Classical Journal*, &c.

#### FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.

In Germany, the name of Schlegel has long been eminent in critical and polite literature. Augustus William, the elder of two brothers, is well known in this country, and all over the Continent, by a celebrated course of lectures on dramatic literature, which he delivered at Vienna in the year 1808. In these lectures, as well as in his eminently meritorious translation of *Shakespeare*, it is barely justice to say that he has thrown much new and extraordinary light upon the inspired writings of the bard of Avon.

Frederick, the younger of the two brothers, and the subject of this brief notice, was born at Hanover in the year 1772; his father occupying the place of Superintendent General of the Principality of Lüneburg. He was sent to Leipzig, with a view to his education for a life of commercial pursuits; but his genius soon took an opposite direction, and it was with no slight degree of ardour that he embraced literature as a profession. His earliest efforts appear to have been various critical articles, which were inserted in the different journals of the time. His first production of magnitude was entitled "*The Greeks and Romans*." This was warmly applauded by the celebrated Christian Gottlob Heyne, who, about that time, presided over a philosophical seminary of which Augustus William Schlegel was a member. Frederic Schlegel then joined his brother in conducting "*The Atheneum*;" and he next produced his philosophical romance of "*Lucinda*," which became a general theme of conversation throughout Germany.

Turning his attention to poetry and the drama, Frederick Schlegel soon afterwards published the poem of "*Hercules Musagetes*," and the tragedy of "*Alarcon*." Many years had not elapsed before the reputation of the two brothers had so advanced that their enthusiastic followers became sufficiently numerous to form a literary sect, known by the denomination of the Schlegelians.

At the age of thirty, Frederick Schlegel visited Paris, gave a course of philosophical lectures in that city, and made extensive researches into the romances of chivalry, and

the fables of the middle age. While in the French capital, he also sent from the press "Notices and Extracts relative to Joan of Arc;" and "Essays on the Language and Philosophy of the Indians." In 1808, he returned to Germany, and was enrolled by the Emperor of Austria, who appointed him to reside at the head-quarters of the Arch-Duke Charles, as Aulic Secretary.

After the conclusion of the war, he resumed his literary labours, and delivered two courses of lectures; one "On Modern History," the other "On the Literary History of all Nations." These Lectures were printed, and have since, we believe, been translated into several modern languages. It seems hardly necessary to say that they added largely to his fame. He also translated into German the "Corinne" of Madame de Staël; and was afterwards engaged in the management of "The German Museum." By the production of several diplomatic papers, he gained the friendship of Prince Metternich; in consequence of which he was honoured with an introduction to the diplomatic department; and, from that period, until his decease, which took place at Vienna, at the close of the year 1828, he held the office of Austrian Councillor of Legation at the Germanic Diet.

Frederick Von Schlegel married a daughter of Moses Mendelsohn, the celebrated Jewish philosophical writer.

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MR. KOLLMANN.

Augustus Frederick Charles Kollmann, organist of His Majesty's German Chapel, at St. James's Palace, was born in the year 1756, at Engelbostel, a village near the city of Hanover, where his father was

both organist and schoolmaster. He acquired a knowledge of Latin from the son of the pastor of his parish; and, from the age of fourteen to sixteen, he frequented the Gymnasium at Hanover, in the second class. The succeeding five years he passed partly with his parents, and partly at Hanover, where he learned music of J. C. Boettner, an able organist in the style of J. S. Bach. Mr. Kollmann was the first person who published a Treatise on the Rhetoric of Music. His chief production, however, was his New System of Musical Harmony. His works, indeed, may be regarded as an encyclopedia of musical science. This much respected individual died on the evening of Easter Sunday.

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MR. GEORGE WOOD,

For some years proprietor, editor, and publisher of the *Kent Herald* newspaper, died on Wednesday afternoon, August 5, at Canterbury, aged 39, of an attack of gout in the stomach. In private life he had many estimable qualities;—his charities were extensive without ostentation—his friendship was sincere—his hostility, open and manly. In his death the poor man has lost a friend. That he was not free from faults must be admitted, but they were errors that his relatives may regret, yet not feel ashamed of. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Be it not forgotten that his life was eminently useful to his native place, and advantageous to the general cause of mankind. There is reason to fear that his decease was hastened by the embarrassed state of his affairs, but he had long been a martyr to the gout. Alas!

"He was but born to try  
The lot of man—to suffer and to die!"

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE disappointments and embarrassments of our farmers, seem destined to know no end, during the present most unpropitious season. The alternate deluges and drought of the spring, being succeeded by a few flattering intervals of fine weather, and the breadth of corn of every species, more especially wheat, being exceedingly ample, the grass superabundant, and almost every article of produce in equal measure, sanguine hopes were entertained, that a settled state of the weather must necessarily supervene, accompanied by a seasonable solar heat, which would bring to perfection a sufficiency of crops in general, to constitute that portion which is generally styled an average, or nearly so. The disappointment has been grievous. Instead of a settled, genial atmospheric warmth, after so long a series of atmospheric vicissitudes, we have found the weather speedily returning to its former train; constant drizzling or sudden deluges of rain, with alternations of wind between E. and W., N. and S., most inimicable to vegetable health, and progress to maturity. Nor is this the worst characteristic of the present season. Floods, thunder storms, attended with dangerous showers of hail, gales of wind, laying every thing level in their irresistible course, have prevailed, partially, throughout the island, with the destruction of animal, and even a considerable portion of human life. The damage done to the crops and to the lands, buildings, and fences, is immense. Lincolnshire and the fen districts, with Yorkshire and part of Scotland, seem to have had the greatest share of suffering. Hay and corn harvests, instead of their regular sequence, have been most inconveniently and expensively blended together, and the latter must be protracted and late, particularly in the northern counties, both from the unsettled state of the weather and the condition of the corn. Where the corn is laid, and the examples are too numerous, it is extremely

difficult to cut it in a saving and advantageous method, beside great loss of time; and the method of bagging, with the use of the Hainault scythe, or the Welsh Cardigan reaping-hook, are strongly recommended.

On a retrospect to our Reports of last year, that for September bears a striking analogy with the present; at least in respect to the state of the weather, and the trouble and expense of securing the crops. We trust, however, the analogy will not hold good as to the quantity and quality of the produce; more especially of that crop wherein lies the grand dependence both of the growers and the public. On this head, however, the reader will perceive a notable discrepancy in the public accounts. It is altogether impossible but that the long train of atmospheric changes and severities of weather, which have characterized the seasons of the present year, must have had considerable deteriorating effects on all the corn crops; greater assuredly upon poor, neglected, or exposed soils, but to a certain degree, upon the best. In the mean time, it is evident, that from whatever cause, an uncommon and universal degree of fertility has subsisted in the soil during the present year, as is demonstrated by the immense crops of fruit and grass; and had the seasons been equally propitious, the earth's products in the year 1829 would probably have exceeded, both in abundance and quantity, those of any previous year.

These prefatory remarks are rendered necessary by the considerably altered tone of our country letters, and indeed by certain important facts. The wheat crop has advanced greatly in the grower's favour, within the last fortnight. Previously, there was a general apprehension that it would scarcely exceed that of last year, either in quantity or goodness. The tables are now completely turned, and a wheat crop is announced, in defiance of all the accidents of the seasons, fully equal to an average on all good lands, and of high weight and superior quality; the weight of the best turning the scale with from sixty to sixty-seven pounds the bushel; much of it fit to grind, and commanding a higher price than either English or old foreign wheats. Far be from us the desire to throw cold water upon this glorious prospect; we may yet be allowed to say, *caucat lector*. The truth is, farmers, who are always ready enough, and generally with reason, to ridicule and joke on newspaper accounts of crops and rural affairs, not unfrequently themselves run into equally hasty and erroneous conclusions; and, in the present case, are perhaps hurrying from one extreme to another. A late rise in wheat, of four or five shillings per quarter, is no very obvious designation of superabundance; and a hyper-critic in these matters, has assured us that the present ostentatious display of a great crop of wheat, is astutely intended to deter speculators on the other side of the water! The crops on the continent, in Belgium and France particularly, and in Ireland, are said to be heavy, and even above an average. We shall know more on this truly interesting subject, and with greater certainty, while eating our Christmas plum-pudding. Potatoes, excepting perhaps in Scotland, are a great breadth and a very promising crop, but much in want of solar heat to mature them.

The greater part of the wheat on the earliest and best soils, notwithstanding every difficulty, is harvested; and a considerable quantity of it has already reached the markets, where it has obtained a satisfactory price. The latter and worst part of the crop is yet to come. In this, half-filled ears and much blighted and damaged corn must be expected, and in some parts there is considerable apprehension of *mildew*. The early-layed and *knee-bent* corn must have received considerable damage, the ascent of the sap being thence prevented. Where *blight* has much prevailed in the wheat and beans, the old indication has been generally remarked—the sickly and faded hue on the ear or plant, being conspicuous on the eastern and northern side. We have been amused in several letters from the best wheat districts, by complaints of “the insect called the *red-gum*.” Such is the phraseology of the northern insectile system; as though the disease (*red-gum*) did not, and must not, necessarily precede the insects. Great complaints are made of rapacious and fraudulent *gleaning*, by which we ourselves have suffered severely in former and yet better times. We repeat—*adequate wages and no gleaning*. In North Britain the best crops appear to be wheat, barley, and oats—peas and beans the least productive. In the south, peas and oats are generally abundant crops. Good hay will scarcely reach half a crop; grass superabundant, also the second crops of clover. Our letters from Kent state that the experiments in melclot, contrary to the former opinion, prove that it will bear a second cutting. The disease in the oats, called ‘tulip root,’ is said to prevail in some parts of Scotland; it is doubtless a symptom of blight, perhaps bearing analogy with the *ergot* or horny substance upon the ear of blighted wheat on the continent. Some years since we had specimens of this in Middlesex, the wheat being the produce of Pomeranian seed.

The stock on hand of old (English) wheat is said to be less than has been known within the last half century. The crop of fruit (wall excepted) the greatest within that period. Walnut and apple-trees are obliged to be propped, to enable them to stand under their burden! Of hops, the growth is unusually defective, the quality affording no hope. Wool revived a little, but to fall still lower. Complaints of the decay of trade, echoed from every quarter, except from the Corn Exchange at Liverpool, where Mr. Huskisson's late speech was—hope telling a flattering tale. May it be verified!

Fat stock of all kinds is in great plenty, at various prices, according to time and place. Lean stores, sheep or cattle, are every where dear and in request, from the vast stock of food; and the apprehension is again entertained by the feeders, that the store price is far too great to afford any warrant of successful feeding.

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

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 52s. to 88s.—Barley, 25s. to 37s.—Oats, 10s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 36s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 40s. to 50s.

Coals in the Pool, 24s. 9d. to 35s. 0d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, August 24th.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**SUGARS.**—The sugar market continued very firm all last week. The trade, it is reported, were quite out of stock, and came forward rather freely to purchase. The estimated sales last week were 3,600 hogsheads and tierces. No alteration could be stated in the prices. Total delivery of Sugar from the three Docks—West India, 3,547 hogsheads and tierces, 4,419 bags; London Docks, 233 hogsheads and tierces, 525 bags; St. Katherine, 77 hogsheads and tierces, 1,271 bags. In refined goods there was more business last week, particularly in low lumps; Molasses, steady. This afternoon there was no alteration in refined goods. Foreign sugar by public sale, last week, 134 hogsheads; Porto Rico, 16 barrels; St. Croix Sugar, the prices were 1s. 2d. lower than what were obtained a month ago. East India Sugar—In addition to the India House sale last week, small parcels of Siam Sugars were sold low—to good white, 26s. 6d. to 31s. 6d.; grey Manila, 29s. The request for Mauritius Sugars continues, and parcels bought at an advance of 1s. per cwt.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of British Plantation Coffee were last week more limited than usual. Jamaica sold freely at full prices. The request for Dominica was more limited, but the prices were maintained. Demerara and Berbice were dull. Brazil, by private contract, 33s. to 35s. About 1,500 bags of East India sold. Ceylon, at public sale and private contract, 30s. to 32s.; Batavia and Cheribon, 32s. to 35s. 6d.; yellow, 36s. to 36s. 6d.; Samarang, 31s. 6d.; Dominica sold heavily, and rather lower, but no alteration in prices.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The transactions in Rum have been very limited. Small parcels, proof, Leewards, free on board, 1s. 10½d. and 1s. 11d. Brandy is not held with so much firmness. Geneva is still neglected.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The arrival of nearly 4,000 casks of Tallow in the river has depressed the prices. Hemp has been in good demand, and the prices are 2l. to 2l. 10s. per ton higher. In Flax there is no material alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated 1st instant, Exchange 10d. 11d. 16d. Tallow, 101s. to 102s. Bought 6,000; shipped off, 68,000. Ships arrived, 421; sailed, 268.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 5½.—Antwerp, 12. 5½.—Hamburg, 13. 15.—Paris, 25. 70.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Laghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 43. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0½.—Oporto, 45. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 23.—Bahia, 29.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 297l.—Coven-try, 1,080l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 109l.—Grand Junction, 295l.—Kennet and Avon, 27¾l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 470l.—Oxford, 670l.—Regent's, 22l.—Trent and Mersey, (1 sh.), 790l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 275l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 84l.—West India (Stock), 176l.—East London WATER WORKS, 114l.—Grand Junction, 51l.—West Middlesex, 70l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¼l.—Globe, 155l.—Guardian, 22¾l.—Hope Life, 5¾l.—Imperial Fire, 105½l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½l.—City, 187½l.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of July, to the 22d of August, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bond, T. M. East Deerham, linen-draper  
 Renshaw, C. and T. Nottingham, hosiers  
 Giles, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant  
 Wilkinson, T. Bishopsgate-street, hatter  
 Davenport, J. Birmingham, victualler  
 Hind, T. Queen-street, City, victualler  
 Thomas E. and W. Park-lane, horse-deales  
 Hooker, W. Hensworth and Liverpool, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES.  
 [This Month, 126.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Aspinwall, G. Manchester, commission-agent. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Bower, Birmingham)  
 Askham, H. Norfolk-street, tailor. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn)  
 Atkinson, W. Cleckheaton, wool-stapler. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Archer and Co., Osset)  
 Anderson, W. and J., and W. Tait, linen-drappers. (Jones, John-street; Heek, Leeds)  
 Bennett, R. East Winch, wine-merchant. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Cailton, Lynn)  
 Brown, G. Maldon, merchant. (Roe, Gray's-inn; Lawrence, Maldon)  
 Broadhurst, J. and J. Buglawton, silk-throwsters. (Walker, Exchange-office; Pickford, Conington)  
 Bennett, J. Sedgley, huckster. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Wood, Welvichampton)  
 Brewer, W. Bristol, corn-factor. (Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Baynton and Co., Bristol)  
 Blackwell, E. J. Nailsworth, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street)  
 Bantock, W. J. Doddington-grove, timber-merchant. (Brown, Crescent, Jewin-street)  
 Beloe, A. Norwich, silk-manufacturer. (Fisher, Walbrook)  
 Bullard, W. Maidstone, chemist. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)  
 Brooks, S. R. Manchester, merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Duckworth and Co., Manchester)  
 Becher, M. W. Burwood-mews, Titchborne-street, horse-dealer. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)  
 Barthorp, R. Stamford-place, Kent-road, commercial-agent. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Bird, L. G. Birmingham, victualler. (Templer, Great Tower-street)  
 Bais, R. Exmouth-street, victualler. (Burt and Co., Carmarthen-street)  
 Benskin, J. M. Margate, builder. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Wright, Margate)  
 Clarke, W. Hender, linen-draper. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane; Flood, Honiton)  
 Coupe, T. Wigan, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Acton, Wigan)  
 Cleaver, C. Walthamstow, lime-burner. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)  
 Clarke, R. Northampton, boot-manufacturer. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)  
 Costoe, G. B. Hetton-le-Hole, Durham, innkeeper. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Hines, Durham)  
 Collins, T. Witney, blanket-manufacturer. (Ralls, Great Mary-le-bone-street; Macey, Witney)  
 Closson, P. Harwich, sail-maker. (Saunders, Princes-street, Bank)  
 Copley, T. Shrewsbury, hosier. (Teeces, Shrewsbury)  
 Carter, R. Tiverton, farmer. (Richardson, Dyers'-buildings)  
 Da Costa, A. J. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings; Lowe, Liverpool)  
 Elston, W. John-street, America-square, corn-factor. (Burford, Muscovy-court, Tower-hill)  
 Earlam, H. Wilmslow, linen-draper. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester)  
 Farrer, A. Bradford, wool-stapler. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Mouden, Bradford)  
 Fox, S. Surrey-row, druggist. (Hanson and Co., Philpot-lane)  
 Feldon, C. Oxford, tailor. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square; Dudley, Oxford)  
 Fauns, J. Bond-street, tailor. (Arnott and Co., Temple)  
 Fryzer, S. Tewkesbury, brick-maker. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham and Co., Tewkesbury)  
 Gibson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn)  
 Gastrell, J. Bristol, man's-merc. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bush and Co., Bristol)  
 Gardner, J. New Church-street, Paddington, victualler. (Carion, High-street, Mary-le-bone)  
 Graham, W. Eden-brow, Cumberland, dealer in corn. (Clennel, Staple-inn; Sauls, Carlisle)  
 Gray, S. F. New Bond-street, chemist. (Henson, Fouverie-street)  
 Gould, A. and J. Pym, Porto Bello-wharf, Blackfriars, coal-merchants. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane)  
 Griffith, F. and C. Southampton-row, linen-drappers. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Gardner, W. and E. Coombe, Devonport, milliners. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Holmes, W. D. Liverpool, merchant. (Back, Gray's-inn; Newton and Co., Stockport)  
 Harrison, W. Bristol, leather-factor. (Horton and Co., Furnival's-inn; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Hodgson, J. Manchester, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lowe and Co., Manchester)  
 Hunter, J. Jun. Bucklersbury, merchant. (Olverson and Co., Frederick's-place)  
 Horsley, S. Kingston-upon-Hull, Wing, Gray's-inn; Saferoy and Co., Market-Rasen)  
 Hind, T. Queen-street, City, victualler. (Clutton and Co., Temple)  
 Hodgson, B. Manchester, innholder. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
 Hawden, J. Sandeman, J. and Cowell, J. Gibraltar and Liverpool, merchants. (Nettleship and Co., Grocers'-hall)  
 Hall, C. T. Portland-terrace, St. John's Wood-road, builder. (Hensman, Bond-court; Milne and Co., Temple)  
 Howes, J. Norwich, grocer. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Rackham and Co., Norwich)  
 Hoyle, T. and W. B. Harrison, Manchester, commission-agents. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)  
 Huffan, S. Poplar, mast and block-maker. (Nokes, Southampton-street)  
 Hall, W. Manchester, porter-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maurice, Manchester)  
 Hunt, T. Surrey-street, broker. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)  
 Jones, J. Bristol, merchant. (Bourdillon, Bread-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Jeffs, W. Kennington, brewer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)  
 Joyces, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pearnhead and Co., Nottingham)  
 Jones, R. Shrewsbury, maltster. (Clark and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Teeces, Shrewsbury)  
 Jones, W. and W. Kennington, builders. (Smart, Percy-street)  
 Johnson, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester)  
 Knott, T. B. Broadstairs, plumber. (Jones, Crosley-square)  
 Lowe, J. W. Manchester, corn-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester)  
 Liveridge, S. Rotherham, iron-founder. (King, Castle-street)  
 Lee, Lee, Chorley, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple)  
 Leigh, R. Manchester, cotton-spinner. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport)  
 Lunniss, G. Bath, baker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath)  
 Ledley, J. Clarendon-square, chemist. (Farden, Great James-street)  
 Morgan, J. Rope-makers'-fields, plumber. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)  
 Madden, C. A. High-street, Southwark, eating-housekeeper. (Passmore, Sambrook-court)  
 Mills, J. Camera-street, Chelsea, carrier. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)  
 M'Gregor, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple)  
 Moore, F. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Marshall, J. Watling-street, silk-manufacturers. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)  
 Nicholls, J. St. Albans, cabinet-maker. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street)  
 Noel, L. J. Hatton-gardens, money-scrivener. (Annesley and Son, Charlton-place, Great Dover-road)  
 Pocock, S. Brighton, painter. (Gregson and Co., Angel-court; Bellingham, Brighton)  
 Ponten, J. Strand, hat-maker. (Collier and Co., Carey-street)  
 Perceval, T. Eruton, silk-throwster. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dyne, rutton)  
 Poulter, W. Barrow, shopkeeper. (Twain and Co., Frederick-place; Quarles, Bury St. Edmunds)  
 Pearce, M. and W. New Park-street, Southwark, timber-merchants. (Thwaites, Queen-street, Cheapside)  
 Qualote, I. B. Great Castle-street, and Beaumont-street, confectioner. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
 Keddus, W. Byfield, baker. (Alpin, Furnival's-inn, and Banbury)  
 Ridge, B. and E. Ridge, Birmingham, factors. (Hyde, Ely-place)  
 Rhodes, W. Stockport, corn-dealer. (Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Copcock, Stockport)  
 Rasse, R. Great Bookham, saddler. (Walter, Chancery-lane)  
 Rawlins, T. Cheltenham, broker. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)  
 Stokes, J. Hackney, plumber. (Cole, Reli-ion-square)  
 Sodo, A. and W. Collingwood, Cleveland-street, dyers. (James, Bucklersbury)  
 Stevens, G. H. Lyme-Regis, lime-burner. (Child and Co., Queen-street-place, Southwark-bridge)  
 Spencer, W. Swanage, catt-e-dealer. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry)  
 Syms, J. Jun. Trowbridge, clothier. (Egan and Co., Essex-street; Timbrell, Trowbridge)  
 Spencer, T. Davies-street, builder. (Fisher and Co., Bury-street)  
 Schroder, C. Berner-street, and Ellen-street, St. George, Middlesex, sugar-refiner. (Paterson, Mincing lane)  
 Scott, J. High Holborn, linen-draper. (Davison, Bread-street)  
 Symmonds, A. Kennington-common, carpenter. (Benton, Great Surrey-street)  
 Shiltun, C. D. Snelstone and Nottingham, scrivener. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn)  
 Snell, R. P. Essex-street, Whitechapel, potatoe-merchant. (Weymouth, Gray's-inn)  
 Sandford, A. Sherborne, linen-draper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)  
 Tinley, T. Jun. Liverpool, ship-owner.

Lowton and Co., Gray's-inn; Leicester, Liverpool  
 Triphook, R. Golden-square, book-seller. (Hitchcock, Davies-street, Berkeley-square  
 Tilley, T. D. Shoreditch, baker. (Brooks, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
 Taylor, W. Lombard-street, stationer. (Turnley, White Hart-court  
 Tucker, G. Coleford, innkeeper. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Cradock, Shepton-Mallet  
 Whitenhead, J. Manchester, coach-proprietor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester  
 Wilkinson T. Bishopgate-street, hatter. (Cobb, Copthall-court  
 Wood, T. jun. Clayton, worsted-manufacturer. (Jacques and Co., Coleman-street, Halifax  
 Wide, S. Sculcoates, timber-mer-

chant. (Knowles, New-inn; Scholefield and Co., Hull  
 Williams, J. A. Filton, dealer. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Cromie and Co., Berkeley  
 Willie, W. Taunton, victualler. (Clowes and Co., Temple  
 Williams, J. Nantwich, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Tarporley  
 Wilby, S. Upper St. Martin's-lane, victualler. (Gaitskell, Poultry  
 Whitcomb, T. jun. Kilderninster, hatter. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Worts, J. Whitechapel-road, baker. (Teague, Cannon street  
 Waston, T. Reading, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane  
 Willis, J. Liverpool, broker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Watson and Co., Liverpool

Wilsch, T. Cambridge, Jeweller. (Coe, Pancras-lane; Harris, Cambridge  
 Waite, W. Bromley, cloth-manufacturer. (Few and Co., Covent-garden; Booth, Leeds  
 Walker, W. Manchester, money-scrivener. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Oliver, Manchester  
 Williams, J. and E. Rogers, Hounds-ditch, comb-manufacturer. (Fearce and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry  
 Wright, T. Sutton-in-Ashfield, grocer. (Eromleys, Gray's-inn; Richards and Son, Alfreton  
 Wills, R. W. Barnstaple, linen-draper. (Darke, Red-lion-square; Gribble, Barnstaple  
 Young, W. Worcester, tailor. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Holdsworth and Co., Worcester.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. A. W. Naxe, to the Rectory of Alton, Barnes, Wilts.—Rev. W. Carpendale, to the perpetual Curacy of Wincanton.—Rev. H. Dugmore, to the Rectory of Beechamwell, St. John with St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. W. H. Mogridge, to be Minister of Streatham Chapel, Surrey.—Rev. C. T. Broughton, to the Living of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.—Rev. R. Bagot, to be Bishop of Oxford.—Rev. R. Watkinson, to the Vicarage of Earl's Colne, Essex.—Rev. S. E. Bernard, to the perpetual Curacy of Pytley, Northampton.—Rev. J. B. Williams to the Vicarage of Lantrissant, with the chapels annexed, Glamorganshire.—Rev. J. Manley, to the Rectory of Upon Hellion, Devon.—Rev. Lord Anson, to the Vicarage of Tamworth, Warwick, with the Vicarage of Tanderbrigg, Worcester.—Rev. R. B. Paul, to the Vicarage of Lantwit Major, with the Rectory of

Lisworney annexed.—Rev. J. Studholme, to the Vicarage of Great Wilbraham, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Skelton, to the Vicarage of Wold Newton.—Rev. J. Irvin, to the Vicarage of Brompton.—Rev. T. Irvine, to the perpetual Curacy of Ulrome, Holderness.—Rev. J. Bower, to the Rectory of Barmston.—Rev. W. F. Farish, to be Minister of St. Mary's Church, Sheffield.—Rev. F. Urquhart, to the Rectory of West Knighton, with Broadmayne.—Rev. C. W. Woodley, to the Vicarage of St. Stythians, with the chapel of Terran Arnothel, Cornwall.—Rev. H. Dyke, to the Vicarage of Trelynt, Cornwall.—Rev. F. W. Sharpe, to the perpetual curacy of Monyash, Derby.—Rev. F. Leathes, to the Rectory of Ringsfield, with Redsham Parvee.—Rev. W. St. J. Mildmay, to the Rectory of Abbotstone, with the Vicarage of Hitchin-Stoke, Hants.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

July 22.—Two men and a woman executed at the Old Bailey.

23.—Lord Tenterden and Sir George Murray elected members of the worshipful company of grocers.

27.—Three convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

Aug. 4.—Arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, at Portsmouth, the Lord Cochrane transport, bringing the intelligence that a new ordinance on the subject of the Press had just come out, which subjects an editor and proprietor, &c., if convicted of libel, for the first offence to a penalty of £300, and for the second to banishment from the colony.

7.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George arrived in London from the Continent.

11.—The Spitalfields' weavers' petition to the King, answered by Mr. Peel, specifying that His Majesty's confidential servants did not feel themselves warranted in advising the King to encourage their emigration to any of the colonies.

14.—News from France announcing an entire change of ministers, the Prince de Polignac (ambassador at the court of St. James's) being appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs, and premier.

17.—Recorder made his report to the King in council, of the convicts condemned at the Old Bailey sessions, when one only was ordered for execution.

20.—Parliament prorogued till October 15.

21.—The Princess de Polignac, lady of the French Ambassador, left Portland-place, with her family, for Paris.

### MARRIAGES.

At Morville, Salop, R. G. Throckmorton, esq., nephew to Sir C. Throckmorton, bart., to Miss Acton, only daughter of Sir John Acton, bart.—At Wimbledon, A. A. Park, esq., second son of Mr. Justice Park, to Miss M. F. Brown.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. P. Stourton, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Howard, esq., of Corby Castle.—At Ripley Castle, C. J. Smith, esq., to Miss Frances Harwood.—T. H. Broadhead, esq., to Charlotte Godolphin, only daughter of Lord Godolphin Osborne.—At Devonshire-house, the Hon. W. Cavendish, M.P. Cambridge, to the Lady Blanche Howard, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.—At Cambridge-house, Capt. H. Ramsden, third son of Sir J. Ramsden, bart., to the Hon. Frederica Selina Law, fourth daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Ellenborough.—At Marylebone,

F. D. M. Dawson, esq., to the Hon. Susan St. Clair, daughter of Lord Sinclair.—At Tuxford, J. Manwaring, jun., esq., to Elizabeth, sister to Sir T. W. White, bart.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, T. B. Bosville, esq., to Harriet, widow of S. Petrie, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Duke of Buccleugh, to Lady Charlotte Thynne, third daughter of the Marquis of Bath.—L. Currie, jun. esq., to Caroline Christina, fourth daughter of Lieut.-General Hay.—At Cantray, Robert Grant, esq., M.P., to Margaret, daughter of Sir David Davidson.

## DEATHS.

At Bretton-hall, York, T. R. Beaumont, esq.; 72; he had been M.P. for Northumberland during four successive parliaments.—Lady Beaumont, relict of the late Sir George Beaumont, bart.—At Lydd, Kent, Mrs. Murray, 86, widow of General Murray.—At Ilchester, Seabra Edwards, 101.—At Edgefield, Rev. B. Francis, 89; he had been 65 years rector of that place, and nearly all its population attended his funeral.—At Abingdon, on the circuit, Mr. Baron Hullock.—At Laxton-hall, Northampton, G. Evans, esq., brother to Lord Carbery.—At Double Bridges, Thorne, Mrs. C. Gunby, 103.—Rev. T. Melhuish, 84, and the 60th of his residence at the rectory of Ashwater.—In Regent's-park, Sir H. Chamberlain, bart.—At Alderhott, Mr. J. Hayter, 100.—At Birmingham, Hannah Harrison, 102.—At West Haddon, Rev. J. Edmonds, 77; he had been nearly 40 years pastor of the Baptist church, Guilsborough.—At Hastings, Rear-Admiral Sir James Wood, 74.—At Bayham Abbey, Frances, Marchioness Camden.—At Rolversden, John Henry, esq., 98, Admiral of the Red, the father of the British navy. At Tynemouth, the wife of Sir C. Lorraine, bart.—At Moggahane, Dr. O'Shaugnessy, Catholic Bishop of Killaloe.—In Parliament-place, John Reeves, esq., 77.—In the New Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Christopher Stevinson, 73. He was a man of great personal strength and prowess, and one of the 12 survivors of the Centaur 74, (700 men), Capt. Inglefield, which was lost 47 years ago in the Atlantic Ocean, on her return from the West Indies, after the glorious victory gained by Lord Rodney over Count de Grasse. The above, with Capt. I., and 10 more, saved

themselves by getting into the pinnace; and after experiencing unheard-of misery, gained Fayall on the 17th day. The stoutest and largest man of the boat's company died of cold and starvation on the 15th day. The above C. S. is supposed to be the last survivor of them.—At Bath, J. Kitson, esq., 86.—At Aberdeen, Dr. Hamilton, 87, Professor of Mathematics in the Marischal college; he filled the Professor's chair for 50 years.—In Regent's-park, Jane Sophia, wife of Capt. H Hope, and daughter of Admiral Sir H. Sawyer.—At Clare, Mr. McKenzie, 101.—W. Forman, esq., a partner with the present Lord Mayor, under the firm of Thompson, Forman, and Son, at Draper's-hall.—The Rev. John Roberts, Vicar of Tremreir-chion, Flint. Mr. Roberts was the author of the best English Essay at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, Sept. 1823, on "The Reasons for rejecting the Welsh Orthography that is proposed and attempted to be introduced with a view of superseding the system that has been established since the publication of Dr. Davies's Grammar and Dictionary, and Bishop Parry's edition of the Welsh Bible, and that of 1630."—At Brighton, the Hon. H. E. Edwardes, eldest son of Lord Kensington.—Selina, wife of F. P. Stephanoff, esq., Manchester-street.—Mrs. Moore, widow of the late H. Moore, esq., M.P., and niece of the Dowager Countess of Clonmell.—In Great George-street, Westminster, Mary, relict of the Hon. R. Pean, one of the hereditary lords proprietors and governors general of Pennsylvania.—J. Parke, esq., 84, he was Handel's principal oboe player, and an intimate friend of Garrick.—In Bedford-square, Charles Warren, Esq., one of the Welsh judges.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. Rose, county of Eflingham (N. A.), M. François Fergue, dit Morugean, 120; he was born at Quebec in 1709, and passed part of his life in the French West India islands, and had been present at the most remarkable events where Canadian valour was distinguished.—At Paris, the Hon. A. Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald.—At Paris, J. F. Gill, esq., Chargé-d'Affaires from the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, to the Court of St. James's.—At Trinidad, J. B. Philip, esq.—At Sienna, Dr. Montucci, well known in the literary world.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—Dr. Thomlinson's library, attached to St. Nicholas' church, in this town, bequeathed expressly for the use of the public, is immediately to be thrown open for six hours in the day for one part of the year, five hours for another, and never at any time of the year for less than four hours every day, except Sundays, festivals, and fast days. The attention of the trustees having been called to the subject by the Literary and Philosophical Society, they have thus resolved to enforce the statutes left by Dr. Thomlinson.

Three prisoners were recorded for death at the county assizes, and several transported.

The second annual exhibition of the Northern Academy of Fine Arts has opened, and although

many eminent artists of London and Edinburgh have liberally contributed to its support, yet their excellent works do not overpower the merits of the resident artists to whom they are such able auxiliaries, and our native productions maintain their due degrees of honourable distinction, amidst the highest competition of the metropolis.—*Newcastle Courant.*

The Newcastle exhibition for the promotion of the fine arts, has opened this year under very favourable auspices.

So extensive have been the importation of foreign grain into the port of Newcastle, that all the warehouses are filled.

**DURHAM.**—At these assizes two prisoners were recorded for death.

The foundation stone of a new bridge across the river Wansbeck, at the High Ford, leading to Mitford, was laid Aug. 10.

Sunderland, during the month of July, was most busily employed. No less than 1,171 ships had cleared up to the 29th of July, coal-laden; and since the commencement of the year, during which period 120 ships were despatched to Archangel.

On the night of the 24th of July, a storm of thunder and rain visited the county of Durham, of great and unusual severity. The new bridges at Langley Castle, and in Gee's Wood, were swept away by the raising of the Langley Burn, and other damage was done.

The committee of the Mechanics' Institution, at Sunderland, have twice unconditionally rejected Lord Byron's works.

Warehouses for bonded grain have been opened at South Shields, in consequence of more foreign grain having arrived at Newcastle than the warehouses there will hold.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The number of prisoners tried at these assizes amounted to 82; 31 of whom were recorded for death, 7 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

Meltham has been the scene of a more violent riot than ever [see our last, page 237], and on Monday, after the Riot Act had been read, and 25 of the ringleaders taken into custody, the corpse of Joseph Taylor (the man who died at Melkham *three weeks ago!*) and which has been kept in a leaden coffin, was carried into the church; the sexton refusing to officiate in digging the grave, another person was found for that purpose, the friends of the deceased all the time waiting till the grave was prepared!—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Aug. 6.

On the 29th of July a new Roman Catholic chapel was opened at Hull, with great pomp.—Twelve clergymen officiated.

The chancel of Trinity Church, Hull, is undergoing a thorough repair and improvement. The windows are to be replaced with painted glass; and, when finished, it will be one of the most beautiful chancels in the kingdom.

A new church is building at Holbeck, near Leeds.

There were 179 causes, and 82 prisoners for trial at the Yorkshire summer assizes. Sixteen of the causes had special juries. The number of prisoners was greater than was ever remembered.

A high-pressure steam-engine, forming a complete working model, the cylinder of which is only one-sixteenth part of an inch diameter, and the weight of the whole only one ounce, has been constructed by Mr. John Blanchley, of Bristol.

Trade, towards the close of last month, revived a little in the West Riding; but the state of the working classes is most deplorable.

The rockite system has been introduced into the East Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Wray, near Wedon, had a stack of rape burnt last month, and a threatening notice was posted up; and another letter was posted at Keyingham, threatening the property of the farmers with destruction, unless they adopted means to gratify the labourers.

The Methodist Conference has just closed at Sheffield. It is considered to have been the best conference since the death of Mr. Wesley. The increase of the society is 2,431 in Great Britain,

and 2,743 in the missionary stations; making a total of 5,177 since the last conference.

The skeleton of a horse, and many bones of the sheep and dog, with muscle, cockle, and oyster-shells, were found twelve or fourteen feet below the surface of the earth, on the Foss Bank, York.

Isaac Brown, of East Morton, near Keighley, has invented a gig, drawn by a wooden horse, which runs six miles an hour, with three passengers. It may be guided in any direction by a rein fixed in the horse's mouth. A poor man, at Leeds, has also invented a carriage, which, without either horse-power, or steam, will run on a rail-road from 18 to 20 miles an hour, with 16 or 18 passengers; and on a highway, 12 or 15 miles an hour, with six or eight passengers. The machinery is under the carriage.

**LANCASHIRE.**—On July 27, a meeting of merchants, and other inhabitants, was held at Liverpool, when it was resolved, "That this meeting have learned, with deep regret, that James Maury, esq., has been removed from the situation of Consul for the United States of America at this port, which he has filled for the last forty years, with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to his country.—That having for so long a period, during which times of extreme difficulty and political irritation have frequently occurred, witnessed his undeviating integrity, and experienced the urbanity of his manners in the discharge of his public duties; being also impressed with a high respect for his private character and honourable conduct during his long residence here, this meeting are desirous to present him with a memorial of their regard and attachment upon his removal from office.—That a subscription be now opened to raise a fund, to be applied to the purchase of one or more pieces of plate, to be presented to Mr. Maury, in testimony of their esteem and approbation; and that the amount of each individual subscription be limited to the sum of five pounds."

While so much distress exists in various parts of the kingdom, and while such loud complaints are every where making of the state of trade, it is remarkable that there should exist in Liverpool some of the strongest symptoms of prosperity. New streets are springing up in every direction, and there are so many churches building, or in contemplation, that it would perhaps be impossible to adduce a parallel to it in the history of church building throughout the kingdom. The Railway Tunnel, too, of which Liverpool may be justly proud, and which, indeed, will become a national advantage, was opened, in ceremony, July 31, when the mayor, in company with a party of friends, went through it in a common railway waggon highly gratified. The tunnel runs under the town of Liverpool from the back of Edge-hill to Wapping. On the Cheshire side of the Mersey new houses are erecting all along the shore; and at Woodside, a square, not inferior to the most beautiful squares in London, is building. In addition to these facts, the poor-rate is lower than in the most prosperous years; it is reduced to 1s. 6d. in the pound, a gratifying proof that the labouring classes in Liverpool have, in a great measure, escaped the distress which has fallen so heavily on those classes in other places.—*Liverpool Times*.

The master-spinners of fine numbers in Man-

chester, have very properly published an address in answer to the turn-out of the journeymen, involving in want and misery from 8 to 10,000 persons. They say, "Were it generally known that these men were refusing wages which would average above 30s. per week, and that for every spinner who remains idle, from eight to ten other individuals are kept out of employment, and deprived of the means of subsistence, few persons, it is thought, would contribute to prolong so unnecessary a state of misery."

The exhibition of the Academy at the Royal Institution was opened, Aug. 17, and excels any former display which Liverpool has witnessed, for the number, variety, and excellence of the paintings.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At Boston, the storm of July 24, was awful and most calamitous in its effects. Neither memory nor ancient record furnishes example of a similar combination of the elements. Several fields of beautiful wheat and other corn were entirely destroyed!—This term must be taken in its most unlimited sense; the corn is not merely layered, or partially beaten down, but the wheat straw is broken and split, as though it had passed through a thrashing machine. Some oat fields have a very singular appearance, the crop stands erect, and at a distance looks remarkably fine, but when the spectator approaches, he discovers that it is merely the skeleton of corn, the ears being completely thrashed out. Mr. Horsewood has lost nearly 100 acres of corn, and about 14 acres of coleseed, by this awful calamity, and Mr. Curtois, of Langret Ferry, has lost about 300 acres of corn. From Brothertoft to Langret Ferry, and thence to Sibsey and part of Carrington, scarcely a single farm has escaped, and judging from what we have seen and heard, we should certainly say that the damage sustained there exceeds £70,000 in value. The dreadful line of devastation appears to extend about a mile in breadth, and eight miles in length, through one of the most fertile parts of Lincolnshire.—*Boston Gazette*.

**NORFOLK.**—Sixteen prisoners received sentence of death at these assizes; one of them was executed for murder.

By the published account of expenses for the last year of the city and county of Norwich, it appears that the total expenditure on the new gaol amounted to £27,368. 16s.—the sum of £6,156. 18s. was paid for the annual expenditure, out of which nearly £3,000 was absorbed by the criminal jurisprudence.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—At these assizes sentence of death was recorded against 31 prisoners, two of whom were not more than 13 years of age!

**SUSSEX.**—At the assizes held at Lewes, 14 prisoners received sentence of death.

**HANTS.**—Eleven prisoners received sentence of death at the assizes, one of them for murder, who was accordingly executed; four were transported, and a few imprisoned. According to the provisions of the late act, the expenses of the prosecution of the two Stacies will fall on our borough rate, and an order for the sum of £400 (!!!) to defray them, was this morning delivered to the treasurer, signed by the judge, Sir James Burrough.—*Hampshire Telegraph*, Aug. 3.

A society has been formed, at Portsea, for the purpose of granting annuities to the wives and children of petty and warrant officers of the navy, packet vessels, and revenue craft, upon the principle of the Naval Annuitant Society; in addition to which, medical attendance is provided, and superannuations allowed to members on their attaining the age of 65. To this is also to be appended a Saving Bank.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church of St. John, at Forton, Alverstoke, took place, Aug. 12, in grand style: the procession (in which were 600 children of the national and Sunday schools) was nearly three quarters of a mile in extent.

**LEICESTER.**—At these assizes sentence of death was recorded against four prisoners, and five were transported. There were only 13 prisoners for trial in the county gaol, and not any in the borough jurisdiction.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—At the Isle of Ely assizes, held at Wisbeach, six prisoners were recorded for death.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—By the abstract of the accounts of this county for the last year, it appears that the sum of £14,166. 7s. 5½d. was expended from *Thomas à Becket's* sessions, 1828, to Easter sessions, 1829.—Under the heads of vagrants, felons, prosecutions, debtors, gaol, judges' house, county hall, coroners, between £6,000 and £7,000 were paid—the county bridges are stated at £633. 11s. 10d.

The calendar for the assizes has been a light one, only 29 prisoners being for trial; four were recorded for death, and eight for transportation.

**CHESHIRE.**—The new rector of the extensive parish of Wilmslow, has given notice that he shall require the payment of one-tenth part of the annual value of the land in the parish, according to the poor rate assessment, as a composition for his tithes, and in case of refusal thus to compound, the landowners and occupiers are required to set out in kind the tithes of hay and all other produce of their farms. This claim, we are assured, is contrary to the immemorial custom of the parish, and the landowners and occupiers have determined to take legal measures for resisting the demand. A committee has been appointed, and subscriptions entered into for this purpose.—*Macclesfield Courier*.

**DERBYSHIRE.**—At Derby sentence of death was recorded against seven prisoners, but none were left for execution.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—At these assizes 14 prisoners were recorded for death (two for murder), and eight transported.

The completion of the Torridge Canal, and approaches to it by means of the new line of road through the Woolley estate and vale of the Torridge, has been celebrated by the gentlemen and yeomen residing in the benefitted districts, who

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\* Surely such Popish nomenclature should be expunged from our Protestant calendar. *Thomas à Becket* sessions indeed! why "*Jonathan à Wild*" would sound equally as well, and would not remind the nation of the degrading spectacle of a King of England, barefooted, and with naked shoulders, submitting to be *piously* lacerated by order of the Pope!!!

presented an address, in a gold box, to Lord Rolle, expressive of their gratitude for his patriotic munificence in accomplishing the works.

The first exhibition of the Devon and Exeter Botanical and Horticultural Society took place, July 30, and exceeded any thing its most sanguine projectors could have anticipated. Exeter appeared unusually full upon the occasion, and its streets were literally crowded with the gentry of the country. The venerable Lord Clifford presided over the dispensation of the prizes, and hoped, from this, its first exhibition, that it would vie in its proceedings with the most celebrated societies of the kind in the kingdom.

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—Sentence of death was recorded, at these assizes, against eight prisoners.

At the General Annual Meeting of the Governors of the Bedford Infirmary, August 3, it was resolved—That Dr. Thackeray's proposal for adding a general medical library to this institution be adopted; that his offer of 400 volumes from his own library, be gratefully accepted.—That a pension-fund for the officers and servants of this institution, after a certain period of active and meritorious service, or under extraordinary circumstances, be immediately formed; that Dr. Thackeray's munificent contribution of £200 in aid of such pension-fund, be thankfully accepted.—That as soon as £2,000 shall have been contributed by out-county benefactors, and sixty guineas a-year by out-county subscribers, this county infirmary shall become a "*general infirmary, open to the sick and necessitous poor of all counties and all nations;*" and that Dr. Thackeray's most munificent offer of £500 towards that grand and desirable object, be gratefully accepted.

**BUCKS.**—At the assizes for this county 11 prisoners were recorded for death, all of whom have been since sentenced to transportation for life; one was likewise transported for seven years—there were only 15 for trial.

**HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**—At the assizes sentence of death was recorded against one prisoner: there was only one cause at *nisi prius*, which was undefended.

**KENT.**—At the assizes for this county 15 prisoners were recorded for death.

**BERKSHIRE.**—August 12, his Majesty went through the ceremony of laying the first stone of an equestrian statue to the memory of George III., in Windsor Park. The stone bears the following inscription, "*Georgi Tertio Patri Optimo Georgius Rex.*"

**ESSEX.**—The first stone of the new pier at Southend was laid by the Lord Mayor, during the septennial progress to mark the boundaries of the city of London below the bridge.

At the assizes for this county 10 prisoners were recorded for death. At the *nisi prius*, an action was gained against the inhabitants of Barking, for not repairing a bridge in that parish, in the course of which, 17 witnesses were brought to speak to the ancient state of the bridge, of whom four were above 75, six above 80, three above 85, one 90, one 92, and two 93 years of age.

**HERTS.**—August 6, the mansion of T. Clutterbuck, Esq., at Bushey, was thrown open, and

formed into a bazaar for the sale of fancy articles, drawings, &c., for the purpose of adding to the funds of the Hertfordshire western infirmary. The whole of the articles were the production of the ladies in the surrounding neighbourhood. The sale continued two days, and the receipts amounted to nearly £1,000!

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At the assizes held at Warwick, 14 prisoners received sentence of death, and 11 were transported.

The annual dinner of the artists and friends of the Birmingham Institution, for the promotion of the Fine Arts, took place in that town, Aug. 20, and the exhibition has been since opened for the public.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—Six prisoners were recorded for death at the county assizes, and three were transported. Only one prisoner was in the city calendar, and not one cause entered.

Vast numbers of Irish reapers have come into this neighbourhood; they have offered in some instances to work "for their victuals" until harvest commences, for 6d. and even as low as 4d. a-day and "their victuals" during harvest! The consequence of this has been, that the English labourers have in some instances attacked the Irish, and compelled them to seek safety in flight. Four English labourers were taken into custody. As the prisoners were passing towards the gaol, a large body of labourers made an attack upon the persons who had them in custody, and succeeded in rescuing two of the prisoners; a constable was severely hurt. Two of those engaged in the rescue are in custody. We hope we shall not be suspected of apologizing for violence of any kind; the law must be respected, whatever the provocation may be. But we do lament that, while English labourers are enduring great privations from low wages, *strangers* should be employed to do that work which the former are able and willing to do. To say nothing of generosity of feeling, is it politic to take work out of the hands of the *native* labourer? Deprive him of his work, and will he not appeal to the parish? And can any cheapness of labour done by *strangers* compensate for the evils of depressing and pauperizing our *native* population?—*Worcester Journal, Aug. 6.*

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—At the assizes for this county, Mr. Baron Vaughan (in addressing the grand jury) said, "I consider, and with great justice I have heard it observed, that, considering the state of education in this county, crime has been less frequent in Oxford than in many other places. The calendar, I acknowledge, is stained with offences of a very gross character; but, speaking of them generally, such as may be expected to arise, and such, as considering the state of society, must necessarily be!" Seven prisoners were recorded for death, four transported, and a few imprisoned.—*Oxford Herald, Aug. 1.*

By the last report of the Banbury Visiting Charitable Society, it appeared that 350 necessitous individuals had received assistance from this excellent institution during the past year.

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At Dorchester assizes four prisoners were recorded for death, and two for transportation.

**WILTSHIRE.**—At the assizes held at Salis-

bury for this county, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, and two transported. Anne Hooper, for receiving a pair of stockings, knowing them to be stolen, was acquitted. The prisoner was a very interesting young woman, with a fine child in her arms. The house had been broken into on the 3d of January, and on the 13th the stockings were found in a basket which she was carrying in company with another woman. The judge said that it would be too much to convict the prisoner with this felonious transaction: ten days had elapsed from the time of the robbery and the discovery of the stockings, and there was nothing that could lead to a conclusion, otherwise than that she had come by them honestly. She was acquitted, and instantly discharged. *She had been in confinement for six months!!!*—Thomas Penny, a poor boy, was indicted for stealing a piece of gooseberry pudding! When this trumpery case was brought forward, the whole court appeared to have but one feeling of disgust. The judge said, "however much such prosecutions might be regretted, yet the law, now that the indictment had been preferred, must take its course." The jury found the boy guilty. He was recorded for *death!* while W. Chiven, and E. and T. Wilcox, for attempting to strangle and drown Mr. J. Vines, near Chippenham, were sentenced to *six months'* imprisonment.—*Hampshire Telegraph, Aug. 10.*

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—At the anniversary of the Bath and Wells Association, held July 23, at Bath, it appeared by the report made on the occasion, that the children of the schools had become more numerous, more regular in their attendance, and were distinguished by greater order and cleanliness than before, and that they amounted to 1,600 receiving their earliest instructions from the society.

A collection of fossil animal remains, found in the cavern called Kent's Hole, near Torquay, has been added, within these few days, to the Museum of Natural History attached to the Somerset and Taunton Institution. It may be proper to observe, that these fossils are not lapideous, but are found in the natural state of skulls, teeth, and bones—not forming entire skeletons, but in disjointed portions, and sometimes in fragments of bones. In this collection there are the molar teeth of the rhinoceros, both of the upper and lower jaw; portions of the upper and lower jaw of an extinct hyæna, larger than any of the existing species, with the cheek and canine teeth or tusks, the cheek teeth being considerably worn down, and the upper surface highly polished by use; several molar teeth and incisors of the horse, ox, and deer; and also of the bear, *ursus priscus* of Cuvier; together with many molar teeth of small animals belonging to the natural order *Rodentia*, and also fragments of bones broken and gnawed to their actual present state by the hyæna, marks of gnawing being now visible on their surface.—*Taunton Courier.*

**CORNWALL.**—At these assizes five prisoners were recorded for death.

**SCOTLAND.**—In the vicinity of Edinburgh the damage done to the crops by the late tempest has been very serious, but not so great as to be considered irreparable. The gale, however, was very strong, and in various parts it actually tore

up trees by the roots. It would appear that the injury felt in our neighbourhood has been trifling indeed, compared with the extent of that experienced on the other side of the water. The whole face of the country has been altered by the overwhelming power of the tempest, which was accompanied with fearful discharges of thunder and lightning. The fruit, the grain, the cattle, have all suffered severely; bridges have been borne away by the rivers, which were swollen to an extraordinary degree by the torrents of rain which fell incessantly. From Dundee, St. Andrews, Newburgh, Perth, Couper Angus, Montrose, Aberdeenshire, Banff, &c. &c., all the accounts stote the injury to be of immense extent. The following relates to Rothes, as described by a correspondent in the *Edinburgh Evening Post* of August 8, "The traditionary and historical annals of our country are numerous and wonderful, but in reference to river floods they all sink into the shade when compared to those of the 3d and 4th instant, produced by the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lossie, and their tributary streams. The loss of lives has, however, not been so very great as that of property, but the beautiful vales through which these majestic rivers roll, will not, while the world stands, regain their pristine grandeur. The number of families which have been rendered houseless and destitute is great; hundreds, if not thousands, of acres have been swept away by the irresistible torrents—bridges, mills, and machinery, have fallen before the tremendous element of water. All communication to the north or south is entirely at an end, unless across the rivers by boats, and along the roads on foot or on horse-back."

**IRELAND.**—In addition to the proclamation of July 18, last, "for suppressing all meetings for commemorating political events," which was published by the Lord Lieutenant, it has been found necessary to issue the following:—*Dublin Castle, 5th August, 1829.* "Whereas it hath been represented to the Lord Lieutenant, that a party of persons called orangemen, on their return home after dining together in the vicinity of Arney-bridge, were attacked by a large assemblage of persons called ribbonmen (who had been previously dislodged from a position which they had taken on the mountain between Florence-court and Swanlinbar), when one man of the orange party was piked to death, and six others wounded, three of whom have since died. Now, we, the Lord Lieutenant, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the person or persons concerned in this barbarous murder, are pleased hereby to offer a reward of two hundred pounds to any person or persons (except those actually concerned in the commission of the murder) who shall give such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of the persons concerned not already apprehended. By his Grace's command, F. LEVESON GOWER."

All the accounts which have hitherto reached us relative to the coming harvest in this unhappy and turbulent portion of the empire, concur in saying that the prospects of its being an abundant one are very cheering; indeed there is strong reason for expecting that it will be the richest harvest that has been for several years. The English merchants trading to Ireland, augur from this an increased demand for their manufactures.

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THE STATE OF THE EMPIRE:

POLICE, PRESS, POKERY, AND FOREIGN RELATIONS.

It is scarcely two months since Prince Polignac was made Prime Minister of France, and in that time he has contrived to make himself the object of the most universal public reprobation of any man in power since the days of Robespierre. The Duke of Wellington has been Prime Minister of England two years, and with what results. He has destroyed his own popularity in all ranks; he has sunk his character from that of a high-minded, straight-forward, and soldierly man, to that of a meagre, irritable, and vindictive minister; he has changed the whole national estimate even of his abilities, and has shewn himself as incapable of governing the country as of controlling his own temper; incapable of meeting the exigencies of the first public crisis, and equally incapable of listening with the calmness of a manly mind, or answering with the intelligence of a wise one, to the charges that the national distrust is gathering thick round him from every quarter of the political horizon.

But the similitude of the English minister and his French counterpart runs close through every branch of their administration. In the assault upon the freedom of the press; in the encouragement of a subtle and treacherous priesthood; in the arts to manage their respective legislatures; in the policy of surrounding themselves with cabinets of individuals either so insignificant as to leave the sole power in the minister's hands, or so obnoxious to popular scorn as to cover his meanness by the collected meanness of his creatures; in the use of a police hateful to the national feelings, and offensive to the national sense of liberty; in being equally violent at home, and feeble abroad; in leaving their foreign allies to chance, and exercising their whole vigour in coercing the public feeling of alarm at home,—nothing can be more fatally complete than the parallel of the Premier-ships of France and England.

Which of those ministers has led the way is not worth the question. The old habits of France have been in the prince's favour, and have saved him from much exertion of originality in his experiments on the constitution. He had found a *gendarmerie* ready made; the censorship of the press, though it had fallen into abeyance, still existed; and the

influence of Jesuitism and Monkery, though it had received many a formidable blow, still wound its sinuous length through society, and smoothed with its slime the ascent to the foot of the throne. In those points, a minister of France had hitherto the advantage of a minister of England. But the Duke has already rapidly diminished the space between the candidates. In England, the Jesuit and the Monk have now the right to legislate; they may poison every channel of representation if they will, and may stand up in their places, as Lords and Commons of Protestant England, and advocate the cause of the Pope—that Pope with whom, by the laws of the wise, brave, and Christian founders of our liberty, it was high treason for any public functionary of the empire to hold a moment's correspondence. Thanks to his Grace of Wellington, this has been done! and this is the one exploit of his illustrious ministry! To this trophy he must point for the evidence of his two years' uncontested power, and say, "Here I triumphed, and triumphed for the Pope." But here his self-praise would do him injustice. His triumph was more comprehensive still—he triumphed for Popish Europe. Not an enemy of the British Constitution, whether prince or priest—whether clothed in the rude habiliments of Irish rebellion, or flourishing in the costly garniture of Continental bigotry—but may now have his agent in the British Legislature. France, that no pacification will ever make faithful; Austria, that no pledge will ever bind; Spain, that remembers her thwarted days of blood; and Portugal, that longs for her renewed power of persecution—the whole of Popish Europe may now have its direct instruments in the British Legislature. We shall see the Romish bishops sitting on the benches of the House of Lords; and we congratulate the Protestant bishops on the accession of such holy assistance to their spiritual guardianship. We shall see the Romish cardinal in the council; and we congratulate the members of the Cabinet on the aid of his talents and impartiality in the defence of the free Protestant Constitution.

But the new *gendarmarie* comes first before us. It is remarkable that the first characteristic of the Duke of Wellington's administration is that dullest and most vulgar of all expedients for governing a people—a perpetual recourse to force. If Ireland is to be kept down, his capacious intellect has but one panacea—a dozen regiments; if the exasperation of the starving manufacturers calls for work or bread, the doctor has still but the same dose to administer—horse, foot, and dragoons; if the newspapers join the public voice, and, in natural indignation, exclaim against him as ignorant, or negligent, or incapable, the great Sangrado has but the same prescription—the indictment. If poverty, combining with the hideous example of political corruption, and the most scandalous and undisguised contempt of all moral decencies among the highest ranks, impel the lowest to offences not by ten thousand degrees so criminal as the offences of those who ought to be their examples in honesty and honour, the Sangrado still has but one regimen—the guardian of the public peace, in "a neat blue uniform, with a cutlass two feet long, and a brace of pistols in a belt," the whole of this *gendarmarie* being under the command of a military retainer of the Duke, and making its reports directly to the Home Secretary—that honest Home Secretary!—as much a menial of the Duke, as if he wiped his shoes, or stood behind his carriage.

The first question on this new police is—its necessity. This necessity

we deny altogether. We all know the absolute ease with which a case may be made out for increasing the public burthens. We never saw a public servant run aground for want of a list of grievances; and we are fully satisfied that, whenever it may suit the purpose of a minion of power to assert that London is undermined, or the Thames about to be set in general conflagration, returns to that effect, and so forth, will be ready to be laid on the table of the Collective Wisdom. But it is a direct fabrication to say that robbery and riot have increased in the metropolis within the last ten years. We turn from the nonsense of Home Office papers to actual experience. Is it more unsafe to walk through the Strand, or any of our thoroughfares now, than it was ten years ago? Does any man of the thousands and tens of thousands who pass it at all hours, feel any fear of life or limb; or does any plunder, but the plunder of some country booby's pocket-handkerchief, ever startle the sense of justice in a street where half the money of London is perpetually rolling backwards and forwards? What man of any tangible substance has been knocked down, robbed, and slain, or any one of the three, in any street of this enormous and sufficiently profligate city, by any one of its enormous and more than sufficiently idle or starving population? We might offer a reward, and offer it in vain, for the discovery of a single instance of this bold experiment on the passenger; provided that Mr. Peel's pompous documents are not to be taken on his own shewing—and facts are a necessary part of that proof. We pronounce, unhesitatingly, that the metropolis was never more exempt from disorder than at this hour; that whatever disorder existed was within the reach of the simplest correction; and that least of all was there any necessity for the monstrous and offensive change which substitutes the soldier for the watchman, supersedes the magistrate by the half-pay colonel, and delivers the whole peace of London and its vicinage into the hands of a *gendarmerie*.

Not that some changes were unnecessary, nor that the absurdity or the negligence which placed some men in the public offices as magistrates, who had been fitter for constables or cow-herds, ought not to have been reformed—not that we looked upon Sir Richard Birnie and the vulgar fellows of his calibre with the most trivial respect for either them or the fools who placed them there, nor that we considered those Dogberries as more lawyers than gentlemen, or thought they possessed an aton of either character, or thought that fellows who had spent their best years in cleaning boots in the Duke of Northumberland's scullery, or stitching saddles and stirrup-leathers, were the most wisely chosen in their worst years to lay down the law for the inhabitants of London. Quite the reverse. We should have told Sir Richard Birnie, and the vulgar fellows of his calibre, go back to the place whence you came, and carry your manners and your law along with you, never to return. But might not all this have been done without the issue of a mandate to raise a metropolitan levy under the command of a Horseguard dependent? Might not the pocket-handkerchiefs of the Strand-going population have been protected by a less onerous expedient than that of raising a regular battalion officered from the military depot? or might not his Grace of Wellington, even in the moment that he snatched from settling the affairs of submissive Europe, have condescended to remember that the nation which now trembles at his frown, and worships his shadow, still, at least, talks of its having possessed a Constitution; has

had an old aversion to the sight of military force ; flourishing the sabre over its counters and ink-horns, is *not* France, and is either too young or too old to take delight in that royal toy, a gendarmerie.

Of course, we fully exculpate his Grace of Wellington from all the sour "suspicions" that have somehow or other lately spoiled the public taste for his panegyric. We take it for granted, that in establishing a police with a military commander, in turning the civil magistrates to the right about, and in withdrawing the guardianship of the parishes from the lazy somnolency of the parishes themselves to the sleepless vigilance of the minister, he had no thought of any consequence further than the increased security of the pocket-handkerchiefs of his Majesty's loyal and much filched people.

As Prince Polignac has got the start of the duke in the gendarmerie, he has also got the start in the libel system. In the late trials in Paris of some caitiffs, who, after having exposed themselves long ago to be hanged for their loyalty to the Bourbons, are now exposing themselves to be pilloried for their doubts of a ministry of two months' standing ; the crown lawyer laid down the maxim, that to ridicule the minister was to ridicule the monarch and his family. The maxim was one of those illustrious discoveries in libel legislation that force universal assent at the instant. But "if the French invent," says the proverb, "the English improve." We have seen, for years together, the most atrocious libels of pen and pencil issued by the hundred against the king and every branch of his family ; the grossest and most malignant caricatures of his Majesty's person flourishing in the public ways ; yet the ministerial thunderbolts slept by the foot of the ministerial chair. Who but remembers the monstrous and loathsome slanders propagated day by day against the king's brother, the Duke of Cumberland ? and who remembers a single movement of a finger of authority against the slanderers ? And those charges were not vague—there was no airy and floating surmise of "grasping ambition," love of power, or passion for pelf ; no suspicion of being suspected. Nothing in accusation could have taken a more distinct form, nor a more repulsive, degrading and detestable one. Yet the majesty of justice slept on its desk, ate its cabinet dinner, and took its ride to Newmarket without the disturbance of a muscle. It reposed in sublime faith on the divinity that doth hedge a king, and piously shrank from interfering with the ways of a tutelar Providence. But let a syllable be uttered against ministerial fallibility, its whole nervousness is up in arms. The power that when royalty was assaulted saw nothing but pitiable impotence in the assailants, when a chance shaft glances on itself, sees nothing but a traitorous and combined assault against king, country, and constitution. Steady as a rock, when the blood royal were exposed to the bitterest blast of infamy, the moment a breath of popular dislike turns on itself, it melts into the wave, and frets and foams, as if the whole wrath of the popular tempest were let loose against it. A reposing giant where the honour of the crown alone is concerned, it dwindles down into a pigmy where its personal interests are at stake ; hears the clang of its enemy in every cloud, and levels its lance against the first crane.

The *Morning Journal* has been threatened with prosecution for supposing that the minister has had some designs beyond the mark of a subject. We think that the *Morning Journal* now deserves to be prosecuted, but it is for the absurdity of supposing that the man capable of this silly

sensitiveness is capable of any designs beyond those of some beggarly pretender to the emoluments of place. How many actions for libel did old red-nosed Noll bring? How often did he make a private excursion to swear to his character at the Old Bailey? How often did he humbly submit it to a dozen cheesemongers, or the confederate wisdom of a jury of cobblers, good men and true, that his politics and his principles prayed their clearing? No, Cromwell, with all his misdemeanors, had the common dignity to disdain such clearance; he had, too, the common sense to know that the suit and the success would equally render him contemptible; and if his lofty spirit ever conceived the idea of this pitiful expedient for a pitiful popularity, it shook off the thought instantly, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane. What register lives to tell of Napoleon's appeals to briefs and bags for the vindication of his character? Where are his depositions before the worshipful board of aldermen of Paris, or his recorded triumphs in the *Place de Grève*? With what countenance would he have looked on some wretched Archchancellor, or simpering secretary, suggesting the prosecution of a writer who "suspected" the first consul of a design to grasp the diadem? But Napoleon, criminal as he was, yet had the spirit of a man capable of sovereignty. He scorned to waste his indignation on trifles—his gaze was upward—he had neither the time nor the taste for casting a jealous and restless eye on every man round him, the miserable faculty of discovering contempt and disgust in every glance that was casually turned on him, or the still more miserable propensity to pursue with personal wrath the imaginary crime of doubting his immaculate virtue. It is a truth older than the pyramids, and that will last when they are scattered into the dust of the desert, that "no man can serve two masters," the love of a bold superiority over his kind, and the love of a petty vindictiveness; the brow that is to wear a crown will never be blackened by the smoke of the lamps of some obscure resort of rabble-justice. If we were to hear any man fanciful enough to-morrow to accuse the Duke of Wellington of having the sceptre of England in his sword case, we should ourselves stand forward as his defenders, plead his visit to the Old Bailey in final answer to the charge, and at the instant disarm the adversary of all power of accusation for ever.

Yet, excepting this absurdity, we think the *Morning Journal* entitled to the full protection of every man who values fearlessness, vigour, and intelligence in the press of England. With its casual challenges of public men we have no present question. The *Morning Journal* is to the generality of the journals what the trumpet is among instruments: if its sound be not bold it is without use; its place is in the front of the battle, and if it be blown at the right time, and with the right sonorousness, who shall criticise the tone that stimulates the shrinking, and leads on the brave to that charge where victory is freedom, security, and glory?

But, as if to give the decisive proof that the attack on the press is not the casual, individual act of hasty anger against a single antagonist, but has the sinister impartiality of a general hatred, the *Standard* has been next ranged in the list of proscription. For what immediate offence this can have been done, we cannot assist the public by the slightest conjecture. It would be the highest burlesque of law and lawyers to suppose that the true cause was the alleged one of that list of suspicions, beginning with—"If his Grace now wants character and the

public confidence, in what regard does he want them? in what particulars is he suspected?" &c. That such a passage—the common inquiry of not merely every public journal, but of every man who walks the streets—should have been seized on for the “grasping ambition” of prosecution determined on shewing its gentleness, love of equal law, and respect for liberty of opinion, is at least as curious an evidence of temper as of taste. But we shall leave its dissection to the knife of a clever contemporary, which can be “suspected” of as little antipathy to his Grace as of devotion to his honest opponents in Church and State. The reason of the thing alone has wrung the contemptuous exposure from them. The *Star* evening newspaper thus develops the injury done to the fame and fortunes of the Duke of Wellington:—

“It is not easy to conceive an imputation more unsubstantial, or a libel more inapprehensible: we will dispose of it sentence by sentence. ‘If his Grace now wants character and the public confidence, in what regard does he want them? in what particulars is he suspected?’ At least, it will not be contended that these questions are impertinent, directed, as they are, at a prime minister, whose very nomination was opposed equally to popular feeling and constitutional precedent: but let us hear the answer.

“Chiefly in these regards: ‘He is *suspected* of indifference to the interests of the Established Church.’ What, if he *be* suspected? Suspicion does not amount to *charge*.

“‘He is *suspected* of wishing to govern in an imperious and engrossing spirit.’ Yes, and very capital grounds for that same suspicion there may be—but suspicion does not amount to *charge*.

“‘Of wishing to be not merely the *prime* but the *sole* minister.’ Yes, he is *suspected* of all this—but still suspicion does not amount to *charge*. Besides, can any thing be more preposterous—let alone *tyrannical*—than the attempt to make it unlawful to *suspect* what a minister *wishes*? To make our involuntary mental operations a punishable crime? But we must go on to the *gravamen* of the passage. ‘He is suspected too—and the suspicion is not confined to a few, or to ill-informed persons—*of wishing to perpetuate his power by dangerous designs connected with the succession to the crown*. Those are the suspicions under which he labours.’

“Gad-a-mercy! here is suspicion enough in all conscience; but for the love of all that is intelligible, let us examine it a little. In the first place, his Grace the Duke of Wellington is *suspected*: come, now—that’s a clear case; but what is he suspected *of*? Why, his Grace the Duke of Wellington is *suspected of wishing to perpetuate his power*: a very natural *wish*, in any minister; but one, we should imagine, peculiarly dominant in his ambitious and despotic mind. Aye, but to perpetuate it *by dangerous designs connected with the succession to the crown*. Well! he may be suspected of all that, and be really *guilty* of the wish; but to suffer the inconsequential operation of *wishing* is not *harbouring a design to overturn*—is not *aiming and plotting* against—the succession. Nay, nobody said even that he *did* ‘wish’ that: it was only affirmed that he was *suspected of wishing*.

Really, this is too puerile: and on such *galimathias* as the foregoing, grand jurors can be found, who by their verdict would place the Press in jeopardy! They ought to have remembered, when they were impanelled to sit on this unsubstantial passage, that the right of every Englishman to express his free political opinion, is paramount to all consideration of individual annoyance, which its exercise may incidentally entail: that it is the *spirit* of our Constitution to tolerate the *remote liability to private wrong*, rather than weaken, by rash and particular enactments, the unfringible tenure, by which it secures to the people that Palladium of their civil liberties: and, above all, that when a minister prosecutes the Press, it is a *primâ facie* proof of his disposition to undue power.”

Our clever contemporary is in the right. There is not a jury of "twelve honest men in a box," in any corner of the realm, who would not scoff it out of court. Where can have been the brains of even those wretched persons, who, to the utter disgrace of the bar, are employed to pore over the newspapers for libels? With the brains of those exalted vindicators of the singed moustachios of military supremacy, the grand jury, who found this on their oaths to be "libel," we have nothing to do. We leave them to constitute the eternal problem of some new Gall or Spurzheim. But our anticipation of the mode in which any chamber of men of sense must have received it, would have been a leaf out of *Tristram Shandy*:—"The Duke flew up to the Court of Chancery with the newspaper; even *Scarlet* blushed as he gave it in; the recording clerk could not write the libel down for laughing; and the jury kicked libel, lawyer, and plaintiff out of court for ever."

But, for the offence of those suspicions—the crime of conceiving it possible that every public man is not an *Aristides*—the guilty surmise that the liberties of England are not to be put in trust into the hands of the writer of the far-famed notes to *Curtis* and the Duke of *Leinster*, the friend of *Copley* and *Peel*, that avowed breaker-down of the Constitution of 1688;—that the civil rights of a free and religious empire are not to be smiled away with the confiding fondness of a school-girl, and dropped into the "grasp" of the first gentleman in a red coat who may desire the possession; the whole country is to be thrown into a state of alarm; and every man who retains the spirit of a Briton must speak with a recollection that the fetter may be his portion for an unmeasured syllable. Nay, the liberty of verbal surmise is too broad—he must not even mentally object. Some unlucky muscle will betray the evil conjecture—some criminal change of colour, or traitorous obliquity of glance, will let out the lurking principle of insubordination; and we shall have his thoughts perused by a professor of the new college of libel, the factious disapproval dragged into day, and the culprit found guilty of a skin deficient in the true camp-colour, and an indictable physiognomy.

And for "suspecting" that a man who, in the presence of the empire, disclaimed, with the strongest protestation, the idea of attempting the power which he possesses at this instant, and which he was at that instant exerting all the machinery of his soul to possess—the man who threw off the charge of "grasping at the premiership," even less as an imputation on his principles than as a denial of his understanding; the Duke of *Wellington*, who solemnly declared that "he should be mad to think of being a minister," and yet was a minister at the first moment that bad eminence could be seized with however rude, insufficient, and "grasping" a hand; the suspecter is to be thrown into the arena—the caverns of the *Old Bailey* are to let loose their hungry tribes to worry and waste him;—the armed terrors of the law—the lavish purse of Government—the inveterate insolence of office—the outcry of the whole pack that dog the heels of patronage, are to be summoned against the British citizen. If he defeat the array of power, the price of his victory is a heavy purchase—to the opulent man a severe mulct; to the poor man total ruin. But if, by the weakness of his jury, he be defeated, well may he lament the rash honesty of standing up for the cause of what he believed to be the truth. The dungeon—the decay of his livelihood—the tarnish of his name—the fine at the mercy of men from whom he has found none—perhaps eternal exile, if he does not escape it by a broken heart—such are the simple consequences. With what motives the lately converted

Whiggism of the Attorney-General, or of the Chancellor, may have betrayed their associate into this slough of State prosecution, we must leave to their own development; but the Ethiopian might as well wash away his skin, or the viper purge away his venom, as the Whig ever extricate himself from the original propensities of his Whiggism. They have now their triumph over the blustering Tory that so long kept them at a scoffing and contumelious distance. They have suffered him to plunge from vexation into folly, and from folly into violence. And their triumph will be completed in the verdict, declaring that the charges are frivolous, vexatious, personal, and contemptible. They have utterly Codringtonized him.

But of all the journals, the *Standard* ought to have been the last to be marked out for the heavy hand of law. That paper is in every sense of the word an honour to the public literature of England. Eloquent and powerful in its style, it is still more memorable for its principles, for its adherence to its original declarations, through good and evil, and for its dignified and intelligent support of every essential interest of the British empire. If to have advocated the constitution in the crisis of Church and State, be a source of praise, we cannot conceive the ground of an attack on the *Standard*. But if to have advocated it then, and to struggle for it now, shall be declared a crime, we acknowledge that a deeper criminal than this paper cannot be grasped by the hand of ambitious vengeance; and we shall congratulate the *Standard* on being selected as the victim.

But the whole process is pre-eminently degrading to the individual for whose defence it has been constructed. He is overwhelmed in the dust of his own sandy fortification. We almost regret to see an English nobleman driven to such expedients. What! the Duke of Wellington stooping to wash the stains off his character in the pools of the Old Bailey! The man who a few years ago would have answered a charge on his name by a victory, and have extinguished the voice of personal rebuke in the acclamations of armies and empires. When Scipio was accused of embezzlement, he answered it by writing on the accusing page the single word *Carthage*. The answer was irresistible.

But dismissing a subject which we have adopted only from a feeling of its necessity—we say to all public men, that there is but one way to obtain the confidence of the nation, and that way is by sincerity and straightforwardness. A mind worthy of power will feel an instinctive scorn of obtaining it by the arts of low disguise, by trimming and time-serving—by shuffling and sourness. Englishmen are a manly people—and they will not prostitute the name of patriotism, nor even of personal dignity, to that distorted sensitiveness which, if it can stifle the public voice, cares not for the public judgment; that sinister delicacy of conscience, which is hurt only by being found out, and which, reversing the Roman's maxim, “places the virtue in the *not* being suspected.” Contemptible as we think the whole group by whom the premier has surrounded himself, we will not yet believe him incapable of regret for his share in the common humiliation. But we must remind him, that conjectures of undue ambition or covert designs against the State, cannot, from the nature of things, be within the clearance of a London jury.—They may assist the vengeance of an angry and intemperate minister, but how is it possible that their opinions can purify the principles of an accused Statesman? The charge in the present instance is doubly childish. The old burlesque accusation of France in her maddest hour was—“*Soupçonné d'être suspect.*” No living man would have thought the reputation of a British

minister of so leaden a tinge as to be obscured by this shadow of a shade. If he will make the eclipse for himself, and then plunge into it, who shall prevent him from offering the last warning of an infirm temper and a bewildered brain? But we will tell him, that manliness has nothing to do with such things. We fully acquit him of all the higher ambition. The impulses that urge powerful minds to play a proud part among men, are not to be put off and on like the costume of a theatrical king—the same shoulders that wear the embroidered and ermined robe of that mock-royalty to-night, may wear the tags and knots of the footman to-morrow—but it is only upon the stage. A prosecuting premier is a solecism in moral life. But we will tell the premier, that if it be his purpose to crush the English mind, he might better hang a mill-stone round his neck at once; that he might as well attempt to coerce the ocean, and that his fruit of sowing the wind, will be to reap the whirlwind.

THE WILL OF SIR CHARLES HENRY HASTINGS, BART.

I, CHARLES HASTINGS, being now of sound mind,  
 And not caring a straw for the fools left behind,  
 Do hereby desire neither parson nor 'squire—  
 The first being a knave, and the second a liar,  
 Whom I hated alive—be suffered to tread  
 Near the place where my remnants are laid when I'm dead.  
 I further desire that my coffin be laid  
 Where no rascally sexton has ever dipped spade;  
 In none of your churchyards where rogues lie together,  
 Like thieves in a hulk, all bound up in one tether;  
 But high upon Grub Hill, the favourite spot  
 Where a baronet only should venture to rot,  
 Unclogged by the bones of the ploughmen and peasants,  
 The snarers of hares, and the poachers of pheasants;  
 Unclogged by the mayor and the aldermen's wives.  
 I mean such as 'scape from the Londoner's knives,  
 For once in this world I shall there lie alone,  
 With no termagant turned into bone of my bone.

Moreover, I order that six of my men  
 On their shoulders shall carry me down to my den,  
 For which they are willed twenty shillings a-piece,  
 To be paid on the nail by my ruddy-cheeked niece;  
 And sixpence a-piece to the choir for a stave,  
 To be sung to the tune of "Roast Beef," on my grave.  
 I know at this news Parson Lackland will writhe;  
 But, living or dead, I'll not pay him his tithe:  
 I'd rather by half find him guilty of arson,  
 Though not of the Thames—so, good by to the Parson!

I further desire, that six acorns be dropt  
 In the place where their owner is finally popt,  
 In hopes that my dust may for something be good,  
 And, in process of time, may turn up in a wood;  
 That, when in an oak, I may float on the main,  
 Take a knock at the French, or a scamper to Spain;  
 Have a brush with the Russians, a run at the Turks,  
 Or demolish the Dey of Algier's upper works;  
 Or hang out a branch for the use of a knave,  
 Or make up a leg or an arm for the brave;  
 Be a mast or a barrel, a pike or an oar;—  
 In short, be of some use, on sea or on shore;  
 And, leaving no spot on my ancestors' name,  
 Put the Peer, and the 'Squire, and the Parson to shame.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM WHITECHAPEL TO  
HIGHGATE ARCHWAY: BY JULIUS-JEREMY-JOSEPH DE GOOSE.

ON the 2nd of August 1829, my kind master, Mr. Hitchens, pork-butcher of Whitechapel, gave me a whole day's holiday; and, after considerable hesitation, whether I should shape my course to Turnham Green, or Highgate Archway, I decided upon proceeding to the latter. I was partly induced to make this choice, because I found a very agreeable companion in Mr. Stephen Thompson, the cutler, who was going to Kentish Town, and who consented to accompany me as long as our routes lay together.

After a tedious and uninteresting walk to the Poultry, we entered Cheapside, having the Mansion House on our left, and the Bank of England on our right. The latter was not open yet, for it was only a quarter past seven; but I could not help reflecting, as I cast a hurried glance towards its walls, what a sight of money they must contain; while, at the same moment, the natural wish was formed in my mind that some of it was mine. Turning my eyes towards the Mansion House, different feelings arose in my soul. I had no books with me relating to this majestic edifice; but its vicinity to Bow Church carried back my imagination to the period of Whittington; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I fancied I heard its prophetic chimes, and saw the gentle boy parting from his beloved cat! It was a curious coincidence, and tended much to heighten my already excited feelings, that a fine tom-cat, all black, was sitting on the top of the steps, washing his whiskers in the morning sun; while his mistress, as I presumed—for I had not time to ascertain the fact—was washing the steps themselves. It was just possible, I thought—nay, even probable—that this very tom was a descendant of that very she who, as authentic history recounts, returned from her voyage, and lived to see her affectionate master Lord Mayor of London.

Full of these reflections, I continued my walk; when, at the corner of Milk Street, we met two milk-maids. My friend Thompson spoke to them. They were somewhat shy, but gave me a most favourable idea of a milk-maid's beauty. They were neatly dressed in green gingham, with black bonnets; and, one being considerably bigger than the other, I could not help comparing them in my own mind to eighteen-pence—that is, to a shilling and a sixpence. I mentioned this to my friend, who seemed much struck with the idea. I perceived, indeed, that he immediately put his right hand into his breeches-pocket, and kept it there. I could not account for this proceeding; but my perplexity was soon at an end. We were within a few yards of Butcher-Hall Lane (a narrow outlet on the north side of Newgate Street), when we saw a butcher crossing over to Newgate Market. He was as large as a prize-ox, and as tall as a life-guardsman.—“There's a great man!” said I.—“Yes,” replied Stephen Thompson; “but here's a *greater!*” I looked round, and saw my friend with a nutmeg-grater in his hand, which he had taken out of his breeches-pocket, and was holding up between his finger and thumb. I laughed immoderately, when my facetious companion told me he always carried it about him, to be ready with his joke if any body else let off one.

This little incident amused us all the way till we came to the Old Bailey; but I thought I should have dropped with agitation, when I

beheld a crowd assembled round the drop in front of the Debtors'-door, Newgate. I did not know it was execution morning, or, I am sure, I should have gone roundabouts. The very idea of what was going to take place made me feel quite sick—the more so, because it was upon an empty stomach; for I had taken nothing before I came out, as we intended to breakfast at Mother Red Cap's, which, I understood, was at the further extremity of Camden Town. We asked who was going to be hung, and they said three men and a woman. My companion wanted to stay, and see them turned off; but I turned away, and wouldn't. Going up Holborn Hill, however, I gave a penny for an account of their execution, with their last dying speech and confession; though I could not at all understand how it could be published so soon. But it was painfully interesting; and I read the whole of it to Thompson, as we walked along Leather Lane. Some parts of it brought very forcibly to my mind the tragedy of "George Barnwell," which I saw three years ago at the play; when it made me cry so, though it was Christmas week, that I was hardly able to laugh afterwards at young Grimaldi, in the pantomime, who eat nearly three yards of sausages; and uncommonly like they were to the real ones we sell at home.

When we arrived at the top of Leather Lane, we paused for a moment, undetermined whether to proceed by the way of Cold Bath Fields and Spa Fields, or by Liqueurpond Street and Gray's-Inn Road. I soon made *my* choice, however; and the reason I urged in support of it had its due weight with my companion.—"Haven't we come," said I, "to see the country? Let us, then, get into the fields as soon as we can."—So we left Liqueurpond Street on our left, and went straight forwards down a sort of winding declivity; but, to my great surprise, there wasn't a bit of fields to be seen. Cold Bath Fields was a prison, and Spa Fields all streets. I asked a queer-looking chap, who was saddling a donkey, where we should find the green fields. Looking at me, as if he thought I was a green 'un myself, he hitched up his breeches with both hands, and replied with a low grin, "Why, I thinks they're gone out of town!" My companion laughed at the fellow; but, for my part, I was so exasperated with the rascal's impertinence, that I could not help exclaiming fiercely, "I only wish I was a little bigger; you should see whether I wouldn't teach you to give a civil answer to a civil question!"—when, calling after me as loud as ever he could, he bawled out, "I say, little as you are, you're big enough to know better than that ere though."

This ruffled my temper; and it was not till we arrived at Pentonville, that I again felt a sensation of hunger, as if I wanted my breakfast. I had never been at Pentonville before, and I was much struck with its appearance. The houses are all built of brick, with neat, picturesque gardens in front; but they were terribly dusty, owing, I was informed, to the Paddington stages, which all run that road. One of them, called "The Safety Coach," had just been overturned, opposite the Belvidere Tavern. It seemed to me very improper to call such a vehicle a safety-coach; for one of the outside passengers had been killed, and two others had their legs broken. One of the latter was sitting on the footpath, trying to mend his leg with his pocket-handkerchief. It was a wooden one; and I could not help thinking how fortunate he was in having such a leg ready for an accident like this, compared with his fellow-traveller, who had fractured a regular leg.

We proceeded on our journey, and at length overtook some fields, "on their way out of town," as my companion jocularly remarked, a little on the other side of the White Conduit House. I shall never forget what I felt at the sight of them! I was now in the country; and, for miles and miles all round, as it seemed to me, I could see grass, and trees, and hedges; and hear birds a-singing, and cows a-mooing, and even lambs a-baaing, not a hundred yards off. Pretty little creatures! How different, and how innocent-like, their voices sounded, compared to the way in which they baa at Smithfield, or in the slaughter-house next our shop at Whitechapel. I grew melancholy. I had no notion there could be such a difference between country and town. And then the air was so fresh, and so sweet, to what London air is: it was quite a nosegay! I was sorry we were too late for the haycocks, which, I was told, make the air particularly nice; and I think it must, for I went and sniffed at a haystack in a cow-yard, where I could have smelt for half an hour, if I had not been run at by an uncommon vicious cow, who thought I was going to meddle with her calf, though I wasn't.

Our path now lay all through fields, and over stiles, which give one quite the idea of the country; for they are not what we call turnstiles; at least, if they are, they do not at all resemble either Great or Little Turnstile, in Holborn. One that we came to had seven rails; and there was a ditch on the other side such a width, that being full of water, I was afraid to jump. I never saw such a ditch! My friend Thompson leaped right over it; but I wouldn't, so I slipped off my shoes and stockings, and putting them in my pocket, waded through it. The water was actually up to my ankles; and there was a great green frog swimming about, which frightened me so, that, in endeavouring to avoid it, I struck one of my toes against the stump of a tree, and made it bleed. I didn't mind it much: something of that sort generally happens, I think, in country excursions.

It was almost ten o'clock when we got to Mother Red Cap's; for we had gone a great deal out of the way, I found, by keeping to the fields. But a country walk before breakfast gives one such an appetite! The house was full of company, and the entrance to it constantly obstructed by crowds of strange-looking men, passing to and from the bar. I was surprised at the circumstance; but learned, upon inquiry, there had been a dog-fight that morning about half a mile off, and the persons we perceived were those who had attended the performance. I wished, afterwards, we had gone to Mother Black Cap's, on the other side of the way, where there seemed to be nobody: we might have breakfasted much more comfortably. However, it was useless to grumble. I considered that, when one travels, one must not be too particular, or expect to find every thing so comfortable as one does at home. With this reflection I set to, and recruited exhausted nature with three basins of tea, and a quantity of bread-and-butter.

Having dispatched our meal, and sufficiently rested ourselves, we resumed our journey; but I now learned with regret that I was soon to lose the company of my friend. I had no idea we were so near Kentish Town, and still less that Kentish Town was in Middlesex. I found, however, that Kentish Town and Camden Town are two populous districts, laying nearly alongside of one another; and that, at the extremity of the latter, there are two main roads, diverging right and left, one of which leads to Highgate, and the other to Hampstead. The Highgate

road runs through Kentish Town, and along it we of course proceeded ; but, just before we arrived at the two-mile stone from St. Giles's Pound, I shook hands with Thompson, and we parted. He was going to his uncle's—I to Highgate Archway ; he to mingle with friends who loved him—I to wander a lonely traveller among strangers. There was something overpowering in the thought ! We had set forth together in the morning ; and now, when it was hardly twelve o'clock, we were to separate ;—we had commenced the journey as fellow-travellers ; but I was left to finish it, alone ! I could not help thinking, as I leaned against the mile-stone, and watched my friend till he turned round the corner, by the Bunch of Grapes, and was out of sight, that, in the agitation of the moment, he had forgotten to settle with me for his half of the breakfast. But this was not surprising. I, who had greater cause to remember, had equally forgotten to remind him of it. So true it is, that when the heart feasts, the pocket starves !

I now pursued my solitary route, with a sort of pensive foreboding that my money might run short before I got to the end of it. At length the lofty hill of Highgate stretched before me, and I began its toilsome ascent. When I reached the top, and had advanced about two or three hundred yards beyond it, I saw the whole of Highgate at one view. But where was the Archway ? I looked on every side : not only was there no Archway—there was no gate either. I searched in all directions ; and at last discovered, upon inquiry, that Highgate Archway was at Holloway, and that Highgate itself never had a gate in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Yet there is a place called the Gate-house, where, as I have been told, in former times every body used to be sworn, under a large pair of horns, which some people say once belonged to an alderman of the city of London. But this I do not believe ; though it is certainly true, that the practice of swearing people anciently existed. I had no books to refer to, and could not, therefore, ascertain what was the nature of the oath ; but I have myself heard the expression, “ You have been sworn at Highgate,” applied to persons who have confessed they liked strong beer better than table beer ; that they would rather kiss the mistress than the maid ; and so forth. These, however, are such natural preferences, that I cannot think it was ever found necessary to make men swear to observe them ; and I conclude that the traditional phrase has come down to us, while the origin of it has been lost in the obscurity of remote ages.

I now experienced the annoyance of wandering about a town without knowing any of its inhabitants. I pictured to myself in every house a pleasant family—the father hospitable, the mother accomplished, and the daughters angelic—according to the style and appearance of the mansion ; and I felt, more acutely than ever, my separation from my friend, who, I had no doubt, was sitting down comfortably to dinner at that moment with his revered uncle. I, too, was getting hungry again ; but I was determined to accomplish the great object of my journey before I would allow myself to eat. Bending my steps, therefore, in the direction that had been pointed out to me, I once more set forward, bade adieu to Highgate, and explored the paths which led to the Archway. I think I must have walked at least a couple of miles, expecting every moment to see the stupendous fabric, when I stopped an old woman with a basket on her head, who informed me I was on the road to Barnet, and that the Archway was behind me. I was electrified.

“Behind me!” I exclaimed, “and I not see it!—Where?”—and I turned eagerly round. “It’s a good way behind you,” added the woman; “I should think a matter of a mile and a half.” I now found I had taken the wrong road; so, making minute inquiries of the old woman as to the right one, I retraced my steps vigorously. At length I came to a bridge, and looking over it, I saw beneath me a wide, dusty road, along which there was a waggon slowly proceeding. I had no doubt it was the bed of some river, which the extreme heat of the weather (for it was a regular dog-day) had dried up, but which in winter time was navigable for boats. The prospect from this bridge was more beautiful than any thing I had ever seen, for I had never been so far from London before. I could see all the way to St. Paul’s and the Monument; and I tried to find out Whitechapel, but I couldn’t, because of the smoke.

Proceeding onwards about half a mile, I arrived at a turnpike, and I asked the man at the gate if I was near the Archway.—“Do you see that white house?” said he.—“Yes.”—“When you gets to that house, turn sharp round to your left, and that will lead you under the Archway.” My heart throbbed violently. “Thank you!” I exclaimed. “Pray, what’s the name of that bridge I have just crossed?”—“That’s the Archway, too!” Never shall I forget that moment. “*That* the Archway!” I thought to myself, “and extending to such a distance as I have yet to go! What a luxury, on a smoking hot day like this, to walk under its coolshade!—That bridge, then,” I continued, addressing the gate-keeper, “is the beginning, I suppose?”—“Yes, that is the top of it.”—“Goodness gracious!” I exclaimed, “if that is the top, what a way off the bottom must be!”—and forward I hastened to find it. But I was never so disappointed in all my life, as when I got there, to discover that there was no arched way at all. Not a bit more (if so much) than there is under the first arch of London Bridge at low water. It was very high, to be sure; and I saw a lady looking over just where I had, and she looked no bigger than a little girl: but I don’t think, for all that, it is any thing like so high as the Monument. Still I was glad I had seen it, because it enlarges one’s ideas of things, and gives one a knowledge of what other people talk about. Besides, I now know that Highgate Archway is only an arch at Holloway, and the way to Barnet, instead of being, as I had before imagined, something in the shape of the Thames Tunnel, where persons walked above ground, under cover, for more than a mile.

The rest of my journey this day was comparatively uninteresting. I dined at a place called the Crown, at Holloway; walked in the evening to Islington, where I took a pint of ale at the Angel; returned home to Whitechapel, by the City Road and Moorfields, with fourpence-halfpenny in my pocket; and begrudging no part of the five-and-sixpence, of which it was the relique, save the fifteen-pence I paid for Mr. Thompson’s breakfast at Mother Red Cap’s.

## ODE TO AN EXALTED PERSONAGE.

## I.

WHILE others sing of wars and loves,  
Suns, moons, and zephyrs, meads and groves—  
Fit Tales for satire's Tub,  
I'll change the theme by way of glee,  
And chaunt an honest stave to thee,  
Much injured Beelzebub!

## II.

By thee the world is kept alive,  
Grave bishops fatten, lawyers thrive,  
Spring lions find their feeders:  
For had we not Old Nick to maul,  
No parsons should we need at all,  
Quack scribes nor special pleaders.

## III.

For me, I candidly confess,  
I've oft invoked him in distress,  
'Mid feast, and fast, and revel;  
And evermore I'll hate suspend,  
For I have never known a friend,  
Except 'twas in the Devil!

## IV.

How oft, oh Nick! my boyhood's sleep  
Was scared, while dreams at midnight deep  
Pourtrayed thine awful scowl;  
Thy big black eyes and swinging tail  
Brushed dimly by, like twilight's veil—  
Lord, how I used to howl!

## V.

Tongs—poker—shovel—in the grate—  
Ay, e'en the bed-post would create  
My visionary throes;  
Behind the door I saw thee peep,  
Then take a most astounding leap,  
And tweak me by the nose.

## VI.

Well—well—those times are past, no more  
Thy goblin form shall burst the door,  
A helpless child to scan;  
My mind enlarged, such terrors quick  
Have fled, and now I think thee, Nick,  
A perfect gentleman.

## VII.

They tell me that a pair of horns  
Branching and bright thy pate adorns—  
So said old Doctor Dick\*—  
An awkward fact, which proves to me  
(Excuse this blunt sincerity)  
That thou art married, Nick!

## VIII.

They say, too, that thine elfin crew,  
Are ever—ever on the hue  
And cry to tempt a sinner;  
That barristers you tempt with fees,  
Young widows with a Hercules,  
And poets with a dinner.

\* An ingenious non-conformist, who, in the year 1733, wrote a Treatise on Genealogy, in which he proved Satan to be related by marriage to Mahomet.

## IX.

If so, for Heaven's sake bait with haunch  
 Of venison, fit to fill my paunch,  
 — Old wine, rich soup, and cod-fish ;  
 Spread well your nets, and, sure as fate,  
 I'll nibble at the tempting bait,  
 And you will hook an odd-fish.

## X.

If this you deem unmeet to place  
 Before me, send some fairy grace  
 From far Morea's coast,  
 Some dainty girl, with deep blue eye,  
 Plump form, pale Grecian face, and I  
 Will win her though I roast.

## XI.

I supped off pork the other night,  
 And woke in a disastrous plight,  
 Like Richard, from my bed ;  
 For sore with startling dreams opprest,  
 The cursed pig upon my chest  
 Lay like a pig of lead.

## XII.

With every start I gave a whine ;  
 And knowing, Nick, that Canaan's swine  
 Once made a meal of thee,  
 Egad, I thought, and feared the minute,  
 The pork had still the devil in it,  
 Transferred of course to me.

## XIII.

Despotic fiend ! all earth is thine ;  
 Wit—beauty—genius—wealth and wine—  
 From thee derive their weight ;  
 While virtue starves in roofless garret,  
 Or prates, unheeded, like a parrot,  
 Thou rul'st in kingly state.

## XIV.

Sometimes in full lawn sleeves arrayed,  
 Thou preachest peace, demure and staid ;  
 And sometimes, for a rare  
 Frolic, thou praisest Church, and King,  
 And State, and all that sort of thing,  
 Beside the Speaker's chair.

## XV.

Sometimes thou tak'st a quaker's shape,  
 Or prim attired in saintly crape,  
 Adorn'st a widow's dome ;  
 Though oftener far in wig and gown  
 Attired, thou aid'st the law's renown—  
 Here thou art most at home.

## XVI.

But now farewell !—for, hark ! I hear  
 Enjoyment's truest chanticler,  
 The sweet-toned dinner chime !  
 So here's your Honour's health ! and when,  
 Most puissant Prince, we meet again,  
 It will not be in—rhyme.

## ESTHER WHARNCLIFF; A TALE OF THE REIGN OF MARY.

It was a drear December evening, in the year 1555, and the thickly-falling snow had for several hours announced an approaching storm, when the curfew rang clearly through the cold air from the tower of the Crutched Friars. But though the purpose of this ancient signal was not entirely forgotten, in London it was no longer obeyed; and, instead of every light being extinguished at the warning, most of the honest citizens who dwelt in the narrow winding streets, within reach of its sound, only considered it as a notice to suspend the labours of the day, and betake themselves to their blazing hearths, and the mirth and jollity of the season.

Many were the fresh logs thrown on the crackling flames, and many were the tales and jokes which went merrily round the social board on that stormy evening, before the good inhabitants of the city betook themselves to repose. But it was not thus in every dwelling; and, long after the echo of the bell had died away, Esther Wharncliff still busily plied her wheel by the dim light of her scanty fire. The gloomy chamber she dwelt in was one in an extensive building, divided into many tenements, and inhabited by poor, though respectable families. It was large and meagrely furnished; and as occasional flashes from the hearth momentarily illuminated its rugged walls, the extreme cleanliness and order which every where prevailed, seemed only to render more conspicuous the poverty and wretchedness of the whole scene.

Esther might appear to be not more than seven-and-twenty years of age. Her features had doubtless once been beautiful, and her form had possessed the bounding elasticity of youth; but those who looked upon her calm and solemn smile, the tranquil yet hopeless expression of her air, and her elevated and thoughtful countenance, would have neither criticized her beauty, nor remembered that the lustre of her eye and the brightness of her cheek were gone. Intellect, that undying flame, which seems to burn the brighter as its shrine decays, cast its indescribable light over her whole form; and care, not time, had engraven its stamp on her brow.

Her hair was drawn back from her forehead, under a plain coif of the simplest fashion and material, and her serge dress of sober hue was that of the lowest class; yet it was easy to discover, even in this mean attire, that Esther Wharncliff was not of humble birth.

She had but one companion in her desolate chamber—but one companion, it might be said, in the wide world—and he was her child; a boy of eight years old, who, on a low stool, sat crouching before the fire, over a large and open volume, from which he read, in the tender voice of childhood, those blessed words of comfort which Revelation has given.

He occasionally paused in his discourse, sometimes to hear his mother's comments and ask her explanation of difficult passages, and even more frequently to listen if all was still around, and ascertain if he might proceed in his dangerous and forbidden task without fear of interruption.

The seeds of truth were at this time widely scattered through England; and, nurtured by the partiality of the Protector Somerset, during the reign of the preceding king, Edward the Sixth, the reformed religion had already taken deep root, and the shadows of its branches were

widely spread over the land. On the accession of Mary in 1553, and her subsequent marriage with the tyrannical Philip the Second of Spain, the Catholic faith had been again established as the religion of the state; and, prompted by her own cruel disposition and the audacious bigotry of her advisers, the queen authorised the most barbarous and unrelenting persecution of all who dared even to read the scriptures in their native tongue. But obstinacy and hypocrisy were, as usual, the chief effects of persecution; and those purer spirits to whom the sacred writings had once been unfolded, were no longer to be deprived of their consolation.

Amongst this number was Esther Wharncliff; and misfortunes, which had fallen heavy upon her, perhaps made her more sensible of the beauties of scripture, and more tenacious of its possession. From these she had first drank in the words of comfort; and from these, when her fellow-beings deserted her, she derived that calm humility which cheerfully submits to the decrees of Heaven. She had experienced bitter vicissitudes in a short life; but now, aware that the hope is strongest whose accomplishment is placed in eternity, she early endeavoured to awaken holiness in the mind of her child.

As if to assist her endeavours, the boy seemed endowed by nature with humility and reverence. Debarred from all association with others of his age, his gentle and affectionate mind eagerly received his mother's lessons, and, with an understanding beyond his years, he was soon able to feel the beauties of the sacred writings. To him only, though so young, could Esther talk of her sorrows; and it was little to be wondered at, that, taught by her to consider the world but as a vale of tears—the passage to eternity, he became thoughtful, without the habits and propensities of childhood, and loving rather to hearken to the discourses of the old, than share in the sports of the young.

To his mother the little Walter was inexpressibly dear; all other affections had died away, or been rudely rooted from her heart, and the tenderness of her nature now centred with redoubled force in her child. He was her only tie to life—the sole object of her toil; and as, with weary fingers and aching heart, she often laboured far into the middle of the night, the thought of her helpless boy would inspire her with renewed energy.

She was long silent on the evening we have described her, and seldom noticed the occasional pauses in his discourse. It might be that, as she caught the sounds of merriment from other apartments, she thought of the revelries she had once shared at her father's hearth; and it might be, she grieved that her child was deprived of all the amusements of youth; or thought of her own deeply-repenting error, by which they were thus degraded.

"Walter!" she at length said, suddenly starting up, and dashing off the gathering tears, "it grows late; you must go to rest: lay by your book for to-night."

The boy silently obeyed, and having deposited the sacred volume in its ordinary place of concealment, drew near his mother, and knelt for her blessing.

"Not yet, my child!" she continued, raising him to her bosom; "you must have food. It is long since we made our meal; and though I have little to give you, yet, by God's blessing, we shall be richer tomorrow."

“No, mother! not to-night,” replied Walter, gently putting aside the crust which Esther offered him, and beginning to prepare for rest.

“Are you not hungry, my child?” she anxiously inquired.

“Rather,” was the boy’s tremulous reply; “but you have not eaten since noon, though you have worked hard, and need it more than I.”

The unfortunate woman, at these words, was unable longer to restrain her tears, and, clasping her child in her arms, wept bitterly.

“Dear boy?” she said, “think not of me; I have had enough. But you are young. Eat: would, for thy sake, it were more!—but, were it the last I had on earth, it should be thine.”

Walter unwillingly obeyed; and, having offered up his innocent prayers, lay down on his pallet, and soon sunk into the sweet sleep of childhood. The unfortunate woman, relieved from his presence, and overpowered by the sad consciousness of the actual want which threatened herself, and him who was more dear to her, buried her face in her lap, and wept bitterly.—“But this will little avail,” she at length exclaimed, suddenly starting up; “toil only can save us from perishing; toil only can earn the pittance for to-morrow’s support!”—And again seating herself at her wheel, whilst her tears yet fell thick and fast, she sternly recommenced her monotonous labour.

She had sat several hours thus occupied, and every sound had ceased in the City, save the howling of the winter’s blast, and the toll of the passing hours; when a heavy tread was suddenly heard on the common staircase of the building, as of one approaching her chamber.—“Can it be my husband?” she exclaimed, checking her wheel,—“and at this unseasonable hour! I trust he comes for no evil!”

There had been a time when the very sound of his steps made her heart leap with delight; but those days were gone, and she now only awaited his appearance with dread and sorrow.

Her door was, ere long, slowly and cautiously unclosed, and she beheld a man enveloped in a dark mantle. His features were invisible in the faint light of the expiring fire; and, impressed with a new terror, as he advanced towards the bed of her child, she sprang suddenly forward from the recess where she had hitherto sat concealed in shade, and seizing the arm of the intruder, said, in a hurried voice, “Walter, is it you? What would you with the boy? Speak, for mercy sake!—is it you?”

“Esther,” exclaimed the man, turning sternly towards her, “why art thou awake at such an hour?”

“I have been long used to watching,” replied his wife meekly, “and have little time for sleep.”

“Watch the devil!” replied her husband. “Get thee to bed; it is no hour for honest women to be astir.”

“Not now,” she replied; “it is many days since we parted. I will throw a fresh log on the fire, for the night is chill; and though I have no food to offer thee——”

“No need of it to-night, wench!” answered Wharncliff; “and it may chance that I may never need it more.—Get thee to bed, I say: I can do that best alone for which I came hither.”

“In pity, Walter! what mean you?” inquired the wretched woman, grasping her husband’s hand, in the faint hope of softening his rugged nature;—“you speak fearfully!”

“Say you so!” said Wharncliff, with a sarcastic smile. “Then I

“speak from my heart; for a man had need be somewhat fearful, when the gallows-cord is swinging above his head!—Have you any gold?” he added, in a stern voice.

“Merciful heaven!” exclaimed his agonized wife, “what has befallen you? Your looks are wild and haggard. You tremble, Walter!”

“Have you any gold?” repeated her husband, impatiently.

“Oh, Wharncliff,” continued the wretched woman, sinking at his feet, “will you not trust in me? Dangers, tremendous dangers, I fear, hang over thee, but if your friends have betrayed you, I never did; if fortune has deserted you, I at least have been true; and though we have been long estranged, would as willingly resign my life to rescue you from peril, as in the earliest days of our love.”

“Is the woman deaf, or mad?” returned Wharncliff, tearing his cloak from Esther’s grasp. “Again I say, give me what gold you have, and hold thy peace.”

“Alas, Walter,” she replied, wildly and eagerly, “I have none. I have not a farthing in the wide world to buy a morning meal for my child.”

“The devil!” muttered her husband sternly between his teeth, and turning away, he walked twice or thrice across the chamber, with hurried strides. At length, stopping before Esther, who stood fearfully watching his motions, he added, “but you have trinkets?”

“Alas, they were all sold long ago,” replied the wretched woman.

“Some poor remains of plate?”

“Not an atom.”

“Fool that I was, to encumber myself with a beggar and her brat!” he exclaimed, even fiercer than before: Esther replied only by her tears. “But you have books—clothes?” he continued.

“Nothing but my mother’s bible,” answered his trembling wife, “and that—”

“Give it to me instantly,” he impatiently exclaimed; “the book is embossed with silver, and will sell for a broad piece or two.”

“Oh, rob me not of that, my last consolation,” said she, wildly; “it was her dying gift, and is the only token I have left of her.”

“Keep it then, minion,” replied Wharncliff; “and when you see your husband borne to the gallows, as the consequence of your folly, seek that comfort in its pages your own conscience will fail to afford.”

“Oh, Walter,” returned his wife eagerly, “you wrong me cruelly! Whatever be your apprehensions, whatever be your crime, am I not worthy of your trust? Take it, take even this precious book; take all I have on earth, all but my child; and if these can save you from danger, I am content to perish! But do not leave me thus; part not from me in anger! Rather would I go with you to the furthest corner of the earth, and share disgrace by your side, than be left here to die in ignorance.”

“Noble-minded creature!” exclaimed her husband, moved at length by her generous devotion. “Heap curses on my head, for I have deserved thy wrath, but torture me not by words like these.”

The agitation of the agonized criminal was, for awhile, too deep for utterance. He pressed his hand on his brow, and stood silent and motionless. It seemed as if the long-obstructed tide of feeling burst wildly on his soul. The remembrances of his youth, of times of innocence and tranquillity, rushed with stupifying effect round him, and even his selfish breast experienced for a moment the horrors of repentance.

“It is too late!” he at length exclaimed, starting from his trance, “too late for aught but confession of my infamy; though I can tell thee little, Esther,” he added with a bitter smile, “which I have not taught thee long ago, by many a cruel lesson. Were I to say I am a villain, what then? Thou hast known too long, by sad experience, that I have been the worst of villains to thee and my poor boy.”

“Speak not of what is past,” said the devoted woman; “we are all prone to err. Repentance never blossoms too late.”

“In my heart,” replied her husband, “its buds, I fear, must wither in the grave. Flight, immediate secret flight, offers my only chance of safety; and without money, this last hope must fail me.”

“Alas! what hath befallen you?” exclaimed the wretched woman, breathless with terror and agitation, “tell all, in mercy tell me all.”

“There was a time,” continued Wharncliff, “when I would not thus have humbled myself to thee; but henceforth I have nothing to do with pride. I am a thing for pity and for scorn, and must begin to learn humility. Extravagance has long made me a beggar. This you have known. I gambled deeply, desperately—this too, you knew. But even when driven to madness and despair by my losses, I cared little for scorn, or reproach: I was still an honourable man. Month after month, when all was gone, I lived on the chance successes of the hour. Ill luck pursued me; for nights I had not where to lay my head; for days I scarcely tasted food, and in a moment of desperation, I resigned even this poor consolation. I was starving, nay, I was mad, and with my own hand I signed the death-warrant of my fame amongst men.—I forged. The cheat is discovered, and the officers of justice are even now in pursuit of me. Hark!” he exclaimed, suddenly checking himself, and listening, with feelings of maddening intensity, to a noise in a distant part of the building, “the blood-hounds have tracked my course; but though they may lap my blood, the spirit shall escape from them.”

His lips were convulsed—his matted and dishevelled hair gave additional wildness to his sunken eye, as it glared fearfully around him, and the dews of death seemed already to rest on his furrowed and contracted brow. Esther gazed for a moment with speechless terror on her husband, as he laid his hand on the hilt of a dagger, and partly drew it from his bosom. But it was only for a moment, and then springing wildly forward, she seized the hand which held the fatal weapon, and exclaimed, “For mercy sake, Walter, rush not on eternity. Suffer meekly, even though thy crimes may draw down judgment on thy head. But listen,” she continued, with more composure, “all is still! For a time, at least, you are in safety here: few know my abode, and fewer still that I am your wife. When the morning dawns, I will go into the city, and find a purchaser for that sacred volume, and whatever else I can collect, and then, whithersoever you fly, there will your child and I be your companions.”

“Impossible, Esther,” replied Wharncliff, actuated by a more selfish feeling than he chose to confess; “we never meet again. Henceforth you must forget you ever called me husband; for though the bitterest pang I shall know in my exile will be the sense of your destitution, you must not share my infamy.”

“Will you leave your child to perish?” eagerly demanded Esther.

“Chance will raise up friends to him when I am gone,” replied Walter, composedly, his habitual selfishness and indifference having already

obliterated the momentary impression of better feelings; "you well know, that you have long found means to provide for both your own and his subsistence."

"I can labour in another land, as well as here," replied the devoted woman.

"Not with me!" replied Wharncliff, sternly. "To escape alone will be difficult—thus accompanied, impossible. Nor, Esther," he added, with a bitter smile, "will I longer give you the triumph of witnessing my humiliation. Give me the book, I can find means to dispose of it; and now," he added, as he took up the package which his wife no longer attempted to detain, "I will look, for the last time, upon my boy, and then farewell in this world."

So saying, he hurried towards the bed, knelt down by its side, and pressed his lips to the cheek of the child. He then hastily arose, and turning towards his wife, "Forgive me, Esther," he exclaimed, "forgive and pray for me."

His unfortunate wife had scarcely felt his cheek pressed to her's, had scarcely heard his words, when he rushed from the chamber, and the closing door shut him from her sight.

She was at length startled by the low voice of the child, who, aroused by her lamentations, bent timidly forwards, and inquired why she wept. Overwhelmed as she was, the faint tremulous voice of infancy sounded almost ghastly on the stillness of night, and she could only reply by a fresh burst of tears. The child was frightened by her sorrow, and his little hand trembled as he flung it round her neck, and said, "Come to bed and dream as I have done: methought that angels came to us, and led us over steep paths, and across a dark wide sea, on, on, and on, till it seemed, mother, that we were in heaven."

"Would that we were," said the afflicted parent; "but go to sleep, boy; it is not morning yet," and laying her head on the pillow by his side, she soothed her child to rest.

Wharncliff, in the mean time, had regained the street, and hurried to the abode of a woman named Paine, who had long shared in the dissipation of his patrimony, and more recently in the profits of the gaming-table, and other casual supplies, and whose extravagance had, in a great measure, driven him to the commission of the crime, by which his life was now endangered.

Determined to share his flight, this woman had spent great part of the night in collecting what small sums it was in her power to obtain, whilst Wharncliff, at her instigation, sought to rob his forsaken wife of her last possessions.

"By the saints!" he exclaimed, as he entered and flung his packet on the ground, if your embassy has not proved more successful than mine, you may tarry here, and provide for yourself; for I have found nothing to pay my own expenses, much less thine."

"Had the wench no gold?" inquired the hardened Paine.

"Not a farthing! Poor girl, she had not so much as a crust, yet have I robbed her of those," he added, pointing towards the bundle on the ground.

"Much in little compass, I hope," returned the woman disdainfully. "Doubtless she has some one to assist in spending her earnings, for the neighbours report her industrious."

"Peace, jade!" interrupted Walter, in a voice which made his com-

panion start; "utter not such abominations, nor insult the purity you know not how to respect. She is pennyless and deserted; what more can even your enmity desire?"

"Pennyless! and, in sooth, am not I the same, who have sacrificed friends and name for your sake? She and her brat may humble their proud spirits and beg, as many honest folks have."

"Peace," cried Wharncliff, even more loudly than before; "you forget we have no time to lose. Those things must be sold. Your friend, the Jew, is doubtless already astir."

"What have we here?" said Mrs. Paine, busily unfolding the packet, without replying to his words. "Ha! a bible! and in the mother tongue. Would it was safe out of my keeping."

"The sooner the better," said her companion, "since we must be gone, and that without delay."

"What!" returned the woman, staring at him with well affected horror, "would you have me subject myself to a charge of heresy, by being seen with this pestilent production in my possession? Monster! would you have me burnt at the stake?"

"You may trust safely to your friend the Jew," replied Wharncliff, composedly.

"May I, in sooth?" returned Mrs. Paine; "why, he would hang me for sixpence."

"Not if you would give him a shilling to break the bargain," said Walter. "But no more—you are wasting precious time."

"What is the meaning of all this?" continued his companion, without paying him further attention, and who, even whilst declaring her pretended terrors, had been narrowly examining the volume, and had now turned to the first page, where the names of Esther and her mother were inscribed, with the date of the gift. As she read the short paragraph, a sudden thought apparently flashed on her brain, for her terrors were instantly forgotten, and her countenance was illumined by an expression of bitter exultation, not unnoticed by Wharncliff. But she allowed him no time for remark, and suddenly closing the book, sprang up, and taking her mantle, said, in a hurried voice, "Well, well, I have trusted the Jew in worse matters, and if there be danger, Walter, I willingly dare it for you. These silver mountings are of value, and we shall have need of all we can collect."

So saying, she prepared to depart, and, assuring him of her speedy return, hastily left the chamber. Nor did she fail in her promise. Her bargain it appeared was soon completed; and in another half hour the guilty fugitives had commenced their journey to a distant clime.

Poor Esther, worn out by watching and sorrow, slept in the meantime by the side of her child; and the tardy sun was high above the horizon when she again awoke to a recollection of her misfortunes. Her first thought was her husband's crime, and with that came the sense of her own utter destitution. But sleep had calmed the violence of her grief, and perceiving that her child still slept, she took the produce of the preceding day's labour to procure the morning's meal, and left her cheerless dwelling.

Her little barter was soon made, and something like delight once more animated her pallid countenance as she spread the scanty provisions before her child, and felt that she yet possessed the power to maintain him. But this gleam of pleasure was not destined to be of long

duration. Ere many minutes had elapsed, sounds of tumult proceeded from the lower part of the building, the tread of heavy feet was heard ascending the stairs, and the door suddenly opening, the officers of justice stood before its startled inmates. Esther, instantly conjecturing that they came in pursuit of her husband, received them, and internally offering up thanks for Wharncliff's escape, calmly demanded their business.

"This paper, Madam, can best inform you," replied the officer, handing her a small scroll as he spoke. She unfolded it; and vain would be all attempt to describe her horror on perceiving it to be a warrant for the immediate arrest of herself and her child on a charge of heresy. It was a terrible moment. She well knew that the secret of her faith was known only to her husband; and the frightful idea that he had sacrificed her to the vengeance of the law, came over her like the shadow of death.

"My child! my child! must he too perish?" were the first words she uttered, and springing towards the infant, she flung herself beside him on the ground, and clasped him again and again in her arms, as if to assure herself that he was yet left to her. She kissed him wildly, she wept over him, she called on him by every tender appellation, amidst bursts of hysterical screams, till, totally exhausted, she suffered herself to be torn from him, and placed on the miserable pallet; whilst her terrified child, though scarcely comprehending what was passing around him, kept his hand closely locked in her's, and wept because his mother wept.

A deep stupor followed this burst of agony, which the officer, touched by her affliction, forbore to interrupt. But it was not long till the unfortunate woman recovered her senses, and with them a consciousness of the conduct befitting her situation. "Gentlemen," she said, as she arose calmly from her seat, "I am ready to follow you. I am well aware that it is only before a higher tribunal defence will avail me: nor will I ask indulgence for this poor boy, whose tender age might well exempt him from imprisonment. I thank Heaven rather that we are not to be divided. He has not a friend on earth but myself, nor where to lay his head when I am gone."

"You will not leave me, mother," said the affrighted child, clinging still closer around his unhappy parent.

"Never! never! but for the grave," she replied.

"Methinks, Madam," said the officer, looking around on the apartment they were about to leave, "you change to advantage from this chamber to a prison."

"It may be poor, Sir," replied Esther, sternly; "but it is my home."

"Is there nothing you would wish to take with you?" he inquired.

"Nothing," was her answer; and casting one mournful glance around as she departed.

A gaol, during the sanguinary reign of Mary, might well have borne the inscription of Dante's *Inferno*; and Esther felt, as she entered its gloomy precincts, that for one accused of heresy there was indeed small hope. She knew not, it was true, the evidence likely to be brought against her, but she knew and gloried in her own delinquency. But wretched as was a prison in those times, she gave no tokens of despair or terror. On the contrary, her mind appeared lightened from a load

of care, and a cheerfulness, to which she had long been a stranger, took possession of her soul. But those who marvelled at her joy knew, not how deeply hidden was its spring, knew not that the stream, whose healing waters had brought consolation to the persecuted widow, had its fountain in heaven.

The day at length arrived when the fate of Esther was to be decided, and arranging the soiled garments of herself and her child with all the neatness in her power, she prepared to stand before her judge with meekness, but resolution.

In those times of terrible persecution, when, though the Inquisition was not actually established in England, its horrors were surpassed by the cruelty of the sovereign and her minions, the established forms of trial were entirely laid aside. Even the bishops' arbitrary courts were not thought sufficient, and a commission was appointed for the extirpation of heresy; summary powers of the most odious description were granted to the magistrates; the torture was everywhere made use of; and the possession of heretical books was esteemed a crime deserving death.

Three of the royal commissioners, one of whom was the infamous Bonner himself, acted as her jury and judges; and she was not surprised to find that not a single witness was brought forward against her. A written accusation was read by an inferior officer, charging her with denying the real Presence, with absenting herself from mass, and all religious processions, and lastly, and most heinously, possessing and perusing an English bible and other heretical books, and instilling their principles into the mind of her child.

She offered neither defence nor denial in reply; and it was not till the fatal bible, her husband had given to Mrs. Paine, was brought forward in confirmation of the last charge, that she evinced the smallest interest in the proceeding. At that spectacle her first suspicions of her husband rushed again with horror on her remembrance, and faintly exclaiming, "Is he so lost!" she pressed her hands for an instant before her eyes, as if to shut the frightful certainty from her mind.

No other sign of consciousness could be extracted from her, till, impatient of further delay, the commissioners ordered the torture to be applied. The fearful scream of her boy, who, at this terrible sentence, clung wildly around her, the thick drops gathering on his brow, and his cheeks pale with agony, at length awoke her to a sense of her situation.

"Gentlemen," she said, when she had soothed the terrors of her child, "I am grieved to deprive you of the pleasure of witnessing my pangs. If you desire the confession of my faith, there is no need of tortures to wring it from my lips. That book is mine, and from its pages have I drank mercies that no earthly persecution can obliterate from my soul. I heed no more the upbraidings of men than the voice of the winds that passeth and harmeth me not. But what are your hopes, poor, lost, degraded beings," she continued, "who, closing your ears against the voice which speaks through all creation, and rejecting the gifts of His mercy, live on in the darkness of ignorance and crime? In the applause of men you find your only reward, in their opinions you place your sole eternity, and to the words of mortals, as perishable as yourselves, you trust for salvation. But awake ere it is too late, and if you would escape perdition," she continued, pointing to the Bible before her,

“unclose that sacred volume. Drink of the fountain of truth, and learn the maxims of universal charity. You may burn the orphan and the widow at the stake, but the spirits of your victims will rise before the throne of judgment, and the voice of the humblest will be heard against you, from the furthest corner of heaven.”

The commissioners, although accustomed to witness daily the pangs of their victims, and hardened by bigotry and habit against their appeals and exhortations, listened for a time with attention and surprise to the extraordinary woman before them. But though struck with awe, rage rapidly replaced this feeling as she proceeded with her discourse; and she had scarcely uttered the concluding sentence, when her judges pronounced sentence of death on herself and her child. They were condemned to be burnt on the following day, and their ashes scattered to the winds.

The night was far advanced ere the unfortunate prisoner flung herself on the few rushes afforded her as a bed, and endeavoured to compose herself to sleep by the side of her child, who had long before wept himself to rest. But the effort was vain; she could not lose remembrance for an instant, though every sound was hushed throughout the prison. It was not that she thought of the morrow, or its punishment, but the scenes of her youth, and its pleasures, came on the torrent of memory, like flowers upon a deep dark river. Her follies and her faults, which conscience magnified to crimes, pressed heavily around her; life seemed but a span of shadows, and now, when she stood on the brink of eternity, gazing on its unfathomable waters for an instant, ere she was plunged amidst their waves, the hopes she had indulged of salvation melted like clouds beneath her feet, and but for the remembrance of a Saviour's promises, she would have despaired in her humility. Again she thought of her husband; and the very sound of the wind sighing through the passages of the building, seemed to take the tone of his voice, and recal more earthly feelings. A faint noise in the avenue leading to the entrance of her prison was sufficient to dissipate these illusions. She knew not why, but a wild feeling of hope flashed suddenly across her brain, and she started from the ground, and listened for a repetition of the sounds with breathless expectation. It was no illusion—the bolts were slowly drawn from the door of her cell. “Could it be,” she thought, “that her child was yet to be rescued, that she was destined to rear him in the paths of honesty, before she laid her head in the grave!” The door was now cautiously unclosed, and the heart of the poor prisoner again sunk within her, when she beheld a monk in the dress of his order enter the cell. Esther arose, and demanded what he sought.

“Thy rescue, my daughter,” he replied.

“And my boy's?” she hastily rejoined.

“His likewise,” returned the monk.

“Oh, bless thee for the tidings. He sleeps; but we will not tarry an instant,” exclaimed the mother, springing eagerly past the monk towards her child; but the priest, laying his hand on her arm, arrested her purpose.

“Forbear!” he said; “let him sleep on; for when his mother hath abjured her heresies, then there is hope for him, but not till then.”

“Monster!” exclaimed Esther, shaking off his grasp, “had I not enough of agony, but thou must come to torture me with hope?”

"It is not only hope, delusive hope, I would offer you," said the monk, in the same calm tone in which he had hitherto spoken; "I would fain bring your sorrows to a close; I would fain save you from the sufferings of to-morrow, by leading you back to the true worship."

"My path is chosen for eternity," replied Esther, calmly.

"And leads unto perdition," rejoined the monk.

"I trust my sorrows here," said the forsaken prisoner, "will meet a more blest reward."

"Alas!" said her companion, "you have built your house upon the sand, and the rain shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, and it shall fall, and thou be buried in its ruins."

"My lamp may glimmer faintly, but I walk according to its light," replied Esther. "My spirit knows of no crime that it hath not deeply mourned."

"Alas! alas! that such a mind should have been thus perverted," exclaimed the monk, as he stood awhile intently gazing on the being before him, who, exhausted by emotion, had again sunk back against the rugged wall. Tears stood in his eyes, and at length, as if overpowered by irrepressible feeling, his countenance suddenly lost the stern expression it had hitherto worn, and sinking at the feet of the prisoner, he exclaimed, "Oh fain would I have saved you in this world, and the next! But since, alas, the voice of exhortation hath availed nothing in converting thy stubborn spirit, let the language of affection at least persuade you to conceal those opinions for awhile, which else must draw down destruction."

"Strange man!" replied Esther, gazing on her companion with astonishment. "Arise, and begone," she added sternly; "I would be left alone. The little remaining to me of life must be more fitly used than in this idle altercation."

The monk arose—but he departed not, and sighed deeply as he flung back his cowl and said, "Alas, hath time so changed me, that you know me no longer?"

"Frederick! my brother! and at such an hour!" exclaimed the captive, who, after gazing wildly for a moment on his well-remembered features, was the next instant locked in his embrace.

"All have not then forgotten me," were the first words she uttered. "Oh, Frederick, I have suffered much and alone. But complaint now matters little," she added, suddenly checking herself; and then, as if overpowered by the presence of one who sympathised in her affliction, she pressed her hands before her face and wept aloud.

"But shall do so no longer," replied her brother, fervently. "Thy heaviest griefs are past."

"The scene draws near a close," was the sole reply of the prisoner, who seemed to find comfort in the very certainty of her danger.

"Nay, say not so," returned the priest; "long ere this, had I known your abode, I would have flown to soothe your afflictions; and though now, alas, I find our creeds are different, still our affections are the same. I have credit at court; I have influence even with your judge, the hard-hearted Bonner, and though to-morrow is fixed for your execution, promise only silence, and I will attest your recantation of your heresies."

"Far rather would I die a hundred deaths!" exclaimed Esther,

“rather the wheel, fire, sword, famine, than purchase life by hypocrisy. We may deceive mankind, but who can close the eye of Heaven?”

“So slight a sin, in such extremity, will surely be forgiven,” replied the priest.

“No!” rejoined the captive. “Say rather that Heaven has doomed me to this trial, that I may prove myself worthy.”

“If for yourself you have no fears,” resumed Frederick, almost desperate at his sister’s continued opposition, “have mercy on your child!—that innocent and helpless being whom you thus doom!”

“Cease, cease! They have not hearts to do it!” exclaimed the agonized mother, as pressing yet closer to her child (who now crouched trembling by her side), she endeavoured to close her ears against the frightful sounds.

“They have, and will!” replied the priest. “I have already twice witnessed the spectacle.”

A fearful shriek, at these words, burst from the lips of the prisoner, as with the force of madness she clasped her child to her breast. The monk renewed his supplications, endeavouring to persuade her to make at least an external abjuration of her heresy. When he concluded, he was still in doubt whether she was sensible to his exhortation; she stood motionless and silent, with her glassy eyes fixed wildly on her child—pale as death, and with the frightful expression of one whose spirit had departed in agony.

At length she moved—a fearful shudder convulsed her frame, and, clasping her hands together, she raised her eyes to heaven, and murmured, as from the bottom of her soul, “Murder my child, or renounce my God!” Her breath came thick and short; a terrible smile for a moment distorted her lips, but when it passed away she stood, like a thing of marble, calm, and cold.

“Well, be it so!” were the first words she uttered; and turning towards her brother, with the same cold expression, she added, in a firm voice, “I am content to die eternally to save his life.”

“Never, mother, never,” said the boy, gently pressing her hand as tears streamed down his cheek; “I will not scream, I will not call on you, I will not shriek, but I will die as I have often dropt asleep, and the angels will take me from the flames, to hear their songs in heaven. Let us thank God that he hath chosen us, and not deny him in the hour of need.”

“There spoke a higher mind than thine, sweet child,” exclaimed Esther, pressing him to her heart. “Yes, we will die together; and death is too light punishment for one so weak and frail as I have this hour proved myself. Go, Frederick,” she added, turning towards her brother, “if you have any love for me, go. My journey is well nigh accomplished, and I would make my peace with Heaven. The knowledge of your affection has come to me like sweet odours from the fields of my youth, and if my prayers can aught avail, I will plead for you at the throne of mercy. Farewell! and should you ever meet the man who called himself my husband, tell him I forgave him.”

The monk, pressing his sister and her child alternately in his arms, murmured a blessing above their heads, and rushed from the cell.

The remainder of the night was spent by the prisoner and her boy in prayer, and the morning found them prepared for the awful fate awaiting them; the elder, supported by a calm reliance on a blissful futurity,

and the younger, by an unconsciousness of the horrors of death, and youthful pride of martyrdom. Esther's struggles were over ; she knew that no longer hope awaited them ; and when their guards came to lead them from the cell, with the calmness of one departing on a transient journey, she took him by the hand, and led him forth amidst the crowded streets. The boy was somewhat appalled by the multitudes assembled to witness their passage ; but when he raised his eyes, and beheld the benignant serenity of his mother's countenance, whose thoughts were then in heaven, he suppressed all appearance of terror, and something like pride swelled in his little heart, as he thought himself the spectacle at which they came to gaze. As he drew nearer the place of execution, fear came more strongly upon him, and as if to banish the frightful phantom from his mind, he began firmly and steadily to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Many of the crowd felt deep commiseration for the mother and her child ; but others more bigoted loaded them with opprobrious epithets, and called loudly on Walter to cease his heretical blasphemy. But the boy, in defiance of their clamour, continued his simple supplication, and as if to support his sinking heart, occasionally burst into wild snatches of a Lutheran hymn, that he had learnt from his mother.

There was something inexpressibly touching in the tones of this infant's voice, swelling its feeble strains of piety amidst the countless throng assembled to gaze on his destruction ; and there were many that day heard it who carried its remembrance to their graves. At length it grew fainter and fainter, tears interrupted its notes, and as the sufferers reached the fatal piles, its sounds were entirely hushed.

The officiating priest at this crisis ordered the guards to separate the prisoners. Esther heard the command, and with a glance of agony watched the men's approach, and sinking on her knees as they drew nigh, wildly clasped her arms around the boy, exclaiming—" Begone ! no human power shall part us !"

The day was now drawing to a close, and the soldiery were ordered to complete the execution. Two of them raised Esther from the ground, but it was found impossible to separate the victims, and they were bound to the stake together. The executioner now came forward with the torch in his hand. At the moment when he was about to set fire to the pile, one of the bystanders flung a book at Esther's head ; she looked up, and saw her enemy, the mistress of her husband, who had thus indulged her last malice. But the incident roused the irritation of the people, who doubly pitied the fate of one so lovely and young. Esther had taken up the book, which she recognized with a cry of joy to be her own Bible. The priest advanced to take the heretical volume from her hands. She clasped it to her heart. The people murmured at this additional cruelty ; and the priest, after some hesitation, gave up the attempt. He withdrew at length, and gave the fatal sign. The executioner waved his torch. At that instant a distant sound was heard, which increased to a thunder of trumpets, the trampling of horse, and the shouts of multitudes. A man with a banner in his hand spurred a foaming horse through the crowd, and uttering the words, " Long live Queen Elizabeth," fell at Esther's feet. The shouts " Long live Elizabeth !" " Long live the Protestant Queen !" echoed on all sides. The whole tribe of torture were instantly driven away. And Esther was conveyed home in triumph by the people, with Wharncliff, her repentant husband and preserver, by her side, and her boy in her arms.

PROSE BY A VERSIFIER, AND VERSE BY A PROSER; A GENTLEMAN WHOSE TIME HANGS HEAVY ON HIS HANDS:—NO. I.—ON SNEEZING, PREDESTINATION, AND ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.

I SHALL write a book—that point is settled—you may remark that I say “I shall,” not “I will,” for I am a fatalist, or predestinarian, and towards the end of my book I intend to justify the faith which is in me; by the way—I may as well do so now, it will afford a happy specimen of my style of reasoning, and create an instantaneous impression in my favour.

*On Sneezing and Free-Will.*

Sneezing is an act which cannot be justified on any sound principle, nor have I been able to discover, within the compass of my reading, that any reward or profit is annexed to it; now, it is surely unreasonable to suppose, that if we were possessed of free-will, we would all concur in the commission of an unjustifiable act, and this, too, without profit, fee, or reward.

The sceptic may maintain, that herein we cannot be said to sin against our will, inasmuch as sneezing, in most cases, follows by virtue of a kind of *vis consequentia*, the voluntary act of taking snuff: now, not to mention that the exception proves the rule, and that taking snuff is not always a voluntary act, for when passing a snuff manufactory, we inhale the titillating powder, *volens volens*, I would remind the benighted doubter, that the uneducated savage, who for the first time takes a pinch of snuff, is an involuntary agent in the consequences which ensue, namely, the titillation of the nose, the screwing up of the eyes, the puckering of the mouth, and, finally, the explosive sneeze; these are the effects of a hidden, but irresistible agency, by whose awful power his actions are swayed: this power I call Predestination—the sceptic calls it snuff.

Should any of ye remain so stupidly obstinate as not to assent to the truth of the conclusion I have arrived at, hear what the learned and pious Calvin says: “But those who still seek for free-will in man, are plainly guilty of folly, so that they reach neither heaven nor earth.” *Calv. De Occid. Dei.*—Will this satisfy ye?

Laughter is a sign of folly, at least fools say so, and they are the best judges in their own case; therefore, never laugh; when you feel the fit approaching, suck in your cheeks: this is an infallible preventive; besides, it will in time give you a marked expression of countenance.

I never approach Westminster Abbey through Parliament Street, that I do not wish from my heart that Martin the incendiary, who made a bonfire of York Cathedral, was placed at my disposal for a single night, that I might get him to burn St. Margaret's Church. There it stands, right between you and the Abbey, not merely blotting out from your view so much of the building as it intercepts by its actual bulk, but marring the effect of the whole, hurting your eye by its incongruous and impertinent intrusion, thrusting itself between you and your reverential meditations, like a pigstye before a palace; like a pert waiting-maid from Savage Gardens, before the throne of a Gothic queen; like a prig standing on tip-toe before a patriarch; like one of Nash's triumphal arches before the Parthenon; like an adumbration of Buckingham Folly,

stone haycock and all, between you and a vision of ancient Rome ; like a penny whistle accompaniment to Sontag.

Do you remember Sebastiano Del Piombo's grand picture of the raising of Lazarus, in the Angerstein Gallery ? (one is ashamed to call it the National.) Well, how would you like to have accurate likenesses of Mr. Deputy Figg, and Mrs. Deputy Figg, and two or three of the little Figgs, painted over the figures in the foreground, and middle ? over the faith-struck old man ; over the dark shaded face of Lazarus, stamped with the awful secrets of the grave, even while struggling back to life ; over the majestic Saviour in the midst ; leaving you, at the same time, as a fitting and harmonious back-ground, the Temple of Jerusalem, and the Hill of Zion, together with a group of Pharisees, not to speak of Mary, Martha, and John, peeping over the shoulders of the aforesaid Mr. Deputy, Mrs. Deputy, and the little Deputies ?

Not that the thing in question, called after St. Margaret, would not do very well for people to pray in, down in some country nook, where the natives wear long blue coats, with plated buttons the size of a saucer, scarlet waistcoats, and hob-nailed shoes ; nay, in such a locale, I doubt not it would be looked upon as a splendid edifice, a second St. Peter's ; but only conceive such an aggregation of stone and mortar in Westminster ! in front of Westminster Abbey ; under the very eye of " the Wisdom," which cannot chuse but see it, without the help of spectacles, every time it waddles down to its nest at St. Stephen's, to hatch plans for the good of the present generation and the edification of the next.—I wish the powers that be would lend me Martin for a night.

Talking of views, the finest in London is from the top of Whitehall Place, looking towards the river ; but then you must see it as I did, at the same hour, and under similar circumstances.

It is about a fortnight since I beheld that memorable spectacle. I was on my way home, having dined with a friend, who, though not an habitual votary of Bacchus, occasionally sacrifices to the god with intense and absorbing zeal. After dinner we adjourned to the Opera, having inly determined to renew at supper our intimacy with certain flasks of Champagne, which lay in their icy baths coolly expecting our return. We carried our determination into effect to the fullest extent ; and at half past three o'clock we parted, deeply impressed with a sense of each other's good qualities, and with as keen and lively an appetite for the sublime and beautiful as an X of Champagne\* usually imparts to its warm-hearted admirers. My way led me through Whitehall, at least I found myself there, as " Charles," the guardian of the night, was announcing the fourth hour. As my good fortune would have it, I happened to look towards the river, and never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget the sight which presented itself. Six distinct St. Pauls lifted themselves through the cloudless morning air (so pure, that the smoke of a single cigar would defile it : I extinguished mine in awe) towards the blue transparent sky ; nearer, and beneath this stately city of temples, were four Waterloo Bridges, piling their long arcades in graceful and harmonious regularity one above the other, with the chaste and lofty symmetry of a mighty aqueduct ; while far away, in the dim distance, a dome of gigantic dimensions was faintly visible, as if presiding over the scene, linking shadow and substance, uniting the

\* *Reader*.—What does he mean by an X of Champagne ?

*Editor*.—An unknown quantity, you fool.

material with the intellectual world, like the realization of a grand architectural dream. Talk not to me of the Eternal City—in her proudest days of imperial magnificence she could not furnish such a view—thrice be that Champagne lauded !

But, ever and anon, of grief subdued  
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness embued ;  
 And slight withal may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever ; it may be a sound,—  
 A tone of music,—summer's eve,—or spring,—  
 A flower,—the wind,—the ocean, which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

A strange and tyrannous oligarchy is the mysterious " Association of Ideas." There it sits in its unseen chamber, like the " Council of Ten," wielding its sad inevitable power, ruling our wayward thoughts by its invisible familiars, and visiting the mind with the unbidden spectral presence of by-gone pleasure and pain. Even while I write—here in London, alone, and at a distance from the home of my youth, and the more obvious springs of early recollections, I am summoned back to the scenes of happy childhood, by a voice as irresistible as if it carried on its accents the spell of a magician, or the sentence of a tribunal of final doom. A wandering Italian is singing a little plaintive national song, the favourite of the light-hearted days when I " whistled as I went for want of thought"—singing so far off, that as the faint sounds reach me, as they wing their delicate way through the rough and varied noises of the crowded streets, they seem more like a recollection echoing within my own mind than an external reality ; yet never was Runic rhyme, or song of power, more omnipotent over the sleeping past than the simple lay of that houseless mendicant. Forth from the dark treasury of my memory, as if a burial vault sprang open at the sound, forth pace the once happy playmates of the days of that song—the same—but, oh, how changed !

The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,  
 The cold,—the changed,—perchance the dead,—anew  
 The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how few.

\* \* \* All antiquarians should buy my book. First, because it shall be imperfect—a great recommendation ; secondly, a limited impression shall be printed, on execrable paper, with an illegible type, so as to be nearly as ugly as a Pynson, or a Wynkyn de Worde ; thirdly, although its present youth may be objected against it, or, to speak metaphorically, cast in its teeth, yet that is a fault it will mend of every day ; indeed, correctly speaking, there is nothing new under the sun.

\* \* \* *Hiatus valde defendus.* \* \* \* *Ohe!* \* \* \*

#### SLEEP.—THE SECOND PART.

Darkness is on my mind ; a winged One,  
 Gloomy and strong, hath snatched me in his strength,  
 And bears me in his solitary flight  
 Onward, and upward, through the realm of Thought :  
 A voice long silent, but remembered well,  
 Bids me awake my melancholy song,  
 And I obey,—let me not sing in vain.

Oh, Nature ! mighty Mother ! thou whose face,  
 Varied with shade and sunshine, sometimes glad  
 And sometimes grave, but ever kind and sweet,  
 Hath been to me a most familiar book ;  
 Thou, in whose lap my head was ever laid,  
 When grief sat heavy on me, and my heart  
 Had need of rest and friendship,—Mother dear !  
 If I have sought with not unwelcome step  
 Thy solemn haunts, and trod thy mystic groves,—  
 If with a song not tuneless to thine ear,  
 My voice hath dared to break thine awful sleep,  
 Bear with me now,—bear with thy wayward child.

I said that Sleep, in wrath departing, left me  
 When with unhallowed grief I brake the silence  
 Of the bright realm he bore me to ; he left me  
 Outworn and spent, as the retiring wave  
 Leaves the sad mariner upon the shore.

I journeyed onward ; weary days and nights  
 Rolled past me heavily : in vain I sought  
 To win Sleep back to kindness ; when he came,  
 He came in gloom and silence, and I cowered  
 Beneath the shadow of his brooding wings  
 With strange misgivings. Gentle dreams no more  
 Sat on my pillow, breathing lulling tales ;  
 But ghastly shadows haunted me—I fled,  
 Upborne on swift-winged winds, through the dark sky,  
 Trampling the driving rack,—or headlong hurled,  
 Fell flashing down from some unmeasured height,  
 While grisly shapes stood mocking me,—or buried  
 Deep in the sunless centre, lay for ever.  
 This was not all—the shadow of the night  
 Fell on the day, and darkness compassed me :  
 The voice of crowded cities—thronging life—  
 The masquing tricks of hollow-hearted Mirth  
 Became a curse, mocking me with lip-comfort ;  
 Music, who long had loved me, left me too,  
 And my dumb harp answered my call no more.  
 . . . . I fled the haunts of man, and sought the wilds  
 Dear to my early youth.

There is a place,  
 Where massy rocks uplifted, cliff on cliff,  
 Look down upon a sea that never sleeps ;  
 Heavily toil the restless waves for ever,  
 Scaling the cliffs, like Sisyphus, in vain,  
 Or moaning through the solitary caves.  
 —This was the scene I loved—the dim gray sky,  
 The wild fantastic shore, the heaving deep,  
 Became my home. Fancy will weave strange dreams !  
 I could have deemed, all friendless as I was,  
 That things inanimate were touched with pity,  
 And met me with kind looks of thoughtful sadness,  
 In this my rude and solitary haunt.  
 There would I sit, and listen to the hymns  
 Chaunted by winds unseen, or catch the voice  
 Of the lone eagle in his far-off flight,  
 Cleaving the stillness of the evening air,—  
 Or watch the stars, as, one by one, they came  
 Down through the sapphire sky, with bright slow step,

To gaze upon me with their piercing eyes,  
As they would look into my very soul.

Oft have I lain upon some giddy height,  
While the blind clouds came creeping up the sky,  
Till darkness clung around me like a pall,  
To watch the awful coming of the winds,  
Gathering in hosts for battle:—first a voice,  
As of a muttered charm, came o'er the deep,  
And the dull caves gave back the sullen sound ;  
Then came a pause—a silent, trembling pause—  
And all was hushed in fearful expectation,  
Till the fierce winds sprang forth, and with a shout  
Leaped on the dark strong sea. Deep called to deep,  
With voice of living thunder, till the void,  
The black abysm of night, rang like a dome.  
—It was my pleasure, in a scene like this,  
To lean secure upon the imminent verge  
Of the ineffable conflict, hung above  
The hell of winds and waters, while the rock,  
The rooted rock, shook with their awful rage ;—  
To bid my busy fancy fill the gloom  
With ghastly forms, the leaders of the fight,  
Till the dark depths grew populous—for I deemed  
That of themselves the quiet elements  
Would rest at peace for ever, did not they  
Whom thus I bodied forth, disturb their sleep,  
And fill their tranquil breasts with evil thoughts,  
And goad them into fury. At my call,  
Abaddon came, and Moloch, and the host  
Outcast from heaven, and in the whirling storm  
Closed in immortal battle once again.

I well remember, on a night like this,  
While, as my custom was, I lay reclined  
Within my shallow cave, scooped from the face  
Of a tall cliff, high hanging o'er the sea,  
A flash leaped suddenly forth from the gloom—  
Another—and another ! and I saw,  
Dizzily poised upon the reeling waves,  
A goodly ship. Ere I could frame a thought—  
Before my heart could pray for her—the deep  
Had swallowed her for ever ; one shrill cry,  
Half-strangled by the waters, was her knell.  
—And this is awful knowledge ! this the wisdom  
That would control the elements—the courage  
That fain would look the Omnipotent in the face,  
And beard him with invention ! What availed  
The lofty beauty of her stately masts—  
Her graceful swiftness—her white-bosomed sails—  
Her cannon pouring thunder ? She was trampled  
By the fierce combatants, as if in scorn ;  
The swift winds dashed her down, the mighty waves  
Swallowed her in their fury, and the battle  
Raged on as though she never had been there.

Alas ! what prayers went up for thee in vain,  
While death was dealing with thee ! Many a night  
Will find fair mourners on the lofty cliff,  
Lingering in vain, sick with fond hope deferred,—  
Or pacing slowly to their lonely homes,  
To dream of those who come not. What strange crime

Stood like a dark accuser in that hour,  
 Invoking vengeance on thine evil strength?  
 Wert thou the messenger of War and Death  
 To calm and happy shores, that slept secure  
 While thou wert hurrying onward with their doom?  
 Or didst thou bear within thy guilty bosom  
 The wretched race whose colour is their curse,  
 Torn from their quiet homes and sunny skies,  
 To glut the white, cold tyrants of the west?  
 —Whither, my busy fancy, wilt thou stray?  
 Return, return! and leave me to my task.

Even in this solitude I found a friend:  
 He was a certain gloomy Florentine,  
 With whom I held communion wild and strange,  
 Drinking deep knowledge. When the ev'ning came,  
 And the lamp poured its solitary light,  
 He came, like one uprisen from the dead,  
 Shadowy at first, then strengthening into life,  
 Until he stood distinct before mine eyes:  
 Around his lofty brow the laurel wreathed  
 Its green eternal beauty; years of grief,  
 Exile, and wandering, and blighted hope,  
 Had laid their wrinkling fingers on that brow,  
 And blanched his cheek, and thinned his flowing hair:  
 Yet was his grief majestic; no vain tears  
 Dimmed the dark lustre of his thoughtful eye,  
 But, strong in steadfast constancy, he bore  
 His cruel fate, and with prophetic wrath  
 Hurl'd the dread vengeance that Apollo taught,  
 On fickle Florence and her guilty sons.  
 Alone he stood among his bitter foes—  
 Alone—but not unequal; and when death  
 Had closed his eyes and stilled his magic voice,  
 Far from the faithless home he loved too well,  
 Still did his awful spirit guard his grave,  
 Like one who watches by a warrior's couch,  
 While deep sleep folds him, when his battle's done.  
 —Do you not love the mariner, who rules  
 The helm that steers you to a port of rest,  
 Making his skill your silent, sleepless guide,  
 Over the pathless waste of unknown waves?  
 And thus I lov'd, and love him. We have soared  
 Thro' infinite space together—we have pierced,  
 In our swift bodiless flight, the dim abysm  
 Where dwell the giant shadows of times past,  
 Whom Death hath breathed upon and made immortal.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 —I hear thee, Mighty Master! and I come,  
 With shaded eyes, and a quick trembling step,  
 Upbear me, or I sink.— \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

What strange and ghastly shapes are steaming up  
 Out of the yawning gulf—my shudd'ring flesh  
 Is full of icicles, and my parted hairs  
 Crawl like young snakes.— \* \* \*  
 The volumed clouds roll back in murky piles,  
 Leaving a gloomy valley in the midst,  
 As when God cleft the waters, and the chosen  
 Walked the bared depths in safety, while the shark

Glared down upon them from the glassy wall,  
 And sea snakes glided onward, watching them  
 Out of the piled-up waves. The solid darkness  
 Closes behind! This is the gate of Death!

\* \* \* \* \*

In life, the guilty fly with winged feet  
 From slow remorse—the field—the chase—the ocean—  
 Sceptres, and crowns, and globes, the jewelled toys  
 Of grey-beard children—  
 Soft loving arms, the goblet, all afford  
 Sweet brief oblivion to the conscience-stricken ;  
 But sleepless Memory holds her vigil here,  
 The mortal veil, forgetfulness, is lifted,  
 And each beholds his deeds, as in a mirror,  
 Before his eyes for ever and for ever.  
 The busy din of life is heard no more,  
 The glittering rush of battles—the swift dance—  
 The lulling voice of music, come not near  
 This place of rest, and silence, and deep thought.  
 —Mid the sad gloom I see two sightless forms  
 Seated as on a throne ; before their feet  
 The phantom race bow down as unto gods,—  
 Wavering, and indistinct, their ghastly features  
 For ever shift and change as in a dream ;  
 Dim crowns are on their heads, and mighty wings,  
 Like folded clouds, shadow their dusky shoulders.  
 —Blind though they be, they are an awful pair,  
 War, and his brother Pestilence—many a realm  
 Will tremble when yon wings are spread for flight,  
 And many a haughty brow and cheek turn pale  
 Before their headlong fury.

Who is he

Standing apart, nor mingling with the throng,  
 With eye that flashes lightning, and pale cheek,  
 And dark hair curling o'er a haughty brow,  
 And parted lips, that breathe deep scorn and hate  
 Hiding despair ?

'Tis cruel Catiline,

Whose impious hand and parricidal steel  
 Were raised against the sleeping majesty  
 Of his imperial Mother, mighty Rome.  
 Reclined upon her seven-hilled throne she lay,  
 Haughtily trusting in her awful name  
 As in a spell, while stealthy Treason crept  
 Close to her heart, to strike the fatal blow.  
 —Oh Rome ! fallen Mistress of a guilty world,  
 Parent of crime and glory, giants both,  
 Semiramis of nations, why did fate  
 And mindful Nemesis avert that blow ?  
 Sparing thee then to meet a heavier doom,  
 Sparing thee then to fill the bitter cup  
 Of sin, and shame, and ruin to the brim.  
 Did the imperial circle bind thy brow,  
 Wert thou uplifted to thy giddy height,  
 To stain thy downfall with a deeper shame ?  
 Severe in youthful virtue, didst thou hoard  
 Thine evil passions to disgrace thy years  
 With wrinkled lust, and feeble cruelty,  
 And gray-haired drunkenness ? Thy withered hand

Undid the chains that bound the prostrate world,  
 And gathered the far nations round thy throne,  
 To gaze with trembling on thy fearful guilt.  
 Wise in thy youth, why didst thou wander forth,  
 Struck with mad blindness in thy tott'ring age,  
 Tearing the fast-fixed Lares from thy hearth,  
 To seek new homes upon a hostile shore,  
 And 'mid barbarians, in a foreign grave,  
 Hide the dishonoured Majesty of Rome;  
 Pitiless in thy strength, thy feeble cries  
 Found no compassion. Time brings retribution.  
 When prostrate Carthage clasped thy knees in vain,  
 Suing for mercy, little didst thou dream  
 Of fatal Alaric, and his bitter taunt.  
 Oh Nemesis! thou art both wise and just.  
 —A sullen shade draws near to Catiline,  
 A hoary giant; matted and uncombed,  
 His hair and shaggy beard entwine together,  
 Like the wreathed snakes of the Eumenides;  
 Gaunt misery, and guilt, and fiery rage,  
 Have ploughed deep furrows in his ghastly face.  
 Why are his ominous looks fixed on the ground  
 Like one who ponders vengeance? Speak his name.  
 —Bow down thy head, and let me whisper it.  
 Thou seest Marius—with the self-same look  
 He stood upon the hill Janiculum,  
 His haggard eye fixed on unhappy Rome,  
 Like the grim tiger's ere his fatal spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. R. O.

THE WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION, THE STAR-CHAMBER,  
 AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

“God send me never to live under the law of Convenience or Discretion! Shall the Soldier and Justice sit on one bench? *Non bene conveniunt.*”

Speech of Sir Edward Coke to the House of Commons, 1628.

WE are no alarmists. We profess to have none of those superstitious terrors clinging to us, which are apt to magnify very ordinary matters into very extraordinary omens. We think it extremely possible that the affairs of the best-regulated state of which history has left us any record, or modern times afford us any example, may be exposed to occasional obliquities, that do not necessarily involve, as their consequences, grievances which only a revolution and a civil war can remedy. We believe grumbling to be, if not a cure, at least a palliative, for many disorders in the body politic; and that it is commendable wisdom in a nation to shrug its shoulders and shake its head sometimes at sundry disagreeable things, rather than turn restive, and swear it will not put up with them. In short, we have seen enough of the world to know that change is not always improvement, and that it is better to jog along good-humouredly, taking the sweet with the sour in the best proportions of each we can manage, than to fret, and fume, and quarrel at every step. Having said thus much, we have a right to expect, in what we are about to say further, that we shall not be classed with those atrabilious politicians—those *omnium malorum nequissimi*—who are for reversing the poet's maxim, by systematically contending that “whatever is, is wrong.”

Disposed as we are, however, to accommodate ourselves to all usual and unusual vicissitudes of the seasons, and to shiver contentedly in the dog days if we can get nothing better than north-east winds and spungy clouds, it does not follow, when comets blaze along the sky, or fiery meteors glare portentously down upon us, that we should not observe *their* motions, investigate *their* causes, and endeavour to ascertain *their* probable effects. Akin to such phenomena in the natural world, are certain remarkable appearances which have recently become visible in our political hemisphere; and we propose, in the present paper, to examine, with all possible philosophical temperance, what it is they indicate.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, after having defeated Napoleon, and been defeated by O'Connell, is determined, it seems, to put Mr. Alexander and the Morning Journal *hors de combat*. Be it so. "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," says—not Buona-parte, as is commonly supposed, but Tom Paine, whose writings were no doubt familiar to his disciple, and in one of whose productions there is this identical expression. Machiavelli, too, lays it down as a maxim (Chap. II. Book III.), in his Discourses upon the first Decade of Livy, that "it is a very great part of wisdom sometimes to seem a fool;" and Dr. Johnson, in his "Variety of Human Wishes," has these lines:

*"From Marlborough's eyes, the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show!"*

But it is not with his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the antagonist of Mr. Alexander, nor with Mr. Alexander as the accuser of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, that we propose to interfere. The former may think it an atrocious libel to be told that he is "proud, overbearing, grasping," &c. &c.; and he may deem it necessary to go to the Old Bailey, and prefer a bill of indictment against the latter, for saying so. Be it so, say we again. We quarrel with no man for looking after his character; nor, whatever may be our opinion of the means he employs to vindicate it, are we inclined to thrust ourselves forward as questioning their fitness. Generally speaking, every man is best able to advise himself in such matters, because he must know, better than any one else, where he is vulnerable, and what sort of medicine he would prefer taking, to cure his wounds. One thing, however, we must be allowed to remark, with regard to Mr. Alexander—if that gentleman has been indiscreet, he is at least manly in his indiscretion; but, from the firm, uncompromising manner in which he abides by his writings, it would be injustice to call it indiscretion. He may be wrong; but it is evident he does not think so himself, and not thinking so, he disdains to say so. This, at least, is a moral intepidity which commands respect; and proves, that besides possessing great and undisputed talents as a public writer, he has that stuff in him, which, in times of old, conducted martyrs to the stake, for the truth.

We hardly know how it has happened—by what strange association of ideas—but it *has* happened, that the recent prosecutions of the press, by *ex officio* informations, by criminal informations, and by indictments, have insensibly revived in our minds the recollection of much that we had read in our college days, of the court of Star-Chamber. Not that we mean to insinuate the slightest comparison—Heaven forbid!—between our present courts of law, and that infamous tribunal which, in process of time "came to be so delighted," as Rushworth says, "with blood, that

nothing would satisfy some but cropped ears, slit noses, branded faces, whipped backs, gagged mouths, dungeons, banishment to remote islands, and external separation from wife and children; and THEN," he adds, "began the English nation to lay to heart their slavish condition, if this court continued in its greatness." And THEN, when the English nation DID begin to lay to heart their slavish condition—well—and what then? How should we know? We are not the only persons in his Majesty's dominions who read history.

But as we were remarking, the recollection of what we had read in our college days being revived, we naturally turned to some of those musty volumes whence the matter of our recollection had been derived; and amid many curious things which we there found, a few, in particular, attracted our attention. These we shall here transcribe; for we dare say some of our readers, to whom the name of Star-Chamber is as familiar as "household words," have never been at the trouble, or had the opportunity, of exploring its proceedings. To such, we promise, that what we are about to bring under their notice, will at least amuse, if it do not instruct them.

The Star-Chamber, it may be briefly premised, was a sort of fungus, or excrescence, that first began to shew itself in a formidable shape about the reign of Henry VII., though it was not till nearly a century afterwards, that its pernicious qualities poisoned the very springs of public and private security in these realms. It had no legitimate origin—no recorded foundation—in statute law or royal decree; but may be regarded as the spontaneous growth of that ambiguous faculty in the crown, called prerogative, at a period when prerogative trampled alike upon law and reason. The lord keeper (or lord chancellor, as we should now call him) was the supreme judge of this court, whose members consisted, besides, of dukes, marquises, earls, barons, archbishops, and prelates, councillors of state, judges, &c. In the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. their number was forty; in that of Elizabeth about thirty, and in that of Charles I. seldom more than twenty-four. Sometimes the king himself presided, and then, he alone was competent to pronounce sentence, the others merely giving their advice to his Majesty. It is mentioned, for example, that our British Solomon, James I. "sat in a chair of state, elevated above the table, for five continued days, in the great case of the Countess of Exeter against Sir Thomas Lake;" and that he "pronounced sentence with more accurateness, eloquence, and judgment, than any of his progenitors had done before him." But now let us see what *kind* of sentences were sometimes pronounced in this court, and for what *kind* of offences.

"Anno 1631. *Att. Reg.* (or attorney general) *versus Greenville*.—The defendant affirmed to one Taylor, that the Earl of Suffolk was a base lord, and had dealt basely with him, and bid Taylor tell him so; and afterwards told one Brabant what he had said to Taylor. The defendant was committed; fined FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS, to make his submission to the earl in this court, and to pay him (besides the above fine which went to the king) FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS damages."

When it is remembered what eight thousand pounds were, two hundred years ago, it may easily be supposed that very few men could afford to indulge in the expensive amusement of calling an earl "a base lord." The difference in the value of money, indeed, should be constantly borne in mind with reference to the oppressive character of these penalties.

“*Anno 1633. Webster versus Lucas.*—The defendant (a woman) procured a libellous and scolding letter to be written to the plaintiff, subscribed Joan Tell-Troth, calling him *Scoggin*, and other disgraceful names, and his wife, *Jezebel*, and the daughter of *Lucifer*; and caused another like scandalous letter, subscribed *Tom Tell-Troth*, to be sent to the plaintiff. The defendant was committed, fined 40*l.*, bound to her good behaviour, to be to be ducked in a cucking stool at *Holborn dyke*, acknowledge her offence at the vestry, and pay the plaintiff 20*l.* damage.”

Here, it would seem, it was considered that his majesty was more aggrieved than the plaintiff, for he took 40*l.* to his own share, and gave only 20*l.* to the latter.

“*Anno 1633. Att. Regis ver. Bowyer.*—The defendant, for reporting at Reading that the Archbishop of Canterbury, was under confinement for four points, which he called high treason, viz., *Arminianism*, writing to the pope, and two odd opinions about the *Virgin Mary* and her mid-wife; and for spreading some other reports about the archbishop’s corresponding with the pope, and procuring him several yearly remittances out of England, with a great deal of such stuff, was committed to *Bridewell*, there to be set at work during life, never to go abroad, fined 3,000*l.*, to be set in the pillory at *Westminster*, in *Cheapside*, (there to be burned in the forehead with the letters *L.* and *R.*) and at *Reading*, where both his ears were to be nailed thereunto, to have a paper on his head, and to acknowledge his offence at all three places.”

“*Anno 1633. Att. Regis. ore tenus, ver. Apsley, Armigero.* The defendant writ a scandalous and libellous letter to the Earl of *Northumberland*, containing a challenge, but appointed neither time nor place; he subscribed the letter with his name, sealed it up, and sent it to the earl, without acquainting any one with its contents. The court adjudged it to be both a *libel* and a challenge; and the defendant was committed to the *Tower* during his majesty’s pleasure, fined 5,000*l.*, to be bound to his good behaviour during life, never to come within the verge of the king’s household, saving during his imprisonment, disabled to have or execute any office, to acknowledge his offence upon his knees to his majesty and this court, and make such submission to the Earl of *Northumberland* in the presence of the earl marshal and such others as his lordship shall call to him, and in such sort, as the said earl shall direct.”

The following case, though not one of libel, may serve to shew what punishment impended over the man who dared to behave uncivilly to any one connected with the court.

“*Anno 1634. Att. Regis, per Rel. Sir George Theobald, versus Morley.* The defendant, in the dining hall of his majesty’s palace of *Whitehall*, (whither the king and queen were then coming to dancing) shook his head and bent his brows at the relator (or plaintiff) being one of the gentlemen pensioners then attending, laid hands on his cloak, shook him, caught him by the throat, called him base rascal, base dunghill rogue, swore he would be revenged on him, and cut his throat, threatened to kick him, and challenged him to go out and fight; and, being advised by the treasurer and the comptroller to consider where he was, he answered them very intemperately and called the relator base fellow; and after the dancing was over, and the king gone, he challenged the relator, and, in the court yard, took him by the throat and

gave him divers blows. The defendant was committed to the Tower during the king's pleasure, *fined* 10,000*l.* to acknowledge his offence, and submit himself to his majesty, the treasurer, and the comptroller; to pay the relator 1,000*l.* damages, and make him such recognition as the earl marshal should direct."

We shall content ourselves with one single case to shew how offenders were dealt with who neither wrote nor spoke libels of public men, nor affronted the retainers of the court, but *only* did some grievous private wrong to a private individual.

"Anno 1633. *Wingfield, Miles, ver. Ogle Armigero, et al.* The defendant, Thomas Ogle, bearing malice to the plaintiff, he and the other defendants sought for him in several places; and at length finding him, with one only in his company, and without weapons, after some speeches past, told the plaintiff he lyed, and lyed in his throat; and the plaintiff thereupon hitting him in the face with his gloves, the said Thomas Ogle, armed with dagger, sword, and pistol, struck the plaintiff over the face with his riding rod; and then he and the other defendants, drawing their swords, wounded the plaintiff in the head, and *cut through his skull*, so that *three or four pieces were taken out*, and he was a year and a half before perfectly cured. The three Ogles were committed, *fined* 500*l.* apiece, bound to their good behaviour two years, to ask the plaintiff forgiveness in this court, and to pay him 500*l.* each."

Thus, to shake the head, and bend the brow, at a courtier, to shake him and threaten to cut his throat, could not be atoned for in those days at a less price than *eleven* thousand pounds, while actually to break a man's head, and all but murder him, he being a private gentleman, was considered to be very handsomely paid for, by a penalty of *one* thousand. This sum, however, was held to be too small a mulct for the scandalous crime of imputing to an archbishop the heresy of toleration. *Ex. Gr.*

"Anno 1634. *Att. Regis ver. Robins et al.* The defendant Allinson, reporter at Ipswich, that his Majesty in his journey to Scotland, being pleased with the Archbishop of York's entertainment, and bidding him ask something, the archbishop kneeled down and requested a toleration for the papists in some churches, and his majesty being discontented thereat confined him to his house; and the defendant Robins reported this for news at Yarmouth. They were both committed, *fined* 1,000*l.* apiece; Allinson bound to his good behaviour during life, and set in the pillory at Westminster (and there to be whipped), York, Ipswich, and Yarmouth, with a paper on his head, and to acknowledge his offence at all four places; Robins to acknowledge his offence at Yarmouth, and to pay the archbishop 1,000 marks damages."

Thus we see, not only how sensitive the great men of that age were, on the subject of libels, but what an admirable method they adopted for abating the nuisance. They were accusers, jurors, and judges, in their own persons, and were deeply impressed with the salutary effect of multiplied punishment, by following up enormous fines with perpetual imprisonment, whipping, nailing ears to the pillory, sometimes cutting them off, branding, and, occasionally, slitting the nose. The case of Prynne is well known; but it may not be amiss to advert briefly to it.

He was a gentleman of good family and a barrister of Lincoln's Inn; but having, as he says in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *Histrion-Mastix* to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, "been drawn in, at his first arrival in M. M. *New Series.*—VOL. VIII. No. 46. 3 F

London, to hear and see four several plays; and having observed the woful effects of plays and playhouses in some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, who, in half a year's space, by resorting to them became prodigal, incontinent, and debauched, two whereof were disinherited by their parents, whom he heard complaining with tears that plays and playhouses had undone their children; and having, in the four plays which he himself saw, observed such wickedness as made him abhor all stage-players," he was induced to draw up the discourse entitled *Histrion-Mastix*, as a warning against their dangerous tendencies. For the publication of this work, though duly licensed by the authorities appointed to examine all works before they were printed, he was proceeded against in the court of Star-Chamber, and he was sentenced to have his book burned by the hands of the common hangman; to be himself put from the bar, declared incapable of his profession; expelled Lincoln's Inn; degraded at Oxford; to stand in the pillory in Westminster and Cheapside; to lose both his ears, one in each place, with a paper on his head declaring it is for an "infamous libel" against both their Majesties' state and government; to pay 5,000*l.* fine to the king; and, lastly, to be imprisoned for life! This sentence was not only executed, but aggravated by a variety of harsh and savage persecutions. The only part of it that was not executed to the letter was that of perpetual imprisonment; for, eight years after (Anno 1641), he was set at liberty by an order of the House of Commons, his fine remitted, restored to his degrees in the University of Oxford, to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, &c., while those who were more immediately concerned in bringing him before the Star-Chamber, were ordered to make him reparation of damages.

It would puzzle, we think, a modern lawyer, even though he were a Whig and an attorney-general, to find in the ponderous and prolix pages of the *Histrion-Mastix*, "an infamous libel against both their Majesties' state and government." Not that we are hardy enough to say it could *not* be done; for the convenient doctrine of constructive libel, and libel by inuendo, putting words to the torture, as it were, and so extracting a confession from them, possesses miraculous advantages. It is like faith, and can remove mountains. In fact, it can do any thing, except, as we hope and trust, mislead a jury. And it is not a little curious to observe how Prynne's judges, in the Court of Star-Chamber, contrived to twist out of his *Histrion-Mastix*, matter of libel against the state; for, when the proceedings were terminated, and the court prepared to give their sentence, some of the members delivered their opinions; and Francis, Lord Cottington, chancellor of the exchequer, as the lowest in quality, beginning.

He said, that "in Mr. Prynne's libellous book was expressed a malice against *all mankind*, and, in a manner, against *all things*. He liketh nothing; music, dancing, &c. unlawful even in kings; no recreation or entertainment, no, not hawking; all are damned. This is not like other libels; but in folio, in print, and justified by authors with a high hand. He saith positively, not relatively, that our English ladies have lost their modesty; that the devil is honoured in dancing; that plays are the chief delights of the devil; that they who frequent them are damned; and so are those who concur not with him in opinion, w——s, panders and incarnate devils, Judases, &c. Princes who dance are infamous; and this was the cause of untimely ends in princes. *It is*

*the king's mercy, Mr. Prynne is not destroyed! We have seen men condemned to die for less matters!*"

Then followed the Lord Chief Justice Richardson:—

He said, "Writing and printing of books grew every day worse and worse. They were now troubled with a book, a monster (*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*), which was a most scandalous, infamous libel against the king, queen, the lords, and *all sorts of people*: eye never saw, nor ear ever heard the like. Mr. Prynne says, there are above 40,000 play-books, more vendible than the choicest sermons; printed on far better paper than most octavo and quarto bibles; and 'tis a year's time to peruse them over. This monster is nothing but lies. This man is not like the powder traitors, who would have blown up all at once, for he throweth down all at once into hell. He saith none are gainers by stage plays but the devil and hell, and the souls of play-haunters go to eternal torments; that they are little better than incarnate devils, and unclean spirits. The writers, projectors, beholders, dancers, and singers at plays, all damned: so many paces in a dance, so many paces to hell; the woman that singeth in the dance, is the prioress of the devil; those that answer, the clerks; the beholders, parishioners; the music, bells; and the fiddlers, minstrels of the devil. *This is to take away the subjects' hearts from the king, and to bring him into an ill opinion among his people.*"

It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the remarkable similarity which pervades, at all times, the compendious logic of the law. Who, but a lord chief justice (we do not mean by virtue of his office, but by virtue of his training), could have arrived at such a satisfactory conclusion from such premises? So true it is, as Brathwaite quaintly remarks in his *English Gentleman*, that "law, logic, and the Switzers may be hired to fight on any side." One more specimen of Star-Chamber justice in matters of libel, anno 1633, and we pass to the consideration of libels and libellers, anno 1829.

The Earl of Dorset was the most irate of all Mr. Prynne's accusers. After terming him "Prophet Prynne, and Achan," his book "damnation," himself "a schism-maker in the church, a sedition-sower in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing;" and so forth, he concluded in the following mild and gentle strain. He said, "he would no more set him at liberty than a plagued man or a mad dog; therefore condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live amongst men, nor to see the light. For corporal punishment, he questioned whether he should burn him in the forehead, or slit him in the nose; for Dr. Leighton's offence was less than Mr. Prynne's, and why should Mr. Prynne have a less punishment? For he may hide the loss of his ears by a peruke, which he so much inveighs against, or make use of lovelocks; therefore, he would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropt too!"

Does the reader pause here, to inquire the *cui bono* of these precedents, derived from the worst and best period of our history—from the *worst*, because such abominations had existence—from the *best*, because then was the day spring of our liberties, whose meridian effulgence was the revolution of 1688? Does he require to be told that we have *no* Star-Chamber *now*; no cropping of ears, no slitting of noses, no repeated pilloryings, no brandings, no enduring stigmas of ferocious tyranny? Does he point to honest juries, incorruptible judges, fearless and

enlightened advocates; and more than all, to the moral force of public opinion in our days, as the barriers, the bulwarks, the strong holds of defence, against the enormous evils of former days? We do not deny the validity of his appeal, but we will *try* its value by a supposititious test. "The generality of all ranks of men," says Fletcher, of Saltoun, "are cheated by words and names; and provided the ancient terms and outward forms of any government be retained, let the nature of it be never so much altered, they continue to dream that they still enjoy their former liberty, and are not to be awakened, till it prove too late. Of this there are many remarkable examples in history."

We state our hypothesis thus;—suppose it were the object of any government, or of any influential member of a government, to extinguish the *liberty* of the press, under the pretence of punishing its *licentiousness*; or that such government, or such individual, limited its or his design, to merely suppressing *an obnoxious exercise of that liberty*, leaving untouched the use of it in every way that did not affect, embarrass, expose, or thwart its or his measures. What is the plan that would obviously suggest itself, where no such engine as a Star-Chamber process *could* be employed? Let us consider: in the first place, it would occur, that the comprehensive law of libel makes it almost impossible for a man to put pen to paper, and not violate it. This is so undeniable a proposition, that we have no hesitation in affirming, there is not a single paper published in the British dominions, not a magazine, scarcely a book, a ballad, or a pamphlet, wholly and entirely free from all matter upon which an action for libel *might* be raised. Verdicts of juries, sustaining such actions, is another matter; and we shall show, by-and-by, how immaterial it is for our hypothesis, whether juries convict or not. With respect to newspapers, indeed, the choicest one that issues from the press, would be found to contain almost as many libels as paragraphs, if the experiment were fairly tried of subjecting it to examination for the purpose of simply ascertaining how many assertions, opinions, statements, and facts, there were *capable* of being brought into court.

Well then: this admirable fitness of the law of libel for circuitously accomplishing a partial or total destruction of the press, would first suggest itself. The next consideration would be juries. Ah! They are ugly things to deal with, sometimes. There is no certainty of getting them to do the work that is wanted. They may take it into their heads to fancy themselves wiser than their betters, and declare, upon their oaths, that what the latter call scandalous and infamous libels, are no libels at all. But then, it would be remembered, that *all juries are not alike*; and that as there is said to be wisdom in a multitude of councilors, so there may be prizes in a lottery of juries. Upon a fair calculation of the doctrine of chances, if eight or ten separate juries be impanelled to try eight or ten separate causes, one-third at least, perhaps one-half, would perform good service: for jurymen, be it remembered, have "a local habitation and a name;" and when a prime minister, a lord chancellor, or other dignitary of the state, comes forward in his own person, to ask a verdict at their hands, it is not difficult to comprehend, through how many subordinate and dependent links individual interests may be touched, in such a way, as to influence conduct, without a shadow of direct proof being attainable to prove the influence. Therefore, the advantages of the jury lottery would not be overlooked.

But these are not the only advantages of opening a fire from several batteries; for by doing so, we compel our adversary to work his single

battery, at a prodigiously-increased expenditure of ammunition : in other words, it is the national exchequer against a private purse ; and it would be a certain game to play. A Machiavel in politics, whose deliberate purpose it might be to crush an opponent, *per fas et nefas*, needs only take this course ; for money is no less the sinews of law, than of war : he would overthrow his opponent by the intolerable weight of his own defensive armour. The price of justice would be beyond his means. In vain truth, and honour, and virtue, might be on his side ; in vain, jury after jury, might declare so, by their verdicts ; only persevere in driving him to the necessity of seeking their verdicts, and he sinks, at last, a helpless beggar at your feet. The law will not leave him master of the solitary sixpence sufficient to purchase the pen, ink, and paper, wherewith to record the name and tyranny of his oppressor.

Lastly, in such a case as we have supposed, the victim selected would, of course, be the prominent one of his class ; the one most feared, because most formidable ; the most dangerous, because most active, most powerful, and most intrepid. We remember once hearing an Old Bailey judge tell a culprit, who was sentenced to be hanged for sheep-stealing, and who complained of the rigor of his sentence, that “ he was not hung for stealing sheep, but that sheep might not be stolen.” Upon a somewhat similar principle, A. might be prosecuted for libel, that B. C. and D., admonished by his fate, might not go on writing. Terror would thus work the consequences of actual punishment ; and every man who was not prepared to face poverty and a dungeon, would throw his pen into the fire. Thus, too, the odium of a general crusade against freedom of opinion would be avoided, while the treacherous blow that annihilated it, would be effectually given.

And here let the reader pause. Let him, for the sake of argument, suppose the reality of such a case as we have assumed. Let him imagine an individual singled out for multiplied prosecutions—let him calculate the chances of escape from such fearful odds ; let him, above all, estimate the tremendous pecuniary sacrifice which must be made—even though Westminster Hall rang with acclamations at his acquittal in every one ; and then ask himself, wherein such a proceeding, supposing such a proceeding possible, would differ in its *practical consequences*, from a Star-Chamber fine of five or ten thousand pounds ? But let him go a little further. Let him suppose—and it is no violent supposition—that, in addition to this self-created, though involuntary, fine, there should be one, two, or three verdicts of guilty ; let him imagine an incorruptible judge, but a judge who has strong feelings upon the subject of libels, a judge who looks wrathfully upon what *he* calls the licentiousness of the press, and in whose breast, after the juries have performed their duty, lies the discretion of meteing out the due punishment of law to the culprit ; let him imagine a judicial penalty of one or two thousand pounds, imprisonment in a distant gaol superadded, and that imprisonment continued till the fine be paid, though the offender, perhaps, has been beggared in the struggle ; let him imagine those fines and this imprisonment, accumulated by virtue of accumulated verdicts, each of which must have its separate punishment ; let him, we say, suppose such a case as this, and then trace the parallel with a court of Star-Chamber. There is no slitting of noses, to be suré ; nor any cropping of ears, or nailing them to the pillory ; we have reformed all that, we confess : but what else have we reformed ?

It is not our intention to discuss the merits or demerits, in themselves, of the prosecutions now pending against the Morning Journal, and other papers. We are no partisans. Our aim is principles, not insulated facts, except so far as the latter exemplify the former. We see, in this entire question, not the individuals, but the cause. We look at the system; and we infer from the means employed, the end that is sought. We see, for example, one paper allowed to insinuate broadly against the king's brother, offences which if they were but whispered against a private citizen, would justify him in striking his accuser dead on the spot. We should have but a poor opinion, indeed, of that man's innocence, who knew such things were said of him, and did *not* blot the scoundrel who said them, out of existence. And yet, nor prime minister, nor lord chancellor, nor attorney-general, stand forth to drag the slanderer before the indignant tribunals of justice. Oh no! Public duty is one thing: private revenge another. We see, on the other hand, what has the appearance of a public, reckless, and combined effort to intimidate another portion of the press, whose alleged crime is libel, but whose real one, is a fearless assertion of those great principles in Church and State, sealed with the blood of our ancestors, and the birth-right of ourselves, which have been scattered to the winds by a policy we abhor, in common with nine-tenths of the Protestant people of this realm. If the country is with the Duke of Wellington, in his Catholic Ascendancy Bill, what has he to fear from a handful of discontented writers who condemn it? If the country is *not* with him, what can he hope to gain by abridging its right to be heard through the public press, when it has humbled itself in vain, as a petitioner at the bar of both Houses of Parliament? He mistakes his countrymen. He has studied in a bad school. He may know and understand the utility of suppressing military insubordination by military discipline. A drum-head court-martial, in the field, may be the salvation of an army; but dragooning tactics in the cabinet and the legislature, smell too rankly of that thing called prerogative, whose haughty assumptions brought ——!

We are not the enemies of the Duke of Wellington. The successes of his military career will be recorded in the annals of his country. **BUT HE IS NO STATESMAN.** He has never had the education to constitute him one. The very qualities that made him a great general, unfit him for a great minister. He may be tickled with the fulsome adulation of a few parasites, who extol his firmness, his promptitude, his decision, and so forth. But a minister called to wield the destinies of a mighty empire like England, will only commit blunder upon blunder, and plunge from one absurdity into another, if he substitutes energy, as it is called, for deliberation, knowledge, caution, patient investigation of complicated interests, and a comprehensive view of all their artificial bearings. It is a fine shewy exploit, to cut the gordian knots of a nation's welfare; but woe to the nation which is the subject of such a Drawcansir policy. Give us men who know, or who may be supposed to know their business. We are no believers in the doctrine of intuitive wisdom. It was well said, by a philosopher of antiquity, that no man considers himself competent to exercise the meanest handicraft calling, without first learning it; but every man fancies he knows how to govern. We should have been sorry to see Lord Liverpool, or the Marquis of Londonderry, or Mr. Canning, leaving Downing Street, to lead our armies to battle, instead

of his Grace; and we are equally sorry, and for precisely the same reason, to see his Grace in Downing Street. The laurels of Waterloo, and the Peninsula, have already withered in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Treasury.

A writer, whose sentiments we have already quoted, (Fletcher of Saltoun, and we wish we had a few Andrew Fletchers among us now,) says, "It is the utmost height of human prudence, to see and embrace every favourable opportunity; and if a word spoken in season, does, for the most part, produce wonderful effects, of what consequence and advantage must it be to a nation in deliberations of the highest moment; in occasions, when past, for ever ir retrievable, to enter into the right path, and take hold of the golden opportunity, which makes the most arduous things easy, and without which, the most inconsiderable may put a stop to all our affairs?" It is this "word spoken in season," this "golden opportunity," that we would earnestly press upon his Grace the Duke of Wellington. It is now easy for him to do what he ought. Omitting to do so, he may find a sudden "stop put to all his affairs." The English nation are not yet reduced to the condition of having *nothing* remaining but the outward appearance and carcase, as we may call it, of their ancient constitution. The spirit and soul are not yet fled. Jealousy for public liberty is not yet vanished. Let him renounce his own ill-advised prosecution for libel. Let him, for once, exercise wisely, that sovereign, dictatorial authority, which his flatterers ascribe to him as a virtue, that firmness and decision, so childishly vaunted by them, and command that all the other state prosecutions be abandoned—(for state prosecutions they are, however they may be veiled under the seeming appeal of individual injuries,)—and he will at once destroy the strong and growing suspicion which now prevails throughout the country, that he is the enemy of public liberty in the exercise of its dearest franchise, the freedom of the press. We warn him not to confirm that suspicion, even though he may know his own intentions to be "pure as unsummed snow." A wise man aims at two things: to do no wrong, and to do nothing that may make him suspected of wishing to do wrong. The nation looks with a moody brow, and an angry eye, at what is going on. It is patient, because it is slow to believe in what it will not brook. But "beware the fury of a patient man." It will not see itself gagged. It will not submit to be stripped of the first right of a free people, that of speaking aloud its opinions of its rulers. There is no slavery so galling as the slavery of the mind; none so dangerous; for pent-up thought, *when* it bursts loose, is like the volcano, it spreads destruction far and wide. The French Revolution was a signal and a terrible example of redemption from this kind of thralldom. There was a long arrear of oppression to settle, and we know how the accounts were balanced.

We have shewn, in the cases cited from the Court of Star-Chamber, how morbidly sensitive the public men of that day were to the gentlest breath of public opinion, and how fiercely they guarded themselves from the most tender handling of the profane vulgar. Why was this? Were the people prone to exercise an insolent privilege? Was "the age grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant came so near the heel of the courtier, he galled his kibe?" No. But there were rottenness, and decay, and foul sores, in the higher ranks, and they shrank from

the wholesome contact of popular scrutiny. Corruption had tainted the church, the state, and the court; it lurked under the sanctity of the mitre; it sullied the brightness of the coronet, polluted the judgment seat, and infected the palace. Hence a whisper, a rumour, a jest, a laugh,—nay, a shaking of the head, were seditious, scandalous, and dangerous libels, because they might mean more than they expressed; and though they meant nothing, they could not fall at random, even, without wounding somewhere. We will not say that the same causes are producing the same effects now: but we will say, that for some reason or other, there is a striking resemblance between the two periods, in the diseased sensibility which is manifested upon the subject of libels.

With regard to the Duke of Wellington, we are unfeignedly sorry for his Grace. We sincerely regret, on his own account, the step he has taken. What can he expect to gain from it? We have no doubt he would repel with scorn the imputation of acting from vindictive motives. He would not allow it to be supposed for a moment that he is seeking to make the law an instrument of personal vengeance. It is not, because, from the disparity of rank, he cannot call Mr. Alexander out, that he resorts to a court of justice. No, no! We spontaneously reject, for him, so degrading an idea. It is his CHARACTER then, he defends. Good God! The Duke of Wellington soliciting a certificate of good character from twelve decent and respectable tradesmen! The Duke of Wellington, in his capacity of Prime Minister of England, requiring that John Jones, Peter Smith, Robert Snooks, George Clarke, William Scroggins, Henry Thomson, Joseph Jackson, Stephen Pringle, Thomas Cook, Anthony Miles, Paul Baker, and Matthew Crump, should declare, upon their oaths, that he, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, is *not* “proud, overbearing, and grasping;” that he is *not* “dishonest;” *not* “unprincipled;” and that he is *not* “capable of a design to overturn the throne, and prostrate the laws and liberties of England!!!”

And when these Areopagiti, with clean shirts and cravats for the nonce (clean hands are not insisted upon), have duly perpended all the evidence in support of his Grace's good character, submitted to them, and shall pronounce, *if* they do so pronounce, that in their opinion he, the said Arthur Duke of Wellington is a very “humble, meek, and self-denying” sort of person, that he is remarkable for his “honesty and upright principles,” and that he is utterly “incapable of forming any design to overturn the throne, or prostrate the laws and liberties of his country;” when, we say, those twelve respectable shop-keepers have duly delivered this judgment in favour of his Grace (though it is utterly beyond our comprehension how they can really know any thing about his Grace's character, capacity, or designs), what end does he accomplish? If there be one man in the kingdom, from the palace to the cottage, who thinks his Grace *is* what he has been described, will that man's opinion be altered, because a dozen obscure individuals, put into a jury box, say he is *not*? On the contrary, will not every man in the kingdom, according as they may be his friends or his enemies, weep or laugh, at such an expurgation? Verdicts for defamation are well enough adapted to punish long-tongued scolds, whether in petticoats or breeches, and they are a useful sort of fuller's earth to take stains out of homely reputations: but they are not the fit application for removing blots from the escutcheon of nobility. There is only one really competent tribunal

in England, whose solemn decision could suitably annul or confirm an impeachment of his Grace, as prime minister, and that is the high court of parliament. It is a maxim of our laws, that every man shall be tried by his peers, or equals. The Duke of Wellington voluntarily puts himself upon his trial; but a jury in Westminster Hall are not his peers. What can *they* know about *his* designs to “overturn the throne, and prostrate the laws and liberties of England?” What can they know of his “dishonesty,” or want of “principle,” in the policy he adopts? For it is to this the epithets apply; it not being intended, we presume, to establish by evidence on the part of his Grace, that he never picked a pocket, or defrauded a creditor. We might go further, and ask, what can they know of his pride, &c., but that it would look like mockery, to suppose his Grace really means to contend no man in England shall dare to say he is proud, whatever he may think. Lastly, (and this is not the least important consideration for his Grace), does it value one straw, as far as character is concerned, whatever a jury may declare (supposing they were every way qualified to decide upon the merits of his case), so long as the law declares that TRUTH ITSELF IS A LIBEL? In fact, and with the observation we conclude, there is not a conceivable advantage that can accrue to his Grace personally from this proceeding; while viewed in connexion with other proceedings, it must tend to create an impression throughout the country, that the principles of his administration are hostile to the liberty of the press. We avow this to be our own impression; we know it to be the general impression; and therefore, while we can hold a pen, our firm but temperate and unqualified opposition shall not be wanting to avert so signal a calamity. M.

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 MEMORY.

SPIRIT! whate'er thou art that comest nightly,  
 Floating amid my dreams with looks of love,  
 And eyes that speak unutterable things,  
 And fair cheek tinted with a paly blush,  
 Fainter and softer than the blush of life—  
 Why dost thou mourn? Can Sorrow find a home  
 In the immortal sphere which is thy dwelling?  
 When the night comes, thou comest like the moon,  
 Pouring a still and melancholy light  
 Upon my troubled visions—like the ray  
 She pours upon the dark and stormy clouds  
 That rack along the solitary sky.  
 Why dost thou mourn? On thy marmoreal brow  
 Sits the sad twilight of departed days,  
 And in thine eye a voiceless sorrow dwells,  
 The fixed, still glance of monumental grief,  
 Whose silence speaks for ever to the heart.—  
 Alas! I know thee now.—Oh, MEMORY!  
 Shadow of joys that never can return!  
 Leave me—and come no more!

BUT!

How many pangs that rend the heart, are centred, sometimes, in one little word! How sad a preparation for sorrow and disappointment lies, too often, in that which is here selected!

The forlorn widow, with her orphan children, breathes her necessitous prayer for aid in the ear of some rich relative, who listens as patiently as if he only desired to know the full extent of her wants; and her eye beams with the kindling ray of hope.

“I am, indeed, grieved to find that you are so distressed. I had not the least idea my brother had left you and your children so destitute. You must find it a hard struggle, I am sure, to provide for so many mouths, to say nothing of clothes, and other unavoidable expences. (A heavy sigh, and a gathering tear, acknowledges the sad truth). I wonder you are able to manage at all, when every necessary of life is so dreadfully dear; and it would be a great satisfaction to me if I could do any thing to assist you; *but*—”

He need not have said another word. The blow was given. The kindling beam of hope was quenched by the tears that followed this chilling harbinger of disappointment. What did it avail her to know that the stream of bounty *might* have flowed, “*but*,—he had a large family himself, who were becoming very expensive—the times were bad—money was scarce—he had experienced heavy losses”—and all those other selfish reasons, which a cold heart nourishes, as the safeguards of a close pocket.

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Look at the thin grey hairs, whose struggling locks curl round the scar upon that veteran brow, where the yet full blooded veins and arteries show their meandering course in dark blue lines! He holds in his hand a letter, which he has read only half through. He has worn a sword for half a century; and in every clime he has drawn it with honour to himself, and with advantage to his country. He might almost number the years he has lived, by the battles he has fought; but there needs no arithmetic to count the rewards he has received. He was a lieutenant, when, in his first campaign, he was cut down by a blow from an enemy's sabre, and left for dead on the field: he is a lieutenant now, and reduced to half-pay, while many minions of fortune, who slept in their cradles when he was watching at an alarm post, or mingling in the shock of arms, have purchased, by money, or by ducking, that advancement, for which he could pay only with his blood. But though there was value given, he could never write value received.

And that half finished letter—what is it? An answer to a memorial which he had sent in to the commander-in-chief's office, setting forth his claims to promotion upon the ground of length of service and severe wounds. He had waited long and anxious for it, believing that his case was one which entitled him to the favourable consideration of the Horse-Guards. Hope deferred makes the heart sick; but what medicine is there for the disease of hope destroyed!—This was his answer:—

“Sir, your memorial has been laid before the commander-in-chief, and I have it in command to inform you, that the prayer of it has received every attention. The length of service which you mention, as well as the arduous nature of that service, together with the many

wounds which you have received, and the high testimony borne to your merits by the distinguished officers under whom you have served, are, all of them, circumstances which give you an undoubted claim to the gracious consideration of his Majesty; and the commander-in-chief would feel great pleasure in recommending you for promotion, *but*——”

“But,” exclaimed the veteran, as he folded up the letter, without finishing it, and put it in his pocket, while a faint flush tinged his rough soldier’s cheek, “I have *only* my deserts to back me—my *past* services to plead—and what are they when *no future* ones are wanted?”

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Your only honest, upright, respectable character in the world’s catalogue, is he who pays what he owes. There is no nobility like the nobility of the purse; no roguery to be compared with that which is ragged and pennyless. It will sometimes happen, however, that the man of thousands lets his thousands all slip from him, while he himself slips into debts which are a thousand fold greater than his means to discharge them: but—there is such a thing as *misfortune* to account for the *accident* in his behalf who cannot plead necessity. How fares the man who never had his thousand pounds, yet owes his fifty, with an insolvent pocket? Where are the accidents and misfortunes to speak for him, and open his prison door? Alas! there is only one tongue whose voice can be made audible, and that is a golden one; only one answer for his supplications, and that is a receipt in full. His creditor is an adept in nice and subtle distinctions; a master of metaphysical ethics. He would never have adopted proceedings against him, *but*—he considered himself ill used; the ill usage, correctly translated, consisting simply in the fact that he had not been paid; and he would willingly drop the business *ow*, *but*—it is in his lawyer’s hands, and he cannot interfere. This, too, requires translation, when it reads thus:—“I shall be satisfied with any thing that satisfies my solicitor; and I have told my solicitor he is not to be satisfied with any thing except the money.”

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“Another day has passed,” exclaims a wretched criminal, whose hours are numbered, as he casts himself in anguish upon his bed. He has been condemned to die for forgery; and the day of his execution is appointed. He is no common victim of offended justice—one who has always had the halter round his neck; and accounting every hour he lived a triumph over the gallows, for which he had long been ripe. He is a husband and a father; and, till the commission of the crime for which his life had been declared forfeited, his name was high, and his credit, like his name, upon the public mart, where “merchants most do congregate.” His friends deplore—his miserable family bewail—his fate. It is a heavy and a bitter penalty, to pay down at the close of a life which has stretched through half a century, for an offence that has many mitigating circumstances to soften all its darker shades.

The prayers of his wife and children, the intercession of his friends, the appeal for mercy, even from his fellow-citizens who declared him guilty, have made themselves heard at the foot of the throne.—There is hope! When is there not for the wretched? In vain the tongue denies her presence: she lingers in the heart, till that which stills its last throb, stifles her voice of promise. But “another day has passed,” and there are no tidings of that which is to determine how many days more remain for the anxious supplicant in this world. To-morrow comes,

to him for whom, perhaps, there shall only be another to-morrow; and with it comes the dreaded certainty of the worst. His intercessors are told that all their representations have been deliberately weighed—that the particular circumstances which were considered as discriminating the case of the prisoner from that of others doomed to a similar punishment, had been attentively reviewed—that they did, indeed, constitute a strong ground for the extension of mercy—that the learned judge who tried the case had been applied to, to refer to his own notes of it—and that great hopes were entertained of such a report upon all the circumstances submitted in behalf of the prisoner, as would have justified the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in advising his Majesty to extend his gracious clemency, *but*—”

What a dismal consequence was here to be gathered! In the whole vocabulary of the English language, was there a word, or a combination of words, capable of conveying a sharper pang to an already lacerated and bleeding heart, than this little *but*, which said to the living—thou art to die—and to the afflicted—thou must mourn?

These are some of the darker scenes of human life connected with this important monosyllable; but we find its unwelcome face staring upon us from a thousand nooks and corners. The author takes up the *Quarterly Review*, or the *Monthly Magazine*, to read the criticism upon his last work. His eye sparkles with delight at all the positive excellencies that are enumerated; and though they outnumber, ten to one, the drawbacks that are brought up, in the rear, as a *corps de réserve*, under the command of this same “*but*”—the very appearance of the work gives a shock to his nerves, worse than that of the torpedo. “Mr. — is a vastly clever writer—great imagination—a fertile invention—considerable power of language, &c. &c.—*but*”—Why it is like one of Grimaldi’s trick in a pantomime, who bows and scrapes to the fine gentleman, puts his hand to his heart, shakes his head, and looks ineffable politeness: then, the moment he turns his back, salutes him with a kick—*cætera desunt*—Anglicé, I must be *decent*. What lady could endure to be told, “You have fine eyes—a charming complexion—exquisitely white teeth—*but* —?” What lawyer, even though he were the Lord Chancellor—“Your legal knowledge is great—your talents are undeniable—*but*—you are without principle?” What actor, that he has ninety-nine requisites for the stage, *but*—that he wanted the hundredth? What artist, that his pencil united all the various styles of Correggio, Rembrandt, Claude, and Raffaele, *but* —? What Sunday newspaper-maker, that he can use the scissors, *but*—not the pen?

In short, I know not any way of making this ugly word agreeable. A bum-bailiff might as well attempt to introduce his friends John Doe and Richard Roe, as two sentimental gentlemen, fond of retirement, and soliciting the company of those who have already spent too much, to spend a few weeks with them at their country-house in St. George’s Fields. The poet laureat is the only man I know who has no reason to find fault with his “*but*”—and that is merely because it is spelt with two *t*’s instead of one; *but*, after all, I must confess I have made it my own *butt*—and *but* for that, I should not have written what I have.

B. U. T.

## PROTESTANT COLONIES OF IRELAND.

SOMETHING must be speedily done for Ireland ; and is not to be done by the feeble, or the factious, or the hypocritical quackeries that have till now been suffered to tamper with a country most liberally endowed by nature, and impoverished only by the absurdities of her superstitions and the guilt of her popular disturbers. No country upon earth has exhibited so stern an evidence of the fatal power of man to counteract the bounties of heaven. The soil of Ireland has been proved by the clearest experiments to be, acre for acre, superior to that of England ; yet five millions of acres in Ireland are at this day as undisturbed by plough or spade as if they lay under the pole. Her seas abound with fish, and some of the finest fishing banks in the world are within sight of her shores ; yet the Irish peasant on the first failure of his potatoe dies of hunger. The summers are the most temperate in Europe, the winters the mildest—cattle can remain unhoused from January to December—yet there are more famines in it than in Siberia. The people are naturally hardy, easily subsisted, and singularly vigorous, laborious and intelligent, when we consider their opportunities ; yet one fourth of them are paupers, and another fourth banditti, and almost all restless, insubordinate, and embittered against law and government. The face of Ireland is singularly picturesque, yet eminently adapted for all purposes of commerce and communication, by its general level. No point of the land is a thousand feet above the plain ; and no land in Europe abounds so much in chains of lakes, in rivers flowing in different directions, and in a perpetual supply of water. Ireland might be made a country of water-communication through its whole length and breadth ; yet it has but two canals, and those two in the most embarrassed condition. Ireland has more harbours for ships of the largest size than the whole of Europe ; the single western coast containing for two hundred miles but a succession of the most magnificent harbours. It is the nearest coast to the whole western world, to Portugal and Spain, to the Mediterranean, to the whole navigation of the immense regions south of the Straights of Gibraltar. The west coast of Ireland is the first made by every sail from India, Africa, and the Americas. It has been ascertained that before a vessel from the port of London gets out of soundings, a vessel from the west of Ireland may reach America. Ireland seems, by its position, by its western harbours, and by the facility of communication over every part of its surface, to have been actually intended as the great centre of intercourse between the old world and the new. It is large, containing 36,000 square miles ; of all this space the indentings by harbours and arms of the sea are so numerous, that it is distinctly stated that there is not an acre above fifty miles from the sea. But its eminent superiority as a centre of intercourse between Europe and the western world, is shown by the fact, that as if by the manifest intention of Providence to point out its purposes, the narrowest portion of Ireland is exactly the line between the middle of its eastern coast and its western. From Dublin to Galway is but an hundred miles. The merchant breakfasts on the shores of the Irish Channel, and sups on the shores of the Atlantic!—yet Ireland has no manufactures, no trade, no intercourse with foreign wealth ; for it would be only a burlesque to call by the name of trade its exportations of bullocks and potatoes to the single port of Liverpool. The only active trade of Ireland is in paupers and members of parliament. But

the power which the due cultivation of the means of Ireland might give to the resources of England, is all but incalculable. It was lately ascertained that the steam-boat from the west coast might make the American coast in ten days; and, by a canal across Ireland, manufactures embarked at Liverpool might be delivered in America on an average of a fortnight's passage; thus obviating the accidents of the voyage down Channel, the contrary winds, and almost rendering the transmission a matter of as much accuracy and safety as the transmission of a letter by the mail-coach. Yet Ireland has remained to this hour the poorest and least cultured country in the civilized world. Abounding in mines of every metal and mineral, the people are beggars; abounding in coal, they perish of want of fuel; abounding in lime-stone, which the agriculturist knows to be but another name for the material of the richest fertility, the peasant starves in the midst of his fields, and might well envy the happier sheep and bullock that they feed. To what is this monstrous abuse of the bounties of Providence owing? The man who has ever travelled through the "States of the Pope" cannot be at a loss for the answer. But in Ireland the abuse of the bounty is still more glaring from the excess of that bounty. The gross superstition which has at once enfeebled and embittered the peasant mind—the invidious scorn of the laws of a Protestant empire—the reckless habits engendered by a religion which gives absolution to every crime, and holds out the Protestant master as at once an usurper and a heretic—the perpetual fanaticism engendered by the Popish priesthood, a race of incurably vulgar, ignorant, and corrupting teachers—have made Ireland for ages alike a burthen on the English legislature, and an exemplar of the spirit of Rome.

With this conviction irresistibly impressed on our minds, we rejoice at the announcement of an intention on the part of the true friends of the country to meet its evil fully, to check the corruption of the fountain, and, by the great measure of establishing and sustaining Protestantism in Ireland, overthrow the rebellion that is the body and life, the most unwearied impulse, and the most triumphant achievement of Popery. For this purpose, the Protestants of the empire are called upon to assist in forming Protestant Colonies in the waste lands of Ireland. We leave it to the proposers of this illustrious measure of patriotism and benevolence, to express their object in their own words:—

It is proposed—That a fund shall be raised by subscription for the purchase of uncultivated lands, on which to locate a certain number of families of helpless and indigent Protestants; this, the committee are of opinion, will increase the moral and physical resources of Ireland, diminish pauperism, prevent the introduction of poor laws, put an end to emigration, and give the Orange Institution a preponderating influence in every county in Ireland.

A contribution of six shillings annually from every Orangeman, will produce an income of 60,000*l.*, which, agreeable to the plan laid down by the society in Holland, would enable the institution to provide for one thousand Protestant families every year, and which sum would be gradually repaying (to the institution) with interest for sixteen years, at the expiration of which time the entire sum advanced would be again the property of the society, together with the ground thus reclaimed, the buildings, &c., thereon.

The success which has attended the colonization of the poor in Holland, convinces us that the adoption of the same system will, in Ireland, be attended with the same results.

In Holland upwards of thirty thousand wretched paupers, colonized on its

waste lands, have, under the influence of this system, become an independant, and industrious, and a religious people.

In Ireland the soil is more fertile, the resources more abundant, the winters less severe, the extent of waste land greater and more eligibly circumstanced, the Protestants not less poor, nor more untractable than in Holland.

The administration of the funds to be confided to the Grand Orange Lodge.

The families to be located to be recommended by the lodges to the District Lodge—if approved of by the District, to be forwarded to the County Grand Lodge—and when sanctioned by it, to be transmitted to the Grand Orange Lodge for final approval.

The County Grand Lodge to maintain a superintendence over the colonies established in their county.

As soon as sufficient funds shall have been collected to enable the Grand Lodge to commence operations, a portion of waste land shall be purchased sufficient for the establishment of a colony. On this the necessary buildings for conducting the business of the establishment are to be erected. This colony shall be divided into a certain number of farms, on each of which a slated dwelling-house shall be built from the funds of the society.

In each house two families of destitute brethren shall be located, subject to such regulations as may be hereafter adopted.

These shall be relieved by the institution from the bitterness of present want, and prepared, by the promotion of moral and intellectual cultivation, to take a higher place in future in the scale of their fellow-countrymen.

The relief shall be administered with a constant care to avoid, and the fullest sense of, the evils to which indiscriminate charity is usually exposed.

It can alone be obtained by their own labour—no encouragement is therefore offered to idleness. The comforts to be enjoyed shall be proportioned to the industry employed—a constant stimulus is therefore given to exertion.

Good conduct and industry on the part of the Colonists will obtain for them the privilege of purchasing from the Institution the Farms on which they reside, subject to certain conditions, and at a nominal rent. A system of rewards and punishments thus applied, aided by the education of the young and ignorant in the principles of religion and good conduct, and a particular acquaintance with habits of trade and agriculture, will be calculated to raise those to whom it is applied to a condition to provide for their own wants, to yield obedience to the laws, and a good example to their fellow-countrymen.

We have not allowed any speculation to divert us from a rigid adherence to the system which the experience of more than ten years in Holland, and the sanction of practical observers of its benefits, have confirmed.

We recommend that the institution should never advance a step beyond what their means afford and their previous success authorise. Thus they never can be placed in a situation from whence they can only advance with loss or retire with discredit.

With our brethren it lies to give power to make the experiment. The sum required from each individual would not be missed if abstracted from the amount now bestowed in indiscriminate, and, therefore, unprofitable charity.

In a single colony in Holland there were two hundred orphans, independent of the families located. A careful examination of them by intelligent visitors produced the conviction that the food in the colonies was equally excellent, the appearance of the children more checrful, their occupations more healthy, and their education better calculated to promote their progress in after life, and their eternal happiness, than the system followed in towns, in the ordinary orphan hospitals, and in the parish schools.

The benefit proposed is great—the risk none. If the waste lands and pauperism which now encumber the country, without the prospect of benefit, and with the certainty of increase, shall be made to contribute wealth and strength to the state; if the burthen of the poor be diminished, and the diseased wretched portion of our brethren be converted into a healthy, a happy,

and a religious people (and all this has been confirmed to Holland); and if the Grand Lodge can effect it in Ireland, they will feel the proud satisfaction that they have not abused the trust committed to their charge.

*Average Estimate for Two Families.*

Buildings on each farm .....	£25	0	0
House furniture and implements of husbandry .....	14	0	0
Clothes .....	12	0	0
One cow .....	6	10	0
Seed for first year, and the cultivation of each farm....	24	0	0
Advances in provisions, first year .....	7	10	0
Other advances .....	6	0	0
Flax and wool for manufacturing .....	15	0	0
Ten acres of waste ground .....	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£120	0	0

In the report of the annual produce and expenditure of the Colonies, the return of annual surplus for each family of produce over the expenses is calculated *8l*. In conclusion, we suggest that copies of this our Report be forthwith forwarded to each Lodge, and to the Protestant Nobility and Gentry.

(Signed)

N. DE CROMMELIN,

Grand Master, County Down, Chairman.

Approved,

ENNISKILLEN,

ALDBOROUGH, } Deputy Grand Masters

of Ireland.

All Communications to be addressed to the Deputy Grand Secretary,  
JOHN PATTERSON, Esq.

118, Grafton Street.

With the establishment of the principles of Protestantism in districts where they will be neither disturbed by the hostility nor corrupted by the contact of the popular superstition, the natural consequences of industry, civilization, and subordination will follow. And among these will be prominent a system of closer connexion of interests and feelings between the landlord and tenant, and an improved system of poor laws. High rents are at this hour the great palpable evil. The immediate causes that induce apathy, disease, idleness, and crime in Ireland, are the exorbitant rents. As there are some persons who still persist in denying this palpable truth, we may refer them to the following high authorities, in proof that this is, and has been the case since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Edmund Spencer says, "The landlords there (in Ireland) most shamefully rack their tenants."—*State of Ireland, Works, vol. 6, p. 33.*

Dean Swift says, "The rents are squeezed out of the very blood and vitals, and bowels of the people, who live worse than English beggars."—*View of the State of Ireland, Works, vol. 6, p. 159.*

Archbishop Boulter says—"Here the tenant has for his share too often but a fourth or a fifth."

The Right Hon. J. Fitz Gibbon, Attorney-general, says, "That the peasantry are ground down to powder by enormous rents."—*Speech, 1737.*

"Exorbitant rents," says Newenham.—*Inquiry, &c. p. 15.*

"Exorbitant rents," says Dr. Woodward.—*Argument in Support of the Poor, p. 15.*

"Exorbitant rents," says Curwen, vol. 2, p. 32.

"Exorbitant rents," says the Report on the State of Ireland, 1 p. 50, 2 p. 414, 4 p. 638.

This system of extorting high rents, is effected by either attorney agents, who not merely exact those rents, but availing themselves of the misery of the wretched peasantry, involve them in litigation; or by land jobbers, or undertakers who take land to sub-let to the poor.

This has been the origin of the Rockite system, of the Levellers and Whiteboys, in 1760.—*Vide* Gordon's History of Ireland, vol. 2. pp. 240-1—in 1763 and 1764; of the Hearts of Steel—Campbell's Survey of Ireland, p. 304; of the Night Boys, in 1786.—Gordon's History of Ireland, vol. 2, pp. 299-300; of the insurrection in Limerick.—*Vide* Right Hon. Charles Grant's Speech, April 22, 1822, who says, that "the commotions that have for the last sixty years desolated Ireland, have all sprung from local oppression;" and Mr. Nimmo, a Scotchman, and scientific engineer, who for eleven years has resided in Ireland, and employed the people in public works in almost every district of that country, says, in his evidence on the state of Ireland, p. 290: "The landlord in Ireland has GREATER POWER than in any other state I know; he is not bound to protect the tenant in case of distress or starvation, as he is in England, or in countrys such as Livonia and Germany, where they cultivate the land by predial slaves, or as the negro slaves in the West Indies."

In 1821, the landlords of Ireland exported six million's worth of food while the people were starving, and England subscribing 300,000*l.* for their relief; in 1826, 60,000 persons (a third of the population of the city of Dublin) passed through the fever hospitals. Messrs. Foster, Dickson, and Strickland, have distinctly stated before the Emigration Committee, that the rent exacted in the western districts cannot be paid out of the land, but is in general paid by money made in England by the migrating peasantry.

The Irish, like the Israelites of old, have multiplied by misery; yet, in defiance of the petition of the people reiterating this statement, Mr. G. R. Dawson says that Ireland is improving. "The amount of the exports and imports of Ireland have increased," says this legislator; but if he had referred to their nature, he would have found that the exports of Irish cattle and butter have increased, whereby the labour of the people has been diminished, indicating in a ratio to the increase of population their increase of misery, for nearly the whole of this goes to pay the rents raised in proportion, or the arrears due.

The imports of English manufacture, partly made up by the poors-rate, indicate the decline of Irish manufacture; and existing facts bear out this assertion. The linen trade is rapidly declining in Ireland; for the import duty upon linen yarn from the Baltic (three-fourths of that manufacture where food is at the rate of ten shillings an acre) is but half a farthing a pound, whilst the import duty upon but one half of the English staple is 1*s.* 3*d.* a pound on cotton twist, and 1*s.* 7*d.* on woollen yarn. The silk and tabinet trade of Dublin, which once maintained a most comfortable and respectable body of artisans, are utterly destroyed; and since the repeal of the transit duties, thirty of the most eminent woollen manufacturers in that city have been ruined. Domestic manufacture is no more. As Mr. Dawson remarks, the comfortable stuff gown, the home manufacture of the female peasant, is supplanted by the idle and meretricious calico of Manchester. I have examined the bankrupt and insolvent calendar of Dublin, which brands with folly the assertion that Ireland is improving. It is most certain, that high rents

are extorted by 6,000 police, and 35,000 soldiers. Prosperous and happy Ireland!!! The remedy is simple. Let the law in Ireland, as in every civilized country of the world, compel the man who creates the misery to assist in mitigating it. Let a rate for the employment of the people in public works be imposed, proportionate to the idleness or poverty produced by the desertion and rapacity of the absentee. Since the peace three famines have swept Ireland.

We will now consider the remedies which may with facility be applied by government (as it has all the machinery at hand) to render the people of Ireland producers of food for England, and, in return, active purchasers of English manufactures.

Every civilized state in the world, except Ireland, has prevented the extortion of the landlords, by institutions, either springing from the nature of society, or established by positive legal enactments.

In Austria, great exertions are made for the poor.—*Vide* Reisbeck's Travels through Germany, p. 79; and Este's Journey, p. 337.

In Bavaria, there are laws obliging each community to maintain its own poor.—*Vide* Count Rumford's Establishment of Poor in Bavaria, chap. 1.

In Protestant Germany they are even better provided for.—*Vide* Hender's Tour in Germany, p. 74.

In Russia, the aged and infirm are provided with food and raiment by law, at the expence of the owner of the estate.—Clark's Travels in Russia. For others who may want, there is a college of provision in each government.—Took's Russian Empire, vol 2, p. 181.

In Livonia and Poland, the lord is bound by law to provide for the serf.—*Vide* Bavarian Transactions, vol. 3.

In Northern Italy and Sicily, the crop is equally divided between landlord and tenant.—*Vide* Sismondi's Italy. And the revenues of the church support the poor.

In imperial France, though the land had been divided by an Agrarian law, and cultivated, yet the Octroi, with other revenues, were devoted to the poor.

In Hungary, though feudal slavery gives an interest to the lord of the soil in the life of his serf, yet the law insists upon the provision of food, raiment and shelter. In Switzerland, though the Agrarian law is in force, and the governments purchase corn to keep down the retail prices, yet there is a provision for the poor.—*Vide* Sismondi's Switzerland, vol. 1, p. 452. In Norway there is a provision for the poor.—Clarke's Scandinavia, p. 637.

In Sweden, the most moral country in the world, the poor are maintained in the same manner as in England; a portion of the parochial assessment is devoted by law to education.—James's Tour through Sweden, p. 105.

In Flanders there are permanent funds, &c. for the sustentation of the poor.—*Vide* Radcliff's Report on the Agriculture of Flanders. And there are in the Netherlands seven great work-houses.

The Dutch poor laws do not differ much from our own.—*Vide* Macfarlan's Inquiries concerning the Poor, p. 218.

Even in Iceland, there is a provision for the poor.—*Vide* Han's Iceland. Also in Denmark.—*Vide* p. 292, Jacob's Tracts on the Corn Laws. In America there are poor laws.—*Vide* Dr. Dwight's Travels, vol. 4, p. 326. In Scotland the English system is rapidly extending;

and where the poor laws are not introduced, there are a great many of the miseries which are found in Ireland. *Vide* Evidence of A. Nimmo, Esq. before the Lords' Committee on Ireland, 1824. This gentleman thinks, that if they had been earlier introduced, Scotland would be now a richer country. He also states, that the average expence of supporting idle mendicants in Ireland, exceeds one million and a half annually, by the contribution of more than a ton of potatoes from each farm-house, to encourage a system of licentious idleness, profligacy, insolence, and plunder; and the grand jury presentments amount annually to a million. Strengthened by those authorities and examples, we propose the adoption of the following plan, for the productive employment of the people, which may also act as a salutary check upon the landlords.

1st, That the clergy be appointed permanent guardians of the poor; and that two annual overseers be elected by the parish.

2ndly, That to each district in Ireland, government appoint a civil engineer for public works, who will lay out and project productive means of employment, such as removing impediments to the navigation of rivers, lakes, &c., making canals, piers, public roads, &c., and who will report the utility and progress of the same to grand juries and Parliament.

3dly, That overseers be empowered to send any pauper, on application, who has no occupation, to those public works for employment, and to charge his wages to the town land or parish wherein he was born.

4thly, That all grand jury presentments, at present the fertile source of speculation, should be executed under the superintendance of the overseers and guardians of the poor, in their respective parishes.

5thly, That the assessment for labour in each town land or parish should be in proportion to each person's means, and thus the pressure would be diffused over a greater surface, and would stimulate all to exert themselves in providing private employment for the people, the rate may be limited at first to a certain poundage, and fines might be imposed on absentees when they neglect their duties as overseers, grand jurors, sheriffs, commissioners, &c.; and the amount thereof thrown into the labour fund.

This measure would prevent the land owner from exacting exorbitant rents, and force him to employ his tenants or pay their wages at the public works. He would of course find it his interest to diminish the amount of the labour rates by increasing the means of occupation, and the people would naturally respect the laws that thus protected them. The adoption of this plan would destroy sympathy for the criminal, for poverty or want of employment could no longer be pleaded in justification of crime. It would put an end to the system of combination, and in effect become a primary measure of police. It would be an insurance of life and property, and then, if ever, would British capital be invested beneficially in Ireland; you would not then hear of that frightful anomaly of famine and its attendant fever, in the midst of plenty. The waste lands, mines, fishing stations, &c. would be brought to a state of production. We are aware that the landlords will object to the proposition. The doctrine of M'Culloch, who recommends the neglect of public and social duty, and the withdrawal of all capital, as the best means of regeneration, or the doctrine of Malthus, are notions so agreeable to the mercenary and the indolent, that they could not fail to become popular with the superficial. Those doctrines, like those of Hobbes and Mandeville

in ethics, have a tendency to degrade human nature; and those who expound them, possess the rare merit of having reduced the noble science of political economy to that degraded state in which natural philosophy and chemistry were placed previously to the time of Bacon—the mere instruments of charlatans and visionaries.

The manufacture of cotton in Ireland has been attempted with varied success.—In the western, southern, and Leinster districts, its failure has been complete; in Belfast it is making some advance, but only as a substitute for the linen trade. That town has now become the shipping port for that trade, since Dublin has ceased to be its chief mart, but the establishment of the cotton trade there has arisen in a great measure from the misery of the people, for they live upon the worst species of food, and therefore give their work at the low rate of from two to four shillings per week—*vide* Third Emigration Report—for the benefit of the English or Scotch master manufacturer, who ultimately retires to spend his fortune in England, and in case of a stagnation of trade the workmen have no resource. Mr. Kennedy, in the third volume of the Manchester Transactions, has distinctly proved in an able memoir on the cotton manufacture, that a trade subject to such vicissitudes can not be permanent without a poor rate to relieve the workmen in times of stagnation, and the state of Manchester in the month of May 1826, has since fully verified his position. If the poor rate at that time had not afforded immediate relief until subscriptions were collected, a fearful insurrection must inevitably have ensued; and we are convinced, that without this provision, the introduction of machinery and other scientific improvements, would be productive of excessive misery; but the increased profits arising from machinery enable parishes to support those who are immediately injured thereby, and induce and enable the capitalist to seek employment of a higher nature for the people, and thus consumers are created for his manufactures. In every other part of Ireland the linen and cotton manufacture have failed. We can clearly prove from reason and analogy, that a rate for the employment of the Irish people on useful public works in Ireland, would act as a great exciting cause of the outlay of the capital (which is now drawn out of the country) in the productive employment of the people in *private* speculation, and would deter the land owners from making paupers by high rents, otherwise they would have to pay their wages at the public works. Two years since Lord Caernarvon stated in the House of Lords, “that he was an absentee from his estate, situated in some part of England: during *that time* he found that his rents were almost absorbed by the poor rates; but when he returned home, and gave productive employment to the parishioners, it encouraged industry and manufacture, so that at the time he spoke there were few paupers in the parish, and his rents were punctually paid.” If the absentee landlords of Ireland found their rents thus diminished, are there men who can doubt that the millions of waste acres, which lie uncultivated in their possession, would not speedily produce food for England, through the *waste* labour of a *starving* population? Can we doubt that boats and nets would be provided to sweep the shores of Ireland abounding with fish; for it is only by a stimulus of this description that they can be roused from their present state of cruel and heartless apathy. Is it possible that three famines could have swept Ireland if the land owners had done their duty in 1821?

Mr. Kennedy, in a paper on the Poor Laws, in the third volume of the

Manchester Transactions, states, that the land owners advanced considerable sums, and made great exertions to promote and improve the cotton trade, in order to relieve themselves of the pressure of the poor rates.

Have we ever asked ourselves this question? How comes it that the English absentee proprietors have comfortable English tenants, and miserable Irish ones? The reason is obvious. The landlord of the English tenant is bound to support him, if by high rent he makes him a pauper, or does not supply him with employment. Government know that more than a million and a half is extorted from the industrious in the shape of idle alms; they know the standing army of Ireland costs more than a million and a half; the police 300,000*l.*; the sums for the support of the poor in jails and hospitals are enormous. Let the rate for the employment of the people on public works be two millions annually for a certain time, for which there is a most ample and beneficial field. There are few or no quays to land goods upon the western coast of Ireland. The navigation of the large rivers of Ireland is impeded by bars, and thus the tributary streams submerge large quantities of land. If the canal at Newry were enlarged, it would open a steam navigation from the sea through Ulster, through Lough Neagh, which would thus be reduced to its summer level, and its waters be brought to turn flax and cotton mills in the town of Newry; in fact, every district presents sites for public works, which are obvious to the most casual observer. Two millions thus expended, would be economy compared to the present system, and would induce the upper orders of society to exert themselves in investigating the resources of Ireland. Mr. Griffith, the Royal Mining Engineer, has declared in his public lectures, that the south-west of Ireland, if properly worked, would be the greatest mining district in the united kingdoms. Mr. Beeld, another civil engineer of talent, from whose forthcoming Survey of the Resources of the West of Ireland, the public may expect much information, has stated, that last year a small company sent a few vessels, from Skerries, on the east coast, to the western coast of Ireland, who returned with ten thousand pounds worth of fish, principally cod fish. Sir J. Davis states, that "the Irish have great ability of mind and body;" they possess all the elements of industry; they are most desirous of employment, and their definition of a good gentleman, is that of a person who employs a great number of poor. There are in Ireland five million acres of waste land whose lowest elevation is 400 feet above the level of the sea; their best manure, limestone gravel, lies in central hills, with every facility to improvement by water carriage, and the chemical decompositions of peat soils are now well understood; so that such soils, to use the language of Mr. Aiken and Sir H. Davy, may become masses of manure. The peat soil of the south of Holland, which formerly resembled the bog land of Ireland, is now the garden of Europe.

The Report of the Bog Commissioners of Ireland, gives a long list of the successful attempts to reclaim the peat soil of Ireland; and Lord Palmerston has repaid himself in three years, and the land now lets for 30*s.* an acre. Let us suppose the people of Ireland, 1st, relieved from misery, or the fears of anticipated want by a public provision of employment, having naturally a respect for those laws which respected their condition, and all sympathy taken away from the criminal, by taking away all *excuse* for *crime*. Security for life and property being thus

obtained, and the land owners stimulated rather to employ the people in improving their waste lands, &c. than disposed to pay their wages for the public works, the produce of three million acres of waste land, at three pounds per acre per annum, would be nine millions' worth annually of agricultural produce, equal to the annual foreign agricultural import of England, which would be thus rendered independent of foreign supply; and instead of paying that sum in specie, as she does at present, the Irish would be rendered consumers of English manufacture, and thus increase her home market, which should be the first object of a wise legislature. If the proprietors of waste lands in Ireland will come fairly forward—give the people long leases, and let them at a rent proportionate to one half their yearly produce, so that each party would have a mutual interest in their improvement, as is the case in Italy, Sicily, and the South of France—*vide* Sismondi's Travels in Italy—and if they would also allow a primary expenditure of two pounds an acre, the people will willingly give their waste labour without any charge, in expectation of future independence; thus, waste labour, when applied to waste land, would become productive without any great outlay of capital. We may be asked, what is to support the peasants while thus employed? The same means that support them now, through nearly five months of idleness in the year. Any measure that would at the same time give employment to the Irish, check the rapacity of the land owners, and induce them to find private employment for the people, would equally benefit them, the Irish landlord and the people of England; for we are informed by the Third Emigration Report, that “the inevitable consequence of the spontaneous *emigration* of the Irish is to deluge Great Britain with poverty, and gradually, but certainly, to equalize the state of the English and Irish peasantry.” Hitherto public works have been carried on by government, by advances from the treasury; this has frequently induced landlords to increase the rent on the workmen, and to turn many adrift. In the same manner emigration would be an additional reason to pauperize the people, and then deport them at the public expence. No measure of this nature can benefit Ireland, unless it makes the results springing from the rapacity and indolence of the land owners immediately re-act upon their interest, and thus create a sympathy for the wants and condition of the people.

At the dawn of the Reformation, when those institutions arising from retributory superstitions, by which the foundation of charity partially compensated through ages to the poor for the rapine and injustice of the higher orders, were destroyed; we find the condition of the people of England, arising from those sources, to be a state of famine and insurrection, in the reign of Edward VI.—*vide* Hume, vol. 6, 136; and similar in every respect to the present condition of the people of Ireland, which is thus described by intelligent witnesses before Parliament:—

Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald informed the Committee on the Employment of the Irish Poor, “that he had known the peasantry of Kerry quit their houses in search of employment, offering to work for the merest subsistence that could be obtained—for two-pence a day; in short, for any thing that would purchase food enough to keep them alive for the next twenty-four hours.” Mr. Tighe mentions, that “the number of persons in Ireland supported by charity, is quite inconceivable; they must be supported either by charity or by pillage and plunder. To the want of employment I attribute every thing that afflicts and disgraces the

country.”—Report, pp. 158, 108. “In the part of the country (Cork) with which I am best acquainted,” says Mr. O’Driscoll, “the condition of the people is the very worst that can possibly be; nothing can be worse than the condition of the lower classes of labourers, and the farmers are not much better.”

The remedies best adapted to relieve the Irish from their present condition, are,

1st, Mr. Brownlow’s bill for draining, and for the better assurance of title to the purchasers of waste land in Ireland.

2nd, Mr. Brownlow’s intended bill for the ascertaining the boundaries, and for the enclosure of the waste lands.

3rd, An Act to amend the Irish anonymous partnership—Act 21 Geo. 3; and to render it efficient, so as to enable the capitalist to invest his money in the employment of the Irish with as little risk as possible.

4th, An Act to employ Irish paupers on public works under government district engineers, and to charge their wages on the town land or parish where they were born. Thus would be obviated two great evils and causes of degradation in the English system:—1st, The employment of the people for less wages than is just. 2ndly, The giving of money without employment.

3dly, An Act to facilitate and secure the sale of landed property in Ireland, by application to Chancery, instead of the expence and delay of private bills, which is very great since the Union.

Many insist upon education as a panacea for the disorders of Ireland. We deem it a dangerous experiment to leave the cure of its disorders to education *alone*; for you are only making the line of demarkation between the rich and the poor still broader, by rendering the latter still poorer; adding the wants of education to those superinduced by poverty, you fling a new poison into the bitter cup of indigence; you give a new weapon to the enemies of social order. The Irish peasant then may read that by *law* the English peasant is supported in old age, and sickness, and when out of employment; he then will compare these advantages with the want of them in Ireland, and will be rather disposed to consider the latter as *oppression* than the former as *folly*. He will then read the speech of some eloquent senator, perchance his own landlord, who will deplore the lot of the West Indian slave, for whom food, raiment, and shelter, are provided, though a hurricane should not leave a tithe of a harvest; he will read of nussions sent to the East and to the West, to improve the condition of strangers, who have never tilled the soil, or fought the battles of their benefactors; he will compare all this benevolence with his own condition. We have ever considered a legislative provision, which would insist upon employment of the people, to be a national insurance against the vicissitudes of trade, commerce, and war. It is paid ultimately by the operative classes, the great consumers of taxed articles, to whose productive industry the nation owes its wealth; and directly serves as a check upon that class who have indirectly made a monopoly of all the prime necessities of life by *Corn Laws*. Thus England is formed into a joint stock company, which, by its co-operation, and notwithstanding the high price of provisions, is enabled to undersell every other nation in the foreign market. That there are gross abuses in the English system of poor laws, none will deny; but they originate from that class who have the power to remove them.

There is a chain of three lakes in Calway very near one another—

Corrib, Mash, and Caira ; by cutting a gallery 3,000 yards long through a limestone rock between the first and second of those lakes, an interior navigation of 50 miles would be opened up, and 17,000 acres of land now under water would be drained. The cost of the gallery is estimated at 30,000*l.*, and the value of the land gained 330,000*l.*

By removing the bar of the Cashen river in Newry, you open a navigation of 30 miles, and drain 200,000 acres of waste land.

By removing a small impediment in the river of Lough Gara, a large tract of submerged land would be gained.

By removing the bar of the Shannon at Athlone, you could drain a large tract of land at Lough Ree.

Mr. Malthus and others have urged many objections against this only check upon the indolence, rapacity, and consequent tyranny of the upper classes of society :—first, that in England it produces an unnatural increase of the population ; yet the increase of the population of Ireland within the last half century, has been vastly greater than that of England. This disproportionate increase has arisen in a great measure from the non-existence of any such check upon the landlords, who subdivide their lands in order to obtain high rents. Another objection is, that it increases progressively the number of paupers. The fact is the reverse, for the number of paupers have decreased, though the population has doubled since 1688. At that time, Mr. Gregory King states, that the population was five millions and a half, and the number of paupers 1,200,000 ; in 1811 the population of England was eleven millions and a half, and the number of poor one million. He complains of the increased expence without any reference to the price of provisions—the change in the value of money—the comparative comfort of the upper orders—the fearful increase of the national debt by the American and French wars, and the consequent heavy pressure of taxation which falls upon the operatives as the most extensive class of consumers. But the only fair standard to try the poor rates, in this respect, is by the relation they bear to the contemporaneous income of the country. Trying them by this test, we find that the relative expence has decreased in an inverse ratio to the increase of the income of the country. In 1688 the income was 30 millions, the poor rate two millions, that is, fifteen to one ;—in 1811 the income was 300 millions, the poor rate eight millions, being in proportion of thirty-two to one. He likewise asserts, that this provision destroys industry. Why, the act of Elizabeth says—*employ* the people, or support them, as consumers of your property—then it is a tax upon the indolence and avarice of those who have capital to expend in the employment of the people, and will make no exertion for that purpose. This provision makes the upper classes of society industrious, who are least disposed to be so ; they are thus instigated to seek the real sources of productive employment for the people, which has raised the national income to 500 millions. In Ireland, where there exists no measure to insist on employment, half the nation is without it, and in a state of utter destitution ; their scanty supply of the worst species of food is to a great extent obtained by a licentious mendicancy, which generates habits, feelings, and vices, inconsistent with the well being of society.

Is not the first law of nature self-preservation ? If so, can Mr. Malthus conceive property or life secure surrounded by a starving multitude ? The first cry of the French Revolution was for *bread*. We conceive that a public provision for employment of the people would be

the great balance-wheel in the machinery of society. In Ireland it would be the best and most immediate tax on the absentee; it would give the people of Ireland a feeling of independence—it would prevent them from continuing in that state which induces idleness, crime, and disease;—it would make comforts necessities; and thus by supplying new wants, excite new exertions;—it would supply employment, and thus make them industrious. Wealth will then be created by productive labour, and capital *must* remain in Ireland to employ the people. The farmer, the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, &c. would then have a home market for their produce and goods. The rents of landlords must rise with the improvement of the country; the waste land, mines, collieries, &c. will be a new source of profit, and many who have become absentees, because Ireland, as she is, cannot be a happy home, will return to enjoy the peace and prosperity of their native land:—the waste lands will be brought into cultivation—the mines, with which the country abounds, will be worked—more attention paid to the local improvement of Ireland, at present shamefully neglected—the existing manufactures fostered and encouraged, the general condition of the people ameliorated, and if any measures detrimental to the country should be enforced, their *effects* will be *immediately* felt by those who, having a voice in the legislature, can best apply an immediate remedy.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Russians have done just as they liked with the Turk, while our hero, prince, dictator of Europe, and universal genius, has been whistling on his weekly way between Downing Street and Windsor, or busying his great soul with the capes and collars of his new regiment in “the blue uniform, with pistols and bludgeons to match,” or with little episodical visits to Doncaster, &c. A corporal of the guards could have done as much in the time, and England may rejoice that she possesses a premier who renders her at least no object of alarm to the most pacific hen-roost from Margate to Moscow.

The Czar is a manager of another kind. While orders, and ribbons, and buttons, the natural bait of boys, and old men past their understandings, were glittering in the eyes of the British navy, at once for the purpose of holding forth the wily Muscovite as a distributor of honours, and no doubt for the purpose of that happy confusion which it has produced—a confusion too that acted as a capital tub to the whale while the northern harpooner was waiting his moment; he sends down his battalions on the road to the Seraglio, breaks up the Turk's new fangled tactics, sends the Cossacks in full cry after the pachas, *culbutes* every turban of them, and halts at last only to give the Sultan time to throw away his scimitar and beg for his life.

In the mean time, where is the Magnifico, who rides on the neck of Mr. Peel, and says to Copley, “Thou art my wash-pot, and over Fitzgerald I throw off my shoe?” He sits in the solemnity of a plaster mandarin in a shop window, with the same complacent smile for ever on his cast-iron countenance, and the same happy tranquillity in his frame—“the world goes on well,” written in every line of his physiognomy, “and as long as I can keep my place, it may go which way it will.” What Sultan Mahmoud will say of this magnificent somnolency is another question. He may complain that when a Turk threw off his hereditary

indolence, it was rather unlucky that the Englishman should have learned nothing from him but his taste for opium. We wish that Mahmoud would write a book—he would be as well employed as if he had been scribbling notes to Mr. Curtis, and other black cloaked and pious correspondents of his Grace. What an animated account must he not give of the benefits of the alliance of England! First, a knot of notorious banditti among his subjects, bribed by the money of his notorious enemy, break out into rebellion; the banditti are hanged, routed, and beaten into mire in the first month, and there they must have remained, but for whom?—why, his dearest, oldest, most devoted, and magnanimous ally. The whigs declare that Greece is all one Marathon or Thermopylæ; that poets, orators, and indescribable geniuses are running to seed in every corner of this den of thieves; and that a national subscription, national agents, and national levies, are the true national offering, from a people who have been flogged from five years old to twenty, into turning Euripides into nonsense.—The Turks send out horse and foot; they find their ally in the front of the enemy's line: they send out a fleet; they find themselves battled by their ally, their ships burnt, their coasts left bare, their commerce torn up by the roots; and they are consoled by seeing the Russian bear hugging the British flag. The Russians pour down upon their fields; a fleet follows, supplies the march with men and musquets, batters their forts about their ears, and blocks up the Bosphorus; and where is the ally all the while?—magnanimously, with his hands in his pockets, lolling in his easy chair, and reading the Court Martial upon a Sir Something Coddington, a poor devil, whom one ministry turned into a cat's paw, and another into a screen. We may not easily conceive the writhing of the Mussulman moustachios while those paragraphs are rushing from his imperial pen. However he will have little else to do in future, and unless he takes a constable's pole, and mounts the "neat blue uniform" in the new gendarmerie, he may as well write his memoirs for the benefit of posterity.

But if this war prostrates the Mussulman, and puts an end to the foolery of supposing that the Strathfieldsay dynasty is fit for saving any thing but its own shillings, it will furnish at least a new grand tour for our travellers. And at this we unequivocally rejoice. We have for these ten years been sick of Italy; and turned with loathing from "orange groves, casinos, and prima donnas." Germany is, in the bibliopoliist phrase, an absolute drug, and of course had a legitimate right to make any one sick who attempted to swallow any thing on the subject. His Highness of Saxe Cobourg goes as far in the way of a German production as any thing we ever desire to see; and we could live for ever without a line on sour krout and the beer drinking brutes of the German colleges. But let our travellers run over to Asia Minor; they will now be neither sacrificed nor circumcised; their passport will not come in the shape of a dagger, nor their welcome in the sublime pilfering of purse and person by a pasha.

The march of the Russians is in itself a fine piece of geography.

"General Paskewitsch started from the western foot of Mount Ararat, with a multitude of Armenians whom the Grand Seignor's persecutions had made brave. Diadin is in his power. This place is a miserable borough, with a fortress and towers, and which commands the eastern stream of the Euphrates, whose waters run between two rocky and steep banks. The Kurds, who occupy this country, being informed that the sultan had turned ghaour, by

adopting the dress and customs of the Franks, ceased opposing the Muscovites. The Armenian priests, who have there a beautiful church, came out to meet their deliverers, who crossed in this place over the Euphrates on a very handsome bridge. In only ten days they conquered the district of Alaschquerd, a country situated between the Colchide, on the N. E.; Armenia, on the east; Mesopotamia, on the south; and Cappadocia, on the west. It was in this region, which by turn belonged to Armenia and Cappadocia, that the Russian general commenced the operation which led him to Erzeroum.

“This town is built upon a hillock, crowned with a bastioned castle, and lined with a few canons; the houses of the city are stone-built, with flat roof made out of beams covered with earth. Grass grows there, and sheep, goats, and asses graze in the centre of the city as they would in a meadow. On perceiving the inhabitants issuing from their dwelling-places, one might fancy they live in dens; but it is not the case, for there are very rich bazaars, bezetias, and caravansaries at Erzeroum. The bazaars are almost all covered with terraces, which afford a passage to persons on foot. There are staircases on both sides, so that when there is an impediment in a street by means of a bridge thrown athwart it, the way is not interrupted.

“The number of the Turks who inhabit Erzeroum amounts to about fifty thousand families: 5,000 Armenian families and 100 Greek families. There are a hundred mosques, with domes covered with lead, and crowned with gilt globes and crescents; and sixteen bathing-houses. The learned people here pretend that their city was founded and their vineyards planted by Noah. This, at least, is one of the traditions spread by the monks of Mount Ararat, who tell of a great many other prodigies.

“The commercial relations between Erzeroum and Constantinople were established through the port of Trebizond, upon the Black Sea.

“The distance from Erzeroum to Constantinople is three hundred geographical miles, in a straight line, which is equivalent to thirty days’ march for an army encumbered with baggage, and marching only four or five leagues a day.

“The country is in a perfect state of cultivation as far as Pourtroum, five leagues distant. Pourtroum is at about a league and one-third from the defile of Ak-kalch, which is commonly the resting-place of travellers when the country is not infested with banditti. The road from Pourtroum meanders for seven leagues through the mountains. The country is well wooded; no steep passages occur, although it be hilly; and it is in the very same state it was in the age of Mithridates. The fine village of Mamakotoum, remarkable for one of the most beautiful caravansaries in Anatolia, is situated at that distance.

“From Mamakatoum to Cara-Colaz twelve leagues, half-way you cross over the western Euphrates upon an eight-arched bridge, which joins the village of Manastos. The country is wooded and well cultivated. It was there that the vanguard of the Russian army, marching from the east to the west towards Constantinople, in order to envelop the sultan, and to overwhelm him from every quarter, halted at the time of the treaty.”

The dulness of the dullest month of the year, September, has been happily diversified by the absurdities of the high and mighty. The court-martial on Captain Dickenson, at the end of three weeks, came to its verdict in the following terms:—

“The court is of opinion that the charges have *not* been proved against Captain Richard Dickenson.

“That the charge stating that the ‘Account of the battle given in the *Genoa’s* log-book’, erroneously implies that the *Genoa* had three Ottoman ships of the line opposed to her on the starboard side and ahead, and a double-banked frigate astern, is *frivolous and groundless*.

“ That the return made by Captain Dickenson, that Captain Bathurst was killed in action, knowing that he did not die until many hours after the battle was over, was made without the *slightest* appearance of any improper motive.

“ That the charge stating that the *Genoa* continued firing after the battle was over, at the risk and to the probable injury of the allied ships, until hailed from the *Asia* to cease firing, was *vexatious*.

“ That the letter presented by Captain Dickenson to Sir E. Codrington, purporting to come from the crew of the *Genoa*, appears to be a petition, which was presented without any improper motive being imputable to Captain Dickenson; but, in presenting which, he was guilty of an impropriety, for which he has already received the reproof of his commander-in-chief.

“ And the court doth adjudge the said Captain Richard Dickenson to be honourably acquitted; and he is hereby honourably acquitted accordingly.”

The judgment of the court was received with loud applause; and Sir Robert Stopford, immediately after it was pronounced, rose and delivered to Captain Dickenson his sword, saying, merely, “ I have the honour of returning you the sword you have worn, which has not been dishonoured in the service.” The court was immediately dissolved.

So much for carrying things with a high hand in this world of accident. That Admiral Codrington, in his pride of blood-royal correspondence, thought that he might say any thing he liked, of any body, is quite clear; and that his letter, imputing blame to Captain Dickenson, was a very silly and impudent piece of penmanship, is perfectly undoubted. But that he was willing to get out of his charge in any way he could, after he having made it, and that he was desperately bored by finding that he was dragged into the middle of a public prosecution, where he had only intended to figure as an accomplished letter-writer, is indisputable. But he is one of those children of patronage to whose rise brains not being necessary, brains are omitted in their composition. He consequently tumbled from one boobery into another, until he was as fairly sloughed and horse-ponded as any blood-royal favourite within memory. Captain Dickenson was acquitted, of course. No jury of men, who knew their right hand from their left, could by possibility have found him guilty of even a shadow of crime. But an admiral found guilty of having brought charges *frivolous and vexatious*, is in a curious condition, and we shall probably have the whole “ go-it-Ned” correspondence, indulging the critics with the literary skill of that illustrious individual whom official overthrow did not render less submissive, and who took the first opportunity of his fling upon the ground, to creep on his stomach and lick the foot of the flinger.

Let the West Indians look to the coming Sessions. The military—civil—quarter master general—Secretary for the Colonies, is at work, and if legislation will do them good, they will have enough of it. The truncheon settles questions rapidly, and an orderly book is a capital code where the statute book is a nonentity. Once more, we say, “ Let the West Indians be awake.” They are shaking off their sleep, we will allow, but they must be broad awake, and that too without loss of time. Let them collect their friends, prepare their petitions, appeal to the nation; and, above all, show their enemies that they will

surrender nothing, through mutual distrust or party sycophancy. The tiger never faces man who keeps his eye upon him. "Resist the devil, and he will fly from you." The maxim is on high authority. Let the West India proprietors remember it, and act accordingly. A few months more, and they will find that they will have to buckle on their armour.

Though his Majesty prefers making his residence at Windsor to letting himself be known in his capital, where not one five hundredth of his people know more of his royal presence than they do of the Emperor of China, yet the painters and engravers do their best to keep up the spirit of royal recollection. Colnaghi has just published a most magnificent engraving of his Majesty from the best picture that Lawrence ever painted of him. The King is in his robes of the garter, with the insignia, and looking the stately and handsome man that once made the first ornament of the court and still makes the last resource of the country. The conception is noble, the attitude bold and dignified, and the whole figure a combination of manliness and majesty. As a work of art, the engraving is a *chef-d'œuvre*, clear, brilliant, and forcible; the lights admirably brought out, and the shades rich and deep. The whole is *picturesque* in the highest sense of the word, and would be valuable merely as a fine object for the eye, even without the merit of resemblance. It must have cost the enterprising publisher a very formidable expence, and he has a right to expect all the remuneration that can be given to him by the loyal and tasteful patronage of the empire. With this matter we do not mingle. The artist and engraver of such works deserve that the value of their talents should be appreciated. But there is one point on which we think that no slight reprobation should be visited—the miserable spirit of extortion in which one or two popular artists are beginning to lay a double claim on their pictures. Formerly when an artist sold his work, it was *une affaire finie*: the business was closed, and the proprietor did what he liked with his property. But of late years, since the "Forget-me-Nots" and other annuals have sent engravers in pursuit of popular subjects, the painters have had the chicanery, and the name is not beyond the thing, to say, that though they sold the picture, they did not sell the right to have it copied; and they have actually in several instances made fierce battle with individuals who, from mere liberality to the publishers of those works, had allowed little sketches of their pictures to be taken. This however is mere vulgar coxcombray; and could go no further, if the noblemen and gentlemen who purchase pictures should peremptorily express their contempt for such impudent assumption. We know an instance in which a third rate artist had the impudence to write a letter to a man of rank, actually remonstrating with him for having lent one of his pictures to the publisher of an annual. The noble lord, who had originally bought the performance merely to assist a struggling candidate for bread, coolly told him, that he would suffer no silly interference of the kind; but that if the artist wished to cancel the purchase, he was welcome to take back his paltry picture in his hand. The puppy of the pencil instantly felt his foolery, and with some blundering apology for his presumption, slunk out of the house.

If Sir Thomas Lawrence has any care for the respectability of his profession, he will put an end to this disgusting eagerness for lucre at

once; and prohibiting his subordinates from being hucksters and pawn-brokers, will, by setting them an example in those matters, try to raise them to the position of gentlemen.

There is some promise of exertion among the leading painters for the ensuing season. The president is painting away vigorously, finding beauties or making them, and turning the hollow eyes and sallow skins that the winter has left among the fools of fashion, into flashes of lightning and buds of roses. He is a capital painter of Messalinas.

Shee has some powerful male portraits; and Turner is, as usual, revelling like a Leviathan in an ocean of colour. The Highlands are crowded with plunderers of lakes and heaths, sunlights and showers. Sharpe has a picture of "Crossing the Line," grotesque and clever. Witherington, whose painting of "Don Quixote and Sancho," at the late Somerset-house exhibition, elicited so much applause, is exercising his pencil on a picture in the higher department of the arts, from which much is expected. His picture of "The Soldier's Wife," painted for the Rev. Mr. Knapp, is, we believe, to be placed in Windsor Castle, his Majesty having greatly approved of it. Lance has in hand a festive picture for Fawcett, the comedian; and another, "The Robber shewing Gil Blas the Plunder of his Cave." The treasures of Rundell and Bridge have been open to his study. He has nearly finished a beautiful "Groupe of Fruit," for Mr. Wells. Where Landseer is we are ignorant, but his studies of *nature* we suppose are continued. Norton is engaged on a head of the "Duke of Clarence." Slous, the painter of "Pandemonium," has gone to paint an Elysium. Lee, the landscape painter, has taken a trip to the Rhine, to spend a few months in the Black Forest. Webster has retired to Windsor to complete his picture of a "Village Fair." Leslie is painting "Tristram Shandy making love to Tabitha Branble." Newton is painting a "Young Lady reading a Love Letter, and taking an Emetic." Haydon is painting a picture of "Coriolanus meeting Alexander the Great at the Tomb of Julius Cæsar in Constantinople." Wilkie is painting a portrait of "Mr. Peel in the disguise of a Black Footman, carrying in a Tea-kettle for a Treasury Breakfast." That clever animal painter Landseer has a capital picture of Mr. William Holmes whipping in members from the coffee-room, to cheer a falling minister's speech. The dogged reluctance of the whipped is said to be a fine effort of nature. The whipper wears the new police costume, and is looking for a new thong to his whip from the Master-General of the Ordnance. The whole is capital. Danby is painting a "Tea-Tray" for the Marchioness of Worcester, with a portrait of the late Marchioness in the centre. Westmacott is busy casting the Duke of Wellington in brass, from some tons of condemned ordnance. Chantry has excelled himself in a model of the Lord Goderich, as a lackey, with his finger in his mouth, and carrying a goose-pie into a Cabinet-dinner. The look of native simplicity is finely mingled with the official dignity of the menial.

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"There is nothing new under the sun." The characters of the successive generations are not half so changeable as the fashions of their doublets. We find this character of a duke, who afterwards ascended a throne. The duke was the pro-papist Duke of York, who afterwards was the King James II., of papist and unprosperous memory. The character was actually published in the century before the last, so

that it has the merit of antiquity, and written by an author of whom we have only the initials W. B. So that it was probably written by some lover of truth, who knew popery too well to trust it with the secret of an honest man's name.

THE DUKE.—“ He was the greatest hypocrite that lived in the realm of England, and knew no use of language, but, as the witty Italian said, for the disguise of his thought. He had a habit of lofty talking, which consisted of abrupt sayings and proud maxims, which he would deliver in a very solemn, and, as it were, passionate manner, particularly caring, however, that they were said only to those with whom he could take that licence without fear, namely, certain slavish lords about the court, and also commoners, for whom nobody had any sort of honour.

“ He was very liberal of what was not in his own gripe, and would rather part with one hundred pistoles he had not in his own keeping, than with one twenty shilling piece from his own pocket.

“ He was crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing any great man, or the change of a public servant, insomuch, that a very wise man was wont to say, that ‘ he believed him the wisest Duke in Christendom;’ thereby meaning him wise in small things, but a fool in weighty affairs.

“ In his early days he was, like James I., afraid of the sight of a sword; though this went off after, and he saw some fighting with foreigners; and when he came to the throne, there were enough to call him Hannibal and Alexander, and such like names; but wise men said that there was more luck in all this than nature.

“ He ever desired to prefer mean men to great places, that when he turned them out, they should have no friend to bandy with them; and, besides, they were so hated for their meanness, that every one held it a pretty recreation to have them often turned out.

“ One of his pleasantest tricks was to keep people waiting for dead men's shoes, whereby he made his flatterers many, and his expectants slaves. Thus was he wont to say, when he wished to keep men quiet—“ So and so is a going—or he hath a mortal disease—or his physician doth declare that nought but a voyage to the Western Indies can help,” or such like speech, to freshen their faith, tired by a too long disappointment. Thus he had at one instant three lords treasurers, four keepers, seven first secretaries, three chief justices of the king, one hundred bishops at the least, being more than double the actual and existent prelacy, two masters of the rolls, besides a mighty multitude of deans, counsel to the king, king's chaplains, judges, generals, and so forth, all willing to be servants to the king, though few of them, poor devils, ever tasted of the king's pay, so he had his use out of them, cheating them to their faces, whereat the people were well pleased. This I account one of his best devices.

“ He was always talking of himself as one of the poorest men in his own realm, and yet what he did with the large sums that he contrived to squeeze out of the people, no man can tell unto this day. He encouraged nothing in the way of the past monarchs of this great and gracious country, neither learned men, nor great divines, nor poets, nor famous men for handling the pencil, nor the like. But always getting and never giving, he was, nevertheless, always seemingly a beggar. Where his money went I wot not; though Sir Hildebrand Montague said, with a bold wit, ‘ that his prayers and his purse went together to the ———.’ ”

We feel our share of the national interest in the health, wealth, and happiness of that illustrious prince and pensioner, Leopold, of Coburg. We fully believe every instance of his study of the royal high Dutch virtue of saving, in every possible way. His "Highness!" has been publicly asked whether his gooseberries have paid as well this season as the last? Whether he can afford to lower the hire of his carts with his coronet upon them? And what is the least price at which he will be able to sell a waggon-load of brick-earth, before the building season is over? We profess ourselves rather inclined to admire the industry with which the illustrious pensioner makes his fifty thousands a-year meet all his demands, and allow him something for cigars at the end of it. A story has got into the papers about his refusing to continue a pension of the overwhelming sum of twenty-four pounds a-year to the widow of a coachman, who broke his neck in the Princess Charlotte's service. Sir R. Gardiner, who remains behind to take care of the illustrious pensioner's gooseberries and character, gave a sort of vague contradiction to the story; but it has been re-asserted on the testimony of the party, and it has so much the stamp of probability, that we fully believe it to be word for word true. Another little trait of character was couched in the story that Sontag, the prima donna of many names, had taken compassion on his finances, and lent him half her salary. He has gone, however, to the land of his fellow magnates, and still fame delights to hover round him.

The plea of bad health being abandoned as untenable, three other causes are assigned for the princely emigration—the first, that it is his Highness's intention to renew his homage in an imperial quarter, where, if report speaks true, it has already been rejected, but the field is supposed to be now more open by the demise of a redoubted Chamberlain; the second, that it is preliminary to the avowal of a *left-handed* marriage with a fascinating German vocalist; the third, that it proceeds from motives of economy, as the original *Res angusta Domi* is supposed to warrant a reduction of expenditure during a Continental sojourn, which would not be looked upon with a favourable eye in this country.

We hate the New Metropolitan Police, as it is called—the Downing Street Army, as it ought to be called. For its name when a year or two shall have fitted it fairly on the neck of the nation, we may wait without much chance of its being at all of a tenderer description. But we do not hesitate to pronounce the whole proceeding obnoxious to all our sense of what a watch and ward, for the fair purposes of preserving order and property, ought to be. It is not yet too late for the city to remonstrate. All are not like Lord Mayor Thompson and his fellow-gapers after baronetcies. There still are men in the city who can scorn titles, that when given for trimming and tergiversation, are only the surer marks for public scorn. To those manly citizens, we hold up the new police as it is, and let them but do their duty, and a straw for the Peels and Dawsons, and their tribe. Let them look to the official announcement, and see the Horseguards' spirit of the whole affair.

—“*New Metropolitan Police.*—The arrangements for the establishment of the new police are now far advanced. Westminster division will be the first in which it will be introduced. The *arms, clothing, and accoutrements*, are nearly finished. This division embraces thirteen very

populous parishes. The clothing of the superintendants, or superior officers, will resemble very much the *undress of the Coldstream Guards*—a blue frock with standing collar, ornamented with silver lace, the buttons exhibiting a crown and the word ‘police’ underneath. The Inspectors’ appointments will be of the same description, only coarser cloth. The Police-men will be armed with a *pair of pistols and cutlass*. Each man is to bear a number, by which he may be identified. The men will be bound to go round their respective posts every quarter of an hour. The Superintendent’s salary will be 200*l.* a year; the Inspector’s 100*l.*; the police *sergeant* 3*s.* 6*d.* per diem, and the private 3*s.* Amongst the successful candidates for the post of inspectors are several *retired sergeants of the guards*, whose uniform good conduct, and *habits of military discipline*, well qualify them for the situation. The total force, at least on the present calculation, will not exceed eight hundred men. No person, of whatever rank, will be allowed to engage in any other sort of employment. The inspector’s duty will be that which is at present performed by the night constables. The superintendants will take their reports in the morning, and lay them before the commissioners. The *sergeants will have to see that the men are on their posts*. It is expected that the duty will commence in Westminster on the 20th of the present month.”

Now, what, in the name of common sense, do we want with all this military fuss? Arms, accoutrements, undress of the Coldstream Guards, sergeants, cutlass and pistols, habits of military discipline, posts, parades, and the colonel at the top of the muster-roll! Is there a rebellion raging in London? Have the beacons been lighted on the top of the Treasury, to tell the dwellers beyond Temple Bar, that the Lords of the Council are besieged by General Diebitsch Cobbett? that General Paskewitch Hunt is coming with a hundred thousand manslayers over Westminster Bridge, and that they have but half an hour’s provisions and not a moustachio left unburnt among them? We see nothing of this yet with the keenest telescope.

Our declaimers lavish their eloquence on the Absenteeism of Ireland; but until fair words can wash out the recollections of an Irish residence, they but throw away their metaphors. We can conceive no happiness of speech sufficient to abate the nuisance of being regularly besieged by some hundreds of infuriated papist ruffians drunk with whiskey, bigotry, and blood, for six months in the year; and for the other six, venturing out a dozen yards from one’s own door only at the risque of never returning but a corpse; running every day much more hazard than a partridge on the first of September, and seeing in every third man we meet a sworn assassin, with his remission for all sins past, present, and to come, in his pocket, signed by the priest who has dined at your table every Sunday for the last twenty years; and never laying your head upon your pillow without the philosophical consolation, that being either shot or burned alive, is at worst a rapid conclusion to the troubles of suspecting every one, guarding against every one, being plundered by every one, and finally, falling a victim at last, with all your precaution. That an Irish Protestant, who was able to earn his bread by paving, or picking stones, or wiping shoes, in England, should fly from the great and glorious scene of liberality, emancipation, and sharp-shooting, we can feel as little wonder, as we are inclined to attach blame. If the case were our own, we should fly from the “Emerald Isle, the sweet gem of the sea,” as fast as four post-horses could carry us to the shore, and the Meteor steamer could carry us from it; with merely an Irish newspaper in our pocket, to pro-

duce as an irrefragable rebuke to the first coxcomb who attempted to dispute the wisdom of our proceedings. But there are classes of absentecism of another complexion. The following is a statement of the number of English now residing in France, according to the returns made by the different Police Authorities to the Prefect de Police at Paris:—Paris, 14,500; Versailles, 2,080; St. Germain, 150; Tours, 2,795; Bourdeaux, 965; Baréges, 80; Montpellier, 300; Marseilles, 120; Lyons, 60; Fontainebleau, 30; St. Quintin, 200; Dunkerque, 500; St. Omer, 700; Boulogne (sur mer), 6,800; Calais, 4,550; and in various other parts of France about 1,865; making a total of 35,695. Of this number 6,680 are mechanics. Their whole annual expenditure is, on the very lowest calculation, estimated at 95,885,500 francs, or 3,835,420 pounds sterling.

So much for France. But we have besides these 35,000, the multitude scattered through the Netherlands, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, at least as many more. And those 60,000 spend on the lowest average, between five and six millions a-year, drawn from the property of England, and scattered upon foreigners; with the gratifying recollection that they are scattered upon the very worst, most rapacious, and most insolent set among those foreigners, the inn-keepers and lodging-letters of every description; a race who actually count us among their rents, plunder us to our faces, and then *sacre* us through the eternal smoke of the vilest tobacco, to the bottom of their souls.

To starve this whole licensed banditti would be our supreme delight, and a single year of closing the continent against our foolish hunters for cheap living would exterminate them, like flies in the first frost. The wretches must then cheat no more, which would be double death to them; and before the year was out we should have the whole tribe of the Dessesins devouring each other, a revolt among the jack-boots, and a general overthrow and fugitation of Lions d'or, Swans argent, and blue bears, from Calais to Constantinople. Amongst those absentees we see no fewer than five thousand half-pay officers. What is the Horseguards about, while those heroes are spending the government money in this gallant style? Every soul of them should be ordered back instantly or cashiered. As to cheap living, if it is that which they require, they might find it as easily in any of our inland counties as in France. Devon or Cornwall, if they must waste as much money on journeying so far as they can, are far enough from London to satisfy an explorer of *terra incognita*. But they might make their abode in any country town of England on better terms than in any village, burgh, town, or city of France. As for the effect of this foreign sojourn on their character, the less that is said the better. It makes them unfit for all purposes of society. The spirit of foreign life is lounging, licentiousness, gambling; meanness, swindling, and infidelity; and six months of the yawning listlessness of a foreign town is enough to stain the heart and imbrute the understanding of the whole five thousand.

We have no doubt that in the present state of affairs the piety and purity of the Cabinet will be communicated to the Church, and that the mitre will be suffered to drop on no head suspected of baseness or lukewarmness. The Chancellor will take due precaution that no "husband of more than one wife," shall wear the lawn. Mr. Peel will provide that the candidate shall be "faithful in word and deed"—Mr. Goulburn that he have a "good report of all men"—Lord Melville that "he be given to hospitality"—Mr. Herries that "he be *not* given to filthy lucre," and his Highness the Dictator, that "he be no brawler, nor lord it over the

flock." With those perfections for chusing the future ornaments of Episcopacy, we must lament that the spirit of the Cabinet did not abide in the bosom of its predecessors. The following little circumstance is worthy of a niche in the history of a rising church.

A vulgar fellow in Yarmouth having thought proper to publish himself an ass, and Unitarian, and thinking it also proper to make a Protestant Bishop equally ridiculous, wrote such a letter as such a fellow might be expected to write, if he could write at all; and calling the Established Church a worshipper of three Gods together, added to this atrocious calumny the lesser but highly offensive insult, of abusing the Liturgy. Now we have in the Church a Bishop, the fervent lover of all sorts of *liberality*—an ancient receiver of some five or six thousands a-year from the Church, but who, notwithstanding, is a personage of a remarkable *enlightened* turn. To this old receiver of rents and renewals, this Yarmouth cobbler and controversialist bent his steps, and having deposited *his* opinion on Church and State in the trust of the venerable friend of Coke, Cobbett, O'Connell, *et si quæ aliunde querantur*, received from the venerable stipendiary the following answer:—

“*SIR*,—Your remarks upon the ‘form of solemnization of matrimony’ in the Liturgy of the Established Church appear to me *very satisfactory*, and I would gladly undertake to give my reasons for thinking so, in the House of Lords, did not the infirmities of age remind me, in a manner not to be mistaken, that I am near the end of my journey to that country where ‘they neither marry nor are given in marriage.’—I am, *SIR*, &c. “HENRY NORWICH.”

On this expressive evidence of the natural connection of sound theology and common sense with the lawn sleeves, we leave the clergy to make their own comment. “It is melancholy,” says the narrator of this satisfactory affair, “to see such a letter addressed by a Protestant Bishop to a ‘Freethinking Christian,’ or find the arguments of an obscure layman against the Liturgy of the Established Church, proclaimed as *very satisfactory*, by one of its Fathers and pillars. The Bishop of Norwich was one of the voters for popery, last session, in the House of Lords; to which place he went, in spite of the infirmities of which he speaks—it is a pity he should be prevented from giving the Liturgy of the Established Church a hit, in the ensuing session.”

We think it melancholy too, but perfectly natural, that men, promoted like this weak brother, should act precisely as he has done. For what was this man set over his diocese? Was he an able writer, an able preacher, a distinguished scholar, or even a passable divine? Let those who ever heard that he was any one of the whole four tell. Is there a line from his pen, or a word from his lips that any man on earth remembers, or is the wiser or the better for? Let those who know tell. What made him a Bishop?—The system of patronage. Miserable system. Base and odious distributors of honours and offices. The back-stairs of the Cabinet are worth all the steps of the Temple. We throw no blame on this decrepit pensioner, for he is probably as virtuous as he knows how to be, and as wise as ever he was. The criminals are of another cloth; and until we gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles, the meddling of those men with the Church will be its corruption.

When the “Chapter of Accidents” of last year comes into plain prose, one of its most curious pages will be our management of Portugal. We first capture Don Miguel, tear him away crying from his crying grandmother’s arms, and send him in the hold of a frigate to durance vile in Austria. We keep him there two years, every morning of which he feels his head, to know whether Prince Metternich has left it on his

shoulders since supper. We then let him loose, for the same reason for which we tied him up, being no reason whatever in either instance. We then bring him over to be converted from the error of his Vienna ways; we feed and clothe him; we furnish Lord Dudley's house for him, Lord Dudley retaining the furniture after a week's use (a very ingenious way of refitting an old establishment of chairs and tables, and doing credit to his lordship's œconomy). We show him the Tower, the Treasury, Lord Sefton in his tilbury, Lord Petersham's moustachios, the Irish delegates, Mrs. Arbuthnot, the Marquis of Conyngham, and other public curiosities. We exercise the cavalry in a tornado for his amusement, and parade the Coldstream in a deluge for his edification. We then send him back to Portugal with the kindest advice to keep himself quiet, to restrain his fingers from picking and stealing, and his tongue from evil speaking of the brains of Lord Dudley and the politeness of the Dictator. He touches the Portuguese soil, laughs at poor Lord Dudley, whom every body dupes, mounts his horse, knocks the Canning constitution on the head, and after routing the whole patriotism of his dingy country, quietly sits down on the paternal throne.

At this the cabinet is up in arms, and calls him a rogue in all its tongues. Don Miguel, however, knows the value of the anathema, and proceeds. He declares the loyal resisting ports in a state of blockade. We instantly acknowledge that he is quite in the right, and allow the blockade to be law. The Emperor of Brazil is as indignant as we are, as active, and as successful. He sends over his little daughter to brain Don Miguel with her fan, or marry him, whichever he likes best. The Don scoffs at the little she-generalissimo. We then grow more alarmed, disclaim the minute belligerent, and banish her from London. We then make a queen of her in her banishment, and allow her levees, and a court of Palmella and all his yellow compatriots, with an unlimited order on the treasury-confectioner for buns and sweetmeats. We next send the queen of Laleham back to her papa, and pledging with one hand Don Pedro, with the other we introduce Mr. Mackenzie as British consul-general at the court of Don Miguel. We next exult in the victory of Count Villa Flor, at the same moment when we virtually recognize the sovereign against whom he is fighting. But, absurd as the whole tissue of contradictions has been, and what better could we expect from the Scotch, spider-weaving brains of Lord Aberdeen, we give credit to Villa Flor for shewing, that, when their necks are in danger, even Portuguese can fight. Don Miguel's expedition against Terceira deserved to be beaten, and was well beaten. After having made some bungling attempts to bombard the forts; the fleet threw about 3,000 men on the rocks. The forts immediately played upon them with great effect; the fleet ran away, and the affair was now one of snipe-shooting.

“The invaders, abandoned upon the rocks, unable either to extend themselves or to escape, and persuaded that we, imitating the orders which they had received, would refuse them quarter, were driven to exasperation—the boldest fired to the top of the barrier, and, shortly wounded, sheltered themselves amongst the rocks, which the sea was gradually invading, as the tide was coming in; and the less intrepid concealed themselves in the caves. The horrible condition of these unfortunate men, dragged hither, for the most part, by the violence and tyranny of the usurper, now moved the hearts of the generous volunteers, and seeing in their conquered foes a band of unhappy victims, they called out to them from the top of the scarp not to fire—to surrender; that they had nothing to fear unarmed. They then fastened ropes, and threw them down the scarp; others taking off their shoes, and descending in this manner down the rocks, gave their hands

and drew their enemies from the abyss, who at length threw down their arms. All this was done by our brave fellows, who would not suffer themselves to be perturbed either by the fire of the cannon and musketry, or the canister-shot poured upon them from a brig, and, conducting their prisoners thus made, they flew again to their arms, binding up more than one wound with their handkerchiefs, which some had received."

A few days more must decide the fate of Covent Garden: whether the truncheon of Field Marshal Fawcett or the hammer of George Martel Robins is to be the instrument of command. The catalogue is curious, and no doubt the relic hunters will be busy in the purchase of some of the articles. Among them we find, in Mr. Kemble's room, the following lot:—

"An eight-day clock, in a mahogany case, by Wilson, 1775, with the following inscription, on a brass plate:—'After the dreadful fire of Covent Garden Theatre, on the morning of September 21st, 1808, this clock was dug out of the ruins, by John Saul, master carpenter of the theatre, and repaired and set to work again by Mr. John Lockwood, clock and watch-maker, St. James's Street, Clerkenwell, London.'"

Fawcett's room does not appear to have been over furnished, if we may judge from the catalogue:—"A chimney-glass plate, and fender, and coal-skuttle," are all that we find mentioned as its contents. Farley's room was much better provided. He, besides the ordinary furniture of a sitting-room, had a piano-forte, and an enormous glass, which may have enabled him to see the whole of his nose *at once*.

A humourist would derive some amusement, in despite of his regret, from the list of articles which the catalogue exhibits, in connection with the wardrobe and scenery. Not to touch on the peculiarities of the dramatic characters of the drama, as a poetical correspondent has done, we may observe, that the auctioneer is expected to knock down "Mary," "Elizabeth," and the "Prince Regent" (three ships); and among the scenery, passing over such trifles as "the whole of the Devil's Elixir," "Back of the Grand Admiral," and "Changeable Woods," besides selling "Clouds," "Moonlight," and one item, which reads (though but humble prose) as euphoniously as poetry, viz.

"Front and back 'The Harem'—Grieve."

We find that the following *properties* were actually at the same time to come to the hammer—"The Colosseum," "The Horns Tavern," "Old Street," "Southampton," "The King's Bench," "Shakspeare's House," "Dunsinane Castle," "Salamanca," and "St. Catherine's Docks."

#### MR. SADLER'S SPEECH, AT WHITBY.

WE believe that we shall gratify our readers by presenting them with this noble speech, which was made by Mr. Sadler at the dinner of the merchants and shipowners of Whitby, on the 15th ult. It is the most eloquent performance since his own masterly speech on the popish question. But its eloquence is the least part of its merits; it has the higher qualities of solid information, vigorous reasoning, and high practical benevolence. We have here no saucy pretender to supreme illumination, exalting science to scoff at religion; no empty march-of-intellect man, urging his fellow fools to throw aside their ploughs and hammers and reform the state; no silly Utopian theorist, building castles in the air, and preparing his disciples for the dungeon; no pert political economist, retailing the exploded nonsense of the Edinburgh Review school, and crowing over truisms; but a man of moral dignity, and grave senatorial wisdom, expressing the highest truths of govern-

ment and society, in language worthy of their rank; and while with the most powerful hand of our day he strips off the disguises of philosophical arrogance and public corruption, pointing out the upward secure path to national honour and glory.

GENTLEMEN:—IN addressing you upon this occasion, you will expect that I should advert to the terms in which your public invitation was expressed. In doing this, however, I must waive any remarks upon the too flattering manner in which you have been kind enough to allude to my character and talents; further than just to say, that my character, I hope, will ever be marked by consistency; and as to my talents, whatever they may be, (and I regret to say they are humble and limited,) I have freely devoted them, under the direction of my conscience, to the service of the country;—a line of conduct which I foresaw would bring upon me the ridicule and abuse of a certain class of speakers and writers, who reserve all their approbation for mercenary and unprincipled tergiversation, and all their hatred for the honest and opposite course. I am, however, well content to endure this, certain as I am that such attempts will only tend to bring into more general discussion those principles of policy of which I am an humble advocate, and which must prevail, being, I am fully satisfied, those of patriotism, humanity, and truth. To this policy you have adverted in your invitation to me, and especially to that part of it more immediately affecting the interests of this ancient and most respectable town. I shall, therefore, on this occasion, confine myself to shortly discussing some of the most prominent and important topics it involves.

Gentlemen, the ancient and genuine policy of this great country, like its constitution, was not, if I may so express myself, struck out at a heat. Dictated by necessity, and confirmed by experience, it was the work of successive generations—generations of incomparably greater intellect, and, it is to be feared, of far more real patriotism than the present. It was not dictated, perhaps, by hireling critics, or patronised by political pamphleteers, but it had in the deliberate sanction and suffrages of such names as Bacon, as Locke, as Addison, the signature of immortality.—men who brought to the consideration of the subject not only the broadest lights of reason, but the utmost warmth of benevolence, and who left nothing to be discovered in the fundamental principles of human policy to the witlings of the day, but the secret of their own conceited ignorance. That policy, founded upon the certainty of the rich abundance of all things necessary to human existence within our own shores, and of the consequent duty and advantage of developing them, sought from foreign countries those commodities (happily for us, few and comparatively unimportant) which nature had denied to this,

at the same time strictly protecting those branches of British industry which could not otherwise have been introduced amongst us, or preserved when established. Now it were most easy to shew that whatever reasons there might have been for the introduction of such a system (and they were such as will continue to operate in all countries where common sense prevails), such reasons were rendered infinitely more imperative by that course of events which has caused this country to be more heavily taxed than any other, and (thanks to the support of internal industry) long enabled it to dispense the most liberal reward to human labour of any nation upon earth. To allow British labour to be competed with by foreigners in our own market, then is, in reference to the first fact, our taxation, the most dishonest, and in regard to the second, our comforts, the most cruel policy that ever was ventured upon by any government in the world, to say nothing of its folly. In behalf of the former system I have mentioned names; I will now make a still more important appeal, namely to facts. Reasonings, by whomsoever urged, may fail; Experience, never! Under that system of policy, and in spite of obstacles the most formidable, the nation increased its wealth, promoted its prosperity, consolidated its power, and extended its dominion. Depressions there certainly did occur in the country, but these, which towards the last were plainly traceable to the introduction of parts of the absurd policy now adopted, were, comparatively speaking, slight and temporary, and, above all, partial; if one interest suffered, the rest were in a condition to sustain it. The vibrations of the national balance soon subsided into the equipoise of settled and general prosperity. The history of the world exhibits not the nation whose advancement was so rapid, and whose prosperity seemed to promise such perpetuity. That such was its condition, I appeal to your individual experience. I cite still higher authority. Prosperity was pronounced in glowing language from the throne—prosperity was echoed in still more exaggerated terms, and attended with boundless promises of its perpetuity and increase by the minister of the crown. These declarations were believed and acted upon by the people, and their faith has been since imputed to them as their folly and their crime, by some of those even, who put them forth. But they were true, and would have remained so, but for the perverse alteration, at that moment, of the principles of our national policy. All innovation, Lord Bacon says, is with injury; and he must be blind, indeed, that does not see the injury this has occasioned. But by a

strange fatality, which not unfrequently occurs in the history of human affairs, the suffering has fallen upon the guiltless, while many of those who were accessory to the change, have largely benefitted by it.

Let us, therefore, now turn to the present condition of things amongst us. What now is the situation of the country? A retrogression in three or four short years, since the new theory has been in operation, of the most alarming nature, in whatever point of view it is considered. What is the great interest—which the place—in this heretofore happy empire, which is prospering? Where is it that general distress is not now experienced, and impending ruin dreaded? What is the pursuit which is profitable to the employer, or sustains in comfort the employed? Who shall say whether that mass of bodily suffering, which the almost starving operatives now endure, or the mental and concealed anguish which many of their former employers experience, is the most heavy and heart-rending?

And, first, if we turn our eyes to the agriculturists, who, if calculated as Adam Smith intimates, in reference to the employments solely dependent upon them which, in our census, are placed in the other class, will amount, as I have proved elsewhere, to two-thirds of the industrious part of the community. I say, turning to the agricultural operatives, what is their condition? The farmers of the kingdom are on the verge of ruin; many of them are already inextricably engulfed; poverty and distress pursue and have already reached them. The labourers, in entire counties together, are in the deepest distress, and are almost universally pauperized, and their condition has had its full share in reducing the manufacturing operatives to a like, or even a worse situation. With tens of millions of acres of land wholly uncultivated, millions of which are amongst the richest soils in the world; with millions more, especially in Ireland, not half laboured; and with an incredible and increasing number of hands out of employment, and whom we must sustain, though we wholly lose their labour, things have been at length so happily managed, that we habitually employ the labourers of distant countries while ours are idle; call their fields into cultivation while we neglect our own; furnish with capitals, foreign rivals in other branches of industry which they will assuredly employ against us, while we voluntarily diminish the national resources;—and still our population is inadequately and, relatively speaking, 'dearly fed. But the economists recommend perseverance in this policy, and deliberately advise the desertion or abandonment of agriculture to the extent of putting three-sixths of our soils out of cultivation. Whither then must the dispossessed millions of wretched fugitives resort? To the manufacturing districts certainly. They must

become the rivals of the present operatives there, instead of remaining their steadiest customers, and that at a time when the goods already fabricated are so immense in quantity as to inundate the world, and so low in price as to starve the manufacturers. Political economists, I am well aware, have an answer for all this;—it consists of a future promise; but the people of England have been long amused by promises from the same quarter, and have been cruelly deceived. And, moreover, they have been reduced to such a condition by their miserable mismanagement, that they can no longer wait their fulfilment, were they as undeviatingly true as they are manifestly false. They cannot subsist upon remote and uncertain contingencies. By a better policy than that now pursued, this country might furnish an abundant supply of food at a relatively cheaper price, and still have "enough and to spare," to the evident comfort and advantage of the entire community, and especially of the manufacturing part of it.

Turning, then, to the manufacturing interests,—respecting these the most disheartening and prejudicial system has been adopted. We have legalized the constant introduction, under certain duties, of articles of foreign industry, which have, in many branches of business, necessarily interfered with home labour, and greatly diminished its recompence. Our silk-manufacturers, our shoe-makers, our glovers, and very many others engaged in still more opiose and profitable branches of employment, comprehending, in the whole, a great multitude of our industrious countrymen, have been subjected to the distressing rivalry of foreigners. That this has lessened the demand for home labour there can be little doubt, none whatever that it has greatly diminished its wages. Indeed, I myself have heard those who were mainly instrumental in introducing the change, exult in the vastly greater cheapness of the goods when fabricated, which that change has occasioned; I heard the exultation at the time with sorrow, I heard it with shame, when I recollected that those who uttered it, made no lessening demands upon the public purse, which has still to be replenished in their behalf, by the harder efforts of a suffering people. But the exultation, after all, was natural; their interests are adverse, as are those of a body, unhappily too numerous, who are the avowed and persevering enemies of a protected internal industry. As to the shipping interests, to which I shall allude hereafter, it were superfluous to tell you that they have been similarly and even worse treated; but to this subject I shall again recur, though I think it is almost unnecessary so to do in the present company. I think, with that, at least, Gentlemen, you are as well acquainted as are the theorists.

One thing has often struck me as to the policy of our projectors, namely, the address

with which they attempt to sever the various interests of the country, managing the successive depression of each, by appealing to the selfish feelings of the rest. Thus I think I well remember a certain individual (to whom, however, I have never once before alluded personally, notwithstanding the attempted wit that has been so misapplied on that supposition) I say, I think I remember him, holding forth to the Liverpool shipowners, that they might probably be compensated for the loss of their protection by a similar withdrawal of that of the agriculturists; the granary of the empire might, partially, at least, be placed, it was hoped, abroad; and then the shipowners would, of course share in transporting hither the constant supplies: (little chance of this, however, I ween, under the reciprocity system!) But both shipowners and agriculturalists were to get other commodities cheaper by the free trade system; silks for instance,—and the silk manufacturer, in his turn, was to be propitiated by the sacrifice of the throwster, &c. The object of these changes was all the while low prices, otherwise we pay little compliment to the sagacity of their promoters; and, after all, a more insane attempt than to effectuate that, could never have entered into the head of man, when it is considered that we have a fixed encumbrance, or debt, to a vast amount, on which the cheapening of the value of property, and of labour in the country which has to sustain it, operates as an enormous augmentation. The fundholders, the jobbers, the brokers of the community, may and do feel the advantages of these changes; some of these dictate the carrying of them still further into effect, but it will be well for them, even with a view to their own permanent interests, to pause, or they will find the mischief they meditate “for others will fall upon their own pate.”

**EIGHT HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DEBT, AND CHEAP PRICES, ARE NOT CONVERTIBLE TERMS; no more than are Foreign Competition and British Comfort! Seen in the light of true political philosophy, all the different branches of industry in a community are united in the bonds of mutual interest, as well as amity; and if one be weaker than the rest, the others are willing to extend to it a helping hand; but the new system sees things in a different light; “buy where you can buy cheapest” is the motto—though it is one which would divest us of all our local duties and attachments, and even of patriotism itself. Hence those engaged in various pursuits which can never be wholly dissevered, are taught to eye each other with feelings of jealousy and hostility; they must still cling together, indeed, but with the desperation of drowning men, who drag each other down to destruction; These, gentlemen, are my general views on the subject; general, I may call them, for they embrace the interests and pursuits of**

every class amongst us; and, I rejoice to say, they are becoming universal among the operatives.—The noble English maxim, “Live and let live,” is reviving. Whether it regards the labourer at the plough, or the manufacturer at his loom, I have always felt, what I have somewhere expressed,

“Let those that till and those that weave,  
Still by honest labours live.”

And I shall never exchange this feeling for some dry and unfeeling dogma of political economy.

But is the country in the distressed state in which it is now represented to be? I fear it is. And were I to become a political tourist in order to ascertain the fact, I would seek it amongst the many. I should not fix my views on the mere surface, or rather summits of society: these may still glow with the gleam of setting prosperity, which like the luminary from whence I take my illustration, casts a richer ray, the lower it is on its decline; while its warm and cheering beams withdrawn from beneath, have left the narrow, humble vale of poverty in darkness and destitution. I say, I would not collect my information—

—“Where luxury

In palaces lies straining her low thought  
To form unreal wants;”

nor from flatterers at feasts; from the discussions of economists, at the boards of our merchant princes, groaning with delicious viands and sparkling wines of every vintage; but rather from the father of the cottage, who sits idle and distressed, brooding over the fate of those from whom his eyes are averted—his suffering family, but over whom his heart is yearning, and breaking! I would not seek it in the dazzling drawing-room, full of curious and costly foreign decorations, where the lady's splendid robe which sweeps over the turkey carpet, is the glowing labour of the Lyonesse loom; and the person, even to the hand and the foot, is adorned with the products of other than English industry. No! I would rather read it in the condition of that poor homeless being, of the same sex, shivering in the portico below; whom the introduction of those very luxuries has perhaps deprived her of honest employment, and driven her to await, in the wages of prostitution, the preservation of a life worse than death itself. In a word, I would take my ideas of the principle and progress of the system from the inmates of the cottage, rather than the mansion. As to myself, I had to present a petition from one of the populous hundreds of the County of Lancaster, and I learned on the unimpeachable authority of the highly respectable gentlemen through whom it was handed to me, that thousands of the people are subsisting on fifteen-pence a head per week, and even that pittance is earned by extreme and long protracted labour.

Till very lately, however, the prevalence of general distress was insultingly and mendaciously denied by many of our public oracles. That impudent falsehood will now, however, avail no longer. Patient as the people of England usually are, under their sufferings and privations, they are now, I deeply regret to observe, beginning to be turbulent. When the weavers of Spital-fields were refractory, these oracles coolly recommended, not their redress, but their desertion! The business was to be removed at their dictation, to distant parts. Well! Is Congleton at this moment any better off? Has Macclesfield been less insurrectionary? Look at Rochdale, at Manchester, at Barnsley; what is the state and condition of those places? Would to God my voice could reach them and might be listened to; I would most earnestly exhort them to peace and obedience to the laws: but I would not advise them to desist from remonstrating concerning their grievances. If the ministers could be bullied out of their principles, as some of them professed to have been, I think they might be importuned out of their policy; though I am fully aware that, to the scandal of human nature, whims are much more tenaciously maintained than principles: and such, perhaps, still think, that agitators for Emancipation ought to be listened to;—agitators for bread, put down!

But now that the general distress can be no longer denied, still this darling theory is to be defended, by attributing our sufferings to other causes; and it must be confessed they gave us abundance of choice. Sometimes it has been laid to the charge of stagnation, more frequently to over-production; now the bankers are in fault—now the traders: our agriculturists have produced too much; they have produced too little. We have a surplus of capital—we have had a want of it—but now it seems that an indifferent harvest or two is the most convenient apology for our distresses; which distresses, however, commenced before the harvests were deficient; but had it been otherwise, variations in our seasons have always existed, and ever will recur, as certainly, though perhaps not so regularly, as the cycles of the planetary system. And for these, as they must always be expected, a wise and paternal government will never be unprepared. In a word, the people of England, it has long appeared pretty plain, cannot trade to the satisfaction of their rulers; nor does Providence appear to please them any better. These facts, however, are certain; first, that the distress is great; and, secondly, that its date is coincident with that of the operation of the new theory; witness the statistics of misfortune, of poverty, of crime, in the instant and vast increase of bankruptcies, the multiplication of criminal committals, the rise in the poor rates, all taking their date from the identical period

in question. Can events of so striking and tremendous a character exist without a cause, and one adequate to their production? It were absurd to suppose it. One of the most important duties of the government is therefore to search it out, and instead of withstanding those public inquiries, for which the people have so long and so loudly called, to sollicit rather than reject, their evidence and information.

It appears to me, we can best approach this inquiry by a series of negatives. And first, it is not Providence who is chargeable with the miseries of the people—on the contrary, never was there a country so endowed with whatever could administer to its comforts, promote its prosperity, or secure its greatness. All the real elements of wealth are centered within our shores; all the accidents which could favour their development are also ours. We have a country unrivalled in fertility and ample in extent, only partially cultivated, and capable of sustaining, as future generations will prove, a vast accession of inhabitants in far greater plenty than our present population enjoys. Beneath us are minerals of the most valuable kind. Without, our territories encircle the earth, and accumulate on our shores the products of all regions, and open a door of access to all countries. We have a climate unrivalled in healthiness, and a position among the nations the most fortunate; surrounded by the ocean, which is not only the very element of British safety and glory, but an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Such, without an hyperbole, is the condition in which Providence has placed us; such the bounties the Deity has poured upon us. The sacred and figurative language of the East might be applied to England, as emphatically as to an equally distinguished and unthankful country of old:—“He has placed our vineyard on a very fruitful hill, he has fenced it and gathered out the stones thereof, built a tower in its midst, and planted it with the choicest vines.”—And it may still be asked, as it was of old, “What could be done more for his vineyard than he has done in it?” I defy any man to answer this solemn question as it respects England, so as to lay in any measure the misery of this people at the door of eternal Providence.

Nor, second, is it the character or the conduct of the inhabitants to which the present distress of the country are attributable.—On the contrary, there is not a population upon earth more prone to labour, more active, enterprising or intelligent in their exertions, more persevering in their pursuits; none who have so great an abundance of capital, that idol of the present system, by which, according to its doctrine, our national advantages can alone be developed or distributed. Whoever, therefore, or whatever has occasioned the existing distress, the people are guiltless.

Nor is it the number of our countrymen

which has produced it. Fashionable as is the diabolical doctrine, for diabolical it is, inasmuch as it begins by affronting God, and issues in injuring man; it is like many other fashionable notions, utterly false. It is the prerogative of God, saving the presence of our political economists, to decide the question; and he has decided it, in the superabundance of the means of human subsistence which, as a nation, he has lavished upon us, placed within our reach, and solicited us to accept. Whether in reference to the resources of the country, or its means of profitable employment, if properly developed, there is not a sinew or an arm too many in the empire, no, nor elsewhere, no more than there is a superfluous spirit called into the realms of immortality by the Eternal God! Short, indeed, and infernal would be the remedy, were this revolting notion true. Deportation of every kind, murder in all its forms, indirect or otherwise, would be obvious and general benefits. Still, however, the promulgators of this notion, with the habitual selfishness of the system, pronouncing upon the redundancy of human being, invariably except themselves. The christian advocates of this doctrine are not its personal converts—whether as it respects life, or its propensities and feelings, they make no personal sacrifices. They are no Curtises—but I see your indignation at the very mention of these notions; and, rather than on the dogmas of the political economists, we will still rest, as to this matter, upon the assurances of Him who giveth food to all flesh; for his mercy endureth for ever.

In whatever point of view, therefore, we regard this great nation, we may assert that its natural state is one of prosperity and happiness. Such is the condition which it ought to enjoy. And the minister to whom, in effect, the country commits the charge of seeing that the public “receive no injury,” ought to render a reason for its condition if it be otherwise.

What then are the real causes of the general depression, under which every interest at present groans? The answer to this question, were I to discuss it fully, and according to my own views of the subject, would commit me into too wide a field for the present occasion. Some of the more latent, but not the less operative, of these, I shall not now touch upon, but confine myself principally to the topics which are more generally argued in relation to this subject, and to these I shall address myself very shortly.

And first, I consider the policy of the Government, in reference to the circulating medium, to have been most pernicious; and on this point I cannot but remark two things: the one is, that their doctrine upon this subject, appears to me to be most erroneous or confused; the other that, had it been true, it was strangely mistimed as to the period of its application. What is it

for which a circulating medium, of whatever denomination, is alone wanted? It is to facilitate the interchange of the products of human industry; and whatever does this, and continues to do it effectually, is to all intents and purposes “sound,” to use the cant term of the day. To use a familiar illustration,—if a farmer and a manufacturer, for instance, wish to barter a calf and a coat, I can see no imaginable difference in the result, whether they do this in kind, or by silver, or gold, or copper, or promissory notes of a large or small denomination,—the purpose is accomplished, and the difference is, that it is often accomplished the more conveniently, especially in distant transactions, by the latter than the former methods; and no man can deny that such notes, had the ministry wished to reform, instead of destroying the system, might have been rendered as secure as gold, which with all its boasted superiority, is itself only the sign, and not the element of the wealth it assists to interchange. Credit also, as an appendage to the paper system, was a great, and I believe the greatest instrument in effectuating the interchange of the products of human industry; but this also our present political economists have discountenanced, to the visible detriment of the less wealthy classes of society, whose interests ought preferably to have been contemplated. We see the consequences in the universal stagnation and distress which have ensued.

Next, in adverting to the period when the small notes have been withdrawn; I will first premise that the whole of the circulating medium of a country, of whatever denomination or amount, represents that part of the property of a country which is in transitu, and no more. In proportion, therefore, to the plenty, or the paucity of that medium, the nominal value of that property is high or low; and as the value of all the property of a country is measured and determined by the worth of that part of it which is responsible, according to the well known axiom of Hudibras,

—————“The value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring.”—

So the circulating medium measures the value of all the property of the community whatsoever, whether on sale or otherwise; and its total monetary value is high or low accordingly as that medium is plentiful or the reverse. Now, in a country where there are no fixed money debts or incumbrances, public or private, any variation in the amount of the circulating medium would be immaterial; the relative values of all properties would still be preserved in every such case. But in this country, the contrary was unhappily the fact; the private money engagements were immense, the public debt enormous; very much of both had been contracted under the paper system; the withdrawal of this, especially of that part of it in general circulation, proportionably increased

the value and weight of those circumstances, and at the same time diminished the value of the property on which they rested, and the possibility of discharging them. All the values of the country, together with its debts, whether public or private, its taxes and incumbrances of every kind, had been accurately adjusted to the previous system; but by this operation, if I may make use of a mathematical illustration strictly apposite, the fulcrum of the balance was removed, so as to increase, in effect, the weight imposed upon us, and lessen the means of sustaining it. Meantime, it is not attempted to be denied but that the fundholder, the jobber, the nominal capitalist, and all pensioners and placemen of whatever kind, were benefited by this operation; but on the rest of the community, namely, the industrious part of it, it committed as direct a spoliation as was ever attempted. The Government borrowed in paper, and, if they had continued to pay in it, their creditors would still have realized immense advantages by their transactions; but to borrow in paper and pay in gold—to benefit so vastly the non-productive at the expence of the productive classes, already so depressed—was monstrous.—While on the subject of the circulating medium, I will only add, that one piece of forgetfulness, or worse than forgetfulness, has often struck me in contemplating this return to cash payments, thus forced upon the country; and it is this—that its proposers never submitted a measure for a reduction, to the like extent, in the public salaries and pensions of the empire—most of which had been successively adjusted to the paper medium, by large and direct augmentations. It is never too late to be honest, and perhaps the thing may yet be proposed by the ministerial advocates of the cash system.

If, however, it was determined to return to cash payments, in preference to rendering the paper ones secure and “sound,” then, while the money values of all the property in the country were regulated by the paper currency, and consequently high, an effort ought to have been made by levying annual instalments upon all property, including, of course, funded and personal property, in order to have paid off a proportion of the national debt, which would then have been a comparatively easy and effective operation—a measure which I thought at the time ought to have been adopted, instead of what is called Mr. Peel’s Bill, the effects of which, in common with others, I then anticipated. Under the present system, however, the difficulty of such an effort would be increased tenfold, if not rendered totally impracticable. But our country is governed by expedients.

Another cause of the present and long-continued depression of the commerce and manufactures of the country, I have already alluded to, and this also is attributable to the same school of economists, the bane of

the country—I mean the free trade system, as it is called. —Circumstanced as this country is, having to sustain a so much heavier load of taxation, and paying dearer for the necessaries of existence, and subsisting its operatives, at least till this fatal alteration, better than any other, it must be obvious that in all those branches of industry, where we have no countervailing advantages, either from the possession and retention of the raw material, better machines, or superior skill, foreigners must be able to undersell us, and consequently to deprive many of our home operatives of their work and of their bread. The branches so circumstanced are numerous and important. It is true there is, for the present, a protecting duty, as it is called, imposed upon some of their articles, miscalculated, as I presume to think, if it be meant as such; while the circumstance of legalizing them at all, has given a facility to smuggling, which it was promised at the time, either in ignorance or worse, that it would put down, and which has overwhelmed, in many instances, the home market with foreign goods. The manufacturers humbly sought relief, if not in prohibition, yet in a higher protection. The government refused them a committee, and lowered the duty, in order that the custom-house instead of the smuggler might become their great rival: as if that could serve, or do otherwise than still more deeply to injure them! Prohibition was peremptorily refused, and it was argued that no higher a duty could be obtained than that to which it is now reduced. Absurd! When the revenue is at stake, see the amount that can then be rigorously exacted: 100 per cent. upon teas, 500 per cent., perhaps, on brandies, 1,000 per cent. upon tobacco; while the immense amounts, so collected, are a sufficient proof how small a proportion of such taxes can be evaded. But if it be true that you cannot exact more than 25 per cent. duty on silks, &c. without returning to the prohibitory system, then, in spite of the political economists, prohibit! Let parliament preserve the field of British labour as strictly as their laws do the manors of the country, and we will then be content. Is not the object as important? If you cannot otherwise effect this necessary purpose, I repeat, prohibit! I repeat it in the words of Bacon, concerning foreign manufactures, such being superfluities, ought to be prohibited; for that, says he, will either gain the manufacture, or banish the superfluity.

But in defence of this free trade, it is said that it has not injured the home manufactures, even in the particular branches thus interfered with; and this is attempted to be proved by the increased quantity of the raw material consumed at home since the system commenced. Admitting the fact stated, which I yet doubt, as it is often stated, still does this demonstrate the prosperity which it is advanced to prove? Tell me not about the quantity of silk, for in-

stance, which is now introduced; being increased by millions of pounds weight per annum; but answer me whether, for the additional labour thus imposed, a corresponding increase in the amount of wages for making it up, has taken place; nay, whether for the increased work, even equal wages have been obtained? The reverse is the melancholy fact, in that and all the other manufactures so interfered with. And this great diminution in wages demands an increase of labour for the purpose of obtaining even a scantier subsistence; hence the supply of goods is necessarily increased; and mark the double and disingenuous use the economists make of this! They attribute the distresses they can no longer deny to over-production: and still this over-production they use as a proof of prosperity! I will only add, that the statesmen who can felicitate themselves or the country, on this cheapening and increase of human labour amongst us, would have been fit political economists for a celebrated tyrant of old, Pharaoh, who, while he withheld the allowances, increased the tasks of an oppressed people. The people of England produce enough, labour sufficiently; who doubts it? But, alas, "they spend their strength for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not!"—In the eyes of our calculators, the temple of British prosperity may indeed appear vast in its proportions, magnificent in its ornaments, and rich in its several parts; it may be filled with the votaries of wealth, and echo with the sounds of mirth and mutual congratulation; but let them cast their eyes to its foundations;—there are seen its secret supporters, the living cariatides of the system, a miserable multitude of both sexes and of all ages, from over-laboured and crying infancy to decrepit age, who are bowed to the dust by the load of labour imposed upon them, and whose health, and morals, and life itself, are sacrificed to the mammon of political economy—Capital.

But it is now said, in answer to the preceding argument, and still in defence of free trade, and with an air of triumph (for such is the ignorance of these reasoners) that all branches of manufactures, as well as those immediately interfered with, are plunged into distress, consequently the system cannot have been injurious to any. Since the suffering can no longer be denied, their favourite theory is to be saved by admitting its universality; now, it appears to me, that of all the absurdities political economy has yet put forth, and they have been sufficiently numerous and glaring, this is the greatest; it is one of which the lowest mechanic would feel ashamed. Supposing that previously to this fatal inroad upon our home markets in some important branches of British industry, that, taking the whole together, the demand and supply was accurately balanced, the subsequent surcharge of any particular branch must necessarily

affect the whole. Those whose labour is supplanted in one pursuit must resort to another, overcharging that also; injuring therefore, most certainly, the entire market of labour. The man, therefore, who proposes to supplant a certain number of silks, by foreign goods of that description, will affect in reality so many cotton ones, and these again will interfere with linen operatives, and so through every branch of national labour. The marvel is that so plain a position could be overlooked—one which must be true any where, excepting in such a country as India, where the industrious classes are separated into castes, and rigidly reject all change of employment under any circumstance whatsoever. But in England, where the introduction of machinery has superseded in so great a degree manual ingenuity, the equipoise of labour is speedily adjusted and preserved, however it may be disturbed. Interfere by your new system then, with the labour of nearly a million of hands, and in their distress the rest will assuredly partake; they will suffer, not a sympathetic, but a real, not a remote, but an instantaneous injury.

Many other observations on the new doctrines might be added, but I shall not further enlarge. Their object seems to be to serve the mere capitalists, the jobbers, the commission brokers, the foreign agents; those of whom Locke has truly said, that they prosper and grow rich by the very means which impoverish the rest of the community. To instance only one of these, absenteeisms—this it is now taught is no injury to a country, a position whose absurdity can only be equalled by its perniciousness. The absentees of England and Ireland are the enemies of their country, depriving tens of thousands of their daily labour and bread, and deeply injuring hundreds of thousands more. I think, with Adam Smith, that such individuals are fair objects of exclusive taxation, avoiding as they do all the burdens of the country from which they derive them all, and vacating all their duties, whether those of patriotism or humanity. If they remain dead to every worthier motive, I would appeal to something more on a level with their principles and feelings; I would touch, and deeply, their interests.

But, gentlemen, it will be naturally expected that I should, on this occasion, advert somewhat particularly to the interests of shipping, as more peculiarly affecting this respectable town; and one to which you pointedly alluded in the written invitation with which you have honoured me. And first I may say, that without any appeal to documents whatever, I am certain that to allow full scope to the reciprocity system, in regard to shipping, cannot but be fatal to its prosperity. When I consider that between many of the ports of England and the continent, there are but a few days', I might say, in some instances,

hours', sail; and when our competitors in the latter can build their vessels at half the price you can, man them at half the wages, and victual them at less than half the cost,—I say, under these circumstances, who does not see that the foreigner will, in this competition, ultimately beat us off our own element, and, in the mean time, diminish the profits and lessen the wages in every branch of the pursuit? I am aware that you are obliged to employ the ships you already own, and the hands, especially apprentices, you are bound for the present to support, and to increase the activity of that employment in order, though unsuccessfully, to compensate the diminution of profit—a proof of prosperity as it respects your particular branches of business, as well as those of the manufacturers, according to the economists. But, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell ruin to that calling, whatever be its nature, which no longer affords a profitable return to the capital of the master—nor sufficient employment and adequate wages to the workman.

How the documents are managed or made up which profess to demonstrate an increase of tonnage to an enormous amount since the period of peace, I hardly know. Perhaps not only the coasters but the steam vessels of the kingdom, numerous and large, and repeating their voyages with such surprising frequency, may be occasionally added to the amounts, swelling therefore the tonnage in an extraordinary degree; though it is evident these vessels, valuable as they are in many respects, have hardly any more to do with the shipping trade, properly speaking, excepting, as I have heard some one assert, to injure it, and the royal navy with it, than so many stage coaches; one part of their trade being the accommodation of absentees and of Irish labourers. But from one of the returns presented last session of parliament it appears that British shipping has diminished, comparing 1828 with 1814, to the extent of 769 ships, 275,749 tons, and, what is still more to be lamented, 23,244 men, a diminution of a most melancholy nature, instead of an increase of 20 per cent., which the increase of the population would have warranted us to expect. By other official reports, as quoted by Mr. Robinson, the member for Worcester, who spoke in favour of the petition from the hundred of Blackburn, which I had the honour to present, it appears, for the three preceding years, ending January, 1827, 1828, and 1829, the number of the vessels built in those years respectively were 1719, 1440, and 1125. Then as to their tonnage, that exhibited a decrease to this extent, 207,088, 163,946, and 128,752, the amount of the former of the three years exceeding the latter by the appalling difference of above 60 per cent. This statement, I am told, comports with your experience, though it may be contradicted by

certain documents put forth for the purpose of out-facing the general distress of this important business. But if, in these public reports, such enormous discrepancies occur, is not that an imperative reason for a public inquiry, which the advocates of the new system have strenuously refused? Their conduct of itself decides the question, and speaks volumes.

But, gentlemen, I saw the other day, in a personal attack upon myself by a journalist, the British shipping classed amongst those to which the epithet "trivial" was applied. No terms which I have at command can sufficiently reprehend such an assertion, either as to its falsehood or its folly. From the time of our great Alfred, who was alike the founder of the British constitution and of our fleet, and who so far extended his patronage of it as to confer the privilege of nobility upon him who should cross the ocean a given number of times, even on mercantile pursuits;—from the time of Alfred, I say, down to a very late period, the encouragement and support of the shipping of England has been made a matter of supreme concernment. Since its creation, however, its most effectual encouragement was probably the Navigation Act, that Magna Charta of English shipping which was one of those laws that Mr. Fox eulogised so highly, and the spirit and intent of which Mr. Pitt supported and extended with all his influence, however its letter was modified. Even Adam Smith, who wrote at a period when England had hardly ceased to be an exporter of the necessaries of life, and when consequently free trade was not the proposition it now is, but the very reverse—even Adam Smith asserted the Navigation Act to be dictated by "the most deliberate wisdom." That act formed an essential part of the naval constitution of England, if I may so speak; it was on the faith of that sacred engagement, for sacred it had become in the sight of successive generations of Englishmen, that you, gentlemen, embarked your property, which is now much of it sacrificed and lost by as direct an act of spoliation as if the same power had seized a portion of your estates, which you hold only under the same sanction—that of the law. But, gentlemen, it is not your interests alone which have been sacrificed.—No; in those the royal navy of England has been touched; at the very mention of which, he is no Briton whose heart does not glow with feelings of exultation, mingled however, at present, I fear, with those of apprehension and regret. That navy, which is the shield of England's defence, and the arm of her strength, which has preserved her in the profoundest peace, when a world was leagued against her, which swept the ocean of her enemies, and poured upon their remotest shores her irresistible thunders—that force without which her military arm would be utterly powerless, excepting when

raised against her own country, and which has, therefore, a share in all the laurels Britain wears, as well as those bright and unfading ones which are exclusively her own—the royal navy is put in jeopardy by this anti-national policy—a worse consequence even than all the personal and private injuries which have been inflicted: as defence (again to quote Adam Smith) is of much more importance than opulence, the Act of Navigation is (was, he must now have said), the wisest perhaps of all the commercial regulations of England. But that act, the same school so often alluded to have torn asunder with as little ceremony as they have destroyed that “Old Almanack” of 1688—the Protestant constitution of the empire.

Gentlemen, I might easily enlarge upon this important subject. But it is unnecessary. You, I conceive, are fully competent to judge of the present state of your own business, and to compare its past and present condition. This place I have always understood to have been one of the most noted ship-building stations in the kingdom. From Whitby, the celebrated Captain Cook chose to have his vessels in which he circumnavigated the globe; and from hence another ornament of science, Scoresby, sailed. A wish to visit so interesting a place brought me once, for a few hours, here before; but I saw it under the obsolete and rescinded system, which gave protection to British bottoms, and then the place was prosperous in a high degree, and full of activity: now it is evidently declining and in decay. The difference is, indeed, most striking. But in making these observations, I do not sympathize with you so deeply, gentlemen, as with those who would have been better employed, and more amply paid by you, had the former system been allowed to remain. The ship-builders and merchants of Whitby have lived in other and better times; and are, I understand, as a body, wealthy in an unusual degree, and can therefore sustain these reverses, or leave the business, though at great sacrifices, which subjects them to such loss. But the workmen—what is to become of them? And here I will make my last allusion to the new principle; it is at the lower and industrious classes that it principally takes its aim,—in which the legislature has long been too much its abettor. Paley says expressly, that “the care of the poor ought to be the principal object of all laws, for this plain reason, that the rich are able to take care of themselves.” But were I to say that any of the late regulations have been dictated by these feelings, I should compliment the benevolence of their projectors at the expense of their intelligence. I will compliment neither. The modern system, which has been insinuating itself amongst us by degrees, I hold to be an attack upon the few remaining privileges of labouring poverty throughout. In agriculture, this spirit dictates what Lord Bacon calls

the engrossment of great farms; by which a hundred little cultivators must be thrown out of a decent occupation and replaced by one, if the theorists can make it out that a grain more of surplus produce, to use their cant expression, can be so obtained. In manufactures, it would, as the Edinburgh Encyclopedia justly expresses it, “turn out of employment the entire population, if the master manufacturer, by the employment of machinery, could save five per cent.” In commerce, it exhorts you to buy where you can buy cheapest, though you leave the multitude, who enable you to purchase at all, without employment, raiment, and bread. In shipping, it allows the native mariner, whose life is a life of danger, and whose death is often one of glory, and who may be called upon at any moment to fight the battles of his country, to be ground down or supplanted, as it may happen, by the slaves of some foreign despot, who perhaps victuals them upon black bread and oil. Even in science, I am sorry to say, this “infection works.” If, for instance, anatomy has to be promoted—but I recall the idea; here, at length, the poor are allowed the privilege of monopolizing the market. Subjects for the human shambles are to be supplied by the friendless poor exclusively;—those legislators who have illumination enough to laugh at their own prejudices, nevertheless refuse their own carcasses to the carving knives of the dissectors. These, however, are not the most striking instances which might and shall be adduced in proof that the spirit of modern legislation—since we have deserted the humane, benevolent, aye, and politic principles of our Christian forefathers,—is hostile to the real interests of the working classes. These are, and have long been, my settled feelings and sentiments, and I utter them in no hostility, open or disguised, against the other and higher ranks of society, which, on the contrary, I have always attempted to support, in my humble sphere, in their just rights and privileges. It is to secure these, as well as to serve the lower orders, that I thus speak, and I shall act conformably. But the present legislative philosophy attempts to place the pyramid of national philosophy upon its apex instead of its base: its anxieties are about the summit, when it should be attending to the foundation. My preceding observations are not levelled at any set of men in power, individually considered; on the contrary, it has always been my wish to support the government of the country as far as I conscientiously could; and the present ministry had more especially my good wishes. I had differed from their new policy, indeed, ever since they introduced it,—the “thunders” of the opposite party, however; the ownership is contended for; the lightning attending which has scorched and withered all our vital interests: but I imagined that they were supporting what I conceived was of still more importance to the country even

than its interests,—namely, its principles: I have found myself lamentably deceived. I cannot, therefore, as an Englishman, always make up my mind to think and speak of men in power,—the dispensers of public favours and rewards, as some do, who declare of them

“Whate'er they do,

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.”

No; I am not one of those cameleons who take their changeful hue from some grand object near which they are crawling. I wish, as is likewise fabled of that reptile, that such could also live upon air; it would be far better for the public purse, and no worse for public principle.

I had fully meant, on this occasion, and before I had concluded, to have adverted to that line of policy which I humbly think ought to be adopted, and which, without any violent revulsions, much less untried plans, would still, and I think speedily, restore the nation to its wonted prosperity. I have, however, already exhausted your patience, and I shall therefore conclude; not that I shrink from the task, or shall refrain from submitting my ideas on this important subject on a proper occasion. In the mean time, do I despair concerning the country? God forbid! She will recover, and recover the sooner, because she is even now loathing the potions with which she has been lately drenched. She may be prostrated for the present; but, like another Antæus, she will rise, with renewed strength, from every overthrow. She will yet prosper; not, indeed, because of the councils of her rulers, but in spite of them. Yes; this mighty nation, unrivalled for ages in military and naval glory—foremost in the pursuits of science—warmest in every work of philanthropy—highest in the paths of genius;—the nurse of liberty,—the asylum of religion,—the mother of mighty nations, who shall spread her language, perpetuate her institutions, and submit to her moral empire, when the dominion of her power shall have passed away; this country is destined as yet, I hope and believe, to become in the hands of a gracious Providence, the benefactress of the universe.—She will yet vindicate her own principles, and vindicate her own cause. She may, like many a gallant bark that has taken refuge in your friendly port, be now at sea, in danger and distress, the sport of adverse winds, and tossed on the dark and tempestuous waves; but, if I may apply the fiction of Virgil to a nobler purpose, the Deity shall appear, and smiting the unfaithful Palinurus, himself seize the helm, and pilot the vessel through the subsiding storm into the haven of prosperity and peace.—Gentlemen, I will conclude. I know that when I sit down it will occur to my mind that I have omitted much, and that perhaps the most important part of what I meant to have said. To these omissions, however, shall not be added that

of failing again to thank you, individually and most cordially, for the high honour you have done me.

[Immense cheering followed the conclusion of this speech, which was listened to with extraordinary attention, and occupied an hour and three quarters in the delivery. We have purposely omitted several topics to which Mr. S. incidentally alluded, as well as any notice of the cheers with which he was, in several instances, hailed on his progress—wishing to give his arguments and observations, as much as possible, in an unbroken and condensed form. It may, however, be proper to state, that a pamphlet in support of the reciprocity system, *gratuitously* issued that morning in Whitby, was handed to Mr. S. on his arrival, lay before him, and formed a sort of text-book for his remarks, while he inflicted upon its author, to the great delight of the company, a species of literary impalement.]

At the conclusion of the evening, Mr. Sadler, in taking leave of the company, made the following observations—

“You have alluded, in terms far too flattering, to my Parliamentary conduct. I wish I had been able to have acquitted myself better; but such as it has been, such it shall be. I will have no object but England; no interest but those of Englishmen. Let us be, as we have ever been, a land of brothers—a land distinguished for its benevolence, rather than for its military and naval achievements,—though I speak of those achievements with gratitude equal to any man's. You are identified with that interest, which, insular as we are, gives us the command of the world; that interest, I trust, will yet recover from its depression. I feel and hope that those who go down to the deep in ships, and occupy business in mighty waters, will be restored to their once happy prosperity. Then, our Navy, riding triumphant on the Ocean, will present a wall of brass to our enemies; and enable us to smite when they insult, and to chastise when they injure. On that interest we depend for our support—for our prosperity; and when the reign of common sense returns, it will again be predominant. Gentlemen, I am ashamed to have to stand up to say one word in defence of the mercantile Navy of England. What! are we to be reduced to plead for its necessity? Have the citizens of the world brought us to this pass, that it is to be put upon its defence, and compelled to prove that it is entitled to a place among the interests of the country? I would ask, from the monarch on the throne, to the meanest menial of the ministry, do you mean to put the mercantile Navy of England on its defence? Do you mean to make it plead for its existence? What after this can you expect to meet with, in the shape of propositions, but the most abominable, the most anti-national concessions to theory and speculation? The shipping interest has grown with our affec-

tions, and identified itself with all our feelings. That interest has greatly contributed to make us what we are, in point of intellect and knowledge, which advantages we have imparted to other nations. Your Cook went round the world, carrying the blessings of humanity; your merchants are not mere traders, but carry with them, in their track, the benefits of civilization, of knowledge, of religion, and elevate in the scale of intellect the nations with whom they have intercourse. The triumphs of the commercial navy of England are great; and when we add to these the warlike triumphs of the navy of England, who can estimate the value of that interest by which they are achieved? What English heart does not glow with enthusiastic ardour, when mention is made of the achievements of the British navy, from Blake, down to Hawke, Rodney, and Howe, and mighty Nelson?—who died in the moment of victory, and left no anti-national stain on his character, but was English, every bit of him. In the hour of peace, we

may think slightly of these men; but the time will come, in which the services of their successors will be required. If you do not cherish the British navy, I can tell you what will be your fate; you will perish, and you ought to perish! The services of the navy have made you what you are, and if you do not support it, you deserve to perish. Many persons will object to the appearance of a military force among you; they will say it is not constitutional. But no man can say that the navy is unconstitutional. On the bosom of the deep the sailor finds his home; there he cherishes none but English feelings, English interests; for which he not only frequently sacrifices his fortune, but is ready to sacrifice his life—nay, proud to sacrifice it. I never knew a man in the British navy, who would not have been proud to sacrifice his life in the service of his country. Gentlemen, I am ashamed of being compelled to defend the British navy, the arm of our strength, the crown of our glory; but which is now sacrificed to theories and speculations.

So conclude the sentiments of a man worthy of his cause, and worthy of the best days of the constitution. We should disdain to offer Mr. Sadler any mere panegyric of his powers, though we are not deficient in the full feeling of respect for his accomplished and intelligent mind. But we pay him the higher honour of believing that he owes his chief success to his sincerity—and that the torrent of his noble phraseology issues from the rich and inexhaustible fount of a heart, filled and overflowing with a sense of his illustrious cause. We believe that with his impressions there can be no effort in those fine specimens of an oratory, that had perished among us, since the days when Pitt rose in his strength against the factions of England, and Burke hurled the thunder-bolt against the evil spirit that was wasting the world. Like the great apostle, the champion of these doctrines of national faith, honour, and virtue, may well cast aside the enticing words of man's wisdom, and rely on that lofty and unquenchable impulse which will give a tongue, not to be abashed or repelled before the face of profane scoffers, or tyrannical power. To him we say, *ΜΑΧΕ!* Go on in your career. You will find it one of growing triumph. Your enemies may be inveterate, but your course is above their reach. You move in a higher region than their paltry shafts can ascend. Your admirers will be every man who takes truth for his guide, and disdains to sell his country. Your panegyrists will be a whole people.

Nor in speaking thus of Mr. Sadler, should we forget to whom the opportunity of such successes is owing. The Duke of Newcastle, who has a right to claim on his own account all the honours due to the purest and most fearless patriotism, has increased his claims, by his connexion with Mr. Sadler. Without the intercourse of that manly and Protestant nobleman, we might still have known the member for Newark but as the able writer; and however his abilities might have made his way into notice, we have still to thank the congenial spirit that was the first to summon them to the direct defence of the Constitution.

We have taken the speech from the Hull Advertiser, a very able paper, which we have always found in the right, and deserving, on more occasions than one, the respect that belongs to good feeling and to good literature.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia, 2 vols. 8vo.*; 1829.—Poor Burckhardt has been dead these twelve years; and the travels described in the volumes before us were executed in the years 1814 and 1815. For the procrastination in publishing, the possessors of his papers are of course responsible. Every body knows he was employed by the African Association to prosecute discoveries in the interior of Africa; but his general history may not be so well known by every body. He was the son of a Swiss gentleman, and educated in Germany. The family property had suffered by the French Revolution; and young Burckhardt, on his return from Germany, found it necessary to look out for some means of gaining his own livelihood. In the year 1806, then in his twenty-second year, he came to England with no very definite views; but, luckily, being furnished with a letter of introduction from Professor Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, he was kindly received by the latter, and had the *entrée* granted him to that gentleman's well-known and far from unuseful public parties. Here he naturally became acquainted with the African Association and its views; and this, as it happened, at a period when Nicholls was known to be dead, and Horneman despaired of, and the society anxious to enlist new adventurers. The opportunity jumped with his humour and his desire of employment. He was young, and active, and ardent; and, as to any other qualifications, he felt within a power to acquire them all. Without hesitation he offered his services, which were, upon due inquiry, gladly accepted by the society; and steps were immediately taken to qualify him for the undertaking. The wisdom of the members determined upon sending him to Cambridge, to study Arabic and attend lectures on practical science and medicine—what a place, by the way, to go to for *such* purposes! There also he assumed the Oriental dress, let his beard grow, and, in the intervals of his learned labours, took long marches on foot, bare-headed, in the heat of the sun (when he could get it to shine), and constantly slept on the ground, and lived on vegetables and water.

Thus drilled for about a twelvemonth—having, it may be presumed, drained the breast of his Alma-Mater, he was despatched to Aleppo, for the purpose of perfecting his Arabic, and familiarizing himself still further with eastern manners. After two years he was to go to Cairo, and from thence, with the Fezzan caravan, to Mourzouk; and from thence, again, by whatever means he might, to penetrate into the interior. To arrange in one country, and execute in another, are two different things; and it is not to be wondered at that Burckhardt found it convenient or necessary to deviate

from his instructions. At Aleppo, however, he arrived; and at Aleppo he remained some months; but he was of too active and restless a temperament to abide long in one spot; he was, besides, impatient to try his wings and the efficiency of his acquirements. From Aleppo, accordingly, before he thought of setting out for Egypt, he made divers excursions; one to Palmyra, another to Damascus, a third to Libanus and Anti-Libanus. Starting finally for Egypt, he passed through the country of Decapolis and Nazareth, and, coasting along the Jordan and the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, at length reached Cairo. From Cairo, after making the necessary preparations, he proceeded up the Nile nearly to Dongola; and, in a second excursion, quitting the Nile a little above Thebes, he struck boldly into the Nubian Desert; till, at the distance of some six hundred miles, he reached the bank of the Astoborus, flowing into the Nile, in the latitude of 18°; and from thence he stretched across the country to Suakin, on the Red Sea. The Arabian port of Djidda lies nearly opposite to Suakin; and circumstances had determined him to visit Arabia, and survey, if possible, the Hadjaz—that is, the sacred country, comprising Mecca and Medina, and how much more nobody seems to know—under the disguise of an Egyptian gentleman of decayed fortunes. The volume before us describes this tour in Arabia—a description particularly acceptable, because it concerns a country accessible to none but Mahometans, or such as profess, like Burckhardt, and are believed to be true disciples of the Prophet. His purpose was especially to visit Mecca and Medina, and go through the ceremony of the “pilgrimage;” and, for this purpose, he assumed the character of a hadj, or pilgrim, relying upon his long and now thorough acquaintance with eastern manners for escaping detection.

At Djidda, which, though at a distance of forty or fifty miles, may be considered the port of Mecca, Burckhardt arrived with but two or three dollars in his pocket, and scarcely a rag on his back; and his letter of credit, addressed to a merchant there, was refused payment, on the ground of its being of so old a date—he had left Cairo eighteen months. In this exigency, he sold his slave for a present resource; and hearing that Mahomed Ali, whom he had known at Cairo, was encamped at Tayf, about 100 miles in the interior, prosecuting the Wahaby war, he despatched a messenger, soliciting assistance—begging him, in plain English, to discount a bill; but, before his messenger returned, he luckily found a person who was remitting money to Cairo, and who, in a manner singularly confiding, took his bill upon the English

consul at that place. Scarcely had he thus raised the necessary supplies, when he received a message from the pasha, accompanied with a present of clothes and 500 piastres, and an order to go to him forthwith. Compliance was of course indispensable. Mahomet had some suspicion of his views; but a short stay with him seems to have removed all unfavourable impressions, and permission was given to proceed with his tour. No time was now lost in proceeding to Mecca, where he arrived during the Rhamadan, in September. A visit to the temple is imperative immediately on arrival, before any other business whatever is attended to; and Burckhardt punctiliously went through the labour of the numerous and onerous ceremonies enjoined. These are detailed with the utmost minuteness, and must satisfy the most scrupulous curiosity. He remained at Mecca, of course, till November, the period of the hadji, or pilgrimage, which consists in a journey to Arafat, a hill of about 200 feet high, rising in the midst of an extensive plain, about six hours from Mecca. At this place assembled 70,000 persons; and the ceremonies on the spot, and in their way back at Mezdelfe, and Wady Muna, taking up three days, are all described with the same particularity as those of Mecca. We have no space for any thing of the kind; but the reader, we are confident, will find the whole story interesting and unique. We know not where he can find any thing like it; and the account, we have no doubt, may be entirely relied on.

From Mecca, Burckhardt went onward to Medina, nearly 300 miles to the north of Mecca, where he visited the temple which covers the tomb of Mahomet. The tomb itself—the coffin rather—is not permitted to be seen; so that, after all, it may still, according to the old report, be magnetically suspended. All that Burckhardt could learn was—no such report circulates at Medina. He, with others, looked through a little window into an enclosure, into which ten or fifteen dollars procures admission from the attendant eunuchs. But nothing is gained by this; for within there is still another enclosure, to which there appears to be no golden key. According to the reports of the eunuchs, there is within a covering of the same rich and splendid stuff as the surrounding curtain; and, according to the Arabian historian of Mecca, this curtain covers a square building of black stones, supported by two pillars, at the entrance of which are the tombs of Mahomet, Aboubeker, and Omar. The tombs are deep holes, and the coffin containing the body of Mahomet is cased with silver. This is all that can be learnt about the matter; for we may be sure Burckhardt spared no pains—it was the especial object of his visit.

The only places of any importance in Arabia seen by Burckhardt, were Djidda, Tayf, Mecca, Medina, and Yembo; and

of all these, the most particular descriptions are given, as to the state of society—trade, employment, habits, government, &c. These places are all within the limits of the holy territory; but how far further these limits extend, as we said, all his inquiries failed of ascertaining, and books furnish nothing but contradictory statements.

Burckhardt's papers will still, it seems, supply another volume, consisting of details relative to the Arabs of the desert, and especially the Wahabys. When these will appear, the reader may calculate. The first volume, comprising his account of Nubia, appeared in 1819; the second, description of Syria, in 1822; the third, of Arabia, in 1829; and so the fourth may be expected towards the year 1835, unless Mr. Colburn's liberal offers accelerate the march; and money, we, know, makes the mare to go—and may make the African Association.

*Cuma, and other Poems, by J. R. Best, Esq.; 1829.*—This Mr. Best is already known as the clever and lively author of two works entitled “Transrhene,” and “Transalpine Memoirs,” distinguished as the productions of a Catholic, liberal and enlightened on all points, except, as we Protestants must think, those of his religious profession. He is the son of a gentleman still better known, as a Protestant clergyman some years ago converted to Catholicism, and as the writer of two or three agreeable volumes on Italy and France, and a volume of whose reminiscences of other times, places, and persons, are now, by the way, before us, which we shall probably notice this month.

Poetry is a perfect drug, now-a-days; we have lying by us, still unread, though not unglanced at, no less than ten volumes; all of them the productions of new aspirants—several of them probably filled with what, years ago, would have been thought very superior versification; but not one of them likely to secure a reader or admirer, certainly not a purchaser, out of the family or friendly circles of the writers. Mr. B. assuredly is not among the worst—he has read poetry till the desire, a very common case, grew with him to write himself; and he has dwelt and revelled among the beauties and sunshine of Italy, till nothing but the latitude and language of poetry seemed capable of giving fair vent to his excited feelings. The result is a volume—filled with descriptions of the charms that invest the bay and environs of Naples; and a tale of Byron-passion, with sundry scraps on occasional subjects. Much of the volume is above *mediocrity*; but neither gods, nor men, nor “columnæ,” we know, on admitted authority, can tolerate middling poets; and, we shall add, now-a-days, none that are not far beyond the ken of the *middling*. Among the occasional pieces we distinguish, “A Continuation of Collins's Ode on the Passions.” He has caught

Collins's tone exactly, and we will quote at least the latter part of it. *Love* was forgotten by Collins. "Love goes," in the poem we quote from, "to Music's magic cell, and grasps her own enchanted shell:"

He seized it. Hark! what thrilling sound  
Trembles on the air around?  
Hark! its native notes arise—  
Its own sweet strain the shell supplies—  
Unalloyed by force or art  
From their natal shell they start:  
From Music's sacred symbol stealing,  
To every wakened sense appealing,  
A soothing murmur—rising—falling—  
Mad contention all entralling—  
O'er THE PASSIONS transport shed:  
Each, in turn, with basiful head—  
Startled by the conquering tone  
That rose superior to its own—  
Lingered—lingered—lingered—fled!

LOVE remained within the cell,  
And still he held the magic shell,  
And still its thrilling notes ascending—  
With every hidden feeling blending—  
Fire his own enraptured breast,  
Fill his soul with transport blest;  
For oh! how well  
That magic shell  
Breathed the thoughts he longed to tell!  
And as its gentle notes arose,  
Still—still his phrensied rapture grows,  
And still his eye more wildly glows;  
Still they whirl his heart and soul  
Away—away—beyond controul!  
Still—still the charm endures; till fired—  
Maddened by the entrancing lay—  
To the sweet song himself inspired,  
He faints in Music's arms away!

*Personal and Literary Memorials, by the Author of "Four Years in France," "Italy as it is," &c.; 1829.*—Mr. Best (the elder) gossips very agreeably, and has tossed up a mélange of reminiscences, personal and literary, admirably suited to while away an hour or two, in indolent recollection of eminent persons now gone by, and on matters frequently—though sometimes the topics are of the deepest importance—of mere curiosity, lightly and gaily touched upon. Mr. B. has a keen sense of the ludicrous; but his own language often fails him in pointing his stories: he would probably manage his French or Italian better. Considerable space is occupied with Paley. Lincoln was Best's native place, where Paley was subdean, bound by office to an annual residence of some months, and by station and character a remarkable person there, independently of his literary eminence. Mr. Best judges him with some severity, but still readily recognizes his general merits. He plainly does not *take* Paley's principle of morals, or he would find no occasion for any thing like the contempt or disgust he expresses. The collection of anecdotes, bons-mots, and coarse phraseology, gathered from his conversation, most of it, appeared, some time ago, in a cotemporary monthly periodical.

He talked of education at the universities. "You may do any thing with young men by encouragement, by prizes, honours, and distinctions: see what is done at Cambridge. But there the stimulus is too strong; two or three heads are cracked by it every year." He was asked, "Do you mean that they really go mad from over-studying the mathematics?"—"Why, some of them go mad; others are reduced to such a state of debility, both of mind and body, that they are unfit for any thing during the rest of their lives. I always counselled the admixture of the study of natural philosophy, of classics and literature, and that university honours should be accorded to all. One thing I always set my face against; and that is, exercises in English composition: this calling upon lads—(lads, be it understood, is the old-fashioned university word for under-graduates)—this calling upon lads for a style before they have got ideas, sets them upon fine writing, and is the main cause of the puffy, spongy, spewy, washy style that prevails at the present day." These four epithets, being all of them words capable of the grace of northern pronunciation, had all and each of them the advantage,—and it was by no means an inconsiderable one in point and effect,—of the "vulgar tongue" learned by Paley in his youth.

Paley had some dislike to Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff—"some old college quarrel, perhaps," says Mr. B.; perhaps also a little jealousy—some vexation at Watson's advancement, and his own comparative want of it.

I told him I had been reading a work that Watson had lately published. "What is it about?" said he, "is it a proposal for paying off the national debt? Mind—every cracked man proposes to pay off the national debt: that is a rule; nobody but a cracked man would think of it, and Watson has been thinking about it for several years past."

Some one quoted a phrase in a pamphlet, by Watson, on the subject of the invasion of England:—

"I am an independent man," says Watson. "Independent!" says Paley; "I do not know what he can mean by '*independent*,' unless he may mean—*unchanged*."

The income-tax was talked of:—

"I have but one objection to declaring the amount of my income; but for that objection, all the world should be welcome to know it; and that objection is," he paused and made us wait a little, "I am afraid of exciting the concupiscence of the younger clergy."

He talked of Burke in the highest terms of admiration:—"As for eloquence," says he, "Demosthenes was a fool to him." A bold opinion this—but one that will be impugned by none but those who have not read *both*.

The author has many recollections of Horne, President of Magdalen, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, of whom the public, and the readers of his sermons and commentaries on the Psalms, knew nothing,

but of his gravity, or perhaps the kindness of his nature, which is visible enough in his books, and which his life did not, apparently, belie. He was, however, a very jocosse personage, and deep in the Oxford sin of punning. Some of his repartees are good :

Playing once at whist, and making a blunder—he was a very bad hand at cards—his partner angrily asked, “What reason, Mr. President, could you possibly have for playing that card?”—“None upon earth, I assure you.”

An under-graduate waited on him to ask leave out of college, wishing, he said, to go to Coventry.—“Better go than be sent,” replied the President.

He said of some indolent person, who lived five and thirty years in college without any occupation, “He had nothing to do, and he did it.”

Of young men coming to the University, Horne said—“They have an equal chance of being pickled or preserved,” which nearly breaks down.

I was talking (says Mr. Best) with Henry James Pye, late poet laureat, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P., a gentleman of Berkshire and M.P. I think, for Reading;—“That is the man,” said I, “who damned the king’s wig in the very presence of his Majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king.”—“I do not well see how that could be.”—“You shall hear a story which our president, Horne, (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College) told at his own table. The king was out a hunting: P— was in, and of the field: the king’s horse fell: the king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P—, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste, and arrives at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, ‘Where’s my wig? where’s my wig?’ P— cries out, ‘D—n your wig; is your Majes’y safe?’”

Some puns of Barton, warden of Merton, are too bad for repetition—most of them so obviously made up, to explode upon occasion—and the occasion made, too, sometimes. One of Tom Wharton’s is better :

Whoever has been at Oxford has seen

The sixteen grisly Caesars grin

in a semicircle at the northern end of the theatre. The celebrated Thomas Warton, fellow of Trinity College, a poet, and author of the History of English Poetry, and at length *poëta laureatus* to his Majesty, was walking one day near this spot, when he was addressed by a countryman, or man from the country, who had been gazing at these very ugly and rather colossal busts. “Pray, Sir, be so kind as to tell me what be they?” pointing to the statues. Warton, or as he was familiarly called, “Tom Warton,” answered by a counter question in the *patois* of the interrogator.—“Didst thee never hear of the heads of housen?”—“Aye, sure I have,” said the man. “Well,” said Tom, “them be they.”—“Thank’ee, Sir,”

said the man, and departed unconscious of the trick.

The best of the *mots*, under the head of Cyril Jackson, are rather about him than by him. A repartee by young Langton, a son of Bennet Langton, is worth quoting :

Jackson did not like that his young men should seek their acquaintance out of college, but wished the Christ-Church men to associate, as much as might be, with each other. He said to my Lincolnshire Saxon friend, who was a gentleman commoner of Christ-Church, “Mr. Langton, you knock in very often: why do you visit so much out of college? I say nothing in disparagement of other colleges: no doubt there are clever men to be found in them; but as Christ-Church is the largest college in the university, there must be more men of sense in this college than in any other, by the rule of proportion simply.”—“Yes, Sir,” said Langton; “and more fools too, by the same rule.”

A specimen of some French puns will not take up much space:—

Louis, the eighteenth king of his name, was twice brought back to the French, escorted by foreign bayonets. They said he was *deux fois neuf*. *Neuf* means both *nine* and *new*: twice nine is eighteen.

When the terms of the treaty which followed the restoration of the king were known, the French amused themselves by composing what they called the alphabet of the restoration, *La nation Française a. b. c.* The French pronunciation of these letters suggests to every one the word *abaissée*. *Quarante-trois Départemens c. d. (cédés)*. *Le ministère e. b. t.* As the aspirate in the word *hébété* is not sounded, you have only to pronounce the three letters to arrive at the sense. *La gloire des armées Françaises f. a. c. (effacée)*. These are a few specimens of this *mauvaise plaisanterie* that greeted the restored monarch.

The young Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in a drunken frolic knighted the landlord of an inn in a country town:—

Being told the next morning what he had done the duke sent for *mine host*, and begged of him to consider the ceremonial as merely a drunken frolic. “For my own part, my Lord Duke, I should readily comply with your Excellency’s wish; but Lady O’Shaunessy!”—

This leads the author to remark upon *baronets* thus:—

I dislike the origin of this *caste*, and the left hand dyed in the blood of Ulster. Besides, it is not fair that one plain country gentleman should have so much advantage over another of his species in the market of matrimony. Many women of large dower are as ready and anxious to be *ladies*, as Lady O’Shaunessy. Neither is it fair, that on no motive of civil polity or personal merit, a man should be set above his equals. But if any one can shew reason why baronets should be, I am very placable, and, above all, willing to hear reason.

The House of Lords, once upon a time, was voted “useless and dangerous.” I do not think that the baronets will ever be voted dangerous!

Anecdoting upon the awkward use of particular words, he adds:—

I told my friend, 'Sir J., that Mr. — said, that among other fishes good for food, he was particularly *attached* to a smelt. "D—n him;" said Sir J., "I wish a smelt was attached to *him*—to his nose for a week, till it stank, and cured him of his attachment."

*Memorials of Charles John (Bernadotte), King of Sweden and Norway, by W. G. Meredith, Esq.; 1829.*—These memorials consist of a series of public documents, proceeding from Bernadotte, the greater part while Crown Prince, and some few, after he succeeded to the throne—up to the close of the Norwegian Storthing in 1824. The chief value belongs to the early papers, which shew more clearly than anything that has hitherto appeared the real state of his relations with the French Emperor. That seems never to have been equivocal. From the moment of his election, Sweden was his country, and he resolutely pursued her interests, identified, of course, with his own—though wishing apparently to keep on terms of friendly intercourse with Napoleon. But Napoleon was suspicious, jealous, haughty, and would treat Sweden in the style of a master—would direct rather than negotiate, and would, what was still more galling, observe none of the marks of respect, which independent governments mutually pay—neither himself, nor by his agents.

Bernadotte landed in Sweden on the 20th of October, 1810, and found himself immediately compelled to determine on the tone to be taken with Napoleon—this, from the circumstances of the country, was of necessity a conciliatory one. On the 11th of December he addressed a letter to the Emperor, in complaint of the instructions given to Alquier (the French ambassador), relative to the enforcement of the "continental system." Bernadotte assures him every thing is done to exclude English commerce, but smuggling can no more be precluded in Sweden than elsewhere, and that in Sweden the regal authority is very much restricted. Still all that is practicable shall be enforced to second the system. Scarcely was this letter despatched, when Alquier, before it could have reached the Emperor, was directed to demand of the Swedish government an immediate declaration of war against England—if in five days this was not complied with, he was to quit, and war with France was to follow.

Bernadotte was thus placed in a very awkward position—it gave him the appearance of coming to Sweden merely to execute the orders of the Emperor. To remove the offensive impression, as far as he could, he abstained from taking part in the deliberations of the council. Fatal as was the measure, imposed by the Emperor, to the prosperity of Sweden, compliance was inevit-

able, and war was accordingly "declared," though utterly without the means of prosecuting it. Bernadotte, in consequence of this unprepared and destitute state, again addressed two letters to Napoleon, in which he frankly exposed to him the exhausted condition of the country, and solicited the assistance which was indispensable for the execution of his wishes. To these letters no answer was vouchsafed; but instead, the ambassador was directed to make sundry demands on the Swedish government—4,000 seamen, for instance, to serve in the French fleet, at Brest, and a concurrence in a confederation with Denmark and the Duchy of Warsaw, both of which, however, were declined on the part of the Swedish government. The insolence of Alquier becoming intolerable, Bernadotte demanded his recall, and he was accordingly recalled, but succeeded by another, who, acting of course under instructions, was not a whit less offensive, and he also was finally dismissed. But in the meanwhile, and throughout the summer and autumn of 1811, the hostility of the French government was shewn by the systematic injustice of the officers presiding over the prize-courts—more than fifty Swedish vessels were condemned, and no redress was recoverable. Finding remonstrances all in vain, the Swedish government took the defence of their commerce into their own hands, and in December seized a French privateer. A communication of the circumstance and the cause was immediately made, and again no written notice was taken.

But on the 27th of January, 1812, without any ceremony, or any previous threat, a division of Davoust's army was marched into Pomerania, and took possession of it, and of the island of Rugen. Explanation was demanded in vain—still nothing but contemptuous silence—till at last M. Signeul arrived, not bringing with him explanations, or even noticing the demand for explanation, but fresh proposals, or rather orders—a new declaration of war against England, and offensive measures against the English shipping in the Cattegat and the Baltic, and moreover, a levy of 40,000 men to operate against Russia on the side of Finland, the recovery of which, by Sweden, was held out as an indemnification. But Signeul was too late. Indignant at the cavalier treatment he had received, Bernadotte had appealed to Russia, and a treaty between the two governments had already been signed in March—in which treaty Russia engaged to unite Norway, and guarantee the peaceable possession of it to Sweden. Signeul, in consequence, returned, taking with him the last letter from Bernadotte, which bore the semblance of friendship—it explained the necessity into which he had been thrown, and appealed to his humanity to avert the general war impending, proposed to *mediate* between him and the Emperor of Russia—a pro-

posal not very likely from such a quarter to be listened to.

In July, friendly relations with England, which had, indeed, scarcely been broken, were renewed, and the ports of Sweden were thrown open. Till February, however, of the following year (1813), the Swedish ambassador continued to reside at Paris, but at last receiving no explanation, though frequently urging it, on the occupation of Pomerania, he represented the diplomatic intercourse to be, in consequence, now without an object, and demanded his passports. These were accordingly granted, and accompanied by a note, in which Bassano at last alleged the seizure of the French privateer as the cause, though it was notorious, indications of the *intention* had been manifested months before. The note contained some curious implications of censure on Bernadotte, and talked of personal enmities, violent passions, and ill-directed ambition. To this communication, Bernadotte wrote the remarkable letter of the 23d of March, 1813, the contents of which amounted to a renunciation of all further intercourse, and a declaration of war. The letter is filled with reflections and allusions that must have been gall and wormwood, Mr. Meredith says, to the bitter spirit of the Emperor—it indignantly abandons all farther attempt at conciliating his confidence and friendship, and refers him for peace to Russia and England.

For two years, Sweden, or rather Bernadotte, had been actively engaged in raising and organising the Swedish army, which now amounted to 60,000; and in May, 1813, he crossed over to Stralsund with his troops, to wait the arrival of the Russians; but it was not till the conclusion of the armistice of Pleiswitz, that he took the field, at the head of 80,000 Swedes, Russians, and Prussians, in the neighbourhood of Berlin. This was termed the combined army of the north, and the active and efficient part it took, towards the end of the campaign of 1813, is well known. The subsequent conduct also of Bernadotte is too well known to require any further statement—it was never equivocal, and had as much been understood then, as is now thoroughly known, of the exasperating conduct of Napoleon, and the natural indignation of Bernadotte, no suspicion of the latter's want of sincerity or firmness to the general cause of Europe would for a moment have been entertained.

The "memorials," which constitute the bulk of the volume, are, in general, little calculated to shew the *man*—most of them are speeches prepared expressly for public occasions, and filled with conventional and customary phrases, smacking strongly of French taste. The directions given to the governor and tutor of his son are interesting—still, conceived in the same spirit, and manifestly written for the public eye. But the activity, and the public wisdom of the man are admirable. He has been the re-creator of Sweden. The union of Norway

has made the peninsula *one*—commerce extends, population multiplies, agriculture thrives too beyond all precedent there—they grow *all* their own corn now, and canals are stretching across the country, connecting lake with lake, and rendering the country independent of the mouth of the Baltic—that is, should an enemy block up the Sound, the Swedes can get from their east coast to the west, in summer by water, and in winter by ice, and defy the consequences.

*Nicholls's Autographs, completed; 1829.*  
—Mr. Nicholls has completed his ample collection, consisting, as the title-page expresses it, of the autographs of "royal, noble, learned, and remarkable personages conspicuous in English history, from the reign of Richard the Second, to that of Charles the Second." The concluding portion is accompanied with what some prig, with an absurd attempt at precision, termed a "postliminous preface," discoursing largely and learnedly on the utilities of autographs—the history of hand-writing—the merits of calligraphy—the previous publications of a similar kind in England and France—followed by a list of the more distinguished collectors and possessors of these *inestimable* treasures. Some vague notion prevails that the character of the writer is to be got at from his scribbling manipulation. Shenstone, in one of his letters, says, I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her *temper*. Lavater, too, imagined something might be gathered from the same source, as well as from the countenance; and so lately as 1816, a Frenchman wrote a volume on "l'Art de Juger du Caractère des Hommes sur leur Ecriture." Mr. D'Israeli—the only Englishman in the present day of any pretensions to sobriety, and some will question *his*, who has indulged in similar reveries—while he insists "the vital principal must be true, that the handwriting bears an analogy to the character," rests it wholly on this ground, "that all *voluntary* actions are characteristic of the individual," which comes close to the Dogberry maxim—*writing* and reading come by nature. Many causes, he allows, operate to controul this natural result, and to such an extent, that he forebodes the "true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation." This is sad twaddle. The whole business is resolvable into imitation, accidentally directed. Every body can distinguish French from English writing, but is an English *hand* distinguishable from a French one? Whole schools scratch like their masters. The Harrow boys, for instance, it must have been remarked, for the last twenty years have written more or less like Butler. The publication is very handsomely got up.

*Dr. Mavor's Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse; 1829.*—A stout octavo volume, made up of occasional papers—some before printed in different periodicals, and others

written for domestic or school purposes—on a variety of topics, chiefly addressed to young people, and calculated to convey information, and, above all, to enforce the duties of humanity, and illustrate the beauties of moral qualities. They shew the venerable author to be a man of excellent feeling, full of kindness and liberal sentiments, and concentrating his happiness in the charities of domestic life. As a writer, he has long wielded the pen of a ready scribe, and may challenge volumes with the most copious producers of his time. One book has succeeded another for, we believe, forty years; and if his merits are measured by quantity, they will prove to be something pretty considerable. To the merit of plain and not unuseful narrative, he is fairly entitled; but as to those of selection and scrutiny, they constituted no part of his object—they are qualities incompatible with dispatch, and are not to be looked for from any one who writes by the sheet, or runs against time. His books are filled with matters of common-place, which he took as they came, and asked no questions—they covered his pages, and satisfied his publisher—and, after all, are not without their use. Of the poetry, spread over 170 pages, and pretty closely printed, nothing need be said in the way of censure; and upon any body's admiration, it can have no claim—it is of a cast that *can* no longer be read, consisting, as it does, of thread-worn thoughts, couched in common, not to say coarse language; and flows in a rythm and with a cadence that have neither spirit nor music.

The ample volume closes with a string of "egotisms," by which the doctor means, it seems, something that distinguishes the individual from the species. They are taken promiscuously (*why* should they have been thus taken?) from a large collection of remarks, made from incidental impressions and *native* feelings, on the subjects of life and manners, law and government, religion and morals—a mélange of very common truths, or rather, perhaps, very common prejudices. The idiosyncrasy is not often discernible to our eyes. They are, generally, of a querulous cast, and indicate, which amazed us, *disappointment* on the part of the author, as if he had not been rewarded according to his deserts. His conclusions seem to be that fools predominate, at least in the conspicuous and commanding situations of life; and that a wise man and a virtuous man have no chance of success in a world where fools and scoundrels enter into the general competition. This, by the way, supposes the aims of the sage and the fool to be the *same*, which, if it be creditable to the fool, can scarcely be so to the other. The doctor has expressed his feelings in one instance strikingly enough, but not conclusively: it is all *apparent*—a thousand things, physically and morally, are probably wanting, not to be calculated or detected. But take it for what it is worth:

Some years ago I planted three pines, of equal height and age. Each had the same *apparent* strength, and the same advantages of soil and situation; yet it was not long before one of them shot up far above his fellows, and to this moment retains its superiority. It is thus in life also; and I never visit them without calling to mind some early acquaintances who started on the stage of the world with myself, and who have outstripped me in the career of fortune and of fame; though an impartial observer would probably at least have reputed me their equal, when we began the race.

This evidently annoys the doctor: why not cut down the reminding aspirer?—*he* is in his power.

*Illustrations of Natural History. Part I. 4to.*; 1829.—Here is another publication on Natural History, conducted by Mr. Le Keux, who, with Mr. Sands, executes the engravings. The publication is of the popular kind—not governed by any arrangement of system, but presenting selections only of the more interesting species.—“Expensive and technical publications may be obtained in Natural History,” observe the editors; but we know of none that are cheap in price, faithful in delineation, and, at the same time, addressed to the general and unlearned reader. For this class of persons, in particular, but still aiming to gratify the more scientific scholar (what magnificent words!), this work is planned; and the proprietors will (of course) zealously endeavour to render it worthy the patronage of all.” This first specimen of the work is wholly occupied with the Horse; the account of the management of the racer is interesting and very minute, taken chiefly from *Holerofi*, who, when a boy, was in the stables of a man of the turf very eminent in his day. The engravings are on steel, correct and good; and the whole performance promises well; still not, in any respect, except that of correctness, is it quite equal to the beautiful little work from the Zoological Gardens. It is publishing in two forms—in octavo, once a fortnight—and in quarto, every month. The quadrupeds will occupy two volumes, with at least 240 species; the birds one, with 130 species; fishes and amphibious animals, one; and reptiles and insects will fill a fifth—the whole embracing representations and historical accounts of more than 600 species, at the moderate price of 3*l*.

*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany*, by Thomas Castle, F.L.S.; 1829.—Mr. Castle is known to us as the author of a Manual of Modern Surgery, founded upon the principles and practice of Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Green—gathered, that is, from the lectures of those eminent operators—a little publication, the merits of which have been generally acknowledged, and offer a favourable augury of the present. The work before us relates to botany, generally—comprising the

physiology as well as the arrangement of plants. It pretends to no novelty, and only collects into a small and convenient volume what, in introductory books, are not usually thus assembled. The reader will find, under distinct heads,—I. A Sketch of the History of Botany to the days of Linnæus and Jussieu;—II. The Elementary Organs of Plants, with delineations of those organs and their standard varieties;—III. The *Language* of Botany;—IV. Linnæus's Artificial System, according to the Parts of Fructification;—V. Linnæus's Natural System, arranged, according to certain striking particulars, into 58 orders, or families;—VI. Jussieu's Natural System—an arrangement subsequent to Linnæus's, founded chiefly upon a consideration of the anatomical structure of plants, and their corresponding characters;—VII. The Anatomy and Physiology, with general Remarks on the peculiar Fluids connected with the Economy of Plants;—and, VIII. The Harmonies of Plants—by which is meant the relative agreements, profusely and beautifully displayed in the economy of vegetables, and the adaptation of plants to other purposes. In this last division, many interesting facts are brought together, and the subject is well illustrated. "Providence has not," he states, "regulated the fecundity of plants by their size or strength, but to the ratio of animal species for whose food they are destined;" which he illustrates thus:—"The pannic, the smallest millet, and several other gramineous plants, so useful to animals and to man, produce, beyond comparison, more seeds than many plants much larger and much smaller than themselves. There are many which perpetuate themselves by their seed once a year; but the *chick-weed*, which affords sustenance, at every season of the year, to the small birds of our climate, is renovated by its seed seven or eight times, without being interrupted even by winter."

*Memoirs of the Reformers, British and Foreign, by the Rev. J. W. Middleton, 3 vols. 18mo.; 1829.*—As mere narratives, these little volumes may be acceptable enough to numbers; for we know not where so full an account, as to bare facts, and the common estimate of them, in so small a compass, of so many of the Reformers, is to be found. But they are the representations of a *partizan*. They are written in a spirit of confiding admiration, and credit is every where given for untainted purity in all the motives that impelled them all—no scrutiny is ever instituted. The author would evidently think such a course profanation. The individuals are all angels; and every thing tending to shew any of them were men of like passions with ourselves, is carefully kept out of sight. They are considered as the *especial* agents of Providence, before whom events gave way to further their agency. We do not, of course, by

this, deny that they were agents of Providence; for we believe all created beings are strictly and unexceptably so. What we mean is, that there is really no sound reason to suppose these men, any of them, were taken out of the common course of things, and invested with more than mortal and natural powers. They were men, in the most favourable view, who acted according to their convictions and their temperaments; and many of them braved danger, and battled with obstructions in prosecution and diffusion of principles, which seemed to them a duty incumbent upon themselves, and of service to the world; while others, obviously, first or last, were actuated by the coarser considerations of aggrandizement or of distinction. Now we see no reason upon earth—no becoming one, we mean—why their motives and measures should not be freely canvassed; we know no *good* that is to be accomplished by a contrary course, and plainly much that is bad must arise from it. The only useful purpose of history and biography is to make the conduct of eminent individuals come in aid of our experience; and if that conduct is to be partially, and therefore unfairly exhibited, so far are the very things which are destined by nature to assist our conclusions perverted, and the only valuable purpose of presenting them to us defeated.

The writer of these volumes—written, doubtless, with what he considers the best intentions, but surely with a mistaken object—is perpetually apologizing, instead of fairly discussing, as far as facts and motives are to be got at, and estimating their genuine value. Cranmer, for instance—why should he, in the teeth of known facts, and the invincible evidence of circumstances, be represented more like an angel than a mortal, when his conduct, in repeated instances, was contemptible and scandalous, and, in the person of an adversary, would have been, we venture to say, so described by this very writer? But he, like thousands, filled with professional prejudices, considers the end as sanctifying the means; for, on any other principle, to justify and purify Cranmer is impossible. The very act which introduced him to Henry was that of a time-serving person, catching at an opportunity of bringing himself to the notice of the sovereign. He gave himself up, readily and coarsely, as his willing tool. He continued to do so, after receiving the grand prize of his subserviency, through the remainder of Henry's reign—he submitted to his caprices—he furthered his iniquitous acts—he shared in the *plunder* of them—he did and undid at command. Think, too, of the wretched Lambert's case. In Edward's reign, when he had almost every thing, ecclesiastically, his own way, we find him *burning* heretics, even a woman (Mr. M. makes not the slightest allusion, of course, to these things); and at the end of it, caballing with Northumberland in his political schemes; and,

in Mary's reign, when he, in his turn, became the victim of tyranny, *six* times recanting. The truth is, as one of the fathers and founders of the Church of England, he may command the admiration of blind adherents; but, as a man of integrity, firmness, and disinterested views, he has no claim to any independent man's approbation. He must be regarded as one unscrupulously pursuing his interests and ambition. So often called upon, as he was, to do what the common feelings of honour must have told him were unjustifiable, he yet, we find, chose to do them, rather than renounce his honours. Yet this is a person to be held up to admiration—"to give the world assurance of a man!"

To the reformers, generally, the world, beyond all question, is largely indebted: they taught men—but then that was not their object, nor was it taught on principle—to fling off the pressure of undue authority, and make use of their own understandings. Though this was the effect, it was not, we say, their object; for while they laboured at exposing to contempt and scorn the infallibility of the pope, there was scarcely one of them who was not disposed to set up his own. While contending for the exercise of private judgment and the eternal rights of conscience, in their own case and that of their steady followers, scarcely one of them was prepared to allow the same liberty to others. No! the lives of the reformers require still to be written in a different tone, and their conduct measured by another standard—the same as that of other men. They were, for the most part, vigorous men—the natural leaders and instructors of their kind; but their actions require searching and sifting, before any accurate deductions can be drawn from them, and any useful examples be held up for our instruction.

*The Female Servant's Adviser, or the Service Instructor; 1829*—Though the specific services of the housekeeper, cook, kitchen-maid, and maids of all sorts—house, laundry, nursery, and lady's-maids—are each of them separately glanced at, the main object of the book is to instruct the "maid of all work," whose duties—God help the poor girl!—seem literally to comprise them all. She must have more eyes and hands than nature usually gives, and a brain steady enough to regulate an empire, or a magazine. Not a moment can she call her own—every instant has its occupations, from the time of lighting the kitchen-fire at an early hour, to extinguishing it at a late one. Nor, as far as we can discern, is she expected to stop to eat and drink, and certainly engagements, enough and more, are found to leave her no time to do either. Any poor devil who honestly attempted to get through the labours inculcated as duties in this managing book, must knock up in a month; but the truth is, not only are

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more imposed than can be performed, but services are enforced, which, under the circumstances supposed, nobody actually could ever dream of exacting. When one servant is to do all, no state and ceremony can be supported, and all directions which imply them, are of course superfluous—muddling is inevitable. No doubt here are useful hints enough, in matters both of skill and arrangement; but these things are never learned from books, and yet are as generally known, as they are ever likely to be practised. Books, however, in our day, are to do every thing—the system, at all events, benefits the printers, if nobody else.

With our full sense of the growing importance of all matters of etiquette among all classes of society, we ought not to withhold a little discovery—it is one at least to us—we have made in this instructive book, and the reader shall have it.

Where all the servants dine together (that is where no *second* table is kept) they take their meal in the servants' hall. The housekeeper sits at the head, and the butler at the bottom of the table, the cook and lady's-maid on the right and left of the housekeeper, the under-butler and coachman on the right and left of the butler; the house-maid next to the cook, and the kitchen-maid next to the lady's-maid—while the men-servants occupy the *lower* end of the table. (This must mean the middle, but the *imum* is often the medium, at least in the Latin.) The cook sets the dinner upon the table, the under-butler draws the beer, and the housekeeper carves.

May we venture to suggest—the ladies should sit next the butler, and the gentlemen next the housekeeper; *sed ne sutor*.

*Stenography, by W. Harding; 1829*.—A very neat little book, which, in about thirty pages, comprises the principles of Taylor's received system, and, in addition, all the facilities which a long experience has from time to time suggested. Taylor's work, it is known, presented no fixed mode of marking the vowels—a defect which, as well as some others, the constructor of the present edition—which is to be regarded, it seems, as a new one of Taylor's—has skillfully supplied. The principal additions consist of several new and convenient prefixes and terminations, and some useful *arbitraries*, as the author calls them—that is, arbitrary characters for words and phrases. The writer has very wisely availed himself of the suggestion of later writers, at home and abroad. The preface furnishes a sketch of the history of the art, and a list of *modern* writers on the subject, from the days of Dr. Bright, in 1583, to the present, amounting—"would heart of man believe it?"—to nearly, if not quite, a hundred. Taylor's book costs a guinea, while this may be had for a sixth of that obsolete coin. *Cæteris paribus*—the cheapest is best.

*The Last Supper, by the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," and "Farewell to Time;" 1829*.—The elegant

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writer of these devotional pieces, now extensively known, entitled *The Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, and *Farewell to Time*, has completed, in the publication before us, the scheme he originally, it seems, contemplated. *The Last Supper* is intended by him to arrange next to *The Morning and Evening Sacrifice*: and the *Farewell to Time* to form the close of his meditations. This order, though a favourite with him, will probably not be so with many of his admirers. Of his former productions, the first is excellently calculated to assist and guide the "giver of thanks;" and the latter to console and strengthen the old and dying—to console for the loss of fleeting but most influencing interests, and strengthen for the entrance upon more enduring scenes. The topics are prompted by natural feelings and inevitable position. But the subject of *The Last Supper* involves other matters—it is connected with circumstances of a conventional cast; and the appointment itself is one, the continuance of which, and even the use of it, may surely, without offence, still be subjects of inquiry, as they have often been in the conflicts of controversy, which are just the things most calculated to obstruct devotion. What is the aim and advantage? To keep in remembrance Christ's death. The writer takes infinite pains to remove all mysteries on the subject, and insists upon the strict repetition of the ceremonial, for the one object at the feast expressly named. With this is coupled, but not connected by words of authority, a further and a practical use—to make it a reminder of baptismal vows, and convert it into an occasion for practising forgiveness. He presses, over and over again; the matter of strict repetition and close imitation, and goes through the steps of the original institution—all of which, he insists, must be carefully observed—even to the *sitting* at table. For kneeling, the practice of the English church, only misleads. The ceremony is a feast, and not a sacrifice; and therefore sitting, and not kneeling, is, in this view, the appropriate posture. This is the Scotch mode; and the writer is a zealous Presbyterian, though occasionally taking a tone which rises above all forms; yet, strictly, even *sitting* was not the original posture, but reclining.

In tracing the details of the first institution, he couples with it, as apparently was really the case, the Saviour's washing the feet of the disciples. But, stickler as the author is for closeness of imitation, why is not the repetition of *this* act also insisted upon? The obligation is surely equally imperative. After the distribution of the elements, the words were—"Do this in remembrance of me." After the act of washing, they were—"I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done."

The characteristics of the work are thus very accurately described in the preface.—In the first place, the view offered in it of

the meaning of the sacramental service, appears to him to be much simpler and more satisfactory, and consequently much more likely to be useful in its effects upon the understandings and hearts of Christians, than any that has yet come under his notice. In the second place, the work consists altogether of a more complete and varied assortment of materials than is afforded by any other work on the same subject with which the author is acquainted—comprising a Discourse explanatory of the Christian Sacraments; a Sacramental Catechism; Devotional Exercises preparatory to communion; a series of Sacramental Addresses, illustrative of the mode in which the Communion Service is celebrated in the Presbyterian Churches; and, lastly, a Discourse on the very important subject of the Imitation of Christ, and designed to be used occasionally between seasons of sacramental communion, by those who wish to recal and to strengthen the vows which, in that most holy service, they had voluntarily taken, and by which they bound themselves to live, amidst all the seducing interests of time, as disciples of Christ.

*The New French Manual and Traveller's Companion, the Third Edition, by Gabriel Suvette, French Teacher at Edinburgh.*—To reach a third edition is of itself proof enough of the merit of a book of this kind, because it cannot be *fashion* that sells it, but its usefulness. No vanity is gratified by the purchase or possession of such a book; on the contrary, it is bought in spite of vanity—its utility prevails over the shame of requiring such a thing.

The distinguishing advantage of the volume—as put prominently forward by the author—is its coupling the utility of a *guide* for the traveller, with a class-book for the student. The descriptive dialogues relate to subjects of interest or curiosity at Paris; and these are made subservient to the acquisition of the language, in "grammatical purity, and idiomatic propriety and elegance, and correctness of pronunciation." This applies to the first edition. The third, now before us, extends the route traced in the first. The author's aim has been—taking Paris as the centre—to embrace the greatest variety of objects within the narrowest compass. This new route (the old one was confined to the direct road between the English and French capitals) is continued through Holland, through Germany, up the Rhine, and through Switzerland—in all which countries, the principal objects likely to arrest the attention of the tourist, are described. The promises are large, but not—so far as we have glanced over the book—greater than the performance. Maps and plans accompany, and models of French epistolary and complimentary correspondence—to enable one to ask favours, return thanks, &c.—thus: "Monsieur, votre obligeance envers les étrangers étant si connue,

j'ose vous supplier, Monsieur, comme tel, de me faire la faveur de me permettre l'accès à votre —, et de signifier vos ordres pour mon admission, en cas que vous ayez cette complaisance. J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur—A. B." Can any thing be prettier, or politer?

*Herodotus, translated from the Greek, with Notes and Maps, by Isaac Taylor, 1 vol. 8vo.; 1829.*—Translators, for the most part, hitherto, by a strange perversity, have worked more for the learned than the unlearned—mainly, perhaps, to shew off their own skill and dexterity; and even when the exigencies of the unlearned have been at all regarded, it has been more to assist them in the career of acquirement, than to introduce them familiarly and effectually to the author. For the general reader—for him who has no knowledge of the original language, nor any view to the attainment of it—for him who alone has any real occasion for translations—to supply his genuine wants, scarcely any, from the heights of their learning, have thought it worth their while to descend. There are thousands who would be glad to refer to these original authorities; and we are heartily glad that at last one person has presented himself willing and able to gratify them. Herodotus is the oldest, and, in some respects, the *only* authority for ancient history; and Mr. Taylor is the first person who has brought him within the ready and satisfactory use of an English reader. Beloe had scholarship enough, we have no doubt, though Mr. Taylor seems to think he understood French better than Greek; but he was clearly defective in taste and tact, and quite incapable of distinguishing between finery and simplicity. Mr. Taylor has accomplished his task admirably. The translation is plain and simple, and thus resembles the venerable original. It is neither literal nor paraphrastic—deviating from the former only in obedience to the demands of the varying idioms of the two languages; and approaching the latter, only where it was desirable, or rather imperative, for distinctness sake. The due medium is very happily hit; and the general execution shews not only considerable knowledge of the Greek language, but a complete command of his own.

The digressions of Herodotus—of which he is full, and which he defends and prosecutes upon principle—the translator has separated from the narrative, by printing them in a smaller, but still very legible type. The reader may thus pursue the narrative without interruption, and recur, or not, to the digressions, as his fancy bids him. Many of them are highly interesting and important, and contain the valuable results of the author's researches; while some are calculated only to claim the attention of the learned, and others can attract neither

learned nor unlearned. This separation was a happy thought of the translator. He has also carefully and very judiciously abstained from rendering the few broader phrases which the unrefined age and manners of the times permitted, and the retention of which would have only been offensive, while the number is small, and never essential to the conveyance of his meaning. Anybody now may read the book, and in company with anybody.

The whole performance—preface, translation, notes—are all indicative of the sound sense and liberal acquirements of the author; and we were the more surprised at one little scrap of nonsense, which he has plainly adopted without his usual reflection.—“The history of Herodotus has not improperly,” says he, “been called an epic—he evidently keeps the Homeric poems in view as a model.” This, it must be confessed, is purely imaginary. The author's object was to trace the origin and course of the wars between Greeks and “Barbarians;” and, in the details of his narrative, he tells all he knows of the Persians, Medes, Egyptians, Syrians, Scythians, &c.; and no proportions are thought of. He is short or long, according to the amount of his materials, and grows more minute as he approaches to his own times.

Nobody, after reading Herodotus in his present easy and modern dress, will ever think of reverting to the smooth generalities of any ancient history; and especially to the Outline of History recently issued by the “Diffusion Society,” which is so full of names and bare of details, that by no possibility can it lay hold of the memory. Here it is all clear, explicit; and at least undiluted by passing through the hands of twenty successive abridgers.

*The Manual of Invalids, by a Physician; 1829.*—Full of excellent sense as is this little volume, it scarcely corresponds with the title; for the consulter will in vain look for lists of diseases, and descriptions of symptoms to discover his own case; nor will he have better luck in searching for specific remedies. But, though these things he will not find, he may find something better; and he will do so, if he suffer the convincing urgency of the author to teach him to distrust quacks and quackeries, and confide more upon his own observations. The frank and intelligent writer presses, again and again, the undoubted but neglected truth—that all rests upon *experience*; and nobody, of course, can be better placed for self-observation than the patient himself. With general resemblance and analogy, every man has his peculiarities, which none are so likely, if his attention be turned attentively to the discovery, as himself to detect; and these peculiarities are what modify disease, and require corresponding modifications in remedies. Let him then keep a sharp look out upon his own sensa-

tions, and catch the commencement of derangements; let him watch not only his stomach, but his head. Abernethy thinks it enough to keep an eye upon the stomach, and let the head take care of itself—for which the author before us seems disposed to question the soundness of his own. He himself urges at least an equal vigilance with respect to the head. Neither underwork it, nor overwork it, is his practical advice: each generates mischief. The author inclines to believe the stomach sympathizes with the brain, rather than the brain with the stomach. The brain is the headquarters of the nerves, which every thing affects, and, especially, whatever passes under the terms of mental trouble and mental labour. The stomach is, indeed, the grand and general organ of sympathy; it suffers, more or less, whatever organs or parts of the animal economy suffer. A blow on the head, even a slight one, will give a quail; and excessive or irregular motion, set you a-eating.

But to keep well—violence from without apart—the burden of our physician's song (he should give his name) is—regularity, and moderation, and simplicity of life—not alone in eating and drinking, but in habits of every kind—in solitude, or in company—in pursuits of all kind, mental or bodily. Shun excesses of labour, and excesses of anxiety; meet the approaches of the enemy, and suffer him not to make a lodgment in the citadel; and life, in all common cases, may be shielded from the general plagues, that bring with them another—the physician and his fees. The characteristic of the writer is that of sound sense; for, whether he talks of general principles, or of particulars—of dietetics, or mineral waters, or the sea-side—and he does largely of all—the reader may be sure of direct opinions, and the grounds of them.

*The Wanderer's Legacy, &c., by Mrs. Godwin; 1829.*—

Beautiful spirit! that didst guard of old  
The song-inspiring fount of Castalie—  
Thou, unto whom supremacy is given  
And sway o'er realms of boundless intellect:  
Light of the lonely, solace of the sage,  
Beneath whose influence e'en the dungeon  
smiles,  
And earth's worst desert fair as Eden blooms:  
To whom are offered pure the unchang'd  
thoughts,  
Warm aspirations, and the rare first-fruits  
Born of young Genius, when her spring-tide  
teems  
With rich imaginings—to whom belongs  
The glorious harvest of maturer years—  
Enchantress! at whose magic touch the mines  
Where Memory keeps her deathless stores, fling  
wide  
Their golden gates, and all their wealth dis-  
close—  
Call, from the depths of ocean and of earth,  
And from the blue ethereal elements,  
Enchantress Queen! call up thy mighty spells

—The writer of this extract from a bold and eloquent Invocation to the Spirit of Poetry, is no new candidate for the laurel. Under her maiden name of Catherine Grace Garnett, she is the author of numerous pieces, and particularly of a dramatic sketch entitled Sappho. The present volume consists of a collection of poems, composed in different scenes and in different moods, but all inclining the same way, and indicating, generally, feelings of disappointment, though not of whining disappointment, nor so much of the individual as of the race, whose young hopes, and fond imaginings, and warm passions are so often early blighted by the rude and cold realities of life. The lady is now, we believe, a widow, who, after spending her marriage state in distant countries, returns to her native seats, where her meditations fall naturally upon early remembrances and defeated anticipations, to which she gives vent under the disguise of imaginary adventures.

The principal tale is entitled the "Wanderer's Legacy," where she paints the early recollections of one who had been driven from his country by the caprice and faithlessness of one he loved, not wisely but too well—and who, returning after many years, and finding himself, by the course of nature, a onely being, settles quietly in the scenes of his birth, cultivates his little domain, spends his remaining days in doing good, and sinks, gradually and resignedly, into the grave. In his recollections he is not very communicative, but often forcibly elegant, often beautifully soft, and energetically spirited:—

He stood and gazed—"Once more, in life's decline,

Home of my sires, retreat of infant years!  
Let me bow down before thine ancient shrine,

Where still the spirit of the past appears,

Youth's ardour worships—man's calm mood  
reveres—

Experience of the world's delusive joy,

A heart unstained by crime, tho' not by tears,

Bids us too late reject the base alloy,  
And turn in age to things that charmed the boy.

"We turn—but, oh! with what an altered sense  
Of that great book of human life, whose page,  
First opened, seems such glories to condense,

It well may youth's idolatry engage—

Whose context makes us subtle, sad, or sage.

I have not broke, nor would I break, the dream,

Nor doth my heart yet feel the ice of age;

But I have quaffed of truth's immortal stream,

And learnt to view mankind other than they  
may seem."—&c.

Among other recollections, he runs over his favourite poets. Of Spenser, he speaks thus:—

Nor let me here withhold thy due reward,  
O courtly minstrel, whose kind Fairy Queen  
Led my entranced steps through many a bower  
And sylvan haunt so wondrously bedight,  
None but a poet's eye might image it.  
Nor could the splendid hues wherein all things

Were steeped, thy fertile fancy did create,  
 Have flowed from aught but an inspired source.  
 I love the graceful chivalry that hath garbed  
 Woman's fair form in attributes so bright,  
 She may be placed in man's adoring mind,  
 Upon a pedestal, his baser thoughts  
 Dare not profane. Mine ear receives  
 The stately measure of those antique rhymes  
 With a most deep delight. Whenever I  
 Do syllable in Memory's trace thy verse,  
 It seems to me as if a thousand lutes  
 Of fairy sweetness touched by hands unseen,  
 With melody filled all the air around :  
 Or that I heard some river lapse away  
 In liquid music o'er Arcadian plains.

On the old man's death occurs a stanza of  
 great pathos and beauty :—

With what a solemn, what a chastened feeling,  
 Cross we the threshold of the newly dead !  
 As if therein the spirit sat revealing  
 The words its mortal accents might have said,

Although we feel thence it for aye hath fled.  
 The vacant hearth, the vestments lately worn,  
 That fearful truth throughout the mansion  
 spread ;  
 Books, handled oft, light toils conjointly borne,  
 Challenge affection's note, and make the scene  
 forlorn.

Among the smaller pieces are several  
 marked by deep feeling. The "Estranged,"  
 for instance—young married persons, pas-  
 sionately attached, separated on a sudden  
 quarrel. The husband flies to the wars ;  
 and when, after many years, he returns, he  
 finds his wife in a convent, and hastening  
 to the grave. The "Seal-hunters" is harrow-  
 ing, from the suspense of two youths, who  
 were left, by the breaking away of their boat,  
 upon an ice-berg : the revulsion of feeling  
 on the sight of a sail, which, at the end of  
 six days, rescues them, is powerful and  
 striking.

### FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

*Sculpture.*—Mr. Lough's new, and, at  
 present, unfinished work, is an elaborate and  
 complicated composition, which we would  
 fain have space to describe and criticise at the  
 length that its various and extraordinary me-  
 rits deserve. This may not be ; nor, indeed,  
 would it be quite fair to do so in its present  
 incomplete state. But as its progress to-  
 wards completion is sufficient to enable the  
 spectator to judge with perfect truth as to  
 the skill which has hitherto been expended  
 upon it, we cannot refrain from making a  
 hasty allusion to it, in the absence of other  
 objects of public interest in this department  
 of art. It consists of a group of several  
 warriors, (ten or twelve in number) of two  
 opposing parties, all engaged together in  
 active and personal contest for a standard,  
 which is in the centre of the group, and  
 about which all are gathered into a circular  
 and pyramidal cluster. Some of the com-  
 batants are on horseback—others have been  
 unhorsed, and their horses lie wounded or  
 dead beside them ; and the whole are so  
 disposed as to produce that true triumph of  
 art in works of this kind—the evident pre-  
 sence of the most elaborate art, producing a  
 general and individual effect in all respects  
 correspondent with nature. The critical know-  
 ledge of anatomy displayed in every part of  
 this noble group is, perhaps, unrivalled for ex-  
 tent and variety by any production of modern  
 art in the same class ; and the execution is  
 in no degree inferior to the knowledge  
 which has been employed in directing it.  
 As a composition, too, the work displays a  
 comprehensive power of conception that is  
 of the highest and the rarest class, and a  
 power of design and execution worthy of the  
 conception. Finally, that most difficult of  
 all the achievements of the modeller and  
 sculptor, moral and characteristic expres-  
 sion of face, of attitude, and of form, is at

least as conspicuous in this work as any  
 other less rare or valuable attribute. The  
 figures in this admirable group are con-  
 siderably less than the size of life ; but  
 the whole is managed with such singular  
 force and spirit, that no pettiness of effect  
 is felt, while a certain effect of one-ness is  
 accomplished by it which could not be gained  
 by any other means. If the figures were  
 much larger than they are, it would be im-  
 possible for the eye to contemplate them as  
 one connected whole, unless they were placed  
 at a distance that would preclude the obser-  
 vation of all the anatomical details.

*The Annuals.*—The embellishments of  
 the Annuals of this year promise to surpass  
 in merit and value, no less than in variety  
 and extent, those of any previous year. We  
 have already seen several of those which are  
 to grace the pages of the "Winter's Wreath ;"  
 and we remember nothing of the kind that  
 has merited from us more unmixed com-  
 mendation. There is a view of Derwent-  
 water, engraved by Brandard, from a paint-  
 ing by Wavel, which is perfectly exquisite,  
 for the delicacy of its touch, and the truth  
 of its effect. Another landscape, an ima-  
 ginary scene, of great richness and beauty,  
 into which is introduced a numerous group  
 of dames and cavaliers, is of equal merit  
 in point of execution, and still more elaborate  
 in design and composition. It is engraved  
 by Goodall, from a painting by Bonc. A  
 third, an in-door scene, called "Il Cava-  
 liere Pittore," is an exquisite little gem,  
 representing a great variety of objects, and  
 at the same time illustrating, with perfect  
 truth and eloquence, a scene of human  
 passion and character—the whole included  
 in a space so small, with reference to  
 the matter crowded into it, that a single  
 false or careless stroke would have produced  
 a ruinous effect, and one which the least

critical eye could have detected. A fourth of these charming little engravings is from a scene of actual life, in the style of Collins. It is called "The Solace of Pan's Pipes," and representing a delightful group of children, planet-struck at the sounds which a rustic minstrel is producing from a set of reeds. Of the three others, making up the seven that we have before us, of these illustrative flowers of the "Winter's Wreath," two are single figures—one a charming specimen of Howard's Venetian girls, called "La Mandoline;" and the other a female portrait, from a painting by Northcote. The seventh is an interesting group, of a blind beggar and his two grandchildren.

*Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Anne Beckett.*—This charmingly characteristic

portrait of Lady Anne Beckett, is executed by Wright, from a portrait by Mrs. Mee; and it forms No. 58 of the Gallery of the Female Nobility, which appears monthly in *La Belle Assemblée*. The present portrait will bear a comparison with most that have preceded it, no less from the softness and sweetness of its execution, than the grace and elegance of its design. Its only fault is that the costume is rather obsolete. But it is idle to complain of a portrait on this score; since that which is now utterly exploded and outré, may next year be the height of the mode. There will come a time when this interesting series of portraits will be looked upon as one of the most curious and valuable memorials that our day has presented to those which are to succeed it.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Physiological Botany.*—M. Raspail, a French naturalist, has recently shown the existence of calcareous crystals in the tissues of living vegetables—that the crystals of the pendani, orchidés, scilla, &c., in short, all those which are about one-tenth of a millimetre in length, and one 300th in breadth, are hexahedral crystals of phosphate of lime; and that the crystals of the tubercles of the iris, which are one-third of a millimetre in length, and one-thirtieth in breadth, are rectangular crystals of oxalate of lime. It was by means of a magnifying power of from 1,000 to 2,000 diameters that these new researches were established. These crystals, it will be remembered, were taken for microscopic hairs; and, very recently, an author imagined he saw them perforated in the middle of their length and figured them as such.

*Active Molecules in organic and inorganic Bodies.*—The peculiar and apparently inherent motion of these molecules, discovered some time since by Mr. Robert Brown, excites an increased interest in consequence of the difficulty of accounting for it satisfactorily. Mr. Holland, who has for some time closely applied himself to microscopic researches, has found that the motion continues equally vivid when the liquid containing the molecules is covered with a thin piece of talc: he was induced to try this experiment in order to ascertain whether the motion might not be the result of external causes acting upon the surface of the fluid. On the 29th of June last, he carried the experiment further by sealing hermetically the whole circumference of the talc in order to prevent evaporation, which, ten days after, had not taken place; and yet there is not the slightest alteration either in the molecules or their motion, and should the sealing be perfect most probably none will occur: this experiment proves that evaporation is not the cause of the motion.

*The true Fornarina.*—The account of a journey which was taken in the year 1664, by Cosmo, the son of Ferdinand II. de Medici, was written at the time, by Philip Pizzichi, his travelling chaplain. This work was published for the first time at Florence, about seven months ago. It contains some curious notices of persons and things, and among others, what will interest every lover of the fine arts. It is this—speaking of Verona, he mentions the Curtoni gallery of paintings; and says, "The picture most worthy of attention is the lady of Raffaello, so carefully finished by himself, and so well preserved that it surpasses every other." The editor of these travels has satisfactorily shewn that Raffaello's lady here described is the true Fornarina; so that of the three likenesses of her said to be executed by this eminent artist, the genuine one is the Veronese, belonging to the Curtoni gallery, now in the possession of a Lady Cavellini Brenzoni, who obtained it by inheritance.

*The Ghost Moth.*—The lava which produces the ghost moth (*hepialus humuli*), is hidden in the ground during the season of winter, the fly being formed in the month of May, and soon rising from the soil, then commences its short career. At this time one or more of them may frequently be observed under some hedge, in a wood, or some low place, in a damp pasture only a few feet from the ground, persevering for a length of time together in a very irregular flight, rising and falling, and balancing about in a space not exceeding a few yards in circumference, an action not observable in any other, and fully indicating this moth. This procedure is not the meaningless vagary of the hour, but a frolicsome dance, the wooing of its mate, which lies concealed in the herbage, over which it sports, and into whose good graces it seeks to caper, like an opera-dancer into those of a lordling, or rather of a Frenchman, into those of his

mistress. The two insects are something similar in their general form, but very differently marked: the male exhibitor is known by its four glossy satiny white wings, bordered with buff; the lady reposer has her upper wings of a tawny yellow, spotted and banded with deep brown. They are very inert creatures, easily captured, and their existence appears to be of very short duration, as we soon cease to observe them either in action or at rest. From its singular flight in the twilight hour, haunting, as it were, one particular spot, the fancy of some collector, considering it as a spectre-like action, named it the ghost moth.

*The Mole.*—Foreign naturalists have been much occupied of late with the mole. From the recently published observations of one of them, M. Flourens, it appears, that this animal, as its organization indicates, is, if not exclusively, at least essentially, carnivorous. It very soon dies if only roots be given to it; and if it destroy so many roots of vegetables, it is not for the purpose of eating them, but to seek among them for worms, insects, and particularly for the larvæ of insects which harbour there. They may be kept alive for a long time upon any animal food. Ten or twelve hours are nearly the longest time they can live without food. Like all animals which feed upon blood and flesh, the mole is always very thirsty.

*Ornithology.*—We are led to reflect upon the extensive injury that may be produced by the agency of a very insignificant instrument, in observing the operations of the common bunting, *emberiza nivalis*; a bird that seems to live principally, if not entirely, upon seeds, and has its mandibles constructed in a very peculiar manner to aid this established appointment of its life. In the winter season it will frequent the stacks in the farm-yard, in company with other birds, to feed upon any corn that may be scattered about; but little inclined to any association with man, it prefers those situations which are most lonely and distant from the village. It would hardly be supposed that this bird, not larger than a lark, is capable of doing serious injury; yet an experienced naturalist witnessed a rick of barley, standing in a detached field, entirely stripped of its thatching, which this bunting effected by seizing the end of the straw, and deliberately drawing it out to search for any grain the ear may yet contain; the base of the rick being entirely surrounded by the straw, one end resting on the ground, the other against the mow as it slid down from the summit, and regularly placed, as if by the hand; and so completely was the thatching pulled off; that the immediate removal of the corn became necessary. The sparrow and other birds burrow in the stack and pilfer the corn; but the deliberate operation of unroofing the edifice appears to be the habit of this bunting alone.

*New Metal.*—M. Osann has announced

his having discovered a new metal in the ore of Russian platinum, to which he has given the name of *pluvanium*. Like osmium, it is not soluble in nitro-muriatic acid, but differs from it in its fineness and other properties. Berzelius seems also to have reckoned it as a new substance.

*Longevity of Trees.*—The ficus indica, which grows on the banks of the Nerbudda, covers an extent of ground 2,000 feet in circumference. It is supposed that this is the same tree described by Nearchus. If so, it is at least 2,500 years old; and it is worthy of remark that, according to an ancient tradition, this tree covered with its shade an army of full 7,000 men. An old oak at Oxford, near which Magdalen College was built, was cut down in 1789, and was supposed to have been planted at the time of the Norman conquest. Strutt, in his *Sylva Britannica*, mentions a walnut tree, called by Camden the great walnut of Tamworth, regarded as the oldest and largest tree in England; even in the time of King Stephen, who mounted the throne in 1135, it was considerable for its size, and served as a boundary to the parish of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. It is said that this tree requires 300 years to attain maturity, and the one in question was probably more than a thousand. In Lombardy is the celebrated cedar of Soma, eleven Milanese cubits in circumference, and the roots of which are said to extend under great part of the town. It existed, of the very same size, in the sixteenth century; and faith may be placed in the tradition that it was growing when Cæsar visited this country.

*Coloured Blow-pipe Flame—its use as a Test.*—This test depends upon the colour given to the blue part of a blow-pipe flame by the introduction of several substances. It is necessary that the conical blue flame, and the vapour surrounding it, should be distinctly seen; for which purpose the wick is to be cut obliquely, the higher part placed on the right hand, and the wick divided for the stream of air from the point of the blow-pipe. The oil used should be such as has not been purified by sulphuric acid, for then it always retains a little acid, and chars the cotton. The wick should be of unbleached cotton; that which is bleached often contains a little lime, which affects the colour of the flame. The experiments are best made out of ordinary daylight. The piece of substance to be tried should be supported in platina forceps; and the blue flame being well defined, should be introduced from below, upwards, into the external vapour, just before the blue point. The form of the fragment may be wedge shaped, acicular, or scaly. If the matter be in powder, it may be mixed into a paste in the hand, extended on charcoal, moulded into form, and then dried by a sufficient heat. When the trial piece is first introduced into the blue vapour, the latter immediately becomes of a reddish yellow colour, varying

with the substance: this gradually diminishes and disappears, and then the blue vapour which bathes the body is either unaltered and scarcely visible, or else it acquires a colour according to the nature of the substance exposed to its action. Three substances produce a red colour: strontia, lime, and lithia. Carbonate and sulphate of strontia both produce it. The mixture of baryta makes the colour disappear. Lime gives a less intense colour than strontia. Impure limestone and dolomites produce little or no colour: fluor spar an intense colour; the sulphate a feeble colour; the phosphate and borate none. Lithia produced a fine purple red colour, which soon disappeared; petalite produced a very feeble tint. Blue colours are produced by arsenic, antimony, and lead. Green colours are produced by boracic acid, baryta, and oxide of copper. Pure boracic acid yields a fine green. Borate of lime, datholite, and boryolite produce a pale green. Borax gives a red atmosphere, unless it be first moistened with sulphuric acid. The addition of Turner's flux was not found to increase the effect, the substances giving it as well without. All barytic minerals colour the flame green. Most of the copper minerals gave a fine green colour, even though only a small quantity of copper was present. Plumbiferous minerals, containing a little copper, gave a blue flame with a green extremity.

*Prussian Silk.*—The experiments which have been making in Prussia, for several years past, relative to the production of silk, have proved that what is obtained there is not inferior to that of Italy; and a company is being formed, the principal object of which is to encourage and improve the cultivation of silk in Prussia.

*Fossil Vegetables.*—The following is a list of the fossil plants which characterise the secondary and tertiary formations, extracted from M. Adolphe Brongniart's *Prodrome de l'Histoire des Végétaux Fossiles*. PLANTES CARACTERISTIQUES DES DIVERSES FORMATIONS. TERRAIN HOUILLER. *Coal Measures.* Calamites. Filices des genres Sphenopteris, Neuropteris, Pecopteris, et \*Odontopteris espèces très nombreuses. Lycopodites et \*Lepidodendron. \*Sphenophyllum. \*Annularia et \*Asterophyllites. Les quatre derniers genres ne se trouvent que dans ces terrains. ZECHSTEIN ET SCHISTES BITUMINEUX. Algae analogues à des Caulerpa, particulièrement \*Fucoides sélaginoides. GRES BIZARRE. Calamites. Filices des genres Sphenopteris, Neuropteris et \*Anomopteris. Conifères du genre \*Voltzia. Plusieurs plantes phanérogames monocotylédones. MUSCHELKALK. Neuropteris Gaillardati. Mantellia cylindrica. MARNES IRISEES. *Keuper et Lias.* \*Equisetum columnare. Filices des

genres \*Clathropteris, Taniopteris. Cycadées des genres \*Pterophyllum, \*Nilsonia et Zamites; particulièrement le \*Pterophyllum longifolium et les Zamites Bechii et Bucklandii. OOLITHE INFÉRIEURE. *Oolite of Whitby.* Equisetum columnare. Filices des genres \*Pachypteris, Sphenopteris, Pecopteris et Taniopteris. Cycadées du genre \*Zamia (Desperes). FOREST MARBLE. (*Stonesfield and Solenhofen.*) Fucoides. Filices rares. Sphenopteris, Hymenophylloides. Zamia pectinata. Conifères du genre Thuytes et Taxites podocarpoides. CALCAIRE DE PORTLAND. Mantellia nidiformis. (Cycadées.) HASTINGS SAND. \*Lonchopteris Mantelli. (*Pecopteris reticulata.*) \*Sphenopteris Mantelli. \*Clathraria Legellii. GREEN SAND. Fucoides plusieurs espèces. \*F. Targionii, strictus et Brardii. Zosterites. Cycadites Nilsonii. CRAIE. Rien de déterminable en plantes terrestres. Confervites, fucoides, rares. ARGILE PLASTIQUE, MOLASSE ET LIGNITES. Palmiers probablement du genre Cocos, &c. Conifères des genres Pinus; Thuya, Taxus, &c. Amentacées, Acerineæ, Juglandées, et autres dicotylédones arborescentes. CALCAIRE GROSSIER. Palmiers. *Rares.* Conifères. *Rares.* Pinus DeFrancii, feuilles dicotylédones assez fréquentes. Fucoides nombreux à Monte Bolca. TERRAIN D'EAU DOUCE GYPSEUX OU PALEOTHERIEN. Chara Lemani. Palmiers. Flabellaria Lamanonis. Conifères. Pinus Pseudo-strobos. Taxites Tournalii, &c. Amentacées, Carpesius; Betula et autres dicotylédones. TERRAIN MARIN SUPERIEUR. Pinus Cortesii; végétaux rares et peu connus. TERRAIN D'EAU SUPERIEUR. (Meublères.) \*Chara Medicaginula. \*Nymphaea.

—*Note.* Ces plantes qui ne sont propres qu'à une seule formation ou à deux formations très-voisines, sont marquées d'un.\*  
*The Dogsbane.*—We have one plant in our gardens, a native of North America, than which none can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, the dogsbane, apocynum androsæmifolium, which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protruded to feed upon it, the filaments close, and catching the fly by the extremity of its proboscis, detain the poor prisoner, writhing in protracted struggles, till released by death—a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will, at times, be dusky, from the numbers of entrapped wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertilizing of the seed, by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the barberry.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The gentleman with whom Mr. Colburn has associated himself, in consequence of the increasing nature of his concerns, is Mr. Richard Bentley, lately of the firm of Messrs. S. and R. Bentley, the well-known printers of Dorset-street. Mr. Bentley is a near relative of the late John Nichols, esq., the eminent antiquary and topographer.

Messrs. Whittaker and Co. have for some time past been preparing Three Series of Popular Histories, under the title of Cabinets of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political History. The work will be published in Parts, some of which, from the pens of distinguished writers, are in a state of forwardness.

On the first Wednesday in the new year is to appear, *The Foreign Literary Gazette*. It is to be a weekly epitome of Continental and Domestic Science, Literature, Arts, &c. &c.

Mr. Hall announces that he has been very successful in the co-operation and assistance he has had this year with the illustrations and literary part of his *Amulet*, and that the whole work has been got up more with reference to excellence than expense.

The *Juvenile Forget-me-not*, which is now ready this month, is dedicated to little folks, and is superintended by a Lady Editor—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Mr. Cooper's new novel, which is now ready, has the following harmonious title, *The Borderers, or the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*.

Mr. Grafton's new work is called *The Heiress of Bruges*. It will appear very soon.

*Lady Belfast's Portrait* is to form the 59th of the Series of Female Nobility, publishing in *La Belle Assemblée*.

The *Forget-me-not* is quite ready, and is to contain Lord Byron's first attempt at versifying.

Mr. Ackermann threatens us with another new Annual, under the title of *Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-me-not*.

Besides the 14 *Annals* of last year—all of which, excepting the Anniversary, are in a forward state of preparation—four new ones are announced, making 17 altogether.

The *Landscape Annual*, under the superintendance of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, from drawings by Prout, promises peculiar attraction. The plates, 26 in number, are all from views, cities, buildings, &c., in Italy and Switzerland, with local descriptions, historical reminiscences, personal anecdotes, &c.

Sir Walter Scott is now engaged on a *History of Scotland*, from the earliest period of Authentic Record, to the Union of the Crowns. Mr. Moore is preparing a similar *History of Ireland*, and Sir James Mackintosh a *History of England*, which are to form portions of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

Notwithstanding the ill success of many of the *Annals* of last season, and the misfortune which the Anniversary has brought upon its publisher, we find some new ones announced. The Rev. W. Shepperd is preparing the "*Emmanuel*," which is to be of a decidedly religious character, the principles of which will be in unison with those of the established church, but not to the exclusion of *M.M. New Series*.—VOL. VIII. No. 46.

any composition calculated to promote sound religion and virtue. We do not augur much success for it.

The Second Part of the *Imperial School Grammar*, containing the Syntax, and a formula for Class VII., completing the *New System of Parsing* introduced by that work, will appear in October.

A Second Volume of the *Topography, Edifice, and Ornaments of Pompeii*, by Sir William Gell, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., containing an Account of the Excavations since the publication of the former volume, together with several interesting remains which were omitted in the preceding one. Edited by Mr. Jennings.

T. K. Hervey, the poet, has just finished the *Second Series of the Romance of History*; it will be published about the middle of October.

Mr. Samuel Roberts is preparing *Parallel Miracles, or the Jews and the Gypsies*; in which he promises to demonstrate the latter people to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, denounced by the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, to be desolate among the nations that are desolate, according to the prediction, being cast out of their mighty kingdom into the open fields of all lands, there to remain without idols and without images forty years, but at length to be re-assembled in their native country, under a Saviour and a Great One, and to be there brought to a knowledge of the Lord. Also, that the fulness of the Gentiles being come in, the Jews—during three thousand years the contemporaries, and the denounced guilty fellow sufferers of the Egyptians, will be likewise gathered together, and elevated to their promised exaltation in the neighbouring country of Judea.

The Rev. Thomas Dale says that his new annual, announced under the title of *The Offering*, will, in consequence of apprehensions expressed by the proprietors of a kindred publication, appear under the title of *The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering*, on the 2nd of November next.

A *Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease*. Comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation of diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged; with selections of the opinions of the most approved Medical Authorities on the different subjects.

The Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has in the press, for the use of schools, *Selections from Pliny's Natural History*, with English Notes. In 12mo.

A *History of China*, collected from authentic sources, and translated from original documents, is in preparation, by Mr. Thoms.

The *Musical Bijou* will be published in October.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of White Kennett, D.D., Minister of St. Botolph, Aldgate, afterwards Lord Bishop of Peterborough, by William Burgess.

The *Enigmatical Entertainer, and Mathematical Associate*, No 3, for 1830.

Mr. Thomas Hood, author of *Whims and Oddities*, is about to publish *The Epping Hunt*, with

Engravings on Wood, after Designs by George Cruikshanks. 12mo.

A Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, will be published in November.

The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe, which might be made a very readable book.

Views in the West Indies, No. III., containing Scenes in the Island of Antigua, will be published in a few days.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe, in the County of Lincoln, including Biography of Bishop Waynflete, Rev. Thomas Grantham, Rev. Thomas Scott, Henry Stubbe, &c. With numerous engravings on copper and wood. By Edmund Oldfield. In royal 4to. and royal 8vo.

The Atlantic Souvenir, published at Philadelphia, and the Token, published at Boston, may shortly be expected in London. They will be enriched with numerous engravings, and the contributions are by the principal writers in the United States.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir, is, we are informed, about to appear in an improved form. The volume for 1830, will contain eleven line engravings, from pictures by celebrated artists. The literary department continues under the superintendence of Mrs. Alaric A. Watts.

The Young Lady's Book, will be published in the course of this month. It is to be a complete Manual of all those elegant Pursuits "which grace the person, or adorn the mind." The engravings are eight hundred in number. The work will be richly bound in silk.

Lectures Preliminary to the Study of German Literature: By L. Von Muhlenfels, LL.D. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Selections from the German, in Prose and Poetry. By L. Von Muhlenfels, LL.D.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1830, is nearly ready for publication. It will contain thirteen engravings, all of them far superior in interest and execution to the No. of last year. The Peasant's Grace, engraved by Lizars, after Jan Steen, is, perhaps, the best engraving in the book; but the View of Dordt, the Vale of Arcady, and View near Derwent Water, are extremely beautiful.

The Literary Souvenir, which, although quite ready, will not be published till the usual period for distributing the Almanacks, and other annual publications, has a fine list of pictures and contributors, for its next volume.

Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life, in three volumes, are in a forward state, and will appear next month.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

### EDUCATION.

Elementary Thoughts on the Right Process of Education, with Suggestions for the Formation of a public School; addressed to men of Influence and Wealth. By George Mackenzie Scott. 1s. 6d.

Infant Play-School, for the Development of the Five Senses. Translated from the German. 8v. 2s. 6d.

A Sketch of a New Method of Teaching and Learning Greek. By Arthur Clifford, Esq. 8vo. 1s.

### LAW.

Law Practical Suggestions to young Attorneys'

Clerks, on the Measures most advantageous to them, and the Management of Practice in its various departments. By G. Thomson, Attorney. 8vo. 12s.

A Practical Treatise on the Law of Covenants. By Thomas Platt, Esq., Barrister. Royal 8vo. 25s.

Roscoe's Treatise on Bills of Exchange. 12mo. 15s.

The Cabinet Lawyer; including the Statutes of the 10 Geo. IV. and legal Decisions to the close of the Summer Assizes, presenting, in a popular and comprehensive form, a complete Digest of the Civil, Criminal, and Constitutional Law of England, as now administered. Fifth Edition. 8s. 6d.

### MEDICAL.

A new Edition of Bell's Anatomy (the 7th). In 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 12s. 6d.

The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, more particularly of the Chest and Digestive Organs. By James Clark, M.D. 8vo.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A Brief Account of Microscopical Observations made in June, July, and August, 1827, on the Particles contained in the Pollen of Plants, and on the general Existence of Active Molecules in Organic and Inorganic Bodies. By Robert Brown, F.R.S. (a pamphlet).

Ten Introductory Lectures delivered at the London University. By the various Professors. 8vo. 12s.

The Prognosticator; or Rules respecting Variations in the Weather. Selected from the Writings of distinguished Authors. By T. Young. 12mo. 6d. sewed.

Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, consisting of the Inspector; a periodical Paper and Poems, chiefly published in the Hull Advertiser. By Isaac Wilson. 12mo. 5s.

The Garden of Surrey; or a Sketch of Dorking, and of the beautiful Country surrounding it. By William Thorne. 4s.

The Heraldry of Crests, containing upwards of 3,500 different crests, illustrative of those borne by at least 20,000 Families, including those of all the Peers and Baronets, and of most of the distinguished Families of Great Britain, accompanied by remarks historical and explanatory, with copious Indexes of the Bearers' Names, alphabetically arranged in reference to their Crests. Royal 18mo. 10s. bound.

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Flora Devonensis; or a Descriptive Catalogue of Plants growing wild in the County of Devon, arranged both according to the Linnæan and Natural Systems; with an Account of their Geographical Distribution, &c. By the Rev. J. P. Jones, and J. F. Kingston. In 1 vol. 8vo. 16s.

A Series of Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonnington. Drawn on Stone by G. Harding. Post 4to. 12s. Proofs 16s.

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Russell's Works of the English and Scotch Reformer. Vol. IV.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

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Answer (to the foregoing). By G. Coombe.

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Principles of Self-Knowledge, or an Attempt to Demonstrate the Truth of Christianity, &c. against the Cavils of the Infidel, &c. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Jamaica. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Apocrypha of the Book of Daniel, &c. Translated from the Vulgate Latin. By Luke Howard, F.R.S., &c.

The Christian's Manual; or, the Desire of the Soul turned to God; containing Extracts from the Writings of the Rev. William Law, M.A., on the following important Subjects, in Three Parts:—1. A Practical Treatise on Christian Perfection.—2. The Spirit of Prayer.—3. On the Lord's Supper. Price 3s. 6d.

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## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*Patents sealed in September, 1829.*

To George Henry Manton, Dover-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, gun maker, for an improvement in the construction of locks for all kinds of fowling-pieces and firm-arms.—2d September; 2 months.

To John Tucker, of Hammersmith, Middlesex, brewer, for his improvements in the construction of cannon.—9th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Shaw Brandreth, of Liverpool, barrister-at-law, for his new method of applying animal power to machinery.—9th September; 6 months.

To Joseph Ange Fonzi, Upper Marybone-street, Middlesex, esq., for his improvements on fire-places.—9th September; 6 months.

To James Soames, jun., of Wheelèr-street, Spital-fields, Middlesex, soap-maker, for a new preparation or manufacture of a certain material produced from a vegetable substance, and the application thereof to the purposes of applying light and other uses.—9th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Morgan, Tipton, Stafford, manufacturer of tin plates, for his method of manufacturing or preparing iron plates, or black plates for tinning.—9th September; 6 months.

Robert Torrens, Croydon, Surrey, Lieutenant-Colonel in the royal marines, for his apparatus for the purpose of communicating power and motion.—9th September; 6 months.

David Laurence, Stroud, and John Crundwell Ashford, gun-makers, Kent, for their improvements in apparatus to be applied to fowling-pieces

and other fire-arms in place of locks.—15th September; 6 months.

To George Harris, Brompton-crescent, Middlesex, Captain in the Royal Navy, for his improvements in the manufacture of ropes and cordage, canvass and other fabrics or articles, from substances hitherto unused for that purpose.—15th September; 6 months.

To James Milne, Edinburgh, architect, for his machine or engine for dressing stones used in masonry, by the assistance of a steam-engine, a wind, a horse, or a water power, whereby a great quantity of manual labour will be saved.—15th September; 6 months.

To John Aitchison, Clyde-buildings, Glasgow, Lanark, merchant, for his improvements in the concentrating and evaporating of cane juice, solutions of sugar, and other fluids.—15th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Cold, Calthorpe-house, Bradbury, Oxford, esq., for his improvements in the manufacture of paper, intended to be applied to the covering of walls, or the hanging of rooms, and in the apparatus for effecting the same.—15th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Westwood, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, watch-maker, for his improvements in watches and time-keepers.—23d September; 6 months.

To Isaac Brown, Gloucester-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, watch-maker, for his improvements applicable to watches and other horological machines.—23d September; 2 months.

To Hayward Tyler, Warwick-lane, London, brass-founder, for his improvements in the construction of water-closets.—23d September; 2 months.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### MR. BARON HULLOCK.

Sir John Hullock, Knt., one of the Barons of the Exchequer, was born in the year 1763. He was descended from an ancient family in the north, possessing considerable estates near Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham. In early life, he entered as a benchet of Gray's Inn, and was in due course called to the bar, at which he practised upwards of twenty years with the reputation of being one of the soundest lawyers in Westminster Hall. He was then promoted to the rank of Serjeant at Law. During the few years that he remained Serjeant, he was engaged in several important causes. He was retained by government to conduct some momentous prosecutions arising out of the disturbed state of the north. He also presided with great ability on the commission of lunacy respecting the Earl of Portsmouth, which set a few years since. Shortly after this period, on the resignation of Mr. Baron Wood, he was promoted to the office of one of the Barons of the Exchequer; a situation which he held till the time of his decease, on the 31st of July. He was "a man of sound discretion, great candour, temperate, but firm, in his judicial capacity, looking upon and expounding the law more in consonance with plain sense and popular construction, than bewildering the imagination and embarrassing the judgment with technical definitions and contradictory precedents. He read the statute with an unprejudiced eye, and applied its provisions with a liberal and learned spirit; making ample allowance for the infirmity of human nature, while he executed the duties of his office with a mildness which added grace to the decision of his character."

Mr. Baron Hullock had arrived in Abingdon, as one of the Judges of Assize, of the Oxford circuit, on Saturday, the 25th of July: on the Sunday, he attended divine service at St. Helen's Church, Abingdon, in

apparently good health; but, in the course of that night, he experienced a violent attack of cholera morbus, and, after a severe illness of five days, he expired on the evening of Friday, the 31st. His lordship had been many years married, and his lady survives him.

### LORD THURLOW.

The Right Hon. Edward Hovell Thurlow, Baron Thurlow, of Thurlow, in the county of Suffolk, Register of the Diocese of Lincoln, Patentee of the Bankrupts' Office, Clerk of the Custody of Lunatics and Idiots, and Clerk of the Hanaper, in the Court of Chancery, was the son of Thomas Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1791, and nephew of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who, on obtaining his patent of peerage, had interest sufficient to obtain the reversion of his title for the issue male of his brothers. His Lordship's mother was Anne, the daughter of William Beere, Esq. He was born on the 10th of June, 1761; and he succeeded to the title as second Baron, at the decease of his uncle, on the 12th of September, 1806. His Lordship married, at the church of St. Martin in the Fields, on the 13th of November, 1813, Mary Catherine Bolton, an actress of considerable celebrity at Covent Garden Theatre, and the eldest daughter of Mr. James Richard Bolton. In consequence of the Chancellor's having a family of daughters to provide for, the fortune to which his Lordship succeeded, with the title, was not great; but some of the appointments which he enjoyed through the influence of his uncle—that of Patentee for making out the Commission of Bankrupts, in particular—were extremely lucrative. Lord Thurlow aimed at distinction as a poet; and, amongst his publications are—The Defence of Poetry, by Sir Philip Sydney, 1810;—Verses on Several Occasions, 1812;—Moonlight, a Poem, 1815;—The

Doge's Daughter, with Translations from Anacreon and Horace;—*Carmen Britannicum*, 1814; and a Translation of Anacreon, 1822. His Lordship died at Brighton early in June; leaving three sons:—Edward Thomas, his successor, born in 1814; Thomas Hugh, born in 1816; and John Edmund, born in 1817. Lord Thurlow assumed the name of Hovell, in 1814, as a descendant, maternally, from Richard Hovell, Esquire of the Body to King Henry the Fifth.

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JOHN CURTIS, M.D.

Dr. Curtis was born at Alton, in Hampshire, where his family, of the persuasion of Quakers, had been settled for many generations. He was educated at the well-known school at Burford, in Oxfordshire. On leaving Burford, he was apprenticed to his brother, William, the late celebrated botanist, who was then practising as a surgeon. Under him, he acquired a taste for botany, which, at a subsequent period of life, he cultivated with much assiduity, and possessed a choice collection of plants. On the termination of his apprenticeship, he walked the hospitals, and attended the lectures of Dr. Fordyce, Mr. Cline, and other eminent teachers. Having thus completed his professional studies, he commenced practice at Uxbridge. He afterwards married Miss Davis, of Reading, in Berkshire, by whom he had several children, who have survived him.

Of natural history, in general, he was fond; and ornithology, in particular, formed with him a favourite pursuit. British ornithology, he considered, was neither known nor studied as it ought to be. With British birds no one was better acquainted; and he left a small but interesting collection of them, chiefly the produce of his own sport. So correct and delicate was his ear, that he could distinguish by its note every bird within hearing. He was a liberal contributor to the Zoological Gardens and Museum.

Mr. Curtis piqued himself on his attachment to the doctrines of the old school; yet he had an excellent knowledge of the treatment of fever, and he was the first to introduce vaccination into his neighbourhood. By the profession generally, he was highly respected, and by none more so than by his late friend, Dr. Pope, of Stains, with whom he maintained an uninterrupted friendship for more than half a century.

Anxious to limit the fatigues of his practice, and to confine his attention to his particular friends, Mr. Curtis, some years before his death, took his degree of Doctor of Medicine. The testimonials of his character and acquirements were of the first description. His early habits, united with an excellent constitution, enabled him to enjoy uninterrupted health; and it was not until he had reached his seventy-fifth year, that nature began to sink. The symptoms of his illness were at first slight, but they soon

became alarming, and, conscious of the approaching event, he met his death with resignation and fortitude. In his last moments he was attended by Dr. Tattersall, Mr. Green, of St. Thomas's Hospital, Mr. Stinell, and his eldest son, Mr. J. Harrison Curtis, aurist to his Majesty, and well known for his improvements in the department of acoustic surgery. By his death, which took place at Cowley, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, the poor have lost a kind-hearted, liberal, and generous benefactor.

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THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Dr. Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University, was the son of an eminent schoolmaster, of Peterley House, in the county of Buckingham. His father, after he had carried his education to a certain point, sent him to Eton; and from Eton he went to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was rewarded, by the celebrated Cyril Jackson, with the Dean's Studentship. Enjoying a high reputation for his learning, it was his great good fortune—his natal star must have been in its ascendant at the moment—to be appointed tutor to Mr. Robert Peel, a gentleman since well known in the political world, and formerly much respected, if not for his high talents, at least for his presumed honesty, and for the apparent fearlessness with which he advocated the rights of the British Constitution against the claims of Popery.

On an examination for honours at the University, Dr. Lloyd obtained the first place; and, on a new modelling of the mathematical lectureship, at Christ Church, he was appointed the lecturer, at a very early age. He afterwards became, in due course, tutor and censor of his college. It is said that it was in consequence of his reputation as a clergyman, extending with his academical honours, that he was selected, in the year 1819, to succeed the present Bishop of Durham, as preacher at Lincoln's Inn. Shortly afterwards, on the promotion of the present Bishop of Down and Connor, he was appointed Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1822, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity in the University, and, in 1827, was promoted to the see of Oxford.

The immediate cause of Dr. Lloyd's death, which occurred at his residence in Whitehall-place, London, on the afternoon of Sunday, May the 31st, was an inflammation of the lungs, occasioned by a cold, which he had caught about a month before. Dr. Lloyd married, in 1822, a daughter of Colonel Stapleton, of Thorpe, in the county of Surrey, and has left a son and four daughters. Notwithstanding his learning, we are not aware that this prelate has ever, in the slightest degree, distinguished himself in the world of letters.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WE have at length had the benefit of some fine harvest days, commencing from the day previous to the commencement of the autumnal quarter; but we scarcely dare trust to the continuance of the blessing. Thitherto, all weather-wisdom had become foolishness—the shepherd had lost his forecast, the silver moon her influence, and the barometer itself was often at fault. Hope told a flattering tale: the farmer's expected blessing lasted but a few days, peradventure a few hours. His corn was cut, either to lie soaking and sprouting in continual wet, or to be carried in a state liable almost to equal damage. Undoubtedly, we ought to be contented with our matrimony of the seasons, and to take them for better or for worse; but many a heart will ache at the reflections of the vast produce which would have been obtained from the fully replenished earth, during the late season, with a propitious summer solstice. It recalls to our memory the strange saying, said indeed many years since, of a humorous and shrewd old Suffolk ploughman, whose opinion it was, that "if the *old Gentleman* did some good at one time, he was sure to do as much mischief at another." As we lately hinted, there has been a curious contest of misrepresentation, from interested motives, respecting the state of the crops; one party exaggerating the deficiency, the other, taking their text from their own, the most favoured districts, scarcely allowing of any. Taking a correct view of the whole, we apprehend, indeed we know too well, that the estimate of the former is too near the truth.

The late few fine days, we trust, have enabled the farmers of the most backward soils, to finish this most unpropitious harvest. Scotland, ordinarily more fortunate, seems to have had the greatest share of the malignity of the present season. In the Carse of Gowrie, and upon the best lands, wheat will be found far from an average, and a great part of the crop will require the assistance of the kiln. In Mid Lothian, all corn defective, quantity and quality—straw in plenty. In the higher and less fertile parts, wheat is said to be below two-thirds, or even not more than half an average, with very few commendations of the quantity. Barley equally defective. Beans still more so, quantity and quality. Peas soft, and not plump or well filled; Potatoes and Turnips almost lost crops. Oats, as generally, throughout the island, perhaps the best crop of the year. In many parts of the north, complaint is made, a strange one indeed, the season considered, that the fog, or after-grass, is defective, and that hay has been a light crop. All corn crops in Wales, are reported below an average; in the less fertile parts much so. The soil of Ireland, inured to moisture, seems to have resisted the superabundance of the season, with more success than that of her elder sister. The Irish crops are considerable, more particularly the wheat, a good proportion of which, on the best and forwardest lands, is reported as having been housed in fair condition. Potatoes are a crop. In the United States of America, the Wheat crop is great, and saved in fine condition; and according to general report, more flower it is expected will be there made in the ensuing, than in any previous year. Upon the European continent, in many parts, and where the rains were not so prevalent, the corn crops are uncommonly plentiful.

Perhaps in Lancashire and its vicinity, a considerable part of the midland counties, and in Norfolk, the wheat crop is the largest, approaching an average. Also in the best parts of Devonshire, and its neighbourhood, where the trees are broken down with the weight of apples, and casks will scarcely be found to contain the cider. Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, have probably grown more wheat this year by a quarter per acre, than in the last, and the quantity, not very considerable, it is to be feared, saved in fair weather, exhibits a beautiful and weighty sample. Such samples, however, take Britain throughout, will not rise in great plenty from the present crop. The farmer's only indemnity, indeed an inadequate one, must subsist in the greater measure afforded by damp and rough grain. In the northern counties, and generally on all poor lands, the wheat crop is greatly defective, as well in quantity as worth of the sample. The wheat throughout Britain will not probably exceed, if it actually reach, three fourths of an average crop. In Ireland, they boast of a full average of quantity, in which must necessarily be included a considerable share of rough and damp corn. The corn laid by the high winds, early, and before it had attained maturity, has received immense damage. Vast breadths, in all parts, were laid as flat as though they had been rolled, and the ripened corn blown from the ears, is said to equal in point of quantity, the amount of seed. This indeed is an additional enrichment of the stubbles for the benefit of the pigs; while, from that most injudicious and hazardous practice of double crops, clover and corn, together with the general slovenly neglect of culture, sheep and cattle food will outrun consumption. In fact, a great number of farmers do not possess the means of purchasing live stock to consume their provision, otherwise than on credit, and by mortgaging their next crop for that and other purposes. The vast loss and damage incurred from storms of wind and floods, in exposed situations, has been noticed in former reports; and with respect to the latter, furrows and channels cut through the lands, have been resorted to for immediate relief. Flues in barns have been recommended to dry the corn which had not sufficient time in the field; and in the view of the present harvest and that of 1823, in a considerable degree similar to the present, those farmers who embraced the earliest opportunity, had the good fortune to be right, since of

two evils it was the least, to cart their corn in a moist state, than to leave it abroad exposed to successive and continued rains. It is said there will be a much greater quantity found blighted, rusted, and mildewed, than has been generally reported. Of Barley, the quantity will be considerable, but fine malting samples at no rate plentiful. The winter beans, not a common crop, have succeeded best, and the old practice of *pulling*, instead of cutting them, has been much, from necessity, recurred to, attended with the disadvantage of the produce being mixed with lumps of earth.

No notice whatever, from any quarter, of wheat sowing; and the fallows are in such a puddled and foul state, that getting in the wheat for the new crop, is probable to partake of much of the difficulty which has attended the harvest. A considerable quantity of wheat will be in demand for the seed, no inconsequential item after a short crop; and it seems the general opinion that the stocks of flour in the hands of the mealmen and bakers, are low beyond all late precedent. The general prices of live stock are much the same as our last, with a similar variation from different parts; in some, store sheep are said to be dearer by four shillings a head. At Mr. Ellman's late sale, his fine flock of South Downs rendered capital prices.

The farmers, stated by themselves to be on the very verge of bankruptcy and ruin, eaten up by high rents, tithes, and taxes, are yet described by *themselves*, as eagerly catching at every farm that is vacant. Their prospect for the ensuing winter, is said to be most appalling, and that no one can foresee, how, or by what possible means, the great surplus of labourers can be fed and supported. The poor Irish labourers, in various parts of the country, have been excessively, and even *murderously* ill treated (such is the phrase) and their employers also, by our own. Assuredly, our Government police is deficient to a criminal degree, for their apathy in this case, and more especially as relates to the manufacturing operatives. However oppressed the labourer may be, it must be a weak government indeed, that should entrust the remedy to his own hands.

We expressed a hope at the commencement, that our long and tedious harvest had arrived at a conclusion; on that opinion, however, the following is no very pleasing commentary. A letter from the Surrey Hills has this instant reached us, containing the following statement. "What a state are we in! the rains have returned: of the latter harvest a very little is carried. Being suspicious of some wheat lately carted, and covered hastily with straw, I opened it, when it was found matted and grown together, nearly to the bottom, harvest, dressing, and ploughing, all coming together! However, I am not worse off than my neighbours, some of whom will end their farming cares this season!"

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. to 3s. 10d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 0d.—Lamb, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 6d.—Best Dairy Pork, 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 3½d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 40s. to 86s.—Barley, 28s. to 40s.—Oats, 16s. to 36s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 95s.—Clover, ditto, 40s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 32s. 9d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, September 25th.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**SUGAR.**—The demand for muscavadoes this week has been steady and considerable, but the purchases were not on an extensive scale; the prices are without variation; the estimated purchases are 2,700 hogsheads and tierces. In the refined market the scarcity of low and middling export goods continues, and the low lumps to be ready in two or three weeks, are contracted for at nearly the present currency. The market prices are a shade higher. Fine goods for home trade not in great request; Molasses steady; the prices of lumps 6d. to 1s. higher, and a brisk market. *Foreign Sugars*.—The market again cleared of white Havannah Sugars; 200 boxes will be immediately landed. Purchases of foreign this week are about 300 chests low yellow Havannah, 25s. and 26s.; 50 chests low to middling white Pernams, 27s. to 31s.; 30 chests very low brown, 16s. *East India Sugars*.—The public sale of Tuesday, 2,922 bags Mauritius of a fine quality, sold freely at very high prices. *West India Molasses*.—The prices are unvaried.

**COFFEE.**—The holders of Coffee are rather in hopes of higher prices; the quantity brought forward to public sale is not extensive; the Jamaica continues to go off freely, at still improving prices.—British Plantation also go off freely, and at rather higher rates. The Foreign is without alteration: 200 bags of good old Brazil yesterday taken in at 34s.; for good Batavia, 31s.; refused Old Sumatra, 31s.; the latter is 6d. to 1s. higher; the former sold at very full prices.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The Rum market is rather languid—Leewards are reported 1s. over, at 1s. 9½d.; 2 and 3 over 1s. 10d.—In Jamaica very few purchases are lately reported.—Brandy is still improving, both in demand and prices.—Geneva is unvaried. Several letters from France desire (that owing to the disastrous state of the

vintage) the writer's brandy laying in England, should not be sold under an advance of 4d. to 6d. per gallon, and several are prohibited from selling on any terms;—the best markets selling off the Quay at 3s. 3d. and 3s. 4d; seconds 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.; the advance is three to four on the best markets, and 2d. per gallon on the inferior descriptions.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The Tallow Market continues steady.—Hemp maintains the late advance.—Flax is unvaried.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 7½.—Rotterdam, 12. 7½.—Antwerp, 12. 7½.—Hamburg, 13. 15¼.—Paris, 25. 75.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0.—Oporto, 45. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 23.—Bahia, 23.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £3. 14s. 3d.—New Dollars, 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 305½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½.—Grand Junction, 298½.—Kennet and Avon, 28½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 495½.—Oxford, 670½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 275½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 84½.—West India (Stock), 181½.—East London WATER WORKS, 113½.—Grand Junction, 51½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½.—Globe, 156½.—Guardian, 24½.—Hope Life, 5¾.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 187½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from August 22d to September 22d, 1829, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPER-SEDED.

Willecock, W. F. Tavistock, dealer  
Homes, J. Kidderminster, grocer  
Ormond, J. St. Helens, Lancashire,  
linen-draper  
Evans, W. Liverpool, grocer  
Cook, S. Aic-street, upholsterer

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 78.]

#### *Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Adams, T. P. Cheap-side, silkman.  
(Jones, King's Arms-yard)  
Allen, T. Oxford-street, bookseller.  
(Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane)  
Ansell, H. Colchester-street, watch-  
manufacturer. (Spyer, Broad-street-  
buildings)  
Atkinson, J. Leeds, dyer. (Milne and  
Co., Temple)  
Alexander, R. Calcutta, and Great  
Coram-street, bookseller. (Parton  
and Co., St. Mildred's-court)  
Bates, G. N. Birmingham, metal-  
refiner. (Holme and Co., New-inn;  
Bartlett, Birmingham)  
Broadhurst, J. West Heath, Cheshire,  
silk-throwster. (Clarke and Co.,  
Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham,  
Macclesfield)  
Butler, W. Birmingham, mother-of-  
pearl button manufacturer. (Crosby,  
Bucklersbury)  
Bird, C. E. Goytree, miller. (Parker  
and Co., Bristol)  
Bryson, G. Lad-lane, auctioneer.  
(Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
Ballard, T. Dock-head, Surrey, cheese-  
monger. (Howard, Norfolk-street)  
Cooling, W. J. Bidborough-street,  
master-mariner. (Mayhew and Co.,  
Carey-street)  
Corker, J. Leeds, saw-manufacturer.  
(Strangways and Co., Barnard's-  
inn; Robinson, Leeds)  
Cannon, W. Northampton, shoe-manu-  
facturer. (Vincent, Temple;   
Cooke, Northampton)  
Clegg, J. Liverpool, veterinary-sur-  
geon. (Rowlinson, Liverpool)

Chalk, J. G. Barking, butcher. (Strat-  
ton and Co., Shoreditch)  
Davis, C. Charles-street, Soho-square,  
general-dealer. (Spyer, Broad-street  
buildings)  
Dunn, W. W. and J. W. Dunn,  
Sambrook-court, brokers. (King  
and Co., Gray's-inn)  
Dore, W. H. Bath, brush-manufactu-  
rer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street;  
Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
Englesh, R. Bath, cabinet-maker.  
(Williams, Gray's-inn; Stallard,  
Bath)  
Finlinton, J. Whittrig, cattle-dealer.  
(Clennel, Staple-inn; Saul, Car-  
lisle)  
Fitzpatrick, M. Manchester, shop-  
keeper. (Appley and Co., Gray's-  
inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
Forth, A. and G. Aspinall, Manches-  
ter, sirth-web-manufacturers. (Ma-  
kinson and Co., Temple)  
Fielder, J. Knightsbridge, victualler.  
(Glynes, Vine-street, America-  
square)  
Gardner, W. R. Harper-street, en-  
graver. (Reynold, Carmarthen-street)  
Hollwell, J. and G. Highfield, Liver-  
pool, merchants. (Taylor and Co.,  
Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool)  
Holt, H. Liverpool, ship-owner.  
(Lowton and Co., Gray's-inn;  
Leicester, Liverpool)  
Hall, H. B. Twickenham, innkeeper.  
(Lys, Took's-court; Jenmett,  
Kingston)  
Hammick, A. Long Acre, coach-  
maker. (Selbys, Serjeant's-inn)  
Hitchcock, T. Bow, brewer. (Wood,  
Richmond-buildings, Dean-street,  
Soho)  
Hill, J. Red Lion-wharf, City-road,  
and Red Lion-street, coal-merchant.  
(Langham, Crutched-friars)  
Henshall, W. Kinderton, carrier.  
(Lowton and Co., Gray's-inn;  
Vawdrey and Co., Middlewich)  
Horton, J. Bolton-le-Moors; inn-  
keeper. (Hurd and Co., Temple;  
Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors)  
Jonn, M. S. Oxford-street, linen-  
draper. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-  
street)  
Jenkins, T. Middle-street, Brompton,

stone-mason. (Brooksbank and Co.,  
Gray's inn)  
James, W. Westbury, clothier. (Par-  
ker, Furnival's-inn; Pinniger,  
Westbury)  
Kenrick, W. Park-lane, livery-stable-  
keeper. (Camp, New-inn)  
Langley, R. Oxford-street, perfumer.  
(Bailey, Berner's-street)  
Linsell, J. Finching-field, grocer.  
(Amory and Co., Throgmorton-  
street)  
Lyon, J. W. Bouverie-street, mer-  
chant. (Isaacs, St. Mary-Axe)  
Leigh, J. Crescent-place, New  
Bridge-street, merchant. (Pocock,  
Bartholomew-close)  
Marsden, J. Bryanston-street, paper-  
hanger. (Bull, Ely-place)  
Masterman, W. King-land-wharf,  
wharfinger. (Bourdillon, Bread-  
street)  
Morgan, M. Shipton, linen-draper.  
(Hardwicke and Co., Lawrence-  
lane)  
Marshall, J. Foleshill, ribbon-manu-  
facturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-  
inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry)  
Neville, T. and G. Doddinghurst,  
farmers. (Isaacs, Mans'-street)  
Nicholls, J. Mitcham, silk-manu-  
facturer. (Heald, Wainford-court)  
Oliver, C. Tottenham-court-road,  
shoe manufacturer (Carter and Co.,  
Royal Exchange)  
Potter, J. Margate, dealer in glass.  
(Matland, Bennet-street, Lack-  
friars-road)  
Pridham, R. Great Torrington, dra-  
per. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-  
inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)  
Petherbridges, W. Whitechapel, and  
Newton Abbot, linen-draper. (Jones,  
Size-lane)  
Parnall, J. jun. and W. Parnall, Bris-  
tol, copper-smiths. (Bourdillon,  
Bread-street; Geach, Bristol)  
Pound, R. Hoxton, builder. (Vander-  
com and Co., Bush-lane)  
Plume, W. Stock, builder. (Wood,  
Richmond-buildings, Dean-street,  
Soho)  
Revitt, J. H. Rathbone-place, builder.  
(Jones and Co., Mincing-lane)  
Rowbotham, J. Ashton-under Lyne,

hat-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester  
 Robinson, J. Manchester, publican. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester  
 Rudland, J. Mary-le-bone-lane, stable-keeper. (Robinson, Orchard-street  
 Stubbs, W. New Malton, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street  
 Smith, R. Preston, muslin-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskell, Wigan  
 Spark, J. North Shields, victualler. (Dunn, Gray's-inn  
 Smith, J. and W. Fletcher, Pendleton, dyers. (Appleyby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whit-head, Manchester  
 Stone, S. Edgware, farmer. (Nokes, Southampton-street  
 Selby, W. Standard Hill, Notts, lace-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co.,

Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham  
 Stephenson, J. Manchester, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple  
 Shelmerdine, W. sen. Manchester, and Little Houghton, paper-maker. (Appleyby and Co., Gray's-inn; Chapman, Manchester  
 Stretch, J. C. auctioneer. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Holdsworth and Co., Worcester  
 Scammel, E. Warminster, dealer in china. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Chapman, Warminster  
 Spicer, C. Margate, tavern-keeper. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane  
 Smith, J. Western-place, Mary-le-bone, bricklayer. (Paterson, Bouverie-street  
 Thomson, J. and R. Liverpool, merchants. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Holden, Liverpool

Taylor, J. A. Birmingham, iron-founder. (Spencer, Tavistock-street  
 White, T. Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, printer. (Newland, Craven-street  
 Wyatt, F. Plymouth, grocer. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Husband, Devonport  
 Wallington, T. and B. Overbury, sen. and T. Carter. Cateaton-street, wholesale woollen-draper, and Blackwell-hall, factors. (Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court  
 Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury  
 Worsley, P. Heaton-Norris, timber-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Edge, Manchester  
 Yeo, E. A. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, innholder. (Heaton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Baynton and Co., Bristol

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Jones, to the Vicarage of Compton, Gloucester.—Rev. G. Taylor, to the Rectory and Parish Church of Clopton, Suffolk.—Rev. E. Cobbold, to the Rectory of Long-Melford, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Rogers, to the Perpetual Curacy of Sewerby Bridge, Halifax.—Rev. W. M. Marcon, to the Rectory of Edgefield, Norfolk.—Rev. J. R. Young, to be Vicar-choral of St. Patrick's, Dublin.—Rev. C. Borton, to the Vicarage of Wickhambrook, Suffolk.—Rev. H. Dampier, to a Prebendal Stall in Ely cathedral.—Rev. H. Wright, to the Vicarage of Winkleigh, Devon.—Rev. I. Clarkson, to the Vicarage of Wednesbury, Stafford.—Rev. A. Olivant, to be third Curial in St. David's cathedral.—Rev. J. Dobson, to the Rec-

tory of Brandsburton, York.—Rev. W. Roberts, to the Vicarage of Dunton Bassett, Leicester.—Rev. E. A. Daubeny, to hold the Vicarage of Ampney Crucis, with Hampdett cum Stowell, Gloucester.—Rev. W. Nettleship, to the Lectureship of St. Andrew, Droitwich, Worcester.—Rev. B. Heptinstall, to the Perpetual Curacies of Capesthorpe and Siddington.—Rev. W. Marsh, to be Minister of St. Thomas's Church, at Holloway Head, Birmingham.—Rev. J. Hustler, to the Rectory of Euston.—Rev. C. C. Law, to the Vicarage of Hawkeshead, Lancashire.—Rev. J. Ware, to the Rectory of Wywerstone, Suffolk.—Rev. H. Taylor, to the Vicarage of Stockingham, Devon.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

August 11 and 12.—The Solicitor-General (Sir E. B. Sugden) visited that mansion of misery, the Fleet Prison, and called before him every person, save one, immured within its cells for contempts of the Courts of Chancery; to some he gave advice, to some pecuniary assistance, and others were promised they should be liberated during the ensuing term.\*

\* We have not room to insert the melancholy histories of these victims to the proceedings of the court of *Equity*! one must suffice. A venerable old man, named Mansell, nearly 70 years of age, said he had been left an executor under a will, about the trusts of which there was some dispute. He had answered the bill of his plaintiff; the property under the will, along with his own property, had been seized, and he had been confined seventeen years for costs! This poor old man had lost his wife nine days after his imprisonment; she died of a broken heart; a daughter followed, then a son, and lately another son, being the whole of his family. He was now left alone in the world.—Our countrymen have been always mighty fond of expatiating upon the cruel proceedings in the *ci-devant* Bastille, at Paris, a dungeon sacred to the atrocities of despotic power. We beseech them now, conscientiously, to look at home, and compare this anecdote of our court of *Equity* with them.—And let them remember that, in this boasted land of liberty and impartial justice, a poor Chancery prisoner has no commissioners, no assizes, no bringing to trial,

23.—The Queen Donna Maria took leave of His Majesty at Windsor Castle; highly gratified with the very kind interest which has been uniformly evinced towards her from the first moment of her landing in this country. The King repeatedly kissed her, and used many kind expressions; and we are assured that the Queen does not leave England on account of anything that has passed during the time she has resided amongst us, or on account of any measures reported to be under consideration.

24.—In the City of London expenditure, recently published, it appears that since 1781, £60,261 has been given in donations to various charities; £55,556 for public improvements, and £28,662 for other public purposes; total £145,000.

25.—The building committee for the erection of the King's College, Somerset House, met to receive tenders for building the college, when Mr. Martin's terms of £63,917 were approved of, although a lower tender was made; no time will now be lost in carrying into effect the purposes of its original intentions. The charter granted by his Majesty has been received by the council; it

no gaol delivery once in six months to look to! So that once in this *purgatory*, hitherto, there was no *praying* him out; but as the professors of *Popercy* can now legislate for us, we hope things will mend!

specifies "that instruction in the duties and doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the United Church of England and Ireland, shall be for ever combined with instruction in the various branches of literature and science." The corporation is designated "The Governors and Proprietors of King's College, London."

26.—Parliamentary papers published relative to the state of the shipping interest, by which it appears that there were only 8,975 British vessels, and 1,290,248 tons, in 1814, engaged in imports; in 1828 they amounted to 13,436, and 2,094,357 tons; while the foreign ships, in 1814, were as many as 5,286, and the tonnage 599,287; in 1828 the foreign vessels were only 4,955, and the tonnage 634,620. With respect to the exports, while there were but 8,620 British ships and 1,271,952 tons engaged outwards in 1814, in 1828 there were 12,248 ships, and 2,006,397 tonnage; while the foreign ships in 1814 were 4,622, and the tonnage 602,941; in 1828 they were only 4,405, and the tonnage 608,118.

— Court-martial commenced at Portsmouth upon Capt. Dickenson, for his conduct at the battle of Navarino.

27.—Early this morning (Thursday) the Empress of Brazil and suite arrived off Spithead, amid a royal salute from the Brazilian squadron at Portsmouth. Her Majesty proceeded to the *Izabel* frigate, which is destined to convey her to Rio de Janeiro. The Empress had had a very boisterous passage to our shores, and was rather unwell after her voyage. On being received on board the *Izabel*, her flag was hoisted, and the ships of war in the harbour re-echoed a royal salute. It being understood that the Empress did not intend to land in England, but meant to repair as quick as possible, to Rio de Janeiro, the young Queen of Portugal (who had been waiting at Portsmouth), hastened to pay her respects to her royal relative, and left the shore in the government steam-boat, the *Lightning*, with the parade of military display through the streets to the beach, attended by a numerous suite. The weather was quite tempestuous at the time, and as soon as the young Queen left the shore, the royal salutes were re-commenced by all the ships in harbour, and all the elements seemed in commotion upon the occasion; for the wind roared in heavy squalls, and the rain poured down in torrents, with thunder and lightning.

28.—Notice given in the London Gazette; of the resolution of government in restricting the interest of the Exchequer bills to 1½d. per day, instead of 2d. as heretofore.

30.—Their Majesties the Empress of Brazil, and the Queen of Portugal, with their respective suites, sailed from Spithead with a fair wind. The *Gloucester*, 74 guns, sailed with them as an escort.

— Express arrived with the information of the complete defeat of the army of Don Miguel, which landed at Terceira on the 11th of August.\*

\* Terceira is the second isle of the Azores, in point of size; it is 25 miles in circumference, and very fertile: its population amounts to 32,700 persons; St. Michael, the largest island, contains 80,000, and the nine islands altogether about 180,000. They were discovered in 1442, and are about 900 miles distant from any continent.

September 1.—A true bill found by the Middlesex Grand Jury against the proprietors of the *Standard*, for libel on the Duke of Wellington.

3.—The sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

9.—A meeting of the creditors, and other persons interested in Covent Garden Theatre, was held there, with a view to consider of the means best adapted to ensure its re-opening, and relieve it from its distress, when about £1,300 was collected for that purpose.

10.—News arrived of the Russians being in possession of Adrianople.

11.—True bill found by the Middlesex Grand Jury against the proprietors of the *Morning Journal*, for libels on the Duke of Wellington, charging him with being "proud, overbearing, grasping, dishonest, and unprincipled, and capable of a design to overthrow the crown, and prostrate the laws and liberties of this country."

17.—The Court Martial held on Captain Dickenson terminated, when he was honourably acquitted of "frivolous, groundless, and vexatious charges."

18.—The Lord Mayor, and a deputation from the Spanish and Italian refugees' committee, waited upon the Earl of Aberdeen, in consequence of the recent arrival of more Spanish emigrants. His lordship said his Majesty's ministers had taken the subject into consideration, and that it was deemed inexpedient further to augment the public burdens for allowances to the emigrants; government were now paying £18,000 per annum for that purpose; but he believed that King Ferdinand would soon grant an amnesty in their favour, with the exception of about 30 who were considered inveterate.

— Old Bailey sessions terminated, when 25 prisoners were recorded for death; 133 were transported, and 14 imprisoned for one and two years, and a large number received sentence of whipping and imprisonment for a short term. In the proceedings of this session prize-fighting received a stunning blow; the seconds, in a case of manslaughter, having been sentenced to transportation for life, whilst the principal, from whose superior strength his antagonist was killed, was ordered to 12 months' imprisonment only.

20.—Mr. Whitshed, attached to His Majesty's Legation at Berlin, arrived in town with dispatches from Sir R. Gordon, Constantinople, and from Mr. Seymour, at Berlin, bringing intelligence of a cessation of hostilities in the East.

21.—Henry Winchester, esq., declared (by the arbitrator chosen by the Court of King's Bench) duly elected Alderman for the ward of Vintry, after being in abeyance two years.

23.—The business of the General Post Office transferred from Lombard-street, to the New Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Baswick, T. Salt, esq., to Miss Harriet Letitia Petit.—At Bakewell, F. Hust, esq., to Cecilia Emily, youngest daughter of R. Norman, esq., and Lady Norman.—At St. Pancras, W. T. Jemmett, esq., to Laura, eldest daughter of Sir E. B. Sugden.—C. Eden, esq., fourth son of the late Sir F. Eden, Bart., to Emma, second daughter of Sir R. Williams, Bart., M.P.—At Pet-

worth, Hon. Capt. A. R. Turnour, second son of Lord Winterton, to Miss Charlotte Fitzherbert Daysh.—At Aldingbourne, Viscount Andover, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, to Isabella, second daughter of Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.—At Upton Gray, D. C. Macright, esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late Sir W. Paxton.—At Cheltenham, the Rev. L. Broker, to Elizabeth, niece of Colonel Sir R. Barclay.—At Llanbadarn fawr, the Rev. Sir R. Wolsley, Bart., 70, to Miss Smith, 21.—At Marylebone, R. Harvey, esq., to Anne, daughter of Vice Admiral Sir W. Hotham.—The very Rev. C. S. Luxmore, Dean of St. Asaph, to Katharine, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir J. Nicholl.—Capt. C. T. Thruston, R.N., to Eliza, second daughter of Admiral Setheby.

## DEATHS.

At the Isle of Wight, Anthony, second son of Sir John Richardson.—At Brighton, Earl of Harrington, 77.—At Foxley, Sir Uvedale Price, Bart., 83.—At Fulham, Adolphus, second son of Major-General Sir T. M'Mahon, Bart.—Charlotte Anne, second daughter of Vice Admiral Sir J. Gore.—At Clapham, H. Desborough, esq., 75, late clerk of the North Road general post office.—At Orierton, Lady Owen, wife of Sir J. Owen, Lord Lieutenant of Pembrokeshire.—At Beaumaris, Frances Emma, second daughter of Sir H. Williams, Bart., and Viscountess Bulkley.—At his seat at Ferntower, General Sir David Baird, Bart.—At Framlingham, Dr. E. Goodwyn, 73: upwards of 40 years ago he published his valuable and scientific work "On Submersion."—At Glaston, Sir T. Whichcote, Bath.—In Portman-square, Sir H. C. Lippincott, Bart.—At Bury St. Edmunds, P. Callam, esq., Bath King at Arms.—At Bristol Hotwells, Mrs. Boucher, widow of the Rev. J. Boucher, and sister to Lord Molesworth.—At Aghadoc, Catherine Green, 118; she lived in the reigns of Anne, George I. II. III. and IV., and retained her faculties to the last, dieting constantly on oatmeal.—At Lincoln, Rev. J. Carter, his antiquarian researches stand recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society.—Sophia Sarah, wife of the Rev. Basil Wood.—Sir W. Mansel, Bart., of Isoeod,

Carmarthen.—The Rev. A. Langton, son of B. Langton, esq., and of Mary, Countess Dowager of Rothies.—At Blackheath, Mrs. Lee, sister to the late Viscountess Haberton.—Lady Anne Catherine Legge, sister to Lord Sheffield.—At Stapleford, A. Warren, esq., 73, brother to the late Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, bart.—At Exeter, Mrs. Dacres, 76, relict of Admiral Dacres.—At Worcester, T. Best, esq., of Barbadoes.—This gentleman was the last antagonist of the eccentric Lord Camelford in a duel in 1804, which terminated his strange career.—At Thornton, the Rev. M. Mackereth, 85; he had been head master of the grammar school at that place 41 years; he had been incumbent of Old Byland 56 years; 47 years vicar of Middleton, and 20 years vicar of Elleburne.—Near Oswestry, General Despard, 85; he had been in 21 battles; taken prisoner once; had two horses shot under him; was shipwrecked thrice; when he was only 15 had the regimental standard shot out of his hand; he was governor of Canada seven years.—At Hull, J. Alderson, esq., 72, senior physician to the General Infirmary.

## MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Newfoundland, Rev. W. Williams, 76, to Miss Polly Candle, 14!—At Paris, at the British Ambassador's chapel, Baron Henri de Maupoint, of the French King's Guards, to Rosalie, eldest daughter of H. Bowles, esq., 22d dragoons.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Lisbon, Donna Maria Francisca Benedicta, 83, Princess of Brazil.—At Milan, G. Losack, esq., Admiral of the Blue.—At Boulogne, Antonetta, wife of J. Ellis, esq., and daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Parker, bart.—At Paris, Count Dane, author of "The History of Venice," and a *ci-devant* Intendant-General of Buonaparte.—At Newfoundland, at St. John's, Shawnawdithit, 29, supposed to be the last of the Red Indians, of Bœstlicks; she had lived six years captive among the English, and exhibited strong natural talents. Her tribe, the Aborigines of Newfoundland, have been dislodged, and disappeared from the earth in 1829, in as primitive a condition as they were before the discovery of the new world.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—At a meeting held at the Literary and Philosophical Society at Newcastle, Aug. 19, it was resolved "that this society be called The Natural History Society of the Counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne," and that its object be the furtherance of the study of Natural History in all its departments.

By the state of the county accounts from June 23, 1823, to June 30, 1829, it appears that the expenses were £5,961. 4s. 4d., and that upwards of £3,000 were paid for the criminal jurisprudence and vagrants; £1,269. 11s. 10½d. for county bridges.

There was very little business at the Newcastle and Durham assizes; and not a single case, criminal or civil, of any interest.

Messrs. Hawthorn, of the Forth Banks, Newcastle, have just completed a locomotive steam thrashing engine, possessed of extraordinary

powers, being capable of propelling itself, and a thrashing machine, four to five miles an hour.

**CUMBERLAND.**—A public meeting has been recently held at Carlisle, when it was resolved to establish in that city, an Infirmary, for the county. The Earl of Lonsdale was in the chair. Donations to the amount of nearly £5,000 have already been received.

At these assizes, two prisoners received sentence of death; one of them was 70 years of age.

**DURHAM.**—In opening the ground for a new channel for the river Tees, below Stockton, a subterranean forest has been discovered.

About one hundred yards above the bridge, at Stockton, a suspension bridge, of elegant structure, is now in progress, to convey the coal-wagons belonging to the Stockton and Darlington railway across the river Tees, on their way to the intended dépôt at Middlesbrough.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The York people were all up in arms, a week or two back, on account of the determination of the Dean and Chapter to remove the beautiful elaborately-carved screen, which divides the nave from the choir, farther to the eastward; an alteration said to be rendered necessary by the enlarged size of the organ which is building in London, from a plan by Dr. Camidge. It is very doubtful whether the screen can be removed without receiving great injury; and so zealously do the Yorkists cherish the remembrance of the cathedral *as it was*, that they do not at all relish the proposed innovation. However, in consequence of the loudly declared opinion of the public, the Dean has ordered the removal to be suspended for twelve months; and if he finds the general voice against it at the end of that period, it is expected he will abandon it altogether.

The commerce of the port of Goole has increased most rapidly since its establishment. In the first six months of 1828, the quantity of cotton yarn exported from that port was 1,101,449 lbs. In the first six months of 1829, 6,271,704 lbs. The value of manufactured goods exported in Midsummer quarter of 1828 was £142,960, and that of Midsummer quarter, 1829, £625,500.

There have been 45 inquests held by the coroner for the town and county of Hull, since the 14th of November last.

Joanna Southcote's followers are not yet extinct. Some of them, with their preacher, have lately made a pilgrimage into this country.

On the 15th of September, the ship-owners and ship-builders of Whitby gave a sumptuous dinner to Mr. T. Sadler, esq., M.P., as a token of the estimation in which they hold his public character, and the approbation with which they regard his public principles.—For a correct report of his speech, see page 439.\*

His Grace the Duke of Wellington attended Doncaster races, when the freedom of that borough was presented to him in a gold box value 100 guineas.

The radical reformers at Leeds have formed themselves into an union; and agreed to subscribe one penny a week to further the purposes they have in view.

Aug. 31.—The new Museum at Scarborough was opened, with a valuable and interesting collection, and 100 guineas have been collected by the ladies at a bazaar there for the benefit of the Infant's School.

Sept. 8.—The *Tranby* sailed from Hull for the Swan River, Australia, with passengers, stores, live stock, agricultural implements, &c. &c.

The Doncaster Agricultural Association last year appointed a committee to inquire into the advantages of bones as manure. Queries on the subject were forwarded to farmers in certain districts, and the result of communications from 49 leading agriculturists has been embodied in a report. The committee state that their correspondents, with only two exceptions, all concur in representing bones to be a highly valuable manure, and on dry soils superior to all other manures; but of its use on heavy loams or clays the opinions are unfavourable.

The overseers of the poor for Sheffield, for last year, have published a statement of their accounts, from which it appears, that the average of weekly payments is about £190, and that

throughout the year the weekly sum has not in any instance exceeded £222, nor been less than £172. For maintenance of illegitimate children £1,385; for provisions £2,357; to the county rate £1,419; for law £346; to the constable £210; to the magistrate's clerk £181; to the surgeon £225; new workhouse cost about £3,000 during the year, exclusive of purchase money for building and land. Total expense for the year is £21,327. 3s. 0½d. Present number of inmates is 331. Maintenance of each for one week costs 3s.

Aug. 31. Our corporate body assembled in the Guildhall to accept their new charter, which is every thing that the corporation could have wished for.—*York Courant*.

The weavers of Barnsley have broken out into acts of riot and outrage, in consequence of an intended reduction of wages; and the houses of three very respectable manufacturers have been assailed, and the library and furniture of one of them burnt. There had been previous meetings of the labouring classes on Barnsley-green, when several resolutions were passed, and very strong language had been used respecting the laws. "Observe the laws of the country," said one of them, "and also remember the laws of nature."—"Look," said another of the speakers, "at the law which allows Prince Leopold to receive £50,000 a-year, while there are 500 men here that have not a bit of bread."\* Indeed the distress of the weavers appears to be very severe, as out of 3,703 looms in Barnsley, 170 only are in full work, 1,689 partially employed, and 1,844 totally idle!!!

A meeting of gentlemen was held, Aug. 31, at the White Lion, Halifax, when it was unanimously resolved to form a public company to be entitled "The Halifax Joint Stock Banking Company," whose subscribed capital shall be £500,000, to be divided into 5,000 shares of £100 each. "It will be seen by the list of the committee already appointed," says the *Halifax Commercial Chronicle*, "that its projectors and promoters are amongst the affluent and influential of the inhabitants of our extensive parish!!!

In the Report transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the State of the Labouring Classes in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, is the following heart-breaking passage: "After careful examination, it appears that, in the several townships occupied in the Fancy Business, there are upwards of 13,000 individuals who have not more than twopence-halfpenny each per day to live upon, and find wear and tear for looms, &c.!!!"

**LANCASHIRE.**—By the return made by the Clerk of the Peace for this county, it appears that the number of Dissenters at Manchester, associated with the various denominations in that place, is stated at 64,032, of whom 48,730 are Roman Catholics, and 1,300 Unitarians.

At a recent meeting of the merchants and principal inhabitants of Manchester, at the Exchange

\* At a subsequent meeting, the operatives resolved on a petition to the Duke of Wellington, in which they state, that "by the present unparalleled stagnation in every branch of the trade, manufactures, and commerce of this country, their misery has become so great, as to deprive them of most of the necessaries of life." In the Duke's answer, he sympathised with their distress, and promised to lay their memorial before the Board of Trade.

there, Mr. Huskisson said, "I am not unaware that I am in the centre of a great manufacturing district, in which there is the greatest British industry and ingenuity, and the greatest wealth, arising from manufactures, in any part of the world; I am not, also, unaware, that those measures of Government, of which I was the official organ in recommending to parliament, must have excited difference of opinion. I can only say that I am always glad to court fair discussion, and to hear the arguments of those opposed to me. Probably their information and judgment may so modify my view as to lead me to change the principles I have hitherto advocated. At all events, I shall be always glad to profit by the knowledge of those whose experience entitles them to attention."

At the Lancaster assizes, 16 prisoners were recorded for death; three transported, and 20 imprisoned; amongst the latter, were included the Rochdale rioters.

Sept 4. A general meeting of the commissioners of Police was held in the Town Hall, when the first annual report of the Improvement Committee was thus introduced:—"The Improvement Committee, in presenting the first annual report of their proceedings, have to appear before the commissioners with a much shorter detail of public improvements, effected under the provisions of the new Act of Parliament, than they trust future years will enable them to record."—The Town-Hall, Peter-street, St. Peter's-square, Lower Mosley-street, Chancery-lane, and Smithy-door, have been the objects of these first improvements.—*Manchester Courier*.

'The turn-out of fine-spinners at Manchester, as well as the gingham weavers, still continues, without any apparent intention of resuming work.

A general reduction in the prices of weaving has taken place in Blackburn; this will make a serious diminution in the already scanty, too scanty, earnings of the industrious weaver, who, in truth, is now unable to procure for his family any food beyond oatmeal and potatoes, to say nothing of clothing.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

The Bank Quay Glass Company, at Warrington, have presented Earl Eldon with a magnificent glass vase, in testimony of the high sense they entertain of his lordship's manly and energetic resistance to the "breaking up of the constitution." It is particularly worthy of record, that when the workmen employed on the vase were made acquainted with the purpose for which it was designed, they requested that they might be allowed to contribute their labour gratuitously to the work, as a mark of veneration and regard for the noble earl.—*Manchester Courier*.

SHROPSHIRE.—At the late assizes, it was resolved by the Grand Jury, Lord Clive, foreman, "That a request from the Grand Jury be presented to the Members of Parliament serving for the county, and for the boroughs within the county of Salop, to watch narrowly any bill brought into parliament for changing the present line of the Irish road through the county of Salop; and that the foreman be directed to forward a copy to each of the Members of Parliament serving for the county, and for the boroughs within the county of Salop."

A monument to commemorate the worth and perpetuate the memory of the late Bishop Heber,

has been erected on the right hand side of the altar of Hodnet Church, near the communion-table; and is more remarkable for modest and humble simplicity, than decoration and grandeur. It presents a profile, or side face of his Lordship, and the artist has delineated the countenance by strong lines of dignity and interest. The inscription is said to have been written by the celebrated author of "*William Tell*."

The important and interesting question, whether the Court of Great Session at Chester has a criminal jurisdiction over the city, was decided at the recent Shrewsbury assizes, by the jury returning a verdict for the defendants, thereby establishing the jurisdiction of the Court of Great Session over the city in criminal cases.

HANTS.—The Victualling Establishment—a pile of buildings as magnificent almost as any we are acquainted with, including an extensive bakery, the whole of which we are assured could not have cost Government less than £120,000—was knocked down by a London auctioneer, for a sum under £8,000. The old Victualling Establishment in this town has not realised, by the hammer, £15,000; yet more than £100,000 have been expended in the new buildings at Weevil; and before the wharfs, and the canals to the wharfs are completed, half a million of money will be swallowed up, and that decidedly to the inconvenience of the public service.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

A bazaar was held on Southsea Common during the late regatta, for the benefit of the General Dispensary, when the condescending politeness and attention of *Mesdames les Marchands de Bagatelles* succeeded in obtaining for the institution £300.

At a meeting of the friends of reform, held at Winchester, Aug. 31, it was resolved to establish "a Society for restoring to the People their legitimate Influence in the House of Commons," when a fund was commenced by each member, at the moderate sum of 2s. 6d. per quarter, for the purpose of, we understand, making it general all over the kingdom.

The 160th anniversary of the Charitable Society of Natives and Citizens, was celebrated at Winchester, Sept. 15, with the accustomed festivities. The procession was rendered more than usually gay by the introduction of banners and splendid new dresses.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—The Birmingham and Liverpool mail-coach was lost, near Lawton Gate, in passing a small rivulet, which, owing to the late rains, was so much swollen as to be increased to a formidable river. So great was the accumulation of the water at the bridge, that when the mail had reached the centre, the arch gave way, and the whole mass, arch, horses, and passengers, were precipitated into the surge below.—Two inside passengers were drowned, Mr. Newman, of Walsal, and Mr. Bennett, of Liverpool.

DORSETSHIRE.—The beautiful little church erected at Fleet, near Weymouth, has been opened for divine service by the Bishop of Bristol, attended by most of the clergy of the diocese. The *coup-d'œil*, on viewing this unique specimen of Gothic architecture, erected at the sole expense of the Rev. G. Gould, is highly picturesque. The old church was destroyed by the tempestuous

rage of the hurricane in 1824, and until this was erected no divine service had been performed.

**WORCESTER.**—The Mayor and Corporation of Worcester have unanimously resolved to abolish, at the end of the present tenancy (which will expire in less than two months), those tolls which have been hitherto levied at the Sidbury and Tything entrances to the city, upon the goods, &c. of non-freemen; which, though small in amount, were very vexatious.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At the assizes for this county, 21 prisoners were recorded for death, 8 were transported, and several imprisoned. Mr. Serjeant Taddy, in addressing the grand jury, said, "Gentlemen, you have, by your exertions, rendered your county an example to the rest of England, by the perfection to which you have brought the regulations of your prisons, and by the discipline you have introduced, by which alone you are capable of effecting moral improvement."

The increase of commerce in Gloucester since the opening of the Ship Canal has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. In 1827, the tonnage amounted to 106,996—in 1828, to 223,574—and this year, up to August only, to 149,718 tons.

**NORFOLK.**—A new Roman Catholic chapel was opened at Norwich September 2, in very grand style; the superior size of the building, its chaste and elegant architecture, and the number and superior quality of the instrumental and vocal performers, attracted a more general notice than usual upon such occasions, and many of the Protestant clergy were to be seen in the chapel. The high pontifical mass was sung by the Rev. Father in God the Bishop of Amyleae. The *Protestant bells* of St. Giles's and St. Peter's evinced their fashionable *apostacy*, and rang merrily all the evening on the occasion! Notwithstanding which, complaint has been made, that "the Norwich folks were not giving the Roman Catholics *fair play!*"\*

Parties of weavers lately assembled at the entrances of Norwich, and examined the carriers' carts, in search of pieces of goods manufactured in the county for Norwich masters, with the avowed intention of destroying them. A numerous body of operatives took a case of silk from a constable, which had been marked at the under price, and destroyed it; and men in disguise have entered houses in Norwich and its neighbourhood, and cut work from the looms, on pretence of its being taken under the scale agreed to.

**KENT.**—The new church at Tunbridge Wells was consecrated September 3, in grand ceremony. The style of building has been adopted which prevailed in England during the 13th and 14th centuries, and of which beautiful examples may be seen in York, Carlisle Cathedrals, and Westminster Abbey. It contains 1,500 sittings, 800 of which are free; and the total cost does not exceed £12,000.

At Canterbury, an old custom has been renewed; and at eight o'clock in the evening, by order of the Dean and Chapter, in memory of

\* In a late debate at the meeting of the Reformation Society, held at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, for promoting the principles of the *Reformation*, this language was uttered, says the respectable *Norfolk Chronicle* of September 19,

"good old times;" and vassalage, and the feudal system, again

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—At Nottingham assizes, sentence of death was recorded on no less than 26 persons; four of whom were for maliciously shooting at a peace officer, whilst executing a warrant of possession under an ejectment obtained against them from property to which they pretended to have a right. It was altogether a most appalling scene, that husband, wife, son, and daughter, should all be thus condemned to die at once!

**CHESHIRE.**—Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the musical festival at Chester was well attended; and the number of tickets disposed of for the whole of the performances amounted to 6,952. At the fancy ball 776 persons attended, presenting "such a galaxy of lovely females as were never before congregated under the canopy of heaven."—*Chester Courant*.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—At the assizes for this county 37 prisoners were recorded for death, 9 transported, and 24 imprisoned. Among the condemned for death were two boys, one of 14, and the other 13!!!—The infirmities of Mr. Justice Burrough occasioned both inconvenience and regret. In consequence of his deafness, and the indistinctness of his utterance, the jury-box, which faces the judge, was filled by the gentlemen of the bar, and on the left hand side of his lordship, the post usually allotted to the attorneys, was turned into a jury-box, and a machine was placed in the centre of the table, very near his lordship's desk, for the witnesses to give their evidence.

According to the recent arrangement of the magistrates, this county is to be divided into 20 divisions, within and for which special sessions shall be held, and such divisions are to bear the names following, viz. Bath, Bedminster, Bishop's Lydeard, Bridgewater, Carhamton, Clewton, Frome, Ilminster, Keynsham, Kilmersden, Milverton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset, Taunton, Wellington, Wells, Williton, Wincanton, Wrington, and Yeovil.

September 8, the ceremony of laying the foundation of St. Paul's Church, at Bedminster, took place in very grand style, in which the various schools, as well as the charity children, with large banners, "Protestant Ascendancy," were in the procession. The style of architecture will be Gothic, and the church is to contain accommodation for 1,700 persons, including a great number of free sittings.—*Farley's Bristol Journal*.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—Improvements are to be adopted for the benefit of science and the fine arts in this place, which will put Oxford on a par with her sister\* university. A large room in the vacant

\* If such a public spirit existed at Oxford, for embellishment and improvement of its buildings as at Cambridge, the miserable dilapidated pile of buildings in front of Christ Church would not be suffered to remain; nor would the filthy broken windows of the Chaplain's Quadrangle (in Wolsey's splendid foundation) be suffered to exist—it is as bad as Westminster Abbey (which ought to be the first building in the world in point of decorative preservation), only with this difference, at the latter something has been going on for the last *forty years*, to make it appear as it should do; but it

Clarendon Press, for the reception of Dr. Buckland's Geological and Mineralogical Collection, leaving ample space for the accommodation of his class, and another to be appropriated to the Pomfret Statues; and such casts of the best statues as are not in the Radcliffe Library, are to be added. A sum of £2,000, left by Dr. Randolph, is to be applied to this purpose. One of the rooms of the Clarendon is to be given up to the Professor of Experimental Philosophy. The Ashmolean Museum will thus be left free for its original purposes—it is intended to dedicate the room which now holds Dr. Buckland's collection, to antiquities; and to fit up the room, occupied at present by Mr. Rigaud, for the Ashmolean Library; to apply the upper room entirely to objects of Natural History.—*Oxford Herald*, Aug. 22.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—A new building, to be called "The Pitt Library," is about to be erected at Cambridge, out of the surplus of the funds subscribed for a statue to that distinguished ornament of the University.

By the abstract of the treasurer's accounts for the town of Cambridge, from Easter sessions 1828, to those of 1829, it appears £1,756. 19s. 5d. were collected, and that nearly the whole of which was used for criminal jurisprudence and its contingencies.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—We are sorry to say, that there appears no amendment in the state of the hosiery trade, though this is a time of the year when some activity is usually manifested. Even worsted spinners, who have hitherto been well employed, now begin to feel the effects of the general depression.—*Leicester Chronicle*.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The proprietors of the water-works have recently held a meeting at the Royal Hotel, and have the satisfaction to state, that their efforts have been crowned with success, in completing the number of shares which were wanting, and they are now in a situation to proceed with the works. The commissioners for improving the town, have determined upon commencing the contemplated improvements in Stafford-street.—*Birmingham Journal*.

At Coventry, a meeting of the ribbon weavers lately took place, in order to concert means for resisting a reduction of their wages. After proceeding to acts of open outrage, such as breaking of windows and destroying whatever property came in their way, they were prevailed upon to desist, and the principal masters having acceded to their terms, peace was restored. There are great numbers of them out of employ, and they particularly feel the blighting effects of the Free Trade system, as well as Macclesfield, Congleton, Worcester, Barnsley, Paisley, Dublin, &c. &c. &c. If 30,000 of our own poor *English* weavers, throwsters, and spinners had been dismissed by their masters, and as many *French* and *Italian* artisans employed in their places, it could not have been worse!!!

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At a re-letting (for 21 years) of a small part of the estates of the free Grammar-school, Stamford, on Tuesday last, an increase of £86 per annum was made in the rental. The salary of the master is now larger, we never will, until all the mean buildings about it as well as St. Margaret's Church, are totally taken away.

believe, than that of the master of any other free-school in England, and the situation is as nearly as possible a sinecure!!!!—*Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, Sept. 11.

The autumn fruits are so plentiful that the gathering is hardly repaid by the price of what is taken to market. Last week a quantity of excellently-flavoured apples, which had been taken to Boston from Bourn, were sold for 10s.; the same lot would last year, at this time, have fetched at least four pounds! Beautiful fish, of a variety of species, are retailed in Boston market for prices which would excite astonishment in the minds of persons residing at a distance. Tench, and other delicacies, are retailed for a few pence the dozen; and shrimps are positively so abundant, that the fishermen are glad to throw considerable quantities overboard, as they cannot find a market for them, at any price.—*Boston Gazette*.

**CORNWALL.**—At these assizes an incident of a remarkable nature occurred. As soon as the learned judge had concluded his charge, one of the jurymen, who had not been so advanced in the box as the others, rose and addressed his lordship:—"My lord, it is with the greatest reluctance that I mention the circumstance to your lordship, but I assure you, that I have not been so fortunate as to hear one single word of your lordship's charge. I should wish very much to hear your lordship's opinion, as the case is one of some difficulty."—Mr. Justice Burrough (evidently surprised) said he was very sorry that he could not assume a louder tone. The jurymen said, that his brother jurors were in a similar predicament with himself, and the only remedy which he could offer was, that the jury should go nearer to his lordship. The jury then, by the direction of his lordship, left their box, and, to the great mortification of the ladies, who were sent away in all directions, the twelve gentlemen took a situation as near as possible to his lordship, who went over the charge once more. Neither the attorneys nor counsel, nor parties on either side, could hear one word of what passed! Nothing but the extreme delicacy of the subject, and the fear of giving even the slightest pain to the venerable and amiable judge in question, prevented us hitherto from remarking the instances, during the present circuit, where similar complaints on the part of jurymen would have been perfectly justified!!!—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post*.

**WALES.**—At Flintshire assizes only two misdemeanors were for trial.

A pitched battle for £20 a-side, was fought between two men of the names of Price and Humphreys, at Llanbadarn Vynydd, in Radnorshire. The men fought 85 rounds in the presence of 2,000 spectators; when Humphreys was carried into the neighbouring inn, perfectly insensible, and shortly afterwards expired! He has left a wife and five children, who are now become entirely dependent upon the parish!!!

\* This is not the only instance of a free grammar-school master's situation being "as nearly as possible a sinecure." We mention the circumstance to elicit inquiry and reformation; else of what use are the labours and the immense expense attending the Commission of Inquiry into our Charitable Institutions, if such abuses are still allowed to remain?

About 40 porpoises were discovered, after the ebbing of the tide, in a large pool in Bury river, opposite Penclawdd, Glamorganshire. The pilots and a great number of people collected, and commenced an attack on them with pikes, hatches, &c., and after a long conflict they succeeded in capturing 11, some of which weighed upwards of 15 cwt.

SCOTLAND.—We have great pleasure in informing our readers that the act which passed last session of parliament, for the better regulation of Lunatic Asylums, has now come into practical operation. On Friday last, the asylum connected with the Dumfries and Galloway Royal Infirmary, was carefully inspected, and the nature of each case inquired into, down even to the minutest particular, in presence of the medical officers of the establishment, as well as of the sheriff and procurator fiscal. Dr. Maxwell, and Mr. A. Blacklock officiated as inspectors, and a similar investigation is to take place, in future, twice every year. The inspectors are required to report to the sheriff, who, in his turn, must report to the lords of justiciary, and as these documents are meant to be most explicit, communicating every thing, and concealing nothing, a new and most salutary light will be thrown on the management of every mad-house in the United Kingdom; and thus Parliament will be enabled to keep a watchful eye over every hospital for the insane, in Britain.—*Dumfries Courier*.

IRELAND.—The Common Council of Cork passed lately the freedom of that city to 58 individuals, amongst whom were, on public grounds, for their adherence to the Constitution, in Church and State, during the late eventful struggle, the following:—Earl of Eldon, Marquis of Chandos, Sir C. Wetherall, G. O. Moore, Esq., Rev. C. Boyton, and M. T. Salder, Esq.

It appears, by the Report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into Irish Miscellaneous Estimates, just published, that the Commissioners of the Board of Charitable Bequests, appointed under Act 40 Geo. 3, have, since the year 1802, recovered sums of money belonging to various charities, which had been diverted from their proper purpose, amounting, in the whole, to £239,707. 17s. 10d., together with permanent annuities to the amount of £3,853. 6s. 9d. per annum; and that suits are either pending, or proceedings in progress, or under consideration, for the recovery of sums, amounting in the whole, to £75,950, and of permanent annuities to the amount of £1,955. 4s. 6d. The Parliamentary grants to this Board, during 23 years, amount to £13,022, a very inconsiderable sum, compared with what has been recovered.

August 28, four brothers, Thomas, Edmund, Nicholas, and Pierce Wallace, were executed, at Clonmel, for the murder of their own brother-in-law!

During the late frightful gale, too immense whales were stranded near Sir Edward Lee's beautiful lodge at Howth. His gardener, on going to the spot, found two of these monsters struggling to get into deep water. The man returned for a gun and friend, and after discharging 45 bullets into the body of the largest, they succeeded in killing him. These amazing fish made a desperate resistance, and it was nine hours before they were completely captured. They mea-

sure each 30 feet, and weigh six tons.—*Dublin Evening Packet*.

The present state of society in this country may truly be called melancholy and deplorable. Year after year has the state of Ireland been brought under the notice of the Legislature, and as periodically have endeavours been used to remove the supposed cause of discontent. Yet at this very moment, distractions, dissensions, and misery, exist in as full force as though the land itself were so pre-eminently accursed, that unity, peace, and concord should never flourish, or even take root therein. Now to remedy these evils, the interference of the priesthood in matters which belong to the sphere of the civil magistracy, must be absolutely prohibited; and the influence now possessed by the leaders of factions, must be diverted to its proper and natural depository, by the residence of landed proprietors; and above all, education must be effectually encouraged.

Seventy-five magistrates of the county of Tipperary, assembled recently at Thurles, to take into consideration the disturbed state of the country. A series of resolutions were proposed by Lord Landaff, and seconded by Mr. Prittie (M.P. for the county), in which the Insurrection Act is called for, and more troops are desired. Sir J. Byng was present, and objected to the troops being dispersed throughout the country in small parties, because in the present state of public feeling, they might be tampered with by the people.

JERSEY.—The farms here seldom exceed 15 or 20 acres in extent. On these, whole families are maintained in comfort, and even acquire considerable possessions besides their lands. It is true they are free from king's taxes, but they have tithes and local charges, and of late years have been subject to poor's-rates. The land, however, bears a higher price by far than in England, and the work of the farm is done by the owners, with the help, in some instances, of in-door servants; and as the people labour for themselves, the work is done better, and the land brought into a much higher state of cultivation. The farmers do not keep hunters, nor their sons and daughters waste their time in frivolous and unprofitable amusements, but each family provides for its own wants, and every member of it, from the boy of 10 years old, to the old lady of 70, think it no degradation to do any thing in their power to promote the general welfare. A man who should endeavour to get into his hands all the lands of a parish, or to disposses their occupiers, would be shunned. The great object with every farmer is to raise produce enough of all kinds to meet the wants of the family, the surplus of which only is sent to market. In the sowing and harvest seasons, 20 families may be seen in a single field, all helping to get in the seed or crop of their neighbour, in the shortest space of time. On the days appointed for collecting the sea-weed, which is highly valued by these prudent farmers, and also when ploughing for potatoes, the single horses of various farmers are put together, and by such mutual assistance a feeling of good will and brotherhood is kept up amongst them, which does not often exist in those English parishes in which two or three individuals are constantly struggling to get all the land into their own hands.—It was thus in England formerly!!!

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THE POLITICAL STATE OF ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

SINCE we last addressed our country, an event of the most extraordinary rank has been completed, pregnant with the most formidable prospects to Europe, and involving the first interests of the British empire in the most anxious and menacing perplexity. The Turkish empire has been broken down to its foundations. The direct results of this tremendous revolution are the immediate hazard of that balance of power which the ablest minds have deemed necessary to the general peace of nations; the seizure of the highest European influence by an empire essentially warlike, ambitious, and devoted to territorial aggrandizement; and the corresponding fall of England from that highest rank, casting down with her the principles of peace, public justice, and the enlightened self-interest of the civilized world.

This is the primary evil of the success of Russia; and none can be greater. The world must, from this time forth, prepare for war. The overthrow of Napoleon had given Europe the prospect of times when the invention of man might be turned from mutual undoing to mutual good; to a noble rivalry in the arts of peace; to literature, commerce, the cultivation of the human race and the human understanding, in those vast, outlying portions of the world which had till now been the empire of the lion and the serpent; the magnificent increase of human happiness by the secrets and opulence of the earth; the wringing from stubborn nature, by the grasp of mechanical and philosophical discovery, that sceptre whose possession makes man only a little lower than the angels. But all this must be, for the time henceforth, at an end. No government, from this hour, can feel secure in throwing its strength into that gentle but noble emulation which covers its field with the harvest of national industry and virtue. It must treasure its resources for another field. No man can send his glance into the future without finding it obstructed by the clouds of a fierce and general hostility, the rising clouds of blood and conflagration. A power has started up in the midst of the richest pros-

pects of peace, that throws a shadow to the furthest horizon; that threatens to eclipse every kingdom, by the mere course of nature, as its shadow sweeps round; and compels every friend of the independence of nations to look upon every addition to its height with an ominous feeling of dismay.

It is idle to ask at what time those results will be realized? a year, a dozen years, are a moment in the history of nations. It would scarcely relieve our alarm, if we were to be told that they would not be visited on our country till we were in that slumber which the rise and fall of empires would disturb in vain. It is enough for the patriot and the christian to know, that such things will be; he feels no relief in the chance of personal escape from the shock that covers his grave with the ruins of all that he was bound in life to honour and to love; he weeps for his country; he bleeds with every wound of his children.

But the progress of Russia has been hitherto of such swiftness, that the consummation may outstrip even the step of mortality. Within half a century she has possessed herself of dominions half the size of Europe. She has tripled her population, and with an invincible security in her deserts, her climate and her population, she has advanced on every frontier into the finest territories of the Asiatic and European world. In the north, the Russian standard waves from the Baltic to the sea of Japan; in the west it sweeps Poland; in the east the Persian empire hourly shrinks before it; and now in the south it has been planted at the gates of Constantinople. And will it stop there?—The policy which might determine an European power to peace, has never been the policy of Russia. Always to conquer, and add territory to territory, has been her maxim. It has been imposed upon her government by the habits of her people, and the nature of their soil. The Russian is of the Tartar blood: the old spirit of rapine, the love of seeking a more propitious climate, the passion for the fierce delights and lavish luxuries of military triumph, the “*gloria cruenta luxusque pugna*” have been the incentives of his ancestors to rove from the wall of China to the furthest limits of Greece and Italy; and the same barbarian impulse which rolled the tide of the Hun and the Calmuck on Athens and Rome, will urge the subjects of the Czar down, tribe after tribe, upon the opulent cities and rich landscape of the southern world. There was still one grand obstacle: the Ottoman lay in the way, like the dragon of the Hesperides, a power whose resistance was less to be measured by its actual strength, than by its fierceness. Its force was in its vigilance and its venom; there it lay, a startling but brilliant combination of subtlety, splendour and poison, repulsive to every feeling of man, but sustained for its fierce, untameable guardianship of what every nation felt to be the secret of human supremacy.

This guardianship is at an end. The Mediterranean is open to Russia; the single impediment to an ambition as boundless as the earth, and as devouring as the grave, has been broken away; and that it has been thus broken is the exclusive crime, as it must speedily be the condign punishment, of England.

We utterly disdain the imputation of canting, or bringing religion into affairs with which it may have no concern; when we pronounce on our most solemn conviction, that this crime is the almost direct consequence of another crime, whose deep offence has scarcely passed the lips of the English legislature,—the annulling of our covenant with God as a Protestant people.

During the whole period of the late discussions on the Popish question, the Protestant writers of England resisted it on one especial ground: professing, and with the truest sincerity, their desire that every man should be free to keep his belief as he liked; and, deprecating all restraints upon conscience, they yet insisted on the unquestionable fact, that the constitution of England, the glorious constitution which had given irresistible pledges of its excellence in the unequalled prosperity, freedom, and Christian knowledge of the empire—was essentially Protestant. They showed that the fullest toleration of the rights of private opinion, did not imply the admission of the tolerated into the power of doing evil to those by whom the toleration was given; that the Roman Catholic was, by the open tenets of his creed, under a bond to overthrow the Protestant; that the introduction of Roman Catholic influence into the legislature, must instantly dethrone England, as protectress of Protestantism throughout Europe; that the pretext of reconciling popery by submission to its menaces, was as absurd, as the hope of reducing its antipathy to Protestantism by increasing its power of evil; finally, and most urgent of all, that by seating the superstition of blood and idolatry in the temple beside the religion of the Gospel, we attempted to make a worldly and impious contract of evil and good—and offering a direct offence to religion, we broke our solemn national covenant with that mighty Being in the hollow of whose hand we had been sustained through long ages of triumph and matchless prosperity.

At the period when the discussion had approached its height, some papers were published, proving from the unanswerable facts of English history, that from the day of the establishment of Protestantism in this country, in the reign of Elizabeth, down to the close of the French war in 1815, the connexion of Protestant principles in the government with national success had been uniform, had been actually unbroken in a single instance; and that the connexion of a popish tendency in the government with national misfortune, had been so constant and palpable, that it less looked like a result of human action, than an open and irresistible promulgation of the will of Providence.

We shall now see, whether even in the few years that have elapsed, the same promulgation, the unanswerable promulgation by great national facts of good and evil, has not been made.

The year 1815 completed the overthrow of Napoleon and the deliverance of Europe from the yoke of France. England was the great leader in this glorious achievement, and the close of the war placed her incontestably at the head of Europe. Yet, humanly speaking, nothing could be more extraordinary than this distinction. England, essentially a naval power, had suddenly, and for the first time within a century, become a great military power; and had, from the beginning of this new trial of her strength, been committed against the most practised and resistless sovereign of Europe, whose strength was wholly military, at once practised by continual experience, and flushed by continual conquest. With an army not amounting to a fourth of that enemy's force, she fought him out, and finally destroyed him with a completeness of destruction unequalled in European war. With a territory not equal to a fragment of the chief continental kingdoms, she virtually ruled the Continent; and in the midst of domestic sacrifices and efforts that would have pauperised all Europe besides, in the payment of enormous sums of money to enable the struggling empires to defend themselves,

and in all the commercial and territorial pressures of a war which extended through the world, and required the expenditure of her strength from the poles to the equator, England grew in territory and in opulence. In the very uproar of war she was foremost in the arts of peace. She bore a charmed life; in the general conflict which covered the earth with the havoc and spoils of the mightiest nations, she moved in the front of the encounter without a wound; during twenty-five years of the fiercest war that the world had ever seen, when the fall of thrones had become a casualty that scarcely excited a passing wonder, England, protected by the hand that turns away the arrow and extinguishes the pestilence, never suffered a single memorable reverse in arms.

It is not to be forgotten that this extraordinary succession of triumphs was sustained by but few of the ordinary means of national supremacy. The British cabinet was at no time more destitute of men of commanding ability. There was no Chatham, with his powerful sagacity, his eloquence, and his promptitude; no Pitt, with his practised wisdom and lofty possession of the national homage. The age of great statesmen had passed away. And with our deepest respect for the abilities of the men who followed them, it would be idle to enroll the names of Percival, Castlereagh, and Liverpool, in the record with the Burkes and Pitts of England. But they possessed an ability without which the loftiest genius might have been worse than useless. They honoured the Protestant principles of the British Constitution. Avoiding all offence to the consciences of men, and using the language and spirit of the truest toleration, they would have looked with the sternest hostility on any attempt to pollute the legislature by the influence of popery. Their decision on this point is unquestionable. The alleged declarations of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh on the Catholic bill, never amounted to more than the *possibility* of admitting the Catholics to a share in the government, when they should have dissolved their unconstitutional connexion with a foreign priest and sovereign, and given satisfactory pledges of their acknowledgment of Protestantism as the religion of the people, and the principle of the state. Those conditions were essential to the public safety; but they were notoriously incompatible with the superstitions of Rome, with the hatred of Popery to the great Protestant government of England, and with the determination born in every Popish heart, and strengthened by every practice of his guilty church to look upon Protestantism as a heresy, the Protestant as a traitor to Rome, the Protestant church as a prey and a victim, and the weapons of the rack and the flame, the hideous instruments of blood and fire, as the legitimate means of bringing back the Protestant population throughout the world to their old prostration of soul and body before Rome.

The condition was equivalent to a denial of the possibility. Those noble persons might as well have asked the Papist to abjure the worship of stocks and stones, to declare the doctrine of absolution for murder and treason at a set price an insult to common sense and public safety, or the denial of the Scriptures to the people a criminal contempt of the direct command of Heaven that the Scriptures should be the property of all mankind. Pledges to the security of Protestantism were incompatible with the whole system of Popery. The mere demand of pledges was but another form of complete refusal. And this, the example of their successors has shown beyond all misconception. The "Atrocious Bill" scoffs at securities.

For nearly fifteen years from the accession of the Protestant ministry under Mr. Percival in 1807, the course of government was strictly opposed to the Popish demands. The question was urged every year, and every year the answer was the same: "The British constitution excludes no man, whose presence in the legislature is compatible with the public safety. Let the Papist give the pledges essential to the public safety, and let him enter like the rest. If his religion refuses those pledges, he must not be suffered to enter and do evil."

The prosperity of England during this period makes the most brilliant period of her history. In the period from 1815, the pressures arising from the gigantic public expenditure, and the natural revulsions of a state of universal peace instantly succeeding a state of universal war, tried the substantial vigour of the country. It was found still salient, indefatigable, creative. New sources of commerce rapidly supplied the failure of the old; the partial alarms of the manufacturers were exchanged for a conviction that the triumph of British Commerce was about to establish itself upon a more magnificent scale of supremacy than even the prowess of the British sword. Our ships rushed to every shore; the most secluded corners of the earth were laid open by the sagacious intrepidity of British enterprize; and commerce almost lost its name in the new grandeur and lofty ambition of an intercourse which united the ends of the world, founded great civilized communities in the wilderness, poured the knowledge, the arts, and the religion of Europe, on the desolate and darkened savage, and laid the foundation of that boundless and hallowed edifice, in which a more glorious day shall yet see joined the whole scattered family of man.

But in 1823 a new influence was brought into the government. The death of Lord Castlereagh opened the cabinet to Mr. Canning, and for the first time since the day of triumph, a spirit of Popery was felt in the public councils. Its result was instantly felt in the check of public prosperity.

It is remarkable that at the precise period of Mr. Canning's accession to the cabinet, the prosperity of the empire had attained a singular height. The distresses of war, and the exhaustions of the first years of peace had been obliterated. The country was pronounced on all hands to enjoy the most vigorous resources, with prospects of their increase almost too dazzling for the sober views of statesmen and philosophers. Undoubtedly never in the memory of man was the public consciousness of national wealth, successful enterprize, and enduring energy, so universal. The difficulty seemed to be, how to discover new conduits for this overflowing opulence. And we are to recollect that this was not the language of mere enthusiasts or ingenious speculators, but of our public men, of our statistical writers, of every man who had eyes to look round him, and a tongue to express his surprise and congratulation. Canals were dug; manufactories erected; immense tracts of land brought into sudden cultivation; the command of that colossal instrument of sovereignty over the rude force of the earth, Steam, that sets at nought the winds and the waves, that searches the bowels of the earth, that levels the mountain and uplifts the valley, that gives at once preternatural speed, and preternatural strength, that can weave the finest texture of the loom, and build a pyramid, was pre-eminently ours, and was hourly increasing in its superb applicabilities to the uses of man. A new era was pronounced to be opening upon the human race, and England was

to be the opener of the golden gates of this magnificent futurity. Those feelings were justified, for the prosperity of England *was* magnificent in those days; the prospect *was* boundless; and standing at the head of Europe in military renown and in political influence, she possessed within her own dominions, a freedom, a spirit, and a knowledge, the true substance of a grandeur, which would have disdained a rival in the circuit of the globe.

We ask no man to take this picture from our colouring; let him look to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1825, and discover there language more expressive and exulting than we have ventured to use. Now let him mark the moral.

In 1825, Mr. Canning, after long coquetting with the papists, suffered their question to be brought forward with a strong alliance in the cabinet. It was rumoured that even Lord Liverpool was prepared to betray the cause that he had so long and so unhesitatingly upheld. The rumour was so strong that he found himself, immediately before the debate, constrained to take the humiliating step of defending his character in the newspapers. But without impeaching the memory of a nobleman, who had long exerted such ability as nature had given him, for the public good, it is painfully true, that he had, for the last three years, suffered Mr. Canning to gain an ascendancy over his declining intellect, which left him scarcely a free agent. Unhappily, to Lord Liverpool, as to all men bred in the routine of office, the possibility of existing *out* of place seemed utterly Utopian. Place had given him rank: it had given him influence. He had been from his boyhood an aspirant through the gradations of the ministry: now an under secretary of the Foreign department, now of the Home; now sitting at the Admiralty, now auditing accounts at the Treasury; his whole life had been a transit from one desk to another, a signing of dockets for his quarter's salary, a succession of memorials to get a better thing than the last, and a regular deposit of the public pay in his escudoir. Lord Liverpool, during many a long year, received for his services the ample remuneration of thirteen thousand pounds sterling, paid with quarterly punctuality. He loved money, and died, leaving an addition of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds of public money to a paternal fortune, every shilling of which was made in precisely the same way. He loved place, and he held it until it was torn from him by the grasp of an incurable and most melancholy disease. To this man the idea of quitting office was like the idea of quitting existence. Power, patronage, money, every thing was included in the name, and to office he clung, long after the drooping frame and the lack-lustre eye told every stranger that his years were numbered.

We can have no anger with the memory of this decorous but feeble statesman. But we owe to Lord Liverpool's love of office the "Atrocious Bill." To secure himself in place, he suffered the cabinet to be possessed by men, whose value for Protestantism was like their value for all other forms of belief. *Liberalism* was found to be no disqualification, where it secured votes for the Treasury bench. A *divided cabinet* was formed—the ministry of England was authorized to have two opinions, whether the Protestant religion should, or should not, be polluted by the presence of popery in the Legislature?—A question, as vital as whether a man should, or should not, drink poison, was, by compact, left to be settled by the several consciences of the cabinet; and of this fatal compromise, this first taint of the ulcer that will yet eat to the heart of the

Constitution, Lord Liverpool was the patient witness, if not the unhappy perpetrator.

The Catholic question, thus promoted by the negative resistance of Lord Liverpool, by the affected neutrality of Mr. Canning, and the increased activity of the pro-popish members of the ministry, perfectly well acquainted with the true state of their leaders' bosoms, made an instant advance. The debate was less a discussion than a decision, less a trial of opinions than a triumph of resistless and ostentatious superiority. The motion was feebly opposed by men struggling under the dispiriting consciousness that there was treachery where they looked for faith, and hollowness where they had calculated upon established honour. It was daringly and contemptuously urged by the combined force of the Ministerial party, the Democratical party, and that whole loose crowd who float up and down the stream with every turn of the tide, and are incapable of any thought higher than how to keep themselves buoyant, the question was carried by an unusual majority. But the degree of the success was to be still more measured by the unequivocal knowledge that the cabinet was only waiting to capitulate, that the decency of resistance was only to be kept up for a season, and that the commandant of the garrison had in his hand the white flag ready to be unfurled on the walls.

Now, let us turn from Man! Within three months from the exulting speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the prosperity of the Empire received the most tremendous blow in human experience. The blow was not inflicted in any of those parts of public strength which might seem peculiarly exposed to the chances of public evil. It was no loss of a fleet by storms or the enemy, no havoc of our population by pestilence, no waste of the fruits of the soil by the inclemency of the skies. It struck us in that portion of our national vigour on which we had raised our highest hopes, and of whose permanence and resource we had no more doubt, three months before, than we had of the foundations of the Island. The blow fell on our wealth, and fell with the force of a thunderbolt. Before December of that year, the whole country was convulsed from side to side, credit was a dream, the most opulent and flourishing establishments sank as if they had been swallowed up by an earthquake; no man could trust his fellow; national bankruptcy stared us in the face; rich men lay down on their pillows at night, to awake beggars in the morning. The shock spread its skirts through all nations wherever an English connexion existed; and, when the first ruin had ceased to fall upon ourselves, we heard the successive sounds of English overthrow echoed from all the regions of the world.

The arguer will only deceive himself, who shall attempt to answer this, by looking for its causes in the rapacity of commercial avarice, in extravagant foreign speculations, or in the imposture of Joint-Stock Companies. For all ends there are means, and the ruin to be wrought by human hands must be impelled by human motives. But the true question is, by what influence was a whole experienced and singularly sagacious commercial people plunged into this madness of speculation? How was the wisdom of the wise baffled, and the sanguineness of spend-thrifts, and the weakness of children, suffered to displace the habitual caution of men, furnished with the experience of a life of public dealing? Why was their wealth, the god of so fond and eager an idolatry, risked on ventures, whose giddiness was palpable, and was even

publicly proclaimed and denounced by the tribunals? It is a subject of minor curiosity, that to this hour the "panic of 1825" is a problem; that no man has been able to give a satisfactory account of its immediate cause; and that while every arguer has his theory, the impulse that hurried a whole empire to the very edge of the gulph of bankruptcy is as unaccountable as ever.

The South Sea bubble is the only similar event in our financial history; but it dwindles down beside the gigantic mischief of the "panic." It was the giddiness of our financial boyhood; the loss was confined to comparatively a few individuals; the sum thrown away was trifling; the injury to public credit was scarcely felt beyond the moment; and the financial system actually seemed to have derived vigour from its accidental contact with the ground. But the catastrophe of 1825 was the work of our maturity: the chastisement was, like the frenzy, universal; it cast millions of wealth like dust into the air; the effects of the visitation are still felt through the depths of the land; the Egyptian plague of darkness and fatuity that covered the people, has left the atmosphere lowering, and the countenances of men distempered, to this hour.

In this argument we assume nothing. We allow the whole impression of popular feelings, popular follies, and human casualties; we know of what a strange and desultory creation are the vapours that from time to time arise and blot out the national day; but it is only reason to believe, that even the shifting and mingled nature of public affairs has a loftier guide. The vapours are not suffered to gather into thunder clouds and fling out their fires, with capricious vengeance; there is a Hand that brandishes those fires, a Voice that marshals the rude elements and agencies of mortal things, and a Wrath that compels Chance to shape itself into the minister of the Supreme Justice and Wisdom.

We disclaim the idle and presumptuous idea of measuring the motives of Providence, or of pursuing it into the minute details of human or national conduct. We only, and it is in humility, attempt to trace the connexion between its declared will, and its conduct of those larger transactions which from time to time give a new character of good or ill to nations. The wind bloweth where it listeth: but if we refuse to know its direction, we throw away a knowledge which was intended for the safety of the vessel.

From the first infusion of popish principles into the cabinet under Mr. Canning, we feel that perplexity was brought into the State. We have not space here to follow the illustration through its details. But it is notorious that our political supremacy then first began to totter. Extravagant declamations in the senate—so peculiarly menacing to the repose of Europe, that the minister was compelled to the humiliating necessity of retracting them in print, while they were yet tingling in the ears of his astonished auditory—romantic speculations of conquest and influence that more exhibited the colour of a schoolboy's fancy, tinged with classic visions, than the grave judgment of a statesman's mind—unnatural rejections of the old and trusted friends of the State, and equally unnatural advances to its old and ostentatious assailants, shewed that a new era had come, in which every lover of his country must be prepared to see new hazards to the dignity and stability of the empire.

The moral death of Lord Liverpool soon placed Mr. Canning in undisputed power. He bore the Catholic question along with him; yet at every

step he found it a heavier burthen: and none of its long succession of bearers would have more gladly flung down a weight which disqualified him from every hope of carrying with him the true affections of the country. But the curse of his education was upon him. He had, like his predecessor, been the Child of Office; from his public infancy, he had breathed only the atmosphere of Downing-street. To leave the circle of clerks, and the sallow and hungry visages of preferment hunters, to get out of the perpetual croak of the whole vulture tribe that make their daily meal of the national bowels, would have been to him like leaving the world. His was not the mould that can oppose the resistance of a virtuous fortitude to old inclination. The cravings of an appetite pampered for twenty years at the table of the public, were not to be hushed by the meagre regimen of popular respect, nor of an approving conscience. He must have power. Its sole tenure was a coalition with an Opposition, which had sunk from one grade of popular scorn to another, and which brought, as its marriage portion, the alarm and the contempt of the whole intelligent community. But it was powerful in votes. The boroughs had worked well for those clamorous advocates of popular rights, and the Old Sarum and Westbury system enabled him to laugh at the remonstrances of England. When London cried out, Knaresborough answered, and silenced the presumptuous appeal. When Yorkshire demanded justice, the might of Sandwich was set in array against her, and she was driven to an ignominious retreat. The alliance of Mr. Tierney, the member for two individuals, or of Mr. Abercromby, the member for one, was, on the simplest ministerial calculation, a tenfold equivalent for the wrath and aversion of an empire.

But the condition of "lending their sanction," of suffering the "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," that had flourished on all the sign-posts of radicalism, to be blazoned in the front of the Treasury bench, was the Catholic question. It is nothing to the purpose, that in this intrigue radicalism exhibited its habitual baseness, that it compromised its pledges to the rabble, while it trafficked with the minister, and that it equally compromised its pledges with the minister, to keep up its interest with the ragged majesty of Palace-yard. To the minister it ostensibly gave permission to declare, that it would not force the Catholic question; to the rabble, it renewed its strongest declarations of revoking the Test Act, of carrying the Catholic question, and, by a consequence familiar to the mind of faction, of warring upon the Establishment. The purpose was to defraud both; to seize power, first in conjunction with the minister, then to sicken him of his colleagues, and seize it alone; finally, to perform or violate every promise merely with reference to its sustaining them in the office, to which through the day and the dark, through the revolutionary storm and the shoals and windings of domestic faction, their bark had steered for thirty weary years. But they were not yet to have the grand consummation within their hands. They were to be vexed by finding that their business was confined to partial mischief; and that not being yet empowered to overthrow a kingdom, they were to look for their penurious consolation in tainting and corrupting, by their mere touch, the reputation of a minister. Mr. Canning died. Let the earth that covers him, cover his faults! The dead can give no further lesson, and they must be no further pursued for a public example. But before his death, he did one

deed which will fix his name at a memorable height among the rash guides of empire. This act was the treaty of London!

Since the first hour when human council was made the jest of mankind, diplomatic folly never produced such a treaty. If there was one principle more solemnly engraven than another on the great political record of England, it was the protection of the Porte. If there was one power on earth whose aggrandisement threatened to press with fatal weight against the interests of England, it was Russia. Yet, by the hand of an English minister, a bond was entered into, binding us to the cause of Russia, and against the Porte. The motives to this suicidal act are still inconceivable. The earliest declarations of that great man, in whose school the minister was trained—that Gamaliel, at whose feet the young disciple imbibed submissive knowledge, and whose panegyric was perpetually on his lips—were, that Russia must not be suffered to overwhelm a power, not less the ancient ally of England, than the solitary obstacle to an ambition which knew no bounds but the length of the spear. Mr. Pitt had thought it worth the while of England to disturb her peace, and rouse her whole slumbering strength, to resist the seizure of a petty fortress on the obscure shore of an inhospitable sea. The British fleet was ordered for the defence of Oczakow, when Russia was still a barbarian, almost hidden in the wilderness. It was with Russia, invested in the double pomps of European and Asiatic empire, with the mace in her hand which had smote down Poland and Persia, with enormous and highly-practised military means, excited to their full development by the exultation of recent victory over the greatest master of the art of war since Cæsar, that the English minister now found it safe to connect the fortunes of his country. The beginnings of Russian strength alone were the object of fear; the full growth of its vigour and the open display of its ambition extinguished the danger, and justified the whole rapture of ministerial confidence. If this monstrous perversion of every maxim of policy had been exhibited in any other country of Europe, we must have inquired for its grounds among the baser temptations of our nature. In England we must rest with the single word, *infatuation!* Such was the dying gift of the pro-papist minister to his Protestant country.

Lord Goderich's cabinet followed, as if only to show how ridiculous the highest employments of public life might be made, by falling into ridiculous hands. The robe of office never hung so lank upon the human understanding before. The highways and hedges had been swept to bring in guests to the ministerial banquet, until even political pauperism was ashamed of its associates. The public laughed, in bitterness, at this practical burlesque of a system which they hated. Every absurdity of the past cabinet was represented in the present, divested of the speciousness that had been thrown round it by the wit and eloquence of Canning. The whole was unrelieved dulness; the only variety was from blunder to blunder. The unfortunate minister found the only fruit of his elevation in the more palpable exposure of his deficiencies. His measures were taken out of his hands, and tossed to and fro among the parties of both Houses, for their mutual diversion. Finally, his cabinet was broken up by a pretended quarrel between two Clerks; his own supremacy was foundered by a parliamentary sneer; and he was stripped of office while he was on the road between London and Windsor, inquiring whether he was or was not minister?

But the remarkable feature of all those transactions is the perpetual presence of the Catholic question. It would be idle to suppose that the successive ministers were led to it by any personal affection; they all felt it an incumbrance; they all would have rejoiced to fling it off; but there it sat upon their shoulders; the old dwarf in the Arabian tale was not more hateful or inseparable from his unfortunate bearer. This was their calamity. But to have adopted the evil; to have made their use of it on all occasions, when it could be turned to the most paltry personal object; to have inflicted the whole clinging mischief on their country for the sake of the miserable distinctions of office, was their crime.

We have said, that every advance of this guilty question was felt in the increase of public embarrassment; and the maxim is so true, that on looking at its state in any peculiar period, we might at once calculate on the state of public good or evil. From the time when, under Lord Liverpool's decaying faculties, and Mr. Canning's ascending ambition, the popish interest began to gain strength, we were assailed by a new enemy, in the shape of visionary theories of commerce. The principles of political economy—a science which has hitherto only filled the brains of charlatans, and drained the purses of fools—a collection of rambling and conflicting dogmas, worthy only of the school of confusion and revolutionary rashness from which they rose, were adopted into the settled wisdom of English finance and trade. The propagation of those principles in the cabinet was the gift of the same minister who had shrunk from a Pitt dinner, through fear of bringing a shade on his allegiance to popery; and the man appointed to propagate them was the bosom friend of that minister. No missionary of discord could have been more fully furnished for his task.

Mr. Huskisson had drank his economic lore from no secondary source; he had not been condemned to swallow the raw theories of commercial change from the receptacles of the Northern Athens, nor coldly sip them from the spiritless stores of the itinerant dealers in vapid paradox. He had stood by the parent stream; he had seen it when it poured its tide of poison and blood fresh and full through the centre of the great republic; he had heard the shouts of living Jacobinism over its borders; and followed it with young, enthusiast eye, as it dashed along, overthrowing and engulfing the old establishments of France and Europe.

The Free-trade system was tried—its instant result was the confusion and misery of the whole commerce of England. The explosion from the mouth of the cannon does not follow the touch of the trigger sooner than the expeditious mischief of our national trade was let loose from the hand of this accomplished theory. Turgot and Condorcet might have envied the brilliant application of their principles. Fifteen thousand weavers in the single district of Spitalfields, imputing their starvation to the Free-trade school; capital to the amount of millions, lost or stagnant; manufactories, by the hundred, suddenly closed; the sea-ports clogged with unfreighted ships; bitter misery or furious indignation sending up their voices, without number, from every quarter of the empire, were the sinister signs of that epoch which had figured so showily in the right honourable economist's dreams.

Of course we impute no intentional evil to Mr. Huskisson; we believe him even to have been utterly destitute of all suspicion that such consequences could have followed. We acquit him of all conscious crimi-

nality, and suffer him to make his escape under cover of a blunderer. But the work of his blunder remains; like the incendiary of the temple of Ephesus, he may rest secure of his fame; he has rescued himself from oblivion in the only way permitted to the understanding of a political economist.

The question must irresistibly be asked, by what fatality were those experiments suffered among us? The principles of trade were already known more thoroughly here than in all the earth besides; no nation had traded so prosperously; to no nation was commercial prosperity so important; in no nation was the wisdom of ancestry more instinctively revered. America scoffed at the Free Trade System; France instantly redoubled her predilections; Austria, the Italian States, all nations set their teeth against the swallowing of this inauspicious luxury. The lips of England alone swallowed it down. How is this accountable?

But the punishment was still only progressive, and there was a large reserve awaiting the more direct defiance. The Duke of Wellington's appointment to the premiership had been welcomed by the nation. The manly character of the English mind had so long been offended by the miserable chicanery of the successive struggles for power; duplicity and poverty of principle, the lie to the right and the left, the arts of the most petty chicaner into the instruments of public ambition, had been so grossly familiar to the national eye, that the name of official dignity was equivalent to the successes of a swindler. But in the Duke of Wellington, the nation took it for granted that a better temperament of the state was at hand. A soldier's habits seemed to be alien from the paltry compromises and underhand traffic that had disgusted every man of common decency and common sense. Gratitude to the people which had so munificently rewarded his services, was idly reckoned among the impulses that might determine the new minister to a career of unblemished honour; and even the consciousness that he had now nothing more to desire for fulness of fame pledged him to the good of his country.

There was rashness in all this; but it was at least a generous rashness, it was the effusion of that spirit which a man would love in his friend, or honour in his country; a desire to get rid of all distrust in the man to whom all must be trusted or nothing, and a determination to stand by their choice as long as it could be sustained by the most confiding reliance on human integrity and wisdom. It was eagerly overlooked that the qualities of soldiership might be the most hazardous to a free country; that the ambition, and unhesitating habits of command, essential to military success were, of all ingredients, the most perilous in the compound of civil authority; that even the reckless dealing with the life of man, which must belong to the field, darkened the promise of a government, whose first principle must be the preservation of the people.

It was equally overlooked, that even the bold front of this soldiership had condescended to wear the mask when it suited a purpose; that the Duke of Wellington had stooped to a poor intrigue to supplant his predecessor; and that when detected, he took refuge under cover of a wretched disclaimer, a public declaration of his utter unconsciousness of any idea of being minister, from a knowledge of his utter incompetence: "*I should be mad to think of being minister!*" were his words, in the presence of the Legislature. — Words answered by his attainment,

within three months, of that ministry, for which he was even at that hour straining every nerve. But words, though tossed to the winds by the man who spoke them, rapidly and fatally verified for the empire.

All was overlooked ; and the premiership in the hands of the Duke of Wellington was hailed as the assurance of a return to the *old* noble principles of Englishmen. The trickeries of the miserable race gone by were to be expunged from the ways of public men. Government was not to be, in either its men or its measures, a vulgar imitation of the machinery and mimics of a Christmas pantomime—transformations from black to white, and adroit freaks of a harlequin, who had gained all his object, when his mummery was honoured with the laugh of the House ! pasteboard heroism, and clap-trap dignity, were to be at an end ; and the country was to contemplate the work of substantial vigour and substantial virtue.

Among the highest sources of congratulation on the change, was the perfect assurance that the Popish demands would now at last be treated with the contempt that they so richly merited. We had found a premier, whose popular strength was so palpable, that he must scorn the purchase of faction ; who had seen the wretchedness and ruin of foreign countries *under* Popery ; whose own efforts had been perpetually paralyzed by the gross superstitions, or insolent repugnance of popery ; and who, when by the lavish waste of English blood the invader had been driven from the Peninsula, saw his successes rendered nugatory by the worse enemy that he had left behind ; had seen Spain, flung by the priesthood into the hands of France ; the king whom we had restored, all but unfurling the standard against us ; and the brave men who had fought side by side with us for that restoration, flying to overtake our march, as a refuge from popish persecution, and begging their bread through the world. But the conviction was founded on more than circumstantial evidence. The words of the Duke of Wellington were on record. In the debate of 1827, he pronounced unequivocally, that the admission of a Papal influence into any protestant state, was incompatible with its security, and that “ all his foreign experience had taught him that no sovereign “ even of a Roman Catholic country, was enabled to govern his people, “ without the aid of the Pope ! ”—At that hour he was preparing to carry the Catholic question ! !

It is but a dreary task to follow the course of this policy through its long and subterranean windings ; we must leave to others the development of the melancholy mortality of public character ; but for those who can be indulged by calculating how rapidly the frame and substance of human fame may sink into a mass of decay and repulsiveness to man, we know no more comprehensive lesson than the past and present estimate of the premier. Two years ago, his was the most honoured name in England. On the continent his reputation was scarcely inferior. And what is he now ? The accomplice of the Peels and Dawsons.

The artifice of the system which was to force the “ Atrocious Bill ” upon the nation, has long been exposed ; and it is the last bitter triumph of the friends of the Constitution, that the artifice has rewarded its inventors only with utter disappointment ; that the sufferance of Popish faction by the English cabinet, has only accumulated their public difficulties ; that while it has not added a single popish shilling to the struggling finance, nor a single popish heart to the loyalty of the empire ; while it has, on the contrary, given that confidence to faction which brawlers and pretended

patriots only require to sharpen their appetites for public spoil, inflame their discontent into insolence, and make them look beyond affected rights to real and sweeping rebellion; it has virtually alienated the only strength by which the connexion of the islands was sustained. The whole Protestant population of Ireland has declared itself injured; and if the time of some great public calamity should be hastening to try the soundness of the empire, we may have to reap the bitter results of having sown apathy and scorn where the mere spontaneousness of the soil would have thrown up a noble harvest of courage invincible, and affection strong as the grave.

But the "Atrocious Bill" was carried. The voice of the Protestant millions of the empire was sent up in vain: it could not penetrate the doors of the cabinet. The most powerful appeals of insulted religion, and indignant common sense, were sent up in vain. The cabinet was impregnable to both. There never was in human annals so full and impressive a cry, so deliberate, unequivocal, and universal a declaration of national alarm on any measure of a government—legislatures had been subverted, and kings dethroned and expelled by a less general impulse. Society lifted up all her unnumbered hands in supplication against the measure, hands which, had they been lifted up as in earlier times, must have extinguished all resistance at the moment; but a wiser spirit ruled; and the temperance of that day will not be without its reward, when that cabinet and its measures are gone down to all the oblivion that can be spared to them by immortal scorn.

We must now speed to the conclusion. The "Atrocious Bill" had been scarcely three months passed, when the supremacy of England received its mortal wound.—The Turkish empire was trampled down by Russia; our policy was baffled; our remonstrances were held in disdain; our hostility was despised. The blow inflicted on Turkey was a blow on the crest of England! The fall of the Ottoman has, at an instant, laid open our eastern possessions to an enemy already encamped within two hundred miles of the frontier of Hindostan. It has changed the whole aspect of European diplomacy; and while it has covered an imbecile cabinet with European contempt, it has expanded before the Russian throne a prospect of unlimited sovereignty.

It is to no purpose that we may talk of the moderation of the Czar. The treaty is a *capitulation*. Turkey is from this hour a vassal. The Mediterranean must be fought for. But the Euxine will be the *impregnable* dock-yard of Russia, from which she may pour down inexhaustible fleets. The Asiatic population will be her people. The states of Europe are already coveting her alliance, and even soliciting to share her spoil; the European pre-eminence of England is gone, and she will finally have to fight for her safety.

We find this confession at length forced from the friends of the ministry. What says the *Times* of our policy? Hear the reluctant confession.

"As it happened, Russia was filled with *undue*, we may add, unfounded apprehensions; Turkey with confidence as *unfounded* in our support; and the French government, overpowered by the national prejudices against the new directors of British policy, withdrew itself from every plan of cordial or useful co-operation."

Then comes the sentence which, let ministers try to palliate as they may, is fatally true.

"Circumstances," (happy name for infatuation!) "have done what men

could with difficulty avert, in working out the results of the twelve months just expired."

But let those who dispassionately look at events, compare the progress of our successes and our sufferings, with the progress of our religious fidelity; and turn, if they can, from the proof that the crime of apostasy has always been visited by the penalty of political misfortune. It is folly and babbling to talk of those things as mere coincidences. They have gone on, side by side, from the beginning of the era of Protestantism in England. Every act of religious tergiversation was punished by some direct instance of temporal suffering; and that, too, so unexpected and stern, that it not less excited the astonishment than the alarm of the nation. But, be the doubt what it will, the fact is plain—the year that has seen England guiltily descend from her Protestant supremacy, has seen her stricken down from her European throne!

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THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

"SPIRIT OF MOMUS! thou'rt wandering wide,  
When I would thou wert merrily perched by my side,  
For I'm sorely beset by the blues:  
Thou fugitive elf! I adjure thee, return!  
By Fielding's best wig, and the ashes of Sterne,  
Appear at the call of my muse!"

It comes, with a laugh on its rubicund face;  
Methinks, by the way, it's in pretty good case,  
For a spirit unblest with a body:  
"On the claret bee's-wing," says the sprite, "I regale;  
But I'm ready for all—from Lafitte down to ale—  
From Champagne to a tumbler of toddy."

Then I'm not over-nice, as at least *you* must know,  
In the rank of my hosts—for the lofty or low  
Are alike to the Spirit of Mirth:  
I care not a straw with whom I have dined,  
Though a family dinner's not much to my mind,  
And a proser's a plague upon earth."

"But where, my dear sprite, for this age have you been?  
Have you plunged in the Danube, or danced on the Seine?  
Or have taken in Lisbon your station?  
Or have flapped over Windsor your butterfly-wings,  
O'er its bevy of beauties, and courtiers, and kings—  
The wonders and wits of the nation?"

"No; of all climes for folly, Old England's the clime;  
Of all times for folly, the present's the time;  
And my game is so plentiful here,  
That all months are the same, from December to May;  
I can bag in a minute enough for a day—  
In a day, bag enough for a year."

My game-bag has nooks for 'Notes, Sketches, and Journeys,'  
By soldiers and sailors, divines and attorneys,

Through landscapes gay, blooming, and briary ;  
 And so, as you seem rather pensive to-night,  
 To dispel your blue-devils, I'll briefly recite  
 A specimen-leaf from my diary :—

“ “ THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

Through smoke-clouds as dark as a forest of rooks,  
 The rich contribution of blacksmiths and cooks  
 From the huge human oven below,  
 I heard old St. Paul's gaily pealing away ;  
 Thinks I to myself, ' It is Lord Mayor's Day,  
 So, I'll go down and look at the Show.'

I spread out my pinions, and sprang on my perch—  
 'Twas the dragon on Bow, that odd sign of the church,  
 The episcopal centre of action :  
 All Cheapside was crowded with black, brown, and fair,  
 Like a harlequin's jacket, or French rocquelaire,  
 A legitimate Cheapside attraction.

Then rung through the tumult a trumpet so shrill,  
 That it frightened the ladies all down Ludgate Hill,  
 And the owlets in Ivy Lane :  
 Then came in their chariots, each face in full blow,  
 The sheriffs and aldermen, solemn and slow,  
 All bombazine, bag-wig, and chain.

Then came the old tumbril-shaped city machine,  
 With a lord mayor so fat that he made the coach *lean* ;  
 Lord Waithman was scarcely a brighter man :—  
 The wits said the old groaning waggon of state,  
 Which for ages had carried lord mayors of such weight,  
 To-day would break down with a *lighter-man*.

Then proud as a prince, at the head of the band  
 Rode the city field-marshal, with truncheon in hand,  
 Though his epaulettes lately are gone :  
 But he's still fine enough to astonish the cits,  
 And drive the æconomists out of their wits,  
 From Lords Waithman and Wood, to Lord John.

But I now left the pageant—wits, worthies, and all—  
 And flew through the smoke to the roof of Guildhall,  
 And perched on the grand chandelier :  
 The dinner was stately, the tables were full—  
 There sat, multiplied by three thousand, John Bull,  
 Resolved to make all disappear.

And then came the speeches : Lord Hunter was fine—  
 Lord Wood, finer still—Lord Thompson, divine—  
 The sheriffs were Ciceros a-piece ;  
 Lord Crowther was sick, though he managed to eat  
 What, if races were feasts, would have won him the plate ;  
 But he tossed off a bumper to Greece.

Then all was enchantment—all hubbub and smiles—  
 The wit of Old Jewry, the grace of St. Giles,  
 The force of the Billingsgate tongue ;  
 Till the eloquent Lord Mayor demanding ' Who malts ?'—  
 The understood sign for beginning the waltz—  
 In a fright through the ceiling I sprang ! ”

## ON PRIESTS IN GENERAL, AND IRISH PRIESTS IN PARTICULAR.

THE influence of the priesthood in Catholic countries is proverbial. The causes of that influence are also well understood and appreciated. They are temporal as well as spiritual magistrates; their power extends equally over worldly and eternal affairs; they coerce the body and dispose of the soul, *ad libitum*. If we ask how this mastery has been obtained, the answer is simple—by exacting blind submission as an article of faith, and making inquiry into their rights a crime against God. Were the priesthood to depend upon the *proofs* of their authority, of course their unholy dynasty could not outlive popular examination; but, like the cunning exhibitors of puppet-shows, they will permit none to peep behind the curtain, and so contrive to keep all in ignorance and wonder before it. The reason why the Protestant clergy do not possess this vicious ascendancy, is because the Protestant religion is the fruit of a struggle against despotism, and is, therefore, essentially founded upon that principle, the establishment of which may be said to mark the era of the Reformation—the *right of private judgment*. Take from Protestants the privilege of investigation, and they are no longer distinguishable from the herd of mental slaves. But the profession of the Protestant is something more than the mere shew of freedom. He not only claims the right to judge for himself by the evidences of Christianity, but he places these evidences in the hands of the whole world, in order that every body else may judge as well as himself. His prerogative would be little better than a hollow pretence, if he concealed the means of its conservation. The Popish priest, on the other hand, neither possesses, himself, nor, if he did, would he impart to others, the evidence by which the authenticity of his doctrines is attested. His whole array of proofs is vague and evasive; resolving the sum of laical obedience into the untraceable right of command inherited by the church. The Protestant religion, with all its doctrines, is to be found in the only record of divine revelation that is either tangible to our sense, or supported by authority, internal and external: whatever is not set forth in the Bible does not belong to the reformed faith—whatever is, does. The Protestant, therefore, not only asserts his belief, but affords the weapon of defence. His clergy cannot delude him; and their influence is consequently limited to the amount of their individual utility. Popish doctrines are not to be found in the Bible, except those immutable mysteries upon which both agree, and with which, for the sake of propriety, the old Pagans could not presume to tamper. It is true that by the perversion of whole passages, by intentional mis-translations, by suppressions and interpolations, the priest attempts to draw forth *some* of his dogmas from the pages of holy writ; but, even granting him the disreputable advantage he claims, he can no where, except in that cloudy, unintelligible, and unwritten testimony, *tradition*, give us any test of the existence of the remainder. Here, then, the ecclesiastical tyranny begins. Nations are enslaved, and superstitions perpetuated by the art of a corporation that says it derives its charter from heaven, but forbids those upon whom it inflicts its moral taxation to inquire where the mysterious document is deposited. Surely if Catholics were to pause and think, they must discover this fact—that if they permit their priests to assert their dominion upon the edicts of an *unwritten*, and, therefore, *unproducible* law, they, in effect, permit them to enact any decree they

please, and that they thereby relinquish the right of objecting to an anomalous jurisdiction, which, agreeably to the terms of the servitude, may push its tyranny to the extremity of all human endurance. Once grant that priests are empowered to control the laity by the provisions of an imaginary code which can never be brought in evidence against them, which they can never be proved to have violated, and with the conditions and purport of which the laity must, of necessity, be unacquainted, and the usurpation of the ghostly functions over the natural, civil, social, and moral liberties of the laity is complete. And this is precisely the nature of the Romish ecclesiastical government. It is perfectly irresponsible. It is above and beyond appeal—almighty and omniscient—at once legislative and executive; the senator and the beadle; the very Star-Chamber of divine and human polity. Can it be matter for surprise, therefore, to find the administrators of this extraordinary despotism governors amongst the enslaved, and agitators amongst the free? Can it be surprising that the subjects of this unlimited monarchy should be either blinded by the awful superstition, or terrified by the super-human denunciations of their tyrants? Can it be surprising that one portion of the Catholic people should be weak enough to regard that as a sacred institution which combined such irreconcilable elements; and that the remaining portion should not dare to avow the doubts that involuntary comparison and instinctive reasoning had forced upon their minds?

Not satisfied with the enforcement of the general principle, the priests wield the elementary thunders of the church in their individual persons. They lay claim to miraculous powers, and divine attributes; they assert the possession of virtues that do not belong to humanity, and assume a purity which the grosser nature of man could not sustain. Thus embodying an ambiguous mission, and robed in more than mortal might, they dispense blessings, sell the favours of Paradise, inspire recusants with the dread of their spiritual office, and effectually wind themselves into the secret economies of the domestic, as well as the political existence of their followers. Where they have succeeded in establishing their sway, their domination is unbounded—and where they could not shake the previous order of things, they disturb the harmony of the people, and sow dissensions in the heart of society. They must either domineer over the settled forms and usages of men, or labour to break them up. There is no medium for them between limitless authority, and revolution. They cannot amalgamate with peaceful customs; they cannot glide into the ordinary habitudes of life, and preach the precepts of charity and goodwill; no, it is the inherent vice of their order, and the necessity of their calling, that they must bind all hands, or failing, cast the curse of division around their footsteps.

The most solemn belief of a true Catholic is, that his church is the only *true* church, and must at last become the *only* church. The business of the priests consists in urging the one maxim, and accelerating, by every available means, the realization of the other. Hence the inroads upon inter-national courtesies—the constant feuds—the iniquitous robberies—the sacerdotal criminalities, that crowd upon and blacken the pages of European history. Kingdoms were given away like toys, monarchs deposed, and the very crown of heaven bartered in duplicate, to promote the promised universality. Hence, too, the furious anathemas, the fierce controversies, the indecent chicanery, and impious pretence of the revived miracles of our own day. Hence Prince Hohenlohe's *charlatanerie*—

Dr. Doyle's unchristian refusals to permit those persons to be buried in consecrated ground that had not gone to confession within the year—hence the mummery of Jesuit processions in France—hence the drunken riots in Ireland, by which the priests hoped to keep the people, by extending to them a plenary absolution for rapine and bloodshed—hence the whole train of evils that have steeped one island in interminable misery, and communicated the plague of discontent to another.

It was by a few atrocious dogmas that the priesthood originally dared that height which they have kept by a mendacious profligacy, and the united ordnance of divine wrath and political penalties. Exclusive salvation is the terrible injunction that is written on the scarlet forehead. It is to be found in the canons and the catechisms; it is taught in the schools, and proclaimed at the altar; a Catholic may blaspheme his Maker, but he dares not question the monopoly of his church. The effect of this dogma was to alarm the weak and timid beyond the pale, and delude them in, while it terrified the fold into a miserable obedience. Thus numbers increased, and the triumph of the spreading imposture was consummated.

Another canon that aided these ministers of a relentless superstition, was, that the church could never err. She had, consequently, a *carte blanche* upon the places of punishment and reward, and for the convenience of disposing the more lucratively of her patronage, she built a half-way house on the road, where she permitted earthly travellers to rest until their friends could purchase their passports into the Elysian fields. The mechanism of these dogmas is ingeniously contrived; and while we abhor their fearful levity, we must acknowledge the perverted cleverness with which they are contrived. To say that the church cannot err, is to invest it with all arbitrary power: it is but another mode of placing ecclesiastical authority over the laws of God. Yet it is by the admission of this sweeping principle, that the Catholics have subjected themselves to the charge of folly, idolatry, and ignorance. If the church cannot err, then it can prove right to be wrong with mathematical correctness, as it has frequently attempted to do. Oh! but we are answered that the church is the assembly of cardinals, with the pope at their head; that it is the impersonation of the canons and the words of the gospel, and the bye laws of tradition, and the expositions of the fathers, &c., all of which can only be interpreted by the holy congress, whose interpretations must, consequently, be implicitly received. This is what logicians call begging the question. The entire fabrication is set aside by the simple inquiry which has been so often made, and never satisfied—Who constituted the pope and the cardinals the sole depositaries, and exclusive exponents of the will of the Almighty?

The popish clergy had powerful auxiliaries in forcing upon Europe in its barbarous state their odious supremacy. Not the least were their gorgeous ceremonies, that addressed the imagination through the senses, and made converts of the passions at the expense of the understanding. Painting and sculpture, which have flourished in higher perfection in Italy than in any other part of the world, were called in as the handmaids of the splendid delusion. Decorated altar-pieces, representations of the divine agonies, emblazoned windows, and the effigies of fictitious martyrs, imparted to their churches all the attractions, softened into religious solemnity, of the most captivating theatres. There was nothing forgotten that art could supply to make the scene imposing, and

to give it sufficient charms to entrap the enthusiasm of the beholders. The old Pagan rites were recalled; incense floated in grateful clouds through the atmosphere; choral harmonies swelled upon the ear; and even moveable paintings, and chequered lights, assisted the priests in the pageantry of their office. It is difficult to conceive a sight in which there is more complete stage illusion, mixed up with awe and magnificence, than the interior of an Italian cathedral, even at the present day. The garb of the priests was, and is, costly and superb; while their motions were solemn, and their attitudes fit for the canvas. Troops of boys to personify angels, and numerous assistants in various disguises, filled up the pauses of prayer and exhortation. Then the elevation of the Host, which the deluded spectators are taught to believe is the actual body and spirit of our Lord, awakened the sympathies and adoration of the audience. At this moment all knees were bent and all heads bowed; the hum of distant voices arose; the frankincense was more liberally scattered upon the multitude; and while the eyes of the people, which are never directed to the object of their worship, the sacred thing that must not be gazed upon, were sunk in sacred lowliness and humility, the priest poured *his* blessing upon their heads, and amidst the din of bells and the adoring buzz of the crowd, the majesty of the God of Creation was suddenly withdrawn. On some occasions the transitions and progress of the divine passion were represented; and in many chapels there still are *stations* at which gaudily-sculptured or painted appearances are placed, before which the devotees prostrate themselves, and passing from one to another, until their melancholy round is completed, enact the entire tragedy of tears, groans, and ejaculations! At the processions on saints' days, &c., the virgin mother, or the sainted idol of the hour, is represented by some beautiful girl with a glory round her head, or, as it may be, by a youth luxuriantly crowned and borne through the streets, that the inhabitants may pay their devotions to the living representation of the Holy Person whose memory is thus celebrated. In the early ages of the Romish church it was common to perform dramas on the stage taken from scripture. Even the Saviour was not exempt from this ribald profanation, and his language and actions were mimicked by those blasphemous mummeries! Some of those pieces are still extant; they are identified in all historical treatises upon dramatic poetry, as amongst the first scenic representations under the title of Mysteries; they were, indeed, indecent mysteries, even worse in their nature than the mysterious indecencies of the Pagan day.

The influence of the priests was obtained not only by such fictitious, yet well organized aids as these, but by an agency still more powerful and practical. The sovereigns of petty states, in order to secure their own possessions, freely acknowledged the assumptions of the papacy. It was in vain to resist the tide of superstition. They had no choice between being deposed by the people or the pope, or purchasing security by submission. In order to become tyrants over their subjects, they became the enslaved instruments of the clergy. They held a delegated despotism. They were empowered to violate, in the name of God, all the laws of Christianity, provided they preserved incorruptibly the stewardship of Peter's pence. The tribute money to the foreign dominions was but an usurious interest upon the loan of their own dominions. Fraud, extortion, and anathema, were admirable reasoners; the fagot, the torture, and the chambers of the inquisition, were unanswerable converters!

The character of the Romish priesthood, collectively and individually, has in all ages harmonized with this subtle scheme of aggrandizement and deceit. In public, insolent, authoritative, and uncompromising, the priest is in private insinuating, wily, and watchful. He has but one interest to pursue, and as that is opposed to the interests of the public, he must for ever stand in an invidious and mischievous relation that calls into action the worst propensities of his nature, and the most evil principles of his creed. But priests, like other men, differ materially, according to the circumstances by which they are surrounded.

The continental priests are generally low, sordid, and gratuitously treacherous. They superadd to the dispositions engendered by their religion the base qualities that cling to slaves and fanatics. The majority catch the villainies of the community, and trade on them as the Irish priests have traded for the last thirty years on the Catholic question. It is essential to the maintenance of their pretensions, that they should profit by all the opportunities which bad laws, weak governments, or vicious customs, throw in their way. They absorb the worldly wealth of nations, and pay back the amount in spiritual instalments. They take cash in hand, and return salvation in promise; a cheap and most lucrative traffic, which can never fail for lack of merchandize, until mankind has become illuminated by the increase of knowledge. I once knew a Spanish monk who came to England on a mission to collect charity for a poor brotherhood. His performance of this part was scarcely excelled by Foote's imitation of drunkenness. He had all the cant, the whine, the devoutness, and humility of one who travelled over the earth to do good to his fellow creatures. There was something imposing in his manner, and the object he professed to forward. With a figure eminently calculated to win upon the weak, he possessed the art of conversational eloquence in no ordinary degree. His voice was sonorous; his features were handsome, but subdued by an expression of meekness and resignation; and his demeanour, on the whole, placid and submissive. He was a favourable specimen of his class, for he carried all their arts into a vigorous perfection, softened away by superior attainments and an acute sense of the usages of society. But England was an ill-chosen scene for the exhibition of his dialectics. The Catholics of this country, by intermixture with the enlightened members of the Protestant religion, have amalgamated, as far as their tenets permit, with the free institutions from which they derive security and protection: while they entertain very little confidence in the purity of the Spaniards or Italians, whose reputation in all Protestant states is by no means in the highest odour. Except by the influence of the ecclesiastical character, the Spaniard could scarcely have penetrated into the retreats of his scattered sect; and when he did succeed, his progress was not so satisfactory as his ardour anticipated. It was at this crisis I became acquainted with him; and I shall not easily forget with what force he denounced that intercourse with heretics to which he attributed the coldness of his reception. I reminded him, in vain, that in his land, as well as in the provinces of Italy, religion is a sentiment, a poetical fervour; that there its ministers are crowned with the honours of an embodied inspiration, and rewarded by the zeal of a mercurial race; that the very poverty of the people, which reduces the amount of animal enjoyment, contributes to the nourishment of an imagination, left free to indulge in the dreams of Catholic theology, and revel amongst

the pictorial splendors of its worship. He either would not, or could not, understand my distinction. He insisted upon the uniformity of his church, and could not conceive why English Catholics were not wretched and deluded enough to do public penance, and undertake painful journeys of pilgrimage. He overlooked the effects of climate, association, and local obligations. To him the whole Catholic world should be as one besotted Spain, and all the people Spaniards. He alike deprecated the want of respect that was manifested towards him: there was no reverence as he approached, not that he desired, but that he expected it: there were no offerings of remembrance, no reliquary endowments, no bequests, no images of costly materials; all was plain, rude, and republican (a form of government, which, beyond all others, is detestable in the eyes of the thorough Catholic). I urged upon him that this was a country where industry and regularity were substituted for idleness and confusion: that the English Catholics were a part and parcel of the great mass that gave vitality to the useful arts, and the admirable system that pervaded all ranks; but he scowled at my mechanical defence, and said that the honour due to God and his messengers should not be forgotten for the sake of selfish employments and filthy lucre. His failure in the main views that led him to make an experiment upon the sympathies of our native papists, confirmed all his previous grounds of hatred to the name of freedom, and its type—Great Britain. He left our shores execrating and despising us; and was more than ever convinced that liberty and England were the chief barriers to the march of Catholicity. I have since learned that he turned this accession of prejudice to some account, and preached out the venom of his animosity in some of the principal churches of Spain, exaggerating, of course, as disappointed men do, all the objectionable points. For aught I know, even the illustrious Ferdinand has profited by his lessons.

But there was in France a body of the Catholic clergy totally different in their habits and modes of thinking from that portion of which the Spanish monk was an exemplar: I mean the doctors of the Sorbonne. Liberal, learned, and accomplished, in them the worst part of their creed lost its grossness, and the better shone out in a pure light. They endeavoured to assuage the bitterness of doctrines which they could neither disavow nor defend; and they obtained from Protestant Europe the universal expression of respect. Their erudition was not confined to the fathers of the church; they cultivated the liberal sciences and *belles-lettres*, and embraced, in the course of their studies, the whole range of moral and polite literature. The appearance of one of these fine old gentlemen of the *ancien régime* was an object almost worthy of the earlier age, when the Vaudois from their vallies sent the consecrated banner of regeneration, stained with the heart's blood of thousands, over the plains of Germany and Austria. It was not in externals, nor in the extent of their knowledge merely, that the doctors of the Sorbonne were elevated above the vulgar level of their grasping order. They maintained, it is true, the doctrines of popery; but they broke down their rigour to a standard that adapted them to a freer condition of society. If they believed in the Real Presence, it was rather as a figure or illustration than as a positive physical miracle;—not that they contravened the sophistry, but that they were not so indiscreet as to agitate it. They permitted mysteries to remain; for, wanting power to dissolve them, they were not bigotted enough to advocate any dogma that involved a contradic-

tion in mathematics, or an impossibility to the senses. They drew the refined distinction between mysteries that are *above* reason, and mysteries that are *contrary* to reason; acquiescing in, but scarcely authenticating, the latter; while they assented, in common with the Christian world, to the former. In the celebrated correspondence that took place in the last century between some of our divines on the part of the English church, and the doctors of the Sorbonne on behalf of the Gallican, with a view to ascertain how far both parties could go towards an union and consolidation, the doctors of the Sorbonne consented to relinquish tradition as a *rule of faith*, and to accept it, as we do, merely as an *evidence*. This was a great step in the abandonment of those errors that were grafted upon the Christian stock in the early collision with the pagans. The eminent men who had the courage to acknowledge, in the face of a persecuting church, an erroneous principle of so much magnitude, may be admitted as an inferior and second race of reformists. But the revolution devastated their halls; the seeds they were sowing in the land were rudely dragged out by the ploughshare of infidelity; and the dawn of a CATHOLIC REFORMATION was overcast in its first blush by the clouds of the great political storm. To them, however, may be fairly attributed the awakening of that spirit of comparative liberty which the church of France maintains: for the Gallican church, with the solitary exception of the unsettled temple of the United States, is the most independent ecclesiastical institution that acknowledges the authority of the Roman pontiff.

I wonder that Grattan, the artist, did not give us a portrait of an Irish priest—a being contra-distinguished in all the leading features, moral and physical, from the professors of the Sorbonne. There is no living painter could have done half so much justice to the peculiarities of the race. He understood better than any body else the true character and expression of the Irish face, which, like Irish mountain-scenery, is remarkable for certain points that are not to be found elsewhere. Witness his picture of the Irish Peasants, in Walker's gallery at Old Bond Street—a sketch taken from life, and eminently faithful to nature. The crouching gait and affected leer of the priest spring partly from the habitual evasion contracted by his profession, and partly from the vulgarity of his mind. Formerly, you might occasionally meet a gentleman in the priesthood, amongst those of the old school, who had been educated in France: now, a polished priest is very rare indeed. The establishment of Maynooth and the jealousy of the government have combined to put an end to the course of foreign education; so that there is no material alteration between the clown when he enters, and the plump priestling when he leaves, the college, except in the fund of congenial bigotry which he has amassed during his progress. In Maynooth all books of a literary or liberal kind are strictly prohibited; the students are excluded from those mental indulgences, and even from the ordinary relaxations of society, that might improve their manners or refine their taste. Every art that can be devised to prevent them from acquiring knowledge, or even gentility, is put into operation; and the raw material, originally coarse, rough, and intractable, is manufactured into an instrument of priestcraft, in which the elements of ignorance and barbarity are admirably preserved. They drive out all kinds of devils at Maynooth except those—they have no power over the sensual, the besotted, or the malicious marks of the beast. When it is remembered that

the majority, almost the whole number, of the Irish priesthood are men raised from the plough, or the counters of the lowest description of country shops, whose juvenile associations were amongst the mean and the uninstructed, it will not appear surprising that they should exhibit that constant strife between innate vulgarity and spiritual intolerance; that, in the exercise of their strange and unaccustomed authority, they should involuntarily relapse into their familiar servility; and that, in struggling to ape the elegancies in the midst of which it is sometimes their lot to be placed, they should only render their natural qualities the more apparent and revolting. The transition from the slavery of want and oppression to the power conferred by plenty and the means of oppressing others—from the stupid reverence for the oracles of the priest, to the actual delivery of the oracles themselves—from squalid dependency to well-fed independence—from the kitchen of the farmhouse to the table of the farmer and the 'squire—is calculated to inspire the suddenly-elevated Robin Roughhead of the church with the wildest and most extravagant theories of control. An Irish priest is, therefore, a man worth analysing; because, without possessing a single qualification of the intellectual kind, he is placed in circumstances which more than any other demand the exercise of discretion and knowledge, and the influence of personal character.

The Irish priest is a political agent as well as a spiritual director. His business is equally divided between feuds and frauds. He has an interest in popular as well as religious delusion. You would rob him of half his revenues if you could succeed in really conciliating the people. The altar in a chapel is quite as much a forum for violent declamation, as it is a place for sacred rites. The late public meetings were all held in the chapels: indeed, whenever agitation is going forward, the chapels are thrown open for the free use of the agitators. The true spring of the evil lies in the nature of the relation between the priest and the people. The priest is entirely dependant upon the bounty of his flock; his means arise from their voluntary contributions. If any external influence interfered to arrest the sympathy that fills his coffers, his power would be at an end, and his purse would be emptied. It is, therefore, obviously the priest's interest to alienate the Catholic population as much as possible from the government and the Protestants, in order to fix their sole attention upon himself, and preserve his monopoly in their attachment. Hence, he is a daring politician—a constant exciter—an officious brawler—and to be found at the head and foot of all riots and conspiracies. The same motive that urges him to keep alive the disastrous irritations which separate the people, and obliterate the sentiment of allegiance, also urges him to oppose the spread of education and the growth of knowledge. If the peasantry were instructed, the bondage of superstition would be burst; they would perceive the numerous absurdities to which ignorance, and the furious passions engendered by political exasperation, have hitherto blinded them; the dominion of the ghostly confessor and his train of Delphic mummeries would cease; and a new *régime* would strip the corinthian edifice of its gorgeous and pagan ornaments. As it is a matter of vital importance to the priest to avert such a calamity as the increase of information, it is in the same ratio his constant labour to perpetuate ignorance. The Jesuitism of the Catholic bishops, in defeating the late Commission of Inquiry into the state of Education in Ireland, affords a remarkable instance of this war-

fare against the spirit of the age. The commissioners were desirous of arranging a plan of education upon a system of mutual accommodation, so that the children of Catholic parents might be made to participate in the advantages resulting from the establishment of parochial schools. The Catholic bishops could not of course openly avow their invincible hatred to this approach towards the civilization of their flocks—for it was no more; but they determined upon throwing in its way all the difficulties they could devise. Accordingly, their evidence was a tissue of perplexities, sometimes appearing to favour the scheme, and at other times suggesting amendments; but terminating in a demand of indirect concessions, that filled the Commissioners' Report to government with such illogical reasoning and hopeless theories, that the matter was at last abandoned in despair, or left—as parliamentary schemes of improvement are usually left—to be taken up at leisure. Of that Commission and its results, we cannot speak but in terms of reprobation. The men appointed to investigate the subject were unqualified for their task, and carried with them the prejudices of both sides. No man of either party ever expected that a union of opinion could have been accomplished amongst them. But the country was mystified, and large sums of the public money expended; which is the total amount of the benefit derived from their labours.

Considering the industrious operations of the priesthood, it is not strange that the Irish peasantry should be servile and debased. They really have no intelligence beyond that natural acuteness and mother-wit with which nature has gifted them, and which even priestcraft cannot eradicate. But the temptations by which they are surrounded render that acuteness a dangerous quality; and afford them opportunities of turning it to the worst account; and they avail themselves liberally of the accident. Not alone must we condemn the priests for what they *do*, but for what they do *not* do. When we contrast the cleanliness, decency, and good habits of the English, with the sloth, grossness, and bad habits of the Irish, we cannot omit observing that the fault lies with the priests who are, or ought to be, the moral police of the country. The Irish funeral is a scene of uproar, drunkenness, and riot: an English funeral is a scene of decorum, decency, and quiet piety. Who is to blame for this? The priest who mingles in the unholy revel, and chooses that moment of unnatural exultation for the collection of his eleemosynary tribute-money. Why does not the priest reform these savage and disgraceful customs? Because his interest is bound up in their continuance; because he subsists by the utter depreciation of his species; and because he has not enough of virtue to sacrifice his own views to the good of his fellow-creatures. Then there are what are called months-mines dinners (the phrase is not intelligible to an English reader, nor do I consider myself sufficiently profound to attempt its translation); these are periodical celebrations, when all the priests of a neighbourhood are invited to a feast, which is partly religious, and partly festive. The mingling of devotion and debauchery is in admirable keeping with the whole system. Here the jolly Father Tom, or Father Pat, of the wondering family, grows jocose with the children, and tawdry with the ladies; sips whiskey with a leer; and sanctifies the meats and the liquors with droll sayings and funny stories. A gentleman who has been accustomed to good society can scarcely conceive the ribald twaddle of the priests on these occasions. I may,

perhaps, give the reader a sketch, at some future day, of a month's dinner. It is rich in all the materials of farce and caricature.

In some districts in Ireland, the priests do not speak English, or speak it so barbarously, that the jargon is of the nondescript class. These priests are mere clowns. They are no better than the *bog-trotters* over whose spiritual interests they are appointed to preside. The usual pretext for nominating them to an office of so much responsibility, is that such persons only are suited to the capacities of the people. It never occurs to the heads of the church that the capacities of the people should be enlarged, and their minds improved by collision with a higher order of intellect; and that their moral degradation is effectually confirmed by teachers who, instead of presuming to educate others, require first to be educated themselves. But that is the secret. The church lives upon the degradation, and encourages it.

Priests being by their profession excluded from avowed intercourse with the female sex, are thrown for the display of their natural affections into other channels of enjoyment. They make the best boon-companions in the world, if you can forget their vulgarity and coarseness. When a priest becomes loquacious, there is no end to his whim and mirth. If you get him into a confidential mood, he will tell you excellent anecdotes of the cloth, full of point and humour. I recollect a story related to me in this way, the substance of which is as follows:—

There is a certain altar at St. Peter's, in Rome, which is believed to possess extraordinary efficacy, for the purposes of prayer; and for the use of which, in all cases where prayers are put up for the dead, a higher price is charged than for any other. It is, therefore, frequently engaged for weeks beforehand by the pious relatives of the deceased amongst the faithful. On one occasion, a man came to the cardinal who had charge of the miraculous altar, to beg his intercession on behalf of his brother who had died the night before. The altar, however, was engaged for the ensuing month, until the end of which time the cardinal could not undertake the desired pious labour. "And must my brother," exclaimed the man, "suffer in purgatory all that time, it being no fault of mine that I cannot get the altar sooner? Pray, my lord," he continued, "will you inform me at what time the divine release of the sufferer takes effect? Is it at the moment the intention to have prayers for the dead is formed, or is it after the prayers are said?"—"Why," replied the cardinal, "I do not think it would be just that the sinner should continue in his agonies until it would be convenient to let you have the use of our altar; so that you need be under no apprehensions. The effect takes place at the moment you form the intention of applying to the holy church."—"Then, in that case," returned the other, "I need not trouble your reverence any further, as I formed the intention last night." So he took his departure with his money in his pocket.

Another anecdote, of the same description, runs as follows:—

A man came to a priest to require his prayers for a deceased friend. A plate lay on the altar to receive the money of the applicants. "Put down a guinea, my son," exclaimed the worthy priest. The guinea was put down. Then the priest went through a Latin prayer, with great rapidity and earnestness.—"Well, father, how does my friend fare?" "He is now awakening in the burning lake, and is struggling with the spirits of darkness: put down another guinea, my son." The other guinea was put down, and another Latin application was put up.

“Where is he now, father?”—“He is now on the shore of repentance, within view of the gates of salvation, where the Virgin and the angels are waiting for him. Two guineas more, my son, and we will soon bring him through his troubles.” Two guineas more were put down, and the priest grew loud in his Latin. “Now, father, where is he?”—“The angels are round him, my son; now they have seized him in their arms; and now—now they carry him up into the skies: I hear their shouts; put down three guineas more, my son, and he will soon be up in heaven.” Three fresh guineas were deposited, and the Latin was again repeated with increased fervour and violent ejaculations. “Where is he now, father?”—“Now he approaches the walls of Paradise; now I hear the hymns of the blessed; now he enters, he is free now; now he is in the very bosom of St. Anthony.”—“Are you sure, father?”—“Yes, my son, I see him as plain as I see you.”—“I am glad of it, father;” and the man, finding that his friend was released, took the money off the plate, and putting it in his pocket, walked away, leaving the priest to take the sinner out of heaven if he could.

This anecdote is almost too good to be true. I can believe the priest’s part, but can scarcely credit the wit of the layman. It is of that contumacious kind which one rarely meets amongst Catholics.

This paper will appropriately close with a sketch of an Irish priest’s sermon, in which there is a mixture of the cunning and simplicity—the politics and superstition—that seem indigenious to the race. It refers to the time when the Bible Societies were making great exertions to convert the Catholics, and to spread amongst them a knowledge of the sacred scriptures. The scene was a country chapel of the poorest description—half of the roof wanting—and the whole in a state of dilapidation. Imagine his reverence mounted upon a few boards raised on barrels, and surrounded by a dense crowd of ragged listeners, stretching out in all directions in the open air round the holy ruin, and you have the picture complete.

#### SACERDOS LOQUITUR.

“When I begin to spake, boys, you must all listen to me, or where’s the use of my wasting my breath upon you. And I haven’t much of that same to spend upon the likes of ye.—(Never mind, Mr. Corrigan, if I don’t trouble you one of these nights for a little of your peppermint-water for my asthma. And have you got none of the belly-bacon hanging up beside the hob? Then I’ll wait till next year when the pigs are all at home with you again, for I know they’re on their way, Mr. Corrigan. You’ve a pretty snug spot in it, and more’s the pity that you don’t know how to save your bacon.)—But I was going to bring you all to tax for a mortal sin. Do you know the raal difference between mortal and venal sin? To be sure you don’t; where would the likes of ye learn any thing about it? Well then, I’ll tell you: mortal sin is of two kinds—words and deeds—when you daar to say a word against the true church, and when you don’t pay up your dues—that’s mortal sin; as for venal sin, that’s a matter to be settled at confession; it dipinds entirely upon myself, and its ’cute ye are if I don’t find you out. May be you think I don’t know what you’re all doing when there’s nobody looking at you; you might as well say that I don’t know what Abraham is saying to the poor creature that’s lying, like a bug in a rug, in his *buzom* this thousand years.—(Stand out of the doorway, Judy Kelly, I can’t see

the pratces growing outside for the head of ye: I suppose you think you're a mighty fine spy-glass.)—In regard to the mortal sin, I'm tould you all went to hear the heretics preaching up at the Methodist chapel t'other morning. Now, whether you did or not, sorrow an absolution will you get from me until you do penance, every one of ye that's got a red cow, or a barn-door. Sure if you didn't go, it's no reason but you might go—and that's all the same.—(Tim Byrne, I hear that you bought a yellow waistcoat and a pair of bran new brogues, last Tuesday, at Bally-broughen pathern; where did you get the money, Tim? Sure it was never known that you had ever a hide on your dirty feet before, except your skin, and why wouldn't that contint you still? Were you afeard of spattering your iligant knee-breeches? If you come by such a sight of money honestly, Tim, you ought to come to me and ax me what you ought to do wid it. But it's true for me that you had a hand in the convarsions. If your soul isn't as white as a jug of cream, mind what I tell you, there'll be a ruction afore long, and the jubilee's coming on. You'll be trying to palaver me out of an indulgence by-and-by, when the money's all spent, and you'll be so poor, that if ould Nick was to dance a jig in your pocket, there wouldn't be as much as a halfpenny for him to break his shin-bone over. But you're playing blind-man's-buff wid your salvation, and you'll knock your nose against a stone wall. It wasn't for nothing that I took that pint of liquor with you t'other night at Dan Cumming's; when the drop of drink's upon you, you're as tinder as a rotten turnip; I've only to squeeze you between my finger and thumb, and out comes the juice.)—I was talking of the Methodist chapel, when this spalpeen interrupted me.—(Jemmy Riley, just put your hand to that boord a bit, and shove it over the tub).—The Methodists are all made of iron and broad-cloth, boys; they're not like us, good flesh and blood; and that's the reason they want to bring you over to them. Did you ever see a Methodist like Peggy Martin? To be sure you didn't, I needn't ax you. Hould up your head, Peggy, and don't keep spoiling your praskeen. I'm tould the childer are in the typhus; well, it's one comfort that it 'll prevent the proctor and the preacher from coming near you. *Betheshin!*—not one of them comes as we do, rain or shine, well or ill. I hope you'll all have the true typhus—it's grace I mean—to keep the heretics away from you. They don't care a tranen for ye, if you'll only let them read the Bible to ye. And sure the Bible's good reading, may be, but it's not fit for the likes of ye. If you want Bibles come to me, I'm Bible enough for you.—(It's late you're after coming to my discourse, Masther Mike Garret. Never a heed you heed me until you can't help yourself. May be you think half a loaf is bether than no bread at all; but if you were to say that to the angel at the door of heaven, he'd pop in your head, and jam your legs out; then how would you look, Mike? Did you ever come to the jugon till you finished your noggin of punch? To be sure you didn't, but that's no reason why you'd be letting other people drink your liquor for you.—Is that the sun that's splitting the ould sod roof of the place? What else would it be? And isn't that a lesson to you, to shew that the Roman church is the true church—don't you see how it's burning the heads of ye? Did you ever know the equal of it in the heretics' house? How could you, because they daren't look the sun in the face, and put ugly slates on the top to privint him from looking in to see what they're doing. My drame's out—I knew we'd have a sign to show them before

they sneaked off with their tails between their legs, like a dog with a flea in his ear. They say that their's is the only true church; but I'll tell you a story that'll settle that dispute. There was once upon a time a great man that wanted to build a big house—its no matter about the name upon him, for it doesn't concern us. Well, what does he do? He gets a Protestant builder, because, of course, the Protestants have every thing their own way, and must always have the best pickings that's to be had, by the means of their roguery. The carpenter was a Prasbytarian, being the next to the Protestant; and it's no lie to say that he was just as proud as the builder, because he was as big a blackguard. But then, boys, who do you think the humble hod-man was? What would he be but a decent Catholic, one of the right sort? for you know, that when there's work to be done, it's the poor Catholic that's put down to it; and that's why none of you have a skreed to your backs worth mentioning. One day the Protestant says to the Prasbytarian, 'I want to go up the ladder, to see what's doing above.'—'At your pleasure, Sir,' says the Prasbytarian.—'Stay below, fellow,' says the Protestant to the humble hod-man, 'until your betters are served.' With that he mounted the ladder as gay and impudent as if he was Lord Castlereagh himself. But there was them watching him that wouldn't see the Catholic hod-man treated in that manner. The Prasbytarian followed after; and the last upon the step was the humble Catholic. Them that's low upon this earth is the highest in heaven. Isn't it harder to shoot a gull than a magpie?—(Darby, don't forget your pipes to-night at the christening, you divil! and I'll give you leave to play 'Moll Roe' for the ladies.)—Just as the Protestant got to the top of the ladder, and the ruffane of a Prasbytarian was in the middle, and the humble hod-man was on the bottom rung, there comes such a whistle of wind as never was heard before. The storm that blew down Killala Castle was a fool to it. Hoo! there was the very mischief among them; and then we were to see which was the best off. Maybe it's the Protestant that didn't tumble down from the top of the ladder, and get such a murdering fall that it was the marcy of Providence that he didn't fall down through and through the earth, until he stuck upon the spit in Ould Nick's kitchen! But it was bad enough as it was. He fractured his skull, broke every bone in his body, and, what was worse than that, he was kilt stone-dead upon the spot. There was no more use in trying to waken him, than if ye were to talk Latin to a goose.—(Phil Fleming, where's the turkey you promised me at Christmas? Sure you needn't be ashamed to send it to me, even if you're obliged to throw in a couple of pouts along with it.)—But the Prasbytarian got the cleanest fall of all. Where do you think he fell? I suppose, now, you think he fell on his head, or his arm? No such thing: he fell upon the ground. And what do you think he did when he got there? Nivir a single thing to swear by, except lie like a drunken beast on the earth.—(The top of the morning to you, Molly Doyle; I hope your early rising will do you no harm.)—Well, the Prasbytarian, boys, was nearly kilt; his mouth was split open, like a poor man's lease, from *car* to *car*; and, although he was one mortal fracture from head to foot, he might have done well enough for all there was of him; but he got into a terrible passion the next day, because they wanted to cut off the wrong end of his leg, and he burst a blood-vessel, and died. That was the end of the Prasbytarian. I tould you that the humble hod-man was standing at the bottom; bad cess to the much lower he could be; so when the others fell down, the poor Catholic slipt

as easy upon his *hunkers* as if he was siting down to praties and butter-milk. He was no more hurt than I am. And why? Don't you see the rason forenint, you? He was one of the true church, and there wasn't a hair of his head put out of joint. But I haven't done with the story yet.—(Where are you going, Paudgeen Daly? Is them the manners I taught you, just to come in for a mouthful of larning, and go off again without saying, 'By your leave!' or, 'What 'll you take?' It's the bad thing you're doing, Paudgeen.)—When the Protestant was kilt, as I tould you, nothing would satisfy him but that he should go, just as he was, without waiting for the wake, up to St. Peter; for he thought that there was no end to his grandeur, and that St. Peter was one of his own kidney, and must immediately open the gould gates for him. But you see there's an end to the Protestant the minute he dies; he hasn't a rood of ground, not as big as Phelim White's cabbage-garden, in that beautiful place which entirely belongs to the Catholics. There you never hear of such doings as rack-rents and distress; we have it all our own way there: and why not, since they won't let us have any way here? When the Protestant got up to the gate, with his face all cut, and his caubeen broke, and his skreeds as dirty as if he was rolling the whole day in the mud,—'Open the door!' says he to St. Peter, who was sitting at his ease, reading a book.—'For what,' says St. Peter, 'should I open the door?'—'Don't keep me standing in the cold here!' says the other, 'but open it immediately.'—'It's lately come to you,' says St. Peter, 'to teach me my business! Who are you?'—'Don't you know me?' says the Protestant builder.—'Know you!' says St. Peter; 'I don't think that the mother that owns you would know you with that ugly face upon you.'—'I am the Protestant builder,' says the other.—'I'm glad you told me that!' says St. Peter; and with that he whips out a shileelagh that he had behind him, and, with one crack of it upon his crown, sent him down two thousand miles inside the walls of hell.—'Put that in your pipe, and smoke it!' said St. Peter; and he went back to finish the book he was reading, which was Friar Haye's Sarmons. The never a more was the Protestant builder heard of; for you know, boys, that the divil is no chicken, at this time of day, to let him out. The next day, the Prasbyterian thought that he should go to heaven direct, and just went up to St. Peter in the same manner. St. Peter this time was pulling on his boots.—'Well, what are you?' says St. Peter, as civil as you please.—'I am the Prasbyterian carpenter, that died this morning,' says the other. That was enough: it would do your hearts good to see St. Peter lifting up his leg, and giving him a kick with his big boot, that sent him, like a snipe with a slug under his wing, tumbling over and over, down through the air.—'Stop,' says St. Peter, as he was half-way down: 'I give you leave,' says he, 'to call at Purgatory on your way, in regard of your not being so impudent as the Protestant.'—(Did you pickle the cabbage yet, Mrs. Delany? Indeed, you have the neatest little pantry in the whole parish.—Phil, Phil! what are you saying to Peggy in the corner there? You'll come to no good yourself, Phil. You're one of the clear-skinned family; for I can read the gallows in your face.)—A great many years after these things took place, the humble Catholic hodman died: and there was a dacent laying-out, and plenty of eating and drinking, and a hearty welcome for the neighbours. But you see he wouldn't go up to St. Peter until he had the last rites of the church, and until he got a new suit of clothes and a night-cap for the occasion. Then he went up as genteel as any gentleman in the land. St. Peter was

sitting at his door, all alone, drinking a tumbler of the best Innishowen.—‘ Many happy days to your honour !’ says the humble hod-man ; ‘ and I’m glad to see your reverence looking so well this blessed evening.’—‘ I think I know you, Pat,’ says St. Peter ; ‘ you’re the humble Catholic hod-man.’—‘ Divil a word of lie in it !’ says the humble hod-man.—‘ It’s yourself that’s welcome,’ says St. Peter ; and with that he shook hands with him, and was as glad to see him as if he was his own brother.—‘ It’s a good step from your place to this, Paddy,’ says St. Peter ; ‘ and as you’re tired a bit, just sit down and take a snifter with me before you go in.’—‘ It’s a kind word you say to me,’ says the other ; and he sat down, and they both drank all the Innishowen that was in the bottle.—‘ There’s more where that comes from, Paddy,’ says St. Peter.—‘ It’s too many your honour is for me,’ says the humble hod-man ; ‘ I’m afeard it’ll get into my head, as I’m not to say very strong yet, and I wouldn’t like to have the sign of liquor upon me when I go into the new place ; so, if your reverence pleases, I’d like just to go in and rest myself.’ Upon the word, the gates opened like a clap of thunder ; and the humble Catholic hod-man walked in, St. Peter bowing and houlding a light to him all the time.—Now, boys, which is the true church ?”

F. H.

## MAAMSELLE ST. MAUR !

“ PRAY, my dear,” to my partner, at Margate, I said,  
 As we paused to take breath from a hot gallopade,  
 “ Of what name shall I dream when I dream of delight ?  
 Shall Charlotte, or Jane, be the queen of the night ?”  
 “ O Heavens, those are English ! No ! *mort de ma vie !*  
 I’d have you to know, Sir, my name’s Stéphanie !”  
 “ And what next, my young beauty ?” She gave me a glance,  
 That shewed me she lately had travelled in France—  
 That look which at Paris one learns in a week :  
 “ What next ? why, my name’s Isabinde Angélique.”  
 “ Both pretty ? but, love, if I don’t make too free,  
 Are these all ?”—“ No, besides, I’m St. Ange, Eugénie.”  
 “ Ah, exquisite sounds ! and just fitted for love,  
 In a box or a ball-room, a boudoir or grove ;  
 But, sweet, sure you can’t be contented with these ?”  
 “ No, besides, I’m Constance, Anatole, Athanèse.”  
 “ All fit for those lips and those glances of fire !—  
 Any more ?”—“ Yes ; Agnese, Dorlice, Déjanire !”  
 “ And where, my dear girl, did such superfine names  
 In England find birth, to set mankind in flames ?”  
 “ The first was a gift from a gallant friseur,  
 Who had come from Boulogne, and was then ‘ on a tour ;’  
 The next was picked up in a *livre de poste* ;  
 The third at Quillac’s, from the *fille* of the host ;  
 The fourth I made prize in Lafitte’s heavy coach ;  
 The fifth I o’erheard *dans l’Eglise de St. Roch* ;  
 The sixth I purloined from a milliner’s shop ;  
 The last at a guinguette—*en Anglais*, a hop !  
 Thus supplied with a cargo of heroine names,  
 I returned, *toute charmante*, to set fire to the Thames.”  
 “ But is there no other, delight of my soul !  
 A name of enchantment, to finish the whole ?”  
 “ Yes—one ; and you’ll own I have chosen a non-such—  
 The most die-away, desperate—*Ah, gare qui la touche !*—  
 “ Some famous old name of birth, beauty, or war ?”—  
 “ No, you fool ! ’twas my laundress—MAAMSELLE ST. MAUR !”

## HOMER: THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

A half-mad Greek has lately written a volume to persuade the world that he has at length made the discovery of the true author of the *Iliad*. This author, who has evaded such a host of inquirers in every age, from the days of Solon down to the days of Payne Knight, is no other than Ulysses, the man of craft, who took Penelope to wife, contrived to escape the swords of Hector and his men at arms, which laid low so many of his gallant countrymen, was shipwrecked and "agitated over so many seas," returned, found his Penelope as virtuous, fond, and deep in tapestry weaving, as in the hour he left her: and having nothing else to do in his monarchy of Ithaca, which at present employs the diplomatic functions of a British corporal and a dozen men, busied his leisure in writing the history of the "Late War under Agamemnon," as commander-in-chief, assisted by documents from head-quarters, and the personal communications of several officers on the staff of the grand army.

But leaving this Greek discoverer to settle his claims with the governors of St. Luke's, the subject is curious and cloudy enough to exercise the best skill of modern inquiry.

This inquiry will probably be found, whatever other elucidations it may produce, to conclude with the following propositions—that the two matchless poems of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the work of one man—that they were preserved in writing in the Greek colonies along the eastern border of the Mediterranean—that the Athenian Pisistratus, a man of cultivated mind, seeing the confusion into which those poems had fallen in Greece, by the habit of the rhapsodists, or reciters,—to break them up into fragments for popular recitation, and interpolate them with absurdities of their own, collected them, and brought them back into their original shape, a task in which he was assisted and directed by the use of authentic copies of the originals procured from the Greek colonies in Asia Minor.

We may first very briefly cast aside the notorious hypothesis of the German school of Wolf and Heyne, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written by a dozen, or a hundred dozen of rhymers, and finally compacted into their present form by some collector. The Germans are a heavy people, and so conscious of their heaviness, that they are always labouring to appear light. A harlequin, with wooden legs, is their true emblem, and fantastic dulness their true spirit. Heyne has the frivolous stupidity to expose himself to the world's laughter by wisdom of this kind—"Jan ingenium illud præclarum, cui compagem hancce miræ artis debemus, nobis Homerus esto."—(Hom. 7 8, p. 806.) The idea is altogether nonsense. The consecutive action, the similarity of style, and, above all, the brilliant and vivid genius which has made every age bow to the supremacy of Homer, vindicate the immortal work and the immortal author, from twenty generations of Goths and Vandals.

The only attempt at argument on which this hypothesis relies, is the presumed difficulty of proving that the art of writing existed in the age of Homer. But it is clear that, at least in Judea, writing was known long before the time of Moses, and was in common use.—(Numbers, v. 23, Deut. xxiv. 1.) The Pentateuch was written about 1570 years before the Christian era. That, in Greece, prose works were not known before Phercydes, (B.C. 544) nor any laws committed to writing before those of Draco,

is a matter unconnected with the question. Writing existed in Asia. But even if it had not existed, the habit of the time, of committing long poems to memory, as a livelihood, could have sufficiently preserved them. Even at so low a date as the time of Xenophon, there were many persons in Athens who had both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart.—(Sympos. 3 5.) But the Book of Job, which was undoubtedly committed to writing, was probably composed about 184 years before Abraham, and 2000 before our æra.

The age of the great poet has been a more dubious matter of controversy. The ancients seem to have ascertained nothing definitively on the point. Strabo makes him a contemporary of Lycurgus, and an adviser in forming the Spartan laws.—(Lib. x.) Cicero, himself an accomplished Greek scholar, and who had studied at Athens, merely observes, that “his age is uncertain, but that he lived long before the foundation of Rome”—(De Clar. Orat. 10.) That Homer did not live in the immediate time of the Trojan war is declared by himself.—(*Iliad*, B. 486.) There is some evidence in the name of the Nile, which he always calls *Ægyptus*, the ancient name.—(Gen. xv. 18.) The great council of the Greek States, the *Amphyctionii*, is not mentioned by him, though its distinction was attained in a very remote age. The next point is to ascertain the downward limit. The most famous and important event of Greece, after the Trojan war, was the return of the *Heraclidæ*, an event which produced a general revolution of territory. But Homer makes no mention of this great change. His catalogue of ships, which forms one of the most curious and complete documents of the state of ancient territory, is constructed wholly on the situation of the different little sovereignties before the invasion of the *Heraclidæ*. This invasion took place in 824 B.C., eighty years after the Trojan war in 904 B.C. Homer must have lived in this interval. But the date may be brought still closer, by observing that the last event to which he alludes is the possession of the Trojan sceptre by the descendants of *Æneas*, in the third generation. Thus he would have flourished in the ninth century B.C. Herodotus already fixes him at the same period, for he gives the date of Homer 400 years before his own. Herodotus lived 444 B.C.

The country of Homer was a celebrated source of controversy after his death. But the only probable narrative of his birth and career is given in a life attributed to Herodotus; one-half of which seems fabulous, yet which has undoubtedly formed the groundwork of all the subsequent attempts. This life states that Homer was born in Smyrna, that his mother, *Crytheis*, was from *Cumæ*, and that Homer was illegitimate, and was born suddenly, in the midst of a festival, on the banks of the river *Meles*. The Greeks subsequently accounted for this transaction in the national way. A descended inhabitant of the skies, as usual in the case of celebrated poets, was the parent, and the mother was afterwards married to a king, *Mæon*, who took upon himself the tutelage of the illustrious child. So says *Plutarch*, that grand collector of the gossip stories of his fabling country. But the more ancient narrative is less lofty. *Crytheis* supported herself and her child by the labour of her hands, and was a spinner.—(*Iliad*, M. 433.) She then married *Pheimius*, a schoolmaster. Homer was taught by *Pronepides*. After the death of *Pheimius*, he became master of his school, where, being found by *Mentes*, a rich Smyrneser trader, he was induced to take the opportunity probably of some of the traders' ships, and, fortunately for

the fame of Greece, and the delight of posterity, go forth to see the world.

In Ithaca he was taken ill, and suffered much from an affection of his eyes. In Ithaca he found himself surrounded with traditions of Ulysses ; and an Ithacan, of the name of Mentor, gave him the narrative of those adventures on which he afterwards constructed the *Odyssey*. This weakness of his eyes at last rendered him totally blind ; but there is an utter improbability in the story that he was born blind. His descriptions of nature, sunshine, the heavenly bodies, storms, the human features and actions, are not the perceptions of a man born blind. They have in them the most distinct evidence of actual vision. The well-known saying of the Roman is perfectly founded—"Si quis eum cæcum genitum putat, omnibus sensibus cæcus est."—(Patercul. l. 1. 5.) On this residence at Ithaca, a conjecture, similar to that of the Greek professor, had been hazarded by Jacob Bryant, a man of learning, but scarcely less extravagant than any German of them all, that Homer, in describing Ulysses and Penelope, was describing himself and his wife, and that Ithaca was his birth-place. But we must recollect that Jacob Bryant doubted, or rather denied, the existence of Troy and the Trojan war altogether ; and had his mind regularly made up for historical scepticism by the widest licence of hypothesis.

Homer, in conformity to a custom nearly coeval with mankind, seems to have made his livelihood on this journey by reciting his compositions at the banquets of the great. At Phocæa, he encountered the common adventure of a literary robbery. Thestorides, a teacher of youth, engaged to give him a lodging and maintenance on condition of being allowed to transcribe his poems. Thestorides then ran away, carrying the MSS. with him to Chios, where he declared himself their author, and commenced reciting them as a rhapsodist. Homer was at this time advanced in life, and blind. But the spirit of the poet was alive to this injury of his property and fame. He ordered himself to be landed at Chios, and set out in pursuit of the delinquent pedagogue. On reaching the shore from Erythræ, he was bewildered, was near being torn to pieces by the dogs of Glaucus, a shepherd, but saved by their master coming up, and was led to Bolissus, where he lived for some time, teaching children, and enjoying his triumph over his plagiarist, who had fled immediately on his arrival. Chios, finally, was his residence ; there he grew affluent, married, and had two daughters, one of whom died early, and the other was married to the father of one of his pupils. His career now drew near its end. Sailing to Athens, he fell sick at Io, died, and was buried in a plain, not far from that "ever-resounding main," which he had so often and so sublimely commemorated.

The native country of this mighty genius was certainly Asiatic. All his descriptions are tinged with the colours of an Asiatic Greek, and are suitable only to Ionia, or some Greek colony to the east of Greece. This has been strikingly illustrated in his allusions to winds, sunset, rains, sea, &c. by Wood, in his "Essay on the Genius of Homer." Smyrna seems to have felt itself entitled to claim the honour, if we are to judge from its extraordinary homage to his memory. It burned Zoilus in effigy, as a revenge for his criticism ; it struck medals in honour of the poet, some of which exist, and represent him *not* blind but *reading* ; and it even erected him into a demigod, and built his temple. The claims of Chios, founded on his residence there, have been argued by many of the

learned, ancient and modern. Simonides, and Theocritus, and Leo Allotius, are in favour of Chios; but they can prove no more than that he lived in the island. The distich relative to this dispute is well known—

“ Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenæ,  
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.”

A multitude of poems have been attributed to Homer by the Greeks. But the art of verbal criticism was too negligently exercised on the subject. The people, eager for every novelty, and inclined to receive with zealous delight every production that bore the name of their first poet, suffered a multitude of spurious works to usurp the honour. The only poems which establish in any considerable degree a claim to authenticity, are the *Batracho-muomachia*, or *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*; a humorous fragment, the *Margites*, of which but four stanzas remain; and the *Hymn to Venus*. The *Margites* was universally supposed by the ancients to have been the production of Homer. Zeno calls it his earliest. Aristophanes, Plato, and Aristotle state it decidedly as his work. The *Hymn to Venus* bears evidence of having been at least of the Homeric age: yet the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* has been attributed to Pigres, of Halicarnassus, brother of the Queen Artemisia. The thirty-three hymns, with the exception of the *Hymn to Venus*, are supposed to be by Cynæthus—at all events, they are of high antiquity.

Homer's travels were chiefly in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. His mention of Arabia and Lybia is cursory, and there is no evidence of his having seen either. Spain and Italy appear also to have been beyond his travels. But he speaks of Thebes with the force of a spectator; and he probably penetrated deep into Æthiopia. He is closely familiar with the habits of Phœnicia and Egypt; and his catalogue of the ships implies a singularly close knowledge of the whole of Greece, from its eastern to its western boundary. How much must it be regretted that he had not seen Jerusalem, the most magnificent seat of religion in the world. With what additional splendour must his genius then have shone, from the majesty of the city, and the wisdom and worship of Sion.

The language of Homer has been, by an absurdity possible only to a pedant, conceived to consist of the four chief dialects of Greece. We might as well conceive an English epic compounded of the Yorkshire, Somersetshire, Cornish, and Scotch. The great poet of course used the simple language of his country and his day. The divisions subsequently recognized in the language of Greece Proper, originated in the nature of the territory, which is cut into fragments by mountains and rivers. The slight assistance that history gives, is summed up in the knowledge, that Æolus and Dorus, the sons of Hellen, the son of Deucalion, settling in separate portions of Greece, much of the accent and phraseology of the neighbouring native tribes naturally passed into the language which they brought from Asia, and thus formed the peculiar dialect of their descendants. Achæus and Ion, sons of the younger brother Xanthus, were born in Attica, where their father had married the daughter of Erechtheus the king. Achæus finally went into Laconia, Ion remained in Attica, and his language was adopted by the people, who are thence called by Homer Ionians. Neleus, the son of Codrus, went with a number of his countrymen into Asia Minor, and

there planted the first Ionian colony. Homer lived about the period of this emigration. He is supposed even to have been one of the settlers.—(Knight's Proleg. 66.) He, of course, spoke the language of Attica. But this being before the Athenians had excluded the peculiarities of the Doric and Æolic, they are still to be found in his writings. The Attic still differs but little from the Ionic; it is *contracted* Ionic. The frequency of the broad vowel sounds was inconsistent with the refinement of the Athenian ear, and was gradually reduced.

Homer's alphabet was by no means so copious as that of the subsequent Greek. It probably had but sixteen letters. The vowels H and Ω, and the double consonants, were later; the former being represented by E and O, and the latter by their component sounds.

The digamma is still a subject of controversy. In writing and speaking, the meeting of two words, one of which ended with a vowel and the other began with one, was offensive to the Greek ear. Thus, something like the vulgar pronunciation of London, which adds a consonant to every word ending with a vowel, as Maria-r, Diana-r, was the sign of elegance among the Greeks. With the Londoner, the addition is r, with the Athenian the intermediate was n. With the other tribes it was the custom to prefix to words beginning with a vowel, a Γ, with a line across it, thus, F.—(Dionys. Halic. Antiq. Rom. l. 20.) The latter is supposed to have formed the sixth, or the original Pelagic alphabet. It was used by the Laconians, Bœotians, Ionians, and Æolians, but by the last to so late a period, that it was peculiarly called the Æolic Digamma. It exists, however, in no MSS. But it is found in inscriptions—the Delian marble, and coins of Velia. The pronunciation is still a matter of contest. Dawes declares it to be W. Marsh overthrows this supposition, and states it to be F. The probability is, that it had the force of V. The F is actually found in inscriptions for V. And several words which are transferred from the Greek to the Latin have the V., as *F*οῖνος, vinum; ο*F*ισ, ovis, &c. The total disappearance of the digamma from the Homeric writings, is accounted for on the idea, that at the period of revising the copies by Pisistratus, the digamma had either fallen into disuse, or perhaps had become so substantially a part of the language, that its position in the words was as perfectly understood, as we understand the omission or use of an aspirate in the common words of a modern language. Homer has been idly asserted to have been the earliest poet of Greece. The expression of Herodotus should be qualified into his being the best. Homer himself mentions Thamyris, and probably Linus.—(Il. 2. 570.) But poetry is as old as the world.

## THE MARCH OF MIND: A TALE OF CRUTCHED-FRIARS.

MR. JOB SPINKINS, grocer and vestryman of Crutched-Friars, was a stout, easy, good-natured, middle-aged gentleman, who—to adopt a mercantile phrase—was “well to do in the world,” and had long borne an exemplary character throughout his ward for sobriety, punctuality, civility, and all those homely but well-wearing qualities which we are apt to associate with trade. Punctuality, however, was the one leading feature of his mind, which he carried to so extravagant a height, that having formed a scale of moral duties, he had placed it in the very front rank, side by side with honesty—or the art of driving a good bargain—and just two above temperance, soberness, and chastity. Even in his social hours, this peculiar trait of character decided his predilections; for, notwithstanding he was much given to keeping up feasts and holidays, and had a high respect for Michaelmas-Day, Christmas-Day, Twelfth-Day, New-Year’s-Day, &c., yet he always expressed an indifferent opinion of Easter, because, like an Irishman’s pay-day, it was seldom or never punctual. Next to this engrossing hobby was our citizen’s abhorrence of poetry, an abhorrence which he extended with considerate impartiality to every branch of literature. But Dr. Franklin’s works formed an exception. He pronounced his commercial maxims to be the *chefs-d’œuvre* of genius, and used to set them as large text-copies for his son, when he and the school-bill came home together for the holidays from Dr. Thickskull’s academy at Camberwell. But poetry—our prosaic citizen could not for the life of him abide it. The only good thing, he used to say, he ever yet saw in verse was the Rule of Three; and the only rhymes that had the slightest reason to recommend them, were “Thirty days hath September.”

To these opinions Mrs. Spinkins, like a dutiful wife, never failed to respond Amen. In person this good lady was short and stoutly timbered, with a face on which lay the full sunshine of prosperity, in one broad, unvaried grin. Three children were her’s: three “dear, delightful children,” as their grandmother by the father’s side never failed to declare, when punctually, every New-Year’s-Day, she presented them each with a five-shilling-piece, wrapt up in gilt-edge note-paper. Thomas, the eldest, was a slim, sickly youth, easy, conceited, and eighteen; Martha, the second, was a maiden of more sensibility than beauty; while Sophy, the youngest and sprightliest, to a considerable portion of the maternal simper and the paternal circumference, added a fine expanse of foot, which spreading out semicircularly, like a lady’s fan, at the toes, gave a peculiar weight and safety to her tread.

The habits of this amiable family were to the full as unassuming as their manners. They dined at one o’clock, with the exception of Sundays, when the discussion of the roast or boiled was, for fashion’s sake, adjourned to five; took tea at six; supped at nine; and retired to rest at ten. The Sabbath, however, was a day not less of fashion than of luxury. The young folks—Thomas, especially, who was growing, and wanted nourishment—were then indulged with two glasses of port wine after dinner; and, at tea-time, were made happy in the privilege of a “blow out” with one or more friendly neighbours. Once every year they went half-price to the Christmas pantomimes, a memorable epoch, which never failed to deprive them of sleep, and disorganize their nervous system for at least a fortnight beforehand. Such were the habits

of the Spinkins' family, a family rich, respectable, and orderly, until the March of Mind, which our modern philosophers are striving so hard to expedite, reduced them from wealth to poverty; and, from having been the pride, compelled them to become the pity of Crutched-Friars.

Every one must remember the strange, bewildering enthusiasm excited by Sir Walter Scott's first appearance as a novelist. All the world was Scott-struck. His songs were set to music; fair hands painted fire-screens from his incidents; play-wrights dramatized his heroes; and even the great Mr. Alderman Dobbs himself was so enraptured with his descriptions of Highland scenery, that he actually took an inside place in the Inverness mail, in order, as he shrewdly remarked, "to judge for himself with his own eyes"—a feat which he would infallibly have accomplished, but for two reasons; first, that the coach passed the most picturesque part of the Highlands in the night-time; secondly, that the worthy alderman himself fell fast asleep during the best part of his journey. He returned home, however, as might have been expected, in ecstasies.

Among the number of those who caught this poetic influenza in its most alarming form, were the two Misses Spinks, daughters of Mr. Common-Council Spinks, once a mighty man on 'Change, but who had lately retired from business to enjoy life, alternately at his town house in Crutched-Friars, and his charming summer villa at Newington Butts, near the Montpellier Tea Gardens. As these young ladies lived next door to Mr. Spinkins, and cultivated the gentilities of society—a little neutralized, perhaps, by the circumstance of their indulging in certain pleonastic peculiarities of aspiration, by virtue of which the substantive "air" would be accommodated with an *h*, and the adverb "very" be transformed into a wherry—it may reasonably be inferred that they were much looked up to by their neighbours. The Misses Spinkins, in particular, took pattern by them in all things. They were the standards by which, in secret, they regulated their demeanor—the mirror in which they longed to see themselves at full-length reflected.

Things were in this state, when one morning Miss Spinks, a young lady of a grave and intellectual cast of mind, with a face broad at the forehead and peaked at the chin, like a kite, called at the Spinkinses for the purpose of inquiring the character of a servant maid. The Spinkinses were delighted by such condescension. Miss Spinks was such a charming young woman! such a dear creature!—so well-bred, so well-dressed, and, above all, so well-informed! Such, for at least a month afterwards, was the hourly topic of conversation at the grocer's table: it came up with the breakfast-tray, it helped to digest the dinner, it served as a night-cap after supper, until at length old Spinkins, in consideration of his neighbour's importance, was prevailed on to depart so far from his homely notions of household economy, as to allow his wife and children to return Miss Spinks' visit. In due time both parties, as a matter of course, became intimate; but as literature was all the rage at the Common Councilman's, the Misses Spinkins were for a time at fault, until a seasonable supply of novels, procured secretly from a fashionable publisher in the Minorities, enabled them to converse on a more equal footing.

It was just about this period that the Third Series of the Tales of My Landlord appeared. The Spinkses, who had heard from Alderman Dobbs that the descriptions were "uncommon like natur," of course read it;

so of necessity did the Spinkinses ; and, as Miss Spinks kept an album, it came to pass that she one day commissioned Thomas Spinkins to copy into it a few of the most notable passages. On what slight circumstances do the leading events of life depend ! The youth, delighted with his task, ventured, after concluding it, to interpolate some stanzas of his own ; Miss Spinks inquired who was the author ; when Tom, blushing, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, “ confessed the soft impeachment,” was instantly pronounced a genius, and as such introduced by the Spinkses to all their high acquaintances.

Genius ! What a fatal talisman exists in that portentous word ! How many industrious families has it led astray ! How much common-sense has it shipwrecked ! How many prospects, once bright and imposing, has it utterly, incurably blighted !

Astonished at her son’s promise, dazzled by the hopes of his preference, all Mrs. Spinkins’s usual good sense forsook her. The wisdom of the world was lost in the feelings of the mother. She gave play at once to the most ambitious expectations, and resolved henceforth not to let an hour escape without striving to inoculate her husband. With this view, she called every possible resource to her aid. She appealed to his affection as a father, to his pride as a man ; she pointed out the injustice, not to say the inhumanity, of thwarting the genius of Thomas ; she talked of his wealth, his deserts, his dignities ; and, finally, by some miracle, for which I have never yet been able to account, persuaded the old gentleman to relax so liberally in his anti-poetic notions, as to dispatch Thomas to Oxford, where he would infallibly have gained the prize poem, had it not, by some unaccountable mistake, been transferred to another.

It is from this period that the historian of the Spinkinses must date their decline and fall. Thomas returned home in due time from the University, a finished genius, but as poor as such geniuses are apt to be ; while his father, who now began to repent having sent him there, proposed buying him a share in a grocer’s shop at Whitechapel. But the gifted youth disdained such base employment. He had a soul above figs ! What ! Thomas Spinkins, Esq., of Brazen Nose, author of a poem which was within an inch of gaining the Chancellor’s Prize, stand behind the counter in a white apron, answering the demands of some uneducated customer for “ a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and change for sixpence !” Impossible ! the idea was revolting to humanity !

Nevertheless, something must be done : one cannot live upon gentility, even though certificated at Oxford. Old Spinkins was precisely of this way of thinking ; so, as a next resource, proposed articling his son to an attorney. But here again a difficulty presented itself. The business of a solicitor requires, it is well known, the impudence of a Yorkshire post-boy—whereas Thomas was diffidence itself. Law, then, was out of the question ; the church presented equal impediments ; the navy, though respectable, was inappropriate ; the army ruinously expensive. In this exigence, nothing remained but literature ; to which, after many an urgent, impassioned, but fruitless remonstrance from his father, the young man finally resolved to addict himself. Meanwhile, his kind patrons, the Spinkses, thinking naturally enough that genius should vegetate among congenial scenery, took him on a visit to their villa at Newington Butts, where, in a romantic summer-house, built up of red bricks and oyster-shells, he gave vent to some of the sweetest stanzas imaginable. One of these, inspired by that poetic ceremony, the Lord Mayor’s Show,

fell accidentally into the hands of his lordship himself, who pronounced the author to be "a clever fellow, and one as knew what's what." This opinion, delivered in public by so great a judge, soon made the round of Crutched-Friars; so that, whenever Thomas chanced to make his appearance in public, the very shop-boys would whisper admiringly after him, "I say, Jack, there goes a poet!"

Behold, then, our sensitive minstrel, the pride of his neighbourhood, the "young Astyanax" of his family! As such, it became him to affect eccentricity. Accordingly, he grew "melancholy and gentlemanlike," eschewed his cravat, and even advised his father to addict himself to Scott and Byron. But the old gentleman winced exceedingly at this proposal. Recollections of a poetic apprentice he once had, who had for some months carried on a very irregular flirtation with the till, came thronging fast upon his mind, and spurred him at once to a refusal. But what can resist the eternal solicitations of the shrewder sex? By day his daughter, by night his wife, kept teasing him into gradual compliance with their wishes. First he was prevailed on to dine at five, instead of two o'clock; secondly, to listen to his daughter's execution of "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love!" sung with a twist of the mouth peculiarly provocative of that passion; and, lastly (the severest cut of all), to give conversaziones to his son's literary acquaintances.

At these parties a strange and talented group never failed to present themselves. All were men of genius, but exhibited, in their respective persons, proofs of the amazing rancour that subsists between genius and gentility. Among them was a lively Irishman, named O'Blarney, a reporter for the daily press, with sandy hair, a nose that turned up like a fish-hook, and a mouth which, from its extensive dimensions, afforded the most copious facilities for grinning. This promising young Papist, whose estates unfortunately lay in the most Protestant part of Ireland, was the very gem of Mr. Spimkins' parties; and, as he mixed much in fashionable society, and could beat even a negro in dancing, his presence never failed to create a lively sensation at Crutched-Friars. Another of the old gentleman's guests was a rising versifier of twenty-two, whose appearance would have been sentiment itself, had not a pair of dingy whiskers, which grew back towards his ears, as if enamoured of the latter's unusual length, given him a slight touch of the grotesque. As it was, his fine, open, full-blown face, resembled a cherub on a country tomb-stone. It would be injustice to acknowledged ability were I here to omit the mention of another poet, whose genius taking an uxorious turn, exploded in admiring apostrophes to his wife. This bard displayed infinite sweetness of versification—as the extracts from the different reviews, inserted accidentally at the end of his volume—assured him. There were no intemperate sallies, no startling originality, no audacious imagery in his rhymes; all was sweetly and agreeably uniform, like the features on a barber's block. Such, with the addition of three historians from St. Mary Axe, two political economists from Long Acre, a pastoral writer from Wapping, and an essayist from Houndsditch, were the literati whose dazzling abilities illumined the fortunate neighbourhood of Crutched-Friars. Old Spimkins, meanwhile, to whom the whole scene was a novelty that well nigh took away his breath, kept moving backwards and forwards among his guests, oscillating in spirits between a sigh and a smile; at one moment looking grave and dignified, like the Scotch Highlander at a tobacconist's; at another, simpering sweetly and benignly,

and perpetrating, whenever he ventured on a remark, the strangest possible blunders. The three French consuls he invariably mistook for the three per cent. consols; quoted Moore's Almanack in illustration of Moore's Melodies; inquired whether those two great poets, Hogg and Bacon, were not of the same family; and, when asked his opinion of Crabbe, gave a decided preference to lobster.

This sort of work had continued for the best part of a year, during which time the good-natured old grocer had been subjected to every species of expense and annoyance; when one morning, towards the close of October, news arrived that a literary gentleman, for whom his son had persuaded him to become bail to a pretty considerable amount, had presented him, in return, with what is termed leg-bail—a species of gratitude whereby the locomotive powers are exercised at the expense of principle. The same post brought a letter from Miss Spinks at Newington, with the intelligence that Sophy—the sprightly Sophy Spinkins—who had been on a visit there for some days, had just set out with O'Blarney, on a hasty visit of inspection to the latter's estates at Monaghan. This letter enclosed another from the fair fugitive herself, in which she implored her father's forgiveness for the "rash step" she had taken; but assured him that immediately on her arrival at the old family castle, she should become Mrs. O'Blarney, and return home the very instant that her husband had secured his election for the county. The epistle concluded with affectionate remembrances to the family circle, and a hope that, when things were a little in order, her eldest sister would be prevailed on to accompany her back to Monaghan.

This intelligence, notwithstanding his son's very sanguine anticipations on the subject, annoyed poor Mr. Spinkins exceedingly; while, as if to fill up the measure of his tribulation, his former acquaintance at Crutched-Friars, finding that, for months past, he had shewn evident symptoms of a wish to cut them, began, in self-defence, to set up reports injurious to his reputation. Rumours so circulated soon obtained belief. First one customer dropped off—then a second—then a third—then a fourth, fifth, and sixth—until at length the whole neighbourhood set it down, confidently down in their minds, that the Spinkinses were a losing family. Even the parish-clerk himself, a person of considerable local authority, was heard to observe that they were getting too clever for business—an opinion which, pronounced gravely and oracularly by a gentleman in a double chin, produced an instantaneous effect.

But where all this time were the Spinkses? Where were they whose patronage should have shielded, and whose kindness should have cherished, the unfortunate but still interesting Spinkinses? Alas! they had set out, only a few weeks before, for the Holy Land, with the avowed intention of taking furnished lodgings for at least six months at Jerusalem.

As if this of itself were not sufficiently vexatious, Miss Spinkins took it into her head to espouse a gentleman for the very last thing a lady usually thinks of looking for in a husband—his intellect. The origin of her amour is curious. She had read in the Gentleman's Magazine the "Confessions of a Wanderer," who had been shipwrecked on the Thames at night-fall off Chelsea Reach; which Confessions were penned in so poetic a spirit, and described so feelingly the horrors of the catastrophe, the hoarse dash of the waves—the howling of the winds—and the subsequent encounter of the vessel against the fourth arch of Battersea Bridge, that the susceptible Miss Spinkins was on thorns till she became

acquainted with the author. This, by her brother's intervention, was soon brought about ; an invitation to dinner confirmed the intimacy ; the lady, like *Desdemona*, loved the Wanderer "for the perils he had passed ;" and he, like *Othello*, "loved her that she did pity them." It has been well said, one marriage makes many : scarcely had his sister embraced the nuptial state, when Thomas handed to the same altar a widow lady, whom he had accidentally met at Margate, and had mistaken for a person of quality, but who had since turned out to be the leading tragic actress of Sadler's Wells, at a rising salary of eighteen shillings per week, exclusive of benefits. It is but justice to add, that if this young lady brought her husband no fortune, she brought him, what to a sensitive mind is infinitely preferable, two fine boys, one of whom was breeched, the other yet in petticoats.

Such accumulated incidents—calamities he ungratefully called them—occurring to old Spinkins at a period when the mind, having lost the first elasticity of youth, is not yet mellowed down into the philosophy of age, but stands, restless and unsettled, between the two, in a sort of crepuscular condition, heaped "sackcloth and ashes on his head." He neglected his ledger, he neglected his house, he neglected himself, and, worst of all, he neglected his customers. In fact, for months together, he did nothing but sigh and swear. His family, even in this exigency, could render him not the slightest assistance. His daughter, who still lived with him, had, by a diligent cultivation of the intellect, long since forgotten the household duties of a wife ; her husband, as the old man used often to remark, "was of no more use than a cargo of damaged coffee ;" and even Thomas—the inspired Thomas himself—had dwindled down into a mere mortal, and now dwelt in aerial seclusion up two pair of stairs at Pentonville. Thus widowed in his age—for his wife, I should observe, had three months since transferred herself from his to Abraham's bosom—the disconsolate grocer abruptly sold his business, pensioned off his daughter and her "Wanderer," and retired alone, on a small annuity, to a back street in Islington—a memorable illustration of the March of Mind and its very peculiar concomitants.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with him, and gleaned the particulars of the history I have just ventured to sketch. Our intimacy continued upwards of a year, during which period I will do my old friend the justice to say, that I heard the anecdote of the poetic apprentice who had robbed him, at least a dozen times. Now and then, when I ventured to express my astonishment that a tradesman of his good sense, who held such proper notions on the score of poetry and punctuality, should have so far forgotten himself as to have encouraged the one, and abandoned the other, to his own manifest ruin, the venerable sage would answer, "True, Sir, but it was all my wife's doing. She kept perpetually telling me that the Spinkses—who, one would have thought must have been good judges, for they were capital customers, and always paid their way—had pronounced my son to be a genius, and that it was a shame to thwart his abilities ; so I was over-persuaded, you see, to send him to college, when, had he but stuck to business, who knows but he might have become a common-councilman ; or, perhaps, even in time a sheriff ! But there's no doing any thing with poets. I remember an apprentice of mine, once—— But I see you're affected !" —and here the old man would pause, shake the ashes from his pipe, and then revert to some less ungracious topic. It was on one of these occasions, when, having concluded a longer story than usual, he had stopped to take his customary allowance of breath, that on waking from a nap

which his affecting anecdotes rarely failed to bring on, I found him stretched in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. With some difficulty he was brought to his senses; but, a relapse occurring in a few days, it became but too evident that, like the late John Wesley, he had had a call—that, in short, his closing hour was come. I was with him in his last extremity, and have every reason to be satisfied with the Christian character of his exit. He swore most incredibly at all poets; left Thomas his blessing and six half-crowns; his daughter a MS. Essay, by the political economist of Houndsditch; and then, with a convulsive jerk of his left leg, which lamed the bed-post for life, set out on his travels to eternity, with the story of the apprentice on his lips.

Of his three children, Thomas is the sole survivor. The "Wanderer's" wife was taken off, about a fortnight since, by dyspepsia, the consequence of inordinate indulgence in tripe and toast-and-water; while her sprightly sister, Sophy, threw herself headlong into a mill-pond at Holyhead (having previously tied down her petticoats at the ankles), on being informed by O'Blarney, in one of those confidential moments which brandy-and-water seldom fails to elicit, that he was already the devoted husband of three wives and a proportionate abundance of pledges, and had quitted London not so much with a view to visit any Irish estates—which, as a matter of course, existed only in his fancy—as to obviate the personal inconveniences likely to arise from the circumstance of his having, in a moment of forgetfulness, appropriated to his own use the purse and pocket-book of one of his most intimate and valued acquaintances. The poor girl's body was fished up, a few days afterwards, by a Welsh clergyman, who was trolling in spectacles for pike; and a coroner's inquest having been summoned, the evidence of O'Blarney was taken, from which it clearly appeared that the deceased was at times insane, and, only two hours before her death, had made three attempts to swallow a salt-cellar. The young Irishman deposed to these and other facts with so much feeling, earnestness, and simplicity, that the coroner complimented him highly on his humanity; and an account of the inquest having been furnished by himself for the *North Wales Chronicle*, it soon afterwards made the round of the London newspapers, under the title of "Distressing Suicide."

Of poor Thomas, my account, I grieve to say, must be equally disheartening. An epic poem, on which he had been some months engaged, having not only failed, but even contributed to introduce its publisher to ready-furnished lodgings in the Fleet, he is now driven to the necessity of jobbing for minor periodicals, thereby adding one more to the already swollen catalogue of those who, mistaking the *ignis fatuus* of vanity for the sober radiance of intellect, start off prematurely on the voyage of life, without pilot to steer, compass to direct, or ballast to steady their course.

When I called on the young man, a few mornings since, I was much struck with his more than usually picturesque condition. Being always fond of air, he had hired a back attic, overlooking two charming gardens filled with clothes'-lines, and commanding a distant view of some brick-fields, a pig, and an Irish hodman from Carrickfergus. His wife was seated at the fire, watching a leg of mutton as it pirouetted before the grate, at the end of a bit of whipcord: Fernando, her eldest boy, was riding with manifest ecstasy on the back of an old chair: and her two other darling babes, Alphonso and Eleonora, were fast asleep, on a turn-up bedstead, in an adjoining room. Close by Thomas, who was busy writing reviews at a deal table with three legs, was an elderly cotton shirt, hanging to dry on a small wooden horse,

quite a pony in its dimensions ; and at the further end of the room, near the door, stood a pot of half-and-half, a pen'orth of pickled cabbage in a tea-cup, a twopenny French roll, a black horn dinner knife, and a fork with two prongs, both of which were broken. On observing these evident symptoms of domestic conviviality, I abruptly hastened my departure ; but, on my return home by way of Crutched-Friars, could not refrain from stopping an instant in order to survey my old friend's establishment. It was in the most deplorable condition possible. The voice of its till was mute ; the very fixtures themselves were removed ; and advertisements, three deep, specifying in large red characters the virtues of Daffy's Elixir, were posted up on door, wall, and window-shutter. Altogether, the scene was of the most affecting character, and forcibly impressed on my mind the calamities attendant on what Shakspeare calls " ill-judged ambition."

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FAREWELL TO DUBLIN.

FAREWELL to Dublin, threadbare city,  
 Where all are debtors—more's the pity ;  
 Where, like bagged cats, or spiders bottled,  
 Each bankrupt's by his brother throttled.  
 Farewell to catchpoles, tailors, duns,  
 Those modern Vandals, Goths, and Huns,  
 Farewell to Dan's Association,  
 Cockpit of swaggering starvation,  
 Farewell to Bradley King's old glorious !  
 Farewell to city feasts, uproarious ;  
 Attorney, sheriff, turnkey, gaoler,  
 Dust, gas, and smoke, and Major Taylor.  
 Farewell to Nelson and his Pillar  
 (Beanstalk, and Jack-the-Giant-killer) ;  
 To sleepy levees, ill attended,  
 Nobody happy till they're ended ;  
 To creaking concerts, tuneless squalls ;  
 To kick-shin parties, nicknamed balls ;  
 Dull drawing-rooms, and birth-day nights,  
 State-carriages, and Lord Mayor's sights ;—  
 To these, and ten times more, adieu !  
 Dublin, I hope I've done with you.  
 And is it thus, with careless heart,  
 From all my early ties I part ?  
 Sail, laughing, from my native shore,  
 Friends, kindred, home, to see no more ?  
 Is there no fond remembrance nigh  
 To chase the smile, and wake the sigh—  
 No spot, amid the dark dull scene,  
 To weeping Memory ever green ?  
 Alas ! the heart will often hide  
 Its wounds beneath the folds of pride :  
 The sun will smile on ruined towers,  
 The frost will gem the leafless bowers ;  
 The rose will blossom o'er the tomb,  
 And mock the faded with its bloom ;  
 And cold Despair will bring relief  
 To pangs that lie too deep for grief.  
 Away with care ! I'll woo the breeze  
 That speeds me o'er the willing seas.  
 Dimly recedes my once-loved home,  
 Faint and more faint gleam spire and dome ;  
 Mountain and grove, and stream and dell,  
 Melt like a dream ;—Farewell !—farewell !

## OUR COLONISTS, AND THEIR CALUMNIATORS.

It is because we feel intensely that, in these times, dangerous as they have been to the liberties of the country—still more dangerous as they are likely to be to its true interests—the most urgent necessity demands the adoption of prompt and vigorous measures to stem the tide of fraudulent innovation which is setting in so strongly, we recur to the subject of the West India Colonies. A topic of greater importance to the nation can hardly be agitated; and as it is impossible that, in the next session of parliament, whenever that may be held, the momentous questions connected with it can be any longer staved off, we earnestly apply ourselves to contribute, as far as our influence may extend, that portion of information which the public—by whom the question must, after all, be decided—ought to possess before they come to their decision.

In order to do this effectually, we must, in the first place, mark, as strongly as we may, the difference between the persons who are put forward as the ostensible opposers of the nation's colonial interests, and those who, having no interests but such as spring from their own base and dishonest views of gain, shelter themselves under the reputation and character of the former class, and make them the stalking-horse by which they hope to approach their victims securely, and to destroy them effectually. The first are, for the most part, pious, amiable, and enthusiastic, who, even in their "failings, lean to virtue's side." The others are those who would establish an East India monopoly upon the ruins of the West India commerce, and that tribe of Whigs, Radicals, and Infidels who are, and have ever been, the well-known enemies to the constitution and welfare of the empire, and to the decencies and comforts of well-regulated society. That two classes of persons, so entirely unlike each other—so utterly opposed in interests and feelings, acting upon principles, and seeking to attain ends so essentially different from each other—should be found to coalesce, passes all the wonders that have ever been wondered at; and yet it is not more strange than true that they are now united, and that they labour with combined forces to ruin and destroy the West India Colonies.

Another distinction, always to be kept in mind, is that which exists between the cause in which the only honest part of this most unnatural confederacy first embarked, and that in which they are now engaged. Much as we deplore the extent to which the former antagonists of the Colonies have carried their hostility, we are ready to admit that the motives which first influenced them were pure and honourable. The annihilation of the detestable traffic in slaves is at once their most honourable triumph, and an irrefragable proof of the virtue and purity of their motives; but who is there so wilfully blind as not to see that the existence of slavery in the modified form, and under the influence of the gradual, but not slow amelioration in the moral condition of our slave population which is now in progress throughout the British Colonies, has nothing whatever to do with that odious system, at the contemplation of which the heart of man revolts? Will any one, who has considered the subject at all, who has read upon it at all, even though his reading should not have extended beyond the statements of the anti-colonists, deny that the question whether such slavery as is at this moment recognized by law should be abolished by law (for it ought to be in no other way abolished, notwithstanding the charitable suggestions of some of the anti-colonists, who recommend bayonets and bloodshed), and the ques-

tion as to the existence of the slave trade, are as widely distinct as any two propositions that the wit of man can devise? That the one is a matter which does not admit of dispute—that every feeling of humanity, to say nothing of the feelings of people to whom freedom is dearer than life and all that life can give, at once indignantly repudiates the very notion of sanctioning the horrid trade in human blood—and that the other subject involves a question of national policy, and is simply whether, under the circumstances in which the trade, the capital, and the foreign relations of this country, have become connected with the agriculture of her Colonies, it is, in the first place, possible that that agriculture can be conducted by any other method than such as now prevails there? and, if that be practicable, what are the means by which the change—when a change shall have been determined on—shall be effected? It has been proved, beyond all contradiction, that the slaves in our Colonies live under the protection of humane and efficient laws—that it is the interest as well as the duty of the Colonists to preserve them in health and comfort—and that they practise that duty not only as Christians and Englishmen ought to do, but in such a manner as some Englishmen who call themselves Christians, and who are not Colonists, might well blush at the contemplation of. The question then is clearly one of mere policy; no one who means to be honest, and who is not a slave to his prejudices—who can resist the influence of gross imposture and hypocrisy, even when they make their approach in the guise of truth and piety, and who has a regard for his own reputation—can deny that it is such a question of policy that it has no connexion with, or relation to, the odious subject of the slave trade. And yet, the anti-slavery partizans either treat, or suffer them to be treated, as if they were the same; they press into the service of their present enterprize all the facts and arguments which served the abolitionists of that traffic, and hire for the support of their cause weapons which were never yet wielded but for the purpose of destroying the institutions that every good man ought to guard with his life.

But that the consequences of the mischievous industry with which they pursue their designs, would, if they should succeed, produce any rather than mirthful feelings, the present proceedings of the Anti-Slavery, or, as they ought rather to be called, Anti-Colonist, partizans would be extremely diverting. The adroitness with which they avail themselves of every event they can make to bear upon their design of misleading the public judgment, the unscrupulous welcome which they give to every ragamuffin who offers to assist in the war they have begun upon the Colonies, are most extraordinary. With the exception of that celebrated one for the recovery of the Holy Land, there has been no parallel to the crusade that is carrying on for the destruction of the West India interests.\* In the one, as in the other, pious fanatics led the van, and a

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\* A very slight variation from the description which Fuller gives of the crusaders, would make it applicable to the Anti-Colonists:

“We must in charitie allow, that many of them were truly zealous, and went with pious intents. These were like to those of whom Bellarmine speaketh, who had no fault, *præter nimiam sanctitatem*, too much sanctitie, which a learned man interpreteth too much superstition. But besides these well meaning people, there went also a rabble-rout, rather for company than conscience. Debtors took this voyage on them as an acquittance from their debts, to the defrauding of their creditors. Servants counted the conditions of their service cancelled by it, going away against their master's will. Thieves and murderers took upon them the crosse to escape the gallows. Adulterers did penance in their armour. A

countless number of robbers and knaves made up the ranks. In each, the avowed object of the undertaking influenced but a few of those who were engaged in it; those few were mistaken, and the rest were actuated only by a desire to gratify their bad passions, or to accomplish most unworthy purposes.

Among all the adherents whom the Anti-Colonists have not scrupled to adopt, the "learned Thebans" of the *Westminster Review* are the last that one could have thought they would like to enroll in their lists. *Per fas aut nefas*, seems, however, to be the motto upon their banners; and as there has appeared in the last number of that most sagacious, and decent, and discreet publication, an article in which the writer exhausts all his powers of abuse and invective upon the West India Colonies generally, the Anti-Slavery Society, pure and pious as they are, have bought it from the "conductors of that able work," and propose to publish it separately, in a cheap form. Considering its real worth, it ought to be in a *cheap* form, for there is certainly no coin current in these realms that would not be a most extravagant price for it. A more impudent piece of ribaldry the licentious press of this most licentious age never produced. It is clearly written under the influence of "ale, or viler liquor;" the author's drunkenness betrays itself in every line. The raving incoherence of the nonsense with which it is filled, render it impracticable even to attempt any distinct reply to it, and the natural repugnance which all decent people must feel against engaging in a conflict with such an antagonist, is another reason for not touching him. What can be the result of a set-to with a chimney-sweeper? You may beat him, and be cheered by the by-standers; but only reflect for a moment how miserably you would befoul yourself! And yet, not for his sake, but for that of his patrons, we must have a word with him.

The article which the Anti-Slavery Association mean to spread with all the influence they possess, is headed with the "trial and condemnation of Esther Hibner," who was hanged for murdering a poor child, and the "despatch of Mr. Huskisson on the subject of the cruelties perpetrated by the Mosses, in the Bahamas." This is a device worthy of its inventor, but surely not worthy of the Anti-Slavery Society, if they possess, or would claim any character among honest people. There is but one conclusion that they can seek to have drawn from it, which is, that the general treatment of slaves in the West Indies, by the owners of estates there, is similar to that for which Esther Hibner was executed. Quite as just, and quite as true would it be to say, because in all ranks of the Church and State, individuals are to be found who disgrace the station they fill, that all who are in the same station are equally disgraced;—that because Lord Ferrers, and Fauntleroy, and Hunton were hanged, all the peers of Great Britain are addicted to the crimes of murder, and that all the bankers and quakers are, to a man, swindlers and forgers.

Another notable statement which the anti-colonists desire to have circulated, is, that "If the West India Islands, with all their abominations, were to sink into the sea to-morrow, the British people instead

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lamentable case that the devil's black-guards should be God's soldiers! And, which was more, women (as if they would make the tale of the Amazons truth) went with weapons, in men's clothes, a behaviour at the best immodest; and modestie being the ease of chastitie, it is to be feared, that where the case is broken, the jewel is lost."—*The Hist. of the Holy War*, l. 1. c. 12.

of being losers would be gainers." Now what the Caliban of the Westminster Review chooses to say goes, we know, for just nothing; but the anti-slavery body pledge themselves to the truth of this; that is, they have the effrontery to say, that the total loss of colonies which pay the expences of their internal government, civil and military, with the exception of a very small sum that is contributed by this country, and which, besides, return annually to Great Britain, in imports and exports, more than fifteen millions sterling, would be a gain to the people. The arithmetical calculations of these good people are marvellous! This is a point which admits of no dispute; assertion on the one hand or the other would be equally idle; the Parliamentary Returns prove the facts, and upon those facts we are content to rely. We must, however, whisper in the ear (not of the "drunken monster," who, his task being done, is probably trying to sleep off his debauch), but of the anti-colonists, that there are other ways of losing colonies besides their sinking in the sea. Dead men, it is true, tell no tales; but there have been instances of colonies, the loss of which was attended with a bitter cost of blood, and of remorse which can never die.

It is of course, that such a writer as the one we are now speaking of, would repeat the hackneyed assertion, that a monopoly is granted to the West Indies, in the trade of sugar; and that the advantages which are given to the colonial trade, act practically as a tax upon the English people for the support of slavery. This is nothing more or less than an impudent falsehood;—the advantages which the colonists enjoy, they would not ask for, they would not even accept, but that the manner in which this country has chosen to deal with them and their property, has created a system, of which the drawback upon exports is necessarily a part, and they take, even in that shape, nothing from this country but a part, a very small part, of that which they have before communicated to it.

So far from the people of this country paying for the support of slavery, the truth is that slavery pays for their support. We do not say, that if it could be shown to be unjust, it ought, for that reason, to be continued,—but we do say that it began here, and not in the colonies,—that it is by the laws, and under the sanction of this country, that such slavery as exists has been established; and that this country's revenue is increased by it, to an extent not to be considered as wholly insignificant by any but the anti-colonists and their tools.

All this, however, wretched trash as it is, could excite no other feeling than contempt; but there is another part of the article which places the real meaning of the writer in a much more distinct light, and which shows the motives which actuate the Anti-Slavery Society, or at least that part of the society who have the management, and who venture to give the money, and pledge the names of their constituents to a proposition which, if acted upon, (and God knows how soon, by such means, it may be acted upon!) would deluge the colonies with blood.

"It is as clear," quoth Caliban, "as the day, that their (the colonists') system altogether, is one which every Englishman, in his own person, knows it would be honour and glory to demolish by the bayonet. Every Englishman knows that the right of resistance to personal slavery, is as clear and distinct a right as that of resistance to the wild beasts of the forest. If this is not law there is no law,—it is time for every man

to take his musquet, if he has one, and be a law unto himself. It is not men meeting together, with certain forms, and calling themselves the Honourable *this*, or the Worshipful *that*,—that can legalize what, in its own nature, is contrary to the purposes for which human society is formed.” \* \* \* “Not a soldier or officer is sent to the colonies, who does not know that the only way of reconciling his service with the duty of an honest man, or the honour of a gentleman, is by considering himself as the guardian of the great acts of justice which must speedily take place.”

Now this, it must be confessed, is speaking plainly; “this looks rebellion!” this, from the agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, whose sentiments that society adopts, and whose opinions they circulate at their own expence—for, cheaply as they may affect to sell them, they know, and we know, that unless the publication in which they are contained be given away, it will not be read at all—is better than twenty thousand of their own milk and water productions, in which “they palter with us in a double sense” and assume the language and tone of charity and good-will to men, while they thirst for the blood of their fellow creatures and fellow countrymen. There can be no mistaking this. *Les Amis des Noirs* never uttered the cravings of their sanguinary hearts more plainly in the Revolutionary Assemblies of France, when they gave the signal for the atrocities which took place in St. Domingo; the memory of which is yet so recent that many men now living retain it in all its original horror, and the history of which will make the hearts of men yet unborn quake while they read it! The Caliban of the Westminster goes even further than the mere utterance of such opinions: he recommends their diffusion in the West Indies, among the slaves themselves; and who can doubt that by means of the influence of the Anti-Colonists, his recommendation will be put into practice? Then, if their wishes be accomplished, must be acted over again the same scenes of atrocity and terror. Again that most dreadful of all wars, a *bellum servile*, will desolate the lands where plenty, and, in spite of all that Caliban and his abettors would urge, contentment now smile; and all that has been done towards the improvement, moral and physical, of the slave population, all the effects of religious and other instruction, by which, in the process of time, that population would be raised to the proper rank of intellectual beings, would be undone and blasted! We speak of no imaginary evils. Unhappily for human nature, and to the disgrace of the present age, St. Domingo—or Hayti, as, in the vain hope of obliterating the appalling recollections that are for ever associated with it, it has since been called—furnishes a practical instance of the only effects that can be produced by such measures as the Anti-Slavery Society, repudiating the exertions of the religious missionaries whom they *first* employed, now recommend, under the advice and with the co-operation of the Westminster Review!

To go through the detail of the atrocities, which under the same pretext were committed in St. Domingo, would be impossible on this occasion; but we extract a short statement of some of the most noted, from a recent publication by one of the best informed and most able writers on the questions connected with the Colonies.

“A few of the horrors committed in St. Domingo may be here noticed as a warning to those who have colonies peopled by African slaves.

“The wife and three daughters of M. Faville, while imploring mercy for him, saw the husband and father cut to pieces before their eyes by the savages. Carried away captives, they were reserved for a more horrid fate.

“On the estate of M. Gallifet the negroes had been treated kindly to a proverb. When the revolt began, M. Odeluc, the attorney, thinking they would remain faithful, went out to the plantation with a friend and some soldiers. He found them in open rebellion, *and their standard was the body of a white infant, which they had recently impaled on a stake.* Himself, his friend, and most of the soldiers, were murdered without mercy, a few only of the patrolle escaping to tell the dreadful tale.

“M. Blen, an officer of police, was nailed alive to one of the gates of his plantation, and his limbs, one by one, chopped off with an axe.

“A poor man, named Robert, a carpenter, was dragged from his hiding place, and that he might die in the way of his occupation, the savages deliberately sawed him asunder.

“M. Cardinneau, a planter of Grande-Rivière, offered two of his own mulatto children money to remain faithful. They took the money, and then stabbed their parent to the heart.

“In the parish of Limbe, at a place called Great Ravine, a venerable planter, who had two beautiful daughters, while he was tied down, saw his eldest ravished before his eyes by one barbarian, and his youngest delivered over to another to be subjected to the same fate.

“Near Jeremie a body of mulattoes secured M. Sejourne and his wife in their own house. The monsters murdered the husband before the eyes of his wife. She was far advanced in pregnancy. They ripped her up alive, and threw the infant to the hogs. They then (how shall I relate it?) sewed up the head of the murdered husband in ———— !!!

“At another place, a favourite negro murdered his master. Stretched on the dead body of his master, the villain’s mistress was afterwards subjected to the assassin’s lust.

“All the white and mulatto children whose fathers had not joined the revolt were murdered, without exception, before the eyes, or clinging to the bosoms of their mothers. Young women of all ranks were first violated by a troop of barbarians, and frequently afterwards put to death. Some of them were reserved for the further gratification of the savages; and others had their eyes scooped out with a knife.”

And these are “the great acts of justice that must *speedily* take place” —such are the scenes which the Anti-Slavery Society wish to have renewed. These are the tender mercies of a body who pretend to be actuated by the principles of Religion; whose charity towards the negroes is so abundant, that they would fain indulge them with the diversions of murder, and violation, and torture, at the expense of the Christian community, their own compatriots, who, under the sanction and in full reliance upon the truth and consistency of the British nation and its government, have established themselves in those distant regions. Faugh! the pretence is too gross; and for once, at least, we thank the Anti-Slavery Society for having thrown off the mask and shewn the hideous purpose they contemplate in all the nakedness of its atrocity.

The writer of Westminster, who, although he has the ingenuity to lay a trap for the Anti-Slavery Society, into which their purblind worships have fallen, has his own views, which are wholly distinct from those held by that venerable and most humane body, brings in, as if by accident,

the subject of East India sugar ; for which purpose alone his article was written. He denies that there is any thing like slavery in the East Indies. We do not propose to enter into this matter very deeply. The publications of Mr. Saintsbury, in which there is more true and rational piety and charity, as well as incomparably more of indisputable fact and of sound argument, than in all that has ever emanated from the press of the anti-colonists, have abundantly proved the falsehood of this assertion ; and, if further proof were needed, it may be found by any body who will take the trouble to look for it in the voluminous mass of Parliamentary Papers published on the subject of slavery in the East Indies. We say, without the fear of contradiction, that *the agricultural labour of a great part of the East Indies is performed by slaves!* But, in the name of common sense, is it necessary for the cause we maintain to prove this? Is it not a matter of notoriety, that the whole system of the East India Company is one of slavery, and monopoly, and coercion, of the very worst kind? Are they not themselves, by turns, despots and slaves of the most odious and contemptible description? Are they not obliged to divert the attention of the slaves, whom they call "the Company's servants," to the acquisition, no matter how, of immense fortunes for themselves, in order that their own ill-gotten and precarious influence may be preserved? Is not public opinion stifled in India by means the most unjust? and is there any thing like a free man among the persons employed by the tea-dealers of Leadenhall-street? Are they not, at this moment, engaged in an attempt to ward off the approaching inquiry into their affairs, by picking a quarrel about their pay and allowances with the soldiery they employ, in the hope that the British government may think it not worth while to encounter the difficulties which attend their management of the distant provinces under their care? And is it in favour of such a body as this that the West India colonists are to be derided—and by such hands? Is it for the sole purpose of enabling this *august* company to sell, at a ridiculous and unreasonable profit, the sugar they produce by means of *their* slaves, that the West India colonists are to be reduced to beggary and ruin?

But the concluding passage—and we are glad to have arrived at it—of the Westminster article is curious. Caliban recommends the Anti-Slavery Society to make a figure of a negro woman in cheap clay, and to write under it, "We still pay a poll-tax to support the flogging of women in Jamaica," in the hope that it may be placed by the side of Paul Pry on the chimney pieces of half the working men in England. We think the society cannot do better, since they circulate "the article," than to follow the advice it gives. It is advice worthy of the source from which it comes; but it shows at the same time the utter lack of wit, the poverty of invention of the rogues who offer it. No one can have forgotten the similar device which was practised by a gifted radical, who was one of the most renowned of the sages of the *Westminster Review*—he may be the very Caliban whom we are discussing—and it is by no means unlikely. He had conceived a most indescribable remedy, as he called it, for the too rapid increase of population, and used to amuse his leisure by dropping papers, in which the method of practising his invention was explained, down the areas and into the houses about the metropolis. He went further, and sent some of them into the manufacturing districts for distribution, when a woman into whose hands they fell (this was at Manchester, and he was at London,

so she could not spit in his face) sent them to the secretary of state, and indignantly appealed to him, whether, in a country like this, so flagrant an offence against common decency ought not to be punished by the law of the land? That it might be, and that it ought to have been punished, there can be no doubt; but perhaps it was a more discreet course to leave the lurking knave in the obscurity to which he was born, and from which the grossest of his follies has not been able to remove him. But such are the people—such are the counsels that the Anti-Slavery Society patronises, and well are they worthy of each other. It is not necessary to speculate upon the effect which such “cheap clay” might produce among the working classes of England; but we have no doubt that this Westminster proposition would produce as much disgust and indignation among the negro-women of Jamaica, as its former one did among the women of England.

We have, however, done with the Caliban and his promoters, and we return to the question upon which the existence of the Colonies depends, namely, whether England will extend to them that just protection against their numerous enemies, of which they stand in great need, and to which their present importance and their past services entitle them. There are two points, and two only, on which this question has to be considered: the first is the political importance of these colonies to the empire; the second, the moral obligation, if there be any such, of putting an end to the system by which the Colonies have been established. The first includes the value of the Colonies to Great Britain in peace and in war—the great wealth of which they have been the sources, and of which, in spite of free trade, and short-sighted new-fangled schemes, and every other kind of mismanagement, they will continue to be the sources—and the power with which they have armed this country to repel her distant enemies, and to strike rapid and effectual blows against those who would have assailed her peace and prosperity. The second is a question of no less moment than delicacy; for, whatever be the advantages which shall be proved to have been derived by this country from her Colonies, we shall not be found amongst those who would deny that they must unhesitatingly be sacrificed, if the retention of them be found incompatible with the principles of moral justice, or inconsistent with that Christian religion which has been said, not less truly than emphatically, to be part and parcel of the constitution of this country.

To estimate the political importance of her colonies to this country, let us look to the experience of the past half century—to go further back, would strengthen the position for which we contend—and see what is the picture the events of those years present—what is the demonstrative proof they afford. The shipping interests of the country have been improved to a degree as much beyond all former precedent in this country, as it surpasses that of every other. The British navy has not only been kept up, in a force which bids defiance to all rivalry, but a constant supply has been at all times furnished by the crews employed in the colonial trade, than whom, abler or braver seamen never sailed. The manufactures of Great Britain, have been carried to markets, which, but for the facilities the colonial trade afforded, they never could have reached; have been sold under circumstances in the highest degree advantageous, and in return a great influx of wealth has found its way into this country, which with all its distresses, and in spite of mismanagement—in spite even of the free-trade vagaries of modern politicians—makes it the most opulent country under the sun. And

these things have happened, too, during a period when all the powers of Europe were banded against her,—when she was assailed by formidable competition, as well as by bitter and unceasing enmity; and have been achieved in mockery of the Milan and Berlin decrees, by which that “fool of fortune,” whose rapid successes seemed to act like the spell of an enchanter, over all the other countries of the world, and the sheer audacity and impudence of whose boasts not unfrequently helped their fulfilment, threatened to chain up her commerce, and to drive her merchant ships from the seas, “for lack of argument.” Besides this, the field which the colonies have furnished to the employment of that redundant capital, which, unemployed, would become a worse evil than poverty, the opportunities they have afforded of spreading English feelings and habits, with the English language and laws, to the uttermost parts of the earth, have made immense additions to the national wealth, honour, and importance. Another point, which will not be lost sight of by men of sane and honest judgments, in considering the political advantages of the colonies, arises from the circumstance of all dealings with our own colonies, being in their nature capable of infinite ramifications and sub-divisions, all of which increase the riches of the mother country, while the ultimate result is that the fortunes acquired there, large or small, must come back to be spent here. These are no speculations, these are not hardy assertions, made to support a particular theory, or an individual interest; they are *facts*, the proof of which lies within every man’s knowledge or his reach, and which have been, over and over again, proved beyond all doubt or question.

Such, then, being the political importance of the Colonies to this country, is it not advisable to pause before we are asked to relinquish them? Does it not become statesmen to ascertain, before they cast from the country it is their lot to govern, such advantages as these, whether they can be, and the means by which they can be, replaced? If there be statesmen who are wilfully blind, or who are weak enough to be imposed upon by theorists and knaves, does it not become the people of this country to consider well what may be the consequences of the measures which have been threatened, and which the voices of too many thoughtless persons have helped to sanction? Will the manufactures of Birmingham, Manchester, and Norwich—the ship-owners of London, Liverpool, and Bristol—the capitalists whose wealth has been invested upon the repeatedly pledged faith of this country, and in the belief that if a sacrifice of the national honour were contemplated, a sense of common interest would be sufficient to prevent it—will they engage in a scheme as iniquitous as it is rash, and of which the certain consequence must be their own impoverishment and ruin? Will they believe that the loss of the West India Colonies would be a gain to the British people?

Then for the other ground upon which the anti-colonists justify their opposition—namely, that the existence of slavery is so odious and reprehensible that at whatever cost and loss to the shipping and commercial and monied interests of the country, it ought to be at once abolished. If they could make out this position, we might admit that the consequence they seek to establish ought to follow; but that, like the other ground of their clamorous enmity, will be found to fail, when it is fairly and fully investigated. In the first place, it is a fact which must never be lost sight of in the discussion of this question, that negro slavery, as it exists in the West Indies, whatever be the evils attendant upon it,

has been established there by the authority of the British government; and, besides, that although slavery is in this country repugnant to the principles of the British constitution, and could under no circumstances be either justified or endured, it is in its practical effects very different in those places to which allusion is made. It has been demonstrated that the fertile but burning soil of the West India islands, can only be cultivated by the labour of such persons as are there employed in its tillage; that the negroes, from the peculiar laws of their physical constitutions, from their activity and strength, their power not only of enduring the heat which would extract the very vitals of an European, but from their capacity of accommodating themselves to the various changes of climate, are the only race of human species who are able to undergo the toil indisputably attendant upon the cultivation of cotton and sugar and coffee. The situation they fill is that of agricultural labourers. They are by law enabled to acquire property, and are protected in the enjoyment of it; they are as much under the care and superintendance of the laws as are the people of this country, always making such allowance as is necessary for the difference between the country in which they are born and this. They are required, in return for advantages and immunities which agricultural labourers in this country do not possess, to submit to regulations that could not be here enforced. Whether this is a state of things which ought or ought not to be changed, is a point that need not now be mooted. It is enough to know that if changed, it must be changed gradually;—it ought to satisfy the advocates of a change, that the process of amelioration has been begun, and has been carried on as rapidly as is consistent with the welfare of the slaves and the existence of the empire. As to any peculiar hardships which are said to rest upon the slaves of the English Colonies, a grosser misrepresentation never was practised; they are confessedly in a better position for all purposes than the slave agricultural labourers of the East Indies, or than the peasantry of Russia or Poland; nay, it has been said by a recent traveller, who will not be accused of any partiality in favour of the Colonies, that their condition is better than that of the working classes of Great Britain.

Mr. Robert Owen, in a recent letter to a correspondent in England on the subject of Negro Slavery, has the following passage:—"I was anxious to see the state of slavery in Jamaica, which I had an opportunity of witnessing two days afterwards at Kingston; and, after conversing with several of the domestic slaves, and seeing the proceedings of a large number in the market-place for two hours, and meeting great numbers coming from the mountains, and other parts of the country, as I was going to the admiral's and bishop's residences, some distance in the interior, I have no hesitation in stating most distinctly, that their condition, with the exception of the term *slavery*, is, in most respects, better than that of our working classes, and that a very large portion of our operatives and labourers would most willingly exchange situations with them."

In order to satisfy one's mind that such slavery as that of our colonies is not inconsistent with the spirit or opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, it is not necessary to prove that those doctrines in any respect proscribe the existence of slavery: it is enough to know that it is not positively forbidden; and to know, also, that it existed when the sublime principles of that faith were first published on earth. In so far as slavery or oppression of any kind militates against those principles, it is detest-

able, and ought to be abolished; but it is an act of the grossest impiety to resort to the holy name of that religion to justify such statements as are put up by the anti-colonists. Mr. Canning was once taunted with a similar reproach, and made a reply, which must be satisfactory to every candid mind; in the course of which he pointed out that remarkable characteristic of submission and obedience, that contentedness to effect, by its silent and untiring influence, the object of its institution, which has distinguished the Christian religion from the moment of its revelation. "The course of the Christian religion," he said, "has always been to adapt itself to the circumstances of the place and time in which it was seeking to make a progress; to accommodate itself to all stations of life, to all varieties of ailing or suffering; restraining the high; exalting the lowly, by precepts applicable to all diversities of situation; and alike contributing to the happiness of man, and providing for his welfare, whether connected with his highest destinies, or descending with him to his lowest degradation—whether mounting the throne of the Cæsars, or comforting the captive in his cell!"

If the practices of the colonists are opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, let them fall! If they do not administer, with humanity and kindness to the wants of their slaves, let them be visited as they will deserve to be, by the execration of all mankind! But if they are found—as it has been proved, to even tedious repetition, that they have been—aiding the progress of religious and other instruction among their slaves, and doing their utmost and best to give effect to those measure for ameliorating the condition of the slave population which have been suggested by this country's government; and if their only crimes are those of having first trusted the faith of that government, and next declining to adopt the speculative notions of men who are either their open or covert foes, and which could only end in the destruction of their property, the loss of the Colonies, and the total degradation of the negroes, in whose favour the pretence is made;—if this be the real statement of the case (and upon this we are content it should stand or fall), is the treatment to which they are exposed, that which they have deserved, or which it is compatible with the honour of the British people to bestow on them? Do there exist reasons or the shadows of reasons for calling them irreligious and inhuman? Do there exist reasons why this country should relinquish the advantages she derives from her Colonies? And in what part of that Christianity, of which they make profession, do the members of the Anti-Slavery Society find an authority for giving over the fields of our Colonies to such devastation as has raged in St. Domingo; and the bodies of our countrymen, and their wives and daughters, to the butcheries, and even worse horrors which were there committed under an excitement precisely similar to that which they and their satellites are now trying to raise? Christianity must change its nature and its divine precepts before it can either need or accept the aid of such a publication as the *Westminster Review*; and the very names of justice, humanity, and compassion, are grossly prostituted when they are associated with the sanguinary cry of the fanatic whom the Anti-Slavery Society have taken into their pay, and whose war-whoop they re-echo. Let the people whom they have deceived learn from the publication they adopt as their own what are their notions of Christianity, and what mercy they, who affect to be full of pity for the negroes, would shew to their own countrymen!

## KING ROTHSCHILD!

SINCE Sultan Mahmoud is clean gone to the dogs,  
 "Our peoples" are leaving the island of fogs;  
 Old England's no place for the pensh of a Jew—  
 So Rag-Fair, Moorfields, and Whitechapel, adieu!  
 They are bound for the land where King Rothschild is gone;  
 So, Rabbis, "Huzza for the new Solomon!"

Old Hirschel shall give up the sale of old breeches,  
 And hunt in his targum the secret of riches;  
 Ben Cohen be punster supreme to the King;  
 Shadrac, pawnbroker; Levi, bear watch-chain and ring;  
 Belasco be *champion*, an out-and-out one;  
 And Nathan Jew's-harp to the new Solomon!

They shall tramp it on shore, and shall sail it in ship;  
 They shall march without sixpence, and travel with *scrip*:  
 Ye trusting Egyptians, take care of your locks,  
 For to them 'tis no shame to be seen in the *Stocks*:  
 Your souls they'll *Consol-e*, until stript to the bone,  
 You'll have cause to remember their new Solomon.

Grim Goldsmid shall blow the ram's-horn in his front;  
 Lousada shall paddle his Majesty's punt;  
 Hyman Hurwitz and Bowring be chief dragomani,  
 Old Mark Montefiore be pre-eminent zany;  
 Ben Gompertz be ass-master next to the throne;  
 And Isaacs first scribe to the new Solomon.

Greek-jobbing Ricardo shall carry the purse,  
 When the Palestine loan is in want of a nurse;  
 D'Israeli the Younger, by royal decree,  
 Is appointed his majesty's maker of tea;  
 The Elder, grand gleaner of stuff dead and gone,  
 Like his own, premier fudge to the new Solomon.

Then all "our true brethrens" shall plainly be seen,  
 No longer compelled to shave, shirt, and live clean;  
 Rabbi Brownlow will shine as old Judas again;  
 Rabbi Dawson Iscariot, shall come from his den;  
 Rabbi Peel, for the pharisee publicly known,  
 Shall be turnspit in chief to the new Solomon.

Rabbi Rowan shall command his blue-devil police;  
 Rabbi Knox teach the Levites the firstlings to fleece;  
 Rabbi Lethbridge, first mummer, shall throw *Somersets*;  
 Rabbi Hertford be chartered prime maker of bets;  
 Rabbi Law with his beard wipe the steps of the throne,  
 And kiss toe or tail of the new Solomon.

Rabbi Scarlett will act the *Diabolus* still—  
 None fitter on earth that high office to fill;  
 Rabbi Copley, of husbands the fondest that lives,  
 Is appointed to manage his majesty's wives;  
 Rabbi Herries will carry the staff of chief dum,  
 And turn cent. per cent. for the new Solomon.

Rabbi Goulburn, that doth for the pension-list pant  
 Like the hart for the waters, shall furnish the cant—  
 Chief minstrel of jobs, he shall turn up his eyes,  
 Sob, snuffle, and sigh, till he grasps at the prize;  
 Then, like Herries, grow rich—till the new Spec. is blown,  
 And the beggar he was comes back King Solomon!

PROSE BY A VERSIFIER, AND VERSE BY A PROSER; A GENTLEMAN WHOSE TIME HANGS HEAVY ON HIS HANDS:—NO. II.—A RAMBLE IN LONDON.

—I DO not mean in the Parks, or in Bond Street, or in Bond Street's rival—Regent Street; or to the Cosmorama, or the Diorama, or any other of the thousand-and-one oramas which on every side invite the busy idler; or to the Tower, or to St. Paul's, or even to Westminster Abbey, with its thrilling recollections, about which so much bad prose and worse verse has been written:—no, I mean in the City of London—in Aldermanbury, and Crutched Friars, and Walbrook, and the Minories, and Great and Little Eastcheap—(alas for the Boar's Head—the palace of wit and revelry! where Jack Falstaff reigns for ever: the tavern is no more, but the sign still grins at you in stone);—in strange places with fantastic names, where nothing is paid for admittance, but where, for all that, the most wonderful of all arts and mysteries is practised before your eyes—the art of making money by wholesale; and, after all, money is power—at least in London, let philosophers say what they please about knowledge.

I warn you, if you are a man of fashion, or of pleasure—if you are an antiquarian, or political economist—to spare yourself unnecessary trouble, and let me take my ramble alone; but if you can find amusement in the quaint speculations which arise in a man's mind, whether he will or no, as he wanders through the busiest, and most motley, and most incongruous crowd in the world, he himself having nothing on earth to do at the time, except to float unresistingly with the living stream, and wonder, after a desultory fashion, at the ever-changing scene (taking especial heed of the broad-wheeled waggons—for, I can assure you, they are no respecters of philosophers); if so, I have no objection to giving you my arm for an hour or two, while we wander through “the great Wen,” or “the mighty Babel,” or whatever else you think fit to call what, in law, topography, and common parlance, is termed the City of London.

I cannot tell whether the thought has ever occurred to you or not; but, for my own part, I can never, when in “the City,” get rid of the idea that I am in a huge prison, doomed never to escape from the labyrinthine mazes of brick, rising around and hemming me in on every side, moulded into all grotesque varieties of form—widened into streets—twisted in capricious corkscrew evolutions—squeezed into alleys that seem designed for a race of profiles, rather than a generation of beef-eating shopkeepers, but never ending—never expanding into open rectilinear vistas, with the country—the dear country in the distance. I have penetrated into the wilderness of the city, I know not how far; but I have never, even in my longest and most adventurous journey, perceived the slightest vestige of by-gone pastoralism, the most insignificant relic of nature's sway: I have seen some ignorant, presumptuous books, which affect to fix the era of the foundation of London; but they are all fables. Such as it is, I am perfectly satisfied it has been from the beginning of time: its perennial alleys and everlasting mazes are coeval with the foundation of the world.

Do not imagine, from any thing I have said, that there are no trees in the City; on the contrary, you will find them in every nook—aye,  
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full-grown trees, with real leaves: I ascertained that fact beyond a doubt, for I plucked some of them; but they are no more like country leaves than their rivals at Sadler's Wells or the Cobourg. They have a plethoric, over-fed look about them; they are redolent of the rank city; their dark, unhealthy green is as like the verdure of the grove as the purple of an alderman's cheek is to the rosy bloom of Cicely, when she sees "Tummas" peeping through the honeysuckle-shaded lattice. But they are real, live trees. How they got into the city, poor things! I know not: at all events, there they are, fairly caught, planted, and built about; and they will never get out, that is certain. Do not fancy them drooping with heat, and covered with dust,—no such thing; the sun never shines in the city, and I am credibly informed that it rains there for nine months out of the twelve; so that there is no indigenous dust. I once saw something which I mistook for it; but it was partly imported by carriers, who came from some distant region of sun and wind—partly the sweeping of warehouses.

Every thing in the City is reduced to an unalterable system—a matter of business, travelling in a regular routine. I do not mean buying and selling, manufacturing, settling accounts, and such like; no,—eating, drinking, sleeping, marrying, dying, and getting buried. For instance, if you, a stranger, should think fit, out of caprice, to select your own day for slipping out of the world—thinking thereby, perhaps, to disturb the settled course of City business, by having a funeral day of your own—you will find, to your cost, that you might as well have waited quietly for the regular dying-day; you do not get to your grave one whit the sooner,—no, no, you must lie still until your neighbours are ready—until the appointed day arrives in the unchangeable cycle of the civic system; and then you will be buried with the other defunct people of the Ward.

For the accommodation of the denizens of this realm of rule, there are eating-houses distributed at proper distances; as soon as you enter one of these, it is taken for granted that you come prepared to submit to the established forms of the place; for, as for asking for this, or that, or attempting to order the people about, as if you were in a tavern, you would assuredly be taken for a madman if you offered to do anything of the kind. Under this pre-supposition a waiter walks up to you, and as soon as he has reached the regulation distance, which by the way varies somewhat—in some establishments it is three feet seven inches, in others three feet four and a half, while I have found places in which it was not more than three feet, but these were probably for the deaf; having, however, reached the prescribed spot, he immediately commences repeating the following form of *carte*—roast beef; roast mutton; roast veal, and ham; boiled beef; boiled mutton; boiled veal; pausing the time of a semi-colon after each item, that you may make your selection. In case you suffer him to conclude without interruption, as soon as he has pronounced the words "boiled veal," away he walks, without the slightest alteration of face, or manner, like a herald who has finished reciting a proclamation; and when you recall him, he again advances to the appointed spot, and commences his enumeration, proceeding as before, until you stop him by making a choice. When you have chosen your meat, the power of speech is restored to him, and with the same *præconism* of manner as before, he announces—cauliflowers; peas; cabbage; *teters*, as potatoes are abbreviated in the dialect of Cockaigne; and having taken your will as to vegetables, disappears, first having

helped you to bread, taking it for granted that no person in the garb of a Christian would make his dinner without it, and therefore not wasting words on the matter. In a few minutes he returns, bearing as many plates as you have ordered viands, each covered, and containing a measured quantity, calculated with such mathematical accuracy and precision, that in an hundred plates there shall not be the difference of a scruple—had Shylock taken a lesson in cutting from one of these gentry, it would have gone hard with poor Antonio—nothing but Portia's ingenious caveat against shedding his blood, while cutting his flesh, could have saved him—a London eating-house-keeper would have taken off the exact pound, neither a grain more, or less, at a single slice, with his eyes shut. Having despatched your dinner, drinking malt if your depraved taste so inclines you, for wine is out of the question *there*, Sir Oracle again appears, to propound to you cheese, and pastry, of various kinds, which having discussed, or rejected, you demand your bill; but as everything is transacted here, *viva voce*, in the same pithy style in which he prophesied your dinner, does the all-sufficient waiter predicate the cost, which, though he generously served you with twice as much as you could by any possibility eat, amounts to about one shilling, or if you are a man of expensive habits, and fond of a variety of dishes, your epicurism costs you three pence more.

No doubt you wish to taste the potations of the men of the city?—Go, then, to “The Shades,” at London Bridge, and there, with Father Thames, that water-drinking god, full in your view, luxuriate over your half pint of good port or sherry, drawn from the wood, after the old-world fashion; and when you return to the distant west, from your oriental journey, you may boast at Long's, or Stevens', that you dined, and drank wine, in the El Dorado of Cockaigne, for half-a-crown.

Londoners are never young, that is to say, morally or mentally young—to be sure they vary in size and appearance, according to the number of years which have rolled over their heads, but they have no infancy, or boyhood, properly speaking. They form a permanent exception to Locke's assertion, that there are no innate ideas; they are all born with an instinctive knowledge of compound fractions, and tare and tret, and can balance accounts from the moment they are born: this is proved by the extreme regularity with which they calculate the increase of food, and proportion it to the increase of size, and strength, invariably requiring at the hands of their attendants, from day to day, the exact addition necessary, together with a suitable allowance for waste. Many accurate observers of city phenomena, incline, from a close consideration of the foregoing circumstances, to believe in the transmigration of souls, and maintain that a London alderman never dies, but that when his frame is worn out by a long and close application to business, including, of course, a regular attendance at corporation festivals, where, in obedience to the canons of the city, it is incumbent on him to consume a certain quantity of turtle and venison, duly and sufficiently moistened with wine; when his frame, I say, like an over-wrought mill, yields to the force of attrition, and can no longer overcome the *vis inertiae* of food, they affirm that his soul, like that of the Grand Lama, seeks a new habitation; and as the priests of that pontiff are enabled to discover their future sovereign by certain infallible tokens, so, it is believed, are the skilful in such matters, able to detect the aldermanic spirit, while lurking in its infantile disguise, chiefly, it is said, by a certain orbicular protu-

berance of the abdomen, and a lambent smile which overspreads the countenance, when the name of the ward to which it last belonged is uttered in its hearing.

After all, there is no use in denying that there is something astonishing and stupendous, in the energy and perseverance with which the "Auri sacra fames," inspires these same cocknies, and the gigantic, Briareus-like spirit of exertion and industry, with which they urge their multifarious pursuits. From every quarter and point of the globe, habitable and uninhabitable, from every element and combination of nature, they have evoked, by the talismanic touch of wealth, whatever can gratify the craving necessities, or soothe the still more insatiable follies of the most luxurious and extravagant race that ever the sun shone upon. At this instant, while my pen is tracing these words, the swarthy Indian is braving the ferocity of the ravenous tiger, or nimble leopard, to win from its fierce possessor a dappled hammer-cloth for my Lord Mayor of London. The patient diver is exploring the dim inconstant depths of the ocean, to wring from the maw of the philosophical, and contemplative oyster, pale glistening pearls, to shimmer in the light of Almack's, on the snowy bosom of Lady Emily Mordaunt. The dusky Arab urges his headlong steed after the affrighted ostrich, to snatch the feathers that shall wave at St. James's, or the mountain-headed Papuan is tumbling the bird-of-paradise from his perfumed bower, under the invisible influence of Mrs. Alderman Fizzle; though the scoundrel would eat her, if he could only lay hands on her, with as little remorse as if she were a turtle. The wastes of Siberia cannot shelter the sable—the whale cannot flounder through the ice-bergs of the Arctic Ocean—there is no rest for the stately Elephant in the forests of India, and the unwilling lobster must emerge from the sea-caves of Norway, and all because a bulbous, broad-brimmed, zodiac-waisted son of Mammon, who may be sitting, at this identical moment, in the next box to me, for aught I know to the contrary, will not, as the Scottish song says, "let them be."

London is, as I have told you, eternal, but it is so by a species of perennial growth, succeeding and replacing perennial decay; an everlasting principle of reproduction, like that of the vegetable world—a change of seasons,—a spring, a summer, an autumn, a winter, and then another spring, in which houses, as if they were trees, grow up, bloom, fade, wither, and again revive. A mansion falls—the materials are removed and sold—the bodies of the defunct, who have been crushed to death, are put by to be buried—the carpenter and bricklayer, tectonic Orestes and Pylades, appear, and, with a speed which the architects of Aladdin might envy, another house arises from the dust and rubbish of the last. Should a bridge shew symptoms of decay, a brother bridge steps forth to take its place, and plump down sinks the *pons emeritus* to the bottom of the Thames, no longer to be trampled on by the living torrent of one hundred thousand cocknies per diem.\*

London Bridge is now about to be relieved in the manner I speak of after doing permanent duty for upwards of six hundred years, and 'as soon as its successor is ready to assume office, will retire from the busy scene where it has witnessed so many, and such strange events. Here, "at the gate of the brigg of London," did the citizens meet their ill-starred

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\* It has been ascertained by actual calculation, that upwards of 100,000 persons on an average cross London Bridge in the course of the day.

king, Richard the Second, and his queen, Anne of Bohemia, in the palmy days when fortune shone upon him, "When they presented him with a mylk-whyte stede, saddled and bridled, and trapped with cloth of golde and redde, parted togedre; and the quene a palfrey all whyte, and in the same way trapped in whyte and redde, while all the condites were ronnen with wyne both whyte and redde, for all manner of peple to drynke of." Little did he dream, amidst the splendour and festivity of the scene, of that other and dismal entry which he was yet to make into that self-same city, when

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on Richard: no man cried 'God save him!'  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles—  
 The badges of his grief and patience—  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him!"

—Change we the theme; it grows too melancholy!

In the year of grace, 1536, when London Bridge was covered with houses overhanging the pent-up turbulent stream—as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert *terra-firma*, and, like so many beavers, perch their dwellings upon a crazy bridge—Sir William Hewitt, citizen of London and cloth-worker, inhabited one of those temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty little girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the dangerous rapids, which even now-a-days it is counted a kind of feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the fearful sight, in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own, and that was the apprentice of Sir William Hewitt. He leaped into the perilous water after his youthful mistress, and, by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore;—and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far-descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice-cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and, with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her entitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and the heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born—of God's creation, not man's:—he rose, by successful industry, to the highest honours of that city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city-beauty, to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchant-'prentice, who perilled

his life as frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs, descends, by a lineage more truly noble than if he sprang from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George-William-Frederick Osborne, Duke of Leeds!

I think we had better return home, and dress for the evening.—  
*Allons !*

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THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Oh, godlike thought embodied ! who can gaze  
 Upon thy speaking charms without a sigh  
 For the bright race whose beauty lives in thee ?  
 Immortal in thy loveliness, the sunshine  
 Of youth still floats around thee like a glory ;  
 Albeit the sorcerer, whose magic mind  
 And touch of power awakened thee to life,  
 And into marble breathed divinity,  
 Hath slept for many an age in the oblivion  
 From which his spells have saved thee :—thou Immortal !  
 How helpless, yet how powerful, thou art !  
 Bending beseechingly, as if to sue  
 For homage and for worship as a boon.  
 I would I might partake the glorious dream  
 Wherein thy maker, rapt as if to heaven,  
 Beheld the One, of whom thou art the shadow !  
 What hand could strike thee down ? Amid the wreck  
 Of cities and of nations, still thou livest,  
 Safe in thy beauty, as within a shrine :  
 —What hand could strike thee down ? The awful flood  
 That swept imperial Rome from her foundations,  
 Hath spared thee in its fury : Time himself,  
 Whom mortal beauty may not charm, hath cast  
 A softened look upon thy loveliness,  
 And shed a mellowed tint upon thy form,  
 Like the last ray that lingers in the west.

Still, Goddess, art thou worshipped—not with prayers,  
 Or incense-breathing altars, as of old,  
 But with the deeper worship of the heart.  
 And the instinctive reverence of all eyes,  
 That turn to thee, as to thine evening star,  
 With looks of thoughtful love. When he, whose name  
 Still makes the flesh of despots creep, beheld thee,  
 He stayed his fearful course, and for a while  
 Forsook his sterner deity, Ambition,  
 And turned a second Verres for thy sake,  
 And bore thee to a bright captivity,  
 While humbled Florence wept for thee in vain ;  
 And when the imperial meteor passed away,<sup>1</sup>  
 The crowned, and sceptred, and anointed wolves,  
 Which long had bayed it, as dogs bay the moon,  
 Grew honest at thy glance, and reverently  
 Restored thee to thy desecrated shrine,

And there thou stand'st, their monument of shame !  
 They set thee free—but, with a hardened eye  
 And hardened heart, beheld thy wretched country  
 Grappling her hydra-tyrant—as if thou,  
 All beautiful and helpless as thou art,

Wert struggling with a savage plunderer,  
 Full of thy godlike spirit, but unarmed,  
 Save with the memory of bright days gone by,  
 The thrilling thought of Marathon, and the strait  
 Where the barbarian shrank before the light  
 Of thy immortal eye, Leonidas!  
 Better the eternal city were thy tomb,  
 Better to slumber in its glorious ruins,  
 Than thus to stand alone, the mournful shade  
 Of the Promethean race that, nursed in freedom  
 And filled with fire divine, made Greece a heaven.  
 Goddess! farewell: unto mine island-home  
 I bear thy memory as a talisman;  
 And oft the magic touch of sleep will tint  
 Thy marble beauty with the blush of life,  
 And thou wilt seem to hover o'er my couch,  
 Telling sweet tales of Freedom and of Greece.

J. R. O.

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 THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE doubts which were entertained of the opening of Covent Garden have been fortunately ended, not merely by its opening, but by its successful opening. Several good performances have followed each other, and popularity has unquestionably returned to this fine Theatre. But the meteor of the hour is Miss Fanny Kemble. Criticism has been so loud in the praise of this young and certainly very interesting performer, that we can scarcely add any thing to opinions in which we so fully concur, except to hope that there will be no injudicious attempt to urge her into characters for which her time of life is yet unfit, nor expect her graceful immaturity to seize the full honours of the stage. Her Juliet has attracted and deserved universal attention. It justly increased the public feelings to know that she was not originally intended for the stage, but has adopted it from a sense of the difficulties of Covent Garden. Her first appearance was a pledge of her success. On Charles Kemble's coming forward as Mercutio, he was received with much applause. Mrs. Kemble, who played Lady Capulet, for that night, to introduce her daughter, was also highly welcomed; but the tumult of exultation rose so high when the *débutante* of the evening trod the stage for the first time, that it really justified the alarm she manifested. She did not disappoint the hope that it would be her's to gain a new triumph for that name, which for half a century has shed lustre on the British drama; there is about her that quality which made

“Pritchard genteel, and Garrick six feet high!”

a mind to conceive, and skill to execute her conceptions. Louder plaudits never shook the walls of a theatre than those which required her exertions. The characteristics of her performance were delicacy and feeling. Her consciousness of the ill luck that must attend her rash love for Romeo, was shadowed in her whole expression. Her astonishment at the nurse's advice to discard Romeo, followed by her wild burst of indignation, were highly effective. And her parting with her lover in the garden after the marriage, was perfectly beautiful. She is fainting in the arms of the nurse, yet still continues waving her adieus. The poison scene was excellent; her gradual accumulation of horrors, until

they amounted to embodying the vision of the murdered Tybalt, her sinking on the ground, yet following with a fixed eye and gesture the fearful object of her fancy, were excellent. The action is common to the stage, but it could not have been more finely executed.

The close of the play is contemptible in point of authorship, and is a mere temptation to rant in the actor. It is with us a full answer to the notion of the dead walking, that Shakspeare's ghost has never marched across the stage on some crowded night, and vindicated his own fame by tearing the book out of the prompter's hand, and pulling Romeo's nose. The whose scene is, as is well known, a vulgar interpolation; and to Shakspeare an act of sacrilege. But this young actress had the happy art of subduing the rant while she increased the pathos, and making the audience weep without any of the usual sacrifice of Romeo's shirt and cravat, or the most frightful imitation of an epileptic fit in her own pretty person.

The exterior of a young tragedian is of some importance. We cannot discover in Miss Kemble the transcendent beauty which the critics discovered at the first moment, through the foci of so many hundred opera glasses. Her features strongly resemble those of her mother, and are, of course, intelligent. Her figure is undersized and slight, but decidedly graceful; but the quality of her voice is *Siddonian*: praise cannot go further; it still wants maturity, and it sometimes is suffered to sink much too low for the necessary effect of the stage; but it is soft, sweet, and clear, and requires only practice to be capable of every inflection of feeling and genius. Abbott's Romeo has been very well received. He is an old favourite, not more for his public performance than for his personal character. We are glad to see him restored to the London stage, and to see powers, of whose versatility the public was not sufficiently aware, suffered at length to display themselves. In addition to his ability in the Romeos and young lovers and heroes of tragedy, parts that must now exclusively fall to him, he is an excellent and easy farceur, spirited without violence, and humorous without vulgarity.

Charles Kemble's Mercutio was one of the novelties. This able actor has long been desirous of playing it, and the choice was cleverly justified. His Mercutio is a vigorous representation. But we altogether disapprove of the attempts made by some of the critics to depreciate the well-established skill of Jones in the part. The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's character, is that extraordinary substantiality which will allow to be looked at all round and in a dozen different aspects, yet all equally real. There are portions of Mercutio's dialogue which completely suit any colour of coxcombry that an actor may adopt. Jones's Mercutio is a coxcomb in the old sense of the word; a man of oddity, saying and doing every thing that comes uppermost, *recherché* in his dress, fantastic in his language, and eccentric in his actions. But under this whim, lives a keen insight into human nature, and a bold heart. His indignation at Tybalt's superciliousness is the gallantry of a soldier, and his few words after he receives his mortal wound, amusing as they are, have a strange combination of habitual extravagance and natural feeling. We always looked upon Jones's Mercutio as an excellent picture of this pleasantest of "humorous gentlemen," and we so look upon it still.

But there are portions of the character which might be thrown into

a stronger prominence by an actor of another class. And in Kemble's conception the humourist prevails over the coxcomb. He gives the broadest force to the pleasantry, and makes Mercutio less the cavalier fluttering about ball-rooms and wandering after serenaders, than the vigorous burlesquer of human weakness, whether of the head or the heart. His delivery of the matchless description of Queen Mab's career through human brains, is very various, ingenious, and effective. It is Falstaff in a Veronese doublet, and without his "mountain of flesh"—Falstaff, when he might have danced a saraband, or sat a saddle without breaking his charger's back. His performance is highly popular.

Several marks of private approbation have, we understand, been given to Miss F. Kemble: amongst the rest, a note of 100*l.* from an old nobleman, an amateur of the stage.

Her next performance is to be *Belvidera*. Warde is to be *Jaffier*. We hope the actor will recollect that *Jaffier* is a lover, not a judge of the Court of King's Bench; or, at all events, that he is neither a Methodist nor a Monk.

A new Melo-drama has appeared, entitled *The Robber's Wife*, founded on an Irish tale, which had previously been dramatized. The object of the writer is to produce strong scenes. This is accomplished. The situations deserved the applause they received. Power acted with great spirit, and did full justice to the characteristic whim of his countrymen. Keeley had little to do, but that little he did well. Some beautiful scenery, by the Messrs. Grieves, greatly contributed to the success of the piece.

A new comedian of some popularity in the North, Jones, has made his appearance as *Lord Ogleby*. The character is difficult, but he played it with skill.

We hope that Covent Garden may be considered as decidedly established. The loss to the multitude of persons connected with the theatre would have been ruinous, if it had continued shut for the season. And we rely upon the good sense of the manager to take advantage of the public feeling, and return it by unremitting exertion.

DRURY LANE has opened with a strong company, and with every prospect of success. A very pretty and clever girl, Miss Mordaunt, has appeared as the *Widow Cheerly*, in *The Soldier's Daughter*. The *début* was successful, and she promises well. She has since played *Miss Hardcastle*, still better.

The HAYMARKET has closed, after a season in which we recollect not a single instance of novelty in the performances. There were, of course, some half French trifles, but they disappeared as rapidly as they came.

The Adelphi has been busy with melodrama, burletta, and, unluckily, with that bane of theatres—law.

The tragedy of *Epicharis*, by Mr. Lister, the author of a novel entitled *Granby*, having failed, after two or three representations, the dramatic spirit of the manager is put on the alert, and he is stirring up his corps of authors.

Several novelties are in active preparation at Drury Lane theatre; *Planché*, *Kenney*, and *Poole*, are each said to have promised dramas. *Miss Mitford's* tragedy is, we understand, nearly finished. A translation of *Auber's* celebrated and recently-produced opera of *La Fiancée (the Betrothed)* is about to be brought forward at Drury Lane theatre.

Covent Garden is equally determined not to lie upon its oars. The first novelty to be produced is a tragedy by Mr. Thomas Wade, author of *Woman's Love*. The new work possesses attractions of a rather peculiar kind, as the two principal characters are Jews, and will be represented by Mr. Kemble and his daughter. Bishop has a new opera prepared for Covent Garden, founded on that of the French, called *Les Deux Nuits*. A drama, to be called the *Life of Shakspeare*, is in active preparation. Mr. C. Kemble is to personate the Bard of Avon. This piece will probably be decided on while our notice is going to press. The characters are many, and all connected with the History of Shakspeare. We expect Charles Kemble to make a fine picture in the old costume of 1600.

A son of the late Charles Incedon has appeared as a singer at Drury Lane; he has a good face and figure, yet both strongly resembling his father's. His voice too, has some resemblance, to the tone, but, as yet, without the power or sweetness of the great sea songster. It wants finish, and it wants force; but time may do much for him.

Madame Pasta is engaged by Laporte for the ensuing season at the King's Theatre. This accomplished person, together with her husband and family, *Count Vassali*, and a few select friends, are now at the newly-purchased villa near Como, where they have resided since Madame Pasta's return from Vienna.

Laurent has offered Madame Malibran Garcia the enormous sum of eighty thousand francs to perform in Paris for nine months.

It is the height of absurdity to hear actors talk about their *condescension* in personating characters *beneath their rank* in the theatre. Warde was praised by some of our contemporaries for accepting the part of *Friar Lawrence*, in *Romco and Juliet*. Bensley, "every inch a gentleman," by both birth and education, was the constant representative of this part for years; and John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were dumb personages in Garrick's pageant of the *Jubilee*.

The late embarrassments of Covent Garden will probably rather be of service than injury to its interests, for at least this season. By getting rid of the demands of the renters, about 3,000*l.* is saved for the time, and the subscriptions and other sources, have given at least 4,000*l.* more.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

It is said that his Majesty has expressed his earnest desire for the speedy completion of his new palace at Pimlico, in consequence of which additional hands have been put on the works, and the number of persons now employed amounts to one thousand. Notwithstanding this augmentation of workmen, the issue of money is restricted, by order of the Duke of Wellington, to 30,000*l.* per quarter. At one time the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* a week was expended; but most of the costly materials being now in store, the expenditure is confined almost entirely to labour. As soon as this palace is completed, the old one of St. James's is to be taken down, and plans for laying out the ground are now in the office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We are credibly informed that Mr. Nash has promised to have the new palace ready for occupation by the 12th of August, 1830.—We find it difficult to believe that his Majesty has ever expressed a wish on the subject. He is a man of taste, and

must think of the fabric just as every other man of taste thinks of it. If he retains his love of fresh air, he must contemplate with the proper feelings the pleasure of inhaling the perpetual smoke of Mr. Elliot's brewery, and sitting over the general sewer of Westminster. The pond which in front of the palace rivals the purity of Fleet-ditch, and the pond which in its rear gathers the mists and miasmata of the most dingy district of the metropolis, may be its charms to royalty—but, like Lord Eldon, we doubt.

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The public attention has been powerfully called to the capabilities of the steam-carriage, by the offer of the Liverpool Rail-road Company of a premium of 500*l.* for the most complete machine. After a trial of a week, the prize seems to have fallen to a machine by Messrs. Stephenson, which swept thirteen tons weight after it, at the tremendous speed of fourteen miles an hour on the railway; and when relieved from its burthen, and with only its own weight, yet even that, nearly four tons, flew, for we have no right to use any other term, at the rate of 32 miles an hour!

If such be the powers of steam in this instance, what limit can there be to them, when we shall be enabled to reduce the fuel into a smaller compass, and lighten the machinery! By furnishing it with vanes instead of wheels, we might send it on an excursion into the air. The idea is scarcely extravagant. The motion of 32 miles in an hour is nearly equal to the ordinary flight of a pigeon, a very strong flier; and when we recollect that vanes of almost any size could be applied to the machine, and certainly of a size much exceeding the proportion of a pigeon's wing to its body, and that the power of the steam to whirl them round is all but unlimited, we are entitled to speculate upon some very extraordinary results of the attempt. To controul the air as we have already controlled the sea and the land, but two things can be necessary—buoyancy and the power of direction. The buoyancy we have already attained to a sufficient degree, through the balloon, though it is still an awkward and insecure machine. Yet again we must recollect that a great portion of its insecurity arises from our wanting the power of direction. One of the chief hazards of the balloon results from its being suffered to rise so high that a slight additional height would burst it. The only mode of avoiding this being the letting out of the gas, which of course gradually disqualifies the balloon for flight. But if we possessed the power of guiding the balloon, we might keep it within any elevation we pleased, might steer it at a thousand fathoms from the surface, descend when and where we pleased, and move in any current of wind that we desired, or in a calm, use the vanes.

We should wish to see it ascertained by experiment, what rapidity of vanes revolving in a circle would be necessary to raise a body from the ground, in other words, to fly? We have heard it calculated, that a rapidity equal to fifteen miles an hour would accomplish this. The true difficulty, and perhaps the only one that remains, is to make the steam machinery of materials that will not be too heavy for the ascent. A combination of small balloons would probably be more manageable than a single balloon of the present enormous size. The cost of the experiments would in any instance put it beyond a private purse. But we have some opulent scientific bodies, and a subscription from their members might be easily obtained, if the project exhibited any evidence of im-

mediate activity. Parliament also might be applied to. The government which gave Sir William Adams 6,000*l.* for his presumed discoveries in couching, and Dr. Carmichael for the revival of the fumigation in hospitals, a discovery as old as his grandfather, would probably assist; and we should at length see a new element gained to the triumph of British science.

We are well aware that the locomotive railway engine has been long in use in the collieries, and that twenty years ago one of them was run against a race-horse, and actually distanced it. But the use of this engine on a public road is a great step to its adoption through the empire. The stage coaches that are left behind three fourths of their journeys, will soon be abandoned for the engine; its enormous power of carrying will soon supersede the waggons; and its cheapness will at once increase the intercourse of the country, invigorate trade, and multiply the number of the engines.

In this we must not forget that the great triumph of the art is still Gurney's engine, which requires no rail-road, but dashes over hill and dale with a speed that no horses can match, and with a security and steadiness hitherto supposed incompatible with steam.

We have long been of the celebrated opinion of old Maynard, that "all foreigners are fools;" but we would make an addition to his idea, and include all the English travelling *dilletanti* among them—all our lispers of sonnets under "stars much brighter than an English moon," and by sea-shores where every wave is milk of roses: We have here a pretty specimen of the results of sending our "men of taste and ton, the *élite* of the earth," to sip delight in the myrtle bowers of that land of monks and mistresses, thieves, Jesuits, swindlers, and assassins, *la bella Italia*.

"The topic in the circles of *supreme ton*, both here and in France, is that of a noble lord and his lady who have recently arrived in Paris. The lady, then a supposed widow, was married in Italy to an English nobleman—by courtesy so called. She is the daughter of a branch of an extinct dynasty; is beautiful, and highly accomplished. Her second husband possessed personal attractions also, but was poor in worldly wealth. A certain celebrated duchess, now claiming near affinity to the family, taking into consideration the circumstances of the new married couple, liberally settled two thousand pounds per annum on the husband. They went to Paris; and when in the enjoyment of the gay festivities in those regions of delight, were apprised of the approach of her first husband—a Hungarian Count, long an exile in Siberia for political offences, and supposed to be dead."

This was the first version of the story, the first peep of the flower of sentiment blushing at its own sweets. Then came the opening of this fine exotic.

"The English nobleman, by courtesy so called—is presumed to be Lord Dudley Stuart, youngest son of the late Lord Bute, brother of the beautiful Lady Francis Sandon, and grandson of the late Mr. Coutts. The 'daughter of a branch of an extinct dynasty,' is understood to be a daughter of Lucien Buonaparte, and sister to Mrs. Wyse: the 'certain celebrated Duchess,' the Duchess of St. Alban. It is understood that Lord Dudley Stuart at the period of his seeing and being fascinated by the lady, was engaged to an English lady of high rank, a relation of his own; and that in case of this latter alliance taking place, the Duchess had

undertaken to settle upon the young couple a liberal income, and the house in Stratton-street. We may add (which we do somewhat reluctantly) that the alleged 'beauty' of the bride principally depends on the well known fact, that every lady is beautiful in the eyes of her lover. The husband, on the contrary, is considered by the only judges of such matters—the sex—as possessing striking personal attractions."

Such are the fine things that can be said of a bedeviled dandy. The third edition of the story is much more *expressive*. However, with a heroism worthy of her illustrious blood, and that happy conscience which makes every thing easy in the land of the Pope, she married the poor dandy, and "claimed his beauties for her own." Mrs. Waterford Wyse is another scion of this hallowed family. Mr. Wyse probably thinks that he might as well have left an Italian dame to follow the customs of her country at home. The second Stuart who has entangled himself with this open-hearted race, has had the additional merit of making a spouse, be the time more or less, of one of the most ordinary and ill-looking little personages that Italy has hitherto sent to improve the morals of England.

"What's in a name?" says Juliet. But this was because Juliet was a pretty fool, furiously in love; and the same wisdom which made her find nothing in a name, would have made her, and has made hundreds at her age, think that there was nothing in rambling from a hundred to a thousand miles with "the man of her heart," in three months to be abandoned, starved, or hanged by him, and leave the moral to her acquaintance at the boarding school.

There is a vast deal in a name. We have no doubt that the unfortunate person in the ages to come, who shall bear the patronymic of Peel, if the name be not extinguished by the common consent of mankind, will feel himself among black sheep, and exclaim at the injustice of fate, which fixed such an appellation upon him before he was of age to turn his coat. It will operate against him, as "Spring-guns and man-traps set here," would operate against any sensible man's making a promenade of the grounds, or trusting his legs within the operation of this agricultural artillery. We have also no doubt that it would require a very handsome estate in a sporting county, and free of tithe and land-tax, to sweeten down the bitter assumption of the name of Lethbridge, as long as bumpkins attempting to play the politician, and ratting slaves with wool for brains, are the object of public contempt. But we are recalled from this miserable brood to another class of the feeble, by a letter which has appeared lately in the public prints, justly inquiring by what process of absurdity his Grace the Duke of Somerset has abandoned his old English, honest family name—why Seymour should be sunk in the French millinery of *Saint Maur*! Heaven help us! can frippery go further? "Who," says the letter-writer, "in the name of Heaven can Lord *Saint Maur* be? One of the Dictator's new peers, perhaps? After racking my brain for more than a quarter of an hour, it occurred to me, that this Lord *Saint Maur* could be no other person than Lord *Seymour*, the eldest son of the Duke of Somerset; and then I recollected that I had read an account, some weeks ago, of a *fête* given by the Duke of Somerset and the Ladies *Saint Maur*. Now allow me to ask the Duke of Somerset, Lord *Saint Maur*, and the Ladies *Saint Maur*, what they will gain by abandoning the name of *Seymour*? The name of *Saint Maur* is obscure and unknown, while that of *Seymour*, though to be sure

not very antient, is known to all Europe as one of the great and truly historical English names. Do the Somerset branch of the house of Seymour wish to foist themselves on the French *Saint Maurs*, who are totally inferior in antiquity and lustre to the English *Seymours*? Do they think that *Saint Maur* is a better sounding and prettier name than that of *Seymour*? Thus actors and actresses, I allow, often take some well-known and fine sounding name, such as Clifford, Montagu, Egerton, &c. It is true, that the name of *Seymour* was antiently written *Saint Maur*, as old Camden informs us; but be it observed, that that was before the Seymours had risen into splendour. Who is there that is not familiar with the name of Queen Jane Seymour, or that of Edward Seymour, the Protector, Duke of Somerset? But, who in England ever heard of the name of Saint Maur? I have no hesitation in saying, that the assumption of the name of Saint Maur is as stupid and ignorant as it is ridiculous and affected."

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" 'There's nothing new below the sun,'  
Was the old saw of Solomon."

"Ireland was papist once, and will be papist again," was the cry of the priests for those three hundred years; and we cry it along with them. We shall yet see the whole showy melo-drame of popery performed by a "large and complete company," as regularly making their transit from France and Italy to Ireland, as Signor di Begnis and his Signoras, singing perhaps quite as well, understanding stage trick just as dexterously, and making a great deal more money; a matter which long practice has made them understand a great deal better than any Signor di Begnis of them all. We shall have the Host making its holy procession through the streets of the Irish cities. The pantomimes of scripture, which now make so showy a figure in the pleasures and pomps of Italy, shall administer to the pleasures and pomps of Irish popery. The pictures of saints shall shed tears, and Father Doyle shall liquefy the blood of Father Roche, who in those unenlightened times, when priests were not yet the lords of the land, was hanged for doing the glorious work of mother-church, which the laws of heretics pronounced rebellion. We have but to live a few years longer to see the bones of Father O'Quigley, the dear friend of Arthur O'Connor, that dear friend of Fox and the whigs, those dear friends of the constitution; dug up from the felon's ground at Maidstone, where they lie inglorious, since he was hanged there as a traitor—to work miracles in the new land of the faith, and cure the broken heads, and restore the broken legs of Paddies to come.

We are sure that those demonstrations of the triumph of the true faith will receive no let or hindrance, at least, from the pure protestantism of Lord Plunket, nor the rigid justice of his Grace of Northumberland. We are sure that the one would as soon give up a place, or the other expend a penny, as impede the march of mind in the old, holy direction; and in consequence, if the very finest melodramas of monkery are not performed for the gratification of an enlightened populace, we shall not impute an iota of so disastrous a disappointment to either of those illustrious personages. But the glorious change has already begun. A jubilee has been publicly proclaimed in the Irish capital, by a *Bull from the Pope!* It is to continue for a fortnight.

Our English readers may not know what the meaning of the word is, we shall therefore explain. During a jubilee the priest-confessors are permitted to give plenary indulgence for all past sins—no matter of what nature—for a certain *con-si-de-ra-tion*. In some cases, where probably the money is not considered sufficient, penance is inflicted.

One of the ablest of the Irish papers, *The Evening Mail*, gives us a happy instance of the work of this jubilee.

“On Thursday last,” says our Irish contemporary, “this city was affronted with one of the most indecent exhibitions it has witnessed since the *joyful* reign of James the Second. On that day, at the hour of two o’clock, p.m., when the streets were most crowded, a female of otherwise respectable appearance, performed *jubilee-penance*. Our informant met her, accompanied by a man to keep off the crowd, crossing one of our most frequented bridges, and passing through the leading streets of the city. She was *barefooted*; had no clothing on her, but a white muslin petticoat and a white gown, the skirt of which, turned over her head, formed a kind of hood to cover her face. Had this poor penitent neither husband, brother, or friend, to protect her from the insolent tyranny of a beastly priest? Where is the manhood of Ireland gone; when *men*—fathers, husbands, brothers, friends, or lovers—will permit a *celibate* monster thus to degrade and insult a woman? We shall not be surprised shortly to witness processions of the Host, to which our soldiery shall be obliged to present arms, and the Protestant community to doff their hats and kneel down in the gutters while it passes. Is this to be endured? Quick indeed has spiritual tyranny followed in the wake of Emancipation. But it will not stop here.”

The Zoological Gardens are a great favourite of ours; and nothing can be prettier than their little knots of flowers, their cages and kangaroos, and wild ducks, and golden winged paroquets, and blue beard monkeys, and the whole exhibition of Mr. Vigors’ naturalist ingenuity. But this does not prevent our believing, with a perfectly firm faith, that some desperate accident will before long show the folly of bringing lions and tigers, panthers and wolves, into visiting acquaintance with the porsy citizens and citizenesses of this innocent and overgrown metropolis. As to trying how far we can domesticate rein-deer, elks, and lamas, and all the tameable species of animals, we wish all kinds of experiments to be made, that do not choke the victims with kindness, or break their hearts with confinement in pastures twelve inches by three. But does the most sanguine Mr. Vigors on earth expect to make wolves stand the process of milking, lions furnish wool, or panthers draw my lord mayor’s coach? In the mean time, they follow their original tastes, and are as ready to snap off a stray hand or foot as if they never heard a syllable of English in their lives.

A few days ago, as two gentlemen philosophers were descanting on the possible civilization of the wolves, a practical evidence of our position was given: a child playing near the cage put her arm within reach, and was instantly seized by the ferocious animal. One of the by-standers, Mr. Perry, surgeon to the Foundling Hospital, with great promptitude kicked the wolf violently in the throat, and made him quit his hold. The limb was considerably lacerated, and after Mr. P. had used the best remedies at his command, the child was conveyed home to Park-street,

Grosvenor-square, by her alarmed mother, who had been present when the accident occurred. The mother who suffered her child to get loose from her hand in such a place was of course a fool; and all that we can wish on such a subject is, that she did not make the experiment in place of her unfortunate infant. Our only surprise is, that fifty accidents of the same kind do not happen every day, for the mothers let their children rove, just as if they were in the most innocent company on earth; and due credit ought to be given to the wild beasts in general for their considerate conduct in not eating up half the rising generation that pay their shillings a-piece to see the zoological show. But if mothers will be flirts or fools, or will "trust," that as their children have never been eaten yet, they never will be eaten; the conductors of the gardens ought to interfere, and interpose the physical prudence of a few more and stronger bars. At present a single fence before, with apparently little more than a slight deal partition behind, stands between the spectator and instant deglutition. There gazes the plump Englishman; and two feet from his stomach crouches, with his nose between his knees, the lord of the wilderness, the majesty that has many a night shaken the African forest with his roar, and that now, if it so pleased him, could with a single spring, burst into splinters his flimsy cage, or carry himself and it upon the head of the astonished John Bull.

The gist of our exhortation is, at least, the construction of an outer fence, which would alike prevent foolish and flirting mammas from seeing their children devoured before their flirtations were done; and give the speculative John Bull two chances for one. It would even be voted unanimously, we think, by the forest monarchs themselves; for we have seen their slumbers disturbed in a very teasing manner by silly people. It has been said that a *lady*, a few days ago, thrust the end of her parasol into the lion's eye, to ascertain whether he was asleep or awake. The statement has been since denied. But it resembles so much some of the facts that came under our own observation, that we are strongly inclined to believe in the parasol experiment.

The conductors of this menagerie must not think us hostile to it or them. On the contrary, we think that they have done themselves great credit by their beginning, and that the menagerie is not merely a very pretty, but a very curious and a very instructive place, and that it might be made more instructive still by a few simple regulations. In the first place, by lowering the rate of admission to a fourth of its present amount. The shilling being an embargo upon a vast many respectable persons who would be glad to give their children and themselves frequent opportunities of studying the forms and habits of those animals; and acting as a complete exclusion upon a vast multitude, who ought not to be overlooked in systems of public instruction. Schools, workmen, and the general crowd of the lower orders must thus be totally shut out, except perhaps once in their lives.

A very valuable addition would be made by a printed sheet, to be sold for the smallest possible sum, at the entrance of the gardens, explaining some of the principal features of Zoological science, and describing the animals, an enlarged catalogue *raisonné* of the collection. A publication on a more extended scale, but in which cheapness should be essential, might give a more general knowledge of the science, the valuable properties of the animals, the more curious peculiarities of their instincts and habits, their susceptibility of pain and pleasure, the mode of taming and rearing

all, and peculiarly the domestic animals of England, with some natural reflections on our duty towards the lower creation, the cruelty and crime of giving them unnecessary pain, the limits within which our right to use them are restricted by the laws of religion and of the land; the whole tending to an improved knowledge of their nature, and a heightened feeling of the duties of humanity. An institution rendering such services as those to the popular mind, would be a national good, and must receive the patronage of every honest and benevolent mind.

This is the age of titles; and as George Coleman, junior, says, "that nobody is any body, until he takes the title of somebody, and is laughed at by every body," we can feel no surprise at the passion for the "grinning honours that Sir Robert hath." But there is a reason for every thing, and the hundreds of knights, shrewd enough in other things, were not such asses in this after all. To be sure a knight, an *equus auratus*, giving lessons upon the piano to a covey of school girls, does not seem much within the original purview of the statutes of chivalry. But when milliners' apprentices wear spurs, and the youthful grocerage of Cheapside shine illustrious in moustachios, there is no great inequality in a Sir Charles Aldis knighting it behind the green curtain and private door of a receptacle for calamities that shun the day. The truth is, that without a title, a man is rather in the state of that puzzle of the first form, that school anomaly, a noun-adjective, that cannot stand by itself. The lesson in flats and sharps is so much money thrown away, unless the piano-man be a Sir Something or other. The lady-mother takes no pride in recounting the "enormous sums that Laura Maria has cost her for the last twenty years of tuition," unless she can add, that those sums have had the honour to be received by a knight. Laura Maria herself feels the want of dignity in the transaction, acknowledges the name of her untitled teacher with the reluctance natural to so painful a confession, and gives up her secret like one on the rack.

If an old she sinner of rank is visited for her sins by the gout, and the secret love of liqueurs at length transpires to mankind in the shape of three attacks a day, does any one who knows womankind above fifty, and five hundred a year, conceive the possibility of her applying to the wisdom of any man not illustrated by the king's touch? Dr. Scudamore felt this keenly, before he made up his mind to run the chance of being drowned in the Irish Channel, besides being devoured alive or dead at his landing among the anthropophagi that line its shores. But a man whose profession is death, should be a hero. The doctor girded his breast with the "*Æs triplex*," committed himself to the tossings, tremblings, boilings, and blowings up of the Meteor steamer, luckily escaped the voracity of the natives, and has luckily been reimported, like a bale of manufactured goods returned to the country of the raw material, transformed into Sir Augustus Cambyses Scudamore. He was a tolerable expeller of the *podagra* before, but he seldom soared above the toe of a common councilman, or of an old maid living in Paddington or Pycorner, and desirous of peculiar secrecy in the name of the person employed to relieve her of her calcareous formations. But now he flourishes like a green bay tree; his horn is exalted, he feedeth in the rich pastures of Portman-square, and Portland-crescent; and when we shall have occasion to indulge ourselves with a fit of the gout, we shall

employ him par preference. We think him a very clever fellow. But that is not the point. We now know him to be a knight, and we honour the sword blade that honoured the spatula.

Then we have Sir Henry Halford. Is there a woman of fashion within fifty miles of Grosvenor-square, who would not rather die under his hands than live under anybody's else? Our old acquaintance Phipps, the oculist—what the deuce was he, till the steel transformation had made his renown? The hand of majesty metempsychosized the Æsculapius of eyes into the observed of all observers, at a moment's warning. He knelt down plain Phipps, and he rose Sir Wathen Waller, equal to superintend the ocular economy of the Great Mogul.

Physicians eminently love the royal touch, which, instead of curing them of the disease, for which its pious contact was piously invented, now cures them of the much more formidable ill—a vacant purse, and lifts them out of the beaten ways of men into chariots, houses, and services of plate; *Matthæo Tierney, Equite Aurato, teste.*

But the "more exquisite joke than the other," is the ingenuity of ambition not yet touched by the refining hand of royalty. One of the French papers mentions that Kean has been lately leaving his card about Paris, as "M. Edmond Kean, *premier acteur de Londres!*" Poor Alderman Wood, and his card of *Feu Lord Mayor de Londres*, is fresh in the memory of the Parisians, though the idea had not the merit of originality, that heroic and very martial personage, Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, having set him the example. One of our artists figured away on the whole road from Calais to Coblentz a few years ago, as M. H., *Grand Peintre du grand Jugement de Midas.*

Our professors of other arts are not behind hand in the assertion of their titular glories. We see the title of "Bug-destroyer to the Princess Augusta" contended for with a fierce consciousness of the value of the royal distinction. "Purveyor of asses milk to Sir Watkin William Wynn, and Charles Wynn, Esq.," meets the public gaze in all the brilliancy of gilding. Old Sheridan on observing it, remarked that it announced a sinecure; the parties being already provided. "Old-cloathes-man to his Majesty and the Royal Dukes," figures on the door of a Rabbi in Monmouth-street; and Sir Masseh Manasseh is already preparing a handsome show-board for his trade, with a scene of the true borough election—one candidate before a counter, and one elector behind it.

The French grasp at titles with shark-like avidity. Whatever office the husband holds, the wife has her share of the honours; and M. Le *Procureur* always confers on his spouse the happy title of Madame la *Procuresse*. Lately in Berlin nothing but the intervention of a corporal's guard prevented an ingenious mechanic from putting up over his workshop, "Wooden-leg-maker to his Majesty, the Princes, and Princesses." And an Austrian chevalier d'industrie, who last year figured at Spa, and was said to exceed any man in Europe in ringlets and rouge, a beau altogether so lovely, that he would have made a president of the Board of Controul, took leave with his P. P. C. inscribed, *Le Comte Raffzumousky, premier charlatan du monde.*

The Irish are dangerous in love and in war; and fully acknowledging the wisdom of the hussar regiment, the ever-famous Tenth, that inflicted a penalty of a thousand pounds on any officer who danced twice with

the same lady in the season, Coventry for dining at her papa's mansion, and eternal expulsion from the regiment for the offence of marrying her; we feel ourselves confirmed in the opinion, by the Irish treatment of favourites. O'Connell, a month ago the god of their idolatry, is now "Dagon on the ground's edge, tumbled from his pedestal." All was love and sunshine while he had none to extinguish but Protestants. But he has raised up for himself another class of antagonists, true Irish gentlemen, that would not eat meat on a Friday, on fear of a double dose of purgatory; nor start from their six bottles on that or any other day in the week, for the salvation of Ireland; nor refuse to have a shot at any gentleman of the county, or the thirty-one adjoining, on any conditions, not excepting those of being hanged for it themselves.

The great agitator, in an unlucky moment, by the prevalence of a treacherous memory, appears to have promised his county Clare interest to two opposing candidates, and he now stands in the cleft stick. The Irish law on the case is thus admirably laid down:

They must fight for it. He that is girt with the Knightly sword for Clare must first win it.

The question then comes, who will fight for the sword?

O'Gorman Mahon will fight; and has, to all appearance, already made his will, and, provided that, should he be *kilt* or wounded in the cause, his friend Steele should propose him as a Candidate. In short, he is "bloody, bold, and resolute."

Major M'Namara will fight; for, as Daniel well knows, the science of duelling is to him "familiar as his garter." He is a man of unflinching resolution—inimitable steadiness of hand, and can put a bullet through the ace of spades nineteen times out of twenty—and he knows the Liberator *well*, and for *what he is*.

But Daniel O'Connell will not fight. "A vow—a vow—he has a vow in Heaven." He must, therefore, renounce his claims; or, if he presume to oppose either of his rivals, prepare his back and shoulders, his nose and the nether extremity of his body for all manner of disagreeable and inconvenient rencounters. He must make up his mind to be kicked, cuffed, and cudgelled—beaten, bruised, and battered—to have his eyes black—his teeth broken, and his nostrils bloody—to have his shoulders caned—his shanks crippled, and his skin curried: he must be content to be spit upon between the eyes—he satisfied that his nose is not entirely pulled off his face, and compound for being able to sit upon a chair in ten days at the soonest. For, all these things will the candidate, who deals with two such fire-eaters as Daniel's rivals, have to endure, if he will not risk the less lingering torture of the single combat.

Such is the law of honour!

Worthy Daniel! there is but one way of *evading* the Algerine cruelty of *this* law. No coach and six can carry you in safety through the letter to M'Namara; no wheelbarrow convey you through your promises to O'Gorman Mahon,

—————"either way you're sped,  
If *fight*, you're shot—if *flinch*, they beat you dead."

You have but one trick left, and by playing it (as you must) you lose the game.

YOU MUST RENOUNCE YOUR PRETENSIONS TO THE REPRESENTATION OF CLARE.

We are by no means fantastic enough to suppose that retrenchment means any thing more in the mouth of a ministry, than reform in the mouth of an opposition; the simple translation of the words being, that every one shall retrench but the holders of place, and every one reform

but the professors of radicalism. We knew perfectly well how safe that luscious sinecure, the governorship of Windsor Castle, was from the cruel knife of retrenchment; and we augured, with a prescience worthy of Moore's Almanack, or the Pope himself, that, "about this time a certain great office, with a certain great salary, would be given to a certain great lord with a certain great wife." The event turned out in due accordance with our wisdom, and Lord Grizel was made commander-in-chief of the cooks, butlers, chambermaids, ostlers, and boots of his majesty's fortalice, stronghold, and Castle of Windsor. For what services we stop not to inquire. Doubtless Lord Grizel himself knows; and as the true virtue is in an approving conscience, we may be satisfied with the public conviction, that so many pounds sterling have not been got for nothing. However, Lord Grizel now pulls on his boots a richer Lord Grizel by £3,000 a year, than on his last day of feeding upon goose; and far be it from us to meddle with the successes of a worthy man and loving husband.

But a little sinecure has just dropped, to which we hope some trifling attention will be paid, before it drops into the hands, not of another Lord Grizel, for we believe that another is not to be found; but of some sleek dependent of some of those mighty men, whose burning zeal to promote those sleek dependents is the most extraordinary thing imaginable to country gentlemen and others not gifted with the faculty of seeing with their eyes open. The sinecure that we mean is the office of King's Printer—and a most delicious sinecure it is. Not, that like little Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's, it consists in sitting in a corner of the House of Lords with a stick in one's hand; nor in that of the self-denying and much applauded Marquis of Camden, in signing one's name to the quarterly receipt of £4,000 per annum. The King's Printer has something to do, for he must employ a man to employ another, to employ half a hundred to set types, and actually print. And for this heavy duty he is under the severe responsibility of putting in his pocket a yearly sum, which would make a first Lord of the Treasury lament that he was not brought up to the press, or ever dipped his fingers in any ink but printing-ink.

We now announce, for the benefit of Mr. Huskisson and other men of public merits, in the hope that justice should be done to them by a handsome establishment for life, the news that the office of "King's Printer" is in the market.

The patent under which this most lucrative situation is held will shortly expire. The emoluments arising from it exceed a tellership of the exchequer under the *old system*. The late John Reeves held a moiety of the office for a few years, and left behind him between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

One of our *reform* newspapers is prodigiously pathetic upon the subject, in the following style:—

"Surely the Duke of Wellington will not permit the patent to be renewed without effecting an entire renovation in the charges at present made for acts of parliament, and the various and extensive volumes of records and other expensive documents ordered to be printed by the Houses of Lords and Commons, which, in the yearly estimates, constitute a fearful amount of charge, all drawn from the public purse, and consequently occasioning additional burthens. In the present improved state of press-work, machinery, and every thing else relating to printing, the old charges ought to be abolished, and a new rate substituted,

which would best be done by open tender for all the great jobs. More than one hundred per cent. upon the present system of expense would be saved to the nation."

This is perfectly ludicrous, and implies the most rustic ignorance of the ways of public business in this best of all possible worlds. We are satisfied that his Grace will do no such absurd thing.

We feel the spirit of Accum to be walking the earth again, in the pitiful remonstrances of medical men, old women, "monthly reports," and lecturers on coroner's inquests, against poisoning ourselves. Do those idiots forget that we live in a land of liberty, and have a right to feed on oxalic acid and arsenic, if our tastes lie in that direction? An attempt made some years ago to put down some of our ingenious fabricators of Foreign wines, was publicly put down with the scorn due to all attempts to shackle British talent, and violate the liberty of the subject. We now give another example of those invidious attempts to repel us from dying by our own hands in the pleasantest way possible, namely, asleep or drunk.

"*Imitation of Cyprus Wine.*—Some of the leading restaurateurs in Paris sell, at the rate of two to three francs per glass, a wine which they call *vin de chypre*; and many John Bulls believe that they are really drinking Cyprus wine. It is, however, only an imitation; the mode of preparing which is thus given by the *Bibliothèque Physico Econom.*—To ten quarts of the syrup of elderberries add eighty pints of water. Press the berries gently, and add two ounces of ginger and one ounce of cloves. Then boil all together for an hour. After skimming it well, pour it into a vessel, and add one pound and a half of bruised grapes, which are to be left in it until the wine has acquired a fine colour."

We hope to see all ridiculous prejudice extinguished in the judicious throats of our countrymen, and this receipt copied into every housewife's book in the empire.

The Duke of Newcastle is sending to the right-about a set of ungrateful radicals, who had flourished on his bounty, and grew plump, impudent, and *liberal*, by his sufferance; having raised a prodigious outcry of hurt virtue among the Whig and Papist patriots, the regular dealers in what Horne Tooke called "the bullock stalls." And the fact being stated in reply that his Grace of Norfolk had ejected a number of the Protestant tenants from his late Protestant relative's estates, on the mere ground of their having subscribed a Protestant petition, the following attempt at a palliative was written by a high Papist hand to the *Morning Journal*.

Signatures to a Petition reflecting injuriously on Catholics was industriously circulated amongst the Duke of Norfolk's tenants at Worksop, and even amongst the domestics in the establishment at Worksop Manor, and some were prevailed upon to sign it. Resenting what was thought to be deliberate insult and deep ingratitude, the notice copied ostentatiously into a conspicuous part of your paper was sent to the offending parties. Whether the Duke of Norfolk were right or wrong in sending this notice—whether he acted wisely or unwisely in so doing—or whether he acted under greater or lesser provocation than the Duke of Newcastle, I shall not stop to inquire. But mark the sequel. Within a very short space, when the irritation occasioned by an *imaginary* insult, if so you please to call it, had subsided, *the notices were all recalled!*

No tenant of the Duke of Norfolk has suffered injury from his conduct on this occasion; and it must be acknowledged that *if* he committed an error, he has nobly repaired it, and that the Duke of Newcastle has another movement to make before he places himself in a parallel position with the Duke of Norfolk.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Oct. 24, 1829.

A FRIEND TO FAIR PLAY.

Now let us take the matter in the Papist's own showing. A number of Protestant individuals who owed no obligation whatever to their Popish landlord, and who, even if they did, would have been grossly culpable in suffering any such consideration to interfere with the duty of preserving their free constitution, and their scriptural religion, put their names to a petition that both should be preserved. His Popish Grace of Norfolk, in the incurable spirit of his church, looking upon any freedom of conscience in religious matters as intolerable, and, equally in the spirit of his church, thinking that persecution was the legitimate weapon in matters of faith, persecuted those men as far as lay in his ducal power, by ordering them off his estates. There was no charge of corruption, none of trafficking of any kind, none of the little pecuniary purposes that sometimes bias the conduct of greater men than those poor holders of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. The head and front of their offending was, that being Protestants, they joined with their countrymen in desiring that Protestantism should not be insulted and brought low.

As to the Duke of Newcastle's case, we may leave him to explain himself, which we hope he will do, by turning off his estate every man who voted for Mr. Serjeant Wilde. To enlighten the innocent on such matters, suppose we put a case. Let us conceive that a couple of hundred "worthy and independent" blacks or blues in a northern town, hearing that very considerable sums sometimes wandered about the world when elections were the order of the day, and feeling the comfortlessness of having no share in this floating capital, had thought of contriving a little opposition in their town, setting themselves up as objects "worthy the attention of any gentleman in want of" a seat in the house, and, in short, turning the tenures which gave them votes into a good thing?

We shall not say that this has occurred at Newark, but we can safely swear that its perfect fac-simile has been exhibited in other towns by the score. If in East Retford, for instance, every man who bartered his vote for the candidate's pounds had been instantly stripped of his power to make the same iniquitous bargain in future, we should have felt no extraordinary surprise or sorrow; or if the chief land-holder of East Retford had looked upon those scoundrel traffickers with the disgust which was their due, and, warned by the narrow escape of the Borough from being disfranchised, had determined to punish and extinguish this vile abuse wherever it lay in his way, we can feel just as little surprise.

Mr. Serjeant Wilde was a total stranger to the people of Newark; there was neither family connection, nor connection of principle. The serjeant was merely a gentleman who wanted to have a seat in Parliament, and whether he got in through Westminster or Westbury, through Newark or Nova-Scotia, was to him quite the same; and whether the candidate were Mr. Serjeant Wilde or Mr. Jonathan Wild, was, to the impartiality of the Newarkites, quite the same. Now, are we to be surprised that a parcel of tinkers and tailors, headed by a malster and a retired inn-keeper, should be prevented from putting the town of Newark into the hands of Mr. Serjeant Wilde, or that their landlord, a man proverbially kind and generous to his tenantry, should

have been glad to get rid of the whole set together? Here, then is the contrast. The *papist* lord punishes his tenantry for doing their duty in upholding *their* constitution and religion: the Protestant lord punishes them for doing the very contrary to their duty. The one is a case of conscience, the other of Cocker; and so the Duke of Newcastle may leave it to the understandings of his countrymen.

One clause of the letter says that the Duke of Norfolk retracted the order. His Grace had unhappily gained his point in spite of protestant feeling, and he might afterwards expect to rest in perfect contempt of anything of the kind. The *Morning Journal* answers the clause by saying that the Duke of Newcastle has hitherto only sent *notices* of ejection. But this answer is not the one that we desire to see given—ours would be practical. In every instance where the duke shall be satisfied that corrupt influences have operated, he owes it not merely to himself, but to his country, to put the criminal to shame.

Some of the Irish papers, *the Warder, the Waterford Mail, &c.*, which we are glad to see taking up the question, have adverted to the article on the “Protestant colonies” in our last number, and have expressed same doubts as to the advantageous introduction of poor laws into Ireland. Their observations deserve our respect for their manly, candid, and judicious tone, not less than for the general acuteness and ability of the writers. But we can here make only the brief answer—that poor laws, or an equivalent for them, must be enacted in every state that desires to avoid being overrun with riot and famine. The principle of poor laws is two-fold—charity and policy. A provision must be made for the aged and infirm—so far is the common dictate of benevolence. A provision must be made for the able-bodied who are willing to work but can get no work to live by—so far is suggested by a feeling for the public safety; for the able-bodied, if unable to live by labour, will live by rapine. In these countries men cannot be expected to lie down and starve, while they can resist and rob; and the result would be, as it was before the establishment of the poor laws, that the discharged labourers would march through the country in gangs, and live by riot and robbery.

So long as the convents lasted, the poor lived on the bounty of the convents; when they were broken up, the poor became public plunderers, and dreadful executions were necessary. It is recorded, that in one year of Elizabeth's reign, no less than the appalling number of twelve hundred human beings were hanged.

The lapse of years, and an unjudicious multiplication of statutes, has clogged the natural action of the poor laws in England, but there is no reason why an unclogged system might not be commenced in Ireland. But with all the disadvantages of the poor laws here, they supply the cheapest sustenance for pauperism known in any country of the world.

It has been calculated, that no common beggar in England lives on less than from twenty to five and twenty pounds a year, clothing and lodging included. The English poor rates provide him at the rate of seven pounds a year. And the rapine, the riot, and the misery which would have constantly disturbed and pained the public feeling, are thus extensively avoided.

In Ireland, the sum wrung from private charity is at least as large as the poor rates would be: with this disadvantage, that it is wrung from the best part of the community, while the miser, the unfeeling, and the

absentee, escape ; the race of beggars is kept up, and in the first failure of the potatoe crop, there is no alternative but famine and contagion, or midnight robbery and rebellion.

The operation on the future would be of high practical benefit. The landlord has hitherto been willing to multiply tenantry, that he might extract the more rent ; the result was, the gathering of population where the land was insufficient for them, and the splitting of acres, which was ruinous alike to farming and the farmer. But when the landlord knows that in case of public pressure, he may have to assist in maintaining his tenantry, he will be cautious of this unnatural accumulation : he will be more, he will feel it his interest to prepare his tenantry against such emergencies, by making them able to meet the change, by assisting them previously, adding to their comforts, and giving them their farms at such a rent as will allow them to live, not like brute beasts, but like men. Another advantage will be, that the absentees will not be suffered to throw the burthen on those who do their duty, and spend their rents at home. The twenty thousands and thirty thousands a year that cross the channel to be spent in Berkeley-square and Piccadilly, or wander to Paris and Rome, will be forced to pay their contributions to the country from which they are wrung ; and the simplest and most useful of all absentee taxes will thus be enacted without trouble.

To the observations of the *Warder*, we reply, that in approving in the highest degree of Protestant colonies, we took the word *Orange* as it does—in the general sense of friends to Christianity and the Constitution.

There is just now a good deal of scampering about both England and Ireland, to jump into new seats in parliament. Little Otway Cave, having received some hints which hurt his sensibilities in Leicester, has been roving among the Whiteboys of Tipperary to collect their legislative good will. Spring Rice, in much the same condition at Limerick, is endeavouring to fish the troubled waters among his native grocership ; and our favourite, Sir T. Lethbridge, having been cruelly thrown out of the Peerage plate, is spurring and whipping to get in somewhere or other within sight of the post. But the mark of a turncoat is upon him ; and to be Philpotted out of society is his natural fate. Even Dan, Agitator *ipsissimus*, is in peril for Clare. His “bosom friends, his gallant coadjutors, his heroic pair, who fought with him shoulder to shoulder,” are likely enough to try his popularity before long. The true state of the case is, the priests, the actual masters of the representation of Ireland, have not deemed it the proper time to put forth their mandate. They know the whole tribe of the brawlers too well not to know them unsafe to be trusted with the higher and only objects that the popish priesthood value. Hired lawyers, and clamorous clowns, did very well for a while ; but the unalienable contempt of the popish priests for every layman under heaven, came into play at the first possible juncture ; and the whole clique of the association are now only dust on the heels of the pontifical rulers of Ireland.

The priests wait for a *crisis* ; they know that it will come ; they are preparing for it in Maynooth, Clongowes, Stonyhurst, and every seminary and cloister in the empire. They are preparing for it, too, in Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Rome. They will not suffer the net to be broken by the boisterous gambols and tumbings of the O'Connel set. They may endure him for a while ; but they will not stoop to raise him on their shoulders.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-not; 1830.*—Mrs. Hall expresses her sense of unfairness in Mr. Ackermann's adoption of her title; but she need not be afraid of the competition. Though the engravings are good, they are not excellent—not one of them coming near to "My Brother," or "Bob Cherry"—not even the "School-mistress," which is decidedly the best of the volume. Of the literary part, Montgomery's "Snake in the Grass" is, as might be expected, the best in the book. Mrs. Hoffland's "Riding-School, or a Cure for Conceit," is even for her a failure—she evidently mistakes the tone and temper of a public school, quite as much as Miss Edgeworth did, when that lady wrote her "Eton Montem." Mrs. Hoffland writes a vast deal, but always wants tact and simplicity. Her criterion for good writing is plainly long words, and rounded periods. The "Wind in a Frolic" reminds one too much of Wordsworth—the author has made too free.

The Wind one morning sprung up from sleep,  
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!  
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!  
I'll make a commotion in every place!"  
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,

Creaking the signs, and scattering down  
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;  
There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
As the apples and oranges trundled about;  
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes

For ever on watch; ran off each with a prize.  
Then away to the field, it went blust'ring and humming,  
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;  
It pluck'd by their tails the grave matronly cows,  
And toss'd the colts' manes all about their brows,  
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,  
They all turn'd their backs, and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.  
It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:  
'Twas so bold, that it fear'd not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.  
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried gaily,

"Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
And crack'd their great branches through and through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,  
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees, in a midsummer swarm;  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. VIII. No. 46.

The turkies they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd:  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had press'd on, and had met, in a lane,  
With a school-boy who panted and struggled in vain:  
For it toss'd him and twirled him; then pass'd, and he stood  
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

*The Winter's Wreath, 1830.*—This Liverpool annual may confidently challenge comparison with any of its Metropolitan competitors in point of decoration and executiveness. The contributors are, the greater part of them, already before the world, on all occasions, as Annualists, and many of them as compounders of separate volumes, with names and without. Whole families take its pages by storm—we observe three Chorleys, each with three initials, and three Howitts, one not better than the other, nor worse, and all respectable—indeed the equality of all these productions is one of the most marvellous things about them. In the list of contributors figure reverends, and dignitaries, and doctors, and some of faculties unknown to English graduates.

Among the choice morsels is what, for some unintelligible reason, is called a myriologue, by which, it appears, is meant, *five* versions of Mr. Bayly's song, "Oh no, we never mention her," in German, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. The Latin is the well-elaborated production of the still very youthful taste of the very reverend Archdeacon Wrangham, who, moreover, we see, is translating Pignotti into *English* lyrics, for half the Annuals going. Miss Mitford has one of her sketches, the Two Sisters, admirably executed—the subject turns on the little confusions and *contresens*, occasioned by an unusual degree of likeness, and would have been truly nothing at all in the hands of any other artist.

Where one thing is as good as another, choice is perplexing—take the lines which illustrate the frontispiece.

## THE IDOL OF MEMORY.

It is not for the swimming lustre  
Of those beseeching eyes of thine,  
Nor for the glorious locks that cluster  
Like tendrils of the twisted vine,  
And with a natural garland deck  
Thy fair white brow, and swan-like neck;

It is not for thy cheeks, that glow  
Like clouds when day the world is leaving;  
Nor for the murmurs soft and low,  
With which thy lovely breast is heaving,  
Nor for the pearly store that peeps  
Through the soft portal of thy lips;

That these, my tearful glances, dwell  
 On thy young grace's virgin pride;—  
 Bright Lady! 'tis not Beauty's spell,  
 That chains me, breathless, to thy side;  
 For Woman's voice, and Woman's eyes  
 Have lost their power to make my sighs.

My heart is grown too cold with care;  
 And all the gifts that now remain  
 From Love, who once was worshipped there,  
 Are wild regrets, and sorrowings vain—  
 Sad relics in a mouldering urn  
 Where incense long has ceased to burn.

But o'er thy brow a quick light past,  
 As summer airs the waters curl,  
 That gave me as I viewed it last,  
 The image of an English girl,  
 With look, like thine, 'twixt smile and tear,  
 And graceful as the forest deer.

And thoughts, that long had buried lain,  
 In crowds before my memory rise,  
 I press those gentle lips again,  
 And gaze into the deep blue eyes,  
 Whose stealing glance could once controul  
 The sternest passions of my soul.

She comes once more! the breezing sighs  
 Of her young voice are whispering near,  
 Like the old native melodies,  
 Breathed in a home-sick exile's ear—  
 And my wild bosom's throbs reply,  
 She was too fondly loved to die!

'Tis past—the passionate vision fades—  
 And, Lady, though thy face be fair,  
 That nameless grace, which woke the shades  
 Of memory, rests no longer there!  
 The charm is gone—the spell is o'er,  
 And I can look on thee no more!

J. R. C.

The plates are of the very first class of beauty and execution—the *Idol of Memory*, especially, not looked at too *nearly*, and the *Mandoline*, with features so sweetly regular, so unruffled by care or excitement, so ready to receive your plaudits, without elation as a customary tribute—her due. An engraving from Jan Stein, by Lizars, is very remarkable for the strong and effective strokes of the graver.

*Forget-me-not*, 1830. — Ackermann's *Forget-me-not* has a larger proportion of prose than usual, and fewer contributions from the magnificos of the literary world. The reason assigned is decisive—the best writers contribute the worst pieces—a reason applicable, the editor himself declares, to both prose and verse, but more especially to the verse. Supported by the opinions of friends of indisputable taste and judgment, the editor accordingly has clipped the poetry part of the volume; and we take upon us to recommend a still farther clipping another year—there is no danger—it is not the current coin of the realm. Like almost all the poetry of the *Annals*, it is all strain and affectation, half Byron and half Moore, with little music, and less thought. A few lines

on *Solitude*, by James Kenney, Esq. are among the simplest the volume affords.

There is a time when tears will flow,  
 To soothe the throb of care;  
 When the gaunt eye of hollow woe  
 Looks up and mocks despair!  
 'Tis where the breeze has no controul,  
 Where pine trees darkly nod,  
 And Silence yields the gasping soul  
 To nature and to God!

Good spirits there a healing charm  
 On wounded bosoms shed;  
 And Virtue nerves the languid arm,  
 And lifts the drooping head;  
 And then we deem a time will come,  
 When tyrant wrong shall fly,  
 Or fondly dream of martyrdom,  
 And how the proud ones die!

Under the blue and boundless sky,  
 Couch'd on the bright green earth,  
 Oh! then we smile for vanity,  
 And feel Life's only worth;—  
 We trim no coronet for wealth,  
 For fame nor honour sigh;  
 We pray to God to live in health,  
 In love and charity.

And he whose cares in ruthless troops  
 Come thronging day by day,  
 To sap his heart, and make his hopes  
 A slow and inchmeal prey,  
 Shall here, the legion to defy,  
 Inhale a heavenly power;  
 Breathe Resignation's balmy sigh,  
 And bless that silent hour!

The curiosities of the volume are the first lines known to have been written by Lord Byron, and some of Francis Jeffery's. The first are duly attested by the lady to whom they were written, and were communicated by Miss Mary Ann Cursham, who also contributes some mystifications of her own, called the *Destinies*, apparently on the subject of Lord Byron and her friend, but we do not undertake to decide. Of the tales, the *Red Man*, by a "modern Pythagorean," is by far the best managed piece—nobody can anticipate the solution of the mystery.

Among the engravings, the *Flower Girl*, by Gaugain, is most distinguishable—it is a beautiful face, full of intelligence, and with a gleam of archness, but still the figure has too much ease and *nonchalance* for a flower girl, and is as little like one, as can well be imagined. The *Orphan Family* is a good group, but the boy is too young for the story—indeed we have often observed the stories do not fit the pictures. The *Death of the Dove* is remarkable for the girl's eyes—the fire and fright conspicuous in them, are more forcibly expressed than anything of the kind we remember to have seen.

*The Amulet*, 1830.—The *Amulet*, edited by Mr. S. C. Halls, is distinguished by the epithet of *Christian* as well as literary remembrancer; but the reader need not anti-

cipate nothing but sermonizing. The term is invidious, and had better have been avoided, for really nothing appears in any of the *Annuals*, which is not perfectly decorous, and as little alien, and quite as consistent with the epithet, as the general contents of the *Amulet*. With the exception of the verses on the crucifixion, and the two sisters of Bethany, illustrative of two of the engravings, and a few other verses interspersed here and there, the topics are wholly of the common literary cast. Mr. Halls' contributions are the best and most lively of the prose pieces. Dr. Walsh's inquiry as to the inhabitation of other worlds, is too long and too learned by half for the occasion, and will be sure not to be read. Among the verses, the virtues of which are of the usual average quality, we were surprised by some of Mr. Sadler's (M.P.), not having the least notion that rhyming was among his qualifications, or occupations. They are easy and smooth as any in the volume. We extract them.

## BANKS OF THE DOVE!

(Written on leaving my native village in early youth.)

Adieu to the Banks of the Dove!  
My happiest moments are flown;  
I must leave the retreats that I love,  
For scenes far remote and unknown:  
But wherever my lot may be cast,  
Whatever my fortunes may prove,  
I shall dwell on the days that are past,  
And sigh for the Banks of the Dove!

Ye Friends of my earliest Youth,  
From you how reluctant I part!  
Your Friendship was founded on truth,  
And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.  
Companions perhaps I may find,  
But where shall I meet with such love,  
With attachments so lasting and kind,  
As I leave on the Banks of the Dove?

Thou sweet little Village, farewell!  
Every object around thee is dear;  
Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,  
Where I wandered for many a year:  
These scenes which could rapture impart,  
These seats of contentment and love,  
And thee! the dear home of my heart,  
I leave;—and the Banks of the Dove.

The hours of my childhood are past,  
They seem even now as a dream;  
They glided as peaceful and fast,  
As the waves of this beautiful stream;  
They fled—but their mem'ry remains,  
Nor shall from my bosom remove;  
As the fugitive flood still retains,  
Reflected, the Banks of the Dove!

But I go! for the Dove's crystal wave  
Now murmurs commixt with my tears;  
My MOTHER is laid in her grave,  
Where yon hallowed turret appears!  
Ye Villagers, think of the spot,  
And lay me beside her I love!  
For here in my birth-place forgot,  
I'll sleep on the Banks of the Dove!

Till then, in the visions of night,  
O may her loved spirit descend!  
And tell me, though hid from my sight,  
She still is my Guardian and Friend!  
The thought of her presence shall keep  
My footsteps, when tempted to rove,  
And sweeten my woes while I weep  
FOR HER, and the Banks of the Dove!

Among the engravings the more remarkable are the Dorty Bairn, designed by Wilkie, and the Pedagogue, Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, catechising William in his accidence; but Mrs. Page is too handsome and lady-like for such a dolt and fright of a boy. Martin's Crucifixion is stamped by his own genius, and Le Keux has engraved it with Martin's own tool. The worst of Martin's pictures is, that seeing one, you seem to see all—he masses his shades all alike. The sisters of Bethany is no subject for the pencil; the artist has done his best, but there is an awkwardness, which no gravity in the features of the principal can remove. Mary's is a beautiful face, and interestingly earnest; but Martha need not have looked so very a girl, nor have been so literally encumbered. How she balances the dishes we cannot imagine, engaged as one hand is, and that hand, by the way, more like a stump than even a fist.

*The Gem*, 1830.—The *Gem*, with a sufficient mixture, like the rest of the *Annuals*, of the stale and ideal romance in the verses, has many graceful little pieces—more, we are quite confident, than any we have yet noticed. The "Stolen Interview," by we do not know whom, is among the best, if it be not the very best; but, unluckily for us, it is too long, and we cannot commit violence upon it by clipping it. "Love's Reproach, a rustic plaint," by Mr. Kenney, comes very near it—both are easy, playful, and natural. Of the graver kind, Mr. Malcolm's verses on the subject of one of the engravings—the *Halt on the March*—a soldier with his wife and children, deserves distinction.

Rest, wearied ones! it is the hour  
When faints the heart, and droops the flower,  
And shadows shrink, and breezes swoon,  
Beneath the burning eye of noon;  
When every sound is deeply still,  
Save of the torrent on the hill,  
Which lifts its lonely voice, that seems  
The moan of Nature in her dreams, &c.

Miss Isabella Hill's, too, on the "Widow" of the last year's *Gem*, begins well at least.

No, 'tis not on a face like *this*  
That fools should gaze, and jest;  
Thoughts of for-ever vanished bliss  
Should shield that matron breast,  
Too holy *she* to be a theme  
For slander's hackneyed tone,  
Or the coarse doubts of those, who deem  
All Faith light as their own, &c.

Redding's "Hamilton on the Alps" has the tone and spirit of poetry; and Charles

Sheridan's *Fairy Fancies*, if he had condensed them into half the compass, might have been readable; but Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham might surely leave his *Anthology Scraps* to the young Masters and Misses of his family, if he have any.

Miss Bowles has touched the subject of *Death* delicately and soothingly.

Come not in terrors clad, to claim  
An unresisting prey;  
Come like an evening shadow, Death!  
So stealthily! so silently!  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath:  
Then willingly—oh! willingly  
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp,  
What gentlest touch may take?  
What need with aspect dark to scare?  
So awfully! so terribly!  
The weary soul would hardly care,—  
Call'd quietly—call'd tenderly,—  
From thy dread power to break!

'Tis not as when thou markest out  
The young, the gay, the blest,  
The loved, the loving—they who dream  
So happily! so hopefully!  
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,  
And shrinkingly—reluctantly  
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life,  
(The cup assign'd to me  
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,  
So scantily! so scantily!)  
To know full well that all the rest,  
More bitterly—more bitterly  
Drugg'd to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart  
That kindly cares for me,—  
To pain, but not to bless. O Death!  
Come quietly—come lovingly,  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath,  
Then willingly—oh! willingly  
With thee I'll go away!

Some of the contributors of this successful volume work double duties; Lord Nugent, Mrs. Norton, and Howitt; but all handle the prose tales best—especially Mrs. Norton: her tale of William Errick is very effectively told. Miss Mitford's *Little Miss Wren* is in a very lively tone, but bordering here and there pretty closely upon the extravagant—she cumulates her descriptions occasionally—too intent upon exhibiting the fertility of her fancy, or the minuteness of her observations.

To speak of the ornaments would be quite superfluous—they have been selected by Cooper, and executed by the first artists. The *Gipsy Belle* is a fascination of form and feature—ease, grace, dignity, and confidence combined. The lady of the "Love Letter" is supposed to be sleeping—she will soon wake benumbed—the attitude must murder sleep.

*The Juvenile Forget-me-not*, 1830.—Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-not* is very

superior in point of ornamental decoration. Nay, two or three of the engravings excel any thing we have seen in the annuals that have yet fallen into our hands; for instance, 'My Brother.' It is life itself; the fondling sisters burst of affection and pride, and the little fellow's unyieldingness—his eyes apparently intent upon something else, and not understanding her fondling. The illustrating verses, are as ridiculously inapplicable as anything can well be; 'Boy, love thy sister,' as if the writer meant to drive affection into him at the point of the birch. 'Bob-cherry,' with the little ones' protruding earnestness to catch the tempting morsel is little inferior. Mister Hugh Littlejohn, about whom Allan Cunningham makes some verses for the purpose of 'clawing' the father and grandfather, is a very odd looking lad, with a head large enough for two—the Edinburgh phrenologists of course have discussed it, and the features anything but those of a boy. A child's prayer, by Hogg, is beyond the usual dog-grel style of such things.

O, God of yonder starry frame,  
How should a thing like me  
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,  
Or bow to thee the knee?  
I know not of my spirit's birth,  
How dust and soul combine,  
Nor being of one thing on earth,  
And how can I know thine?  
I only know that I was made  
Thy purpose to fulfil,  
And that I gladly would be good,  
And do thy holy will.  
For this, my being rational,  
For this, my dwelling place,  
I bless thee, Lord; but, most of all,  
For gospel of thy grace.

Direct my soul to search and know  
What Jesus did for me,  
And teach my little heart to glow  
With thankfulness to thee.  
And when this weary life is done,  
And dust to dust declines,  
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,  
Where thy own glory shines.

Take my dear parents to thy care,  
My little kinsfolk too,  
And listen to their humble prayer,  
When they before thee bow.  
And when they pray for sinful me,  
With fervour that exceeds,  
Do thou return the blessing free  
And double on their heads.

*Friendship's Offering*, 1830.—Next to the *Forget-me-Not*, this is the oldest of the Annuals; but neither has time crippled its vigour, nor success relaxed its efforts. In beauty and spirit it is surpassed by none that have since started in the generous career, where the competitors rather contend for excellence than wrestle for conquest. It is almost invidious—where equality prevails to perhaps a more than

usual degree—to point out particular pieces; but without meaning to depreciate others, we were most pleased by “Muirside Maggie,” by the author of the “Odd Volume;” and Mrs. Hall’s “Larry Moore;” which latter successfully competes with Miss Edgeworth, in her own line. “Il Vesuviano” is spiritedly sketched; and the “Author of London in the Olden-time,” has a well-told little tale. Of the poetry—if we must speak generally—it is below the usual standard of the writers; yet a scrap of Montgomery’s—James of course—nobody will mistake him for the other stringer of phrases—entitled the “Cry of Africa,” is worthy of him; and this song of Hogg’s—

A SCOT’S LUVE SANG.

By the *Eltrick Shepherd.*

I.

Could this ill world hae been contrived  
To stand without mischievous WOMAN,  
How peacefu’ bodies wad hae lived,  
Released frae a’ the ills sae common!  
But since it is the waefu’ case  
That Man maun hae this teasing wony,  
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?  
—O had they no been made sae bonny!

II.

I might have wandered dale and wood,  
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o’er me,  
As careless as the roe-deer’s brood,  
As happy as the lambs before me;  
I might hae screwed my tunefu’ pegs,  
And carolled mountain strains so gaily,  
Had we but wantit a’ the Megs  
Wi’ glossy e’en sae dark an’ wily.

III.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,  
The smile, the air, an’ a’ sae taking,  
Yet open laid my wareless heart,  
An’ gat the wound that keeps me waking.  
My harp waves on the willow green;  
O’ wild witch-notes, it has nae ony,  
Sin’ e’er I saw that pawky quean,  
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an’ sae bonny!

*Napier’s History of the Peninsular War, Vol. II., 1829.*—Colonel Napier’s object is to give a complete view of the Peninsular war, not only in military details, but in civil and political influences—not merely tracing the successful career of the English and their allies, but searching into the conduct of the French, and developing their plans, and the causes of their failures. His knowledge of the country, his professional acquirements, his free politics, (which sometimes, by the way, betray too much of the bias of party,) his critical spirit and sound judgment, qualify him eminently for the effective accomplishment of his undertaking. In addition to the common sources of information, open to every body, he has had access to original papers belonging to Soult and Jourdain—to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Sir John Craddock and Moore.

The first volume concluded, it will be remembered, with the death of Moore, at

Corunna. The present is occupied nearly with the campaign of 1809, and brings up the story to the battle of Talavera, and the subsequent retreat of the British army, leaving it, at head-quarters, at Badajoz, in September. But before the author enters upon this active campaign, he describes the events of the latter part of the previous one in the east of Spain. The siege of Saragossa, in Arragon, and St. Cyr’s operations in Catalonia to preserve Barcelona, were necessary to complete the survey of 1808.

After the embarkation of the English army at Corunna, Napoleon being now recalled to Paris by the prospect of Austrian hostilities, Soult was commanded to invade Portugal on the north, and Victor to co-operate with him on the east. Though retarded by untoward circumstances, Soult succeeded in getting possession of Oporto, but was disabled from advancing further; and Victor, apparently from some dissatisfaction, or perhaps on this occasion controlled by Jourdain and the king, who were thinking more of Madrid and the Spaniards than of Portugal, was certainly not active in co-operating. In the mean while, the English troops, now in Portugal, continued in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Craddock, who was left without specific directions—with no adequate force for bold operations, and fettered by the controul of the political agents, especially Mr. Frere. Had the French commanders been capable of acting cordially and in unison, Portugal must have been irrecoverably lost.

In the month of April, Craddock, though chargeable with no fault, for he had done all that his insignificant means enabled him to attempt, though far short of what was enjoined by Mr. Canning’s rhetoric at home, was unhandsofely superseded; and Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived to take the command, to the great satisfaction of the army. He was welcomed as a successful commander, and a new spirit was infused into the troops, now considerably augmented. Sir Arthur knew what was expected of him, and he was not inclined to let the grass grow under his feet. Soult was already in Portugal, in the north, and Victor was in the east, but still at a distance from the frontiers. These commanders it was desirable to attack singly, before they could possibly unite their troops. His own force little exceeded 20,000; Beresford, with his newly disciplined Portuguese, was in the neighbourhood of the Douro, and Cuesta, with his Spaniards, in the valley of the Tagus. Where should he begin? Soult was the nearest—this decided the matter. The march commenced forthwith; the Douro was boldly and successfully crossed, and Oporto entered, and Soult retreated before him without a conflict. The real cause of the little opposition the English commander met with, was the treachery of the French officers, and a plot they had

long been planning. Though themselves aware of the concentrating of the English and Portuguese forces, and their advance, they kept Soult in ignorance of it—their own scheme was to make a truce with the English, choose a new chief, march to Paris, and force Napoleon to a change of system. The project was baffled, but it embarrassed Soult, and forced him to give way, for he could get no orders executed.

Soult thus routed, Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to the south, and lost not a moment in directing his march along the valley of the Tagus, in full confidence, in union with Cuesta, of bringing Victor to action, before Soult, at all events, could recover himself. But he seems not to have correctly calculated Soult's activity; and of the thorough inefficiency of the Spaniards he had no suspicions whatever. Of this, however, he was soon destined to be convinced. The battle of Talavera was fought bravely and skilfully, but at a great sacrifice of life, and with little or no utility; for the want of steady co-operation on the part of the Spaniards prevented the victory from being so complete as it might have been. The English commander gained no ground. He could not advance with safety, for Victor was joined by Jourdain and Sebastiani; and Soult, with Ney, was rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat, and he was all but surprised. Time was just given him to cross the Tagus at Arzobispo, and thus escape inevitable destruction; for the French troops were on the very point of uniting with an overwhelming force of 100,000. The wounded were left, by the dastardly if not treacherous conduct of the Spaniards, in the hands of the enemy, who, however treated them generously. The escape of the British army was most critical. The commander had placed himself in a position, from which he escaped by a combination of circumstances upon which no man could have calculated. Colonel Napier sums up the evidence with great judgment, and hesitates not to pronounce the affair a *blunder* on the part of the great Captain. But experience was not lost upon him; it taught him caution—he never made a similar blunder. It taught him also to estimate duly the Spaniards, and he trusted them no more. "I have fished in many troubled waters," he observed, "but Spanish waters I will never try again;" and he kept his word.

The military details are often too particularizing to please the general reader; but every body must be pleased with the searching inquiries he makes into the causes of events—many of them before very unsatisfactorily accounted for. The full and free estimate he draws up of the conduct of all—the commander in the field, and the cabinet at home, is equally agreeable and satisfactory. Nothing so well explains the general failure on the part of the French against an enemy like the Spaniards, un-

united, unskilful, and undisciplined, as the jealousies and dissatisfactions of the French marshals. St. Cyr thought himself sacrificed by Napoleon—Ney did not like being placed under Soult, and Victor as little liked being controlled by Jourdain and the king. Could Napoleon, this campaign, have been present, his energy and vehemence, and controlling power—the only person capable of forcing all to act in union—he would have settled the matter decisively; and, on the other hand, had Wellesley been furnished with 80,000, he might have pushed forward into Spain, beaten the French in detail, and driven them out of the country. But our blessed cabinet at home split the force at command by dispatching 40,000 to Walcheren, and 20,000 to Sicily, and, all alike, at every point, were thus made ineffectual.

*The Borderers, by the Author of the Spy, Red Rover, &c., 3 vols., 1829.*—Mr. Cooper's new volumes give as much history as romance, and history that runs deep into American, or, at least, New England antiquities. The facts, for the main incidents are matters of family tradition, go back 150 years, within fifty, that is, of the very first settlers of New England, handed down from generation to generation, and, finally communicated to the author by a direct descendant, now a religious teacher in Pennsylvania, "one who can point to a line of ancestors, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of time. You," says he, addressing his reverend friend with all the humility that becomes a *novus homo*, "you are truly an American. We, of a brief century or two, must appear in your eyes little more than denizens quite recently admitted to the privilege of a residence."

The scene of the new story is a "clearing" in the depths of the forests that covered the vale of the Connecticut, and the period of action from 1665 to 1675. The present states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, it is known, were occupied, before the English settlements, by four great nations, bearing the uncouth names of Massachusetts, Wampanoags, Narragansetts, and Piquods—the first three covering the hunting grounds along the shores, and the Piquods stretching to the west of all them. With the Massachusetts the story has nothing to do; but a few words relative to the other three is essential to the grasp of it. The Piquods, though the most remote, were the first to come in fierce conflict with the settlers; but luckily neither the cunning nor the ferocity of Indians, was a match for English intelligence, and the Piquods, thoroughly broken, fell into the rank of allies and auxiliaries, and contributed to the ruin or reduction of others. The Wampanoags were, from the first, on friendly terms with the settlers, partly, perhaps, from the gentler disposition of Massasoit, their chief, and in part, no doubt, from a terrible epi-

demic, which thinned their numbers and humbled their spirits; but Metacom, the son of Massasoit, better known as King Philip, looked on the settlers and their encroachments with a jealous eye, and, finally, getting up a powerful confederacy, kindled a fearful war against them, which broke out in 1675. The Narragansetts, a few years before quite subdued, and their chief, Miantonimoh, killed by the Piquods, aided by the settlers, were recovering their strength, when Conanchet, a son of the murdered chief, concurred with Metacom in the attacks on the settlements. The chief scene of Mr. Cooper's story is connected with a foray of these formidable chiefs.

Captain Heathcote, a man of a Puritan cast, and an old soldier, is supposed to have been of those who quitted England, and first colonized Massachusetts, about the period when Cromwell and Hampden, by a most unlucky act of authority, were prevented from migrating. After a residence of twenty years, when neighbours were gathering thickly about him, and some of them apparently inclined to interfere with his opinions—his praying and preaching—the very reason which drove him from his native shores—he resolved to take a new and deeper plunge into the forests, and actually planted himself, far up the vale of the Connecticut, beyond the limits of all cultivation. Here, surrounded by a considerable family, a son and son's wife and their children, man-servants, and maid-servants, sheep, and cows, and horses, the old patriarch, at the end of ten years, found himself settled with extensive buildings entrenched and palisaded, and broad lands in cultivation, and hitherto undisturbed by the Indians, though not always unalarmed. The story opens with some new alarms. A stranger, full of mystery, solicits admission in the night; and after a private conference with the old Puritan, departs the same night. That same night, too, a young Indian was caught in ambush near the palisades, whose capture apparently baffled an intended attack. Though treated with kindness, especially by Ruth, the wife of Heathcote's son, no impression appeared to be made upon his unsusceptible nature. Their own security seemed to demand his close confinement; but after the lapse of some months he was permitted to join a hunting party, and though separating from the hunters, he returned again in the evening. That very night re-appeared the mysterious stranger, and while he was conferring with the Indian boy, whom he recognized, and who, at last, was found to speak English, the whoops of a thousand Indians were heard close at hand. The attack was at first repulsed; but when arrows failed, the firebrand was effective. The stranger was active in repelling the assault; and the Indian boy, though apparently taking no part, rescued Ruth's little girl from the tomahawk of a fiery savage; but finally the whole pile of building was wrapt in

flame and burnt to the ground, and the party, with two or three exceptions, escaped by concealment in a well. Among the exceptions were Ruth's child, a beautiful little girl of eight or nine, a half-witted boy who looked after the cows, and the young Indian.

No time was lost in vain lamentations. The whole party bestirred themselves; assistance was procured from the nearest neighbours; and, in another ten years, not only was all replaced, but the settlement was enlarged by the accession of forty or fifty families, increasing and multiplying—some three at a birth. Every thing seemed prospering; but Ruth still mourned for her beautiful child, of whom no tidings could ever be heard, though search was made far and near, and the Indian quarters visited in vain. One fatal Sabbath, while the whole village were assembled at church, a new alarm of "Indians are coming" was made, and suddenly presented himself again the old mysterious stranger, who, in conjunction with Heathcote's son, quickly marshalled the forces of the village, to encounter the new attack. All resistance was useless. Some twenty of the party were killed, and the rest taken captives. The further slaughter was checked by the influence of Conanchet, who proved to be the Indian boy, the saviour of Ruth's child—the son of the renowned Miantonimoh, and himself of at least equal renown. In a few hours comes the young chief's squaw—she is, as the reader will anticipate, Ruth's child, and Conanchet introduces her to her mother. She is become thoroughly Indian—her old associations have wholly vanished—attempts to *reclaim* her are all in vain, and the consequence is nothing but discomfort to the disconsolate parent.

In the mean while, the old stranger, whose story is very slightly developed—he was, it seems, a fugitive regicide, and, by his intercourse with the Indians, had opportunities of detecting their schemes—is engaged in negotiating a treaty between the invading tribes and the Heathcotes; but unluckily, at the same time, a Wampanoag traitor betrays the chiefs into the hands of some of the villagers and a party of Piquods. Metacom escapes; but Conanchet is delivered up to the chief of the Piquods, and dies, with the heroism of his race, in the presence of his beautiful wife, who herself withered at the sight, dies also, recovering, in her last moments, some gleams of her early state, as insane persons sometimes do before death. The half-witted boy, too, who had disappeared at the time the little girl did, returns an Indian—not strengthened in intellectual vigour precisely, but imbued with the sentiments of the savage; and though but an idiot among the civilized, appears respectable among Indians—pithy in sentiment, and strong in purpose. That circumstances modify character, nobody, that considers at all, can doubt; but such

perfect transmutations as Mr. C. delights to represent, are full of improbability. This, however, detracts nothing from the work—that is unique. Mr. C. has, and can have no rival in his department; he is full of thought, with a mind direct and single, and describes, graphically and dramatically, to compete with any of his cotemporaries.

*Waverly Novels. Antiquary. 1829.*—

The broad features of Jonathan Oldbuck, though masqued with all the writer's well-practised skill, were detected by one who recognized in them a friend of the author's family, and the fondly cherished secret was thus in manifest danger of exposure, for the discoverer could not of course consent to conceal the proof of his own sagacity. In the introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the author acknowledged the truth of the discovery, and now recurs to the subject only to protest against the too liberal interpretation of his acknowledgment, especially to guard against the supposition that any printer's ink polluted the pure current in his old friend's veins. Nothing, it seems, was borrowed from actual circumstances, but the bare fact of the original's residence in an old house near a flourishing sea-port; and the scene between him and the female proprietor of a stage-coach, which the author chanced to witness, and which it appears was very similar to the one which introduces the '*Antiquary*.'

Ochiltree had it seems an individual prototype—the author had in his eye one Andrew Gemmells, who many years ago was well known in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Etrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country. The beggars of Scotland, within the author's recollection, were, he says, like the Bac-coch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, expected to make some return for their quarters. They were often talkative, facetious fellows, prompt at repartee, and giving free scope to their fancies and tongues, using, with their patched coats, the privilege conferred on the ancient jesters by their pie-bald ones. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a *pair body* of the more esteemed class. Andrew was well known to the author in his youth. He was a fine old figure, and he *knew* it; tall and soldier-like, with intelligent features, and a sarcastic expression, he had little of the cant of his profession, and rather claimed than asked for food and shelter and a "trifle of money." He sang a good song, told a good story, launched a severe jest upon occasion, and secured a good reception as much from fear of his satire as feeling for his wants. Andrew, too, was ready and willing to play at cards and dice, and was in short a very jovial and companionable person. The late Dr. Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author his last recollection of Andrew was seeing him playing a game of brag with a gentleman of fortune and birth, on

a window-sill; the great man within doors, and the beggar without, just to keep up the distinction of ranks a little, it may be supposed. A country gentleman, reputed a narrow man, once meeting him, regretted he had no silver, or he would give him a sixpence. "I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew. The profession sunk, it seems, in profit and respectability in his time. "It was," he said, "forty pounds a year worse than when he first practised it."

Sir Walter also reminds his fellow colleagues at Edinburgh, of a venerable old bedesman, or blue-gown (a privileged beggar) who stood by the Potter-row port, now demolished. He was as remarkable for reserve, and silent solicitation, as Andrew was for his impudence, and apparently was even more successful. He maintained a son in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which he stood as a mendicant generally. The young man was cut in the college, but one fellow-student, perhaps Sir W. himself, feeling for his excluded condition, offered him occasional civilities, for which the old man felt equally grateful, and expressed his obligation in a very novel manner. Watching the coming out of the friendly student, the old man, one day, bent more than usually forward, and instead of receiving the halfpenny which the other was offering, thanked him for his kindness to Jammie, and gave him a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, adding, "ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company."

Sir Walter thus vindicates Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him—one beggar he has shewn taking a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another giving dinner parties.

*Historical Miscellany, &c. by W. Taylor, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin. 1829.*—This is a very superior book, compared with the common run of school-books, and goes more out of the ordinary beat, taking in matters that hitherto have rarely been introduced into them. The volume is represented as fitted and destined to form a supplement to Pinnock's Greek and Roman and English histories, and is, in the same manner, furnished with sets of questions, and references for specific answers. In the story of Greeks and Romans, their respective struggles with the Persians and Carthaginians, are the prominent points, and the usual school books confine themselves chiefly to the details of the triumphant party. The little that is known, or can be fairly inferred, relative to Persia and Carthage, Mr. Taylor has thrown into separate narratives, and has attempted, as far as he could, to raise them nearer than has hitherto been done to their real importance; and thus counterbalance, in some degree, the effect that inevitably attends the hearing of one

side only. The history of Greece also, in the heroic and classic ages (why does he add the word *classic*?), particularly the Argonauts, and the lives of Hercules and Theseus, to which allusion is perpetually made in the poets, and which are strangely omitted, or but slightly glanced at in the common histories; this is also supplied. The story of the Greek states in the south of Italy, and the successors of Alexander, furnish other neglected topics for the ancient portion; and the modern part is usefully occupied with sketches of the feudal system, chivalry, the crusades, and especially British India, and a glance at the British constitution and a few statesmen, lawyers, poets, &c. The whole very well executed.

*The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, edited by his friend Henry Vernon, Vol. II.* 1829.—Wilmot Warwick's faithful executor has furnished half-a-dozen more tales or sketches, all of them distinguishable from the common run of things apparently of the same class, by their being delivered in a tone of good and considerate feeling, prompted by a desire to enforce cheerful and charitable impressions, to mitigate severe constructions, and stir up inquiry relative to habitual and indiscriminating judgments. The tales of Julia and Sternhurst are the more remarkable. The first is simply that of two ladies, the one about forty, the other twenty, the younger calling the elder aunt, who take lodgings in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where, being by themselves, they are subjected, by the busy malice and busier tongue of a lady patroness of the place, to unfavourable constructions, for which it finally appears there was no foundation. The elder lady had sympathized with the sorrows of a victim to the arts of one with whom she was herself on the point of marriage, and brought up the child as her own daughter; The little sketch is introduced by some sharp and sarcastic remarks on the severity of the ladies towards the frail ones of their own sex, and their strange indulgence to the libertines of the other. The severity of married women is imputed chiefly to want of consideration; while the spinster's might be justifiable if directed towards the *really* offending party. But in fact they confound *vice* with its victims.

Surely the present economy of morals in England is bad. Looking at women as the guardians of propriety (which they profess to be), we cannot but observe by how great a loss of charity and humility the state of rectitude is maintained. They save pound-notes (that is, they keep them *unchanged*) and squander pounds' worth of pence. No doubt much purity is preserved; but by what allowances for scandal in women, and for libertinism in men!

The present system is one of delicacy. Ladies are to be keenly scrutinizing in the ways of "naughty women," and to exhibit a delightfully ignorant simplicity in respect to the naughty ways of men. The policy of this it requires no very great sagacity to discover. Were spinsters avow-

edly aware of man's improprieties, they would only prove by their leniency thereto, as compared with their severity towards the failings of their sex, that, however badly they might think of a woman without virtue, they meditated still more fearfully on the possibility of their remaining without husbands; and, therefore, in respect to the gentlemen, are content to make the best of a bad helpmate. Candour, however, would, after all, prove the right policy. If women must scrutinize, let them demand from every wooer an account of his bachelorship. Let them look after the virtue of men, and their own virtue will take care of itself. Let them also be careful lest their aversion to impropriety be considered analogous to canine madness, which causes in the sufferer an abhorrence for that in the want of which the disease originated.

The tale of Julia shews a female may be liberal without loss of honour, and indulgence reclaim a young offender. That of Steinhurst is a tale of adultery, and the object, not to recommend restoration, more germanorum—Mrs. Haller to wit—but removal without public exposure, gentleness instead of severity, and forgiveness for virulence. In a distant retreat, the bewitched, but in consequence of gentle treatment, the repentant woman, instead of flying to her seducer's arms, lives a life of seclusion and propriety; and the husband dying in a few years, and convinced of his wife's reformation, bequeaths her his forgiveness, and even the guardianship of her own children.

*Family Library, Vol. VI. History of the Jews, 2 vols., 1829.*—In this second volume, Mr. Milman conducts his animated narrative through the captivity of the Jews—their re-settlement in Palestine—the invasions of Alexander, and his successors, both in Egypt and Syria—the achievements of the Maccabees—the reigns of the Herods, and the successions of Roman governors—the rebellions and massacres, unparalleled on so small an arena in any other part of the world—the tumults excited by Simon without, and by John within, the walls of Jerusalem, down to the period when Titus, on the accession of his father to the imperial purple, was dispatched to take the capital, and complete the subjugation of the country. The story is, of necessity, unequal in point of detail—a mixture of the scanty and abundant, varying of course with the supply of materials, and the author is, in consequence, occasionally tempted to compensate the meagreness of some portions, by amplifying others, when more circumstantial information is attainable. The effect of this is an alternation of unsatisfactoriness and satiety; and we are sure the performances of Josephus and John of Gischala might have been clipped considerably, to the great relief of the reader. Vanity led Josephus to dilate beyond the occasion, and doubtless to magnify.

We observe a very unworthy attempt, in a cotemporary publication, to depreciate Mr. Milman's work, by describing it as being

of too popular a cast for accuracy, and the value of it lessened by his giving no authorities. This is unfair, for it insinuates a distrust for which there is no foundation; and absurd, for it supposes the existence of other authorities than those which are in every body's hands. The authorities are few, and all, with the exception of Philo (and little use is made of him), better known than any historical records in the world. They consist of the Jewish Scriptures, canonical and apocryphal, and Josephus; and what security was to be gained by special references to these obvious and popular sources? The incidental matter collected from Greek and Roman writers is so small, as to be quite insignificant in any other view than a confirmatory one. The profession and name of Mr. Milman is a sufficient guarantee for the fair use of materials; which are, besides, so open to every body's knowledge and reference. For the latter period the author is solely dependent on Josephus; the historian must follow his narrative—he has no means of checking him by other authorities; but Mr. M. has not credulously and blindly adopted all his statements, and has exercised freely his judgment upon details. He has taken, apparently, a very fair estimate of Josephus—quite favourable enough. Josephus was a mere rhetorician in taste and spirit—the hero of his own tale, too, and full of conceit—delighting to dwell on particulars that shew off his own tact and fertility of expedient. “With all our respect,” says Mr. M. “for his abilities and virtues (for the latter of which, by the way, we have certainly nothing but his own word), it is impossible not to assign him the appellation of *renegade* (in the sense of traitor, he must mean, not apostate). Writing to conciliate the Romans, both to his own person and to the miserable remnant of his people, he must be received with some mistrust. He unnecessarily calls the more obstinate insurgent, who continued desperately faithful to that cause which he deserted, by the odious name of robbers; but it may be remarked,” adds Mr. M., “by way of illustration; that the Spanish guerillas, who were called patriots in London, were *brigands* in Paris.”

We noted a passage or two for remark as we went along, but we can only notice one. When the Jews (members of the Sanhedrin) delivered Christ to Pilate, and he, not supposing him chargeable with a capital offence, desired them to judge him themselves according to their own law, they declined, because they were not allowed to put any one to death. This is distinctly stated in St. John's Gospel—then why does Mr. M., when speaking of the event, add—“whether the Jews had lost or retained the power of inflicting capital punishment, has been debated with great erudition; and, like similar questions, is still in a great degree uncertain.” The Jews say, as plain as words can speak—by their own law he was liable

to death, but they were not allowed to execute it. Particular as Mr. M. is in distinguishing the members of the Herod family, he should have seen that the tabular pedigree corresponded with the text—who is to know which is right?

*Practice of Tenancy and Customs of Grazing Counties in Great Britain, by Messrs. Kennedy and Grainger. Part II. 1829.*—This second volume on the present state of the tenancy of land, is confined almost wholly to the subject of wool-growing. The coarse wool of the country, by far the largest portion, will not now bring what is called a remunerating price, or what is more to the purpose and more hopeless, scarcely any price at all. It is driven out of the market by the foreign wools, which, quality for quality, from the coarsest to the finest, are always cheapest; and even were the price and the quality at once the same, would, from the mere influence of fashion; be preferred; and, unluckily, it is not equally the fashion for foreigners to prefer ours. The grower, of course, cries out for protection, and protection he must have, though it do break in upon the project of free-trade. Wool is one of our native products, and must not be sacrificed to systems. The interests of the wool grower, the wool merchant, and the wool manufacturer, are all quite distinct, and cannot, as a matter of common sense, be governed by the same law. If the home wool be not protected, and taxation continue unmitigated, we can readily conceive a state, when the home product will be literally without a purchaser. The merchants and manufacturers may suffer little by such a condition of things; but what is to become of the cultivator? The land is the source from which all springs; and is it to be a matter of indifference with statesmen that whole regions are thrown into desolation? Free-trade looks admirably upon paper, and reads with a tone of equity and benevolence that gladdens the heart of the cabinet philosopher; it is a good thing too, in practice, and desirable where the freedom is really reciprocal, and where native productions are not crushed and extinguished by its operation. To be unshackled in dealings is unquestionably a good, but then it can only be so, where one party is not stronger than the other, or where the stronger will not take advantage; and what security can there be for this? Take the case of wool: if while we imported foreign wool, there were a market for our own growth, we should be for free-trade by all means in that article. But when the fact is, that foreign wool is preferred and is cheaper, and our own neither finds a sale at home, nor an outlet abroad; by withholding protection we sacrifice the interests of our fellow countrymen, the growers, to those of foreigners, or at best to the interests of the merchants and manufacturers; and why should there be any sacrifice at all to gratify scribbling lovers of fan-

ciful consistencies? If the wool does not sell, it cannot be grown, and mutton must go with it; and then the whole country suffers—eating philosophers and all. The present and temporary remedy is *protection*, and a strong one—there is no danger from smuggling so bulky a commodity; and the future permanent and absolute remedy is *improvement* of our own wool, which can only be accomplished by more care and attention, by keeping sheep in more equal temperature; cool in summer, and warm in winter, draining lands, &c. Messrs. Kennedy and Grainger talk like very rational men on these matters, biassed as they evidently are, on many topics connected with the interests of landlords.

*A brief Account of the Coliseum in the Regent's Park, 1829.*—A very effective account of this stupendous performance, describing the building, the painting, which covers 40,000 feet, the conservatories, and all the rest of the wonders of the fairy scene. Eight lithographic outlines give a tolerable conception of the prodigious extent, and multitude of objects, comprised in the painting; but no stranger, the describer well observes, can comprehend the varieties, vastness, and amazing effects of the Coliseum, by any account, however diffuse, and however eloquently written. Every body, however, likes to know something of what he has to see, before he goes—to prepare against surprise a little, to set his mind in order, and know where to direct his attention—to qualify, in short, for a perfect conception when there, and the full fruition of the scene.

*The Heraldry of Crests, 1829.*—An enlarged edition, it seems, of Elvin's Heraldry, the copyright and plates of which, after the original proprietor's death, who was both editor and engraver, fell into the hands of the present publisher. The favourable reception of the former edition prompted, of course, a new one, to which an addition of a thousand new crests has been made—making the whole amount to more than 3,500—constituting thus the largest collection known, relative to a “branch of the science of Heraldry, at no period more held in interest than at the present, and equally adapted to the use of the artist and the public.” The engravings exhibit the crests of every peer and baronet, and also of nearly every distinguished family in the kingdom. A dictionary of terms is added, and copious indexes of the bearer's names. These 3,500 crests are borne by, probably, at least 20,000 families, the principal of

which only of course can be specified in the index; but where the line is drawn we do not know, and the drawer himself is perhaps not able to tell. The engravings answer the purpose well enough, but might have been better, and more up with the actual advance of the art.

*The Gardens and the Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated. Parts I. and II.*—The commencement of a work sanctioned, it seems by the Council, superintended by Mr. Vigors, the secretary, and written by Mr. Bennett, the vice-secretary. Here is a combination of power—though we do not exactly understand what Mr. Vigors's superintendance is to do, nor what is likely to be the special advantage of the Council's sanction. But this is after the modern manner—the more parade, the more seductive and taking. The book, however, is a beautiful specimen of engraving, painting, and paper, and Mr. Bennett's descriptions highly respectable. The first portion published—the work is intended to be a monthly, or a two-monthly one, we do not know which—consists of six quadrupeds and four birds, all drawn, and very tastefully drawn, from the living species in the Gardens. The quadrupeds are the Chinchella, from Chili, an animal whose fur is well known, but the animal itself is the first of its species seen in this country; the Ratel, something like a badger, from the Ganges; the Wanderoo monkey; the Hare-Indian dog, from the Mackenzie river; the Esquimaux dog; and the Barbary mouse, a little striped animal, so scarce, that Desmarest questions its existence—the “Gardens,” luckily, had a whole nest of them. The birds are the Condor—the crested Curasson—and two Maccaws, of very brilliant colours. The curasson is one of the very birds we were calling upon this somewhat obtrusive society to try and domesticate, for the purpose of adding to our very limited stock of eatable birds. The success in Holland, to which we alluded in noticing Mr. Griffiths' very extensive and excellent work on the Animal Kingdom, now in a course of publication, has been, it seems, interrupted, but it may not be too much (we are happy to find Mr. B. himself observing, of course with the “sanction of the Council”) to expect that the Zoological Society may be successful in perfecting what was there so well begun, and in naturalizing the Curasson as completely as our ancestors have done the equally exotic, and, in their wild state, much less familiar breeds of the turkey, the Guinea fowl, and the peacock.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

WE feel that an apology, or rather a reason, is due to our readers for our seeming neglect, in having so long suffered two illustrative works of art, each of them of great merit and public interest, to continue in the course of publication for several months, without having been hitherto noticed in our pages. The excuse we have to offer is, that unless we had suffered the works in question to accumulate to a certain extent, the very brief space which we could have afforded them would have been wholly inadequate to the kind of notice and examination which they claim at our hands. The works to which we allude are Mr. Frank Howard's "*Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare*," and the "*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious Personages of the 19th Century*." The first-named of these works, as first in date, no less than in value and interest, claims the precedence.

We are not able to state whether Mr. Frank Howard's elegant work in illustration of Shakspeare's Plays was undertaken previously to the appearance of Retsch's admirable set of outlines on the same subject, the first number of which (on Hamlet) was criticized at length, in the body of our work, some time ago. But whether it was or not, is of little import; since the next best thing to originating and putting into practice a bold idea, is that of adopting such an idea, and following it up to a successful result. In the case of an extensive and important work, like that before us, it is indispensable to a fair judgment of it, that we take into consideration the *object* of its author; and it is always better, if possible, in criticising such a work, to permit the author to explain his own views. We are able to do so in this instance, with a very trifling tax upon our space. Mr. Howard, in his brief preface, says, "The dramatist, who is limited in the time for representation on the stage, exhibits in his scenes those occurrences only which he considers most important, and best adapted for theatrical effect; but if painters, by making the story of a play complete in a series of designs, arranged as the events are supposed to have taken place, and by filling up what the nature of the drama compels the poet to leave undefined, shews the author's ideas in a new light, he does not take what is common to both, for that is no more than repeating the poet; but he throws all the advantages of his own art into the scale, displays an additional originality, and enhances the interest of the work. My object will be to give the spirit of the plays, rather than a servile imitation of individual passages; and, if possible, to render the plates complete in themselves, that they may interest equally as an illustration of the poet's ideas, and as an intelligible series of amusing designs." We cannot compliment Mr. Howard on his authorship; but neither shall we criticise him on it; be-

cause it is as an artist, not an author, that he comes before us. His views and objects may be gathered from these two passages, which is all that we need from them. And it must be confessed that those views and objects include a design of great boldness and hazard. To feel, much less to illustrate, so as to render clear and intelligible to the feelings of others, the spirit of the whole of Shakspeare's plays, is what was never yet given to mortal man duly to accomplish; and, in fact, it is not awarding a very extravagant degree of praise to Mr. Howard, to say that, of all who have hitherto illustrated that spirit, he, in the fourteen numbers of his work which are now before us (containing near three hundred plates), has done more towards accomplishing the design in question than any one of his predecessors. We have said that Mr. Howard's is a bold design. We will add, that the way to succeed in such a design is to plunge boldly into it at outset: and this is what the artist has done in the present instance. The "*spirit*" of Shakspeare's plays, means, in other words, the "*poetry*" of them; and, among them all, there is none which includes so much poetry as "the Tempest;" and with the Tempest Mr. Howard has commenced his work. Perhaps the fairest, as well as the most successful method of conveying to our readers a specific notion of the work we are commending to their notice, will be to examine any one number of it in detail: we shall therefore do so, and choose the very first—which is, as we have said, devoted exclusively to the Tempest, and which comprises twenty plates; the whole of the plates throughout the work being strictly *in outline*—a style of engraving which we need not describe further than by its name, as it has been made familiar to the world by Retsch's illustrations of various German works, and latterly of Shakspeare himself.

We may, however, premise an opinion, that this comparatively new style of engraving is singularly well adapted to the purpose of illustrating works of poetry, on several accounts; but chiefly because of the rapidity of execution and consequent copiousness which it admits of, and the purity of effect which it produces—the first of these qualities admitting of an artist accomplishing that in a year which, in the ordinary style of first-rate engraving, would cost him a life; and the second enabling him to confine himself to those mere hints and intimations which are all that *any* artist should dare to offer in illustration of the unspeakable beauties and wonders of the works here chosen for a subject.

It will have been understood, through Mr. Howard's own announcement of his purpose, that he does not confine himself to the actions, or even to the time of the play he is illustrating; but brings in whatever he

may deem explanatory of its spirit—always, however, drawing his illustration from, and referring it to, some passage of the text itself. The first seven plates, illustrative of “the Tempest,” are devoted to circumstances and actions which are supposed to have happened prior to the commencement of the play itself. No. 1 represents the witch, Sycorax, causing her imps to confine Ariel within the cleft pine. There are no figures in this plate which demand marked commendation, as illustrating the true *spirit* of Shakspeare better than volumes of commentary or criticism: we allude to Sycorax and Ariel. The drapery of the first is so designed that the figure to which it belongs seems to have just grown up, as it were, out of the earth, as if she were part and parcel of it—“of the earth, earthy;”—while that of Ariel, though dragged away by the little fiends that have momentary power over it, seems to exhale upwards like a subtle vapour.

No. 2 represents Prospero seized by his brother, to be hurried away from his dekedom. The remarkable portion of this plate is the infant Miranda, lying beside her royal parent in unconscious sleep. The effect of this is highly appropriate, and even poetical: it speaks, as if by anticipation, of all the after events. No. 3 is, perhaps, the most happy of all the illustrations of this exquisite play. It represents Prospero in a small open boat, on the bare ocean, seated between the only sources of his hope and joy—his books and his infant. This is a composition as beautiful in its simplicity as it is poetical in its passionate truth. It truly illustrates the spirit which suggested it. No. 4 depicts the first operation of Prospero’s “so potent art,” in emancipating Ariel from the spells of Sycorax. The triumphant escape of Ariel, without waiting to see by what means the liberation has been effected, or to return thanks for it, is in the right spirit. Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, we do not greatly admire, because we do not gather from them much of that which we seek in them—namely, an illustration of the spirit of Shakspeare’s work. They all refer to the early connexion between Caliban and Prospero; and we do not find any thing in the Caliban that answers to the wonderful creation of Shakspeare. The way, however, in which the gradual growth of Miranda, from childhood to womanhood, is made apparent in these three designs, is very pleasing and effective. No. 9 is a beautiful design. It represents Miranda, now a woman, at the opening of the play, soliciting her father to save the distressed ship from the “Tempest” which assails it. There is a natural purity and simplicity about this scene which are in no degree impaired by the poetical air which is cast over the whole. No. 10 is equally fine. It shews Ferdinand, listening in rapt astonishment to the wandering airs that greet him as he first paces the shores of the

“Enchanted Island;” while Miranda and Prospero watch his movements at a distance. The listening air and expression of Ferdinand are in the finest style of art; and the dawning wonder and delight of Miranda, at the sight of him, are no less appropriate. We shall be glad to know of those who object to this style of engraving, what additional expression could be conveyed to the two faces now alluded to, by the addition of the ordinary fillings up—the usual elaboration of light and shades. No. 11 is devoted to the same three persons of the drama, and refers to the scene where Prospero charms Ferdinand to obedience by feigned anger. The alarm of Miranda, and the astonishment of Ferdinand, are equally well expressed. The little aerial figure introduced as pressing down the hand of Ferdinand, so that he cannot (as he otherwise would) lift his sword, is in exact conformity with the object of these plates, to illustrate the “spirit” of Shakspeare; and more of the same sort of illustration might have been used with advantage—as every thing in this wonderful production is, as it were, brought about by spiritual agency—a circumstance which, contrary to the ordinary opinion, makes the play more fitted for stage representation than any other of Shakspeare’s productions.

In Nos. 12 and 13, representing the scene where Antonio and Sebastiano are about to murder the King, and that where Stephano discovers Trinculo under the cloak of Caliban, we do not find much to admire. No. 14, too, representing Miranda soliciting Ferdinand to let her carry the wood for him, though full of simple and natural grace, is faulty in respect to the figure of Prospero, who, though supposed to be at a considerable distance, forms one of the group. Neither do we think that the 15th and 16th plates, which represent the magical banquet that is prepared for the King and his train, and its removal, are successful attempts—though the group of the King, &c., in the first, is finely expressed. The truth is, that the merely human portions of Shakspeare—the simplicity of his females, the nobility of his youthful heroes, the dignity of his kings and rulers, those are what Mr. Howard depicts with a true feeling of the nature and spirit of his task. In the humour and oddity, and also in the supernatural, and the supernatural, he is less happy; though in these he occasionally shews great skill and judgment, and much strength of imagination. No. 17, shewing Trinculo and Stephano led astray by the music of Ariel, we do not much affect; but the scene which (No. 18) is one of the finest in the set, and answers admirably to the exclamation of Ferdinand at the sight of the superhuman part of it:—

“This is a most majestic vision,  
And harmonious charmingly.”—

It is illustrative of that scene in the fourth

act, where Prospero shews the effect of his art to Ferdinand and Miranda, by calling up the masque, in which Juno and Ceres bless the love of the youthful pair. The various parts of this scene are finely balanced one against the other, and the whole is imbued with the true poetical spirit of the original. No. 19, of the spirits hunting Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, is a failure; but No. 20, the concluding scene, is equally fine with 18. It depicts, at one moment of time, and by means of one group, the consummation of the tale, in the introduction of Miranda to the King by Ferdinand, the parting of Prospero and Ariel, and the thwarting of the schemes of Sebastian and Antonio, by the discovery of the lost Duke in Prospero, &c.

We have thus gone through one number of this interesting work, as the best method we could devise of conveying to our readers a just impression of what the whole is likely to be when completed. We need only add, that, taking the whole fifteen numbers that are published up to this time, their merits and attractions are at least equal, on an average, to those of the number which we have examined: and we have no hesitation in saying that the work, when complete, will be at once the most appropriate, comprehensive, and satisfactory set of illustrations of the plays of Shakspeare that has ever been offered to the public. A number of the work is published every two months, at the price of twelve shillings—each number containing an average of 20 plates, besides the letter-press reference to the text from which each plate is taken.

*National Portrait Gallery.*—*Fisher, Son, and Co.*—We have now to introduce to the reader a work of no less permanent value than of immediate interest, five numbers of which have already been published under the above title. Each number of the work contains three highly-finished portraits of persons who have become distinguished during our own day; that is to say, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and to each portrait is appended an autograph of the person represented, and a brief but comprehensive biographical sketch: so that the work, when completed, will be found no less valuable as a book of reference and utility, than gratifying as a collection of the effigies of persons about whom every one of us must have felt more or less personally interested—seeing that they all either have lived, or still continue to live, in our own day. The biographical sketches occupy from four to eight pages; and we are happy to add that the collection does not exclude female portraits; neither is it confined to any particular class of persons, but is intended to include all who may be fairly included under the epithets of “illustrious and eminent.” Indeed, if we may anticipate a fault in the work, (we are not sure that we may not already impute such a fault,) it is that of evincing a disposition, on the part of

its conductors, to be rather too indiscriminate in their choice of subjects. To mention names would be invidious; but there are two or three among those already chosen whom we should not have looked for in a collection of this nature. It is not necessary to go through, in detail, the fifteen portraits that are before us in the five numbers already published; but we must add that all of them are highly creditable to the state both of portrait painting and of engraving among us in the present day, and that several of them are of a character which shews those arts, respectively, to have reached a pitch of excellence which has never been much surpassed in any day or country, and which sets competition at defiance in our own day in any other country. It is true the French have some admirable engravers among them; though we doubt if they have one who could produce specimens including such mingled force and delicacy as are to be found in the portrait of Dr. Wollaston, in No. 2, and that of Sir Humphrey Davy, in No. 5. But if there may be a question as to the capacity of any other country but England to have produced the engraving of these two portraits, there can be none as to the painting of them; yet neither of them is by our most distinguished artist in this department: that of Davy being painted by Lonsdale, and that of Wollaston by Jackson: the engravings are, in both cases, by Thomson.

With respect to the literary merit of the biographical sketches appended to these portraits, it is what scarcely falls within this department of our work to remark on; but as they are not of a character to require separate notice, we may add, that they display all that is required in sketches of this kind, and indeed all that is admissible consistently with their plan—namely, information as to subject, perspicuity in manner, and impartiality of remark, wherever the latter is called for. In conclusion, we may add that the “National Portrait Gallery” will be found a very fit and useful appendage to Lodge’s splendid work of a similar nature. It should be mentioned also, that the work is published under three different forms, corresponding with the different prices fixed upon it—namely, in demy 8vo., at 2s. each number; in imperial 8vo., at 3s.; and proofs, on India paper, 5s.

*Great Britain Illustrated. Tilt.*—This is another illustrated work of some interest, twelve numbers of which have been published, at the almost incredible price (considering its style of execution) of 1s. each number, containing four plates, and a portion of descriptive letter-press to each plate. The design of the work is, as its name indicates, no less comprehensive than that of illustrating the whole of the principal cities and public and private buildings of Great Britain. The designs are by W. Westall, and the engravings by E. Finden; and the work is of a character to secure for it marked

encouragement among those who either cannot, or will not, possess themselves of those works having a similar object, but pursuing it by a more expensive road. Detail is unnecessary; but we may mention,

that among the views already given are two of peculiar interest—Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, and Greta Hall, the residence of Mr. Southey.

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## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Earthquake in France.*—Intelligence has been sent to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, that two shocks of an earthquake, with an interval of a second between, had been felt in the department of the Upper Rhine, at Colmar, about 3, A. M., of the eighth of August. At Pontroye and Belfort the shock was more violent, and accompanied by a sound like distant thunder.

*Natural Syphon.*—Several spouting and intermittent springs are situated in the departments of the Doubs and the Haute-Saone, in France. Among these the most curious is denominated *Frais-Puits*, distant about three miles from Vesoul, and known for many centuries, since Gollet, the historian of Franche-Comté, speaks of it in his memoirs. This spring discharges every two, three, four, or five years, sometimes after rain, sometimes without rain, a great quantity of water which rises to a considerable height, soon forms a torrent, and inundates the whole valley as well as the low ground about Vesoul, and even the lower parts of the town, and presenting the appearance of a great river, runs into the Saone three leagues from Vesoul. This eruption of water continues sometimes for three days, after which the waters retire by degrees until the torrent ceases to flow. A gentleman has recently visited the *Frais-Puits*, and found it in a mountain to the east of the city under an enormous rock. The opening of this abyss represents a vast funnel, shaped like a crater, having a diameter of about twenty yards, and being 16 or 17 yards deep, getting narrower as it descends. On going to the bottom of the funnel, the sides of which are entirely formed of loose sand, there is an opening two or three yards wide, and about one yard deep, filled with clear, perfectly still water, on a level with the opening. Sticks thrown into it are lost, and stones cast into it make no noise, and do not agitate the water; so that when this abyss discharges its waters they must bubble up more than thirty feet, which they do with a noise which is heard to a considerable distance, and then rushing into the bed of a torrent, which is worn away by them, they run down a sharp descent along a valley for 2,000 yards which, when the waters are not flowing, is the direct path to *Frais-Puits*. On the opposite side of the same mountain is found the *Font de Champ-Damoy*, a spring which flows continually, and appears to be only the surplus water from the *Frais-Puits*. We must leave our readers to form an idea of the magnitude of a reservoir which could

supply for three days such an enormous body of water.

*Rail-Roads in France.*—That rail-roads are far preferable to canals for communication is a truth of which England has been only of late convinced by the dear-bought fruits of experience. Our continental neighbours, profiting by our discovery, are gradually extending throughout the whole of their fine country, a system of communication by rail-roads which ultimately will be of extreme benefit to their domestic commerce. The tram-road between St. Etienne and Lyons is now rapidly advancing; and from the tunnels, bridges, and embankments required for its completion will be inferior to none which this kingdom can at present boast.

*To extract a Glass Stopper.*—It frequently happens that the glass stoppers of vials and bottles filled with scents and chemical preparations, become fixed so tightly that they cannot be removed by force without the risk of breaking the vessel. The following is a very simple and efficacious method of unstopping them, which is brought into notice by an intelligent writer in a German publication. Take a large strip of wool, pass it once round the neck of the bottle, attach one end of this band to some fixed object, hold the other, and then see-saw the bottle along it. The friction will soon heat the neck of the bottle, and, with the heat, the neck will expand sufficiently to allow of the stopper being extracted.

*Calculating Boy.*—Both in this country and in America some boys have appeared of late years, remarkable for their precocious talent in investigating numbers. Another has been met with in Sicily, who, from the accounts that have been transmitted respecting him, will rival, if not surpass, any of his precursors. He has been frequently examined in public; and it would seem that his method, like that of all the others who have fallen under the notice of scientific men, is an application which may be called natural, of the rule of false position. One of our most distinguished English, or rather Scotch, engineers at the present time, was a youth of this description, and exhibited as a prodigy. The hand of benevolence was extended for his support and education; and he reflects as much credit upon the profession to which he belongs as upon the individuals to whom he was indebted for the means of his advancement. We are happy to say that similar prospects await the young

Sicilian; a number of charitable individuals have come forward to provide this interesting boy with a suitable education.

*Natural History.*—Two lions, which died a few months ago in the royal menagerie at the garden of plants, in Paris, afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact noticed in some old works, but which modern authors have generally omitted in their writings. It is, that there existed at the extremity of the tail of the lion, a small nail concealed in the midst of the tuft of long black hair with which it is terminated; it is a corneous excrescence, about two lines in length, appearing in the shape of a small cone, slightly curved, and which adheres by its base to the skin only, and not to the tail vertebrae, from which it is separated by a space of about two or three lines. This small nail exists in both sexes. The commentators upon Homer thought they could explain by the presence of this nail a curious and true remark made by the author of the *Iliad*, viz., that the lion is the only animal which, when irritated, violently agitates its tail and strikes its sides with it. They thought the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his sides with the goad of his tail. Blumenbach verified, some years since, the existence of this goad; but the pamphlet in which he had inserted his observations on the subject was not known among naturalists, and without doubt this curious fact itself would have been long unknown if M. D'Eshayes had not found the indication of it, and engaged the naturalists particularly occupied with the mammalia, to make some observations on the subject. This nail, adhering only to the skin by the circumference of its base, is very easily detached, so that no trace of it is generally found in stuffed specimens. It has not as yet been ascertained whether it is also to be met with among the other great species of the genus *felis*. To the above account we may add, that an idea is very prevalent among the peasantry of the united kingdoms, that a similar excrescence is to be met with at the extremity of the tail of the wild cat.

*To prevent Sea-sickness.*—A patent was obtained in the month of May last for an embrocation for sea-sickness, in some cases for preventing that malady, in others for curing the person afflicted with it, and in others for mitigating its severity; the manner of preparing and applying it is as follows:—Take of crude opium two ounces averdupois, two drachms of extract of henbane, ten grains of powdered mace, and two ounces of hard mottled soap, and boil them in sixty ounces of soft water, letting it boil for half an hour, stirring it well all the time. When cold, add one quart of spirits of wine, at sixty degrees above proof, and three drachms of spirits of ammonia. Rub a dessert spoonful of this embrocation well in over the lower end of the breast bone, and under the left ribs the latest time, you can conveniently do so previous to embarka-

tion, and again on board as soon as you have an opportunity. If, notwithstanding this, sickness supervene, apply the embrocation as before, and continue the application while the sickness continues.

*Iodine and Bromine in Waters in England.*—Dr. Daubeney, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, has made a discovery of iodine and bromine in several salt springs and mineral waters of this country. He has obtained the latter principle in a separate state from one of the Cheshire brine springs, and has fully satisfied himself of the existence of the former in two or three; but as he has not as yet had time to ascertain the proportions in which they occur, must content himself for the present with the simple announcement of the fact. He has found iodine not only in more than one of the Cheshire salt springs, but likewise in several waters containing purgative salts, such as those of Cheltenham, Leamington, Gloucester, and Tewkesbury, while bromine is of still more frequent occurrence, and is perhaps entirely absent from none of the English springs which contain much common salt, except that of Droitwich in Worcestershire, although the proportions in which it exists, seem to vary considerably.

*Continental Publishers.*—Brussels is rapidly advancing in the art of printing; one individual published no less than 250,000 volumes in the year 1827. Books are published much cheaper than in Paris, which creates no small jealousy there. Didot projected to bring his press into Brussels, but found that he had been forestalled by the labours of more than one printer. Neither the type nor the paper equal the printing of London or Edinburgh, or perhaps Paris; but they are daily improving, and an immense number of books are exported. A society is also forming in Brussels for the cheap publication of good books, and it is the intention of this body to circulate for about twelve francs what elsewhere would cost from thirty to forty.

*Statistics.*—When so much is said about the prospect of English manufactures, and the little cause of fear we need entertain from any foreign competition, we think it ought to be known that there are above twenty thousand cotton spinners and weavers in full activity in the city of Ghent; machinery is fabricated at Bruges, and perhaps the largest iron foundry in the world, has been established some years in the neighbourhood of Liege, in which the king of the Netherlands has a large share, having invested in it nearly a hundred thousand pounds sterling, and not less than four thousand hands are employed in it.

*Composition for rendering Leather Water-proof.*—Take of rosin 16lbs., of tallow 5lbs., which are to be boiled together in one gallon of linseed oil, until the rosin is perfectly dissolved and mixed with the tallow and oil; to this add one pound and a half of spirits of turpentine, in which has been previously dissolved about an ounce and a half

of caoutchouc, commonly called Indian rubber. This composition is suited for rubbing into the soles of boots and shoes, and will render them perfectly water-proof; but for the upper leathers of such articles, and for harness and other leather, the following composition is proposed:—take of neat-foot oil one gallon, of tallow six pounds, of hogs-

lard eleven pounds; and of bees-wax half a pound, which being boiled together until perfectly mixed, must be allowed to cool; and after its having become cold, add to the composition three pounds of spirits of turpentine, in which three ounces of caoutchouc has been dissolved.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Olive Branch, a Religious Annual, for 1830. Consisting of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse, embellished with a fine Portrait of the Rev. Robert Gordon, D.D., in 32mo., bound in silk.

Letters of Locke to Mr. Farly, Mr. Clarke of Chipley, and Sir Hans Sloane; also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, and of Lord Shaftesbury, Author of the "Characteristics." Edited by T. Forster, M.D., who will prefix a short Analytical Account of Locke's Life, Writings, and Opinions. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

Mr. Britton's Fourth Number of Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities will be ready in a few days, and will contain ten engravings, by J. le Keux, Varral, Redaway, Taylor, and Woolnoth, of Street Views in Salisbury, Winchester, Coventry, Norwich, &c. Also Accounts of the Antiquities of Rochester, Winchester, and Salisbury.

The History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral, a part of the same Author's "Cathedral Antiquities," will be ready at Christmas, and will be published complete in one volume, with eleven engravings and a wood-cut. On this occasion, for the first time, Mr. Britton proposes to print a list of his local subscribers; and from the list we have seen, it will be very creditable to the Bristolians. The History of Hereford Cathedral will follow that of Bristol; and the Author has prepared his series of drawings, and collected a large mass of historical materials.

Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. W. F. Lyte.

Flowers of the Desert. By W. D. Walke. Also the Child of Thought, and other Poems. By the same Author.

Tales of Four Nations. In 3 vols.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., late Governor of Madras: Extracts chiefly from his Public and Private Correspondence.

An Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth. By Samuel Head.

Studies in Natural History. By Wm. Rhind.

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The Correspondence and Diary of Ralph Thoresby. By the Author of "The History of Leeds."

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Tales of my Time. By the Author of "Bluestocking Hall."

Chronicles of a School Room, or Characters in Youth and Age. By Mrs. C. Hall, Editor of the Juvenile Forget Me Not.

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The Art of Dancing. By Mr. C. Blasis, principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, will be published in a few days, accompanied with Sixteen Engravings, illustrating upwards of Sixty Positions.

In the course of the ensuing Month, Mr. Curtis's Sixth Volume of British Entomology, will be ready for publication.

Dr. John Hennen has in the press Sketches of the Medical Topography of the Mediterranean, comprising a Description of Gibraltar, the Ionian Islands, and Malta, by his Father, the late Dr. Hennen, Inspector of Hospitals, and Author of "The Principles of Military Surgery."

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The Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, will appear in a few days.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman may be very shortly expected.

A novel entitled Basil Barrington and his Friends, is announced for immediate appearance. Sir Edmund Temple announces an Account of his Travels in South America.

Stories of a Bride, by the Authoress of The Mummy, will be ready in a few days.

The celebrated author of Caleb Williams, is at present engaged in writing another Novel.

Random Records, by George Colman, the Younger, are nearly ready for publication.

The Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII., are just ready for publication.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly will be very shortly given to the public.

Nearly ready, in two volumes, The Memoirs of the celebrated Bolivar, including the secret history of the Revolution.

A new Novel, called the Heiress of Bruges, may be shortly expected from the pen of Mr. Grattan.

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*Patents sealed in October, 1829.*

To John Moore, Broad Wier, Bristol, gentleman, for his new or improved machinery for propelling carriages, also for propelling ships, vessels, or other floating bodies, and for guiding pro-

pelled carriages; and apparatus for condensing the steam of the steam-engine, after it has propelled the steam-engine piston. — 30th September; 6 months.

To William Rodger, Norfolk-street, Strand, Middlesex, Lieutenant in the royal navy, for his

improvements in the construction of cat-head stoppers.—30th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Banks, Patricroft, within Barton-upon-Irwell, Lancaster, civil engineer, for his improvements in steam-engines.—30th September; 6 months.

To Paul Descroizilles, Fenchurch-street, London, chemist, for his improvements in apparatus for removing the down from cotton and certain other fabrics by singeing.—7th October; 6 months.

To William Church, esq., Heywood House, near

Birmingham, Warwick, for his improvements in machinery for propelling vessels and other machines capable of being propelled by steam, and in boilers applicable to the same, and also to other purposes.—15th October; 6 months.

To William Church, esq., Heywood House, near Birmingham, Warwick, for his improvements in, on, or upon instruments for sharpening knives and other edge-tools, and the machinery or apparatus for manufacturing the same.—15th October; 6 months.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

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### THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

David Stewart Erskine, eleventh Earl of Buchan, Lord Auchterhouse, and Lord Cardross, of the county of Stirling, whose death we have to record, was born on the 1st of June, 1742. The very ancient Earldom of Buchan, created in 1469, came into the family of Erskine with Mary Douglas, Countess of Buchan, grand-daughter of the Hon. Robert Douglas, by Christian Stewart, who married Sir James Erskine, Knt., eldest son, by his second wife, of John, the seventh Earl of Marr. His Lordship succeeded to the family honours on the demise of his father, in 1767; and he married, in 1771, Margaret, daughter of William Fraser, Esq. of Fraserfield; but by that lady, who died in 1809, he had no issue. At the University of Glasgow, he applied ardently to study; and, in his hours of relaxation, he devoted himself to the arts of drawing, designing, etching, and engraving, in the academy of Robert Foulis, a celebrated teacher of his day. As Lord Cardross, he commenced his political career, in the diplomatic department, under the late Earl of Chatham. On succeeding to his title, knowing that it was the practice of the minister, on the election of the Scottish peers, to send a list of sixteen to every peer, and to request him to vote for them, he took an early opportunity of declaring that the Secretary of State who might insult him with such an application, should wash away the affront with his blood. From that time, the offensive custom ceased.

His Lordship, however, seems to have had little taste for the harassing pursuits of public life. He had two promising brothers, both younger than himself—Henry, and Thomas, afterwards the celebrated Lord Erskine; and on their education he bestowed the utmost care. The fortunes of his family having been greatly impaired, he determined upon a plan of the most rigid economy; yet he continued to patronize public works and institutions. Amongst the students of the High School of Edinburgh, he bestowed an annual premium upon the successful competitor, in a trial of skill with the students of the University of Aberdeen, and it may be remarked that the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh is great-

ly indebted to him for its existence. Tytler, the translator of Collimachus; Pinkerton, the historian and antiquarian; Burns, the poet; Barry, the painter; and many other men of genius, were honoured with his Lordship's patronage and friendship. Lord Buchan also instituted an annual festive commemoration of Thomson, at Ednam, the scene of that poet's birth.

Lord Buchan, devoted to the principles of 1688, was also an enthusiastic admirer of the French Revolution, until the cause of freedom was sacrificed on the altar of crime.

Notwithstanding his attachment to literature, Lord Buchan published but little: a Speech, intended to have been spoken at the Meeting of the Peers of Scotland, in 1780—a *Life of Napier*, of Mercheston, in 1790—and, in conjunction with Dr. Minuto, an *Essay on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher*, of Saltoun, and of Thomson, the poet, in 1792, comprise the whole of his Lordship's acknowledged labours.

Lord Buchan died at his seat of Dryburgh Abbey, the latter end of April, and was succeeded by his nephew, Henry David, the eldest son of his brother, the witty and accomplished Henry Erskine.

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### COUNT CURIAL.

General Count Curial was born at St. Pierre d'Albigny, in Savoy, in the year 1774. He served under Buonaparte in Egypt; in 1799, was made *Chef de Bataillon*; and, at the battle of Austerlitz, as Colonel of the 48th regiment, he so distinguished himself, that Buonaparte presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. After the battle of Eylau, he was made colonel of the foot chasseurs of the guards; after the battle of Friedland, he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier General of the same corps, and rewarded with the order of St. Henry of Saxony. In 1809, his reputation was heightened by his conduct at the battles of Gross Aspern, and Essling; in 1812, he was engaged in the Russian campaign; in 1813, he was in the battle of Wachan, he carried the post of Doelitz, and took twelve hundred prisoners; and he also contributed greatly to the victory of Hanan. For his latter services, he

was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of Reunion. In 1814, he commanded at Metz. On the restoration of Louis XVIII. he was made a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, advanced to the dignity of a peer, and made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Military Commission. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, took from him the command of the chasseurs of the guards, and placed him at the head of a division of the army of the Alps. After his final return, Louis XVIII. presented him with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

This officer, who was a great favourite with Buonaparte, was fortunate in obtaining also the countenance of the legitimate sovereign. He died at Paris, about the end of May or the beginning of June.

DR. THOMAS YOUNG, M.D.

This gentleman, eminent as a physician and as a natural philosopher, was a nephew of the late celebrated Dr. Brocklesby, through whose care he received an excellent education, partly at Gottingen, and partly at Edinburgh. Having taken his degrees, with great credit, at the latter place, he came to London, and was some time lecturer at the Royal Institution. It was in the year 1807 that he published his great work, "A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, and the Mechanical Arts," in two volumes quarto. These lectures, which had been previously delivered, in their first rough form, at the London Institution, are regarded as a performance of much merit. The second volume contains the best list extant of philosophical writers.

Subsequently to the period alluded to, Dr. Young was elected Physician to St. George's Hospital. He has written numerous papers on philosophical and medical sciences, for the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c. : and he has also published *De Corporis Humani Viribus Conservatricibus*, 8vo. Goet. 1796;—*Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy*, 8vo. 1803;—*A Reply to the Animadversions of the Edinburgh Reviewers*, 1809;—*A Syllabus of Lectures on the Medical Sciences*, 8vo. 1809; and *A System of Practical Nosology, with an Introduction to Medical Literature*. Of late, Dr. Young's name has been much before the public, owing to a long and acrimonious controversy between him and some of the first astronomers in England. He had been labouring under an obscure affection of the chest, in which at times the lungs, and at other times the heart only, seemed to be implicated. Dr. Young died early in May, at his house, in Park Square, Regent's Park.

PARKE, THE MUSICIAN.

John Parke—a man alike distinguished by professional excellence and private worth, was born in the year 1745. For the

theory of music, he studied under Baumgarten; and, as an instrumental performer, under Simpson, the best hautboy player of his time. In 1776, he was engaged by Smith and Stanley, the successors of Handel, to play the principal hautboy parts, in the oratorios during Lent; performances, which were then honoured nightly by the presence of their Majesties. He was next engaged at Ranelagh, where there was a band of first-rate performances, led by Hay, first violin, to the Queen, Crossdill playing the violincello. This engagement occupied three nights in the week; the other three nights Mr. Parke played at Marylebone Gardens, which were then in the zenith of their fame, under Pinto, the celebrated violinist.

In 1768, Mr. Parke was engaged to play the principal hautboy at the King's Theatre. About the year 1770, he succeeded Fischer, the hautboyist, from Dresden; as hautboy-concerto player at Vauxhall; a situation which he continued to fill many years with universal applause. About the same period, Garrick engaged him at Drury Lane Theatre on the most liberal terms; and he and Garrick ever afterwards lived on the most intimate and friendly footing. Soon afterwards, he was honoured with the patronage and esteem of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland. The Duke, it will be remembered, was passionately fond of the science. He would sometimes call upon Parke in the morning, and order his band to have some music at his house, on which occasions his Royal Highness always played the tenor. Besides this, the Duke generally had music three mornings in the week, either at Cumberland House, or Windsor Lodge, where Parke frequently attended. To the Duke's patronage, he was also indebted for the honour of being musician in ordinary to his late Majesty.

It was at one of Queen Charlotte's concerts, at Buckingham House, in the autumn of 1783, that Mr. Parke was introduced to our present Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, who, professing himself delighted with his performance, did him the honour to desire his presence at Carlton House. He accordingly attended, and was immediately attached to the Carlton House band, on a salary of 100*l.* a-year.

Mr. Parke was now in high repute. He performed at the Professional Concert—at the Concert of Ancient Music, which their late Majesties attended every night—and at many private concerts. For nearly forty years, he was also regularly engaged at all the great provincial music meetings.

Having long been in the receipt of a handsome income, and living prudently, though respectably, Mr. Parke was enabled to retire from the duties of his profession about eighteen years since. He composed many concertos for his own performances, but could never be prevailed on to give them to the world. Mrs. Beardmore, who died at an

early age, in the year 1822, was his eldest daughter. She was one of the finest pionists and orchestral singers of this country. Mr. Parke has left an amiable widow, one other daughter, and a son, who, for his improvement as an architect, has traversed all the classic and interesting regions of the globe. This eminent professor died on the 2d of August. It should be mentioned that he has left behind an interesting MS. Sketch of the General State of Music in England during the last Forty Years.

#### THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

The Right Hon. Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, Viscount and Baron Mountjoy in the county of Tyrone, Governor of the county of Tyrone, and one of the representative peers of Ireland, was born on the 19th of July, 1782. His Lordship was maternally descended from the Stewarts, Viscounts Mountjoy and Earls of Blessington. His paternal ancestor, the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, was successively representative in parliament for the boroughs of Tralee and Humastown; appointed Deputy Vice Treasurer of Ireland, and sworn of the Privy Council. This gentleman, mentioned by the Lord Primate Boulter, as eminent for his abilities in the service of his country, married, in 1711, Anne Stewart, only daughter and sole heiress of the Hon. Alexander Stewart, second son of William, first Viscount Mountjoy, whose male line terminated, in 1769, in the person of William Stewart, third Viscount Mountjoy, and first Earl of Blessington.

Luke Gardiner, created Viscount Mountjoy, in 1795, was the father of the nobleman to whom this brief notice refers. He was killed at the head of his regiment, in an engagement with the rebels, at Ross, in Ireland, on the 5th of June, 1798, and a monument was ordered by Parliament to be erected to his memory. His son was created Earl of Blessington on the 22d of January, 1816. His Lordship married, first, in 1812, Mrs. Browne, relict of Major William Browne, who died in 1814. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1818, Mrs. Farmer, relict of M. St. Leger Farmer, Esq. eldest son of Captain Farmer, of Poplar Farm and Laurel Grove, in the county of Kildare. His Lordship, who was distinguished by his literary taste and pursuits, died at Paris, in the last week of May, or

first of June. His only son, by his first lady, died in 1823; but, we believe, his Lordship had a son and heir by his second wife.

#### LORD CREWE.

The Right Hon. John Crewe, Baron Crewe, of Crewe, in the county of Chester, descended maternally from the Crewes, an ancient Cheshire family, who were advanced by the law, in the time of James I. There were then two brothers, Sir Randolph and Sir Thomas Crewe, both eminent lawyers. The younger was ancestor to the Lords Crewe, of Stene, in Northamptonshire, whose title became extinct in 1772. Sir Randolph Crewe, appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in 1624, was one of the Judges who opposed the affair of ship money, for which he was dismissed from his office in 1626. Of this gentleman, Fuller, in his Worthies, says,—“Sir Randolph first brought the model of excellent building into these remoter parts; yea, brought London into Cheshire, in the loftiness, sightliness, and pleasantness of their structures.”

Lord Crewe's grandfather, John Offley, of Maidley, in the county of Strfford, one of whose ancestors had married the heiress of the Crewe family, took the name and arms of Crewe, by Act of Parliament. John Crewe, Esq. born in the year 1742, was one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Chester, from 1768 to 1796. He was raised to the peerage on the 25th of February, 1806. This nobleman was familiarly known by the name of “Fox's Lord.” This arose from his having been an old Foxite, and advanced to the peerage at the time Mr. Fox was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when the administration was formed at the decease of Mr. Pitt, under Lord Grenville, which acquired the appellation of “All the Talents,” and the “Broadbottomed Administration.”

Lord Crewe married in 1776, Frances Anne, only daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq. son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Lord Broke, by Mary, daughter of Lord Arthur Somerset, son of Henry, Duke of Beaufort. By that lady, he had a son, John, a major general in the army, who has succeeded him; and a daughter, married to the son of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart. His Lordship died on the 29th of April.

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#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather, since our last Report, has continued in the same uncertain state, still exhibiting the predominant feature of the year, a superfluity of moisture. We ventured, perhaps too hastily, to announce a nearly general period to the harvest; which, however, we find must be understood as referring to our best lands, and to districts and soils favourably circumstanced. Those fortunately form the majority. The northern parts of England, from the nature of the climate always the latest in their harvest, are peculiarly so in the present season; and a late letter from an old correspondent in the

bishopric of Durham, assures us that "vast breadths of corn, indeed the greater part in his vicinity, remained uncut in the second week of the present month, and that they had no expectations of a period to their harvest labours until gunpowder treason." Our friend further ventures the opinion that the present season may vie with that of *ninety-nine*, in all its disadvantages and cheerless prospects: an opinion in which, having kept a register of the weather during that unfortunate year, we cannot concur. The incessant rains of that year, from the latter end of spring until the commencement of autumn, attended by a constant low and chilling temperature, the wind being almost invariably fixed in the north or east, blasted, and in many parts of the country, totally destroyed the crops and fruits of the earth, rendering the year that followed almost a year of famine. Most fortunately, considering the present state of the country, *twenty-nine* can claim no near relationship with *ninety-nine*. In our present year, however drenched with too much moisture the land has been, and the ripening of the crops retarded by the want of solar heat, we have been invariably relieved by favourable alternations, the winds veering to the south and west, and by their genial though temporary influence, aiding the production of crops of almost every description, some of the most important in nearly the average quantity, the quality of the wheat, when fortunately harvested being of a superior degree.

Wheat, the first in importance, may, we hope, be deemed generally the largest crop; but as a heavy drawback, perhaps not one quarter of it has been successfully harvested, to which must be added the loss of quantity accruing from the necessity of keeping the damp wheat until sufficiently dry for the operation of the mill. The most wholesome, effectual, and best mode of drying, is in the stacks and barns of the farmers; but from the present depressed and impoverished state of that body, they are too generally unable to hold their corn, and the markets, since harvest, have been so glutted, with wheat particularly, that in the poorer districts the stack yards already begin to exhibit a meagre appearance. This state of things must necessarily continue, gradually reducing price, together with the absolute necessity for the use of dry foreign wheat, without the admixture with which our own could not be ground. A prospective view towards the spring does not afford very flattering expectations even to the opulent class of farmers who have been able to hold their corn, since the ample foreign supply, which can have no other vent, must inevitably keep our markets down. Here we may be allowed to repeat an anecdote of a great farmer, in a most productive part of the old renowned corn county of Essex, and which we had from a friend in his neighbourhood. With a superior talent both for speculation and execution, and well aware that *post est occasio calva*, he laid hold of the critical and uncertain opportunity of a few days fine weather in the beginning of harvest, sent a hundred labourers into his fields, cut and carted his wheat, had it immediately threshed in his machines, sent it to market, and saved five or six shillings per quarter on the greater part of his crop. In all the forwardest and best districts throughout the island, the corn has been secured somewhat before Michaelmas, scarcely any article remaining abroad but a small portion of the bean crop. In the great corn county of Lincoln, the wolds and poor sandy soils excepted, their harvest reports may be deemed favourable. The same may be said in a more considerable degree of certain districts in the north of Scotland—Perth especially; in the Cass of Gowrie, however, wheat appears to be the least productive crop.

Barley, oats, and pulse, taken in the aggregate, may be pronounced an average crop in respect to quantity, but generally deficient in quality, unless oats form a favourable exception. From the constantly succeeding rains, great part of the Lent crops were harvested in a damp and soft state, and not one quarter of the year's barley is fit either for matting or grinding. The stain and discolouration of the samples have reduced the market price considerably beyond the indemnity of increased measure. The total failure of mangel (bet), has been succeeded by a very considerable and general failure of the turnips, both common and Swedish, there being in fact no good crops of either, but upon superior and well tilled turnip soils. As well as from the moisture of the season, this misfortune has occurred from neglected tillage, the turnip foliage being absolutely surmounted by a lofty and luxuriant crop of every possible and mischievous description of weeds. The bulb of the turnip is in consequence small, and its juices aqueous and poor, very ill calculated to nourish and improve the animals by which it must be consumed; this, with the general lightness and deficiency of the crop, will necessarily occasion a great additional consumption of potatoes as cattle-food, to the enhancement of the price to the labourer of that indispensable article. Of late we have been incessantly and ridiculously *bored*, through the press, with that ancient novelty, Maize or Indian Corn, which was cultivated in various parts of the country more than half a century since, and the culture relinquished. The present writer has no other experience of it than in ornamental patches; but an intelligent Warwickshire cultivator, having made experiments of sufficient extent, states, that the quality of Indian corn is unsubstantial and washy, and that the pork fed with it is equally loose and innutritious as potatoe-fed pork, than which he could not well have given it a worse character; to which may be added that maize may be always imported from America cheaper than it can be grown in Britain. Unpropitious however the seasons have

proved, we have very little complaint of vegetable diseases; of grown or sprouted, shrivelled, and green or unripe corn, indeed we have too much, but we hear little of mildew, brand or smut, a good fortune which we owe to a relief from the easterly winds, by the early and unfailling changes to the south and west; whereas in the seasons of 1799, the almost invariable prevalence of easterly winds, occasioned a universal accession of those diseases. We have had an improved state of weather for digging and clearing the potatoe grounds, which will be finished in the course of the present month. The crop of fair quantity on good soils, but the quality cannot be expected to equal that of dryer and warmer seasons. Of hops there cannot be half a crop, and few samples can be expected to excel in colour and condition; yet we do not find that eagerness in purchasers, or extraordinary rise in the markets, which used to occur on a short crop in former days. Of late days production has well attended upon increasing population. The immense abundance of all kinds of fruit, demonstrates an active principle of fertility in the soil, which, had it been conjoined with a kindly atmospheric influence, would have constituted the present an *annus mirabilis*, a wonderful year of production. Our brethren, the Scots, are so overburdened with apples and pears, that they are really *puzzled* to find out a use to which they can apply the superabundance. Strange that so discerning a people, and so proverbially alive to their interests, should yet have to learn the art of making cider and perry. Dairy farming is said to be in a peculiarly distressed state, yet at the great fairs, cheese of good quality appears to have been saleable at a fair price. We expressed our surprise in the last Report, at the reduced quantity of fog, or latter grass, in various parts of the North; we have since been informed that in many parts the lands are quite bare of grass. Thus, from the failure of the turnip and mangel crops, and the reduced quality of every kind of fodder, our former flattering descriptions of superabundance for Spring provision, unfortunately cannot be realized. At foot of this chapter of lamentations, we will put a very serious and important national question to the great body of our landlords, farmers and cultivators. The universally foul and weedy state of our lands is acknowledged. *What addition to our national stock of corn and pulse might have resulted, had the lands been tilled in a creditable and husband-like manner, and applied to the production of useful and valuable, instead of useless, exhausting and mischievous vegetations?*—taking into account the possible full employment of our present distressed and starving surplus of labourers? If it be retorted that money could not be found for the repayment of their productive labour, whence is it to be derived for their support in unproductive idleness? And supported they must be, or driven to exchange their lawful and industrious occupation for that of lawless, profligate and desperate banditti. Surely the horrible instances of arson which have occurred of late, in various parts, must operate as a fearful warning.

Wheat sowing, the chief business on hand at present, is so backward, that on heavy soils and in the poorer districts, much of it must be deferred until after Christmas. In truth the late protracted harvest so entirely and exclusively engaged the farmer's attention, that we have heard from various quarters, not a plough has been put into the earth during the last three months! The poached and foul state of these lands must have an unfortunate effect on the future crops. The seasons have proved so unfavourable to the industrious community of bees, that it is apprehended they have been unable to obtain a sufficient stock of winter provision, whence their staple commodity may become scarce and dear, and an increased import be found necessary. The wool trade continues in the same, or rather an increasing state of depression, without the most distant prospect of any available remedy, a truth meriting the serious and impartial deliberation of flock-masters, who seem in expectation of relief from the legislature, which it is utterly out of its power to afford. The graziers and feeders of cattle and sheep have hitherto complained that they scarcely obtained more money for their fat, than they had paid for their store stock. The tables are now completely turned, for almost all markets have been of late so overstocked, that the prices have declined fifteen, twenty, even thirty per cent, and even at those rates, vast numbers, both of lean and fat stock have remained unsaleable and unsold at the great fairs. The common cause assigned for this is not altogether satisfactory, since no deficiency of flesh meat has been experienced in the shambles, and certainly there is no deficiency in our breeding and feeding stock. PRODUCTION is the order of the day in all articles of the first necessity, and in all those which minister to luxury or convenience—yet how we are ruined!

The rot is said to have made considerable ravages among the sheep upon unsound lands, and ewe lambs are thence in request; but no want of sheep stock has yet been experienced, and mutton has fallen in price, according to regular autumnal usage. In the great fair of Ballinasloe, in Ireland, the same depression of price took place as in our fairs, with regard to all kinds of stock; and the situation of the breeder and grazier, in both countries, is said to be more unfortunate than that of the corn farmer, yet we hear, from various quarters, that farms are taken on lease with the utmost eagerness, even in Suffolk, where of late we were appalled by the intelligence of such a number of tenants' effects taken in execution. After the late deluge, as we may well style it, a long, dry and hard frost during the ensuing winter, need not be held an improbable occurrence; and it ought to be one of the first,

immediate, and most important objects of deliberation among all the influential classes in the country, to devise means for the support of the unemployed labourers. Their next consideration is the general state of the tenantry, which is too much reduced to receive any effective benefit from partial and eleemosynary donations. Some just and feeling landlords are exhibiting a noble example, in reducing their rents to the level of the times. Beyond even this, the general existing affairs of the country will soon give rise to considerations and questions of high national concern, which however, can never be impartially weighed and acted upon, by interested classes and associations, among whom the old principle is invariably dominant—every one for himself or his class, and God for us all. One thing, however, the landed interest may well receive as an incontrovertible fact,—they can never regain that monopoly which they have so long enjoyed. It is inconsistent with the existing and probable future state of this great commercial and manufacturing country.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, to 2s. 6d. 4s.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Best Dairy Pork, 5s. 0d. to 5s. 2d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 4d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 43s. to 82s.—Barley, 26s. to 40s.—Oats, 12s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 60s. to 105s.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 120s.—Straw, 32s. to 46s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 39s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, October 23rd.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The sugar market last week gradually improved: the holders were more firm, and the purchases were extended to nearly 3,000 hogsheads and tierces, the prices were without variation. Prices of Muscavadoes a shade lower. The request for refined goods increased considerably last week. The letters from Hamburg state the arrival of refined goods from the United States. Low lumps sold at 28s. 6d., the quality very bad, but shows the gradual improvement in America, and we have no doubt in a few years she will become a formidable rival to England for raw and refined sugars, in the Continental markets; the purchases for Mediterranean continues also crushed; the request for Basturas is also considerable. Molasses, 6d. lower; East India sugar, by public sale on Friday last, 4,541 bags; Mauritius sugars, a good parcel, nearly the whole sold, 1s. per cwt. lower, particularly the sugars about 50s. Few purchasers of Bengal coffee. The purchases of Coffee last week were rather on a confined scale; the old descriptions of Jamaica went off with more spirit, and at rather higher prices; the other descriptions unvaried.

**RUM, BRANDY AND HOLLANDS.**—The Government contract at 1s. 9½d. has an unfavourable effect on the market; some parcels of Leewards are reported averaging proofs at a 1s. 9d. In Jamaica rum there are no purchases of any extent. Brandy continues firm. In Geneva no sales worth reporting.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—Tallow has become very heavy; one of the most determined sellers, both of parcels and also for future delivery, being one of the most eminent firms. Hemp and Flax are also dull.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 4s. 11¾d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 0¼.—Paris, 25. 75.—Bourdeaux, 26. 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Trieste, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36. 0¼.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar 49. 0½.—Leghorn, 49. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 82½.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Lisbon, 45. 0.—Oporto, 45. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0½.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 306l.—Coventry, 1,080l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105l.—Grand Junction, 302½l.—Kennet and Avon, 27l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 515l.—Oxford, 675l.—Regent's, 22½l.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 275l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 84¾l.—West India (Stock), 185l.—East London WATER WORKS, 112l.—Grand Junction, 50l.—West Middlesex, 70½l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½l.—Globe, 155½l.—Guardian, 24½l.—Hope Life, 5½l.—Imperial Fire, 105½l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½l.—City, 187½l.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from September 22d to October 22d, 1829, in the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Syms, J. jun. Trowbridge, clothier  
 Michellion, L. Union-street, Kent-road, merchant  
 Sammons, J. and W. L. Swinton, lace-manufacturers  
 Tyser, T. jun. Barking, fisherman  
 Gadderer, C. E. and J. C. Edwards, Gray's-inn, wine-merchants  
 Drew, T. Exeter, linen draper

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 97.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Brooke, J. and J. Hayward, Islington, iron-founders. (Lindsay, Cophal-court)  
 Benns, C. Old Bailey, tobacconist. (Tilbury and Co, Falcon-street)  
 Burn, E. George-street, city, clothier. (Willis and Co, Token-house-yard)  
 Bird, H. Brighton, linen-draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)  
 Broadhurst, J. Buglawton, corn-dealer. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Gaunt, Leek)  
 Baker, R. Birmingham, linen-draper. (Bourdillon, Bread-street; Dunn, Birmingham)  
 Bishop, J. Dean-street, grocer. (Green, Sambrook-court)  
 Bruton, C. Cheltenham, grocer. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)  
 Chalmers, T. St. George's Fields, lodging-house-keeper. (Gill, Queen-square)  
 Curtis, W. J. Dockhead, engineer. (Quillet and Co., Bermondsey)  
 Cheesement, R. Bishopwearmouth, wine-merchant. (North and Co., Temple; Winsop, Sunderland)  
 Chandler, W. W. Norwich, grocer. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Newton, Norwich)  
 Culverwell, W. and T. Bath, carpenters. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath)  
 Clerk, C. T. Gildersome, cloth-manufacturer. (Emett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)  
 Cuthbertson, J. Borough-road, linen-draper. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane)  
 Chick, G. Bristol, dyer. (Frew and Co., Henrietta-street; Beddoe, Bristol)  
 Chapman, S. H. Crawford-street, plumber. (Whiteley, Token-house-yard)  
 Drury, J. F. Islington, musical-bell-founder. (Tilson, jun. Coleman-street)  
 Dring, J. jun. Leicester, grocer. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester)  
 Darlington, W. Comberbach, dealer. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Nicholson, Warrington)  
 Dickinson, W. O. and J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants. (Burn, Gray's-inn; Morton and Redhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)  
 Davis, W. Pinner, baker. (Trehern, New-inn)  
 Dafter, F. Tiverton, brewer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath)  
 Denis, E. and J. Lambert, and J. Severn, Upper Thames-street, wholesale grocers. Swaine and Co., Frederick's-place  
 Elvet, W. Gracechurch-street, iron-monger. (Hoppe, Sun-court)  
 Ellis, E. Boroloph-lane, wine-merchant. (Thomas, Crane-court, Fleet-street)  
 Fall, G. Bread-street, draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Farmer, S. Atherstone, mercer. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-field's; Botton, Atherstone)  
 Franklin, I. Ipswich, carrier. (Chester, Staple-inn; Pearson and Co., Ipswich)  
 Gastrell, J. and J. Dew, Bristol, haberdashers. (Holme and Co., New-inn)  
 Gettiff, L. and J. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, dealer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Gadderer, C. E. and J. C. Edwards, Gray's-inn, wine-merchants. (King, Bedford-place)  
 Harrison, T. late of Sheffield, miller. (Hall, Great James-street; Shute, Walsall)  
 Harris, L. Wyndham-street, coal-merchant. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)  
 Hunter, W. Arundel-street, merchant. (Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place)  
 Harris, J. and F. Bristol, carpenters. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Hole, T. Woodbury, tanner. (Anderson and Co., New Bridge-street)  
 Hews, S. Hendon, wine-merchant. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)  
 Hughes, W. and W. Paris, Newbury, linen-drappers. (Turner, Basing-lane)  
 Haller, W. Witney, attorney. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Leak, Witney)  
 Hodge, H. Bow-lane, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Hayward, F. New Sarum, tailor. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Sanger, Salisbury)  
 Higgin, C. Cheapside, and Heigham, Norwich, shawl-manufacturer. (Birket and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 John, S. Penzance, money-scrivener. (Coode, Guildford-street; Paynter, Penzance)  
 Jennings, W. Abergavenny, draper. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)  
 Kelsey, H. Bolton-row, silk-mercier. (Harmer, Hatton-garden)  
 Kew, W. New Palace-yard, commission-agent. (Baker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Knott, W. Oldham, innkeeper. (Milne and Co., Temple; Whitehead and Co., Oldham)  
 Lee, C. K. Mincing-lane, merchant. (Eicke, Old Broad-street)  
 Lyon, J. R. Cambridge, grocer. (Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Randall and Son, Cambridge)  
 Mellor, R. Manchester, ironmonger. (Hampson, Manchester)  
 Meredith, J. Burlington-arcade, hosier. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)  
 Murray, C. Bath, hardwareman. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath)  
 Martin, W. Buckingham, draper. (Jones, John-street, Bedford-row; Hearne, Buckingham)  
 Marshall, W. Spital-fields, brush-maker. (Harrison, Sidmouth-street)  
 Northcott, J. Ashwick, maltster. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Craddock, Shepton Mallett)  
 Nichols, J. Bristol, builder. (Young, Temple-chambers)  
 Nelson, C. Bradford, lime-burner. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Moulden, Bradford)  
 Platt, J. Baker-street, merchant. (Boden and Co., Aldermanbury)  
 Pruddah, E. and J. Riddough, Liverpool, brokers. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool)  
 Packer, R. Bath, timber-merchant. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Savery, Bristol)  
 Perry, C. Drury-lane, victualler. (Reynolds, Carmarthen-street)  
 Parr, W. Bread-street, Manchester, warehouseman. (Makinson and Co., Temple)  
 Richards, B. Bognor, innkeeper. (Rore, Essex-street)  
 Randall, W. Summerland, Ratcliffe-highway, publican. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)  
 Robinson, C. sen. New Brompton, wharfinger, &c. (Drew, Bermondsey-street)  
 Soper, E. Bath, milliner. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath)  
 Severn, B. and F. B. King, and J. Severn, Whitechapel, grocer. (Freshfield and Son, New Bank-buildings)  
 Smith, J. Caroline-mews, Bedford-square, livery-stable-keeper. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Smith, R. and H. Perrin, St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper. (Gale, Basing-hall-street)  
 Stammer, T. Francis-street, grocer. (Nias, Princes-street)  
 Sharpe, J. Duke-street, Piccadilly, bookseller. (Poss and Son, Essex-street)  
 Smith, J. Reading, shoemaker. (Hoare, Serle-street; Mogeridge, Reading)  
 Seeley, B. Holloway-road, horse-dealer. (Norton, Jewin-street)  
 Snell, J. W. Commercial-road, shoe maker. (Hailstone, Lyon's-inn)  
 Smith, J. J. Liverpool, broker. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell, Liverpool)  
 Sykes, T. Accrington, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)  
 Smith, W. St. John's-street, builder. (Carlton, High-street, Mary, -le-bone)  
 Salmon, W. Liverpool, victualler. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Yates, Liverpool)  
 Scammel, W. N. Warmminster, carrier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Chapman, Warmminster)  
 Tanswell, S. jun. Shaftesbury, victualler. (Seevens and Co., Little St., Thomas Apostie; Chitty, Shaftesbury)  
 Thomas, W. Bath, woollen-draper. (Tilkeard and Co., Old Jewry)  
 Trew, G. Bath, hosier. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath)  
 Taylor, C. T. Chippenham, clothier. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Eryan and Co., Bristol)  
 Terry, W. and J. Bath, hardwareman. (Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Else, Bath)  
 Thompson, T. Upper Thorne, dealer. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Thompson, J. Alder-gate-street, linen-draper. (Smith, Walbrook)  
 Thurston, J. N. Bath, upholsterer. (Fisher, Castle-street)  
 Vandrant, C. Brewer-street, engraver. (Fisher and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Wheeler, R. Greensted, farmer. (Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road)  
 Whittaker, T. Holderness, horse-dealer. (Rushworth, Southwark; Rushworth, Hull)  
 Warren, H. Pimlico, builder. (Richardson, Golden-square)  
 Wilkinson, W. Leeds, four-dealer. (King, Bedford-place; Granger, Leeds)  
 Woods, S. and G. G. Webb, George-yard, woollen-draper. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)  
 Webb, J. Leicester, hop-merchant. (Pullen and Son, Fore-street)  
 Wathen, C. I. South Hamlet, Gloucester, victualler. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)  
 Watson, J. Hook, York, innkeeper. (Bell, Bedford-row; Capes, Roadsey and Howden.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Boycott, jun. to the Rectory of Wheat-acre Burgh, St. Peter, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Buller, to the Rectory of Lameath, Cornwall.—Rev. W. B. Mack, to the Rectory of Horsham, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Hampden, to the Rectory of Hinton Martel, Dorset.—Rev. R. Ward, to the Rectory of Stanton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. B. Sams, jun., to the Rectory of Fakenham, Suffolk.—Very Rev. Dean of York, to the Vicarage of Weaverthorpe, Yorkshire.—Rev. J. H. Cottrill, to the Curacy of St. George's church, Newcastle-under-Lyme.—Rev. P. Gordon, to the Rectory of Hackford, Norfolk.—Rev. F. E. Arden, to the Rectory of Borrough, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Green, to the Rectory of Bury Castle, Suffolk.—Rev. T. G. Parr, to Vicarial stall

attached to prebends of Brewood, Adbaston, in Lichfield cathedral.—Rev. E. S. Remington, to the Vicarage of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.—Rev. W. Moore, to the Rectory of Brinsfield-cum-Cranham, Gloucester.—Rev. A. Neate, to the Rectory of Aloescot, and the Vicarage of Shilton, Oxford.—Rev. H. Cleveland, to the Rectory of Barkston, Lincoln.—Rev. Dr. Goddard, to a Prebendal stall in Salisbury cathedral.—Rev. J. Crosthwaite, to the Rectories of Barlavington and Egdean, Sussex.—Rev. J. S. Stockwell, to the Vicarage of North Newton, with the chapel of Little Knoyle, Wilts.—Rev. W. F. Powell, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. A. M. Campbell, to the Living of Paddington.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Marquis Conyngham to be governor, captain, and constable of Windsor Castle, in room of Earl Harrington, deceased.—Francis de St. Croix.

esq., to be Hanoverian consul at Jersey, and R. L. Jameson, esq., at Cork.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

September 29. Alderman Crowder elected Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, and on Wednesday, 30. Messrs. Richardson and Ward, the new sheriffs, were sworn into office at Westminster, before the Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer.

October 1. The Governors of Christ's Hospital gave notice, that in lieu of the fifty £10 blind pensioners, established by Mr. Hetherington's charity, they shall be enabled, in future, to extend the annuity to upwards of 500 persons, owing to the very munificent additions made to Mr. Hetherington's original fund.

— A meeting of the malt trade, held at the York Hotel, for taking into consideration the heavy and vexatious taxes on malt and beer [upwards of £8,000,000!!!], when, after great discussion, it was unanimously agreed to petition parliament for an abolition of all duties on those articles, or otherwise a considerable reduction and simplification of the mode of assessment.\*

3. A young female presented herself before R. Broughton, esq., at Worship-street, to obtain an

order of settlement for herself and children in the parish of Spitalfields. She said that her name was Matilda Pickering, and her husband was now a prisoner in the Fleet for "contempt of Chancery."\* Mr. Broughton immediately signed an order for settlement, with a recommendation to the overseers to take care of the unfortunate woman!

4. News arrived of peace having been signed between the Russians and Turks.†

10. By the abstract of the yearly revenue, published this day, it appears there has been a decrease on last year, from the year preceding, of the sum of £146,442.

12. The Recorder made his report to his Majesty, at Windsor, of the prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey sessions, when three were ordered for execution.

13. His Majesty presented a valuable collection of rare minerals to the British Museum.

15. Parliament prorogued to December 10.

— The Dolphin frigate, used as a hulk for the safe keeping of the convicts, at Chatham, suddenly sprung a leak, swayed over, and went upon her

\* The abundance of wholesome food for the People is the best security of their allegiance and their content. *Comfort* is the greatest anti-radical principle in Europe. Let the powers that be, duly consider the admirable properties of this specific, which never fails them among the comparatively great; and weigh well the advantages of administering a larger portion of it to the middle and lower classes. In the remotest periods of history the poor people of this country have always been habituated to the social and invigorating enjoyment of malt liquors; but now they cannot get a glass of good beer without the liability of paying the monstrous duty of 175 per cent. or of 35s. in the pound, and at such a rate how can they be able to purchase it?

\* About six months ago she had the misfortune to have a share in a very large property bequeathed to her by an uncle, amounting in value to nearly £30,000. This was thrown into the equity court, Chancery, and a "bill" was filed against her husband, to which he was required to put in an answer. Unable to raise the sum to pay the fees, a "Writ of Rebellion" was immediately issued, which has kept him in prison two months, without any provision for himself or family, who are now in a state of comparative starvation!!!

† By this treaty the passage through the straits of Constantinople and the Dardanelles from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, &c., is declared free!!!

broadside at midnight. She had upwards of 200 persons on board of her, only three of whom were drowned.

16. The Duc de Laval Montmorency, arrived in town as ambassador from the court of France.

— Washington Irving, esq., arrived in town, from America, as Secretary of Legation to the Embassy of the United States.

19. Three convicts executed at the Old Bailay.

— The King of the Netherlands opened the Session of the States-General at the Hague, felicitating them on the Improvement in the chief Branches of Industry, and of the welfare consequent thereon! He mentioned that the Criminal Code had been revised, and would be laid before them, as well as the new laws relative to Public Education!!!

#### MARRIAGES.

The Hon. H. B. Arundell, brother to Lord Arundell, to Frances Catherine, second daughter of Sir H. Titchborne, bart.—At Wartling, H. Elphinstone, esq., son of Sir E. Elphinstone, bart., to Elizabeth Julia, youngest daughter of E. J. Curteis, esq., M.P. Sussex.—At Iver, Rev. T. G. Tyndall, to Ann, daughter of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan.—At Burnley, T. H. Ingham, esq., great grandson of the Lady Margaret Hastings, daughter of the 8th Earl of Huntingdon, to Miss Mary Thompson.—At Mitford, T. le M. Saumarez, esq., son of Sir J. Saumarez, bart., to Catherine Spencer Beresford, daughter of Col. Vascall.—At Exeter, O. Coathupe, esq., to Eliza, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Cumberland.—At Marylebone, Capt. R. Fletcher (Grenadier Guards), to Miss Judith Ballie.—Washington, Earl Ferrars, to Miss Sarah Devey.—Isle of Man, A. W. Hillary, esq., son of Sir W. Hillary, bart., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. Christian, esq.—Hon. Col. Seymour Bathurst, son of Earl Bathurst, to Miss Hankey.—At Breedon, Mr. D. Baylis, 22, to Mrs. Read, 66, widow of Mr. W. Read; eight widows whose united ages amounted to 640 years, attended the wedding, decorated with costly nose-gays!—At Marylebone, J. Searle, esq., to Harriett, eldest daughter to the late J. Talbot, esq., and sister to the present Earl of Shrewsbury.

#### DEATHS.

At Edinburgh, Sir W. Arbuthnot, Bart.—At Sheldon, Mrs. Coulthard, sister to Admiral Sir R. Barlow.—At Gloucester, Lieut. General Sir M. Nightingale, M.P. for Eye.—At Exeter, Mr. J. Kendall, statuary; his work on the Principles of English Architecture, and his altar-piece in the cathedral, amply record his talents.—At Rugby, Rear Admiral Chambers, 82; he had been present at the memorable siege of Quebec.—Charlotte Anne, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir J. Gore.—At Eccleshall, Mr. R. Green, 100.—At Pembroke, Miss Campbell, 76, sister to Lord

Cawdor.—At Sherborne, J. Harker, esq.—At Petersham, W. Hunt, esq., 78; it is stated that he left £200,000 to Guy's Hospital for 100 more patients than the original founder provided for.—In Devonshire-square, the Hon. Mrs. E. Grey.—In Manchester-square, the Hon. B. North, brother to Lord Guilford.—Rev. R. H. Roughsedge, 84, of Liverpool.—At Harrowgate, Mrs. Anderson, 73, sister to the late Master of the Rolls.—At Saxton, H. Handley, esq.; a claim of 10s. was made at his funeral, as a mortuary, or *soul scot*, being the first which has been claimed and paid in that parish within the memory of man! *Leeds Mercury*.—At Barham Court, Lady Barham.—At Greenwich, Dr. Robertson, 88.—Near Newcastle, Josiah Spode, esq.—At Freshford House, Sir W. J. James, bart.—At Warwick, 86, Elizabeth, widow of W. Landor, esq.—In John-street, Isabella, second daughter of the Rev. Sir W. H. Cooper, bart.—At Hewell, the Honourable F. C. Amherst, second son of Earl Amherst.—At Gloucester, S. Woodcock, esq., 85.—In Newman-street, A. Angelo, esq., 83.—At Dublin, J. Hamilton, esq., author of the Hamiltonian System.—At Capesthorpe Hall, Mrs. Davenport, wife of D. Davenport, esq., M.P. Cheshire.—At Norwich, 102, Mr. Kingaby; he has left a widow aged 98, and a daughter in her 70th year.—At Leicester, Rev. E. T. Vaughan, brother to Mr. Baron Vaughan.—At Edinburgh, John Horner, esq., father of the late Mr. Horner, M.P.—Mrs. Felicia Elizabeth Hele, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.—At Bath, Major-General Sir J. P. Dalrymple, bart.—At Richmond, Duke of Buccleugh's, the Lady Isabella Cust, wife of the Hon. Capt. P. F. Cust, M.P.—In Grosvenor-street, the Countess Dowager of Radnor, 71.—At Shabden Park, Sir J. Little.—At Kentish Town, G. Dawe, esq.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

In Savoy, Louis de Saldanha, Marquis de Tarbata, Brazilian Plenipotentiary to the Court of Petersburg, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late J. Burn, esq., of Orton Hall, Westmoreland.—At Paris, A. D. Gordon, esq., to Harriet Elizabeth, only daughter of the late R. Gordon, esq. Governor of Berbice.—At Florence, Lieut. Col. Byam, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir G. Temple, bart.—At Barbadoes, the Rev. C. Layton, to Mary Christian, only daughter of the Hon. G. Maynard.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

M. Graser, 93, councillor in the Duke of Nassau's service. The reigning duke is the seventh sovereign of Nassau, whom M. Graser served; he has left a widow of 80 to whom he was united 64 years.—At Gibraltar, His Excellency Gabriel Ciscar, 70, well known in the literary world for his numerous valuable writings.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A petrified oak has just been found in the free-stone quarry, at Wideopen, about five miles from Newcastle, at considerable depth from the surface, and six feet from the bed of the stone. Twenty-four feet of the upper part of the tree has already been taken out; the

extent of the remainder cannot yet be ascertained, as about nine months will be required to remove the stone which covers it.

**DURHAM.**—It appears that the sea is encroaching upon the Town Moor of Sunderland, to

such a degree, that the pond which was formerly situated in the centre of the moor, is now so near the verge, that it may be expected in a very short time to run over the edge of the bank into the sea. If the sea continue to advance as rapidly as it has hitherto done (of which there is every probability), the lower part of the town of Sunderland will, in a few years be swept away.

The Bishop of Durham has put four Roman Catholic gentlemen into the Commission of the Peace for this county.

A most tempestuous gale from the N. and NE. did great damage amongst the shipping on the coast of Durham, in the night of the 13th, and the morning of the 14th of October. Thirteen vessels were stranded near Sunderland. The gale was attended with rain; and great damage was done from the rivers overflowing their banks.

**YORKSHIRE.**—St. Stephen's new church, Kirkstall, has been consecrated by the Archbishop of York; it contains 500 free sittings, and about 500 that are charged for the maintenance of the minister. The first stone of a new church has been laid at New Mills, Glossop; the inscription deposited in the corner stone was enamelled on a fine China tile executed at Messrs. Potts and Co.'s establishment.

In excavating the ground in the vicinity of the old bridge at Layerthorpe Porten, York, several tomb-stones have been found. There were also found about 50 coins of a kind which has puzzled the antiquarians to say to what class they belong. They are of the rudest workmanship; and the *Yorkshire Gazette* says, "There is a head on the obverse, bound round with a plain fillet; and on the reverse, a naked figure of a man, with a lance or club, in his left hand, in his right the sun; and a half moon reversed is placed at the bottom, on the left side." The material appears to be block tin.

The York Corporation have chosen the Hon. Edward Petre, a Roman Catholic, as an alderman of that city, in the room of Mr. Chaloner, resigned.

It has been ascertained, that a portion, at least, of the city of York, is raised about thirty feet above the former level; for remains of a Roman wall, and of a jetty, have been discovered underground, at that depth, on the banks of the Foss.

Ripon minster is about to undergo a thorough repair. A liberal subscription has been entered into for the purpose.

A bazaar, for the benefit of the Dispensary, was opened in the little town of Bedale, on the 5th of October, at which the very considerable sum (when the population of the place is considered) of £450 was taken.

Hull fair never went off with so little eclat as this year; owing to the dulness of the season.

The debtor's gaol, belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam's Manor Court, at Eccleall, is at present so crowded, that an order has been issued to stay personal executions of warrants for female debtors.

We regret to perceive from the Carlisle, Manchester, and Stockport papers, that the improvement in trade, so loudly boasted of, as having taken place in those districts, is, as we suspected it to be, a fable.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Oct. 22.

**LANCASHIRE.**—The burgesses of Liverpool have held a public meeting in the Music Hall,

when several resolutions were passed, and a committee formed, "for the purpose of obtaining the recovery of the privileges of the freemen, and of securing to them a wholesome controul over the administration of the corporate estate, and to give to them an unquestioned right to the management of their own concerns!!"

"On Sunday week, the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, preached two elegant sermons in Ebenezer Chapel, Darwen, near Blackburn, when the munificent sum of £109 was collected towards liquidating the existing debt on the chapel!"—*Macclesfield Courier*.

There has been a trial of locomotive carriages on the Manchester and Liverpool rail-road, for a prize of £500 given by the directors; some of them moving at the rate of 24, 11, 12, 16, 30, and one of them even at the rate of 32 miles in the hour, making good the observation of all the spectators, "that the power of steam is unlimited!"

A most disastrous and extensive conflagration has occurred at Manchester. The warehouses belonging to the company of merchants trading to and from Liverpool, Leeds, York, and Halifax, with the adjoining warehouses of Messrs. Barnaby and Falkner, have been reduced to a heap of ashes, and one life lost on the occasion.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—A meeting of the inhabitants of Newark has been recently held for proposing a petition to the House of Commons, relative to notices received by some of the voters, from the Duke of Newcastle's agent, to quit their premises, in consequence of voting for Mr. Serjeant Wilde, when resolutions were entered into for that purpose.

Last week the whole of the tenants of the Earl of Cardigan, residing in Nottinghamshire, sent in a round-robin to his lordship's steward, stating that it was impossible for them, under the present distressed state of affairs, with no market for their produce, to think of remaining in their farms at the same rents. We have not yet heard his lordship's answer. A similar document has been forwarded to the steward of Sir J. Isham, by his tenants; the worthy baronet, in reply, has informed them that he felt for their distressed state, and that he had ordered the whole of their farms to be re-valued, and the price regulated according to the present times. He further added, he could not suffer one to leave him. Many other farmers are following a similar plan, the poor's rate being in some parishes as high as 28s. in the pound, annual, and at the rate of £3 an acre.—*Leicester Herald*.

**DORSET.**—At the recent sessions for this county the chairman regretted to see the unusual number of prisoners in the calendar, and then alluded to the urgent distress prevalent in the country, stating the necessity of being more than ordinarily vigilant to prevent the alarming extent of crime.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At the quarterly meeting of ironmasters, held last week at Birmingham, the increasing depression of that important article of commerce was evinced by a further reduction of 5s. per ton upon pig, and 10s. upon bar-iron. The internal consumption of iron in England has decreased in the last year by at least

one half in agricultural districts. In Shropshire, the reduction in price is greater than in Staffordshire.—*Burrows' Worcester Journal*, Oct. 22.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—Mr. Serjeant Storks in his address to the grand jury at the late quarter sessions, at Cambridge, regretted to find the number of cases in the calendar so numerous; for although the charges were most of them of a trivial nature, still it must remove the impression that there was any diminution of crime. It might be that this increase was in a great measure to be attributed to the present inefficient state of the police. The town of Cambridge had of late much increased in population and extent, and yet there was nothing to protect its peace and good order but the old system of common constables, which, it is evident, is not adequate to prevent the increase of crime!!! The grand jury would judge whether they might not with some benefit, as a portion of the individuals whose property and happiness was concerned, turn their attention to the consideration of some plan which might tend to prevent this apparent evil.

**HANTS.**—If the great annual mart of Weyhill fair be allowed to be a fair indication of the times, they are deplorable indeed. Upwards of 150,000 sheep were exhibited for sale, for a great portion of which not even a price was asked, and those which were sold were at prices lower by 5s. and 7s. per head under the low prices of last year, 4s. per head cheaper than at the late Weyhill Lammas fair, and several shillings under the late Wilton fair.

**CHESHIRE.**—St. George's Chapel, Macclesfield, one of the most elegant edifices in England, and which was originally built for a congregation of Evangelical Dissenters, has, with the greatest portion of its congregation, seceded from the ranks of dissent, and been consecrated by the Bishop of Chester.

At the inauguration dinner given by the new mayor of Macclesfield, the healths of the county members were toasted by the mayor. On rising to propose the health of the county members, the mayor begged to offer them his warmest acknowledgments, and he was sure he spoke the sentiments of thousands around, when he thanked their honoured and honourable county members, for the votes they had given six months ago, when the constitution of the country was placed in such imminent peril. He would thank them too for their benevolent and strenuous exertions on behalf of the distressed and famishing poor of the neighbourhood—and he would thank them too most heartily for their unwearied assiduity to promote the interests of the staple trade of the town; had their exertions been crowned with the success they merited, Macclesfield would have still been a flourishing town, and the silk trade one of the most prosperous in the kingdom. He wished their long tried and faithful-found members' happiness and comfort, and sure he was their comforts would not be diminished by knowing that they were co-existent with the comforts of the poor!!!\*

\* The Whig Club lately held a meeting at Chester, and from a letter addressed to the chairman by the county member, Mr. Davenport, we select the following:—"For some years past the country has been labouring under difficulties with

Mr. Sadler has been presented with the freedom of Macclesfield for his public conduct in and out of parliament; and more especially for his defence of the long established, but now abandoned, commercial policy of this country.

Owing to the depressed state of trade, the usual festivities at the Wakes were not observed in any great degree; there was not a single show exhibited to gratify the holiday people; several of the benefit clubs, the members of which used to parade the streets and then *dine* together, omitted, for economy's sake, the latter part of the *fête*!

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—By the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer of this county, it appears that from Easter sessions, 1828, to those of 1829 inclusive, the expenses amounted to upwards of £25,000—the whole of which, after deducting about £11,000 for building and repairing bridges, &c.—was swallowed up in the proceedings of justice and its accessories, gaols, bridewells, &c. &c.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—At the recent annual meeting of the Devon and Exeter Infant School Society, it was announced in the report, that the daily attendance of the children had been increased from the previous year, from 70 to 80, to 100 and 120 children. Colonel Macdonald remarked that he had been in most parts of the world, and in the principal towns of the united kingdom, but that he had never been in any place where there were so many charitable institutions, and so well supported, as in Exeter.—*Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Some of the principal tradespeople of Bath having submitted to the corporation their wishes to plant and lay out the estate belonging to the freemen, as shaded drives and promenades, by which the property would be much improved, and a great desideratum obtained, they were pleased to give their sanction and support to the plan, and the proper means are now being pursued to effect the same. The estate

which nothing but a vigorous opposition, or a minister who preferred the public welfare to his place could grapple. Yet during the first year of the present parliament all effort was suspended, every tongue was tied by the mere promise of a Finance Committee. . . . Wait and see what the finance committee will do. . . . Yet in the last session this famous bugbear, which has kept us all in check for above two years, was as much forgotten as if it had never existed, scarcely any allusion having been made to it! . . . For my part I know not of what use it is to study politics unless it be to promote the welfare of our fellow-creatures; and for men, whether in or out of parliament, calling themselves politicians, to think themselves justified in sitting still, boasting past triumphs, or crowing over fallen foes when Rome is on fire in a dozen quarters, instead of contributing energetically whatever rights or knowledge they possess, or such sentiments as their good feeling may dictate, is, I think, not the way to evince either the purity of their faith, or the efficacy of their works. . . . And yet I apprehend there never was a time when Bankruptcy, and ruin, and distress, were so widely spread in England as now. Read the reports from all the great towns in the empire, some of which describe whole districts subsisting upon earnings not exceeding fifteenpence a-week!!! And why are these abominations suffered to endure for a moment? To enrich the loan-monger, the placeman, the pensioner, and the capitalist, to whom, no doubt, allusion is made when we hear of the 'general and permanent interests of the country!!!'

is about 96 acres, beautifully situated, commanding a very extensive prospect. It is proposed to form also a zoological and botanical garden.—Dr. Wilkinson's philosophical institution is now completed, and has many members. There will be a class for zoology and botany, for the purpose above alluded to.—The baths have been very much improved, cleansed, and beautified, the pump-room beautifully painted, and a superb fountain, on a marble column, erected; some new baths formed, and the hot water conveyed to the hospital for the patients, instead of taking the patients through the streets; and many judicious alterations effected.—Gravel walks have been made in Queen-square, and additional shrubs planted, and the arena of Catherine place will be made similar. Gas lights have been placed about the environs, and very extensive improvements effected in Bathwick; the old buildings about the abbey are now being removed, and the new turnpikes to be situated at greater distances from the city, so that the rides on the public roads may be more prolonged.—The new church of Walcot parish is nearly completed, and a suspension bridge will shortly be built across the Avon, at Grosvenor-buildings: the contract is signed.—*Bath Herald*.

At the late bazaar held at Bridgewater, £220 were collected for the Benevolent School.

The interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new church of St. Philip and Jacob, at Bristol, took place Sept. 22; it will be very spacious, capable of accommodating 2,500 persons, including 1,590 free sittings, and is to be built in the Gothic style, "No part of Bristol wanted an additional church more than this district," says *Felix Farley's Journal*, "the parish church of St. Philip being inadequate to the reception of a 20th part of the inhabitants, the poorer classes of whom are in a most lamentable state of demoralization!"

The Bristol Clergy Society celebrated their anniversary, Sept. 30, when the report of the proceedings of the day stated, that £494. 12s. had been collected on the occasion for the benefit of that excellent institution. The next day The Gloucestershire Society held their meeting also, when £247. 12s. 1d. were collected for the furtherance of the views of that benevolent institution; and the day after, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge likewise met at the cathedral, where the hundreds of children from the various public and parish schools of Bristol, were in attendance, and a collection was made at the doors.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The departing wishes of the late Duchess Elizabeth, of Rutland, have been carried into effect; her earthly remains now repose at Belvoir, that beautiful domain which her genius was so instrumental in adorning. The work of exhumation has been in progress for some time past, as not only the coffin of her Grace is removed from the church at Bottesford, to the tomb on Blackberry-hill, but those of the three Dukes of Rutland, the renowned Marquis of Granby, with the various members of their families, are now deposited in the capacious vaults beneath the structure. The coffin of her Grace occupies the interior of a white marble sarcophagus, placed within the centre of the elaborate Anglo-Norman arch. On its side are sculptured the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. At the back of these appears, in Parian marble, a whole-

length statue of her Grace, who appears to have burst the confines of the grave, and is in the act of ascending to the realms of immortality.

Mr. Secretary Peel, recently passing through Hinchley, a deputation from the framework-knitters of that place waited upon him during his short stay, to represent to him the very distressed situation of that town and neighbourhood. The answer was: "The communication made to me shall be brought under the consideration of his Majesty's government, and particularly of the Board of Trade. His Majesty's government has every motive of inclination and of duty to adopt such measures as shall be calculated to relieve local distress, provided those measures are consistent with the general and permanent interest of the country."

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The Hereford Tram Road to Monmouth Gap has been completed and opened for public use, forming a permanent, certain, and rapid medium of conveyance and traffic between Hereford, its vicinity, and the important district surrounding Abergavenny, and other parts of Monmouthshire, comprising advantages of the greatest consequence, and affording a new source for the conveyance of produce, and facilities for commercial intercourse.

At his last audit day, Mr. Knight allowed his tenants a deduction of 10 per cent. from their rents; he attended the audit, and told them he had always instructed his steward to let them his estates at 10 per cent. below their fair value; but that times had proved worse than he had anticipated, and therefore he should make them the additional allowance of 10 per cent. He also assured them that however bad times may be in future, if they would manage their farms well and properly, he should be content to receive whatever rents his steward thought they could afford to pay, "consistently with their families living comfortably!"

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The Birmingham Society of Arts was opened, Sept. 22, for the exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and architecture, under the patronage and auspices of all the nobility and gentry of the county.

The business of the Joint Stock Bank commenced on Thursday last under the management of Mr. J. Gibbins and 12 directors. The capital is fixed at £500,000 in 10,000 shares of £50 each.—*Birmingham Journal*, Oct. 3.

The receipts at the several performances at the Birmingham Musical Festival amounted the first day to £1,482. 17s. 5d.; the second to £2,422. 7s.; the third £2,351. 7s. 6d.; and the fourth to £2,841. 5s. amounting in the total, with the sale of books and some donations, to £9,604. 1s. 11d. The gratuitous collection alone, at the church-doors, on coming out, amounted, *in toto*, to upwards of £1,700!!!

The expenses for lighting, watching, cleansing, and otherwise improving the town of Birmingham, during the year ending June 30, 1829, amounted to upwards of £10,000.—£2,407 were paid for watchmen; upwards of £2,000 for scavengers, and more than £1,900 for gas-light.

Thirty-nine pictures, including several paintings by artists residing in Bristol, have been sold for between £800 and £900, out of the present exhibition of modern paintings at Birmingham.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

**ESSEX.**—At the recent sessions held at Chelmsford, the Clerk of the Peace read the report delivered in by the visiting magistrates, respecting the state of the gaols, by which it appeared that crime has so alarmingly increased that there is no accommodation for the prisoners. In consequence, it was contended by Mr. Western, that the only remedy was a more frequent gaol delivery; it was therefore resolved, that the court, at its rising, do adjourn to November 25, for the trial of prisoners.

**KENT.**—Now the herring fishery has commenced, the harbour of Ramsgate contains an enormous quantity of fishing vessels from Boulogne, and other parts of the French coast; there are above a thousand fishermen, who do not behave in the most decorous manner. The boys beg with the most annoying impudence, and the men either walk or lie in groups on the pier, uttering the most disgusting oaths, and conducting themselves in the most filthy manner. Quere—why is it that French fishing-boats are allowed to enter our ports free of any sort of toll or port duty, while English boats and vessels are obliged to pay duty every time they even send a small boat into a French harbour to buy provisions? Is this Free Trade?

**WALES.**—At the Denbigh county meeting, recently held at Ruthin Town Hall, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed change in Welsh judicature, it was resolved—That as it is the intention of the legislature to modify, if not to abolish, the jurisdiction of the existing courts of the principality, it is our duty carefully to ascertain to what extent our posterity will be benefitted or injured by our concessions.—That it appears to this meeting, if any abuses have crept into the practice of our courts, or defects become apparent, that by legislative aid they may be corrected, or supplied, without the destruction of the fabric on which our constitutional privileges are founded.—That it would be highly beneficial to the interests of the principality that justice should be administered by the judges of the realm, provided the ancient jurisdiction of our courts could be preserved.—Several other resolutions were proposed and negatived, particularly one signed by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the principality, at the house of Sir W. W. Wynne, "If," said Mr. G. Griffiths, "these great men would go and sign a paper like this without consulting the Poor who are most interested, and who alone will be injured by its operation, I think that no reason why we should acquiesce in their act. The rich man may go to law where he pleases, regardless of the expense. He may have his cause tried at Shrewsbury or at Hereford; but, if a poor man cannot have his cause tried at home, and at little expense, it amounts to a denial of justice to him!!!" At this meeting an anecdote was related by Mr. C. W. Wynne, relating to that blessed Court of Equity, the Chancery: "As to the evil of a common law bar in proceedings in Equity, he (Mr. Wynn) was himself a living instance of it. During his time at the bar, he happened to be engaged as counsel in an Equity cause, and was absolutely unable to draw the pleadings. Well, what did do in this emergency? Why he applied to his friend, Mr. Bennion, who was on the other side in the question, and actually got him to draw his pleadings; so that his learned friend was literally counsel on both sides."

**SCOTLAND.**—Mr. Yeats, a native of Glasgow, and afterwards residing in Devonshire, has bequeathed the island of Shuna, of which the annual income is about £500, to be vested in the magistrates of Glasgow as trustees, for the purpose of the yearly produce being applied as follows:—One fifth for public improvements or charities in Glasgow; two-fifths for the benefit of the Professorships of Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, and Botany, in the University of Glasgow; one-fifth to the trustees of the Andersonian University; and one-fifth to the Glasgow Infirmary.

**IRELAND.**—An important meeting took place lately at Cork, Earl of Mountcashel in the chair, to consider the state of the Irish Protestant church, and the propriety of petitioning the king and the legislature to reform the church establishment of Ireland, by enforcing a more exemplary conduct among the clergy, and particularly a more equitable distribution of its revenues. Lord Mountcashel, in opening the business of the day, expressed that nothing but a speedy purification of the abuses which had crept into the discipline of the Protestant church of England and Ireland, could prevent "the glorious fabric of England's pride from soon becoming a shadow." He attributed to three causes the present deplorable state of the church:—The government of the country were, in the first instance, blameable; the second cause was the neglect of the performance of their duties by the generality of the clergy; and the third cause was the consequent supineness of the laity. The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and it was agreed that a petition, in conformity with them, should be drawn up by a committee, and transmitted to the Right Hon. Robert Peel for presentation to the king; that a copy of the petition should be presented to the House of Lords by Lord Mountcashel, and one to the House of Commons by the Hon. Mr. King.

At a meeting of the corporation of weavers, held at Dublin, Oct. 9, it appeared that starvation of their numerous and helpless families is so alarmingly prevalent from a want of employment occasioned by the great influx of *French* and other *foreign* goods, that they thought it necessary to pass several resolutions to that effect, and to bring their melancholy case before the king and the parliament. The following is the 4th:—"Resolved, That it is our solemn and deliberate opinion, that the system of 'Free Trade,' now pursued, falsely so called, being without 'Reciprocity,' is a mere delusive theory, impracticable and incompatible with the present state of the country, as respects its trade with France, and other foreign countries, inasmuch as the operatives in France, and those other parts, have food considerably cheaper than our operatives; there being no Corn Laws in France to keep the price of corn up to a certain height, to enable farmers to pay Landlords Rack-rents; nor are there in France the heavy burdens of Excise and other Taxes that are in this country; nor have the French the heavy National Debt to labour under that we have; and, above all, the French are not cursed with an Absentee Landed Proprietary, like unfortunate Ireland, who take the produce of the industry of the country, and squander it abroad!!!"

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POLITICS AND PROSPECTS OF RUSSIA.

THE fate of the Sultan is inevitable: he must go down; the ruin of his empire is as palpable as if it were written on his turban.

The grand question with mankind now is, what result is to follow from this sudden and tremendous shock to the established system of Europe? The question is vital to England in her immediate interests; for, by bringing Russia into the rank of a great naval power, it brings her into direct contest with us as the Rulers of the Seas; and it is no less essential to her continental interests, as it threatens the overthrow of that balance to be whose Protector has been the glory and the security of England.

The facts of Turkish ruin are unanswerable. The Sultan has found himself unable to resist the complete occupation of his dominions, up to the gates of his capital. He has saved his capital only by the entreaty of the foreign ambassadors. He has not been able to send out a single soldier since the passage of the Balkan, to save his subjects from plunder or insult, even under his own eyes. He has not been able to defend himself from even his own disbanded troops, and has been on the point of soliciting the aid of his enemy to keep the peace of his capital. He has not been able to make his soldiers take the field, nor to restrain his pashas from keeping it at their will, from scoffing at the baseness of his surrender, and from warring on their own account. The retreat of the enemy has been as little influenced by the Sultan, as their advance was impeded by his activity. And, it is to be remembered, that this extraordinary torpor cannot have proceeded from the personal character of the Sultan, but from his circumstances. His previous career was eminent for activity, for desperate courage, and for that more unexpected superiority to his age and country, which made him eager to adopt the inventions of European science and war. He was the most European of all Turks; a vigorous, sagacious, daring, and remorseless sovereign; Turkey had not seen such a sovereign for a hundred years.

The true reasoning from those unquestionable facts, is, not that Mahmoud had suddenly changed his character, but that his means had sunk away; that the ground broke down under his feet—that the whole fabric

of Turkish power has for years stood upon a vault, and that the first rush of a hostile force beyond the mountains burst it in, and buried the empire less by the casualty of war, than by the course of nature.

To the Christian there is a loftier view than the sepulchre of this fierce and extinguished sovereignty; he sees in the flashings of the sword that laid it there, the unconscious instrument of a power, which it is guilt lightly to name, but which may be, at this hour, commencing its superb and terrible course of mingled mercy and retribution, and laying a world in ruin, to raise it to a splendour beyond the imaginations of man.

But no part of providential wisdom precludes the exercise of human means. The first public duty is to follow the light of our understandings, and the first dictate of those understandings is, to summon the whole strength of our country to a vigorous, determined, and principled repulsion of the general enemy of Europe.

The Sultan is virtually no more. The Ottoman empire is virtually swept out of its place as an European kingdom. Its fall has not been by battle, nor treachery. It has perished by its own decay. The whole strength of Europe could not place it on its feet again. If it be suffered to exist for a few years longer, they must be years of helplessness, sustained only by the nursing of European cabinets. The breath of life is no more in those fiery nostrils, that once blasted the continent. The corpse lies there: it may lie in state, but it is beyond all the unguents of the earth—it must henceforth dissolve into its original dust and air.

Russia is paramount. The continental powers already feel it, and are already either preparing for desperate resistance or abject submission. There is no alternative. Russia must be extinguished, or must extend. As well might we stop the fall of the lava when it has once mounted the summit of the volcano. It must rush on by the law of its creation, turning all the material over which it rolls into the swelling of its course. Every nation which stoops to the will of the Russian cabinet must become an active vassal. Slavery is imprinted on its forehead; and the first service demanded of it will be to spend its blood in making slaves of the surrounding nations.

By the treaty of Adrianople, Russia is in possession of the Euxine. There never was a gift more comprehensive of European empire. With the Euxine in her power, it is no matter to the Czar under what name Constantinople may be governed. The city is his; the monarch is his viceroy; the people are his people; for he can, at the first spur of his despotic will, burn down the Seraglio, cashier the sovereign, and exile the people. If it be his will, he can build a city on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, that, favoured by his patronage, and sustained by his commerce, would drain away every piastre from its European rival, and leave Constantinople a ruin within twenty years.

The possession of the Euxine was the only thing wanting to make Russia one of the Mediterranean powers, and we all see how directly that extraordinary possession gives her the means of being the first of the Mediterranean powers. On this subject the map might be enough; but we shall give professional authority. Captain Jones, R.N., in his late Russian tour, thus speaks of the capabilities of the Euxine:

“Russia would have here a most excellent nursery for seamen, as every necessary article for building and rigging ships would soon spontaneously flow to the banks of the great rivers, as well as to their common port—the Liman.

“ In point of fact, has not the practicability of this on the largest scale been already proved, by the erection on the Black Sea of a military marine, comprising ships of one hundred and ten guns, which when brought to their lightest draught of water, will swim deeper than the heaviest merchantmen ?

“ Those ships of war, though brought down on camels (wooden floats) from Cherson, Nicholief, &c., as low as Kilbourin, have at the latter place been always fitted for sea ; so that it is absurd to talk, as is now commonly done, of those shoals forming an insuperable objection to the Liman being applied to the purposes of commerce. For, on the contrary, the Liman presents ten times the advantages to Russia, that the Lagunes of Venice ever did to that commercial and haughty republic. In short, without going into detail, were the commercial properties of the Liman and its rivers properly understood, I cannot see where the mercantile prosperity and enterprise of Russia need stop.

“ Not only might she enjoy a most profitable trade on the Black Sea, on that of Azof, and the Mediterranean ; but extend her commerce to *every part of the globe!* Instead of the sands at the mouth of the Dnieper, and the reported dangerous navigation of the Black Sea, proving obstacles, they would form the best possible school for making hardy and experienced seamen, similar to our North-country sailors, who are acknowledged to be the best in the world, because most of the ports are rendered difficult to approach on account of bars and shoals, and the whole navigation to London is one of the most dangerous and difficult in existence, and consequently calls forth all the energy and enterprise of which man is capable.

“ So that, in time, a numerous and hardy race of seamen would be formed, merely by the trade on the Black Sea and that of Azof. Those two seas present an amazing extent of coast, when it is considered that the former is 600 miles in length, and 330 broad in the widest part, and 142 in the narrowest, while the latter is 186 miles in length, and 90 in breadth.

“ Both possess that which renders them an *invaluable nursery for good seamen*, namely, every description of coast, depth of water, and variety of currents. It has been well observed, that the country which possesses the greatest line of coast must ever prove superior in point of seamen. Now, including the 736 miles, the length of the Black Sea and that of Azof, it must be remembered that the extent of coast, without regarding sinuosities, is, at least, 1,600 miles.

“ *No other nation* would ever be able to compete with them, on account of the easy rate at which the Russians could build, fit, and sail, their vessels ; the empire producing, within itself, every necessary article for both *building and equipping*, at an extraordinarily low price, and in the *greatest abundance*, while the natives are accustomed to live on the hardest fare. But should they become refined, still all ordinary provisions are extremely reasonable ; and there is little doubt that Russian ships could be built and navigated at *nearly half the expense* of any other nation, particularly in the Black Sea.

“ Indeed, when I survey the maritime resources of this great empire, I cannot persuade myself that Russia is not destined to become a great naval and commercial power. However, from the existing prejudices on the part of the natives to any thing connected with the sea, there cannot be a doubt that much time will elapse before such a material change can

be produced in their habits, as to verify my prediction. But, should the present or a future sovereign be duly impressed with the importance of the subject, it is impossible to say *how soon such an alteration* might be effected, particularly when we consider the acknowledged docility of temper which all the common natives possess."

We are to recollect that this intelligent observer's opinion was given *before* the Turkish war; that the weight of the Russian power is now directed to the Mediterranean; that a navy in the Black Sea is the essential instrument of success; and that the Sea of Marmora is now only a port of exercise for the fleets pouring from the great Russian dock-yard of the Black Sea.

Now let us see what Russia has actually gained in territory. The principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are, at this hour, in possession of her troops, raising forces to be incorporated with those troops, paying their revenues into the hands of her officers, and under a direct process of separation from every former Turkish interest by the ejection of every Turkish inhabitant within the eighteen months to come. Nothing can be more complete than this possession. The future appointment of hospodars, if it shall ever take place, will be merely the appointment of Russian viceroys. The territory thus directly gained is great. The two provinces are larger than the whole of England!

But their value is not to be measured by their size. The soil, neglected as it has been by the Turks, is among the most fertile in the world. The population, reduced to less than a million, is capable of being raised to ten millions! fully supplied with provisions. The mountains also contain mines of great value. It would be ridiculous to suppose that those countries will ever be restored to more than a nominal independence. We have no security that even this nominal independence will not be rapidly merged in declared sovereignty. The Crimea, a few years ago, was suffered to boast of this nominal independence. But its boasting was brief. The Khan was stripped of his sceptre, and glad to lay his calpac at the feet of Catherine. The Tartars of the Kuban were indulged with the same boast, and found it equally short-lived. The treaty of Kainardgi, in 1734, declared them unequivocally FREE, unanswerable to *any* foreign power, and to be governed only by their hereditary chieftains of the race of Gengis. Their freedom was scarcely conceded when it was swept away at a stroke of the pen. Those provinces will be integral possessions of Russia, when she pleases, and strong holds for her ambition in whatever line it may spread through western Europe. For operations against the weakest part of the Austrian empire they form an incomparable base; and they do more—they command the Danube; and, by the Danube, command a passage through the heart of Europe, whether for trade or conquest, from Ratisbon to Constantinople.

The mind grows exhausted and the hand grows weary in following the stupendous extent of power which Russia has already within her grasp, and the still more stupendous extent which lies before her vision. Her march into Asia Minor has given her a fixture there which no retreat of her troops will nullify. She already feels the boundless value of the acquisition, and is craftily negotiating for the possession of Trebizond. If she withdraw her demand now, she will not be the less sure to gain her point in another direction; and her point is, the complete command of the southern shore of the Black Sea, and with it the complete com-

mand of a new route for the commerce of India and China with Europe. Erzeroum, which is in the Russian hands, *de facto*, and which will soon follow the fate of Bucharest, has been for a long period the centre of the principal traffic of northern Persia, the cities of the Caucasus, and Arabia, with Constantinople. The Indian traffic of Russia has hitherto been trifling, from the dangers of the Desert, from the distance and the expense of land-carriage. But the possession of Trebizond, even without that of Erzeroum, which, however, must be a dependent on the former, in Russian hands, would instantly lay open a route from India, requiring but the trivial land-carriage of 400 miles; from Moosul, on the Tigris, to Erzeroum being but 250 miles, and from Erzeroum to Trebizond being but 150. In a commercial point of view, those positions would be of an importance totally beyond calculation. They would be, in fact, the keys to the whole trade of India with Europe; in other words, the keys to the wealth of the world. But they would also be the keys to the territorial possession of the finest regions of the world—western and central Asia. A military force touching with its flanks the positions of the Tigris at Moosul, and of the Euxine at Trebizond, and sustained by the supplies so easily furnished by the Russian possession of the Euxine, would be irresistible by any force from the Caucasus to the Himmaleh. Persia, Caubul, and the Affghaun territory, would be as easy a prey as Georgia; and the true spirit in which Russia must be viewed, is that of a power essentially military, and if adopting commerce with extraordinary avidity, yet adopting it only as a means of conquest.

The founder of this measureless empire saw that, without a fleet, his conquests must be limited to the north, and that centuries might pass before Russia became European. He instantly made the grand experiment of a navy. He had but one sea—the Baltic. His ports were shallow, hazardous, and what was still more disheartening to his hope of success, a mass of ice for six months in the year. But his nature was the true one for erecting such an empire. It was alike remarkable for daring enthusiasm and sullen obstinacy. He fixed on a spot in the north of his dominions, where the climate and the ground seemed equally to forbid the habitation of man. But he persevered. He turned the course of rivers—he drove piles into the mighty swamp—he levelled forests—he tore up rocks—and on heaps of treasure that might have purchased a new kingdom, and the more fearful expenditure of a mass of human life that might have won it by arms, he founded his new capital.

The price was enormous, and it would have been contemplated by no other mind than the remorseless and barbarian grandeur of Peter's. But it laid the foundation of an empire, which already exceeds, in magnitude, all that the earth has ever seen of dominion. The Roman empire, in the days of Trajan, its most palmy hour, extended but 3,000 miles from east to west, and 2,000 from north to south. The Russian, at this hour of its comparative infancy, extends 10,000 miles from east to west, and 3,000 from north to south. The Roman was the growth of eight centuries, the Russian of one. A vast portion of its Asiatic territory is wilderness. But even this is all capable of supporting life, and is interspersed with tracts of great fertility—is intersected with chains of metallic mountains, and is filled with rivers teeming with fish, and capable of forming the finest inland navigation in the world.

But central Russia contains a dense population, in provinces productive of corn, wine, and oil. By the seizure of the Crimea and of Poland, they have found a permanent outlet for their products; and they are rapidly growing in opulence, productiveness, and population. The union of the Hospodariates with Russia will more than double their value, by extending their outlets. And the Hospodariates will infallibly be united to Russia, at the first moment that she may think herself secure in the feebleness or the corruption of the great countervailing kingdoms of Europe. It will be no more than the continuance of that policy, by which she has drawn, one by one, into her vortex, every "independent" territory subjected to her treacherous alliance: Georgia, Courland, the Crimea, the Chieftainries of the Caucasus, and Poland.

The Indian trade has been, in all ages, but another name for the most sudden and extraordinary accumulation of wealth in every nation which, by turns, possessed its monopoly. Venice, Genoa, Lisbon, and Amsterdam, were only the successors of Bagdad, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Alexandria, in gains which, for the time, placed them at the head of commercial cities. England alone has not derived from India the opulence which the "golden Peninsula" had always poured into the lap of the favoured nation. But the reason is obvious. Conquest has, with us, superseded trade. We have expended on our costly, but magnificent crown of India, the gold that we might have carried away in tribute to our commercial mastery. But, to Russia, the Indian trade would be clear gain; there would be no laborious and expensive voyage of 16,000 miles, liable to all the chances of the ocean. The whole route from Surat to the mouth of the Danube would be but 3,000 miles, of which 2,600 would be in the smooth Indian seas, up the Persian Gulf and the Tigris, a mere canal carriage; and only the narrow interval between the Tigris and the shore of the Euxine requiring land conveyance. The whole of the great northern route between China, Japan, Upper Tartary, and Europe, is in possession of any power which is in possession of the Volga and the Don. The European merchant will not look upon those extraordinary facilities with indifference. He will either transfer his capital to Russia, or connect himself with her trade. The distance between the Danube and the Rhine is nothing. A canal might be cut in a year that would join them. The surveys for this canal have been already laid down. The project has been already stated among the monied men of Europe. The expense is estimated at little more than half a million. And this canal would give a direct and unbroken line of water carriage from the tower of London to the gate of the Seraglio.

For the general good of mankind, we should rejoice at such a facility. But the first benefit, and immeasurably the greatest, would be gained by Russia; and by Russia only for the power of more extended subjugation. The man shuts his eyes on history, and is neither politician nor patriot, who will not see that the whole spirit of the court of St. Petersburg has at all times been territorial aggrandizement, and that whether with a smiling face, and a lip teeming with self-denial and moderation, or with the sword in her hand, and her lip pouring out hatred and fury, she has incessantly urged her claims to the extinction of the feeble—that she has had "More, more," written upon her heart, and that at this hour she is propelled to broader and more reckless seizure by the success of her arms, the weakness of her opponents, the force of her position, and the superstitions of her people. There is something like an inevitable

necessity of going forward, imposed upon her alike by her remaining barbarism, and her rapidly acquired knowledge of the arts and artifices of civilized life. With Asiatic multitudes and European tactics, the wild and death-devoted myriads of a Gengiskhan, and the military finesse and system of a Napoleon; with the still more singular mixture of the deep submission of the Asiatic slave, the wild freedom of the Tartar, and the subtle and stern republicanism of the Jacobin; foreign war, fierce, lavish of blood, and perpetual in its thirst and grasp of conquest, seems scarcely so much the vice of her government, as the tenure of its existence. Let the Czar sheathe his sword to-morrow, and the humane folly will find its reward in the dagger. Let Russia dare to stop in her career of aggrandizement, and she will be plunged into instant convulsion—the great tide which had been going smoothly along, gradually covering kingdom after kingdom, will be checked only to break and swell into billows. The popular spirit would disdain the pacific throne—the wild appanages to the sceptre would forget their allegiance, when it laid up its jewelled sceptre in the repositories of the state, and smote no more. The whole of the new and frowning vassalage that even now bites its chains, would feel them lifted from its neck, only to beat them into the falchion and the spearhead again. Let Russia disband her army, and abjure ambition; and from that hour she has parted with the living principle of her fearful and unnatural supremacy: the talisman is shattered in pieces, and her empire is a dream.

But if Russia is to be resisted, the question arises, by whom? Is England to be the sole antagonist, or is there any capacity in the European powers to form such a chain of strength as will bind down her ambition? The natural expedient is, of course, the latter. A combination of the great European powers would be still able to constrain Russia, as it tore down Napoleon. The ill success of the early coalitions of the French war arose alone from their imperfect combination, and their imperfect combination from the criminal corruption of their ministers, and the weak jealousy or guilty cupidity of their sovereigns.

It is remarkable that Austria and Prussia never combined but twice during the whole revolutionary war. Once, at its commencement, under the Duke of Brunswick, a combination distinguished for its feebleness, and dissolved in a single campaign, probably by the French crown jewels; and once at the close, when formed under more vigorous guidance, and inspired with the necessity of extinguishing Napoleon, or being extinguished by him, the new powers fought side by side, and, with England in their van, and Russia in their rear, trampled his unrighteous and homicidal diadem into the dust.

But the change of times has operated formidable changes in the constitution of Europe. Austria is the first barrier. But of all the great powers, Austria is at once the weakest, and the most likely to fall under Russian temptation. The partition of Poland was an act, whose impolicy, in the Austrian view, was as palpable, as its guilt was notorious and abominable before God and man. It loaded Austria alike with a share in that guilty responsibility, and brought her frontier into direct exposure to Russia.

And yet the bribe for this heinous act, in which crime and folly struggled for the mastery, was the wretched province of Gallicia. How are we to be secure, that some equally wretched province of Servia will not equally tempt the Austrian passion for lording it over deserts? and that Prince

Metternich will not congratulate himself on the ultra-diplomatic dexterity, by which he thus, at once, averts a Russian war, secures an additional territory, and keeps himself in his place ?

The tardiness of Austria is proverbial. Her territory is an immense expanse of States thinly peopled, one half of them scarcely above barbarism, and the great majority either in direct discontent, as the Hungarian provinces,—or utterly careless who their master may be, as Croatia, Transylvania, and the whole range of her south-eastern dominions. Italy, her chief boast, is her first peril. The Italians, a contemptible and vicious people, deserve the chain, and will always be slaves, while society among them continues the idle, vile, and profligate thing it is ; this great European house of corruption—the haunt of the most grovelling superstition, and the most open licentiousness, its natural and unfailing offspring—must be under the government of the beadle and the hangman ; but Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, hates the name of Austrian ; and the first foreign banner that waves to the winds of the Apennine will be shouted after by Italy as a deliverer. Yet the nervous eagerness of retention is as keen as the subtle and undying hatred of the slave. And the threat of a Russian invasion of Italy—a threat which a Mediterranean fleet would always render ominous—must lay the Austrian cabinet at the mercy of the Czar.

Prussia, the next hope, would be utterly unable to make head alone against a Russian force pressing on her from the Polish frontier ; and the question of her preferring the hazards of war to the easy enjoyment of the bribe which Russia could so easily offer, and would so undoubtedly offer, is one which may well perplex the politician. Of all the great European powers Prussia is the most exposed to invasion. For her strength is wholly in her army, the most expensive, artificial, and precarious of all defences.

We have already seen it vanish away, like a mist, before the fierce brilliancy of Napoleon's genius. It perished in a day ; literally between sunrise and sunset the army of Prussia was a mass of confusion, the kingdom at the feet of a conqueror, the king crownless, and the nation captive. Prussia has no other strength, no mountains where a bold peasantry might supply the place of discipline by courage, and make nature fight for them ; no great rivers, no ranges of wild territory in which the steps of an invader might be wearied by long pursuit ; no fierce and iron climate in which the clouds and snow might war against the human presumption that dared to assault the majesty of Winter in his own domain.

All is open, brief, and level ; the frontier straggling and penetrable in every direction ; even the population at once too scattered to resist a vigorous enemy, and too close to deprive him of their services. In every war since the foundation of the kingdom, even under the subtle and daring generalship of the second Frederic, Prussia was never invaded but to be overrun. With this justified sense of peril on the one side, and with the splendid donations which Russia has it within her power to offer, on the other ; there must be no trivial necessity to urge Prussia against the immense preponderancy of her gigantic neighbour.

Family alliances, the recollection of the late war, and the value of a continental support against Austrian ambition, which has never forgotten the loss of Silesia, have made Prussia for many years look to the cabinet of St. Petersburg as its natural confederate. Her bias is

already in the strongest degree Russian. We might discover this, even from the tone of the Prussian journals during the Turkish war. Russia was the theme of perpetual panegyric. Her defeats were "victories," and her policy "consummate in ability and vigour."

But a tangible temptation is ready to be offered, and it is one that once before won the Prussian heart. Hanover, and the mouths of the Elbe and Ems, would give her a manufacturing and commercial wealth, and Hanover she could have to-morrow. With Austria and Prussia thus at her controul, as a barrier against France, if France too were not drawn into the snare by the easy promise of Egypt; Russia would have leisure for her operations to secure the supremacy of the Mediterranean, and but one rival to oppose,—England. It is not with the desire to depress the spirits of our country, that we write our decided opinion, that with a cabinet constituted like the present, that supremacy could not be long contested by England. The enormous public sacrifices which must be required in the first instance for a contest, forced upon us by the feebleness, irresolution, and ignorance of such men, would be felt so deeply that the nation must either be relieved by the patching up of a temporary peace, or the cabinet must be flung from their places.

But this is a consummation to which the Wellington cabinet will not submit, while they can grasp at a quarter's salary. And the temporary peace will be patched up. The cry of the Treasury then will go only a little further than it has now gone. And as we now hear its orators and journals proclaiming that we have nothing to do with the Russian overthrow of Turkey, they will then, with equal truth, scoff at the assertion that we have any thing to do with the Russian proceedings in the Mediterranean. "What is it, but the seizure of a Turkish island or two, which will be much better off by its change of masters?"

If the Ionian Islands are starved or stormed, "what is it but the relief of England from the heavy expense of establishments on a few barren rocks of a distant sea, good for neither commerce nor conquest, and of which we know nothing but by their yearly bills on the Treasury?" The pressure of the old taxes, and the threat of new will make this poltroonery popular with the rabble, and the Duke of Wellington and his menials in the cabinet will be able to draw another quarter's salary.

If we are to be told that the overthrow of Turkey was foreseen, and formed a part of the cabinet wisdom, we demand, will the Duke of Wellington dare to say this, in the teeth of his own recorded declaration, "that the *absolute* independence of the Porte was essential to the independence of Europe?" Will Lord Aberdeen, also, solemn as he is, dare to say, that his ambassador, Mr. Gordon, was not sent with the strongest assurances of English assistance? Will, in short, any man of this cabinet, cabinet of ciphers as it is, dare to lisp out, that they were not to a man disappointed, puzzled, nay, thunderstruck by the result of the Russian campaign?—that they were not overwhelmed by the contrast of their own contemptible inactivity with the vivid progress of the Russian designs?—of their own perplexed and misty councils with the fierce and resolute will of the Russian cabinet,—and of the alternate boasting and meanness of their own applications through Lord Heytesbury and Mr. Gordon,—with the haughty contempt and laughing scorn that characterised every step of the Russian diplomacy, while, with the British envoys creeping at its heels, it trod proudly on to the walls of Constantinople?

But to bring the matter to a close ; will the British minister dare to say, that English influence on the Continent is at this day in the same position in which it stood this day two years, nay, this day twelve months? Even he will not dare to say any such thing ; he will come down to the House with a reluctant whine about the force of circumstances, and the necessity of existing things ; and conclude with a flourish about internal prosperity, and a fiction about “ our having received from all the powers of Europe, the fullest assurances of peace.” The comedy will soon degenerate into farce ; and the parties on both sides will amuse themselves with calculating which will draw the profits of the piece. But there will be another game abroad. A tremendous game, in which those miserable jugglers will be forgotten, and kingdoms be the stake, and the wild passions and furious energies of barbarian power will sweep the board.

If we shall be asked, what was to be done ? we answer, that a British cabinet, deserving of the name, would have two years ago declared to Russia, that the first shot fired against the Porte was a declaration of war against England. And the words should have been followed, not by a course of pitiful applications to foreign courts, to ask whether they would suffer England to speak her mind, but by the sailing of a fleet of twenty sail of the line for the Black Sea, with orders to burn every Russian establishment on its shore to the ground, and by the sailing of another fleet for the blockade of the Baltic, and the burning of Cronstadt.

The Czar would have instantly returned his sword into the sheath, and the healing and protecting sovereignty of England would have been acknowledged, and felt as a blessing to the world.

If we are asked, what should be done now, our answer is equally unhesitating. Turn out the Wellington cabinet ; get rid of a tribe who have shown themselves incapable of governing the empire. Send them to their gallantries or their gambings ;—send them any where, but into the King’s Council chamber. They have already lost the confidence of the friends of the Constitution, by their avowed “ breaking in upon the Constitution.” They have lost the respect of religious men by their introducing the great corruption of Christianity in the person of Romanists and idolaters into the Protestant legislature. They have now lost even the coarser confidence of those, who expected in the daring breakers down of the constitution, at least the courage that would defend the political rights and honour of England from strangers and barbarians.

They have made themselves contemptible in the eyes of politicians, at home and abroad ; and receiving the empire into their hands, flourishing, free, and at the highest rank of national supremacy, they will have to give it up, failing in its resources, curtailed of its influence, and degraded in its fame.

Worse still may be behind. The sensitiveness of free minds may be tried before long. The “ breaker in upon the Constitution of 1680” is still—such is the fortune of the land—among the living, ay, and in power. But on this point we shall now say no more. Born in a free country, and calling ourselves free men, we are not unaware of the signs of the times ; we respect the wisdom of the dungeon, and do homage to the dignity of the chain.

## THE FLOWER OF SOUVENANCE OR FORGET-ME-NOT.\*

[ *The Subject of the following Tale is taken from "Mills's History of Chivalry."* ]

How Love, my Laura, has on all around  
 Poured its bright influence! Every thing that breathes  
 Enjoys its sweets, or, absent, mourns its loss.  
 Its seal is stamped on all that's beautiful;  
 And Love first taught the poet to compare  
 His lady's beauty to whatever earth,  
 Or sea, or sky contains of rich and rare.  
 The summer's sun was not more truly bright  
 When first it rose, rejoicing o'er the world;  
 And evening's gloom but shewed how Man must mourn,  
 When Love has ceased to shine upon his fate;  
 The restless Ocean imaged forth the pains  
 Which constant struggled in a lover's breast;  
 And fancy painted what yon heaven might be  
 From the rich foretaste found in Woman's love.  
 But Earth's bright flowerets formed the favourite wreath  
 For Beauty's brow; and oft the lover's hand  
 Hath twined her chaplets of their sweet perfume,  
 And blended graceful all their various hues  
 In rich comparison and grateful praise;  
 Yet leaving oft the lily and the rose,  
 And all the gaudier beauties of the spring,  
 To find an emblem worthy woman's charms,  
 In the sweet violet hidden in the shade,  
 Blushing and blooming modesty alone;  
 And e'en, my Laura, such a flower as this,  
 So lowly and so humble, has its tale,  
 And bears a place in poetry and love:  
 In days of old 'twas fancifully called  
 "The Flower of Souvenance," and to latter times  
 Retains the title of "Forget-me-not!"  
 How it was gained, and wherefore 'twas applied,  
 There runs a story of the olden time,  
 Which I will try to tell you.

A summer's day was closing—when, along  
 The mossy margin of a silent lake,  
 Two lovers roamed, o'er whose united hearts  
 Love poured a warmer and a brighter beam  
 Than at that moment lighted earth and sky!  
 Yet felt they well, I ween, that joyous hour,  
 And, as they gazed upon the sunny scene,  
 They loved it as it seemed to be the type  
 Of what should be their future happy fate,  
 For all the doubts and fears that follow love  
 O'er their bright prospect shed no darkening shade;  
 And the next morrow was to see them joined  
 In holy bonds of lasting, wedded bliss.  
 The lover was all ardour—fondly talked,

\* The *Myosotis Scorpioidis* of botanists.

And breathed the vows which woman loves to hear  
 From him who wins her heart; yet she the while  
 Scarce told her rapture; but the melting eye,  
 And the rich glow which blushed upon her cheek,  
 Spoke to the heart most eloquently well  
 All that a lover longs the most to know.  
 And he had twined a coronal of flowers,  
 Culled from the wild luxuriance around,  
 With which he decked the golden curls which fell  
 On her white neck, like sunshine upon snow,  
 Swearing they more became her than the gems  
 Which round her brow her father's hand would bind  
 Upon the morrow.

And as there he crowned her,  
 And did her playful homage as his queen,  
 Her roving fancy fixed on some wild flowers  
 Blooming upon a little island's bank,  
 An arrow's flight or less amid the lake;  
 She thought them lovely—with a woman's wish  
 She longed to have them;—scarce the word was breathed,  
 When, with the utter recklessness which marks  
 Love's thoughtless votary, her lover plunged  
 Amid the waves, and soon with nervous arm  
 The distance passed, and plucked the envied prize.  
 But in returning, some unnoticed weeds  
 Clung to his limbs, and checked his rapid course!  
 With hasty speed he struggled to be free,  
 But wound the fibres in a firmer net,  
 Mocking his powers; while his lady love,  
 Half-conscious of his danger, yet afraid  
 To leave the spot, beckoned him on to land.  
 Collecting then his force, with giant strength  
 He burst the barrier. But, alas! in vain:  
 For, like the last flash of a dying flame,  
 The effort left him weaker than before,  
 And all his energy could hardly gain  
 The steep and shelving bank! With dying hand,  
 He threw the flowrets at the maiden's feet,  
 And while he cast a last fond look of love,  
 Cried to the fainting girl, "Forget-me-not!"  
 Then o'er his corse the closing waters rolled,  
 And he was not; another soul had fled,  
 And knew the secrets of another world!  
 The sun again shone gaily on the stream,  
 The earth was still as beautiful as ever,  
 Yet one lay senseless on the blooming turf,  
 Who when she woke would love the cloudy night,  
 And the thick darkness that the tempest broods in,  
 Better than all the joys which life can give  
 To her whose sun is set, whose hope is blighted.

## A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

I ONCE resided in a country town; I will not specify whether that town was Devizes or Doncaster, Beverley or Brighton: I think it highly reprehensible in a writer to be *personal*, and scarcely more venial do I consider the fault of him who presumes to be *local*. I will, however, state, that my residence lay among the manufacturing districts. But lest any of my readers should be misled by that avowal, I must inform them, that in my estimation *all* country towns, from the elegant Bath, down to the laborious Bristol, are (whatever their respective polite or mercantile inhabitants may say to the contrary), positively, comparatively, and superlatively, manufacturing towns!

Club-rooms, ball-rooms, card-tables, and confectioners' shops, are the *factories*, and gossips, both male and female, are the *labouring classes*. Norwich boasts of the durability of her stuffs; the manufacturers I allude to, weave a web more flimsy. The stuff of to-morrow will seldom be the same that is publicly worn to-day; and were it not for the zeal and assiduity of the labourers, we should want novelties to replace the stuff that is worn out hour by hour.

No man or woman who ever ventures to deviate from the beaten track, should live in a country town. The gossips all turn from the task of nibbling one another, and the character of the *lusus naturæ* becomes public property. I am the mother of a family, and I am known to have written romances. My husband, in an evil hour, took a fancy to a house at a watering place, which, by way of distinction, I shall designate by the appellation of *Pumpington Wells*: there we established ourselves in the year 1800.

The *manufacturers* received us with a great show of civility, exhibiting to us the most recent stuff, and discussing the merits of the newest fabrications. We, however, were not used to trouble ourselves about matters that did not concern us, and we soon offended them.

We turned a deaf ear to all evil communications. If we were told that Mr. A., "though fond of show, starved his servants," we replied, we did not wish to listen to the tale. If we heard that Mr. B., though uxorious in public, was known to beat his wife in private, we cared not for the matrimonial anecdote. When maiden ladies assured us that Mrs. C. cheated at cards, we smiled, for we had no *dealings* with her; and when we were told that Mrs. D. never paid her bills, we repeated not the account to the next person we met; for as we were not her creditors, her accounts concerned us not.

We settled ourselves, much to our satisfaction, in our provincial abode; it was a watering place, which my husband, as a bachelor, had frequented during its annual season.

As a watering place he knew it well. Such places are vastly entertaining to visitors, having no "local habitation," and no "name," caring not for the politics of the place, and where, if any thing displeases them, they may pay for their lodgings, order post-horses, and never suffer their names to appear in the arrival book again.

But with those who *live* at watering places, it is quite another affair. For the first six months we were deemed a great acquisition. There were two or three *sets* in Pumpington Wells—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The bad left their cards, and asked us to dances, the week we arrived; the indifferent knocked at our door in the first month; and even before the end of the second, we were on the visiting lists of the good.

We knew enough of society to be aware that it is impolitic to rush into

the embraces of *all* the arms that are extended to receive strangers ; but feeling no wish to affront any one in return for an intended civility, we gave card for card ; and the doors of good, bad, and indifferent, received our names.

All seemed to infer, that the amicable gauntlet, which had been thrown down, having been courteously taken up, the ungloved hands were forthwith to be grasped in token of good fellowship ; we had left our *names* for them, and by the invitations that poured in upon us, they seemed to say with Juliet—

“ And for thy *name*, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.”

No man, not even a provincial, can visit every body, and it seems but fair, that if a selection is to be made, all should interchange the hospitalities of life with those persons in whose society they feel the greatest enjoyment.

Many a dinner, therefore, did we decline, many a route did we reject ; my husband's popularity tottered, and the inviters, though they no longer dinned their dinners in our ears, and teased us with their “ teas,” vowed secret vengeance, and muttered “ curses, not loud, but deep.”

I have hinted that we had no scandalous capabilities ; and though slander flashed around us, we seldom admitted morning visitors, and our street-door was a non-conductor.

But our next door neighbours were maiden ladies, who *had been* younger, and, to use a common term of commiseration, had seen better days ; by which I mean the days of bloom, natural hair, partners, and the probability of husbands.

Their vicinity to us was an infinite comfort to the town, for those who were unable to gain admittance at our door to disturb our business and desires,

“ For every man has business and desires,  
Such as they are,”

were certain of better success at our neighbours', where they at least could gain some information about us “ from eye-witnesses who resided on the spot.”

*My* sins were numbered, so were my new bonnets, and for a time my husband was pitied, because “ he had an extravagant wife ;” but when it was ascertained that his plate was handsome, his dinner satisfactory in its removes, and *comme il faut* in its courses, those whose feet had never been within our door, saw clearly “ how it must all end, and really felt for our trades-people.”

I have acknowledged that I had written romances ; the occupation was to me a source of amusement : and as I had been successful, my husband saw no reason why he should discourage me. A scribbling fool *in or out* of petticoats, should be forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper ; but my husband had too much sense to heed the vulgar cry of “ blue stocking.” After a busy month passed in London, we saw my new novel sent forth to the public, and then returned to our mansion at Pumpington Wells.

As we drove up to our door, our virgin neighbours gazed on us, if possible, with more than their former interest. They wiped their spectacles ; with glances of commiseration they saw us alight, and with unwearied scrutiny they witnessed the removal of our luggage from the carriage. We went out—every body stared at us—the people we *did* know, touched the hands we extended, and hastened on as if fearful of infection ; the people we *did not* know, whispered as they passed us, and

looked back afterwards; the men servants seemed full of mysterious flurry when we left our cards at the doors of acquaintances, and the maid servants peeped at us up the areas; the shop-keepers came from their counters to watch us down the streets, and all was whispering and wonder.

I could not make it out; was it to see the authoress? No; I had been an authoress when they last saw me;—was it the brilliant success of my new work?—it *could* be nothing else.

My husband met a maiden lady, and bowed to her; she passed on without deigning to notice him; I spoke to an insipid man who had always bored me with his unprofitable intimacy, and he looked another way! The next lady we noticed tossed her head as if she longed to toss it *at* us, and the next man we met opened his eyes astonishingly wide, and said,

“Are *you* here!—Dear me, I was told you could not show your—I mean, did not mean to return!”

There was evidently some mystery, and we determined to wait patiently for its development. “If,” said I, “it bodes us *good*, time will unravel it.” “And if,” said my husband “it bodes us evil, some d—d good-natured friend will tell us all about it.”

We had friends at Pumpington Wells, and good ones too, but no friend enlightened us; that task devolved upon an acquaintance, a little slim elderly man, so frivolous and so garrulous, that he only wanted a turban, some rouge, and a red satin gown, to become the most perfect of old women.

He shook his head simultaneously as he shook our hands, and his little grey eyes twinkled with delight, while he professed to feel for us both the deepest commiseration.

“You are cut,” said he; “its all up with you in Pumpington Wells.”

“Pray be explicit,” said I faintly, and dreading some cruel calumny, or plot against my peace.

“You’ve done the most impolitic thing! the most hazardous”——

“Sir!” said my husband, grasping his cane.

“I lament it,” said the little man, turning to me; “your book has done it for you.”

I thought of the reviews, and trembled.

“How *could* you,” continued our tormentor, “how could you put the Pumpington Wells people in your novel?”

“The Pumpington Wells people!—Nonsense; there are good and bad people in my novel, and there are good and bad people in Pumpington Wells; but you flatter the good, if you think that when I dipped my pen in praise, I limited my sketches to the virtuous of this place; and what is worse, *you* libel the bad if you assert that my sketches of vice were meant personally to apply to the vicious who reside here.”

“I libel—I assert!” said the old lady-like little man; “not *I*—every body says so!”

“You may laugh,” replied my mentor and tormentor combined, “but personality can be proved against you; and all the friends and relations of Mr. Flaw declare you meant the bad man of your book for him.”

“His friends and relations are too kind to him.”

“Then you have an irregular character in your book, and Mrs. Ble-mish’s extensive circle of intimates assert that nothing can be more pointed than your allusion to *her* conduct and *her* character.”

“And pray what do these persons say about it themselves?”

“They are outrageous, and go about the town absolutely wild.”

“Fitting the caps on themselves?”

The little scarecrow shook his head once more; and declaring we should see he had spoken too true, departed, and then lamented so fluently to every body the certainty of our being *cut*, that every body began to believe him.

I have hinted that *my* bonnets and my husband's plate occasioned heart-burnings; no—that is not a correct term, the *heart* has nothing to do with such exhalations—bile collects elsewhere.

Those who had conspired to pull my husband from the throne of his popularity, because their parties excited in us no *party spirit*, and we abstained from hopping at their hops, found, to their consternation, that when the novelty of my *novel* misdemeanor was at an end, we went on as if nothing had occurred. However, they still possessed heaven's best gift, the use of their tongues, and they said of us every thing bad which they knew to be false, and which they wished to see realized.

Their forlorn hope was our “extravagance.” “Never mind,” said one, “Christmas must come round, and *then* we shall see.”

When once the match of insinuation is applied to the train of rumoured difficulties, the suspicion that has been smouldering for a while, bounces at once into a *report*, and very shortly its echo is bounced in every parlour in a provincial town.

Long bills, that had been accustomed to wait for payment till Christmas, now lay on my table at midsummer; and tradesmen, who drove dennetts to cottages once every evening, sent short civil notes, regretting their utter inability to make up a sum of money by Saturday night, unless *I* favoured them by the bearer with the sum of ten pounds, “the amount of my little account.”

Dennett-driving drapers, actually threatened to fail for the want of ten pounds!—pastry-cooks, who took their families regularly “to summer at the sea,” assisted the *counter-plot*, and prematurely dunned my husband!

It is not always convenient to pay sums at midsummer, which we had been in the habit of paying at Christmas; if, however, a single applicant was refused, a new rumour of inability was started, and hunted through the town before night. People walked by our house looking up wistfully at the windows, others peeped down the area to see what we had for dinner; one *gentleman* went to our butcher to inquire how much we owed him; and one *lady* narrowly escaped a legal action, because when she saw a few pipkins lying on the counter of a crockery-ware man, directed to me, she incautiously said, in the hearing of one of my servants, “Are you paid for your pipkins?—ah, its well if you ever get your money!”

Christmas came at last, bills were paid, and my husband did not owe a shilling in Pumpington Wells. Like the old ladies in the besieged city, the gossips looked at us, wondering when the havoc would begin.

He who mounts the ladder of life, treading step by step upon the identical footings marked out, *may* live in a provincial town. When we want to drink spa waters, or vary the scene, we now visit watering places; but rather than force me to live at one again, “stick me up,” as Andrew Fairservice says, in *Rob Roy*, “as a regimental target for ball-practice.” We have long ceased to live at Pumpington.

Fleeting are the tints of the rainbow—perishable the leaf of the rose—variable the love of woman—uncertain the sunbeam of April; but nought on earth can be so fleeting, so perishable, so variable, or so uncertain, as the popularity of a provincial reputation.

## CORNEILLE ; HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

CORNEILLE has been called, and justly, "the creator of the French drama." It is true, that before he wrote, France was not wholly without a theatre; but it had never, until his time, produced any dramatic work which entitled it to rank, in that respect, with most of the other nations of Europe. While Italy, Spain, and England—the last, all national prejudice apart, infinitely the worthiest—could boast of dramatic poets whose fame will last as long as the language of the several nations is spoken, France had seen nothing on her stage worthy of the genius and power which her sons had displayed in all other polite arts. The French actors were even at this period excellent, and it was their merit that compensated for, and perhaps in some degree occasioned the deficiency of authors, † when Corneille, by a play, which, compared with his subsequent efforts, is as worthless as those of his predecessors were compared with that, at once roused the national genius, and opened a path to the progress of that true poesy with which he was himself inspired. It is reported that Buonaparte, speaking of him in one of those conversations to which the fallen conqueror's exile has given an interest they would not otherwise have possessed, said, "La tragédie échauffe l'âme, élève le cœur, peut et doit créer des héros. Sous ce rapport peut-être la France doit à Corneille une partie de ses belles actions : aussi, Messieurs, s'il vivait, je le ferai prince."—*Note, Mémoires de Ste. Hélène, t. ii. p. 304.*

In the *belles actions* to which the Emperor alluded, France had been nobly eminent before the poet appeared, and would in all probability have been so, though he had never written; but in the triumphs of her stage—as the precursor of Molière, and as the first in point of time of the glorious band of writers who have made the age of Louis XIV. the most brilliant in the literary history of France, his title to lasting reputation is unquestionable.

The able pen of M. Jules Tascheraud, whose recent life of Molière has gained him a well deserved reputation, has just produced a biography of Corneille, which is in no respect inferior to his former work, and which supplies a deficiency that has been long felt in the literature of France. To great care and research in collecting the particulars respecting the life of this eminent poet, (a task which the obscurity of his condition, and the modest simplicity and love of retirement that marked his life, had rendered somewhat difficult) M. Tascheraud adds very considerable discrimination and critical skill. The combination of those powers, and that fondness for his subject, which is an almost indispensable requisite in such a work, have made it an extremely agreeable and useful one—at once honourable to its author, and worthy of the poet whom it celebrates.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen on the 6th of June, 1606, in which city his father held the offices of *Avocat du Roi à la table de marbre de Normandie*; and of *Maître particulier des eaux et forêts*, in the district of Rouen. He was the eldest of seven children, the youngest of which was

\* Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Pierre Corneille, par M. Jules Tascheraud.

† Madame Beaupré, a celebrated actress of the time, complained some years afterwards of the change which the poet's works had produced upon the fortunes of the actors. "M. de Corneille," she said, "has done us much mischief. We used formerly to get our plays written for three crowns a piece, and an author could make one of them in a single night. The people were satisfied with them, and they brought us large profits. Now, such plays as M. Corneille's cost us a great deal of money, and we gain but little by them."

born in the same year in which his first play (*Mélite*) was acted. He received his education in the Jesuits' college at Rouen ; and, on quitting it in 1627, began to practise as an advocate at the bar of his native city. As he had not then attained the age which was deemed an essential qualification for the exercise of his functions, he obtained a patent of dispensation, a circumstance for which he might be indebted to his father's influence, but which at least proves that he had then made such progress as in the opinion of his friends justified this distinction. With what success he practised is not known, but a circumstance happened shortly after he commenced his office, which developed his talent for the drama. Fontenelle, of whom the poet was the great uncle, says, "A young man introduced one of his friends to a lady with whom he was in love ; the new-comer succeeded in displacing the former lover :—the adventure made him a poet, and furnished him with the subject of a comedy ; and this poet was—the great Corneille."\* It is impossible now to ascertain the accuracy of this statement, which Fontenelle knew only by means of a vague tradition ; but Corneille himself says repeatedly, that love first inspired him with a taste for poetry. It is certain, however, that *Mélite*, the comedy alluded to, and the subject of which resembles the adventure related by Fontenelle, clever as it was, by no means announced that genius which in its more sublime displays gained for its possessor the appellation of "the great Corneille." The approbation which the perusal of his first comedy drew from his friends, naturally induced him to wish to have it represented, and for this purpose he entrusted it to Mondory, the manager of a company of players who were then visiting Rouen. Mondory was one of the best actors of his day, wrote verses which were as good as those of the greater part of his cotemporaries, and enjoys the credit of having first attempted to reform the absurd costumes, which then, and for a long time afterwards, continued to render the stage ridiculous. Upon reading the play, he thought it much too good to be acted for the first time in Rouen, and easily persuaded Corneille to let him take it with him to Paris, where it was brought out under his care in 1629.

To appreciate the true merits of *Mélite*, with respect to its author, the state of the French stage at the period of its first appearance should be considered ; for looking at it in any other point of view, it is unquestionably a very inferior performance. The personages of the drama at that time consisted of certain characters which custom had long sanctioned, and which the actors had so completely made their own, that the authors, whatever degree of novelty they might invent for their subjects, were compelled to make the persons always the same ; and thus every comedy contained of necessity, besides the lovers and their adversaries, either fathers or guardians, a buffoon servant, a doctor, or

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\* In the excuse à Ariste, he says—

“ J'adorais donc Philis, et la secrète estime  
 Que ce divin esprit faisait de notre rime,  
 Me fit devenir poète aussitôt qu'amoureux ;  
 Elle eut mes premiers vers, elle eut mes premiers feux.”

And in a poem printed at the end of his *Clitandre*, among others, which he says he added, not so much from a persuasion of their merit, as to satisfy the importunities of his bookseller, “pour grossir son livre.”

“ Par là j'appris à rimer,  
 Par là je fis, sans autre chose,  
 Un sot en vers d'un sot en prose.”

parasite, and a quantity of other characters, taken chiefly from the old Italian theatre—as in our own times farces are written for Liston, and pantomimes for Grimaldi. In *Mélite* there were none of these persons. Corneille himself, in speaking of it, says, “It was my first effort, and it is very probably deficient in some of the rules of the drama; for when I wrote it I did not know that such rules existed. With a little common sense, and the example of Hardy, whose genius was more prolific than polished, for my only guide, and my only rules, I had convinced myself that the unity of action was necessary to embroil four lovers by a single intrigue; and for the same reasons I had conceived so strong an aversion for the horrible irregularity which would represent Paris, Rome, and Constantinople on the same stage, that I resolved to confine my play to a single city.” Although, therefore, it must be admitted that there is a great want of probability and of ingenuity in the construction of this drama, there is a neatness in the dialogue, a propriety and natural grace in the characters, and an interest in the intrigue to which the French stage had before been a total stranger. The play was successful on its first representation; but not so much so on that, or on the two following nights, as to give any promise of the vogue which it afterwards acquired. The public then began to appreciate it. The theatre, which had before been in a state of great depression, immediately revived. The whole town flocked to see it, and the author, who had at first been desirous of keeping his name concealed, lest its obscurity should injure the success of his play, was at once inquired after by the persons about the court, then the patrons of the drama, and made a journey to Paris to enjoy the distinction he had earned. His destiny was now cast; and, although he did not renounce his forensic employments, they afforded him, or perhaps he made them afford him, time for pursuing the somewhat incompatible career in which he had engaged.

He produced in rapid succession, his tragi-comedy, called *Clitandre*, and his comedies of *La Veuve; ou le Traître puni*, and of *La Galerie du Palais*. The Palais de Justice, which furnishes the title to the latter piece, was then a public rendezvous, something like what St. Paul’s was in London in the reign of James I. It was filled also by the best shops in the city, and was frequented by the gentlemen upon town, folks from the country, gossips and idlers of all kinds. By means of the personages of this drama, the author, for the first time, gave his countrymen a specimen of that sort of comedy which seeks to represent “the living manners as they rise” in the very local colours peculiarly belonging to them. For this reason nearly all the interest which made it then a great favourite, is now extinguished; but it has still a value independent of its poetical merits, inasmuch as it contains many curious details of customs and habits, all other traces of which are worn away. Before the period of this comedy, the dialogue of most of the theatrical pieces which had any pretensions to humour, were marked by a grossness and indecency, common indeed to the age, but yet so shocking to the existing notions of feminine delicacy, that women could not be induced to play in them. Corneille, prompted by no fastidiousness, but by the natural manliness of his disposition, did much to remedy this vice, and particularly by substituting for *la nourrice*,\* (a remnant of the old Latin comedy) a

\* Les propos tenus par ce personnage allaient ordinairement jusqu’à la licence; aussi ce ton obligé et le manque d’actrices sur les théâtres d’alors avaient-ils fait confier ces rôles à un acteur nommé Alizon, qui les jouait sous le masque. Alizon s’en tint à certaines

part which was played by men in the dress of women, that of *la suivante*, which was acted by a female, and which became afterwards a great favourite on the French stage. Corneille's next comedy bore the title of his new personage, *La Suivante*.

The success of the last mentioned pieces induced him to compose another on a similar plan of which *La Place Royale*, then as much a place of resort for the fashionable society of Paris, as the gallery of the Palais de Justice was for the more common curious, and idle, furnished him with the subject and the title, and the success of which was at least equal to those which had preceded it.

Louis XIII., and Richelieu, his imperious minister, who exercised so despotic a power over him, that it might be truly said he was more a king than the king himself, visited Rouen in 1634. M. de Harlay, the archbishop of that diocese, who was desirous of rendering them all possible honour, requested Corneille, as the most distinguished poet of the province, to celebrate their arrival. Upon this occasion he composed some Latin verses, bad enough in themselves, but good enough for the purpose, in which, affecting to shrink from so great a task, he contrived to load the king, the cardinal, the archbishop, the court poets, and even himself, with the most exaggerated praises. That which his successful comedies would never have obtained for him, he gained by this gross flattery. Richelieu, who was weak enough to think he could write verse, and who patronised some of the worst poets—even of his day, when there were few good ones—immediately extended his favour to Corneille. The cardinal had at this time four *littérateurs*, whose duty it was, in return for his protection, to make comedies and tragedies, the subjects of which his eminence furnished them ; who received his salary ; and who did not feel themselves disgraced by calling him their master. They were the Abbé de Bois Robert, a witty profligate, whose vices disgraced his character not only as a churchman, but as a man ; Colletet, who not content with writing bad verses in his own name, made his third wife (they had all been his servants) give out, as her own compositions, some of the trash he had the vanity to make for her ; De l'Estoile, the author of some wretched plays, and of whom nothing is recollected, but that, like Molière and Malherbe, he used to read them to his servant ; and Rotrou, by far the best author, and beyond all comparison the best man, of all the cardinal's retainers. To these Corneille was added ; became one of *les cinq auteurs* ; like the others called the cardinal his master ; and contributed his one-fifth of the poetical inspiration which was necessary to fashion the raw material of Richelieu's invention into dramas. Although however he was not so free from the tainted and impure spirit which marked this period as to scorn the favours of the cardinal, he had too much honour and independence to pay the price by which alone they could be retained. "His master" had proposed *Les Thuilleries* as the subject of a comedy, of which the third act was entrusted to Corneille. The poet found it expedient to depart from the plan of the inventor, and as he was not disposed to relinquish his own

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caractères de vieilles et de ridicules. Cet usage de faire paraître des hommes sous des habits de femmes s'est conservé du reste long-temps encore. Hubert, qui avait joué d'original *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas* et d'autres rôles de femme des pièces de Molière, remplit avec un succès fou celui de *La Devineresse* de Thomas Corneille et de Vise, in 1679. Ce ne fut qu'après sa retraite arrivée en Avril 1685, que ces mascarades cessèrent entièrement."—*His. de Corneille*, p. 37.

opinion, he incurred the displeasure of Richelieu, who said he found him deficient in what he called *un esprit de suite*. Corneille felt too that he was wanting in that quality ; and pretending that his office and his family affairs required his presence at Rouen, he took leave of the cardinal and the court, in order to avoid coming in open collision with a man who, although his favour was almost a degradation, had proved that he possessed both the power and the will of making his vengeance swift and destructive.

It was however impossible for the poet to renounce the fascinating pursuit in which he had engaged. The first fruit of his retirement appeared in a tragedy on the fable of Medea. The subject, whatever may be said by the critics, is so detestable and atrocious, that it can never be endured in the shape of scenic representation—and the proof is, that although it has been often essayed by highly-gifted persons, their works remain as poems, but are forgotten as dramas. Corneille's tragedy shared the common fate. The long and unimpassioned declamation imitated from Seneca was not suited to the audience of the French metropolis ; and although there are in it some verses which would not be unworthy of his better tragedies, it cannot be denied that the condemnation was a just one. *Médée* was followed by what Corneille very properly calls “ un étrange monstre,” under the title of *L' Illusion*, which was received with absurd enthusiasm, chiefly on account of the introduction of the character of a braggart soldier, long well-known in the Italian drama under the title of *Il Capitan Spavento*, and to which Corneille gave the name of *Matamore*, on bringing it into the regular comedy.

Although Corneille's progress hitherto had shewn him far superior to all his cotemporaries, his greatest efforts had not been made. Rouen would have been thought by the wits and critics of that day one of the least likely places in which inspiration was to be found, and yet it was in Rouen, and by a mere accident, that his genius lighted on a subject which was to establish his and his nation's fame in the tragic drama. A M. de Chalon, who had held the post of *secrétaire des commandemens* to the dowager queen, upon quitting the court had retired to Rouen to pass the remainder of a very protracted life in the retirement of that city. Corneille having met him in company, and the discourse turning on the poet's recent success, M. de Chalon said he thought the comic productions he had hitherto principally devoted himself to were unworthy of his genius, and would procure him only a short-lived fame. “ You will find,” he continued, “ in the Spanish drama subjects which, treated according to our national taste, and by such hands as yours, could not fail of producing a most extraordinary effect. Learn the language ; it is extremely easy ; I will very gladly render you such assistance as I can, and, until you can read it for yourself, I will translate for you some passages from Guillen de Castro.” Corneille followed this advice ; he took the subject and the plan of the Spanish dramatist, but treated it throughout with a spirit of perfect originality, and the result was the first tragedy, properly so called, that France had ever seen—*Le Cid!*

The effect which this tragedy had upon the audience has been described with all the eloquence of enthusiasm by M. Victorin Fabre in a passage, quoted in the book before us, from his celebrated *Eloge de Corneille*. After alluding to the degraded state of the tragic drama, of

which Mairet, Du Ryer, and Tristan, were the most distinguished professors, he proceeds:—

“ La scène s’ouvre, quelle surprise, quelle ravissement ! Nous voyons pour la première fois une intrigue noble et touchante, dont les ressorts balancés avec art serrent le nœud de scène en scène, et préparent sans effort un adroit dénouement ; nous admirons cet équilibre des moyens dramatiques qui, réglant la marche toujours croissante de l’action, tient le spectateur incertain entre la crainte et l’espérance, en variant et en augmentant sans cesse, un intérêt unique et toujours nouveau ; cette opposition si théâtrale des sentimens les plus chers, et des devoirs les plus sacrés ; ces combats, ou, d’un côté luttent le préjugé, l’honneur, le brûlant amour, que la nature respectée ne peut vaincre, et que le devoir surmonte sans l’affaiblir. Subjugué par la force de cette situation, je vois tout le parterre en silence, étonné du charme qu’il éprouve, et de ces émotions délicieuses que le théâtre n’avoit point encore dû réveiller au fond des cœurs. Mais dans ces scènes passionnées où devient plus vive et plus pressante cette lutte si douloureuse de l’héroïsme de l’honneur, et de l’héroïsme de l’amour ; lorsque dans les développemens de l’intrigue, redoublent de violence ces combats, ces orages des sentimens opposés, par lesquels l’action théâtrale se passe dans l’âme des personnages, et se reproduit dans l’âme des spectateurs—alors, au sein de ce profond silence, je vois naître un soudain frémissement ; les cœurs se serrent, les larmes coulent ; et parmi les larmes et les sanglots s’élève un cri unanime d’admiration, un cri qui révèle à la France que la tragédie est trouvée !”

The success *Le Cid* met with was equal to its distinguished merit. Not only the public hailed it with enthusiastic applause ; but the king, the queen, and the whole of their court, complimented and congratulated the poet ; it was played three times at the Louvre ; the cardinal had it acted twice at his own hotel ; and, as if to conceal the plan he had formed for depriving the author of his fair fame, he granted, at the request of the queen, letters of nobility to Corneille’s father, in consideration of his services, as the patent expressed it, but, as the truth was, at the instance and by means of the influence of his son. The envy of his fellow-poets, and the displeasure of the cardinal, who was piqued that his pensioner should have gained such distinguished honours, prepared for him a crowd of mortifications which embittered his triumph. The fire was opened by the *Observations sur le Cid*, of Scuderi, a solemn coxcomb, of whom, if he were not damned to everlasting fame as the antagonist of Corneille, the very name would be forgotten. Other enemies followed on the same track, the cardinal secretly but powerfully favouring the cabal against Corneille. The matter was referred to the Academy, who extricated themselves from the difficulty in which they were placed, rather adroitly than honourably, by mixing as much blame as pacified their sovereign master, the cardinal, with at least so much praise of Corneille as their own credit, not less than the merit of the poet, and the unanimous public voice, demanded. As critical curiosities, the various productions to which this dispute gave rise are not without their interest ; but the rank to which *Le Cid*, as the first French tragedy, and as a grand and noble production in every respect, is intitled, has long ago been settled. Corneille was by no means satisfied with the opinions of the Academy, and had expressed a determination of replying to them, from which he was diverted by an intimation from the

cardinal, accompanied by a certain pacifying present. He acknowledges these "*libéralités de Monseigneur*" in a letter to Bois Robert, the terms of which are sufficiently explicit. "Maintenant que vous me conseillez de n'y répondre point, *vu les personnes qui s'en sont mêlées*, il ne faut point d'interprète pour entendre cela; je suis un peu plus de ce monde qu'Héliodore qui aime mieux perdre son évêché que son livre, et j'aime mieux les bonnes grâces de *mon maître* que toutes les réputations de la terre; je me tairai donc." The secret of this forbearance, and of his shortly afterwards resuming his place among the cardinal's five poets, are to be found in that fruitful and melancholy source of many of the inconsistencies which mark the lives of men of genius—the scanty pecuniary resources he possessed.

In 1639, his tragedy of *Horace* was brought out. The universal applause which it met with, excited again the same envy which had been caused by *Le Cid*, and some fresh observations were threatened, but were stopped by a well-timed hint from Corneille himself, who remarked in a letter to a friend, which was made public, that "the Horatius of history, though condemned by the Decemviri, was acquitted by the people."

*Cinna* appeared in the same year, and the effect which it produced surpassed even that which had been occasioned by *Le Cid*. Voltaire has accounted for this by the particular tone of public feeling at the time, when the influence of the factions which had agitated the reign of Louis XIII., or rather of the Cardinal de Richelieu, was not forgotten, and when the minds of men were therefore disposed to appreciate the sentiments of the tragedy. "Among those," he says, "who saw its first representation, were some who had fought at La Marfée, and who had been engaged in the Fronde. There is, besides, a more than dramatic veracity running throughout the piece, and a development of the constitution of the Roman empire, which was very agreeable to statesmen—and at this period every one was desirous of being reputed a politician." Circumstances which, while they disclose a satisfactory reason for the extraordinary success of the tragedy, explain why the charm holds no longer.

Soon after the appearance of this tragedy, Corneille's father died, leaving a widow and a numerous family with very slender means of support, his own income being derived chiefly from his office, the produce of which had been expended in the education of his children. The care of providing for them, therefore, fell on the poet, who cheerfully assumed these new and burdensome duties. About a year afterwards, he formed an attachment, which, although it appeared hopeless at first, terminated, with the assistance of the Cardinal Richelieu, to his entire satisfaction. Fontenelle says, he made his appearance one morning in a more grave and melancholy mood than usual before the cardinal, who asked him if he was meditating some new tragedy. Corneille replied that he was far from possessing the composure necessary for such an undertaking, for that he was distractedly in love. The cardinal inquired the particulars, and the poet told him that the object of his passion was the daughter of Mathieu de Lamperrière, Lieutenant-général of Andelys, in Normandy, who would not consent to his union. The lady had very little fortune; and for this reason it was that her parent would not sanction her marriage with a man who had none at all. The absolute cardinal sent for the father, who was so much alarmed at the summons,

that he thought himself fortunate in being required to give no more than his consent, and that in favour of a son-in-law who was protected by the cardinal ; and Corneille was shortly afterwards married. His marriage did not divert him from a pursuit which, besides its own attractions, had now become absolutely necessary to him as a means of subsistence. He produced the tragedy of *Polyeucte*, founded on the martyrdom of one of the early Christians, which was condemned by the coterie of l'Hôtel de Rambouillet, and infinitely applauded by all Paris beside. Notwithstanding that he was therefore somewhat under the ban of this infallible tribunal, he was selected with others, the best poets of the time, to write madrigals for a collection of flower-drawings, which the Duke de Montansier presented to Julie de Angennes, as a new-year's-gift, when he was soliciting her hand. This piece of amorous foolery was got up in the most expensive and elegant manner, the drawings were by the best miniature-painter of the court, and it was considered as the most tasteful and gallant thing of the kind that had ever been devised.

*La Mort de Pompée* was his next tragedy, which neither gained nor deserved so much success as some of his others. He was more fortunate in a comedy entitled *Le menteur*, for which he was indebted to a Spanish original (*La Sospechosa Verdad* of Pedro de Roxas, as it is supposed), and which, like the *Cid* in tragedy, was the first genuine comedy that had been seen on the French stage. An anecdote of Molière, connected with the subject of this comedy, is better than the most elaborate criticism. The great comic poet (the greatest beyond question that France has ever produced) was in conversation with Boileau.—“ Yes, my dear Despréaux,” said he, “ I owe much to *Le menteur*. When it appeared, I had long had an inclination to write ; but I was undecided what I ought to attempt ; my ideas were altogether uncertain until that play settled them. The dialogue taught me how polite persons ought to be made to converse on the stage ; the grace and wit of *Dorante* convinced me that a hero, to excite real interest, should be well bred ; the *sang froid* with which he utters his falsehoods shewed me the necessity of establishing an individual character ; the scene in which he forgets the fictitious name he has given himself, enlightened me on the subject of true pleasantry ; and that in which he is obliged to fight, in consequence of his lies, proved to me that all comedies ought to have a moral conclusion. In short, but for *Le menteur*, I dare say I should have produced some pieces of intrigue—*L'Etourdi*, *Le Dépit Amoureux*, perhaps ; but I doubt whether I should ever have written *Le Misanthrope*.”—“ Embrace me !” replied Despréaux ; “ such a confession is worth the best comedy.” *La Suite du menteur*, taken from a play of Lope de Vega, followed, but was coldly received.

Soon after the first appearance of *Le menteur*, Richelieu died, and Corneille wrote the following epigram on him :—

“ Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux cardinal,  
 Ma prose, ni mes vers, n'en diront jamais rien :  
 Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal :  
 Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.”

It would have been well if he had kept to this resolution ; but he soon afterwards wrote a sonnet on the death of Louis XIII., in which he abused the cardinal dead, as grossly as he had flattered him in his dedications when alive. If he exercised this vengeance only because he was

safe, the sentiment was unworthy of him ; if because he had lost his pension, and had nothing more to hope from his patron's generosity, it was an unpardonable baseness.

His tragedy\* of *Théodore*, which is founded on the martyrdom of a Christian maiden, appeared soon afterwards, and was not only coldly received, but has since been mercilessly abused by Voltaire, who thinks it so bad that, with most amusing impudence, he doubts whether Lope de Vega, or even Shakspeare, are worse.

On the 14th of October, in the same year, 1645, a letter was addressed to Corneille by the young king, Louis XIV., requiring him to write the poetical part of *Les Triomphes de Louis le Juste, XIIIe du nom* ; a task which he performed more to the satisfaction of his royal patron than to the increase of his own fame. He had been before this proposed as one of the members of the Academy ; but his election had been postponed under the pretext that his residence at Rouen made it impossible to discharge efficiently the duties of that office. In January, 1647, on his having intimated that he had made such arrangements as would enable him to pass a part at least of every year in Paris, he was elected. Soon afterwards, his *Héraclius* appeared, a subject on which, as Calderon also wrote a tragedy, he is accused of having taken from the Spanish dramatist. The question of priority has never been satisfactorily settled ; although it appears there is some reason to believe that the Spaniard was in Paris when *Héraclius* appeared, and did not write his own tragedy until two years afterwards.

The machinery of the French theatres was miserable and clumsy to the last degree, until it was improved at about this time, by an Italian artist, whose name was Torrelli, and who had carried scenic deceptions to so marvellous a pitch, that he was called *Le Grand Sorcier*. Corneille's next effort was to compose a *tragédie à machine*, with the assistance of Torrelli, which became the delight of all Paris, less for its poetical merit than for its magnificence of decoration. This was followed by *Dom Sanche d'Arragon*, which he called an heroic comedy, and which, as it was the first time that such a composition had been produced in France, although it had been long common in England and in Spain, the author thought fit to apologise for in his dedication to M. de Zuylichem, by saying, " Vous connaissez l'humeur de nos Français ; ils aiment la nouveauté, et je hasarde *non tam meliora quam nova*, sur l'espérance de les mieux divertir." The attempt does not seem to have answered the expectations of the author ; but *Nicomède*, a play in the same style, made amends for the failure of the former ; and is said by Voltaire, notwithstanding his horror at its want of regularity, to be one of the strongest proofs that Corneille has given of true genius. *Pertharite* followed, but failed entirely ; a circumstance which its author regretted the more, because he could never be convinced that his play was justly condemned. It was this event that confirmed him in a determination he had long formed of withdrawing himself from his theatrical labours ; and when the nature and extent of those labours are considered, it will

\* He had been engaged upon a tragedy which was afterwards played under the title of *Rodogune*, when he found a play of the same title advertised. On going to the theatre, he discovered that the situations and incidents of his own piece had been taken by the author, Gilbert, to whom they had been communicated by a false friend. Corneille scorned to complain, but hastened the representation of his own tragedy, the success of which consoled him for the fraud that had been practised on him.

be admitted that the whole history of literature scarcely presents a more rapid and brilliant career than that which he had run. "In seventeen years" (we quote M. Taschereau), "he had produced fourteen plays, which are the admiration and the glory of our theatre. In the four others there is, perhaps, more of fortunate boldness and of ingenious attempt. *La Suite du Menteur*, which Voltaire, whose criticisms on Corneille are never too favourable, thought full of interest; *Andromède*, that brilliant essay in a description of spectacle, the characteristic of which is grandeur; *Théodore*, the faults as well as the beauties of which, in spite of all that has been said respecting it, give proof of no ordinary talent, and from which many fine passages of *Ines de Castro* have been borrowed; and lastly *Pertharite*, from which, although it failed, Racine has not scrupled to transpose the principal situations in his *Iphigénie* and in his *Andromaque*."

That portion of M. Taschereau's work which contains some particulars of the private life of the great poet, is so interesting that every reader will regret it does not occupy a greater space in his volume. This deficiency is not to be attributed to the author, but to the quiet, and, but for his works, noteless life which Corneille led. He sold his public employment in 1650, and devoted himself wholly to his family affairs and his studies. "His marriage," says M. Taschereau, "with Mdlle. de Lamperière, rendered his life extremely happy: the union of his brother Thomas Corneille (who had made his *début* as a dramatic author with some success in 1647) with his wife's sister, had strengthened their feelings. They dwelt in two adjoining houses on the same spot in which they had first beheld the light, and where their parents had died, which they had united by communications leading from *la petite maison*, as Corneille's house was called, to *la grande maison*, which his brother occupied. Their pursuits, their fortune, all were so much in common between them, that even at the time of the elder's death, neither the one nor the other had ever thought of partitioning the property they had inherited from their father. Simple and kind of heart, as much united as their husbands were, the two sisters had no other care than to promote their mutual happiness. A poet, who was well able to appreciate such virtues (Ducis), has said,

———"C'étaient de bonnes mères,  
Des femmes à leurs maris chères,  
Qui les aimaient jusqu'au trépas;  
Deux tendres sœurs qui, sans débats,  
Veillaient au bonheur des deux frères,  
Filant beaucoup, n'écrivant pas.

"Les deux maisons n'en faisaient qu'une;  
Les clefs, la bourse était commune;  
Les femmes n'étaient jamais deux.  
Tous les vœux étaient unanimes;  
Les enfans confondaient leurs jeux,  
Les pères se prêtaient leurs rimes,  
Le même vin coulait pour eux."

"I do not know Rouen," says Ducis, in a letter to Le Mercier, "but I will certainly visit it, to see the houses in which Pierre and Thomas Corneille were born, and where they passed their illustrious but un-

tentatious lives, with their wives, the two sisters. I love them so much that I can fancy myself one of their family. Delighted with the success of the other, they each pursued the same career, and seemed to have resolved to share even their reputation jointly. They assisted each other in their labours, and, if a well-established tradition is to be credited, when the author of *Cinna*, who versified less easily than his brother, found any difficulty in finishing a verse, he would lift up a trap-door which communicated with *la grande maison*, and call to Thomas, "Sans-souci, lend me a rhyme."

There it was that Corneille completed his "Paraphrase of the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis," of which he had published the commencement in 1651, not as has been unjustly asserted by La Monnoye and Carpentier, as a penance for a licentious poem (an offence of which he was wholly incapable), but as a work of piety. The poetry is, however, as poor as the subject was ill-chosen; but its sale was immense, occasioned, as Voltaire asserts, by the influence of the Jesuits, who exerted every means, in their pulpits and elsewhere, to extend its circulation.

Fouquet, who had now come into power, induced Corneille to resume his theatrical pursuits; and in obedience to the minister's suggestion, he wrote his tragedy of *Œdipe*, and gained by it applauses quite as general, though not so well deserved, as those which had crowned his former works. Another *tragédie à machines*, called *La Toison d'Or*, was written by him to celebrate the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Philip IV., and was acted with all the *éclat* that belonged to the circumstances under which it was produced. *Sertorius*, *Sophonisba*, and *Othon* followed, with the interval of about half a year between each, and were all successful. *Agesilas* was coldly received, and *Attila* but little better, and both enjoy an unenviable immortality in Boileau's bitter and laconic epigrams. The ill-starred Henrietta Maria of England, who thought that in the fate of Titus and Berenice, she saw the history of her own early passion for Louis XIV. which prudence had suppressed, but which neither time, nor sorrow, nor all the vicissitudes of fortune she had undergone, had been able to extinguish, suggested it as a subject for a tragedy to Corneille. At the same time, and without the knowledge of the veteran, she made a similar intimation to Racine, who had just established his reputation as a tragic poet, notwithstanding the ill-treatment his *Britannicus* had received. The two authors did not know they were engaged on the same subject, until they had finished their labours. The result was very unfortunate for Corneille; his play failed, while his rival's was acted thirty times. His next work was a grand spectacle on the fable of *Psyche*, which Molière had begun, and the completion of which he entrusted to Corneille and Quinault. After this he produced *Pulchérie*, and next *Suréna*, the ill success of which convinced him, that to maintain the reputation he had gained, he ought to cease to write, and he at once renounced all future attempts at the drama.

His domestic affairs had been the source of more poignant affliction to him than his public disappointments. He had six children by his marriage, of whom he lost his third son Charles, a promising youth, at the age of fourteen; another was killed at the siege of Graves. His youngest son had entered into holy orders, for whom he obtained a small benefice in 1680, and one of his daughters took the veil; the other married for

her second husband a M. de Farcy, by whom she became the great grandmother of the celebrated enthusiast Charlotte Corday, who perished on the scaffold during the revolution, for having ridded France of the detestable Marat, the greatest monster that has disgraced the modern world. His eldest son, who was a captain in a cavalry regiment, and one of the gentlemen of the King's chamber, offended him by marrying the daughter of a tradesman; and as if his pride and prejudices began only to grow when his genius failed, he took the title of Sieur de Damville, instead of the more noble name by which he had been distinguished up to that time, and by which alone he lives to all posterity.

The latter part of his life presented the most humiliating of all spectacles; he passed several years in "second childishness, and mere oblivion." As if with a presentiment of his fate, a short time before this calamity befel him, he arranged his affairs, with a care he had never before displayed, and burnt all his papers. A long sickness had so entirely exhausted his very limited means, that at the moment when his dissolution was visibly at hand, he was reduced to the most urgent want. Boileau, who displayed an unnecessary, and often an unjust hostility against him, no sooner heard of his distress, than he hastened to the king, and offered to give up his own pension rather than that so worthy a person as Corneille should have his last moments embittered by the want of common necessaries. The king immediately sent 200 louis to the suffering poet, by La Chapelle, Boileau's kinsman. Two days afterwards he died, in the night between the 30th of September and the 1st of October 1684, in the house where he had for some time dwelt, in the rue d'Argenteuil, and was buried in the church of St. Roch, where nothing served to point out the spot honoured by his remains until the Duke of Orleans, in 1821, had a bust of him, and a slab containing an inscription to his memory, placed in the wall of the church. But to the poet who first taught his countrymen the art of the drama, who pointed out to succeeding times the true sources of the sublime and passionate emotions which that art has the power of exciting, and who disclosed the sweetness and boldness which their verse possesses, no other monument was necessary than that imperishable fame which has identified his name with the brightest and proudest period of the literature of his nation.

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#### THE DARK FIGURE: A CANDLE-LIGHT STORY.

A TALE of the days of other years! I was twenty-two; sick, idle and unhappy. I had lost my mistress, and quarrelled with my friend. Wine, which I applied to for relief, made me nervous; brandy gave me the head-ache; books were still worse. My hat began to slouch; my cravat made a point of untying itself; my whole outward man exhibited symptoms of the pitch-fork style of dressing. I shunned society; cherished my knees at the fire;—and cultivated a wrinkle of some promise which I discovered winding, like the Serpentine River, in a straight line, across my brow. Too delicate in constitution to drink, I had thoughts of taking to opium; but the drug made me sick. Uncle William at this epoch, willing that I should try the country air, put himself to death; and I succeeded to a small estate in Cumberland. It was said that his losing a considerable bet was the proximate cause of what many persons called a "rash step." For my part I did not know; but I inquired

whether suicide did not run in the family. At any rate it was necessary to take possession; and I was put into a coach, and dragged down into Cumberland by four horses.

It is surprising to me that people will build their dwellings among woods and hills, like the ravens and foxes. There could not be any thing conceived more disheartening to an invalid than the aspect of my deceased uncle's house. It was connected, it is true, by an avenue, with a considerable village; but the avenue was very long, and the trees which bordered it were very lofty and umbrageous; while, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion, there was not a single vestige of a human habitation. Hills and woods were scattered around, as if by chance; and I scarcely knew which was the more dismal—the imperious gloom of some trees, which still resisted the attacks of autumn, or the skeleton thinness of others, which held up their death-like limbs, already stripped and anatomised. The house was distinguished by a small turret, which looked like a large nutmeg-grater, stuck out at each corner, but, in other respects, presented no remarkable evidence of the architect's ambition. It was a high-roofed, small-windowed, rough-cast piece of masonry; and to these particled adjectives might have been added, some score of years ago, white-washed.

As I descended the steps of the carriage, a cold inhospitable blast swept through the hall, as if to warn me from the gloomy abode. The servants, dressed in black, stood around, with their features fastened, as if with the screw-nails of a coffin, into the melancholy decorum befitting the occasion; and when I raised my face to take a farewell glance at the gusty heavens, a hatchment hanging above the door met my eyes, on which I recognized, with a shudder, the portentous word *Resurgam*.

The parlour was large, and the fire small; the floor creaked; the casement shivered; the wind moaned in the chimney, and sighed under the door. A pause of the blast was filled up by a rustling sound which I detected in the hall; it approached slowly, and was succeeded by, or rather mingled with, a shaking of the door-handle. "Come in," cried I, faintly; while, through the whirls of smoke which this assault produced from the chimney, I beheld the tall figure of an ancient gentlewoman, dressed in black silk, that looked like oilcloth, standing upright on the threshold. She advanced about half way into the room; and then standing still, shook slowly from its folds a cambric handkerchief, which, on being applied to her eyes, had the effect of drawing forth a succession of sharp and tuneless sobs as ever set human teeth on edge. She then wiped her dry eyes, arrayed her features in a smile, and, sweeping the floor with a curtesy, informed me, that, as the housekeeper of this ancient and honourable family, she had considered it her duty to wait upon me, and welcome its representative to his inheritance.

She then recited the particulars of my uncle's death:—how he had looked melancholious, as it war, for a week before—how he had sat for days together on the very chair I now occupied, leaning his head on his hand—how he had ascended the stairs on the fatal night with a hurried and broken step—how he had stood on the landing place (she would shew me the spot when I was going to bed,) as if unwilling to enter his room—how he had placed the candle in the corner of the toilet-table, (just where I would find my night-cap, aired by her own hands,) and gazed for some seconds on its quivering flame—how he had suddenly ordered the chambermaid out of the room, and bolted himself in—how,

alarmed on hearing a noise at midnight in his apartment, she had crept out of bed, and stood listening at the keyhole—how, on receiving no answer to her questions, she had called up the footman—and how he had burst open the door—and——“ Lights, lights !” cried I, “ for pity’s sake ;” and the housekeeper, bethinking herself that my journey must have given me an appetite, bustled away to order supper—returning, however, to say, that if, when retired to my room, I would take the trouble of turning up the corner of the carpet next the bed, I might see the marks still extant on the floor.

I did not sleep too well that night ; which might be owing to the circumstance of my having a pair of candles burning in the room. A great part of the following day I spent in lounging on a sofa, and thinking of returning to London. The afternoon, however, approached before any thing had been decided on ; and feeling myself to be the martyr of circumstances—a captive in the inevitable chain of events—I resigned myself with dogged resolution to my fate.

The shadow of the tall trees of the avenue, marching stealthily but steadily along, threw an early twilight into the room ; the effect of which could hardly be said to be counteracted by the fire, consisting of a few pale embers struggling for life beneath a mountain of ashes. This, it may be said, was my own fault ; I might have rung for fuel : true, but I had been thinking, for the last half hour, that somebody would come into the room of his own accord, which would have saved me all the trouble. As it was, the sulky smile of the hearth was more repulsive than absolute blackness ; and the moving shadow, as it crawled slowly along, swallowing up my ancestors one by one, who stared at me from the walls, gave the idea of a supernatural procession like the line of Banquo kings. I watched the solemn cortège with a kind of curiosity mingled with awe, till my suicidal uncle, whose post was above the mantel-piece, had stretched his hand into the shade, fixing his eyes significantly on mine—and I started from my chair with a sudden catching of the breath, as I inquired involuntarily, *whose turn is next ?*

The scene without, when viewed from a window, was absolutely inviting, compared with the interior. The rays of the sun still lingered in the distance among the leaves ; and, like the farewell of lovers, became more melting and tender as the moment of parting approached : but a smooth round hill, seen through a vista among the trees, more particularly attracted my attention. Its head was encircled with an unbroken halo of light, as if the messengers of the Lord of day had chosen it for their rendezvous on the earth ; while the tall centinels of the forest, skirting its base, guarded the sacred spot from intrusion. A kind of longing arose in my bosom as I gazed ; and this was mysteriously linked, as our longings always are, whether we are conscious of it or not, with recollections of the past. Those cloistered hours came back upon my soul, when my Alma Mater was propitious, and Leonora kind ; the hill of the setting sun, to my excited imagination, became an island of the blest ; and, in a fit of unwonted enthusiasm, I sallied forth on a pilgrimage towards it, repeating aloud, as I walked, the strain of the Latin bard :—

“ Nos manet oceanus circumvagus ; arva, beata,  
“ Petamus arva, divitis et insulas—”

My path lay through silent fields, and along half obliterated foot-paths,—and over churlish turnstiles

“ Which kept the word of promise to the eye  
“ But broke it to the hope ;”

and yet, for the first half of my journey, a feeling of pristine enjoyment lent an elasticity to my steps to which they had long been a stranger. I could feel that singular thrill which sometimes runs through the nerves, proclaiming that the body is alive as well as the mind, and the pleasant coolness of the cheek, which responds to the medicative influences of nature, like the freshness of a newly watered plant.

But the Island of the Blest, like its prototypes in antiquity, retreated before the steps of the pilgrim. My romantic oasis turned out to be a clumsy sinister-looking hill ; while its whole colony of sunbeams had established themselves on a more western neighbour. Coasting along the base, and looking askance at its ill-favoured brow with a marked hostility of manner, I pursued my journey towards the new mirage of the desert—and with precisely the same success. By this time my arbour was cooled, and my cheek warmed ; and the country dance that Hygiara had been playing upon my nerves, jarred as miserably out of tune as the music at a village wedding, when the guests have become tired, and the fiddler tipsy.

The sun had farly sunk beneath the horizon, and numerous columns of dark clouds were seen moving upon the region occupied by his rear-guard of golden beams. The conflict was brief but brilliant ; and although still a few skirmishers of the flying army would now and then whirl round and break the line of their pursuers, in a space of time almost as short as I take to write it, the fate of the day was decided. The night wind arose ; the dark trees that surrounded me began to move ; and instead of the song of the birds, which was now hushed, a thousand strange voices crept around my feet, bringing tidings to whom it might concern, from the fairy-haunted toadstool—from the fringed fern—from the ivy of the ruined walls—from the whin-bush, the dock, the hemlock, and the nettle.

The village was somewhat nearer to me than my own house, and thinking that the walk would be more cheerful through its living street, and home by the long avenue, I addressed my steps towards it. The path, however, was more intricate, the fields smaller, and the gaps in the hedges less accommodating ; and, owing to these circumstances, I did not reach the houses till it was nearly dark. The appearance, doubtless, of a stranger, plunging upon them from the woods, did not seem devoid of suspicion to the simple inhabitants ; for many of them stopped as they were fastening the shutters of their houses, to turn round and look at me, and when I passed I could hear numerous doors opening hurriedly behind.

Shuffling along as hastily as the imperfect light would permit, I at length cleared the village and entered the avenue. It was as cold and dark as a burying vault ; and although the wind moaned loudly in the trees, the sound seemed, as it were, without, while the interior was as silent as the grave. It was impossible to wander laterally from a road which was so well lined ; and I knew, that by pushing straight forward, I should infallibly arrive, one time or other, at my own door. These geographical considerations were comfortable ; but, upon the whole, the scene was gloomy. It was here my deceased uncle had delighted to walk in the evening—perhaps at this very hour. It was here, no doubt, he had meditated on self-murder, long enough to familiarize himself

with the idea, to enable him to turn into action a thought which startles the mind like the stab of a dagger.

Yet, again did the busy demon within me whisper the question—*No more?* The spark of intelligence had fled from those closed eyes; and the voice had passed away from the frozen lips; but the spirit which, by so unaccountable an art, had thus converted thought into sound, ideas into words—whither had *it* withdrawn? I shuddered at the question. I began to feel faint. I knew that it was weakness—and weakness as much of the body as of the mind, but I could not help it. The mysterious connection which had once existed between matter and immateriality was renewed in my fancy; the limbs moved; the lips opened; the head was raised from its pillow.

The branch of a tree arrested my progress as I staggered along the avenue; and I almost sunk to the ground with an indefinite feeling. While disengaging myself, a soft, low, purring sound crept out from the hedge; and, by an uncontrollable instinct, I bent my eyes upon the spot. The intensity of my gaze produced some of those self-emitted, or altogether imaginary sparks of light, which we sometimes see flashing in the dark, and my imagination was beginning to play some horrible and fantastic tricks, when, by a sudden exertion of fortitude, mingled with a feeling of shame, I struck my hand fiercely upon the rebellious members, and, turning away my head, pursued my journey.

The wind had now fallen from a continuous breeze into fitful squalls, which swept at long intervals from the dark cold heavens. Almost sheltered from their effects by the umbrageous canopy under which I walked, I could yet hear distinctly the wild swelling moan which arose as the gust broke upon the trees; and this was sometimes followed by a whirl of dry leaves rising up by my side—a phenomenon which a cooler imagination than mine might have pictured as a spirit flying shrieking through the grove.

It is necessary to confess, before relating what follows, that some such idea had just passed through my mind. I *knew* that the sound I heard was but the voice of the night wind as it swept through the foliage, and that the almost unseen object, which had arisen in my path, was nothing more than a heap of dry leaves suddenly startled from their repose. A feeling of involuntary terror, notwithstanding, usurped the place of reason, a cold perspiration burst upon my forehead; and, at the apparition of the leaves, called up, as if by magical incantation, the spirit of my dead uncle passed before me! Do not mistake me. This was doubtless a trick of the imagination—I mention it, merely, because I wish to describe correctly the state of my mind—because I would deal fairly with the subject before me. I had, as it were, two sets of senses, and I was able to distinguish between them. The appearance of the phantom might have been an illusion; but the sound of his footsteps was a reality! I heard them as distinctly as I hear this pen moving along the paper in the silence of my midnight room. The sound suddenly ceased, and, at the moment, I felt an intense conviction, that the appearance, the spirit,—the what you please—was again before me, although hidden from my eyes; that it was approaching slowly but steadily—in fine, that it would again be revealed to my sight.

It would not have been wonderful if imagination had realized the event it foretold. The wonder is that it did not. The sound of the slow and measured footsteps returned, mingled with the moaning of the

wind. I heard them, not as we hear in dreams, or when under the influence of imagination, but with that unequivocal distinctness which attends the things that come under the immediate cognizance of the outward senses. The sound approached, and my heart sickened as that mysterious feeling came over it which announces in the dark, Heaven knows by what process, or by what agency, that some object is near. The next moment a light fell upon my face, which stunned me by its sudden though instantaneous glare; and on looking up (for I had shut my eyes during the moment of its continuance,) I saw, dimly, it is true, but with sufficient distinctness to produce an absolute conviction of its reality, the appearance of a tall dark figure passing slowly along the path.

I would be fully and clearly understood. This was not an illusion. So far from my mind being predisposed to grant belief to what might seem to favour its superstitious fancies, it had been almost preternaturally vigilant and active during the whole evening. My terrors had been the effect of early associations working on an ill-regulated mind, and a feeble nervous system. During their very continuance I knew this to be the case. I had been able to distinguish, with philosophical accuracy, between illusions and realities; and the pain which the former gave me, only served to produce a jealous excitement, which effectually guarded against imposition.

After a sound sleep, produced no doubt by the extraordinary fatigue which both my mental and corporeal faculties had undergone, I arose early next morning, in better health than I had enjoyed for some years. The day was fine, and the air bracing; and as I sauntered out, after breakfast to wile away the time till dinner—for meals are the only landmarks in the life of an idle man—I was astonished to find myself leaping over the stiles like a greyhound, or wasting my superabundant vigour in tearing down the branches of the trees. The adventure of the preceding night was not forgotten; but it partook much more of the amusing than of the horrible; it was, in short, an adventure—something to think of—something to keep the mind in activity. I was ashamed of my terrors, which I set down to the account of ill-health, and only wished for the approach of night, that I might prove even to myself the indispensable connexion between moral courage and animal spirits.

The night, however, would only come in its usual way, by degrees; and I had time to prepare myself for the adventure, to recal the circumstances of the preceding evening, and to determine my line of conduct for the present.

The affair, indeed, as the twilight began to approach, assumed a more interesting and less amusing appearance. My speculations on the character of the dark figure became more abstruse. Who was this wanderer of the night, who passed so slowly and sternly through the gloom? Why did not his gigantic figure, swerve, at least, for a moment, from his onward march, at the rencontre with another pilgrim like himself? Above all, whence, in the name of mystery, came the beam which flashed so suddenly in my face, revealing, no doubt, to the stranger, with the clearness of day, the workings of awe and terror which convulsed my features, while, with a singular disregard to the common laws of light, it kept his own buried in impervious gloom? As the evening gradually darkened in, I became restless and anxious. No fear, however, mingled with my anxiety; no misgivings gave pause to my reso-

lution. An intense curiosity, and a fixed determination to gratify it, at any risk, were the only feelings distinctly recognizable among the crowd which struggled in my breast.

I watched with impatience the cortége of my ancestry, as they seemed to disappear, one by one, in the shadow which crept along the wall ; and at length, when the noiseless signal for my sallying forth was given, as before, by my uncle pointing his upraised hand into the gloom, I started from my chair, and hurried to the door. Before going out, however, I turned my eyes once more upon the portrait, now dimly seen, owing to the distance which intervened, and the darkness of the apartment. The drapery of the figure was the full dress of the Cumberland Hunt, which, at that time, consisted of a great heavy coat falling below the knees ; and this, imperfectly as it was seen, together with the absolute darkness in which the features were shrouded, reminded me so vividly of the stranger of the avenue, that I could with difficulty withdraw my eyes.

Determining to take the same route as before, I bent my steps towards the sun-bright oasis which had been the original cause of my perplexity. I ascended to its summit, and watched with tranquil admiration the changes in the earth and sky which prelude and follow the disappearance of the sun. This even presented a succession of the very same phenomena I had observed on the preceding one ; the air, however, was more quiet ; and it seemed as if the tumultuous motion of the clouds was caused by some current of wind which did not reach the earth. While passing through the village, I fell in with a man who had called that morning at the Hall on some business ; and walking along, I conversed with him on the subject till we had entered the avenue. Here the discourse dropped, as if by mutual convention, and my companion took the earliest opportunity of bidding me good night. A heavy gust of wind at the moment broke upon the avenue, and I could hear him take to his heels, and run as if flying from a tempest.

Without experiencing a single puerile feeling, I reached the middle of the avenue ; but here a circumstance occurred which produced a thrill of expectation. In the midst of the total darkness which surrounded me, I saw, suddenly, a light which appeared to be at no great distance, and which vanished in the same moment of its appearance. My curiosity was, doubtless, to be gratified. This was the mysterious light of the preceding evening, which bursting upon me in the midst of superstitious terrors, had deprived me of the presence of mind necessary for ascertaining its nature. To-night my situation was different. My perceptions were as acute ; but my mind was more composed : imagination was not merely under the cognizance but under the guidance of reason ; a philosophical scepticism had assumed the place of childish fear. If the lamp was tangible it might be grasped by my hand : if its bearer was a human being he would hear my voice. Half seriously, half in jest, I mustered up every energy of my mind to meet the approaching crisis ; and almost running along the road in the fervour of my curiosity, stretched out my arms to arrest the passer.

The hypothetical *if*, however, in which I had indulged was fatal to my composure. What a word of power is that insignificant-sounding particle ! Its elements are doubt, and fear, and struggling, and confusion. The portrait-scene came back upon my fancy. The resemblance between the picture and that mysterious wanderer of the

dark, whom I was here for the purpose of meeting, uninvited and alone, appeared unquestionable and complete. Do the dead then still walk in this age of scornful unbelief? Can it be that the testimonies of the great, the learned, and the devout of past ages, are indeed true? For what purpose does the shade of the departed revisit the haunts beloved in its mortal existence? and what connexion have these visits with the living denizens of the earth, to whom the apparition is revealed? These questions passed with the rapidity and yet distinctness of lightning before my mental vision; and the last, like the eighth spectre-king, seemed to "bear a glass which shewed me many more."

The very elements of nature conspired against my resolution; for the night-blast at this moment, striking the umbrageous canopy under which I walked, shook the grove to its centre. But the mingled voices of air and earth could not drown a single, low, hollow sound, which now fell upon my ear: it was a footstep, solemn, measured, and majestic, yet as soft as if the tread was on a carpet of summer moss. I cannot disguise the sensation of terror which I experienced when my expectation was thus realized; and I will even own that, with a puerile attempt at self-deceit, when the signal compelled me to fix my eyes upon the space which might contain the approaching object, I directed their gaze rather to the distance beyond. My mind, however, was not to be cheated; I felt the advance of that unseen and unknown visitant. I heard his footsteps amidst the shrieking of the storm and the groaning of the vexed trees; nearer—nearer—nearer came the sound; my trembling limbs almost refused to proceed; and at length I stopped suddenly, and reeled backwards as if to escape some fatal contact.

The light flashed in my face, and as instantaneously disappeared. I saw no more than on the former evening; and yet enough to convince me of the perfect resemblance between the object which passed through the gloom—I had almost said of its absolute identity—with the portrait of my deceased uncle. It was no illusion, no trick of imagination; I assert, distinctly and solemnly that, on opening my eyes after the momentary glare had passed, I saw the dark figure gliding slowly and silently by my side.

The next moment I awoke from the stupefaction in which I had been plunged; shame, anger, and a desperate curiosity, restored energy to my mind and activity to my limbs: I shouted at the extent of my voice, rushed furiously after the retreating phantom, swept from side to side of the avenue with extended arms, and finally sunk upon the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

The next day I was feverish and unwell. The first excitement had been beneficial, and had acted like a reviving cordial on my health and spirits: the second was too great either for mind or body, and I felt the same sensations of lassitude and despondency which usually follow a debauch. The events of the night seemed indistinct and confused; and they were neither sought nor shunned by my memory. I sat at the fire-side during the whole day, and beheld the shades of evening gathering in the room with neither pleasure nor alarm. The gusty weather of the last few days had changed, and an unusual stillness hung upon the hour; but at length the shadows dispersed with a sudden abruptness, and a heavy pattering of rain succeeded.

I had raised the window after dinner, that the fragrant breath of evening might serve instead of pastilles; and although the air was so

keen as to compel me to draw close to the fire, either from constitutional indolence, or from some feeling which I could not recognize, I refrained from shutting it, even after the candles had been lighted. A view of part of the avenue was commanded from the chair on which I sat, and I had watched, not without interest, the gradual shutting in of the scene by the shadows of night; and even now, when my eyes were presented only with a black and desert waste, they ever and anon withdrew, with unconscious abruptness, from the bright embers, which are the grand attraction of an idler's eyes, to explore the empty gloom without.

In the midst of a reverie, in which the incidents of the last two evenings appeared before me with a dreamy indistinctness, I was suddenly startled by something more vivid. It seemed to me to have been an instantaneous light flashing in the avenue, and then lost in darkness; but in the confused state of my faculties, I could not accurately determine whether the appearance had not altogether been imaginary. It was sufficient, however, to dissipate in some measure the languor which had crept over my soul, and to stir up the undefined and disagreeable feelings which seemed to have sunk to the bottom. A certain feeling of shame alone prevented me from getting up and shutting the window and drawing the curtains; but I compounded between my wishes and my pride, by determining to ring very soon for a servant to perform these offices.

In the mean time, I bent my eyes pertinaciously upon the fire, and attempted to feel interested in the solution of those problems which are offered to idle ingenuity by the burning cinders; but in the midst of an attempt to reconcile certain incongruities in the luminous phenomena, I became aware, although not by direct observation, that a human face was looking in at the open window. I did not turn my head instantaneously. A moment, perhaps two or three, intervened, during which a succession of ideas flashed upon my brain, and danced before my eyes, which it would take a volume to catalogue. It seemed as if the events of the two last evenings, and the feelings which had accompanied or followed them, were all congregated in that spark of time. A thousand sensations of shame, pride, anger, fear, and superstitious dismay, swelled my heart almost to bursting; and at length I rose from my chair, and rushed towards the window in an agony of conflicting emotions.

The appearance had vanished; but I went out into the night, fixing an eager gaze upon the gloom. The next moment the mysterious light appeared and disappeared in the distance, and I threw myself, with a sudden bound, from the window, and rushed down the avenue. My feet splashed in the humid mould, and the rain blinded my vision; but I ran on. A second time the light appeared. Onward I rushed, gathering fury, like a descending rock, till a third time it flashed in my very eyes! The next bound gave to my grasp what I had pursued, and I fell with a heavy shock to the earth upon the body of a man.

Let me proceed. This fearful interval of suspense was not of long duration. The mysterious light fell once more upon my face, and then turned slowly upon that of the dark figure. A powerful hand, at the same moment, wrenched my fingers from the throat which they grasped, and a voice, full of good humour, but at the same time of surprise, almost amounting to alarm, exclaimed, "Zure, your honour, whoy, bless us, you won't strangle Hoomphrey, the watchman, wool ye?"

When I returned to London, I found Leonora married to my friend ; and I sent them a brace of moor-fowl, of my own shooting. I took occasion, at the same time, to return one of her dearest pledges of love and constancy—a lock of her own “auburn” hair, which to my utter astonishment, I now found to be red. As for “Hoomphrey, the watchman”—appointed to that office by the authorities of the village to protect the natives from my uncle’s ghost—the scoundrel lost nothing by his impudence. He is still extant, in the best house in the village ; and when I meet him in a winter evening, wrapped up in his huge frieze great coat, tottering along the avenue, even without the aid of the dark lanthorn, his appearance reminds me, to this day, of the adventure of the DARK FIGURE.

L. R.

## A WATER PARTY.

OH, Laura ! such a charming party !

You’ve missed our pic-nic, foolish girl ;

I do assure you from my heart, I

Hate you, now you’re Mrs. Searle.

You know I doat upon the river—

’Twas settled we should row to Kew ;

And though the cold *did* make us shiver,

In England that’s not very new.

But I should tell you that our number

Was rather more than you would like ;

For Ma would ask that living lumber,

That dull, but worthy, Mrs. Pike :

Then *she* insisted that her daughter

Could not, for worlds, be left behind ;

The poor girl screamed so, on the water—

I wonder mothers are so blind !

We’d Clara Smith, and Major Morris,

Besides Sir John, and Lady Gann—

Their nephew too—his name is Horace—

A well-bred, clever, tall young man :

Papa, Mamma, and all my brothers—

Sophia, Kate, Georgina, and me ;

I have not time to name the others,

Except your old flame, Dr. Lea.

The whole arrangement was quite charming ;

Miss Smith, though, is a shocking flirt ;

Her conduct really was alarming—

Her Mamma is so *very* pert.

The men all chose to praise her singing ;

But one’s so sick of “ Home, sweet Home !”

And “ Hark, the Village Bells are ringing !”

Is duller than the Pope of Rome.

Then her “ *La ci derum la mano,*”

Was murdered by poor Major M. ;

She whispered him, in vain, “ *piano !*”

That little man is quite a gem—

I mean to those who’re fond of quizzing,

Which you and I, of course, are not ;

He looks like soda-water, fizzing,

Or like a mutton-chop when hot.

The doctor offered to be funny—  
 That is, to sing a comic song ;  
 But what it was, for love or money,  
 I cannot tell—it was so long.  
 He gave us, too, a “recitation”—  
 To me a most enormous bore ;  
 My brother muttered “botheration !”  
 My father wished him at the Nore.

We all had clubbed to take provision,  
 And meant to dine in some one’s field ;  
 Old Pike opposed this said decision—  
 His wife, however, made him yield.  
 But when, at last, we’d fairly landed,  
 And spread our cloth upon the ground,  
 (If you won’t laugh, I will be candid),  
 We found our dinner almost drowned !

Champagne and claret—every bottle  
 Had cracked, and deluged fowls and ham ;  
 But yet it had not spoiled the “tottle”—  
 There still was pigeon-pie and lamb,  
 With cider, porter, port and sherry,  
 We managed vastly well to dine :  
 In spite of all, we were *so* merry—  
 But still the weather was not fine.

In fact, before we finished dinner,  
 There *was* a kind of Scottish mist ;  
 And had our dresses been much thinner,  
 It might have made us somewhat triste.  
 But good stout silk is now the fashion—  
 My green one, though, was sadly spoiled ;  
 Mamma flew into *such* a passion !  
 I could not help its being soiled.

We owe, however, to the shower  
 An unexpected source of mirth ;  
 For, when the sky began to lour,  
 The men proposed a snugger berth :  
 Instead of getting wet by rowing,  
 They voted to return by land ;  
 We all agreed, without well knowing  
 How we should ever reach the Strand.

Just while we wisely were debating,  
 An Omnibus appeared in sight,  
 Which quickly settled all our prating,  
 And very much to my delight :  
 Yet *this* machine could scarcely carry  
 The whole of four-and-twenty friends ;  
 But, as it would not do to tarry,  
 We popped in all the odds and ends.

Such an odd, facetious journey !  
 We went so fast—’twas like a dream !  
 The coachman, quite another Gurney,  
 Only without that worthy’s steam.  
 In short, the whole was most delightful—  
 We wanted nothing, dear, but *you* ;  
 And now, my paper being quite full,  
 I’ll only add—Adieu !—adieu !

## PAGANINI, AND THE HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

PAGANINI, the wonder of the continent for his performance on the violin, has been so long solicited to come to this country, that it is not improbable the amateurs will be indulged with this prince of fiddlers before the next concert season is over. Nothing but his fantastic spirit has hitherto kept him away; for this grandissimo maestro is as fantastic as any of the grandissimo signoras that condescend to carry off ten thousand pounds a season from our land of Gothicism and guineas. He has his fantasies of all kinds in the most prodigal abundance; and he too well knows the foolery of mankind, and the food on which it feeds, to deprive himself of a particle of its wonder, by doing any thing like a reasonable being. However, he is the first *artiste* on his instrument alive; he has thrown to an immeasurable distance the whole fiddling world of Germany. His native Italy lays all its bows and strings with adoring homage at his feet; the French violinists tremble for their fame as he approaches to their confines; and the first flourish of his bow is dreaded as the earthquake which is to shake the conservatoire over the heads of its whole crotchet and quaver conclave. The early career of this performer is wrapt in the mystery essential to greatness. Where he was born is not discoverable, how he was educated is equally obscure, and both are equally unimportant to all but the collectors of autographs and baptismal registers. Even his cultivation of the violin is said to have been chiefly due to his having spent ten or twelve years in an Italian gaol. In this singular site for "Lydian measures," caprice or poverty is said to have often condemned him to the use of but one string to his violin; and it is out of his exploits on this one string, which he makes equivalent to the four, that his chief celebrity has been made. This is charlatanism, of course; but it is then only the more suitable to the character. But his tone is said to be pre-eminently bold, his execution complete, and his conception brilliant, original, and superb.

If he be the musical genius that he is described, Paganini has well chosen the violin; for no instrument of all the inventions of musical ingenuity is equal to the violin for the direct transmission of the finest impulses of the musical mind.

The violin holds in the orchestra the highest rank: it always, and of right, is in the hands of the leader; for the grand point of instrumental imitation is the human voice, and no instrument approaches by its tone, its delicacy of execution, and its brilliancy, so close to the human voice as the violin. Its origin is in the remotest antiquity. Bernardin Maffei, the cardinal, born in 1514, in his treatise on inscriptions and medals, gives an antique of Orpheus playing with a bow on an instrument resembling the violin, but which was called the lyre. The Nublium and the Psalterium of the ancient Jews, are said to have strongly resembled the violin, as the Psalterium of the present day obviously does.

Euphorion, in his book *De Isthmiis*, describes an ancient instrument called *Magadis*, which was surrounded by strings, and which, placed on a pivot, turned round, while the performer drew his bow across it. This machine was also called the *Sambuce*.

The hieroglyphics of Peter Valerian, p. 628, c. 4, have a figure of a muse holding a bass viol in her hand. Philostratus, who taught at Athens

in the time of Nero, thus describes the lyre—"Orpheus supported the lyre against his left leg, while he beat time by striking his foot on the ground; in his right hand he *held the bow*, which he drew across the strings, turning his wrist slightly inwards; he touched the strings with his left hand, keeping the knuckles perfectly straight." This was of the nature of the modern viol-di-gamba. The word *plectrum* should be generally translated by bow, though it is uncertain whether the bow was not sometimes used merely to *strike* the strings. In the middle ages the violin family were numerous, though the instrument had not attained its present exactness of shape. The troubadours were often called *Violleurs*, or violin players. It was in high estimation in the monasteries, and among their treasures are still preserved cases of violins, violas, and similar instruments tending to the lute, beautifully wrought with ivory and the precious metals.

The modern violin has been brought into celebrity by a long succession of fine performers.

Arcangelo Corelli, a Bolognese, was the first great violinist. He died January, 1713, aged 60 years. He was the founder of the Roman school.

Tartini was of a noble Venetian family. He died in 1770, first violin master of the church of St. Anthony, in Padua.

In Germany, the violin received great cultivation during the last two centuries.

In France the violin was brought into favour by Baltazarini, an Italian, sent from Piedmont by Marshal Brissac to Catherine de Medicis. Lully flourished in the time of Louis XIV. 1652. The conservatoire has in the present age furnished France with a multitude of fine violin performers. In England the violin became popular at the Restoration. Charles II. established a band of violin tenors and basses, and placed at their head Thomas Baltzar, a Swede, the first violinist of his time. Banister, an Englishman, succeeded Baltzar. At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, Nicolas Matteis, an Italian, arrived, and astonished every one by his mastery of the instrument; his style of bowing and his shakes were peculiarly fine.

Francesco Geminiani, born at Lucca about 1666, a disciple of Corelli, was leader of the orchestra at Naples. He died in Ireland in 1762, aged 96. He was a great improver of the general taste on the violin by his publications. Veracini, the first violinist of his time, and a man of great power of composition, arrived in London in 1715.

Felice Giardini, a Piedmontese, and pupil of Somis, arrived in England in 1750. His first performance was for the benefit of Cuzzoni, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, when he played a solo and a concerto. The applause rivalled the loudest ever given to Garrick. In 1755 he led at the Opera. His elegance of bowing, his facility in embellishing passages, and his taste in varying common airs extempore, were surprising. After a long residence he retired to Italy.

William Cramer was born in Manheim in 1744; about 1773 he came to London, and succeeded Giardini as leader of the Opera band for nearly twenty years. He led at the commemoration of Handel in 1784. His execution was remarkable for neatness, and fulness of tone; his facility for playing at sight was extraordinary. As a leader he had no equal. He died in 1799.

The principal native violinists were, Corbett, leader of the Opera in

1710; he died in 1748;—Dubourg, leader of the king's band in Ireland; he died, in London, in 1767;—Clegg, his pupil, leader of the Opera band;—Pinto, born of Italian parents, leader at the Opera, and afterwards at Drury Lane; he died in Ireland a few years since;—his grandson, G. F. Pinto, also dead, was a great performer and musical genius.

The finer order of violins are expensive instruments; a brilliant toned violin can seldom be had in England or France for less than fifty guineas. Violins have been raised even so high as 250*l.* The general price for a Stradivarius is 100 guineas.

The choice of violins cannot be made but by a master's experience. But new instruments are always to be avoided; if they have a good tone, it is almost sure to grow worse. The best violins are generally repulsive in their early tone; and few of them are good for any thing under fifty years.

The violin makers most memorable are, Amati, of Cremona (there were several of the name, Andreas, Jerome, and Anthony, his sons, and Nicolas, the son of Anthony); he flourished about 1600. Their violins are distinguished by beauty of shape and sweetness of tone.

Stradivarius; there were two of the name, both of Cremona; the latter was living in 1700. His signature was *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis, faciebat Anno A. S.*

Andreas Guarnerius, also of Cremona. His signature was *Andreas Guarnerius, fecit Cremonæ, substitulo Sanctæ Teresæ, 1680.*

Stainer, a German, a native of Tyrol; his violins are distinguished by their piercing and full tone. His signature is *Jacobus Stainer, in Absom prope Cœnipontum, 1647.* Mathias Albani, a Tyrolese; his signature was *Mathias Albani, fecit, in Tyrol, Bulsani, 1654.*

It is remarkable that almost the entire of the fine violins now to be found are the work of those Cremonese makers. Time may have done something for them, for the violin certainly improves by age, if it be originally a good one. But there is still something more difficult to be ascertained, in their workmanship. Their violins have often been taken to pieces by the most expert artists, for the purpose of constructing others on their exact model, and yet the experiment has utterly failed. New constructions have been tried, and scientific models on the principles of sound have been invented, but without shaking the superiority of the Cremonese.

But the most studied and dextrous experiments were made about ten years ago in Paris by a M. Chanot. This intelligent artist presented one of his instruments to the French Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, with a curious memoir, in which he explained his proceeding. His principle was the acknowledged one, that the long fibres of the wood are fitter for the production of the low tones, and the shorter fibres, or arches, for the high tones. By fixing the sounding post at the back of the bridge, the fibres of the sounding board are divided into two arches, instead of being cut in two on the side of the E string. And this division is necessary, because the high tones being produced on that side, the bridge acts on the shorter arches like a small lever, while on the side of the bass string the fibres are enabled to vibrate in the long arches necessary to produce the low tones.

But the more remarkable change was in the cutting of the sounding board. Among other points here, M. Chanot disapproves of the shape

of the letter *f* for the sound-holes of the violin, as cutting too many fibres. In his invention those holes are parallel and straight. A committee, on which were Cherubini the composer, and Prony the engineer, gave in a favourable report on this violin, which they had heard played on by Boucher, the famous violinist, in an adjoining room, alternately with a Stradivarius, without being able to discover which was which, excepting that they mistook the old violin for the new, which, as being the presumed superior, was a triumph for M. Chanot. But from all this we have not heard of any further results. The violin of Cremona still holds its ancient supremacy, and deserves it, at least in point of figure: for the new violins are angular and unpleasing to the eye. We have heard no more of M. Chanot; and are inclined to conclude that his invention was finally found inapplicable. This, however, should not deter our English artists from the experiment. They make the best harps and pianos in the world, and why they should not make every other instrument equally well is beyond our conjecture.

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#### THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE degree of public attention which is now turned to the affairs of Greece, and the important influence which the Greek church may be expected to possess in moulding the character of the nation, induce us to give a sketch of the prevalent form of its religion at the present day.

Christianity was originally established in Greece by the Apostles and their immediate successors. While the memory of those illustrious men was fresh upon the general mind, Greece abounded in examples of the purest piety. It was famous for the hallowed energy of its teachers, the active charity of its converts, and the heroic fortitude of its martyrs. But in the second century of the Christian æra, the innate evils of the Grecian character began rapidly to develope themselves.

The national passion for novelty, which had made them welcome every strange worship of the earth to their native idolatry, prompted them to mingle the extravagant doctrines of the east with the simplicity of the Scriptures. Fond of learned distinction, they adopted the Magic, then popular among the higher ranks of their Roman masters, and they adopted with still more ardent zeal the fantasies of the Gnostic mythology. Plato was guiltily placed side by side with Christ; the Alexandrian school of philosophy was erected as the grand guide of the Christian disciple, and the infallible explainer of the Christian mysteries; folly was heaped on folly; the Scriptures were forced to bend their pure and lofty wisdom to the absurdities of mysticism; Greece was blinded by clouds raised from under its own feet; and her theology became a tissue of fanaticism and worldliness, as her morality became a tissue of casuistry, caprice, and licentiousness.

It is no unwise or unproductive pursuit to follow the corruption of religion to its fruits in the decay of national prosperity. The gross perversion of Christianity was the pregnant evil of the Grecian empire. Bloody feuds were the first result of the perversion,—foreign calamities were the next. The land thus shaken by domestic discord, and diminished of its external strength, was destined to a still deeper visitation. A foreign enemy, resembling that scourge which prophecy had so long threatened to Jerusalem, and which divine justice finally inflicted upon

it ; with final ruin was brought upon the Greek empire. A "nation of a strange speech," coming from a remote land, with a strange religion, and a rage of prey and blood, less like the passions of man than the instincts of the lion and the tiger, the Saracen, was summoned from the wilderness against them, and the empire of the Constantines was reduced to a single city.

A respite was then given, as if for the purpose of displaying to the world the long suffering of the divine justice. Constantinople stood for six hundred years almost within the hourly sight of her enemies.—The weakest of States perpetually insulted by the presence of some fierce invader, or the possession of some fierce ally, yet still retaining a painful supremacy. At last, the hour of her fall came. A new scourge was summoned from the north of Asia. The Turk was let loose from the summits of the Caucasus, like one of their own torrents. He swept away the feeble resistance of the last force of the empire, and in the memorable year 1453, entered Constantinople over the body of the last of her emperors.

This tremendous overthrow might have been, in other times, the source of purification to the Greek religion. The abuses created by the opulence of its church, might have expired with that opulence ; and adversity working upon nations, as it sometimes does upon men, might have been the parent of reformation.

But it is a striking feature in the false religion which had so deeply usurped the place of the true in the empire, that the Scriptures had been long withdrawn from the study of the people. In Rome this had been the result of a direct ordinance. In Constantinople it had been the result of a general system of elevating the priesthood into the rank of beings midway between man and the Deity, less, ministers of worship, than mediators between earth and Heaven. The unquestionable fact was, that the Scriptures had fallen into neglect, until the attempt of the laity to possess them was declared an act of treason. The bloody persecution, and merciless exile of the people afterwards called Bulgarians, and who were the parents of the great Christian reformation in the thirteenth century, was the immediate consequence of a demand for the public use of the Scriptures.

The Greek church, thus without the only light that could guide it, was reduced by the loss of its opulence only into naked barbarism. Its learning perished, its splendour was exchanged for a rude ceremonial, and the hold which it had lost in the loss of its magnificent temples, its priestly pomp, and the conflux of noble worshippers from the ends of Europe and Asia, was now to be retained only by more audacious juggling, and grosser and more perpetual appeals to the appetites and fears of an utterly ignorant population.

But the grasping dominion of Rome had not overlooked the weakness of the Greek church, even previously to the fall of Constantinople. The Pope, all-powerful in the west, was determined to bring the patriarchates of the east under his sceptre, and overtures were made to the Greek emperor for his submission to the haughty successor of St. Peter. The time was one of Greek peril, for the Turks had already approached the walls of his capital ; and the Pope's protection would have been equivalent to the promise of the whole force of the western kingdoms raised in arms for the defence of his new subject.

A General Council was consequently held at Florence in 1439. The

Greek deputies were introduced. The Romish doctrines were proposed. The Greeks had been instructed to make the alliance, cost what it would. They acceded to every thing,—discovered, with true diplomatic ease, that the disputes between the churches were disputes about words,—declared the agreement perfect,—and returned to communicate their discovery, and be received with universal contumely by their indignant countrymen. The negotiation perished. The Turks returned to the siege. Constantinople was stormed, and the haughty and profligate Church of Greece was stripped of its honours, and turned into the slave of the infidel.

We are told by Gibbon that the fall of the Greek capital came like a flash of lightning upon the Christian kingdoms. It at once dazzled, surprised, and terrified them. It revealed, for the first time, the actual strength of that extraordinary government, which had been raised, as if for the palpable purpose of punishing the old corruptions of the Greek empire, and whose fierce and incalculable force might so suddenly pour across the limits of its new conquest, and revenge the Crusades. The Pope, as the assumed head of Christendom, took the lead in the determination to oppose an iron barrier to this flood of living strength. But he had subtler contrivances than the instruments of flesh and blood. He laboured to reduce the Greek patriarchs to fight the battles of his cause.

The spirit of the Greeks had been crushed by the Turkish conquest. The patriarchs had lost the consciousness of supremacy, and they readily embraced the offers of Rome. In the space of less than half a century from the storm of their city, thirteen patriarchs acknowledged the supremacy of the pontiff. This supremacy, but doubtfully acknowledged by the people, and sometimes totally abjured by the patriarchs, was at length openly assailed by the great leaders of the German reformation. It is unquestionable that their doctrines produced the effect of retarding the advance of the popish domination. But the difficulty of possessing the Scriptures, that two-edged sword with which alone the progress of Christianity can be a triumph, the abject state of the people under the Turks, their habitual corruption, and the resistless arts of Rome, prevented the Reformation from more than throwing a brief light on the national mind.

The Protestantism of Cyril Lucar, the patriarch of Constantinople, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was even less defined than the popery of Cyril of Beræa, his successor. They both met with the same fate, from the hand of the same tyranny,—they were both strangled; and left nothing to their countrymen but the memory of a religious controversy, for which the nation was too indolent to care, even if it had not been too ignorant to comprehend. But by a curious coincidence, the Greek Church too had its Council of Trent; its deciding, absolute, and pacifying council, which settled all disputes past, present, and to come, by the simple contrivance of—commanding that every man should be of its opinion!

This was the synod held in Jerusalem in 1672, for the three purposes, of reprobating the German reformers, of annulling the “Confession,” or system of doctrine delivered by Lucaris, and of giving validity to the “confession” of his antagonist Dositheus. The intestine controversies of the church were put to silence by this formal declaration. For, to the priesthood further controversy would have assumed the character of revolt against superior authority, and the priesthood were at once too

dependent, and too careless to hazard their emoluments for truth. To the people, already astounded by the fall of the empire, and with the new and terrible tyranny of the Turk crushing them at every step, there was but one sound on earth, the sound of the whip, and but one desire, to escape its lash for the day, and creep with as little suffering as they might, through a miserable life, down to a miserable grave. Of the three chief objects of popery—the papal supremacy—the reduction of a large number of the Greek Christians under the Romish communion—and the introduction of the Romish doctrines, the whole failed on a large scale, and succeeded on a small one. The supremacy was virtually acknowledged by the long succession of patriarchs from the middle of the 15th century, at least till its close; it then gradually perished. The reduction of the Greeks as converts also took effect in the instance of many detached societies. And in the third point of doctrine, Rome, though unable to urge the Greeks to adopt her superstitions in their full sense in the worship of saints, and her other corruptions, yet fatally succeeded in fixing on her the most monstrous of them all, Transubstantiation.

The doctrines now acknowledged by the Greek Church have that mixture of truth and error which must be expected from the debasement of a pure religion by a long period of moral depravity and personal degradation. Yet the memory of the early councils is retained with singular veneration; and from the authority of those councils they have shaped their general tenets.

They hold, with all true Christians, the doctrine of the Trinity, but they differ from both Protestant and Papist, as to the “procession of the Holy Spirit,” which they determine to proceed from the Father only. It is one of the many evidences of the fondness of the Greeks for quarrelling upon points above human reason, that on this doctrine their quarrels have been the most violent and interminable, and that to it is to be traced especially the source of that great Separation which alienates this church from the general body of the Christian world.

The Greek doctrine on the Atonement is nearly the same with that of the reformed churches. “Original sin had stained mankind; for all sin there must be punishment or expiation. The expiation was offered in the sacrifice of Christ voluntarily dying for the sins of man.”

The great doctrine of Justification by Faith, is expressed in nearly the terms of our own Liturgy; the Greek defining scriptural faith to be, a perfect and solid belief in the divine declarations, attended by an active and sincere performance of our duties as men and Christians.

So far the Greek is guided by the word of scripture. But beyond this he strays into the obscure and bewildering ground of superstition. He numbers seven sacraments, agreeing with the Protestant in the divine appointment of baptism and the Lord's Supper; but adding to them, with the Romanist, ordination, penance, marriage, confirmation, and extreme unction; and differing from the Romanist in declaring the first four, the special ordinance of the Lord, and the latter three, the command of the scriptures and tradition.

The Greek baptism is by immersion; children are baptised on the eighth day, and confirmed shortly after.

The Lord's Supper is administered to the laity as in the Protestant church, under both forms of the bread and the cup. But as in the Romanist, the transubstantiation is supposed to be complete. The Greek notion is, that the sacrament is an *oblation*. The ceremonial is peculiar;

the bread and wine are carried round the church on the deacon's head before their being consecrated; the priest then offers a prayer that the transubstantiation may take place, first for the bread and cup separately, then for both together; he then prays for the gift of the Holy Spirit—then prays to our Lord to give the priest and people his immaculate body. The ceremony is now complete, and the Eucharist is given, first to the deacons, and then to the people.

Yet the formidable objections which our senses make to this extravagant doctrine, have produced among the Greeks some modifications of the superstitious homage paid to the host by the uninquiring or awed devotion of the Romish countries. The sacrament is carried to the sick; but it is not held up for public adoration on its way, nor is adoration required for it, except in the immediate act of its administration; nor has the Host any public festival nor procession. Slight differences as those are, the Romanist would look upon them as serious heresy. And if man can persuade himself to believe that what was a wafer of flour and water in the fingers of the baker, becomes the eternal God of Earth and Heaven in five minutes after in the fingers of the priest; he may not only believe any thing, but believe that feasts and processions, public homage and private prostration, are the simple right of that wafer which he has turned into Omnipotence. He has the equal right to declare the individual who neglects this homage a scoffer and an atheist, and thus shut the gates of Paradise as fast upon the Greek as upon the Protestant.

Penance, as a sacrament, holds an important rank in this church, as it will in all those corrupt churches where human sufferings are allowed to atone for spiritual transgression. An ambitious priesthood will always find its account in the substitution of penalties for virtues, and in the consequent power of relaxing the penalties for money. A profligate people will always prefer the mortification of the flesh to the discipline of the passions.

It thus invariably happens, that in the most immoral countries of Christendom, the fasts and sufferings are the most frequent, rigid, and least disputed. The Italian highwayman observes his fast like a monk; and the most impure of the impure in the cities of his vicious land, have their regular periods of confession and abstinence, from which they return, without a sting of conscience, to the lowest corruption.

The Greek fasts are frequent and rigid to a degree, directly hazardous to health; yet the penitent forgets the lesson within the hour, and cheats, robs, or murders, with as little compunction as if he had never withdrawn his lips from the soul-ensnaring luxuries of beef and wine. The immediate instrument of evil in this doctrine is the Absolution, which here extends as largely, is as productive of power to the priest, and as fatal to the manners of the people, as, considering the circumstances of the countries, it is in any popish land on earth.

The ceremonial is peculiar; it commences with a prayer to the Father, as the "God of penitents:" this is followed by another to Christ, as the giver of power to his ministers to "bind and loose;" then the priest, turning to the penitent, declares, that "the Angel of the Lord stands by to receive his confession from his own mouth;" and he commands the penitent "not to conceal any sin through shame, for the priest is a man and a sinner like himself." The inquiry then proceeds through the ten commandments, the penitent makes his answers to the priest on each, and then receives the absolution.

The Greek priesthood insist on the importance of this deluding and vitiating privilege, as holding the very first rank among moral and ritual obligations. In their point of view, they are perfectly right; for of all the inventions of man to subjugate a national mind, and fill a priestly treasury, the rite of absolution is the most effectual. A slight apology for the practice is set up in their declaring that the confession is made, not to the priest, but to the listening angel. But as the priest is a listener too, and has the efficient part of the business, the penalty and the absolution in his own hands, the angel seems a superfluous person, and his office a sinecure. The whole is a hideous corruption of scripture, leading to a hideous corruption of moral principle. But the Greeks have the merit of rejecting the doctrine of Indulgences, thus escaping a flood of abomination; and of utterly denying the Romish tenet of purgatory. They believe in the life of the soul in the grave, as a condition of peace to the forgiven, and of anguish to the undone, yet imperfect in both instances, and awaiting the general resurrection for the entrance into the more decided states of both. But the doctrine that there is a place of purifying fire, from which man can be delivered by the influence of masses, or the human importunity of prayer, they reckon among the deepest follies or crimes of heresy.

Yet, with that propensity of human weakness to be presumptuous, and go beyond what is written—the Greek offers up prayers for the dead, forgetting or neglecting the inspired declaration, that the future fate of man is fully decided by his conduct here, and, “that where the tree falleth it shall lie.” He equally omits the remembrance, that though we have sufficient instances in scripture of the practice and efficacy of prayer for the living, we have no instance whatever of prayer for the dead; the single passage in the 2nd of Maccabees, being in a book of doubtful authority, and even of scarcely applicable meaning. He overlooks, too, the strong tendency of such a practice, to create anew the whole of the superstitious observances of heathenism at the grave, and the actual fact that they were so created by Rome.

To say that the practice is natural, is not enough in matters that relate to the invisible world. There are many things congenial to our human habits that must be totally inconsistent with the laws of spiritual being. Nothing can be more natural than that we should pray to the spirits of the parent or the friend that we loved and depended upon in life, or to those eminent examples of virtue whom we may justly believe to be peculiarly accepted by Heaven. Yet this becomes the worship of saints and angels!

Nothing is more natural, than that we should turn to the female softness and human nature of the Blessed Virgin, in preference to coming at once before the terrible majesty of that Judge whose wrath is a consuming fire.

The whole Romish church has reasoned, that this, being natural here, must be natural in the world beyond the grave. Yet this is the sin of which St. Paul openly accuses the apostates, an uncommanded humiliation before beings of their own race, the “worship of angels, and prying into those things of which they can have no knowledge,” presuming that they could penetrate those barriers which it is the will of infinite wisdom to raise between this world and eternity—barriers which undoubtedly would not have been raised, but for either of the reasons, that our human faculties were incapable of comprehending the knowledge thus con-

cealed, or that its concealment was for our good while here. We dismiss the topic, by saying, that to the Christian there can be no safe guide, but the very word of scripture; that where it goes on he should follow unhesitatingly, and to the utmost bound, but that where it stops he cannot wisely tread a step further. He is in the hands of a merciful, as well as mighty being, and he may rest secure in the conviction, that all has been told to him that it is good for his highest interests to know.

It would be a curious and melancholy chapter in the history of church corruptions, to see how large a share is to be attributed directly to the attempts to define the state of future existence. Scripture limits itself to the simplest outline. It declares that, on the giving of the body to the grave, the soul of the righteous continues to exist, in joyful anticipation of a still higher advance in power, happiness, and glory. It calls that superior state Heaven, and declares it to be a consummation of happiness inexhaustible and magnificent beyond the imaginations of man. There ceases its description. The various pursuits that must occupy the risen spirit in its new world of light and power, the new and exulting faculties that it must possess, the exquisite and exalted enjoyments that must crowd on it hour by hour, the superb discoveries, where creation with all its wonders may lie open before its glance, the whole illustrious scene of intellectual enjoyment and physical power expanded before its wing, by the bounty of Omnipotence desirous to reward,—all this, and perhaps millions of times more than this, are compressed into the simple words, “We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is.”

But the compression is not to be expanded by our presumptuous curiosity without sin and danger.

The evidence is full in the history of Romish perversion. Fable upon fable has described the condition of the departed, as if the fabulist had himself ascended the stars. Out of fable grew ritual, from ritual sprang superstitions of every shade, and to this hour the Romanists decide that saints and martyrs are admitted at once to the divine presence, where they of course become intercessors,—and that heretics are plunged down at once into the bottomless pit, and that popish sinners, guilty of every crime but that of doubting the infallibility of Rome, are deposited in an intermediate place of penalty, from whose length and intensity they can be saved by the payment of money to that Church of imposture, which so haughtily proclaims itself the possessor of the keys of hell and heaven.

The Greek Church is singularly wedded to ceremonial. Its people are, perhaps, the greatest fasters in the world; or, perhaps, to be equalled only by the resolution with which the Turk goes through the long day of his Ramadan. They have the Romish Lent—a fast from Whitsuntide to St. Peter's day. A fast from the 3d to the 15th of August, in celebration of the Assumption. A fast for the forty days before Christmas. And in the monasteries, a fast from the 1st to the 14th of September, in honour of the exaltation of the Cross. And those five fasts are often distinguished by abstinence even from fish. In return, their saints' days are very frequent, and those are feasts; the church ceremonial thus keeping the people in a constant alternation of misery and riot, utter hunger and extravagant and imperious indulgence.

The Greek is an idolator, with this trivial distinction from the Romanist, that he worships not statues but pictures. He prides him-

self on the distinction however, and curses the Roman worshipper of wood and stone, while he offers his tapers, burns his incense, and prostrates his body before paint and canvas.

His reasoning on this point is a curious specimen of barbarian sophistry. He declares the idol to be criminal, as being a figure of human invention; but the picture innocent, as being the painted description of a real transaction. He has the additional subterfuge, that he receives into his temples no pictures but such as have the lowest resemblance to reality, and looks upon nothing but disfigurements of the human face divine. To this extraordinary specific, he adds another, that he does not worship the picture, but uses it as a stimulant to memory. The Romanist uses the same subterfuge, and with the same sincerity: while both practically perform the part of the old pagan, with almost the same forms and instruments of worship, and both are as undeniably idolators.

The sign of the cross is as much in use among the Greeks as in the Romish church. The cross itself is the object of frequent prayer, and is often addressed as a divinity.

Vows and processions in honour of saints are common. The Virgin Mary in every instance carrying away the chief homage.

The services of the Greek church are many and oppressive by their length. The oldest is that of St. Basil, about A. D. 370. This is now used only on the Sundays in Lent. The prevalent service is that of St. Chrysostom; yet considerably altered by innovations. The Communion service, however, alone constitutes "The Liturgy:" and the rest of the worship varies every day; the whole actually filling twenty folio volumes, besides a volume of index or directions for the use of the others—a most onerous task on the priest and people alike, and is itself deeply detrimental to all piety. The service has the additional evil that, like the Romish, it is in an almost unknown language. The Russ service being in Slavonic, and the Greek in Hellenic, and both nearly equally unintelligible to the people.

There is but little, if any, religious instruction given to the people, but in the churches, trivial as that is; the fabulous lives of the saints are the only books touching on religion. Charms, incantations, and a belief in the evil eye, and the power of witchcraft, are common. And pious frauds, called by the absurd name of miracles, have long added to the scorn of their Turkish masters for the doctrines and the professors of this degraded form of Christianity.

The monks form a large and influential portion of the clergy. Monachism, founded on the persuasion not merely of the peculiar security of the monk himself from the temptations of the world, but of his being able, by his personal mortifications, to make some balance for mankind against the weight of their sins, was popular in Greece from an early period. In times of anarchy the monasteries too were the popular places of refuge to the lonely and the feeble. They were generally spared by the Turks, and thus became the depositories of wealth, that on the plains must have been swept away by the invasion. The chief offices of the church too being open to them and shut upon the parish clergy, gave them an additional importance; and the little learning of Modern Greece, and, perhaps, the remnant of her liberty, was to be found within her conventual walls. The monks also had in general the good taste by which their western brethren chose the finest situations

of the landscape ; and beauty and defence were alike combined in the location of these powerful brotherhoods.

The monks are still of two classes, the caloyer or priest, and the lay-brother. The caloyer's round of devotion is severe. He spends life in reading the psalter and making genuflections and prostrations, which must be gone through, to the number of three hundred in every twenty-four hours. He thus fills up the first two hours of the night, and the first two after midnight. At four in the morning he has matins till the dawn. The day is spent in toiling over the never-ending psalter. The laybrothers do the drudgery of the convent—buy, sell, plough, and reap. But few of those convents have been suffered by the Turks to be rich. The twenty convents of Mount Athos pay but 1000 dollars a month, or 2,300*l.* a-year to the Sultan.

There is one redeeming feature in the Greek discipline. The secular, or parish clergy, are permitted to marry, with only the restriction that the priest shall marry but once, and then not a widow. This may have preserved the priesthood from the total alienation which exists between the clergy and laity of the Romish church ; and from the fierce eagerness of spiritual subserviency which has made the Romish clergy in every land rather subjects of the Pope than of the king. The oppression of the Turks was severe ; but this, and we thank God for his deliverance of a Christian people, is at an end. By various contrivances they contrived to lay claim to the chief church revenues.

The revenue of the patriarch, who resides in Constantinople, is made up in a considerable degree of the property of archbishops and bishops dying childless. The contributions of the people are occasionally given on his election. The bishops are supported by some endowments, and by offerings of the visitations twice a-year. The general government of the church is in the four patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria ; the first having the supremacy. He is elected by the majority of votes of the metropolitan and neighbouring bishops, and receives his institution from the Sultan, to whom he makes presents, generally, to the value of 20,000 or 30,000 dollars ; a sum which sometimes precipitates the unfortunate prelate's death, as the Sultan shall feel inclined for another presentation fee. The patriarch nominates his brother patriarchs, they being subsequently balloted for by the bishops, and instituted by the Sultan. But the Maronites, Jacobites, and Copts, have each a patriarch of their own.

The Russian Greek church is freed from many of the grosser observances of the Hellenic church ; Peter the Great having subjected the discipline, monasteries, and priesthood to a general reform.

The prospects of Greece are now brightened. Whatever may have been the purposes of Russia in the interference with the affairs of Greece, her conquest of the Turks has extinguished the supremacy of a horrid, bloody, and rapacious system. The eyes, and we will hope the benevolence of Christendom, will be turned upon this land, so famous of old for its glories, and in later ages for its misfortunes. With our literature, let us send the great enlightener, the Bible ; and Greece, which has been by almost the visible hand of Providence, torn from the jaws of the Mahomedan wild beast, may be once again holy and pure ; the seat of genius, and the still more illustrious throne of unstained Christianity.

## MEMOIRS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

I AM one of that numerous fraternity—an ill-used man. Not, however, by art, which has in some degree rectified my physical defects, but by nature, who, for reasons known only to herself, has thought fit to afflict me with an incurable bashfulness. This singular visitation has been my curse through life. It has stuck to me, like the admiration of tythes to a bishop, through good and through evil report. Some folks have been ruined by their perverseness, others by their cunning, others by their candour, others by their extravagance; but I am the victim of modesty! The O'Blarneys of Connemara were always a bashful race, and have not degenerated into impudence in my person. The family blush—red turned up with yellow—still lends its roseate elegance to my cheek, its healthful freshness to my lip, its engaging expression to my eye. With these remarks, which nothing but a respect for truth could have extorted from me, I commence the long catalogue of my sufferings.

My father was a farmer in the neighbourhood of the town of Galway—a sweet spot, which, if you except its bogs and bulrushes, might be pronounced highly cultivated. For myself, however, I was never much given to the picturesque; so, on reaching the age of eighteen, left Loch Corrib and the wilds of Connemara, in company with a wooden-legged corporal, for the purpose of enlisting in the 38th regiment, part of whom were then stationed at Limerick. With this battalion I soon afterwards quitted Ireland for the Continent, where I arrived just in time to reap my earliest laurels in the plains of Talavera. Yet strange to say, even there, on the field of battle, where an utter absence of all ceremony was the distinguishing feature of the day, my unconquerable diffidence got the better of me. I could never bear to be stared at; and the French Lancers, with their black moustachios and bold faces, have such an impudent way of looking at one, that, in order to avoid the gaze of these ill-bred foreigners, I was compelled to retire into the rear, among some baggage-waggons, where, during the engagement, I busied myself in looking for my mother's portrait. For this act of filial duty, I was next day tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive four hundred lashes on my bare back. Conceive the effect of this punishment on a man of my constitutional bashfulness! For the lashes I cared nothing—I was always courageous; but the idea of stripping before a company of rude soldiers was what I could not endure. Accordingly, I soon made up my mind as to the course fittest to be pursued; and, taking advantage of the momentary absence of my guard, contrived to escape the degrading punishment, by hurrying off on the adjutant's fleetest horse towards the nearest sea-port town.

Here I lay concealed for upwards of six weeks, at the end of which time I procured the situation of sub-gardener to a nunnery, in which capacity I distinctly remember being much edified by the frequent spiritual communications that took place between the sisterhood and the monks of a neighbouring monastery. But alas! one warm summer evening, the French entered the neighbourhood. Great was the alarm of the nuns, infinite their sighs, abundant their tears. They soon, however, became reconciled to their lot; for, so far from interrupting, the enemy assisted *them* in their devotions, especially the commanding officer—a thin man, with two big ears, which projected from his head like the lamp-lights from a mail-coach—who took such a fancy to a fair

young zealot to whom I had been some hours betrothed, that I could not do less than acknowledge the compliment. This was promptly done by my bribing two servants of the nunnery to baptize him in a horse-pond, while I stood by and condoled with him on the catastrophe, at the same time lamenting my inability to render him more effectual assistance.

Early the next morning he sent a message requesting to see me, intending doubtless to reward me for my commiseration. People of less modesty than myself would at once have availed themselves of this opportunity of securing a recompence: I, however, contented myself with the consciousness of having done a good action, and set off betimes to the sea-coast, where I was lucky enough to secure a berth in a vessel then on the eve of sailing for England. Had it not been for this injudicious diffidence, I should no doubt have got into favour with the Frenchman; for scarcely had the vessel put to sea, when a squadron of his regiment came galloping furiously down to the beach, but, finding that they were too late to communicate with me, burst into a paroxysm of extempore imprecations—an ebullition of excessive gratitude, for which I shall never think otherwise than respectfully of them.

After a tedious voyage, I reached Portsmouth, and put up at the Blue Posts, healthy in person, but diseased in purse. And here I may observe—though the remark, I am assured, is not altogether original—that want of money is peculiarly inconvenient at an hotel. Scarcely had my fourth dinner—a repast to which I am fondly attached—evanished in the Charrydis of my thorax, when, with many bows, the landlord, who had a little bill to make up next day, presented me with my account, adding thereto a request that I would immediately discharge it. It has been my lot through life to meet with much incivility; but I think I never encountered vulgarity equal to this application. It was so abrupt—so cutting—so inhospitable, that for a time it took away my breath. In a few minutes, however, I recovered my serenity, and gravely bid the uncourteous publican go and get me change for a fifty pound note. This he promised faithfully to do; but, as he was a most unconscionable time about it, I withdrew in despair from his inn. I was always of a hasty temperament.

On quitting the Blue Posts, I made at once for London, which I reached in capital health, but with a large hole in my shoe. Luckily, in passing along the Strand, I chanced to fall in with an old Galway friend, who held a dignified situation on the London press, and by whose persuasions I was induced to try my hand as Manufacturer of Accidents for the newspapers. In this capacity, I invented the most touching catastrophes imaginable. Scarcely a day passed but Mrs. Tomkins and her only daughter fell from a one-horse chaise into an area in Bedford or Russell Squares; or Mr. Sibthorpe, a stout gentleman of sixty, with a wig and six children, broke his neck by stumbling up against an orange-pip, which some Blue-Coat-School-boy had 'inconsiderately left upon the pavement. My "Phenomena" were equally creditable to my invention. The daily papers abounded in accounts of extraordinary gooseberries, which measured five inches round the waist; of Irish potatoes, on which could be clearly traced the words "Daniel O'Connell;" of three children born impromptu at a birth; of a Swiss giant exhibiting at Paris, with the calf in front of his leg; of goats with two beards, sheep with five legs, and cows with half a tail.

This occupation had continued for about a month, when a vacancy occurring in the reportership for a morning paper, I applied for the situation, obtained it, and was at once made happy in the receipt of five guineas a week. It is to the period of my connexion with the Press, that I look back with the sincerest satisfaction. There is something so modest, so retiring, so intellectual, about the Manufacturers of Accidents for the newspapers, that it is impossible not to be fascinated with their society. They are usually men of cultivated minds, varied acquirements, and polished manners; easy of access, though bashful in their address; temperate in their habits, seldom indulging in any beverage stronger than port-wine-negus; and above all, attached to their wives, and spotless in their intercourse with the sex in general.

With this accomplished fraternity I speedily became intimate, while, at the same time I won for myself high distinction in the Gallery. Few reporters surpassed me, whether for the eloquence of their style, the copious originality of their metaphors, or the singular vivacity of their logic. Night after night the members were thunderstruck at the spirit in which their speeches were taken down. Mr. Hume found himself a wit, Sir Thomas Lethbridge a Demosthenes, and Colonel Wilson a universal genius. But ingratitude is the vice of public men in England. I had only been installed a month in my situation, when I was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons for a breach of privilege, contained in a report of one of Sir Thomas Gooch's orations, reprimanded by the Speaker in a style that brought the blushes of a hundred ancestors into my cheek, and then dismissed the Gallery. In justification of his complaint, Sir Thomas urged that he was not in the House at the time I attributed to him the speech in question, and that nothing but its unparalleled impudence—— But I need say no more: men of bashful temperament will at once appreciate my silence.

I have omitted to state, that during the period I frequented the Gallery, I boarded at the house of a lady, whose husband was a clerk in some public office. To this gentlewoman I but too soon became attached. For a long time, however—say ten days or a fortnight—my modesty prevented an avowal. I sighed, but it was in secret; I wept, but my tears were known only to my midnight pillow. The object of my attachment was fat, and her nose, it must be confessed, was red; but she abounded in gratitude, and took pity on my sufferings. The result may be conceived: it was such as necessarily follows an Irishman's introduction to a woman under fifty.

Still I was not wholly without excuse. If I erred in one instance, I made reparation in another; for during the whole period of my intrigue, I did my best to improve the age, by writing moral tales for the Evangelical Magazine. But even this failed to make me happy. I was not formed for guilt, so resolved to take the earliest opportunity of flying the scene of temptation. This soon presented itself. The editorship of a provincial newspaper falling vacant, I answered an advertisement in the *Times* on the subject, and, having succeeded in my application, borrowed twenty pounds from the husband of my *chère amie*, and set off abruptly for the scene of my new exertions.

I cannot say that the town was illuminated, neither was there any public deputation appointed to congratulate me on my arrival; still my reception on the whole was flattering, for I think I never saw more respectful conduct than was shewn me by the waiter of the inn where I

put up. The civility of the chamber-maid who warmed my bed was nothing to it.

But a country town is no place for a man of enterprise. The society there is so limited, the opportunities of amassing money so few, that one might as well think of keeping a public-house at Tadmor in the Wilderness. Notwithstanding that, week after week, I enlightened the neighbourhood by my articles on Political Economy, the East-India Question, the Home and Foreign Policy, the Shipping Interests, the Free Trade System—with which last I was well acquainted, my uncle having for years been owner of a smuggling-vessel at Galway—I obtained few proselytes, and less profit, until at length I hit upon a libel which procured me the singular advantage of a public horsewhipping from an obnoxious local magistrate. Hardly had the *éclat* which this dispute procured me subsided, when an article I wrote in favour of a popular preacher brought me into still greater note. From this moment I became a general favourite. I was made free of all the tea-parties in the neighbourhood, was invited to the Corporation feasts, and even offered a seat in the mayor's pew. My best friends, however, were decidedly maiden ladies, one of whom, thirty years of age, after a world of entreaty on my part, consented to make me the happiest of men.

I cannot say I am partial to marriage ceremonies. They are at best but dull affairs, like prefaces to a Scotch novel. All parties,—with the exception of the clergyman, to whom the recollection of his fees imparts dignity and confidence—look as if they were ashamed of themselves. The bride makes a point of crying, the bridesmaid is envious, and the bridegroom's new coat is sure to pinch him in the waist. Happily for us all, our pastor was a very race-horse in reading, and turned two into one, received his fees, blessed, dismissed us, and went to breakfast, with a speed that would have distanced Eclipse.

That same day, my wife and myself started off for the Continent. Paris—Bourdeaux—Florence—Lausanne—each of those places we visited in turn. At Florence, in particular, we spent ten days. I had long heard that this noble city was famous for the Fine Arts; and truly I never met with more superb specimens of cookery. But of all the continental cities, commend me to Naples. This place is the Elysium of Italy, where pleasure meets with no check from principle, nor the present from the apprehensions of the future. Still, even here, there is one thing wanting to ensure happiness, and that want I but too soon began to experience. My wife's fortune was fast oozing out of my possession, and, in order to supply the deficiencies, I was compelled to have recourse to gaming. Rash young man! In evil hour, I lost not only what little ready money I could call my own, but even all that I had in perspective. Henceforth I met with nothing but reproaches from Mrs. O'Blarney. One evening in particular, the hot-headed partner of my bosom wound up her insults by discharging a footstool at my head. This was not to be borne, more especially as it levelled a fat footman who was just entering the room with an ice-tray; and, accordingly, after casting on my wife a look in which tenderness struggled hard with regret, I rushed from her presence, snatched up her jewel-box, which chanced to be lying on the dressing-room table, pressed it next my heart, put on my boots, and bolted. In another hour—such was the distraction of my mind—I had engaged for a maritime conveyance to England, and was even far advanced in my voyage across the Bay of Naples,

ere I called to mind my respected wife. But it was then too late to return. Besides, had it even been possible, I am convinced I could never have mustered assurance enough to face the woman whom I could not but feel I had wronged. My very modesty rose in arms against me—*et tu Brute!*—but to resume.

In the same cabin with myself was a slim, waspish little gentleman, fluent, communicative, and fifty-six. With this person I speedily struck up an acquaintance. He was a strolling player, who had been engaged for a term at the English theatre in Paris, till finding that his deserts were *caviare* to the multitude, he indignantly sent in his resignation. “The instant, however,” added my companion, “I reach England, I shall make known the full extent of my wrongs.”—On another occasion he entertained me with many curious particulars respecting his dramatic career. “I have belonged,” said he, “at one time or other, to almost every theatrical corps in England. The last company to which I was attached, was the one now performing at Bath, at which place I was a prodigious favourite. Tragedy—comedy—pantomime—ballet—nothing came amiss to me. I even played the parts of animals, and not unfrequently, after electrifying the audience with my *Hamlet*, have come forward, in the pantomime, as one of the four quarters of an elephant. Once I enacted a rhinoceros to the life, and, in the character of a crocodile, ate up the late Mr. Tokeley for twenty nights in succession. Ah, Sir! genius was genius in those days, but the case is altered now. Howsoever —”

“But,” said I, interrupting him, “if you were so popular at Bath, how came you to be mad enough to leave it?”

“Leave it,” he replied, shoving out his chin, and thrusting his mouth close up under his nose, “it was impossible for me to stay. Flesh and blood could not put up with half the insults I endured. Why, Sir, would you believe it? notwithstanding the *éclat* I gained as a royal Bengal tiger, the manager had not only the ingratitude to put another man into the part, but even to stick his name, in large red letters, at the top of the play-bill, while he only put mine, in small caps, at the bottom, where it was mistaken for ‘Vivat Rex.’ Howsoever —” At this moment, and while his eye yet kindled with indignation, a lurch of the vessel precipitated him headlong into my arms; the effect of which concussion was so wholly overpowering, that both of us, with the ejaculation of “Oh Lord!” in our mouths, rolled, like a couple of tar-barrels, down the cabin stair-case, nor once halted in our excursion till we had safely landed at the bottom.

The next day the vessel reached Plymouth, where I parted from the splenetic Thespian; and, after putting up a silent prayer for her happiness, pawned my wife’s jewels, and hastened with the proceeds to London. Here I took lodgings at a gun-maker’s in Shoreditch, and employed my leisure hours in a History of Modern Italy, with which my residence at Florence, Naples, &c., had made me thoroughly acquainted. Strange to say, my work, notwithstanding it was embellished with various engravings and descriptions of Rome—a city which nothing but an accident prevented me from visiting—failed to meet with a publisher. Meanwhile my finances, like the moon, waned apace, and in less time than it usually takes to compose an epic poem, I became, what is termed, “seedy.” To increase my felicity, my landlady, with whom, of course, I got into arrears, began daily to expatiate on the

extent and frequency of my appetite—an ungenerous insinuation, which at the time sensibly affected me.

Just at this crisis of my affairs, when it became too manifest that I must, ere long, swell the list of fashionable arrivals at the King's Bench, I received a visit from my old ship acquaintance, the Bath actor, who, after listening to a detail of my misfortunes, advised me to accompany him on a strolling tour through Ireland. Needs must when the devil drives, and accordingly we set forward on our expedition. Our success, like our abilities, was various. In one place we picked up a few pounds by our Hamlets, Romeos, and Pierres, in another, by eating fire, and catching two brass balls between our teeth, and, in Cork, gained immortal credit by our imitations of a squeaking pig.

But by far the most amusing adventure that befel us, was one which took place at a village barn near Limerick. We had announced for representation a melo-drame, in which was to be introduced—painted expressly for the occasion—a view of the Lakes of Killarney. The announcement took prodigiously, and on the appointed night, the house was crowded to suffocation. So far all was well; but, unluckily, just at the moment when we were preparing to draw up the curtain, we discovered that our scene-painter, in revenge for some real or fancied affront offered him by the manager, had inoculated the entire landscape with pitch; and, not content with this lively sample of independence, had actually eloped from the scene of action, and, accompanied by the treasurer, carried off with him the night's proceeds. Here was a pretty dilemma! What, in the name of fortune, was to be done? This question we kept perpetually asking each other, but, alas! not one of us could answer it.

Meantime the audience became clamorous for the curtain to draw up. Oaths, squalls, shouts of laughter and threats of vengeance, rung in every direction, and even the orchestra—notwithstanding it consisted of two fiddles and a hurdy-gurdy—failed to allay the storm. In this predicament our manager proposed an appeal to the audience. But here again a difficulty presented itself. Who was to be the spokesman? Each declined the honour in favour of the other, until, at length, it was resolved *nem. con.*, that we should, all of us, attempt our escape out of a window in the rear of the stage, such being the only secret mode of *exit* that presented itself. The manager was the first to make the experiment, and being, in consequence of the failure of the last year's crop of potatoes, of a thin spare habit, he succeeded to his heart's content. The rest followed in rotation, until it came to the manager's wife's turn, who, unlike her husband, was an immensely fat woman, of singular exuberance in the rear, and who consequently stuck fast in the window with her neck and shoulders out, but the rest of her person hanging suspended over the stage. In this grotesque condition she kicked, shoved, and strove to wriggle herself through the aperture, but in vain, her obesity put a *veto* on all hopes of emancipation. I think I never saw a closer fit: she seemed actually made for the window.

At this juncture I was the only one left upon the stage. There was evidently no chance of escape; so, as a last resource—for the audience had now become furious—I resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and indulge them with the promised exhibition. Summoning, therefore, the orchestra to my assistance, I bid them strike up “St. Patrick's Day,” and then ringing a dustman's bell, which our manager had borrowed for the use of the prompter, drew up the curtain, advanced in front of

the stage, made a profound obeisance, and, pointing to the lady who still hung wriggling from the window, exclaimed aloud, "Ladies and Gentlemen, behold a view of the Lakes of Killarney." Whether the likeness struck them or not, I cannot say, but, certainly, never was any appeal so electrical. The whole audience burst into shouts of laughter; nor was peace restored until they had testified the excess of their satisfaction by a general engagement, in the bustle of which I effected my escape. How the manager's wife effected hers, I know not; possibly she is sticking in the window to this hour.

I need not weary the reader with any further details of my dramatic career. Suffice to say, that nothing but my bashfulness prevented me from winning first-rate celebrity as a tragedian, an opinion to which I am strongly disposed, from the recollection of the excessive good humour that my appearance, as the murderer of Duncan, never failed to excite among the audience. Invariably, too, they encored my death-scenes; and, as this is an honour that even the late John Kemble himself was never known to receive, I appreciated it accordingly.

One thing, however, I cannot, even if I would, forget. This was my marriage with the only daughter of a veterinary surgeon at Ballynabrogue—an accident which took place after a week's introduction to the lady. And here I may possibly be told, that I was guilty of a grievous error, inasmuch as my first wife was yet alive, and sprouting, no doubt, at Naples. I plead guilty to the charge, but may urge in extenuation, that such was the havoc which successive misfortunes had wrought upon my memory, that not until the nuptial ceremony was concluded, did it occur to me, that I had committed bigamy! When, however, the dreadful truth was at length forced upon my mind, the shock it occasioned was inconceivable!

By my marriage with this lady I came into possession of a trifling share of her father's business, which, however, I soon relinquished for the more honourable calling of an apothecary. A smart shop, with a pestle and mortar on the counter; a few drawers ticketed up with gilt letters; half a dozen blue and red bottles in the window—and the thing was done. Nevertheless, my progress at first was slow, for Ballynabrogue was a ruinously healthy village. Few situations could equal it, whether for mildness of climate, or luxuriance of scenery. It stood in the midst of a common, sheltered on all sides by a range of gently swelling hills, and embellished by the aspect of a clear cheerful streamlet, which swept singing through it like a bird. The cottages were equally picturesque. One or two had doors, and a few could boast of windows, but the greater part were hospitably open to every wind that might take a fancy to look in upon them. As regards the tenants, they were in every respect worthy of their dwellings. Excepting a few small gentry, such as the attorney, the exciseman, the curate, the clerk, &c. of the parish; and a few large ones, such as the Lord of the manor, and the Lord bishop of the diocese, a fat man, whose luxuriant parks—the very deer in which had an episcopal cut about them—bore abundant testimony to the blessings of the tythe system;—excepting these few individuals, the village consisted of cottagers, all of whom were in that happy state of unsophistication which the enlightened of the earth have agreed to call barbarism. Such was Ballynabrogue—an enviable spot, in every respect, but that its inhabitants were half starved.

Of course I had my full share of the general penury. Money I never expected; it was enough for me, if my patients would consent to pay me in pigs, poultry, cattle, potatoes, and so forth; but even these I rarely obtained, so irregular were the notions of the village on the subject of debtor and creditor.

But brighter days were in store for me. After trying, without success, a variety of original nostrums, I at length hit upon one which procured me immediate notoriety. I allude to my Elixir Vitæ, or infallible resuscitating balsam, a medicine which was compounded, in nearly equal portions, of bark, brick-dust, gin and gunpowder, boiled over a slow fire, and tinctured with Scotch snuff. This inestimable specific brought a world of patients to my shop. The bark was of so bracing a nature, the brick-dust so cleansing, the gin so soothing, the gunpowder so stimulating in its effects, that no matter what the disorder might be, one ingredient or the other was sure to remove it. Now and then, indeed, it was my lot to lose a patient: and once, I remember, an old farmer died before he had well finished his fourth draught; but these were particular cases, and in which it was satisfactorily proved that I had been called in too late. It must be confessed, however, that, in the hurry of business, I was sometimes apt to make mistakes, and, in one memorable instance, administered to a Newfoundland dog, a blue pill intended for his master, the rector; but as the poor animal never discovered the mistake, it was not my business to expose it. On another occasion, I will not deny that I made up an anodyne for the parish clerk's blind mare, which, by a singular inadvertency on the part of the bearer, the old gentleman himself was persuaded to swallow, and for which he would have paid the forfeit of his life, had I not discovered the blunder in time, and successfully administered two drachms of a laxative syrup of saw-dust.

Among the number of my patients was a red-faced little exciseman, whose countenance, whenever he stooped to tie his shoe strings, made a point of looking like a mulberry. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he fancied himself an Adonis, and accordingly applied to me for relief, who at once prescribed copious doses of the Elixir, together with periodical blood-lettings. Unfortunately, his disease was beyond the power of medicine; for notwithstanding he took a hearty draught every day, and was bled at least three times a week, he grew gradually but perceptibly worse. The gunpowder, I rather suspect, disagreed with him, inasmuch as he went off one morning like a shot, after having taken it twice during the night in powders.

Another of my patients was an attorney, a nervous man, though impudent, and much disliked in the neighbourhood. He, too, for a time, derived benefit from my Elixir, and was even fast advancing towards a perfect recovery, when he broke his leg by a fall from a stage-coach. Amputation was the inevitable result—a job which I was called in to perform, and which I went through with such surprising dexterity, that nothing was wanting to make it a complete affair, except that the patient happened to die during the operation. His death was laid to my account, but, singularly enough, so far from injuring, it did me incalculable service. I was looked on as a sort of Brutus, who had destroyed the village Cæsar; and though, with all humility, I declined the flattering distinction, yet my neighbours still persisted in giving me the credit of the assassination. In the excess of their gratitude they even went so far as to propose purchasing me a piece of plate, on which

was to be engraven the full particulars of the attorney's death; but my modesty, together with the reluctance of any respectable tradesman to trust them, effectually put a stop to the proposition.

It was about a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks, after this accident, that I was called in to attend the parish clerk, who, it seems, had not quite recovered the effects of the medicine which he had swallowed instead of his mare. I found him in a high state of fever—tongue dry and furred—skin parched—face flushed—pulse above a hundred. Of course I instantly administered my Elixir, the gin of which, to say nothing of the gunpowder, wrought a quick and obvious effect. Still no decided improvement was perceptible; indeed he rather fell off than otherwise. In this ticklish condition, I advised him to call in a physician. Luckily, he took my advice; I say, luckily, inasmuch as the worthy doctor approved of all that I had done; and, after feeling the patient's pulse, pronounced him in a queer way, and then retired with me into an inner room for the purpose of consulting on the case. The following, so far as I can recollect, is the substance of this consultation:—

“Little business doing here, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?”

“Very little, indeed, doctor.”

“He! he! he! 'tis no laughing matter though, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?” and the lively gentleman wound up his joke by pegging me in the ribs with his knuckle, 'till he made me roar again. After a few further observations, in the course of which we discussed the state of the crops, of politics, the sub-letting act and Protestant ascendancy, we returned into the patient's chamber, where the doctor wrote down a prescription, with the promise that its effects would be speedily visible.

And they were so. Early next morning, while the sun was yet faintly tipping the neighbouring hills with silver, the parish clerk awoke from a short and disordered sleep, inquired after his wife and family, gave them the paternal benediction, sunk back into torpor, slept with his fathers, and was not.

This very awkward finale, which would never have occurred had the invalid stuck courageously by my elixir, gave the *coup de grâce* to my celebrity. Henceforth I began to be calumniated exactly in the same proportion that I had been praised. My elixir was pronounced a quackery, my abilities a humbug. Indeed, so strongly did the vile, capricious, fluctuating current of public opinion set in against me, that, whenever any one quitted Ballynabrogue for heaven, his neighbours would, one and all, declare that he had died by the visitation of the doctor. Even the sexton was once heard to assert, that if I remained much longer in the neighbourhood, the whole population would become *subterranean*—a dull joke, but quite good enough for a grave-digger. Did I reply to such vulgar ribaldry? No: in the firm consciousness of worth, I preserved an indignant silence, until at length, driven to despair by the repeated attacks on my private, no less than on my public character, I one night turned my back on the village, leaving my respected wife behind me, as agent for the sale of my Elixir, and set out in a hurry for Dublin.

Arrived in the metropolis, I found it in an unusual state of excitement. The Catholic Association had set all parties on the *qui vive*. Here was a glorious field for ambition. A clear stage and no favour, was the motto of the papist assembly; and, in truth, I found it so; for scarcely had I opened my lips there, when, despite my very visible diffidence and embarrassment, I was received with three distinct rounds of applause.

Such timely encouragement roused all the orator within me. The generous spirit of a Demosthenes swelled my bosom; Cicero banished Æsculapius; the patriot discrowned the physician.

Still, even with such brilliant prospects before me, I was at times depressed and nervous. I could not but feel that my finances, like a lady's waist, were growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and that such diminution would, perforce, continue until it terminated in positive invisibility. I felt, too, that eloquence, though it improved the patriotism, had but little effect on the pocket. In this dilemma I resolved to essay the law. When, however, I came to reflect on the preliminaries necessary to such legal distinction, on the absence of conscience, and the presence of cash, that it required; moreover, when I considered that, without impudence, a lawyer is as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," I felt, with a sigh, that the defects of nature were insuperable.

I have observed, that I was highly appreciated as an orator at the Catholic Association. This is strictly true, as also that my reputation reached even as far as Ballynabrogue, an unfortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it brought my wife to town before I was ready to receive her. Nathless, our meeting, on the whole, was cordial, and would have been more so, had it taken place under happier auspices. But worn down with penury, though brimful of patriotism, no wonder I was a trifle less uxorious than, in the fond simplicity of her heart, my wife had been led to imagine.

It has been well said, when misfortune pops in at the door, love pops out at the window. This was precisely my case. The very day after Mrs. O'Blarny's arrival, when we were both sitting at breakfast, over a slice of cold ham with a facing of white fat, a couple of immense bailiffs broke in upon our meditations, at the very moment that, by a singular fatality, I broke out at the back window. Would the reader know the reason of this very disreputable intrusion? He shall have it in a word. But first I must go back a little in my narrative. On the tenth day of my arrival in Dublin, when my exchequer was in such a consumptive condition, that, according to the Horatian adage, I might safely sing before a footpad, I began seriously to meditate on the best method of restoring it to pecuniary convalescence. While thus abstracted, it suddenly occurred to me, that as the professorships of the London University yet remained to be filled up, I might possibly obtain one of them. No sooner did this idea cross my brain, than I wrote a long letter to Brougham, in which, after stating my intellectual capabilities, I proposed myself as a professor for whatever branch of knowledge he might feel inclined to appoint me to. I added, that though I did not object to teach mathematics, metaphysics, chemistry, moral philosophy, jurisprudence, political economy, sculpture, painting, oratory, languages, or even dancing, yet that my learning lay chiefly in the *belles lettres*, including, together with the ancient tongues, the literature of the middle ages and the nineteenth century. By return of post I received an answer to this application, in which, after complimenting me, in the most flattering terms, on my modesty, the illustrious statesman declined my services, on the plea that they would excite the envy of the London candidates. The letter concluded with the best wishes for my welfare, and was satisfactory in every respect, but that it cost eighteen-pence postage.

Well, this avenue to fortune closed, a variety of other plans suggested themselves, but none appearing so likely to lead to immediate results as an advertisement for a wife, I inserted one to that effect in two of the most widely circulated papers in Dublin. The upshot was just what I had anticipated. An infinite number of replies was sent to each office. Among the lot were two Chloes, half-a-dozen Anna-Marias, a dozen and a half Bashful Maidens, three Fannys, and a widow. Of these, I selected only the last, and dispatched an answer agreeably to the direction given, stating that at a certain hour, on a certain day, I should be at a certain place, anxiously awaiting the arrival of my fair unknown. Punctual as clock-work I was there, and had waited but ten minutes, when I perceived a lady, robust and somewhat elderly, advancing veiled towards me. In an instant I was by her side, and was just preparing to enter upon business, when she inopportunately raised her veil, and disclosed the countenance of my wife—of that wife (Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 1) whom, as my readers may recollect, I had left knocking down a fat footman, at Naples. Paralysed with astonishment—remorse—affright—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth—my knees knocked together—I stood rooted to earth, the personification of embarrassed bashfulness! “So stands the statue that enchants the world”—as I have often thought since.

In this state, I fell an easy prey to my wife, who taking a cowardly advantage of my helplessness, rained on me a torrent of abuse that quickly brought a crowd about us. Not satisfied with this revenge, she actually “showed fight,” and was just preparing to tweak a memorandum on my nose with her finger-nails, when I luckily got scent of her intentions, and doubling behind an obese green-grocer in black, thrust him forward as a substitute, and fled with the speed of a hunted poet from the spot.

Late the next day arrived Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 2, and the day after that, the bailiffs, who, I regret to add, in the second week of my elopement from the window, caught me loitering in the romantic vale of Ovoca, and in a vile spirit of prosaic common-place, brought me back to Dublin. My trial took place at the ensuing sessions; and, as my diffidence would not permit me wantonly to tell an untruth (both my wives being at hand to contradict me) I at once pleaded guilty to the indictment, and as an encouragement for my candour, was sentenced to seven years transportation beyond seas. Had it not been for this inconsiderate confession, my attorney assured me I should have got off!

I am now like Themistocles in exile, with but little chance of ever revisiting green Erin. Happier than Belisarius, inasmuch only as I am less short-sighted, I am, like him, the offspring of mischance. The occasion of my banishment, however, is peculiar. Coriolanus was exiled for political contumacy; Aristides for inconvenient ideas of equity; Alcibiades for shameless libertinism; but though all four of us were unfortunate, I am incomparably the most so. That which should have been my pride, has proved my curse. I am the martyr of my devotion to Hymen. In a word, bigamy has been my ruin, just as though it did not carry its own punishment sufficiently along with it.

Then, too, this bashfulness of mine, this index to the folio volume of my afflictions, when I reflect on all that it has lost me; when I remember that had I not pleaded guilty to the bad taste of marrying two wives, I might have been acquitted, and by the integrity of the

future made amends for the follies of the past ; when I consider that in time, I might have won myself a name among nations, have been raised, peradventure, to the Peerage, or, as a bishop of the established church, have lent a helping hand to my Catholic fellow-countrymen ; when I reflect on all this, I vow and protest I feel every disposition to run stark, staring mad. Nevertheless, even in the depths of my despair, one consolation remains. " The Lord chasteneth him whom he loveth : " and if this, indeed, be the case, it is some satisfaction for me to reflect that I am Heaven's peculiar care. Possibly, even now—as my master's daughter, a wealthy, estimable, and religious young lady, assures me—I am in training for a cherub, a chrysolite in salvation, destined to come forth in the fulness of time, and spread my new-born wings to the firmament, a blessed butterfly of Paradise.

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THE MUMMIES AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT AT BRUSSELS.

IN the capital of Belgium, between the Porte de Namur and the Porte de Halle, under the ramparts of the town, and contiguous to the palace of the Duke d'Arenberg, once stood the Convent of the Carmelites, or White Friars. The furies of the revolution levelled it with the earth ; and at this moment not a vestige of its walls can be traced. As late, however, as 1810, a small part of the cloisters remained ; but the magnificent church was a heap of ruins, over which grew trees, bushes, and thick grass ; here and there a few wild flowers peeping out from the interstices of a massy pedestal, and the broken shaft of a Gothic column. The garden and cemetery may have occupied about six acres of ground. Though situated within the town, a more perfect solitude could not have been selected, surrounded, as it was, with high walls, and effectually screened by lofty elm, beech, and yew trees.

At the period above mentioned, this romantic enclosure belonged to a friend of mine, Madame Guilleminot,\* who, being possessed of considerable property, had not turned this piece of land to any account. During the many years it had been in her hands, not half a dozen persons had visited those premises : the fruit-trees, shrubs, and flowers, all had been neglected ; and when I entered it for the first time, it recalled to my mind the descriptions I had often read of the untrodden virgin soil of the United States—a kind of American landscape in miniature ; and it was with no small difficulty I succeeded in exploring the different recesses of this wild, romantic, and interesting spot. Indeed, I may say, that during eighteen months, I was the sole tenant of the place. Madame Guilleminot had given me a key of the only gate that remained ; and no one during that period entered it but myself. Scarcely a week passed away without my spending a few hours on this hallowed ground, and ample scope did it afford for meditation on the mutability of human affairs. " Here," thought I, whilst sitting upon some fragment of a pillar, " solemn hymns were chaunted in honour of the Deity, and now the voice of man is never heard within these walls. Here dwelt persons who, prompted by enthusiastic religious sentiments, tired with the follies of life, disappointed in their expectations, crossed in love, or reduced to poverty by ingratitude or treachery, have passed the last days of their

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\* Madame Guilleminot is the sister-in-law of General Guilleminot.

earthly career with some degree of happiness, at least with ease of mind, to which they long had been strangers. Many, no doubt, have here exclaimed,

“ *Inveni requiem, sper et fortuna valete,  
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.*”

But, before I proceed with my narrative, it will be necessary to say a few words about the order of the White Friars. It was one of the four mendicant orders, and originally instituted on Mount Carmel. The regulations by which these friars were guided were extremely severe, and consisted of sixteen articles, one of which confined them to their cells, and enjoined them to employ themselves night and day in prayer. They were not permitted to possess any property; compelled to fast from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross till Easter, excepting on Sundays, and to abstain at all times from flesh. When not occupied in prayer they were employed in manual labour, and strict silence was imposed upon them, from vespers till the tierce the next morning.

At the close of a fine autumnal day, in the year 1811, just at the time when

“ *Fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,*”

I entered the secluded place, accompanied by Henry G., then in his fifteenth year. He had often heard me speak of the gardens of the White Friars. This youth was romantically inclined, and the tales of Mrs. Radcliffe being fresh in his recollection, he promised himself much gratification from the visit. We proceeded to the ruins of the church. Determined, as he expressed himself, to make discoveries, he climbed over the confused mass, and collected, in a short time, several curious remains of gothic sculptured ornaments—heads, hands, and feet, of the statues of holy personages, and parts of grotesque representations of beasts, birds, and fabulous non-descript animals. At length he discovered a large flat stone, in the centre of which an iron ring had been inserted. It appeared to be the covering of a sepulchre, or vault. I proposed making an attempt to remove it; but our united efforts were in vain—the stone was too heavy for us—we could not stir it. Looking around, we found a narrow piece of timber, the fragment of some part of the church roof. This we placed through the ring, and employing it as a lever, we fixed it upon our shoulders. By this time it was dark; and had it not been for the light of the moon, which occasionally peeped through the black clouds, we must have given up the undertaking. Absolute solitude reigned around us: if any thing could be heard, it was a slight breeze rustling among the branches and leaves of a yew tree that overhung the spot upon which we stood. The accession of power we received from the lever, enabled us, after several attempts, to raise the stone an inch or two from its situation. I encouraged my young friend to use his utmost strength: the stone was now a foot from the ground, and, casting my eyes below, I could perceive a sepulchral vault. At this instant a hollow distinct sound of a bell, proceeding from the entrails of the earth, vibrated on our ears. We were both terrified, and the piece of timber fell from our shoulders. It could not be an illusion. It was positively the sound of a bell. But whence did it come? No habitation was near, and not a soul but ourselves within the inclosure. I was lost in conjecture, and experiencing that sort of sensation most persons have felt when

alone at night-time among the dwellings of the dead—an association of horror and apprehension—I hastily departed from the spot. My young companion had already disappeared—fear had lent him wings—he had reached the gate; and the terror he experienced was so great that, when he arrived at his dwelling, in the Rue Verte, about a quarter of a mile distant, he fell at the door in a state of insensibility. The poor youth was confined for several weeks to his bed, and his mind had been so completely disturbed by excessive fright, that he never after recovered the entire use of his senses. A few years afterwards he put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the heart. I communicated the extraordinary circumstance—it then appeared so—to several of my English friends; and it was resolved that we should proceed in a body, and unravel the mystery. Accordingly, half a dozen *détenus*, among whom were General Murray, Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sayer, repaired to the Convent of the White Friars, taking with us several implements to raise the covering of the sepulchre: fire-arms, and a lantern, we were also provided with. The stone, about five feet square, was easily removed, and proved, as I conjectured, a covering to the vault, in which the remains of the White Friars were deposited. We descended into the interior by a narrow stone stair-case. With the aid of our lantern, we found it to be a large chamber, twenty-two feet square, the elevation about fourteen. On one side was a marble altar, upon which were placed six candlesticks of the same material: the wax tapers seemed to have been just placed in them, and a fine, well-carved crucifix of gilt brass surmounted the altar: the floor was inlaid with various coloured marble. The place was perfectly clean, and had more the appearance of a small, neat chapel than a repository for the dead. Looking towards the arched roof, we perceived, at one of the corners of the entrance, a bell, perhaps four inches in diameter, suspended to a flexible steel spring: at the end of it was a green silk rope, and was probably rung when the monks celebrated mass.

The sound which caused so much alarm on the preceding day was now accounted for—a small piece of stone must have fallen upon the bell when we were removing the covering of the sepulchre. The mystery was cleared up. Most of those supernatural sounds, said to be sometimes heard in the dwellings of the dead, might, if properly investigated, be explained in as satisfactory a manner. Several black lines, three feet apart, were traced upon the four walls of the vault: these lines were intersected by others, forming small squares; those which were open looked like small ovens; they had not yet received tenants; but there were a great many bricked up, and covered with a hard white cement, upon which were engraved the name, age, and date of the friar's decease. No other inscription was to be seen. One of them, however, bore the representation of a small flower, and underneath were these words, "Ne m'oubliez pas;" and then, "Padre Ottomano, Æt. 57: Ob: 5 Jun: 1700." With an iron crow we broke through the brick-work that closed the entrance; and on an oak plank, which served in lieu of a coffin, we discovered the body of the Ottoman Father, clothed in the costume of the order; and, on withdrawing it from the tomb, we found it to be in a perfect state of preservation; the hair, beard, and countenance, were as if the person had only just expired. The nails, which were a quarter of an inch in length, seemed to have grown after death. The features had shrunk a little; or the meagre appearance was, perhaps, occasioned by

the sufferings and mortifications the deceased had endured in his lifetime. The skin and flesh were rather of a tawny colour, and when pressed by the finger shewed flexibility. The friar had been an extremely handsome man. The corpse being taken off the plank, we placed it against the wall; and, with a slight inclination, it stood in an erect position. The hands were folded across the breast—the eyes closed and shrunk. He did not seem to be dead, but only in a profound religious meditation. Satisfied with this discovery, here we ought to have desisted; but we did not; and I have often thought that we were not justified, from motives solely of curiosity, in disturbing the sacred remains. We opened sixteen different tombs, from each of which were extracted bodies in a similar state of preservation to the ones I have described, and when placed against the walls of the vault a more extraordinary and striking spectacle could not be witnessed. The holy persons seemed as if they were still alive—quite motionless and silent, it is true, but not more so than they had often been during their existence. Some had lived more than a century ago: the most recent date we found was 1788. But who and what had these men been before they entered the convent of White Friars? They were in our presence; but, alas! our interrogatories remained unanswered. Permission they seldom obtained, during the latter part of their sojourn on earth, to express their thoughts, and now they were condemned to eternal silence. This was the reflection I made at the time: little did I anticipate that my questions would soon be answered, and that I should know what passions raged in their bosoms when they walked among the sons and daughters of the earth.

On the following day, accompanied only by General Murray, I again visited this abode of European mummies. My friend, on examining minutely that part of the dress which covered the breast, and upon which the Padre Ottomano's hands were placed, felt a hard substance, and on removing the woollen capuchin that covered the shoulders and bosom, we found a square leathern case which, to our great satisfaction, contained a manuscript, in the Italian language, of which I subjoin an abridged translation. We subsequently discovered that all of the sixteen friars, excepting two, had similar manuscripts placed in a leathern case upon their breasts. At the commencement of one of these manuscripts we read the following lines, addressed by the writer to the superior of the convent:—"Father Joseph, I have now dwelt here above eighteen months, and have satisfactorily undergone the trials and probations you deemed it necessary to impose upon me; but the order you now give me, to make a confession, in writing, of the errors and vices of my former life, is the severest trial of all. Those feelings, which I hoped had passed away, must again be brought to my recollection; and I fear, holy father, all my passions have not yet subsided in my bosom; yet I must and will obey." From this introductory remark it is apparent that each individual, at the termination of his noviciate, and before taking the vow, gave a written confession of his life to the superior of the Carmelites, and at the decease, the manuscript was deposited in his tomb. Fourteen of these manuscripts are in my possession, and it is not improbable that at some future period they may be presented to the public.

The circumstance of the discovery of these corpses in so perfect a state of preservation, as it can be readily supposed, caused a great sensation in Brussels. I was applied to by many respectable persons to be allowed to visit these mummies; and many of them fancying that this preserva-

tion arose from supernatural agency, at once pronounced these friars to be saints, who would be canonized. Accordingly relics of every kind were taken away; hands, fingers, toes, nay, even heads were subtracted and placed in silver or brass shrines. The populace of the lower town, hearing that the remains of a great many saints had been discovered in the gardens of the Carmelites, applied in a body to Madame Guilleminot for permission to view the relics; but it was not obtained. These people, however, were not to be disappointed. A mob of them came, one Sunday afternoon, to the garden, broke open the gate, and carried off different parts of the habiliments of the friars—the bodies they scarcely ventured to touch. It was even asserted that several extraordinary cures had been performed on the spot; and according to their account the era of miracles had again arrived. The Marquess La Tour Dupin, at that time the prefect of the department, not giving any credit to these miracles, and thinking possibly of the facetious epigram on the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris,\* issued orders to the police to repair to the vault of the White Friars. All their remains were put into hearses and conveyed during the night to the public cemetery out of the Port de Louvain, and the mummies of these ascetics were interred in one deep and large grave.

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*PADRE OTTOMANO; abridged from the original Manuscript.*

“I was born in the early part of the year 1643. My mother was the only child of an opulent Moscovite merchant, named Fœdor Sciabasse, who resided at Stamboul.† I have had in my possession many poetical compositions in the Turkish and Arabic languages, wherein the beauty of my parent is extolled in the highest terms of Oriental hyperbole; and the name of Eudocia conveys with it, even to this day, an idea of extreme loveliness. To use the words of her admirers—‘Her shape was that of the cedar; skin as smooth and sweet as the down of roses; eyes like those of the gazelle, expressing *wild timidity*; the lips were *lori* buds; and her teeth more white and brilliant than the lilies of the vale.’ One of the stanzas ran thus:—

“’Tis she does the virgins excel;  
No beauty with her can compare;  
Love’s graces around her do dwell:  
She’s fairest where thousands are fair.”‡

She was an extremely beautiful woman, and what corroborates the fact, is, that the Sultan Ibrahim fell desperately in love with her. The Grand Seignor, at the commencement of his reign, (he had only succeeded his brother, Morad IV., two years previously), would fre-

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\* In the reign of Louis XV., some designing fanatics pretended that miracles were daily performed in the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris. Great disturbances arose in consequence of this report; and they became at length of so alarming a nature, that the minister of the police gave orders that the gates of the cemetery should be closed, and no more exhibitions of miracles to take place. Some few days after, a paper containing the following lines was posted against the gate:—

“De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,  
De faire miracles en ce lieu.”

† Constantinople.

‡ These lines were translated verbatim by Prior (I think) from the Italian of Fondacci, without acknowledgment. The latter candidly admits borrowing them from the Arabic.

quently disguise himself in the dress of an Armenian merchant, and preambulate the city of Stamboul and its environs, for the purpose of observing, with his own eyes, the conduct of his subjects, but more particularly in watching the schemes of the Janissaries, whom he feared and detested. Upon one occasion he was thrown from his horse in the vicinity of Peru, where Sciabasse possessed a country residence, and being slightly wounded in the knee, was conveyed to the house of the Moscovite merchant: every assistance was administered, and he was entertained with the most hospitable kindness. Here he saw the fair Eudocia, and became enamoured with her charms; but, he was a married man, and he soon learnt that the religious principles of the merchant would not yield even to the mighty monarch of the Ottoman empire—he would never consent to see his beloved daughter immured in the seraglio of the Grank Turk. Compulsion he could have easily resorted to, but he preferred owing his success to other means. He declared his love, and found she was not insensible to his passion. Fearing that the virtuous lady would recoil with horror at any dishonourable proposals, knowing also that he would meet with a repulse from the stern parent, if he declared his rank, he, after some time, told Eudocia that he was not an Armenian merchant, but one of the principal officers of the empire, and a favourite of the sultan: he offered to lead her to the altar, where a Greek priest would unite them in holy wedlock, but solemnly entreated her not to divulge the fact—her father, even, he wished to be kept in ignorance, at least for a time; alleging the necessity of secrecy, that offence might not be given to his sovereign, who had recently offered him one of his sisters in marriage,—he would be able, he asserted, to prevail upon the sultan to withdraw his intentions, and in a few months the marriage with Eudocia should be made public. Fortune favoured his views; Sciabasse was compelled to proceed on urgent business to Smyrna, and afterwards to the north of Europe; during his absence Eudocia became a wife and a mother. Such was my entrance into life. My father passionately adored his spouse, and could not enjoy a moment of happiness away from her. A faithful eunuch, who had attended him from infancy, took a country seat adjoining that of Sciabasse; and here it was the sultan and my mother spent the happiest days of their lives. The continual absence of Ibrahim from the seraglio was remarked, and the sultana, whose jealousy was in consequence aroused, sent some emissary to watch his steps. She became frantic with rage on learning that her husband spent all his time in the company of a Moscovite lady, by whom he had a son, and she determined to wreak vengeance on us all. She waited for a fit opportunity; and whilst Ibrahim was in the seraglio, attending to important state affairs, some of her confidential servants rushed into our house, and, seizing upon Eudocia, the eunuch, and myself, conveyed us on board a vessel which immediately set sail for the island of Rhodes, where it was intended to consign us to a dungeon for the remainder of our lives. The above circumstances came to my knowledge thirty-seven years afterwards, and were communicated by one of the individuals employed on this expedition. When my father heard of the dreadful fact, his anger knew no bounds—he paced the interior of the seraglio like a wounded tiger, and many bloody sacrifices were offered upon the occasion. He was unable to prove the guilt of the sultana, or her body would have rolled in the waves of the Bosphorus; but his suspicions were raised; and although her life was spared, he

doomed her to perpetual imprisonment. History relates, that before she left his presence, and when his rage was at its highest pitch, he snatched his own son, Mohammed, from her arms, dashed him with violence into a deep marble fountain, and hastily ran out of the apartment. One of the eunuchs, at the peril of his own life, took him out of the water, and concealed him for a short time, until the fury of the sultan was somewhat abated.

“The vessel in which we embarked was driven, by contrary winds, towards the coast of Candia, and here we fell in with a Maltese galley; a dreadful engagement ensued between the two vessels: after the most desperate struggle the Turks were overcome. The eunuch was killed in the contest, and my unfortunate mother received a mortal wound in her bosom whilst pressing me to her heart, and sheltering me from the deadly bullets that were raining around us. The conquerors boarded our vessel, and, elate with success, were on the point of putting every individual to the sword, when the principal officer of the sultana snatching me from the last embrace of my parent, whose blood was trickling down my face, raised me in his robust arms, and exhibiting me to the Maltese captain, he exclaimed: “Spare, oh, spare us! Your fortunes are made! Behold the son of the Sultan Ibrahim—he was going to Mecca for the ceremony of circumcision!” These words produced a magical effect. The captain instantly gave orders to spare the surviving officers and crew. As individuals belonging to the sultana, and forming the suite of the heir to the Ottoman empire, they were treated with all possible respect by the enemy, and upon me, the utmost care and attention were lavished. The remains of my hapless mother, said to be only a nurse to whose care I had been entrusted, were thrown unceremoniously into the deep. On our arrival at Valetta great rejoicings took place among the knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. I was removed, with a part of the suite, to a country residence, some distance from the city, where I led a secluded life for four years; but I was treated by the attendants who surrounded me as a prince of the Ottoman empire; and, even at this distant period of time, I well recollect, that the grand master often visited and treated me with the kindness of a parent. This excellent man, as well as the other knights, being fully persuaded that I was heir to the throne of Turkey, shortly after my arrival, set the commander of the Turkish vessel at liberty, and entrusted him with despatches to Ibrahim: they offered to give up his son if he would, in exchange for the precious booty, consent to deliver up to them the island of Rhodes, which the Turks had taken from them in 1522, and of which they had held possession since 1308, after the return of the knights from Palestine. The commander, on his arrival at Stamboul, boldly repaired to the seraglio, gained admittance to the presence of the sultan, and gave the following statement:—“He had been made a prisoner by the Maltese,—that having been instrumental in preserving the life of the grand master from the stiletto of an assassin, the grateful christian had ordered him to be set at liberty. During his residence, and almost at the time of his arrival in Malta, a vessel, containing a beautiful Russian lady and her son, together with several Turkish officers, had been captured by a Maltese galley, and conveyed to Valetta. After his liberation he had an opportunity of seeing this lady, who earnestly requested him, when arriving at Stamboul, to see the sultan, and inform him that she was Eudocia, who had been violently dragged from his shores. A Turkish

officer, who had the temerity to declare his love, and make an offer of his hand, which she indignantly rejected, had seized her, with the eunuch and her son, put them on board a vessel which instantly sailed for the island of Rhodes, but that they were captured during the voyage, and she now remained a prisoner in Malta; still, however, cherishing the hopes of a speedy liberation.'—The artful villain then added, that, being detained by contrary winds a few weeks in the island, he heard with horror that the unfortunate lady was taken suddenly ill, her son was also attacked in a similar manner, and before his departure he attended their remains to the grave, not without entertaining strong suspicions, that they had met with a violent death, and that poison had been administered to them. The sultan, who was of a weak disposition, gave credit to this improbable tale, shed tears at our untimely fate, and, believing the sultana innocent of the crime imputed to her, instantly opened the gates of her prison, and restored her to her former rank and station. This perfidious woman, who had thus attained her utmost wishes through the devotedness of the commander, promised to raise him, on the earliest opportunity, to the highest rank in the empire under that of the sultan.

“The grand master and his council were surprised at not receiving an answer to their despatch to the sultan. Various other communications were made to Ibrahim, but the artful sultana, who had now obtained full sway over the feeble mind of the sovereign, easily contrived to intercept these despatches, and, in 1648, assisted by her favourite, she caused the sultan to be assassinated by the Janissaries. Her son, Mohammed IV., was raised to the throne, and the commander elevated to the rank of grand vizier. This man was the celebrated Cuperli, who took Candia from the Venetians—a siege at which more blood was spilt, and more brave actions performed, than at that of Troy: it lasted thirty years, and upwards of 260,000 Turks, Venetians and their allies, perished in the dreadful contest.\*

“I was scarcely five years of age when my father was strangled. The intelligence soon reached the Knights of Jerusalem; and, as the sultana and her favourite had no further motive to conceal the truth, they threw off the mask, and Cuperli wrote with his own hand to the grand master, acquainting him with the deceptive conduct that had been practised towards him. A resolution was entered into by the council of Valetta to withdraw my attendants, and I was confided to the care of a Dominican friar, who took me shortly afterwards to the convent of his order in Rome: here I received classical and theological instructions. At the age of one-and-twenty, feeling no disposition to take the vow, and spend my life among the Dominican fathers, I left one day without bidding them farewell, and set off, on foot, for what place I knew not. The vicissitudes I encountered during several years it would be tedious to relate; suffice it to mention, that on my departure from the convent, accidentally entering the cathedral of Saint Peter, when the ambassador of Alexis Michaelowitz was presented, for the first time, to the sovereign pontiff, and affording some useful information to a boyard, named Meloslanski, I was taken into the service of the latter as a tutor to one of his younger children. At the death of this nobleman I travelled through almost every country in Europe, in various capacities, and was employed

\* History records, that he was the person who laid siege to Vienna, but Sobieski compelled him to raise it with immense loss. Mohammed also became a victim to the Janissaries: the unfortunate monarch was confined in a dungeon, fed only on bread and water, and treated with unheard-of cruelty. He was succeeded by Soliman the Second.

in high official situations by different sovereigns, to whom, without vanity, I may say, I rendered some assistance, and contributed by my efforts to the signing of the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1668, and also that of Nimeguen ten years afterwards. At this latter period I became acquainted with a respectable man about seventy years of age,—he had been of the Mahommedan religion, but for many years had renounced the errors of the prophet, and embraced the christian faith. From him I learnt most of the particulars of my early life—he had been one of the persons selected by the sultana to carry off Eudocia—he lamented in bitter terms having been accessory to the misfortunes of my mother; and, in order to compensate me as much as lay in his power, he offered me the hand of his only daughter, then in her twentieth year, and in all the bloom of beauty. I already loved her. She freely gave her consent to make me happy; and if happiness be the lot of any mortal upon earth, to the fullest extent of the word, I enjoyed it—but, alas! for only one brief twelvemonth: she expired in my arms a week after giving birth to a lovely infant, which entered the celestial abode at the same time as the parent. There, holy father, let me pause.—Pardon, I beg, the tear that blots this paper. I cannot forget—my heart is still along with her. Often, when stern duty orders me to raise my thoughts to the Creator, my mind is absorbed in the recollection of my former happiness, and in lamenting the untimely fate of my angelic and beautiful Helen.”\*

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THEATRICAL MATTERS.

DRURY-LANE has shared in the pressures of a period in which every man, profession and pursuit, has shared during the last six months. The performers have been in consequence called on, and have, with many handsome and deserved expressions of respect to the manager, agreed to a deduction of a part of their salaries until the arrival of what is considered the full season, or after Christmas. We have no feeling more for one manager than another, but the present lessee of Drury Lane has fulfilled all his engagements hitherto with such punctuality, has exerted himself with such diligence, and has so far succeeded in raising the character of his establishment, that we are anxious to see him receive that public support which is so much his due.

A great variety of performances once stamped with popularity, have been exhibited since the commencement of the season. Miss Philips is still the tragic heroine, and she is certainly improving. Some nights since she played *Belvidera*, and with very striking skill. But this character is by no means of an order to admit the finest efforts of the stage. The whole play is a melodrame. Timé, the utter scarcity of great tragedies, and the memory of the celebrated actresses who have played in “*Venice Preserved*,” have given the play a dramatic rank beyond its merits. The characters are universally forced, extravagant, and incapable of inspiring true tragic interest. *Jaffier’s* weakness disgusts the

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\* The whole of the latter part of the manuscript, consisting of nearly fifty pages, I have been compelled to reduce to a few lines: it is, however, the most interesting and instructive of the narrative, and comprises the events in the life of Padre Ottomano, from about the year 1661, till his entrance into the convent of the White Friars, some time in the year 1681 or 2. I have by no means done justice to the original; but should this abridged account meet with approbation, I may be induced to give the whole history of a man, whose name is not unknown to those acquainted with the annals of the Ottoman empire, and the gallant exploits of the Knights of Malta.

spectator as much as *Pierre's* bloodthirstiness repels him. *Belvidera's* sorrows are chiefly rant, and the diction is as unnatural as the passion. Siddons did wonders with it, because Siddons could do wonders with any thing; but it was never among her favourite parts, and taste always considered it among her worst. To say that Miss Philips excited the attention of the audience always, and their applause often, is to say more of her than can be said of most living actresses.

In the ornaments of the ballet, however, we cannot include the tall and masculine-looking personage whom the play-bills call Miss Angelica. She does not dance badly, but her figure is the most case-hardened that we can conceive capable of motion. She seems absolutely shut up in a coat of mail; the lady is as rigid as iron, and she looks more like a *figurante* flourishing in a strait waistcoat, than a representative of the Zephyrs and Graces.

One of her most formidable disqualifications with us, too, is her labour to charm; her face is an eternal smile; and we never saw a more ghastly species of fascination. Yet if this rigid personage would but unlace her stays, which must certainly be made of solid steel, and shut her mouth for ever, she might pass well enough; for she dances with considerable activity.

There are few comedies in the English language which gratify us more in the representation than Goldsmith's "*She Stoops to Conquer.*" There is more genuine humour in almost any one scene, than in half the modern monstrosities (miscalled comedies). The character of *Miss Hardcastle* is in great demand amongst young actresses, and it is one in which Miss Mordaunt is highly successful. The scenes with *Young Marlow*, in her proper character, and that of the supposed barmaid, were full of point and *naïveté*; and when she banters him in the closing scene, as the Rattle of the Ladies' Club, she drew down loud and justly-merited applause. *Young Marlow* is one of Jones's best parts, and we do not wish to enjoy a richer treat than his first and second scenes with *Miss Hardcastle*. In fact, Jones is the only actor whom we have seen possessed of tact enough to make *Young Marlow* endurable. Goldsmith's idea of a bashful man was probably taken from some instance of his own embarrassment at finding himself in better company than he had been used to; for his manners, to the end of his life, were rude and awkward; and on his arrival in London, were those of a clown, a sagacious clown, no doubt; but his very consciousness of genius seems to have rendered him perplexed in society, even in his best days.

His *Young Marlow* is less a diffident man than a perplexed booby, in all the bashful scenes. Yet Jones, by his happy dexterity, contrives to refine the author's conception into probability, and the bashfulness, instead of being brutal, makes some approach to comedy.

The Theatres are quarrelling and corresponding about Kean; to what purpose it is scarcely possible to tell, unless it be to have it to announce after a night or two that this flighty Roscius has taken wing for the Isle of Bute or the Antipodes.

There is a remarkable dearth of good singers at present, and the few that are, seem to be without engagements in London. Braham is singing in the country. Sinclair's engagement at Drury-lane is either at an end, or brings him forward only at long intervals. Sapio has not appeared this season. The females are almost as much scattered. We are glad to hear, that Miss Paton, though of all singers the most uncertain, is engaged at Covent Garden. There is some flourishing in the papers about

her accepting a diminished salary. This is idle, of course, she took all she could get.

The best melodrama of the season has been produced at Drury-lane, entitled "*The Brigand*," got up by Mr. Planché.

Till the new comedy, by Lord Glengall, appears, we must do what we can with our old ones. O'Keefe's "*Wild Oats*" has been played with the whole comic force of the house. O'Keefe's talent was oddity, and his sole object was, to gather, into one piece, as many improbable characters as he could compel into one plot. Thus he has a dramatic and sentimental quaker heiress, a courting quaker in love with the chambermaids, and so forth. The *Old Admiral* and *John Dory*, or *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*, in blue clothes, were the clap-trap characters of the time. But the play is, on the whole, lively. Jones was the *Rover*, and nothing could be better played. He was at once the gentleman and the stroller, and gay, graceful, and popular throughout. Some of the papers objected to his dress; but nothing could be more suitable. His first costume is that of a man walking on the road, and it was remarkably neat and appropriate. His second was an uniform, which *Rover* says he "took out of his stage-trunk, and which he had worn in the part of *Captain Plume*." Lewis, the original *Rover*, always wore an uniform, as being more showy than the other dresses of the time. In fact, in those matters, as in others, we may always rely on the good sense and perfect theatrical knowledge of this actor. Miss Mordaunt played *Lady Amaranth* very cleverly, and may be looked to as a valuable accession to the powerful comic corps of this house. Liston was very pleasant without any extravagance; and Mrs. Orger, who *fats* rapidly, was the most jovial of chambermaids.

The Theatre, Tottenham Street, which has for a long period been totally lost sight of by the fashionable world, is about to be rescued from obscurity, and to present a claim to patronage and popularity, which, from its advantageous situation, as the westernmost theatre in the metropolis, it is peculiarly calculated to obtain, and which its company, as announced, bids fair to secure. The persons immediately concerned in the speculation are, Messrs. Alexander Lee, Chapman, and Melrose; and the performers already engaged (in addition to the above) are Messrs. P. Farren (stage manager), Vining, Williams, Hammerton Ross, Andrews, Simon (of the King's Theatre, ballet master,) &c.; Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. T. Hill, Miss A. Tree, Miss L. Jarman, Mrs. Tayleure, Miss Absolon, Miss Butline, &c. It has already opened with a piece by Mr. Lunn, which we are glad to say, for the sake of a very ingenious writer and estimable man, has been received with great applause.

Boildeau's "*Les Deux Nuits*" has been sent over to Covent Garden by Bishop, who is, unluckily, throwing away his talents and time in Paris. He ought to return to this country, forget that Weber and Rossini ever existed, forswear boring himself and the world with the fripperies of French music, and make a real English opera. No man could do it better; for the composer of the "*Miller and his Men*," and "*Guy Mannering*," is the composer of two of the prettiest operas in the language. We give this advice to Bishop with sincerity, and shall be glad to see him in his proper place at the head of our Opera Stage again.

Mrs. Granby Calcraft is attacked in the Ecclesiastical Courts by her husband. The story goes, that she solicits a divorce; and the wits say, that let the wind blow in what quarter it will, she can find "*a harbour, O!*"

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

SOME of our pleasant contemporaries have been lately amusing themselves with libelling the Lord Mayor's feast: of course because they were not happy enough to be there. If we are to believe those hungry declaimers, the turtle was mock; the beef, an importation from Calais, smuggled over in the Ambassador's bag; the mutton, a mystification; the claret, a weak invention of the enemy; and the Champagne, fuming out of the newest vintage of Charles Wright. But we throw down our glove to those lank abusers of the good things of Leadenhall-market, and declare, that the Lord Mayor's Day is an honour to the city deglutition; that we look on fat aldermen as an essential to the civic glory; and that we shall never begin seriously to despair of the rights and liberties of the city of cities, until we hear a rumour of the abolition of callipash and callipee.

As we are noted encouragers of the rising genius of the country, so we are gratified by giving the living evidence that it thinks in the right style on the right side. The writers of the following tributes shall have a card for the upper end of the hall on the next 9th of November.

Know ye the Hall where the venison and turtle  
 So often have furnished the Aldermen treats?  
 Where the flowers of the season, the rose and the myrtle,  
 Are stuck to the jellies, and mixed with the sweets?  
 Know ye the Hall, where the hock and champagne,  
 And the Claret, and Chablis, and Burgundy rain?  
 Where the pine and the melon are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the toast-giver never is mute?  
 Where the Epicure's nose is oppressed with perfume,  
 Which the grouse and the ptarmigan waft through the room?  
 Where the ladies are soft as the victuals they eat,  
 And all, save the bustle and noise, is a treat?  
 Where the pastry of JARRIN, the pâtés of UDE,  
 In flavour, though varied, are equally good?  
 'Tis the Hall where great worthies their laurels have won,  
 Could they equal the deeds which on Monday were done?  
 Oh! vast as each old Epicurus's feat,  
 Is the claret they drink, and the turtle they eat!—[*J. Bull.*]

We are not quite so sure of sending a similar card to the author of the following lines; but Haynes Bayly is the poet whom we are determined to have enlisted in the glorious cause of *gourmandise*, the only thing worth living for after 25; and we cultivate him even in the shape of his five-hundredth parody.

## I'D BE AN ALDERMAN!

I'd be an Alderman, born in the City,  
 Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet;  
 Seeking in Leadenhall, reckless of pity,  
 Birds, beasts, and fish, that the knowing ones eat.  
 I'd never languish for want of a luncheon,  
 I'd never grieve for the want of a treat;  
 I'd be an Alderman, constantly munching,  
 Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet.  
 Oh! could I wheedle the votes at the vestry,  
 I'd have a share of those good sav'ry things;  
 Enchained by turkey, in love with the pastry,  
 And floating in Champagne, while Bow bells ring.

Those who are cautious are skinny and fretful,  
 Hunger, alas ! nought but ill-humour brings—  
 I'd be an alderman, rich with a net full,  
 Rolling in Guildhall, whilst old Bow bells ring.

What though you tell me that prompt apoplexy  
 Grins o'er the glories of Lord Mayor's Day,  
 'Tis better, my boy, than blue devils to vex ye,  
 Or ling'ring consumption to gnaw yqu away.  
 Some in their folly take black-draught and blue-pill,  
 And ask ABERNETHY their fate to delay;  
 I'd be an Alderman, WAITHMAN's apt pupil,  
 Failing when dinner things are clearing away.

Old Sheridan, who knew the world even better than the world knew him—a bold word—declares in the “ Critic,” that the Puff prospective is one of the most ingenious of all the classes of puffing. Sir Edward Codrington and old red-nosed Brinsley are very different personages, in point of brain; yet it is curious, how circumstances have driven the contrivance into the one, that ingenuity taught the other.

The following paragraph appears in the *Plymouth Journal*:—“ Report from a high quarter in this neighbourhood says, that the Emperor of Russia has been graciously pleased to offer the command-in-chief of all the Russian Navy to our gallant countryman, Vice admiral Sir Edward Codrington.”

We think, that Admiral Codrington could make out a better case than any man living to the gratitude of Nicholas, if Kings or Czars had any gratitude. His battle of Navarino certainly saved the autocrat an infinity of trouble. We cordially wish to see Sir Edward exerting his diplomatic and naval propensities in any other service than our own.

We never doubted that if the papists once got leave to walk into parliament, they would walk in abundantly. The duke and his men denied this stoutly. The whole rabble of retainers, including those who wished to be retained, as well as those who were retained—the Grants, Huskissons, Palmerstons, Broughams, *et hoc genus omne*, “ swore in unison with the potential voice” of the dictator. But Protestant England declared with one voice, that popery was no more dead in its ambition than in its idolatry; and predicted, that the earliest opportunity of crowding Parliament with papists, would be seized on by that evil and unconstitutional faction; and what is the fact? The whole of England, in every corner where a papist worth a dozen acres can raise his head, will be thrown into a tumult of popular opposition, excited and embittered by the united virulence of partizanship and superstition.

“ The Hon. Edward Petre, a Roman Catholic of the highest rank, who lately qualified as a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and has just married one of the daughters of Lord Stafford of Jerningham, intends to offer himself for the representation of Pontefract, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, or a vacancy arising from any other cause.

“ It is expected that Townley Townley, of Townley, Esq., the head of one of the most ancient Roman Catholic families in England, will fill the office of High Sheriff of Lancashire for the ensuing year; and it is fully understood that Mr. Townley will offer himself for the representa-

tion of that county on the first occasion that may arise. Mr. Townley has already qualified as a magistrate.

“The Right Hon. Lord Clifford, one of the oldest and most violent of the English Catholic Peers, *qualified as a magistrate for Devonshire at the Castle of Exeter*, a few days since.”

In addition to those names, which are only the first fruits of that fine crop which the premier has sowed for the benefit of the Constitution, no less than *nine* Roman Catholics are among the High Sheriffs for the ensuing year. We are to recollect that there is no immediate prospect of a dissolution of Parliament, and that those names are not one in ten of the number that will start; that the “atrocious bill” is not yet a year old, and that the nine Sheriffs are but the first victories of the infant faction: and, more than this, we are to recollect how much more devotion those men will be ready to shew to the minister who gave them this power, than to the Constitution which repelled them, and which, so far as it still exists, repels them still.

Wolfe, the converted Jew, if he ever was a Jew, or is now a convert, has always redeemed his character with us, by the palpable appearance of the greatest possible deficiency of brains. That Wolfe was actually mad, we would not say, but if any one else had thought proper to say it, we should have by no means considered that any thing admitting of dispute was asserted. But the poor fellow had better have remained at home to feed on the fat of the land, of reality and abjure the barren delights of the tents of Beni Israel. Those Pachas are monstrously awkward personages to deal with; and if the Rabbi be still in the land of the living, he had better bring himself and Lady Georgina back again by the first balloon or steam boat from Beyroot to the Thames.

“A letter recently received in Bristol, states that the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, the converted Jew, who married Lady Georgiana Walpole; on his arrival in Palestine, having commenced preaching the Gospel, some of the Jews represented to the Pacha that they had received letters from their brethren at Amsterdam, that the pious missionary was come amongst them for the purpose of converting the Jews and Musselmans to Christianity. Upon which, it is added, his Highness caused him to be arrested, and the bastinado to be inflicted after the eastern fashion.”

The wits are prodigiously alive on the occasion of this application to the unlucky rabbi's feelings. Some have said that it was merely a Turkish way of making him pay his *footing*,—others that it was a peculiar attention to his *sole*,—others reprobate it, as an *underhand* mode of argument,—others think it the very best, as it left the rabbi not a *leg to stand on*,—others that it was advantageous, as allowing him to put his *best foot foremost*.

Still it is clear that the Pachas are clumsy fellows to manage, and that Wolfe, if he be wise, will forswear the “*argumentum baculinum*,” or bamboo logic, and hasten back to the pleasant confabulations of Harry Drummond, who is notorious through all Guildford for giving the best dinners and disputations, the largest quantity of Sack and Solomon, of any saint that thrives by money-changing in Merry England.

Lord Lowther is a man, who, we verily believe, would not hurt a mouse, in his own proper person. No man who sees his lordship's

tenderness of look, as he rides along the streets, particularly in the full season of Bond-street beauty, or has had the indulgence of meeting him as he brushes away the dew, through the Green Park, where the nursery maids have brushed away the dew just before; or who has been honoured by permeating the green-room boards of the King's Theatre, when the *premieres danseuses* are stretching their sandals preparatory to doing execution in the front of the curtain; can doubt that his lordship's heart actually overflows with the love of human kind. Yet in his lordship's administration of that mysterious and mighty office, which regulates the draining of the dry ditches round London, and the knocking down of the old houses that are spontaneously tumbling as fast as they can,—that high superintendance of mud and mortar, which, in the sacred technology of state, assumes the name of Woods and Forest—he seems to have the spirit of a Hyder Ali, or a Thomas Kouli Khan.

To say nothing of mounts of stone erected on every ten yards of every road for ten miles round the metropolis, which demolish stage coachmen daily, slay a regular allowance of retired citizens per week, are already sensibly thinning the Board of Aldermen, have produced the much heavier evil of turning Mr. Alderman Waithman into a speech-maker again; and make it a matter of life and death for a common councilman of any weight of metal to drive out to his villa, after a "dinner with the Ward;" his lordship has commenced his administration with digging two of the most devouring man-and-woman-traps since the days of the Minotaur.

"On Wednesday afternoon the body of a man was discovered by some passengers floating in the basin in the Green Park, which has newly been enclosed by a wooden paling. The alarm was instantly given, and drags being procured, the body was brought on shore. From the appearance of the deceased, he must have been some days in the water; he is about fifty years of age. He was rather genteely dressed in a black coat and trowsers, striped black silk waistcoat, and Wellington boots."

How this unlucky wanderer of the dark came by his fate, of course nobody thinks of asking, for it appeared that he had nothing in his pockets, a disqualification for public interest, dead or alive. But we shall gratify that part of the public who wish to evade the creditor and the sexton together, by the information that the Basin in the Green Park is still as accessible as ever, and possesses the very finest capabilities for speedy extinction in cases of accident or otherwise.

The water is seven feet deep in the shallowest part. But let not the experimentalist think that the affair is ended by his simply being popt twelve inches below the height of man. Every step he makes in his new element carries him a foot deeper down a slope which conducts him to a central cavity half a dozen feet deeper still, where nothing could fish him up short of a grappling iron and cable.

As to any hope of scrambling his way out when he has once tumbled in, there is no more than of Lord Goderich's being prime minister again; or of Mr. Banks's washing his much bedaubed reputation. The walls are of stone, smooth as Lady Blessington's skin, and perpendicular as the profile of the Duchess Dowager of Rutland, or little fly-a-way Lady Cowper's *one* ostrich feather. The best climber in Astley's would slip from it as if he were clinging to ice; and the stoutest swimmer from

this to the North Pole, would go to the bottom with fatigue before a police man would come to his call.

So much for the Green Park and its preserves of despairing milliners, and men unknown, in Wellington boots: all of which go to mingle with his Majesty's tea in Buckingham House; the basin being the grand provision of fluid for the sovereign and his household.

But, for those who prefer a still larger style of making their retreat, we propose the Serpentine; a public resource for escaping the troubles of this world, established in old reputation; but of late so much improved for the purpose, that it may be said to have been made anew. A few years ago if a drunkard fell in, or a passer by in the night made a false step, or an unhappy being attempted to take the final plunge, there was still a slight interval between him and destruction. But now every thing has been made commodious in the extreme. The wall has been smoothed to so perfect a level with the road, that the first fog would be as likely to lead the first lord of the Admiralty overhead and ears ten feet deep, as the dullest lubber that ever "had his grog aboard." A rail or battlement, or any thing in the shape of prevention, would be treason to the march of mind, and the whole passage to the other world is as plain as the palm of one's hand.

That the children and nurses who congregate about the Serpentine do not roll into it by the hundred weight, we cannot conceive; for the day of miracles is gone by. We suppose that they do, but as there are more than enough of both in the world, nobody inquires about them.

Yet we should think that Lord Lowther, who is *not* a married man, might have some compassion on the brood, and that he, not being plagued with the *res vocalis domi*, the "squalling brats and the scolding wife," as the old song has it, might put up a few palisadoes, if it were only for form's sake, and to spite the county coroner.

They may talk as they will of justice in Ireland, but it is a kind of justice which we hope will never come across the Channel. It is of that impartial nature which has been defined, reciprocal all on one side. The grand commission which went down with such pomp, a few weeks ago, to clear the country of all offenders, White-boys, Liberators, and so forth, has returned to Dublin with its finger in its mouth, the Solicitor-General leading the van, and Mr. Serjeant Gould making puns all the way.

The wisdom of resting the conviction of a combination of assassins on a single approver, who, of course must be a villain, was shown by the fact, that after giving evidence sufficient to bring the verdict of the jury full against the men first tried, it was found good for nothing in the next instance. And this result, which every one who knows of what clay approvers are made, must have expected soon or late, an approver being always ready to push his testimony as far as any one will ask for it, put the Solicitor General and the Crown lawyers into such a state of consternation, that they fled the country at once, letting seventeen individuals loose upon mankind, who, we hope, will not come to be neighbours of ours, purified as they are. Not a single point of the evidence was disproved. All the details of the open conspiracy, the signatures for murder, the purchase of powder and ball, the routes marked out for the assassins, the gentlemen designed for the victims, the reasons for not firing at them this day and for firing at them the next, the actual firing

and wounding; all this was proved by testimony and circumstance. But it turned out that, on a subsequent trial, the approver was found to swear to things beyond his knowledge; and this, for which every body must have been prepared but the Crown lawyers, was actually suffered to extinguish the whole previous *proof*, break up the verdict, and let the condemned walk about their business. The "seventeen" whom the Crown had declared to be conspirators, and forming part of an extensive combination, as dextrously arranged and as mischievously inclined, as if the "Secret Committee of the Order of Liberators" had been at the bottom of the whole affair; were thus qualified to walk in the ways of honesty again, which, of course, was "all that they were ambitious of doing." But Messrs. Creagh and Low, who had been fired at are of another opinion, and we are not much surprised at their declared intention of avoiding the society of such personages as Leary, Shine, &c., by selling their property and leaving the country, while they can leave it alive.

Nothing can be more amusing than the perpetual pretence of foolish people in humble life to an intercourse with the higher ranks. They indulge their petty pride by talking of them with scorn, by burlesquing their supposed habits, and reprobating the vices which those higher ranks either think no vices at all, or contemptuously give up to the tongues of the multitude. But still, to know something of this scorned and satirized race, to have the presumed *entré* of a noble mansion, or to have dined with a peer, swells up the exultation of the coffee-house philosopher to a pitch that makes him instantly explode in speech, pamphlet, or novel. Let us hear the lucubrations of the well known Sir Richard Philips on his experience of the higher orders.

In the third portion of his "Personal Tour," he says—"As far as I had travelled, and had observed the mutual relations of the population, I had discovered but very partial sympathies among the various classes of the common human family. There were the high-bred *Aristocrats*, who associated with none but their class, and who mingled by forced and very casual condescensions with certain other classes. There were the *professions*, poor and proud, or rich and lordly; yet without being recognized by lords, however much they aped them in style and manners. Then there was the *Aristocracy of mere craft and position*, but one generation deep, and vulgar though affected; looking back with horror and contempt at the democratic base whence they had just sprung, yet shunned by the descendants of the Norman robbers and of the plunderers of the church and its charities. These classes constituted respectively 1 in 100, 15 in 100, and 10 in 100—or 26 families in every 100 in the country. All, however, concurred in shunning, keeping under, and enslaving the other 74, who seemed to submit with docility to the bridle or the whip. Never did there before exist greater incongruities."

Now, we will pledge the Order of the Garter against Sir Richard's own knighthood, that he knows no more of the Peerage than he knows of the Copernican system. The amount of his knowledge being that he has heard of both—that he has never been three consecutive minutes in the company of a man of rank but on Lord Mayor's Day; and that Joe Grimaldi, stripped of his clown's jacket and dressed in a black coat, might be made to pass upon him for the heir apparent, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“All the roads of the world,” says the Frenchman, “come to Paris.” But, we say, all the world itself comes to London. We have had for our own term of years, Monsieur Alexandre, who with twenty voices, could not get enough in Paris to keep one in tune.—M. Mazurier, who was dying to come to London, and when he left it died, and left the world without his equal as the rival of the baboon creation.—The Anatomie Vivante, who, after starving himself in Paris, grew so fat in London, that he lost his reputation—M. Chabert who lives in a glass-house, breakfasts on boiling lead—takes a *chasse caffè* of prussic acid.—The Duke of Orleans and M. de Chartres—and the Swiss giantess, and little Maria de Gloria. And now we have the Siamese youths! “An union in partition,” as Shakspeare describes Hermia and her friend—as Dan O’Connell describes England and Ireland—and as Sam Rogers describes his assistance to the wit of the John Bull.

All the philosophers, who are of course the greatest gossips suffered to live, are swarming about the phenomenon. Sir Astley Cooper has already offered to apply his skill to them, for 500*l.* and a pardon under the Privy Seal “in case of accident.” Sir Anthony Carlisle has, of course, already compiled a dissertation, in forty pages folio, of the densest kind, to set the next meeting of the College of Surgeons asleep, from the president down to the porter; and the whole body of the lecturers at the hospitals are looking keenly to their own arrangements in case of a catastrophe. Heaven help the poor savages in the midst of this world of science and scalpels! We only wish them safe home again, fishing quietly side by side in their own muddy river.

They are certainly a curious spectacle. Infants have been frequently born with a similar ligature between them. But we know of none that have attained such an age, strength, or stature.

Sheridan and the Critic again.

“It is reported in the higher circles, that HORACE TWISS, Esq., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, will shortly lead to the Hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. ORBY HUNTER. This young lady will eventually be entitled to an immense fortune.”

It would be pleasant to know who, of man and woman born, first, second, or third, reported this; or who in the bounds of creation believed it. This paragraph was however only a step. Then comes the next period; a most furious paragraph disclaiming the whole matter, swearing that Mr. T. never dropped his eyes upon Miss O. H., that he never knew she had a shilling beyond her pocket money, and, moreover, that it is perfectly well known that Mr. T. is *not* a marrying man at present. The third step will be *en règle*. The gentleman will beg to be admitted to apologize to the lady, and explain his utter innocence of the presumptuous paragraph in question; be enraptured by her condescension in believing him without any formality of law; and beg of her to accept tickets for her admission to the room above the Commons, on the first night of his oratory in the Session.

The Critic knew the ways of the “fascinating,” as well as most men alive, and we recommend the lady to think of her jointure.

Lord Mountcashel has been for some time carrying on an active con-

trovery on Irish Church affairs, with the Bishop of Ferns; which has exhibited the chief points of the question in a strong light. His lay lordship writes well, and is fully impressed with his own view of the subject; but he has had the misfortune to entangle himself in those knotty details from which nothing can extricate a controversialist but death. The bishop accordingly darts with great delight into all the complicated tale of "Unions," separations of parishes, glebes, and other technical stuff, in which the lay lord is naturally left at fault. But the true questions are—What has the establishment done for Protestantism in Ireland, during the last hundred years? This question is to be answered by Bishop Magee's declaration three years ago: "That the Protestant reformation was but then beginning;" the Protestant establishment having been in action for nearly three centuries before. This extraordinary uselessness has not arisen from the nature of the establishment, which is, perhaps, one of the noblest monuments of human wisdom, and which has preserved Christianity in England in the midst of the follies of contending sects, the violences of revolutions, and the commercial and political corruptions of the multitude. The fault is not in the bishops as such: but in the government which most sacrilegiously made the church patronage a tool, and crowded its ranks with men who had no other qualification than a vote, or some base parliamentary connexion.

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Dr. Yates, from an examination of the returns of the value of all livings not exceeding 150*l.*, made by the Archbishops to the King in Council, about ten years ago, states that there are 3,589 parochial benefices not exceeding 98*l.* a year: 4,809 without habitations fit for the residence of incumbents; more than 1,000 livings under 60*l.* a year; and 422 under 30*l.*

Mr. Thackeray, in 1822, estimated, from documents, the whole ecclesiastical revenue at 2,290,000*l.* He calculates two millions as the aggregate income of ten thousand benefices, which would give each incumbent but 200*l.* a year.

It is to be observed, with respect to Dr. Yates's statement, that though correct at the time, it is greatly above the value now; almost the whole of the benefices having fallen in income: some even so much as half within these few years. Livings which were worth thirteen hundred pounds a year, ten years ago, not being now worth six.

The Church, in England, is poor, too poor for the due exercise of its functions, or the fair remuneration for the common expences of education. No man can enter the Church under an expence of at least one thousand pounds, including his school and college expences; yet he may be a curate on 70*l.* a year for his life, and his living at last, can be little more, on the average of the multitude. Some large livings there are, and some large bishoprics, but the multitude must look only to the average, and that is 200*l.* a year. There is no trade in England in which a capital of 1,000*l.*, will not produce, in the hands of a man of common diligence, five times the amount after the first ten years. The livings in Ireland are also but 200*l.* a year, on the average, with the most extreme difficulty in the collection, and the chance of being shot at one's own door. But the subject is too extensive for us now. Reform is wanted,—but it is in the distribution of the patronage. Let the government choose disinterested bishops, and they will make good clergy.

The march of intellect is a fine affair, as all the world knows by the help of the London University; and the intellectuals are marching along with it. "Learn mathematics, physics, metaphysics, philology, and" fudge! says the incomparable system of the new illuminati, "and you will tread on the heels of the first lord in the land." This mode of treading down heels would be incomparable news to the poor Duke of Bedford, "widower bewitched" as he is; to the Duke of Devonshire, bachelor, as he is like to be; to the fat Duke of Buckingham, *Wyse*, as he is henceforward to be; or to the Duke of Gloucester, whose wisdom is sufficiently appreciated already.

But without plunging deeper into so absorbing a theme, we must advert to the growing elegance of the newspaper descriptions of persons. As, since Mrs. Fitzherbert ruled the roast, and the ruler of the roast, it was decreed, that "old women were no more;" and as, since Lady Jersey turned the critical side of thirty-five, it is voted, that the words, middle-aged woman, are as offensive as the imputation of grey hairs; an additional rule has since been made law, that every human being wearing a petticoat, the Highland regiments excepted, is to be denominated a lady. We see thus, in the beggarly detail of that very beggarly gentleman, Prince Leopold's conduct, about the pension to the coachman's daughter; this young person, whom we presume to be a very good daughter to a very good coachman, takes the style and title of Miss. The correspondence acquaints us, that *Miss Smith* has completed her education, has gone forth and returned, and lost her allowance in consequence of the lamented poverty of the destitute prince, who receives from the people of England no more than (we are actually ashamed to mention so paltry a sum,) about 60,000*l.* a year. To his Highness, the genuine copper captain, we shall return in good time. But our present purpose is to make it known to the world, that the coachman's daughter is *Miss Smith*.

The lady does not stand alone in her honours. A tavern at Poplar, that very high-bred and classic portion of the metropolis, took fire a few nights ago, and, of course, all the inmates were glad to jump out in any deshabelle they could. A fire is a frightful occurrence at best, but how much more frightful would it have been, if the elegance of the inmates had been conjectured; for all the bar-maids seem to have been persons of condition. We are told that the first bar-maid, "*Miss! Patrick*, being roused by the pot-boy," (we believe Charles Augustus Boots, Esq.) committed herself, without loss of time, to the sill of the window, and was thence taken off by a sailor bold. Her leap was fortunate, but she long attempted in vain to infuse a portion of her saliency into "the second bar-maid, *Miss! Whitlock*," who continued dubious of the leap, until the near approach of the fire, &c. But she, too, leaped, and was luckily saved.

Lord Alvanley, who says, that high life is so vapid, that he is forced to read the Bow-street reports to refresh, said, with his usual happiness, in allusion to the escape of those two fair ladies in their chemises, that, "though they had 'missed stays,' they were saved by seamanship after all."

We have more marches of intellect still. Greek is growing upon us to an extent that must rejoice the soul of a perfectibility man. Mr. M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. VIII. No. 48. 4 R

Mill, of the Westminster Review, must grow several inches taller upon the intelligence. There is serious hope, that, if we proceed as we have begun, in half a dozen years more, our shopkeepers will forget their English, and speak a delightful compound of every language from Calais to Constantinople. We have divans among our shops already; and the Sanscrit is making way in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square, and for several doors round the corner of Harewood-place.

But leaving the glorious influx of French, German, and Italian, to make up a jargon, which, like Corinthian brass, will be ten times more precious than the materials, we must exult, as a classic nation, in the brilliant supremacy of Greek in our shop windows.

When Loutherbourog, some years ago, called his pretty show-box an Eidophusikon, the world stared; and, as that was the very thing the cunning Swiss wanted of the world, we can only give him credit for his ingenuity. The citizens felt themselves the nobler members of society for having given their shillings to a show-box with so majestic a name. The squires were all driven to the aid of the parson of the parish to let them into the secret of this formidable appellation; and, having satisfied themselves that it meant neither magic nor treason, made their wills, booked themselves in the next stage, and boldly came up to town. The phusikon family had many branches; and a Birmingham razor-maker, gathering all the curiosities of that Vulcanian town, built a house for them, and invited the inhabitants of the universe to enter, and lay out their sixpences in honour of the Phusitechikon. But what is immortal in this world of mortality? The "Rana" dynasty were destined to eclipse this ancient stock. The Panoramas, Stereoramas, and Georamas, triumphed over all resistance. They have since been reinforced by the Cosmoramas and Dioramas. A Pelagorama is about to add to this interesting family; and an Astrorama is already on its descent, like an Avatar of Vishnu from the circle of the fixed stars. But the Ramas themselves must decay; for what under the sun is safe from the stroke of change? A new rival has sprung up in the shop windows, the mighty family of the Pans. We have a Panhermetikon which seals all the letters of a counting-house, were they as large as from Charing-cross to Cornhill, at a single impression. A Panthermanticon, or warming-pan, on a Colossal scale, and intended for giving an equality of caloric to the beds of a whole ship's company on a polar voyage; and a Pankeleustikon, or cabinet council trumpet, by which a minister, at the distance of Windsor or Walmer, may dictate his will to any number of his dependents sitting in Downing-street, and receive their submission, quicker than the telegraph could send it.

General science has not been forgotten in the favours conferred on mankind by the Pan dynasty. We have a Panphologisticon for giving house-warmings—a Panagorastikon for writing down speeches, intended for public meetings, parliament, and the common council. But other arts are taking their share. A barber of genius has already established an Eukeirogenion, or a contrivance for unparalleled ease and elegance of shaving; though, whether this is to be effected by a new soap or a new razor, the happy obscurity of the title leaves the learned in doubt. That those fine accessions to literary taste will continue with a rapid increase, we have no doubt; and shall suggest a new Cakometer for the purpose of ascertaining their weekly increase; and a new Puffometer to make it known, with requisite honours, to the public of the most philosophical, gullible, and puzzleable nation under the sun.

The Omnibus system is *progressing*, as Jonathan says; and when we consider that the Omnibus carries its freight of twenty solid citizens at the rate of ten miles an hour, we may fairly apply the word. We hope that some active legislator in the coming session will redeem the character of Parliament by showing that it is doing something, and that the mode of redemption will be by allowing us to have an Omnibus in every street. We should be glad of this, if it were only for the sake of the shivering poor devils of Hackney coachmen whom we see frozen on their boxes in this merciless weather. If they were all turned into the snugly great-coated and well fed fellows that pilot the Omnibus, they and we would be equally comforted.

But discontent among the whips is, at present, the popular sentiment. Witness the following Sapphics by a driving son of Apollo, Phaeton being the original neck-and-neck charioteer.

## COACHMAN.

Tell me, Jem, now what'll be thy calling?  
Smashed is my coach—my occupation gone, too!  
No more shalt thou vociferate in loud tones—  
“Plenty o’ room, Sir!”  
No more shall I, in toggery of Witney,  
Knowingly cock my castor all o’ one side:  
No more the girls shall titter, “What a handsome  
Paddington coachman!”

## CAD.

Master, I’m blow’d if ever body see’d such  
Vehicles as them Homnibuses, vot have  
Come on the road, and obligated us to  
Go to the vorkhouse.  
Shillibeer, damn him! ’nopolizes all the  
Road, for he claps the rum ’uns *in* alongside  
Of the real gemmen, twenty on ’em, just like  
Hens in a hencoop.

## COACHMAN.

No bobs nor tanners can I give thee now, Jem;  
Quarter-day’s come! I see a bailiff crossing—  
Slip in with me, although I’m done, I’ll stand some  
Max at the Stingo.—[*Age*.

Fawcett has been desperately worried to make him turn bountiful in his old age; but the “old veteran,” as that bustling and pleasant personage, Robins, the Auctioneer, calls every one above thirty, is iron and brass to the hint, and buttons up his pocket with ten times the ferocity at every new call upon his feelings. The attack, however, goes on, and we recognize the energy of the Auctioneer’s pen in the following paragraph, which has appeared in the papers, and which ought to shake the “old veteran” out of his prudence.

“We very reluctantly give credit to the report that a comic actor, at Covent-Garden Theatre, an old favourite of the public, who, by means of a large salary, coupled with a life of prudence, has become an *independent gentleman*, is the only individual connected with that establishment who has positively *refused* to unite with his fellow-labourers in their endeavours to keep afloat the theatrical vessel, by depositing with the treasurer a certain portion of their weekly incomes, to be converted

to the use of the theatre in case of need; and on the contrary, to be paid to them at the end of the season. This veteran comedian, it is said, insists upon the '*pound of flesh, the whole penalty of his bond.*'"

The truth is, Fawcett intends to retire, and sees no reason why he should not keep what he has got, no matter how, where, or when. He is a clever actor, and we shall regret to lose the finest living representative of a testy old fellow, with a very tight pocket.

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Are men to dream for ever of fairy land?

"We hear that in two or three of the Irish counties soon to be contested, the electors intend to call on some person to represent them, whom they believe will and can have no *personal* or *private* interests to advance with the Government. All electors would do well to attempt a similar course."

Fudge! Where are they to find them?

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Nothing can be more true than the natural conjunction of fanaticism with profligacy. The grossness of foreign countries is proverbial, yet there the priest is the *magister morum*; and master of every thing else, except in the capitals, where they have taken leave of the fanaticism only to fill up the space with a double measure of the profligacy. The examples of the fanaticism are sometimes ludicrous enough.

"In a village, six leagues from Strasburg, a priest interdicted his parishioners from dancing, and said that whoever would have the assurance after *his* warning to indulge in this amusement, *would be struck dead with thunder.* In spite, however, says the Figaro, of the thunder, or rather the priest, the dancing went on as usual."

In England we have a vast quantity of foolery, and sometimes not a little extortion, perpetrated under the name of this transcendental piety. The breaking down of the pious firm in the Poultry, did something for the exposure of this system of charity-and-joint-stock-dealing. The little societies scattered through the country, and superintended by bitter old devotees, for extracting their farthings from the peasantry, who have none to spare, deserve a similar exposure, not for their religion, but for the direct contrary. Those things are no part of religion, they bring disrepute on it; and the man who values it as it deserves, will be the first to discountenance the perpetual fussing, bustling, officious, meddling, and impudent money-raising, that distinguishes the rambling piety of our petticoat collectors of Peter's pence, and the worldly artifice of individuals whose duty it should be to restrain the giddiness of female fanaticism. The peasant's reply, which we give, ought to be framed and glazed, for a general answer to those holy tax-gatherers.

The wife of a sanctified person, in one of our country parishes, in the course of her tour called on a labourer in the parish of C., for his hebdomadal penny; but the man's eyes had been opened, and he declined giving any thing for the future. "R. B.," said this hitherto winning dame, "do you know your neighbour O.?"—"Oh, yes," quoth Robert.—"Do you know he lost a cow last week?"—"Verily," responded Bob, "I do, worse his luck!"—"Fellow," added the disappointed lady, "he withheld his subscription penny the week previous, and God's visitation for such has fallen justly upon him! Take great care lest a similar calamity fall not on you!"—"It can't, Madam, for I keeps never a cow!"

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Miss Landon's new Poems:—The Venetian Bracelet, &c.*; 1829.—Here is some of the staff of poetry—feeling, absorption, force. We confess our surprise. The admirers of Miss Landon's early efforts will smile at our late discovery; but none of them, in their zeal to insist upon original excellence, will surely be so impolitic as to deny she *mends*. Conscious she *could* mend, she has set to with all her soul and spirit, and is reaping the fruits of well-directed labour. She has rigorously taxed her powers, and, in the same proportion, strengthened them. There is less, in her present performances, of the flourish of versification, and more concentrating of feeling. She is more correct—more specific—more true. These are the results of labour, but of successful labour. They bear the visible impressions of care; but they prove also the virtue of care. Miss Landon must henceforth class with the first of the poets of the day, and need fear no rival. No longer a mere annualist, she must be as distinct and alone as Campbell or Moore. No longer one of the lady-poets, but matching with masculine minds. Her preface is well considered and conciliating. She avows her faith in the great and excellent influence of poetry. It is, in her conceptions, calculated to counteract the corruptions of luxury. Selfishness too surely follows indulgence, and heartlessness attends on refinement. To elevate, she feels she must soften; and before she can purify, she must touch: and, accordingly, disappointment—the fallen leaf—the faded flower—the broken heart—the early grave, constitute the *materia medica* of her remedial poetry. “Surely,” she observes, “we must be less worldly, less interested, from this sympathy with the sorrow in which our unselfish feelings alone can take part.” No doubt with the more susceptible; but this same selfishness will wind through the labyrinths even of imaginary woes, and escape pursuit.

Another tale of thine! fair Italie—

What makes my lute, my heart, ay turn to thee?

I do not know thy language,—that is still  
Like the mysterious music of the rill;—  
And neither have I seen thy cloudless sky,  
Where the sun hath his immortality;  
Thy cities crowned with palaces, thy halls  
Where art's great-wonders light the storied  
walls;  
Thy fountains' silver sweep, thy groves, where  
dwell

The rose and orange, summer's citadel;  
Thy songs that rise at twilight on the air,  
Wedding the breath thy thousand flowers sigh  
there;

Thy tales of other times, thy marble shrines,  
Lovely though fallen,—for the ivy twines  
Its graceful wreath around each ruined fane,  
As still in some shape beauty would remain.

I know them not, yet, Italie, thou art  
The promised land that haunts my dreaming  
heart.

But now, whenever I am mixed too much  
With worldly natures till I feel as such;  
When wearied by the vain, chilled by the cold,  
Impatient of society's set mould—  
The many meannesses, the petty cares,  
The long avoidance of a thousand snares,  
The lip that must be chained, the eye so taught  
To image all but its own actual thought;  
When worn, by nature struggling with my fate,  
Checking my love, but, oh, still more my hate;  
Wearied of this, upon what eager wings  
My spirit turns to thee, and bird-like flings  
Its best, its breath, its spring, and song o'er  
thee,

My lute's enchanted world, fair, Italie.  
To me thou art a vision half divine,  
Of myriad flowers lit up with summer shine:  
Of Vineyards like Aladdin's gem-set hall,  
Fountains like fairy ones with music's fall;  
Of sorrows, too; for e'en on this bright soil  
Grief has its shadow, and care has its coil—  
But e'en amid its darkness and its crime,  
Touched with the native beauty of such clime,  
Till wonder rises with each gushing tear:—  
And hath the serpent brought its curse even  
here?

Such is the tale that haunts me—&c.

This tale tells of a young and lovely Italian, brought up as a peasant-girl, but finally discovered to be the heiress of a princely house and a princely fortune. In her lowliness she had, by her native charms, won the affections of a noble; and, in her magnificence and splendour, she waits with impatience for his return to throw all at his feet. He returns, but with a bride in his hand—the certainty of which stirs up the sleeping demon within her, and, with a Venetian facility, poisons her. The husband is suspected, tried, and condemned; when the wretched woman, to save the life of the man she still loves, confesses her guilt, and, exhausted by the convulsions of emotion, dies at his feet. The main points are touched with a learned spirit of human dealing, and the effect decisive.

The “History of the Lyre” has powerful passages. The improvising lady argues keenly and feelingly:—

Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.  
Yon Eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;  
Ay! it has radiant colours—every leaf  
Is as a gem from its own country's mines.  
'Tis redolent with sunshine; but with noon  
It has begun to wither;—look within,  
It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;  
It has dwelt too much in the open day,  
And so have I; and both must droop and die!  
I did not choose my gift:—too soon my heart,  
Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour  
Than time had reached: and as my years  
passed on,  
Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,

And thought found words, the passionate words  
of song,  
And all to me was poetry.  
We dress our words and looks in borrowed  
robes :

The mind is as his face—for who goes forth  
In public walks without a veil at least?  
'Tis this constraint makes half life's misery.  
'Tis a false rule : we do too much regard  
Others' opinions, but neglect their feelings ;  
Thrice happy if such order were reversed.  
Oh, why do we make sorrow for ourselves,  
And, not content with the great wretchedness  
Which is our native heritage—those ills  
We have no mastery over—sickness, toil,  
Death, and the natural grief which comrades  
death—

Are not all these enough, that we must add  
Mutual and moral torment, and inflict  
Ingenious tortures we must first contrive?  
I am distrustful—I have been deceived  
And disappointed—I have hoped in vain.  
I am vain—praise is opium, and the lip  
Cannot resist the fascinating draught,  
Though knowing its excitement is a fraud—  
Delirious—a mockery of fame.  
I may not image the deep solitude  
In which my spirit dwells. My days are past  
Among the cold, the careless, and the false—  
&c. &c.

*Travels in Chaldaea, &c., by Captain Mignan ; 1829.*—Captain Mignan is an officer in the East India Company's service, and from Bussorah projected a visit to Bagdad and the ruins of Babylon, which he successfully accomplished, chiefly on foot, attended by half a dozen Arabs, and up the Tigris as far as Bagdad, accompanied by a boat with eight stout rowers. After leaving Koorna, the ancient Apamea, built at the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris ; and proceeding up the Tigris, the *untrodden* desert was, he observes, on both banks. This spot, he adds, "is conjectured to be the site of the Garden of Eden—consequently there appeared, as the prophet Joel says, the land of Eden before us, and behind us a desolate wilderness." Nevertheless, Captain Mignan could see nothing but desolation before any more than behind. A few miles north of the confluence of the rivers, he detected the ruins of a bridge, which none of his companions had ever seen before—they having always passed the spot when the river was full, and that was now unusually low. The ruins extend sixty feet by seventeen ; and the highest point of the most perfect pier eight feet above the surface of the stream—all of brick, kiln-burnt of course, or it could not so long have stood the action of the water. Col. M. Kinnier mentions a boat of his stranding on one of the piers of an ancient stone bridge, somewhere hereabouts—probably the same, but stone of course it was not. There is none in the country, except here and there a solitary piece of considerable dimensions, for the appearance of which nobody accounts. Brick, sun-burnt or kiln-burnt, is the sole

building materials, which well accounts for the general crumbling of the ruins, and the floods, as well for the clean sweeping of the country, leaving nothing but the larger masses.

A few miles still higher up the river, he meets with the ruins of Mumliyah, which are described in Mr. Keppel's Personal Narrative, very accurately Captain Mignan allows, except that he has unluckily placed them on the wrong side of the river. This, however, is a little blunder of the Captain's own ;—he has not observed, and very odd it is, he has not, that travellers, speaking of right and left banks of rivers, refer to the course of the stream, while he himself chooses to talk of right and left with reference to his own course. Mr. Keppel places the ruins on the left bank, that is, as every body would understand him, on the east bank, and on the east bank Captain Mignan finds them.

Within a few miles of Bagdad, he passed the site rather than the ruins of Ctesiphon, though one magnificent piece still survives the effects of time, violence and inundation, the Tauk Kesra—Taук meaning arch, and Kesra being the family name of the Parthian kings. The eastern face of the ruin extends 300 feet. The arch itself is semi-circular, 86 feet in the span, and rising to 103. The whole front is surmounted by four rows of small arched recesses, resembling in form the larger one. Ctesiphon was the Parthian city ; and digging into one of the neighbouring mounds Captain Mignan had the felicity of discovering a silver coin of one of the Parthian kings, and a brass one of Seleucus Nicator. On the opposite bank of the river stood Seleucia, the Greek city, but there the devastation is even more complete—not one building remains.

For particulars descriptive of Bagdad, the author refers to Col. M. Kinnier's faithful account, only glancing himself at a few of the principal buildings, and hastens to Hillah and the site of Babylon—the ultimate and chief object of his tour. These he carefully travelled over on foot, and has as carefully described—the description is the most complete that has been given, and probably the most to be relied upon. He gives also a ground plan on a scale of nearly an inch to a mile. Hillah on the west bank, the modern representative of Babylon, is a miserable, dirty, neglected spot, very like Bussorah, and contains the same number of inhabitants, about 6,000. The most remarkable ruins on the surrounding plain—consisting of masses of broken brick-work—are Mujelibah about three and a half miles to the north of Hillah, and on the east side of the river, and one mile from the river ; a second mass called the Kasr, nearly midway between Mujelibah and Hillah, close to the river, and also on its eastern bank ; and a third called Birs Nemroud, five miles to the south of Hillah, and as many from any

point of the west bank of the river. This Birs Nemroud has been usually taken for the great Temple of Belus—the Tower of Babel—especially by Niebuhr, and more recently by Rich and Buckingham; but Captain Mignan, apparently on better grounds, concludes for the identity of Mujellibah. Herodotus does not state on which side of the river the temple stood, nor does Diodorus expressly, though he furnishes ground for a fair inference in favour of the east. And certainly if the Kasr be the palace, and either Mujellibah or Birs Nemroud must be the temple, the former has the fairest claim—Birs Nemroud is far too much out of the way. The Mujellibah exceeds the Birs Nemroud in bulk, though not in height—it rises 139 feet at the S.W., and slopes unevenly to 116. N.E. The north side is 274 yards, the south 256, the east 226, and the west 240—the base consisting of kiln-burnt bricks, and the upper part of sun-dried.

The Kasr is close to the river; and a palace, it is known, was built on each bank, communicating with each other by a tunnel under the river (the Euphrates at this point is from five to six hundred feet). These ruins, though now on the east bank, are supposed to be those of the palace of the west—the river having, some how or other, got again into the bed originally dug for it, while the tunnel was constructing. Such a supposition accounts for present appearances—great ruins on the east bank, and scarcely any on the west; though there, it is known, stood the larger palace.

Though of immense bulk the Birs Nemroud is inferior to Mujellibah. It is of solid kiln-burnt masonry, and has something of a tower-like appearance—it is pyramidal, 722 yards round the base, with the remains of a tower at the top—which appearance probably misled—if misled they were—those who have assigned to these ruins the honour of the Tower of Babel.

The author expresses his obligation to Major Rennel for his approbation of his labours. The major himself patronizes Mujellibah, and Captain Mignan is apparently somewhat biassed by his friend's opinion. The question is far from being decided. The solution depends upon the identity of the Kasr and the palace, and that, it should seem, is far from clear. Nevertheless, Captain Mignan has furnished the best account of the relics of Babylon that has ever been published.

*Tales of my Time*, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1829.  
—These tales—there are but two, and neither of them very descriptive of “my time”—are the handy works of the author of *Blue-Stocking Hall*, a very clever, off-handed sort of person, with strong and even fierce antipathies—troubled with no doubts or misgivings—dealing out damnation against all reformers and radicals in church and state—apt and ready at an invidious imputation, and refusing poor Mr. Godwin,

the very martyr of opinion, sincerity for sentiments, which, whatever might be thought of their value, bespoke person of common candour at least the deepest conviction of the author. The writing, however, is often vigorous and effective, exhibiting, as the tales develop, no common powers of pathos—great delicacy and propriety in domestic scenes, and a warmth of feeling very attractive; but the construction of the tales, both of them, is miserable, and the sentiments too furiously instructive. One describes a hero over-indulged in childhood, and as he grows up, of course, taking the bit into his mouth, and rushing headlong to his own destruction. The other, though more carefully drilled, yet, on extraordinary excitement, starting from the course, and running wild into politics and philosophy, but happily, plucked, like a brand, from the burning, while his wicked associates, one and all, receive their deserts, some on the rebel field, and some on the inglorious gibbet—taking to the high-way, when treason no longer thrives.

The first tale, though professing to rest *partly* on facts, is a very thread-bare piece of romance—a foundling girl, turning out the daughter of an English earl, by a Spanish lady, legally married, but scandalously abandoned. The child, by the treachery of a nurse, falls into the hands of gypsies, who sell the beautiful girl to a fond foolish mother to be the plaything of her darling boy. The boy and girl are brought up together at home, under the care of an excellent tutor, and what young master refuses to learn, the little docile and lovely girl eagerly seizes. As they grow up, warmly attached to each other, embarrassments of course arise, but the mother confides in her own management, and has no fears that her son will degrade himself by a mesalliance. The poor girl is still, nobody knows who, and meets with mortifications which sink deep into her sensitive bosom, and her protectress has none of the delicacy that soothes and conciliates—the tutor is her sole consoler. The youth for the first time leaves home on going to Oxford, where he mixes with the titled and extravagant, spends, games, and anticipates his resources—visits the continent, gathers up every folly on his way, and finally returns a finished profligate, but still passionately attached to his early and beautiful companion. Though shocked at the visible change, Zorilda, too, still fondly clings to him. The mother, appalled at the prospect, demands of her protégée a written renunciation of all desire or intention to marry her son (now become a lord, by his father's accession to a superior title), which she indignantly refuses, and the necessity for quitting the house immediately follows. Just at this period she gets a glimpse of her birth, and on her way to claim the protection of a lady who had anticipated the probable necessity of it, and promised it, she encounters her father—a peer of the realm,

but not yet free to acknowledge his daughter. A few months, however, remove the impediments, and he hastens to hail her as Lady Zorilda Fitzhugh, but too late. She is deep in the descent of a decline, hurried toward the grave by a succession of harassing circumstances—especially by the thorn that pressed for ever upon her gentle heart—her anonymous existence—and by the intemperance of her lover, who, in a fit of desperate jealousy, had shot an innocent person, and only escaped hanging by dying of a fever, the effect of undisciplined passions.

The other tale, entitled the *Young Reformers*, is the story of a clergyman's family in the west of Ireland, whose three sons, to the misery of their excellent parents, are seduced into association with the Irish rebels in the miserable year of 1798. One perishes on the rebel field of battle, another is saved from the scaffold by sinking into incurable idiocy, while the third is happily rescued by judicious management. Though filled with the extravagant doctrines of the Jacobin leaders and French philosophers, and ready to go all lengths, the youngest—all indeed were young—finds himself not treated with all the confidence he is disposed to claim, and cooling in consequence, he seizes upon an offer procured by his parents from an uncle, a merchant in Canada, to take him into his counting-house. This uncle was a jewel of sound sense and safe conduct. He received his wayward nephew kindly and frankly, but abruptly cut short his haranging tendencies, and pithily baffled his political wisdom—kept him close to the desk—excused his neglects and blunders—employed him on distant expeditions to vary the scene and change his associations, and a promising progress was quickly made in reducing the young gentleman's conceit. By and by comes to the same office another nephew—a most grave, wise, and intelligent youth, who becomes a powerful ally in conducting the remedial process and completing the cure of his cousin. The two nephews are sent for three years to a distant fort, in connection with the Hudson Bay Company, to superintend the fur business, and in that lone and lorn station, the conversion is forcibly and firmly accomplished by dint of argument and solitude—he becomes thoroughly orthodox with respect to both church and state. On their return the two nephews become partners in the uncle's concern, and just as our hero is longing to revisit England, where one of his sisters has recently married an English earl, and is a lady star of fashion, the necessity is discovered by his ever-considerate uncle of sending him to Paris. Here, by the time the countess arrives, the young reformer, by an odd sort of manœuvre—becoming the protégée of an old maid—is so completely brushed up, and brilliantly polished, that he figures away among the lords and ladies of the fashionable world, like one of themselves. From this period all runs

smooth; he discovers his lost idiot brother, witnesses his death, and buries him, and gets a glimpse of his future bride—the uncle dies and leaves him at least 100,000*l.*, with which he purchases a charming estate in the emerald isle, marries the charming girl he had once before seen, with the dowry of a princess; and they are, of course, as happy as the day is long, as well as all his surviving connections, sisters and cousins, every one of them wise and beautiful, at least such of them as never were rebels.

*Picture of Australia; 1829.*—A very general but competent sketch of this new world—not taken by an eye-witness, for who is ever likely to see the whole?—but carefully made up by a collation of numerous accounts from the first settlers and voyagers to the last; and executed with more ability and zeal than such things usually are. No subject of any interest relative to these extensive regions is wholly neglected. In the term *Australia* the writer comprises the continent of New Holland and Van Diemen's island. The whole of the coast of New Holland, the line of which measures nearly 8,000 miles, the writer shews, has now, with the exception of about 500 miles in the north, been visited by British seamen, and even the unvisited 500 miles is on the point of being surveyed by Captain King, who has already made two or three voyages, and contributed much to the general knowledge of the shores. Of the interior nothing at all is known, except in the rear of the settlements in the south-east; but all that is known, especially of the coast, with scarcely any exceptions, is at present unfavourable for the convenience of man. Generally, appearances indicate barrenness, and symptoms every where press upon the observer of its being strictly a new world—not yet ripened, speaking without a figure, into fertility. It is thinly wooded—its rivers flow in uncertain channels—the staple of its soil is shallow—its vegetables fit only for animals—its roots insignificant—its fruits without size or sweetness—its animals ungregarious, and man in his very lowest state of degradation.

The quadruped class of animals is specifically distinct—marked by an incompleteness—a peculiarity, which has nothing like it in the more known and apparently older creations. The latest information confirms the conclusion that they are all of the *Marsupiatæ* class, that is, the females are all furnished with a sack or pouch (*marsupium*) attached to the abdomen, which partially or wholly covers the teats, and opens in the front. "Into this pouch the young are received, in a small, formless, and embryo state, and they remain fixed to the teats till they are perfectly formed, and have acquired a size proportional to the size of the parent animal; at which time they are detached, and the teat, which had previously been extended, slender, and probably reaching the stomach of the young animal, be-

comes shortened, so that the young can then suck milky nutriment, like the other mammalia." The only exceptions are dogs and rats, and there is very good reason for supposing that both these have been imported. The birds are more like those of the old world, modified only perhaps by circumstances of soil and climate; and so are the fish—both of them are capable of extensive and spontaneous migrations.

Man is in the most brutalized state of any part of the world. In the more favourable spots, as to soil and natural productions, he is found somewhat gentler, and somewhat better accommodated; but in his lowest state, he is here seen without houses, canoes, or clothing of any kind—floating a log, and striding it, to spear fish, or picking shells on the beach. Peculiarly ferocious, however, he is not, except when prompted by revenge, or to enforce family authority. The author finds no instance recorded of spontaneous attacks upon the crews that have landed there, or if they have at any time proved assailants, it seems to have originated in mistake. This is perhaps true of savages, all the world over. The accounts of navigators in the seventeenth century are not to be credited—they were in pursuit of plunder, and cared little for the feelings or the rights of the savage. They plundered him, or carried him off, and left behind them a hatred of strangers, and thirst of revenge. Where savages have proved cruel, they have been goaded into cruelty. Our own settlers, in New Holland—the very scum of the world—have not been favourable to any advance in civilization; and the fact is, that the few who have come into the towns and mingled with the whites, have universally become drunkards and beggars. The very children brought up in the schools, and discovering no inaptitude for learning, have all taken again to the woods.

Van Diemen is altogether a more favourable and finished country—more diversified with hill and dale, rock and forest—richer in soil, and more intersected by streams—from its size more accessible and better known—more equable and temperate in climate, and less exposed to the devastations of floods and droughts. The savage is low enough in the scale, but less so than the New Hollander; he is more ferocious, for if not worse treated generally, he has come into closer contact with the colonist—he feels more the encroachments of the whites—he finds himself driven more and more into the interior, and cooped up within narrower limits. Van Diemen is obviously destined to outstrip the older settlements of Sydney and its dependencies. The whole colonial population of New Holland amounts to nearly 50,000, and that of Van Diemen already to full half of that number.

The "Picture of Australia" is a very useful little book, and leaves nothing untouched. The reader will find all that is known of the Swan River, and the settlements now projecting there.

M. M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 48.

*Tales of Waterloo*, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.

—The production, beyond all question, of a soldier better acquainted with facts than books, except a few romances—but capable of vivid and vigorous description—full of spirit, frank and free, and smacking strongly of the mess-room, where nothing but the gallant and the gay will meet with ready listeners. The scenes of the writer's service, we may be sure, were chiefly Ireland and Belgium—he tells what he has witnessed, or has heard from competent authority, and has no fears of conveying erroneous impressions. The tales are wholly unconnected, but a slender narrative is spun, the threads of which here and there appear, just sufficient to remind the reader the same characters recur, and may be expected again. A little prelude sketch announces that the subsequent tales chiefly concern his old comrades.

A few dragoons and the flank companies of an infantry regiment are stationed far in the interior of Galway, in the inglorious and unsoldierly employment of still-hunting. Frank Kennedy, a young captain of dragoons, a bold and vigorous fellow, plays something like the hero of the book—the personage upon whom the author throws the interest of the piece, and whose adventures constitute the staple—the rest coming in episodically. Fishing one day in the lakes among the hills, he gets benighted, loses his way, drops suddenly upon a still party, and what was worse, among a den of outlaws, and escapes by a miracle and the manœuvres of a pretty woman, whose husband, one of the outlaws, though the least committed by atrocities, Kennedy, in gratitude, takes under his protection, and enlists in his own company. This adventure furnishes an animated sketch, and the outlaw's own story, another. News now arrives of Napoleon's return, to break the monotony of country quarters, and quickly follows the route for Belgium. The incidents of the march supply new materials, and the officers, one after another, trace their former adventures, among others, Frank Kennedy and the colonel. Frank, in particular, was the son of a soldier of fortune who married a Connemara heiress, with the property already a "trifle in debt," which the captain's skill, in matters of domestic economy, was not calculated to lessen. The son was likely to get but little, and he was prudently placed with an uncle, an attorney in Dublin, who, at the first glance, augured ill of the "wild eye in his head." An act of heedlessness, by which papers of value were lost, speedily confirmed the uncle's augury, and the unlucky youth was returned as incorrigible. Reaching home, he found the county in the full fervour of a contested election, and the father being confined by the gout, he was forthwith commanded to tend the tenants to the poll, with strict injunctions not to overdo the matter, nor poll each man more than twice. This was a scene and a commission just fitted for the lad's spirit, and

the activity and effect with which he wielded a cudgel, and deterred the opponent's voters, attracted the notice of the successful candidate. A commission in the militia was obtained for him, and in a few months, by a turn-out, he got himself a lieutenantcy in the line, and was ordered to join the army in Portugal. A few days spent on his way, at his uncle's in Dublin, were sufficient for himself and a charming cousin to fall in love with each other, and swear eternal attachment. She was indeed a very charming girl, thoroughly Irish, with little romance, and plenty of plain speaking and plain acting—full of life and vivacity, but without possessing some prudence and soberness—and, as it proved, true as the needle to the pole. Returning, after a few years service, Frank found his uncle dead, and his charming cousin gone, nobody knew whither.

The regiment reaches Brussels, in due course, a few weeks before the battle of Waterloo, and in the meanwhile the author sketches the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the imposing scene of the Champ de Mai. In the park of Brussels, the day of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, among the groups, which were the last to retire, was one consisting of Kennedy and two of his brother officers, when, suddenly, a lady, closely wrapped up, presented herself, singled out Kennedy, and took him aside. To Kennedy's great perplexity, the lady put several searching questions touching the state of his heart, and his disposition to marry, and finally left him, half convinced she must be his own charming cousin. At the ball he detects this very cousin in propria persona, splendidly dressed, but, such was the thickening crowd, before he could force his way to the spot, she had vanished, and he pursued her in vain. The same night he discovers from a comrade, that a gentleman, or rather according to his account, judging from the anecdotes and the embarrassment, a lady had been at his apartments inquiring about him; and this same comrade, for the humour of the thing, thinking the visit was prompted by feelings of jealousy, had exaggerated to her poor Kennedy's peccadilloes and terrible profligacies. Two notes from his cousin, for it was she herself, fell into Kennedy's hands together—one freely offering herself and her fortune, some 5,000*l.* a year—the other renouncing him and returning his keepsake. Distracted by these communications, as he was, he had not one moment to pursue the adventure or seek an éclaircissement—the hour for the march was arrived. Descriptions follow of a very animated kind, of the scenes at Quatre-bras and Ligny, and the bivouac on the field of Waterloo on the eve of the battle. Kennedy and a Major Macarthy, an old comrade, command the cavalry picket, and the night is whiled away by the major's story, which has more of the romantic and the tragic than any other of the set, and is exceedingly well told. In the battle Kennedy is wounded and left on

the field, where, the next day, his cousin, fearlessly and eagerly seeking him among the dead and dying, finds him, takes him in her carriage to Brussels, and nurses him, and finally places herself and her 5,000*l.* a year under the command of the gallant captain—now major, of course.

*Sir Andrew Halliday's Letter to Lord Robert Seymour, and Report on the Number of Lunatics in England and Wales; 1829.*—For the last twenty years Sir Andrew Halliday has distinguished himself by his zeal for discovering the actual state of lunacy in this country, and has now published a valuable pamphlet on "Lunacy-statistics." The parliamentary committee of 1806 could find only 2,248, while Sir Andrew, by a personal perambulation through the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk alone, discovered 230 not returned. The committee of 1815 doubled the number, and Sir Andrew has now, by his own efforts, procured returns which bring up the number actually to 13,000 and upwards, and with almost a certainty to 15,000.

From his tables, the author makes some general remarks, which may deserve attention. The agricultural counties, he finds, have the largest proportion of lunatics, or, at least, of idiots. This is contrary to the common notion, and may originate in something quite distinct from agricultural labour. Very little, we believe, is known at present, of the effects of different soils on the corporal, and, of course, on the intellectual qualities. In England scarcely one-third of the population are employed agriculturally; in Wales something more than one-half; and in Scotland, in Sir Andrew's opinion, two-thirds, though the returns of 1821, by some mistake, gave only one-third. Supposing his opinion correct with respect to Scotland, the returns of lunatics support his general conclusion, for England furnishes one lunatic for every thousand of the population—Wales one for every 800, and Scotland one for every 574. But leaving Scotland out of the question—though nobody doubts the greater prevalence of lunacy there—twelve English counties, where the majority are agricultural, give one in 820, and idiots to lunatics as seven to five;—twelve counties where the majority are *not* agricultural, one in 1,200, and more lunatics than idiots. Moreover, in the maritime counties, the lunatics exceed those of the interior:—six maritime give one in 1,000, with idiots to lunatics as two to one; and six inland one in 1,165, and idiots as five to three. But anomalies occur in counties adjoining, and similarly circumstanced, for which he can at present furnish no solution. Northampton has most lunatics, and Nottingham the fewest, of all the counties. Looking to the Hereford returns, he concludes cider is not very favourable to intellectual soundness.

The author also finds fewer lunatics among the cotton works than the woollen,—

and asks, is it because the cotton spinners are employed from an earlier age, and so are necessarily a more ignorant class? This query implies an opinion a little at variance with his account of the agricultural districts, where he supposes the prevalence of lunacy to originate in the "greater ease and indolence of the people, with a half-cultivated state of mind." Is he not looking for opposite results from the same or similar causes? Out of the whole 13 or 15,000, he finds 11,000 paupers, that is, apparently, the uncultivated go mad more frequently than the cultivated, which is again contrary to common conclusions; but, of course, general facts must stand before partial guesses. More ingredients, however, than mere want of cultivation, will be required to make out the rationale of all this—hard work and hard living, and the division of labour which confines numbers too closely to the *same* objects, and many more. But our Statistics are all, at present, far too incomplete to allow of correct generalization. We question much if there are yet data sufficient to confirm the author's conclusion, that lunacy, for the last twenty years, has increased faster than the population. But Sir Andrew is a diligent man—is committed to the subject, and must pursue it.

*Family Library, No. VII. History of Insects, Vol. I.; 1829.*—So close and persevering an attention does the study of insects demand, to get at any minute acquaintance with their habits, that it would be difficult to name the subject in which the general inquirer is more indebted for information to particular individuals. So absorbing is the devotion it requires, that few are ever likely to pursue the subject with the necessary zeal; and without zeal or even enthusiasm, nothing can be done. The generality of people must be, and are content on these matters with the accounts of others; and the more popular, that is, the less mixed up with the paradiings and fopperies of science, "falsely so called," the more welcome such accounts are. Such is the work before us: People, moreover, are content with wondering at the marvels of the insect creation, without even attempting to satisfy themselves by ocular proof, except by occasional glances, where specific facts are pointed out. A few broad facts and general results are all that are cared for. The want of practical utility, besides, deters; and the sensation is not a pleasant one, to read, for instance, of acari, till the flesh creeps, and one feels being devoured.

No wonder—such is the indefatigable vigilance the subject requires—no wonder the older naturalists, the first observers, blundered egregiously, mistaking animals for fruits, or imagining plants were turned into gall-flies; or supposing insects, which they saw emerging from excrescences, without visible inlet, were sucked up by the roots with the juices, or generated by putre-

faction. Closer inspection has dispersed all such delusions; and generation, among them, is no longer to be believed "equivocal," though it be still often obscure enough.

Steady and unprogressive as animals generally, and insects in particular, seem, the instances are endless, where all of them are found to vary their conduct according to circumstances. These, in the case of insects, the writer diligently brings forward to make them bear against the doctrine of Materialism—"Their very mistakes and irregularities cause us," he observes, "to doubt the doctrine that all their actions are the result of organization." To us all this appears a superfluous anxiety; for the marvels of organization are not made a whit the less marvellous, nor is our knowledge in the least degree augmented. What life is we still know not; and without organization there is, plainly, no discernible life. Opportunities, too, we observe, are carefully sought to point out instances of particular benevolence—some instances kill their young to protect them from starvation. Proofs of special providences, in like manner, are studiously produced—as, where one species inordinately increases, there its *natural* enemies increase too—and this is said in the teeth of prodigious devastations. These are hazardous remarks; for they seem, often, to tell against the very principle they are brought forward to support. Particular severity does not readily establish general protection—where all is in the same hands. Confession of ignorance is better, at all times, than dogmatism.

There is less twaddle, however, than in any book of Natural History we ever read. Speaking of the battles of ants, he says, "the causes which give rise to these wars are, no doubt, as important to them, as those which urge human monarchs to devastate, and human heroes to struggle for victory. The ants will dispute furiously about a few square feet of dust; and such an object is of equal importance to them, as a river or a mountain to an emperor, &c." Similar nonsense, however, is rare in this well-written volume.

Bees, and especially hive-bees, and ants, acting in communities, as they do, and so being more open to observation, occupy a large space—Huber, of course, supplying the chief materials. The humble bee, and the solitary bees, such as the mason, the carpenter, the upholsterer, all of them but little known, have every thing told of them, we believe, that is known. The old naturalists talk of bees flying with little stones to prevent their being carried away by the wind; and every body, of course, remembers Virgil's lines to the same purpose. These, it seems, must have been the *mason-bees* carrying materials for building their nests.

Whatever flowers, bees, when they are in search of honey, first alight upon, they are

said, by Dobbs, to keep to. If one begins with a daisy, it will continue loading from daisies, to the neglect of clover, honey-suckles, and violets, though these abound and the other be scarce. In this observation, he adds, he is confirmed by seeing each load on the legs of a bee of one colour. The writer does not confirm this, and we ourselves seem to have observed the contrary fact—still it may be so.

When describing the enemies of the aphides, he speaks of the lady-bird. The French call it *Bête de la Vierge*, or *Vache à Dieu*—the word *lady*, of course, refers to the Virgin. It is difficult to trace the origin of popular favour towards this insect; but it at least deserves that of the hop-grower. In 1827, the writer observes, the shore at Brighton, and all the watering-places on the south coast, were *literally* covered with them, to the terror of the inhabitants—they being ignorant that these insects were emigrating after having cleared the neighbouring hop-grounds of the destructive aphid.

Among our personal tormentors is the *bug*, which the author describes as not having been long known in this island. "Had it been common," he is quoting Kirby, "the two noble ladies, mentioned by Mauffet, would have scarcely mistaken their bites for plague-spots." This, by the way, is very poor evidence—many a lady probably never saw or felt one—the bug associates only with *filth*. "They were first known," he adds, "by the name of wall-louse. It was not till the middle of last century that they began to be styled bugs, or goblins, the word being of *Celtic* origin, and used in old versions of the Bible, in the sense of spirit; thus, in Mathew's Bible, Ps. xci. 5, the passage translated in our modern version, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,' is rendered, 'Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night.' The very name bespeaks a much older residence among us.

Spiders, disgusting as they pretty generally seem to be, are, however, sometimes eaten, and not only by remote savages. The author has an amusing passage on this matter.

Reaumur relates, on the authority of M. de la Hire, that a young French lady could never resist the temptation of eating a spider, whenever she met with one in her walks. They are said to taste like nuts; at least this was the opinion of the celebrated Maria Schurman, who not only ate them, but justified her taste by saying, that she was born under Scorpio. Latreille informs us that the astronomer Lalande was equally fond of this offensive morsel. Man is truly an omnivorous animal; for there is nothing which is disgusting to one nation, that is not the choice food of another. Flesh, fish, fowl, insects, even the gigantic centipedes of Brazil, many of them a foot and a half long, and half an inch broad, were seen by Humboldt to be dragged out of their holes, and crunched alive by the children. Serpents of all sorts have been consumed as food; and the host of the celebrated inn at Terracina frequently ac-

costs his guests by politely requesting to know whether they prefer the "eel of the hedge or the eel of the ditch." To evince their attachment to their favourite pursuit, most naturalists seem to consider it indispensable to taste and recommend some insect or other. Darwin assures us that the caterpillar of the hawk-moth is delicious; Kirby and Spence (both of them?) think the ant good eating, and push their entomological zeal so far, as to distinguish between the flavour of the abdomen and the thorax; and Reaumur recommends the caterpillar of the *plasia gamma* as a delicate dish.

The book is very well got up, and the cuts, upon the whole, represent the subjects adequately, though here and there there is a want of distinctness.

*Tales of a Bride, by the Author of the Mummy, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.*—Notwithstanding the same flash and dash of manner, visible in the *Mummy*—the same adventurousness in pitching upon topics too mighty for the writer's grasp—the same pretension to familiarity with the world and its ways, and all that it contains, the "Stories of a Bride" is an amendment. There is some sobriety. Any thing and every thing out of the high-road of established conceptions is, with the writer, food for severity or caricature. In the *Mummy*, the anticipations of science, and *plebeian* education, were the butts into which, porcupine-like, she shot her fretful quills; and now, with the like good will, but as little force, she darts them at German philosophy and Italian politics. By and by, not unlikely, she will find out German philosophers—even Kant and Fichte—are not the fools she now thinks them, and, moreover, discover, that the Carbonari did not, and do not, consist, like David's associates, exclusively of those that are in debt, or distress, or discontented—of none but the rogues and raffs of the country.

The bride of the title is an English lady—a peeress in her own right, with every thing the world can give at command, and as wayward as self-indulgence can make her. Admirers, of course, abound, but power makes her fastidious, till she encounters a gentleman as fastidious as herself, and him, of course, she resolves to subdue, and subdue him she does. In the pride of bridal authority she insists on going to Hungary, of all places in the world, because travelling difficulties there are represented as insurmountable for a fine lady; and, in their journey, they meet with an old man, a great scholar and a great roamer, whose distress she relieves, and who, in return, presents her ladyship with a bundle of stories, the gatherings up of his long wanderings. These serve to relieve the tediousness of a Hungarian hut, to which she is confined, in attendance on the bridegroom, with a broken leg—fractured by a carriage-overturn on the precious roads of the country.

The first story is that of the "Mystic," and is a tale of Carbonari. The "Mystic"

himself is a student at Graatz—of course one of the sublimer burschen, and equally, of course, coupled with the Tugend-bund, and a pupil of transcendentalism, which is but another word for rebellion and atheism. The father of the youth is a rich burgher of Trieste, whose house is the chief scene of the story. Into this family is introduced a very fascinating girl, French educated, the daughter, apparently, of one who is going professedly to join the Greek patriots, but, in reality, is connected with the Carbonari, at whose head is a ruined and profligate Neapolitan prince. The purpose of this introduction is, through her, to obtain the earliest intelligence of the measures of the Austrian government—the father of the Mystic being one of the chief magistrates of the town—and, moreover, to secure the affections of the youth for herself, and his co-operation with the conspirators. The young lady, however, has too much honour and spirit to play so common a tool, but not alacrity or tact enough to save the young Mystic from falling into other traps laid for him by the terrible Neapolitan prince. He is precipitately entangled, and with his superfluous notions, irrevocably. The honest father himself, by the cunning of the chief, gets implicated—is arrested on suspicion, and loses his reason from a feeling of indignity, and sorrow for the lapses of his son. The repenting, but still unflinching son, in a desperate attempt to save his father, commits a murder, and finally falls in a *melee* with the Austrian troops.

The hero of the second tale is, on the other hand, a “Rational”—a gentleman who eschews mystery and defies delusion. A young lady contrives, however, to mystify him by a series of clumsy, and even impracticable expedients, but well enough for the girl who employs them, and the noodle she deludes.

The third is a longer tale, called the “Treasure Seeker,” and the reader expects the story to concern those who are still, it is represented, engaged in searching for treasures, supposed to have been buried in the Hungarian mountains, by the Goths, in their flight after Alaric’s death, and which they left there for safety during their subsequent excursions into Lombardy and Spain, where they all perished, and, of course, none were left to go and dig them up again. But no such thing—a Treasure Seeker is indeed introduced towards the fag end of the story, but for a very subordinate purpose. The pith of the story is this—a Hungarian prince of a boundless extent of desert, is at Vienna, without a penny, where he, nevertheless, wins the heart of a German countess with mines of wealth; but he is too delicate to incur the suspicion of marrying for gold, and she sufficiently fine to sympathize with his delicacy, and both are consequently miserable to their heart’s content. The difficulty, however, is finally surmounted by persuading a good-natured uncle to give

him a competent fortune. This manœuvre a cousin, who had looked to this uncle’s succession, views with a jealous eye, and, to prosecute his desire of revenge, murders the said uncle, and denounces his too happy cousin as the murderer. The princess plays Lavalette’s wife, and he escapes, by flying to his own desolate estates, where the cousin, now a chief of banditti, is seized by him, and thrown into his own prison. The princess is quickly released, for her husband’s innocence is speedily proved—pines for his absence some time, and at last is seduced by false representations to go to Hungary, where her husband is stated to be confined by a broken leg. This, however, is but a trick of the cousin to get her into his own hands; but, just as his plan of vengeance is on the point of completion, he is intercepted by some Austrian dragoons—the prince is released, and all ends felicitously.

More stories are yet to come, but they will appear under the appropriate title of “Stories of Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks !”

*Cuvier’s Animal Kingdom, by Griffiths and others. Part XXI.*—The editors of this superior performance—certainly the best of the kind, now in course of publication, beyond all comparison—prosecute their labours with unhalting diligence. The present fasciculus completes the Order of the Gallinæ, and embraces, besides, nearly the whole of the Grallæ, or Wading Birds. Of the Gallinæ the most extended account is naturally that of the domestic cock and hen—so much better known as they are—in the course of which the very curious process of Egyptian mechanical hatching is minutely described, as is also, another matter equally curious, the mode of converting the capon into a nurse, according to Reaumur’s suggestions, to accomplish the same purpose without the cruelty previously practised. The change in the self-bearing of the bird, on his becoming again of importance, though not according to his original instinct, is worth attention.

Instead of being melancholy, abashed, and humiliated, he assumes a bold, lofty, and triumphant air; and such is the influence of audacity over all animals, that this borrowed courage completely imposes on the cocks and hens, and prevents them from disturbing him in the fulfilment of his charge. At first he is a little awkward in the exercise of his office. His ambition of imitating, in his gait, the majesty and dignity of the cock, makes him carry his head too stiff, and prevents him from seeing the chickens, which he sometimes thus inadvertently tramples under foot. But experience soon teaches him to avoid such mishaps, and accidents of the same kind do not occur again. As his voice is not so expressive as that of the hen, to engage the chickens to follow and assemble near him,

this deficiency has been supplied by attaching a little bell to his neck. When he is once instructed to conduct chickens in this way, he always remains capable of doing it; or, at all events, it is very easy to bring him back to the habit of it when required, &c. The capon has also been taught to hatch eggs—every thing, indeed, except to lay them.

The plates are excellent, and on a good scale.

*A Letter from Sydney; 1829.*—The object of this letter, the production of an intelligent and independent man, apparently on the spot, is to describe the condition of the colony, its prosperity, its prospects, its wants, and remedies. The writer speaks of himself as a man of competent property, who migrated to New Holland, because he had a fancy to be lord of 20,000 acres. Twenty thousand acres he accordingly obtained for a trifle, some seventy miles from the coast, and, for the country, of the most favourable kind. His scheme had been to build a splendid mansion, impart a considerable space for pleasure-grounds and game preserves, and let the remainder, after erecting farm-houses, on the good old plan of an English lord. This, of course, proved all moonshine—the very materials, wood excepted, were wanting, and the whole settlement would not have supplied workmen for his magnificent projects. Tenants, again, were not to be had; for who would be tenants when all might be owners? The alternative seemed to be farming himself; and, not liking convicts, he imported a cargo of labourers from his own neighbourhood, in England, by whom he was speedily deserted—the mechanics never joining him because they did better at Sydney, and a couple of years enabling his labourers to take land for themselves. Convicts were now of necessity resorted to. These, he soon found, were beyond his management; and he finally made over the whole of his 20,000 acres to a tough Scotchman, on condition of receiving a third of the profits, which returned about three per cent. on his own actual outlay. He now established himself at Sydney, and not choosing to be quite inactive, and earnestly desirous of contributing to the prosperity of the colony, he laboured hard to bring about the cultivation of silk, tobacco, sugar, wine, &c.; but all in vain—his proposals were coolly received, for the want of labour was incurable; and he finally settled down into an idler—an observer of events, and a speculator on their consequences.

The progress of the colony in one short forty years has been prodigious; and this he assigns wholly to that which some think the only check to much greater prosperity—the convicts. Its being a penal settlement is, in his opinion, notwithstanding his personal experience of their inefficiency, the source of all its wealth. Without forced labour no-

thing could be done, where land was to be had almost for asking. Nobody would work for another an hour, when he could get land of his own. As cultivation spreads, the specific source of its amazing progress is more distinctly understood, and the failure of adequate supplies of this labour is proportionally felt. There are more settlers, and not more convicts. By an increased importation of convicts alone can the further cultivation of the colony be prosecuted with advantage. If these do not multiply, the colony will gradually go back; for every cultivator must cultivate less—free labour cannot be retained. The writer calls for the interposition of the government—there must be more convicts, or further grants of land must be withheld; or the introduction of negro slaves must be allowed—otherwise, the whole colony will speedily sink into a Tartar state, and tillage be abandoned. The population of the colony is taken at 45,000, of which more than two-thirds are or have been convict-labourers, and 20,000 are actually labouring in fetters. The peril, therefore, notwithstanding the supposed indispensableness of any considerable augmentation, is obvious. The writer inclines, without much hesitation, to the employment of slaves, and doubts not, if the settlers get the power into their hands, slaves will be instantly imported. The opposition to the government receives an accession in every emancipated convict; and nothing, of course, but an early and a premature independence can be anticipated.

This very spirited and well-written book comes professedly from a resident at Sydney, with the name of Robert Gouger, as *editor*, by way of warrant for its authenticity. This is, no doubt, a literary ruse—the book is the manufacture of London, though the raw material is manifestly the growth of the colony.

*The Bijou; 1830.*—The publisher protests his ambition is not to outstrip his competitors, but to excel himself—to outdo his former doings; and he feels the proud consciousness of indisputable success. The “extraordinary labour and expense” of which he speaks, is referable, it must be supposed, to the same self-competition; for in what other respect either is likely to have been greater than those of others is very far from obvious. Truly, the less these prefaces say the better—profession and explanation are equally useless; for at last the appeal must be made to the performance itself. With the ornamental part, the publisher’s satisfaction has no alloy, especially with a portrait of the King, which exhibits his majesty, now a venerable old gentleman, not far short of seventy, with the vigour of forty. Mrs. Arbuthnot we have had in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, within these few months, and, of course, scarcely expected to meet with it here. Lady Jane Grey, as an engraving, is a very superior thing; but

the attitude is painfully constrained—nor is there any making out what she is about; and the verses, almost as a matter of course, only perplex the matter more. “Milton and his Daughters,” is all but a joke. “The Blue Bell,” *ti tum ti*. Bonnington’s “Negro Girl,” only spoils the beautiful landscape; and the exquisitely engraved gem, called “Ada,” wants explaining.

Of the literary part, which is more within our province, the poetry is for the most part, as usual with the *Annals*, very well, as mere *vers de société*. A “Scrap, written in an alcove,” by Sir Thomas Croft, an “Address from Leonora d’Esté to Tasso,” and some “Stanzas on Bed,” by Shee, are, perhaps, distinguishable. Foscolo’s “Sonnet,” descriptive of his own person and character, is *correctly* offensive—while the lines on the King, though among the best of the volume, are too *personally* loyal for our taste, or for any body’s, we should hope, but those who are honoured with his personal acquaintance. We quote a few stanzas of “Bed.”

Peace to his bones, the first who spread  
The swelling, soft, luxurious bed,  
For man’s indulgence given!  
Still as I stretch each weary limb,  
I cast a grateful thought on him  
And wish him rest in heaven.

Refuge of sickness, toil, and woe!  
Sweet home of half our lives below!  
Where still our welcome’s warm:  
Soft, downy duck, where sense repairs  
The damage done by daily cares,  
To brave again the storm!

Whether with costly curtains closed,  
Of feathers, or of flocks composed,  
In camp, field, tent, or truckle,  
The lucky bard that’s shelter’d snug,  
In his own nest, beneath his rug,  
May bless his stars and chuckle.

To rest, in vain Suspicion tries;  
The lover cannot close his eyes,  
Whom some proud Beauty scorns:  
Guilt finds Remorse upon his couch;  
The slave will e’en in slumber crouch;  
And Tyrants sleep on thorns.

The poet, too, who goes to bed,  
With half a stanza in his head,  
Finds rhyming not *composing*;  
The muse still labours as he lies,  
And if he sleeps, reviewers rise  
To damn him as he’s dozing.

Yet still th’ unhappy in their beds  
Find aching hearts and aching heads,  
In some degree relieved there;  
E’en culprits cast for death by law,  
Will slumber on their beds of straw,  
And dream they are relieved there.

Several of the tales are good, especially the “Negro Girl,” if the negro father’s sentiments had been *described* instead of being expressed. “Long Engagements,” is, per-

haps, the best; and the “Student of Padua,” and “Il Traditore” very well after their kind.

*The Musical Bijou*; 1830.—Of the music we are, of course, no competent judges; but the volume presents several original contributions by composers of eminence, both native and foreign. The quarto forms affording larger dimensions, the plates have all been lithographed; but, though good of their kind—and the start which lithography has recently made is prodigious—there is no contemplating them with any pleasure—filled as we are with recollections of the most delicate executions on steel and copper in the cotemporary *Annals*. But the bijouterie of the volume is, of course, the music—the merely ornamental is quite a secondary consideration; and so, perhaps, is the literary department, though the pieces come fairly up to the “*Annual*” average, both in prose and verse. Lord Nugent has told his tale of the “Suspicious Man” well, but for the abrupt conclusion. A few lines written in the blank leaf of Mr. Bayley’s *Loves of the Butterflies*, by Lord Ashton, to whom the said *Loves* were dedicated, are more than comparatively good.

The fluttering Butterfly of old  
Was emblem of the Soul! we’re told:—  
To you the type may well belong,  
Your Butterfly’s the soul of song!  
But why to me inscribe a tale  
Of Loves that flutter in the gale  
Of Spring—or Summer’s genial ray?—  
To me, who hasten to decay!  
Why not address the sportive song  
To Helen, beautiful and young?  
*She* well may claim a Minstrel’s skill,  
Although a Wife—a Mistress still:  
Yet such the magic of your strain,  
E’en Age might live and love again,  
While Fancy renovates the theme  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Love’s *young dream*.

*The Literary Souvenir*; 1830.—The *Literary Souvenir* has very superior engravings of some charming conceptions—Howard’s Oberon and Titania, Collins’s Pet-Lamb, and Allston’s Jacob’s Ladder. But some impediments, according to the editor, are unexpectedly thrown in the way of these picture-engravings, on the part of some greedy artists. One, in particular, that we know, who ought from his station to set a different example, claims a sort of copyright in his paintings, wherever such right has not been expressly resigned, which, of course, is not once in a thousand times; for who has dreamed of stipulating for such a resignation? The pretension itself is absurd. Engraving and painting are two different things, and essentially of different value—copying by the graver will never equal the original, like printing one book from another. The common sense of the thing is this—the painter, when he has finished his job, and been paid for it, has done with it. Every thing belonging to it, except what cannot be separated, the act and merit of creation,

merges into the rights of the purchaser ; upon which rights, thus distinctly and personally invested, nobody, of course, thinks of encroaching. Therefore, when you have gained the proprietor's consent to engrave, gratuitously given, to be intercepted by the pretended rights of a new claimant, and that for money, is really too much to be tolerated. It is not at all in accordance with old English notions, where freedom of action, and freedom of trade, *at home*, at least, is still warmly cherished. The claim rests solely on an idle analogy—the copy-right of a book, and the security of a patent—in a case where neither specifically exists. Such analogy might be an argument to urge in soliciting the protection of the legislature, but can be none, surely, for enforcing what is utterly without the sanction of legal authority. Analogy is a very delusive matter—small distinctions make great differences ; and, at all events, analogy is not yet *law*, at the will of all who choose to exact it ; and, till then, we trust the pretension will be stoutly resisted. Sir Thomas had better look to this.

Not quite to forget the Souvenir—it appears to us to be fully equal to its predecessors ; and we do not readily see how it could surpass them—ornamentally we mean. Many of the tales and sketches are excellent ; and Miss Mitford is, we think, more than usually felicitous in her “ Village Romance.” We can only quote a sonnet of Mr. Hoyle—there are several of his ; but this, to our taste, is considerably the best.

#### ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

Haunt of the bard and painter, hardy child  
Of nature, cradled in the giant arms  
Of winter, and the lonely mountains wild !  
I leave thee, Caledonia, but thy charms  
Are pictured on my heart ! May never tread  
Of foeman, nor the trumpet of alarms  
Approach thee more : but peace and plenty spread  
Thy mantle o'er thee, and the laurelled crown  
Of science grace thy castellated head,  
For me, till health and reason's self be flown,  
The thought shall kindle, and the tongue shall tell  
Thy lakes and rocks, thy patriots and renown.  
Land of the Frith, the cataract, and the dell,  
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce—Farewell.

*Epping Hunt, by Thomas Hood, Esq. ; 1829.*—Mr. Hood is nothing if not setting phrases by the ears, and hunting down puns and “ varmint” with the ardour and instinct of a ferret or a terrier. Severity against so incorrigible and, after all, so harmless a sinner, is breaking butterflies, &c. But never was the difference between the simple and the artificial better contrasted than in the tales of Cowper's John Gilpin, and Hood's John Huggins. In vain does Mr. Hood take the tone and cadence of Cowper's metre, and some of his quaintnesses : such is the perpetual strain and struggle visible

in every line, that, while Gilpin will last for ever, Huggins, even with Cruikshank's aid, will be forgotten, perhaps before our notice gets printed. Huggins is a cheesemonger of Cheapside, who attends the Epping Easter Hunt ; and after being twice spilt, and losing his mare, finally, at the cost of a supper and a sovereign, recovers both her and his home again. The book may not fall into the hands of all our readers, and so we give them a specimen of Mr. Hood's labours.

Six days a-week beheld him stand,  
His business next his heart,  
At counter with his apron tied  
About his counter-part.

The seventh in a sluice-house box,  
He took his pipe and pot ;  
On Sundays for *eel piety*  
A very noted spot.

This was a pretty hard pull—the next,  
concerned with the shop, is harder.

No thought had he of twisted spine,  
Or broken arms or legs ;  
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'  
'Twas whisper'd of his eggs.

Harder still—

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,  
Where many a horseman met,  
And letting go the reins, of course,  
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

At Woodford Wells he is equally elaborate,  
but something happier.

In merriest key I trow was he—(the host)  
So many guests to boast ;  
So certain congregations meet,  
And *elevate the host*.

Of the assemblage—

Some bad horses of their own,  
And some were forced to job it ;  
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,  
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

The deer-cart—

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not  
For corpses in the least ;  
For this contained the *deer alive*,  
And not the *deer deceased*.

The deer started—

Away, away, he scudded like  
A ship before the gale ;  
Now flew to “ bills we know not of,”  
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

In the hunt—

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,  
Some had no caps to show ;  
But few, like Charles, at Charing Cross,  
Rode on in *Statue quo*.

“ O dear, O dear,” now might you hear,  
“ I've surely broke a bone ;  
My head is sore”—with many more  
Such speeches from the *thrown*, &c.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Causes of Disease.*—Daily observation demonstrates that the human structure, even in its most perfect formation, is liable to lesions of organization and derangement of function, producing that state of the system in which its usual actions or perceptions are either interrupted, or attended with pain. This state is called disease. Every animal carries within itself the germ of its own destruction, or in other words, it is formed for a limited existence. Many diseases therefore arise spontaneously, or without any assignable external cause, but many more are produced by causes over which we have some control, and, perhaps, the chief source of the physical ills to which we are liable, is the deviation we make from the simplicity of nature. The injurious effect that domestic influence has upon the health of the lower animals is very strikingly apparent, and in proportion as their subjugation is more complete, and their manner of life differs more widely from that which is natural to them, so are their diseases more numerous and severe. The diseases of our more valuable domestic animals are sufficiently numerous and important to employ a particular class of men, and the horse alone, has professional assistance appropriated to him. Men of education and talent have devoted themselves to the investigation of the diseases of this noble and useful creature. The poor little canary birds, confined in their wry prisons, are very liable to disease, more especially inflammation of the bowels, asthma, epilepsy, and soreness of the bill. No animal deviates so far from the simplicity of nature in its habits as man; none is placed under the influence of so many circumstances calculated to act injuriously upon the frame. His morbid affections are hence abundant and diversified, as may be seen by referring to the different nosological arrangements; these long catalogues of diseases afford strong evidence that man has not carefully followed that way of life which has been marked out for him by nature. The crowded state of the inhabitants of large cities, the injurious effects of an atmosphere loaded with impurities, sedentary occupations, various unwholesome avocations, intemperance in food, stimulating drinks, high-seasoned, and indigestible viands, and these taken hastily, in the short intervals allowed by the hurry and turmoil of business; the constant inordinate activity of the great cerebral circulation, kept up by the double impulse of luxurious habits, and high mental exertions; the violent passions by which we are agitated and enervated; the various disappointments and vexations to which all are liable, re-acting upon, and disturbing the whole frame; the delicacy and sensibility to external influences, caused

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by heated rooms, too warm clothing, and other indulgences, are all contrary to the voice of nature, and they produce those morbid conditions of the system which a more simple and uniform way of living would prevent. Our associates of the animal kingdom do not escape the influence of such causes. The mountain shepherd and his dog are equally hardy, and form an instructive contrast with a delicate lady and her lapdog, the extreme point of degeneracy and imbecility of which each race is susceptible. In the early ages of society man enjoyed long life; his manner of living was simple; his food, habitation, and pursuits were all calculated to fortify his body, and no anxious cares disturbed his mind. Humboldt observes, that individuals whose bodies are strengthened by healthy habits, in respect to food, clothing, exercise, air &c. are enabled to resist the causes of disease in other men. He describes the Indians of New Spain as a set of peaceful cultivators, accustomed to uniform nourishment, almost entirely of a vegetable nature, that of their maize, and cereal gramina. They are hardly liable to any deformity; he never saw a hunched-backed Indian, and it is extremely rare to see any who squint, or who are lame in the arm or leg. In countries where the inhabitants suffer from the goitre, this affection of the thyroid gland is never observed among the Indians, and seldom in the Mestizoes. He repeats the same testimony very strongly, concerning various tribes in South America, as the Chaymas, Caribs, Musycas, and Peruvian Indians.—*From Mr. Curtis's Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.*

*Mozart.*—Every anecdote connected with Mozart may be said to belong to the musical era in which he lived, and we feel much pleasure in laying before our readers some few characteristic anecdotes from an able article dedicated to this eminent and precocious musician, in the very best periodical of the day, the Foreign Quarterly Review. When Mozart was at Vienna, in the year 1783, he composed his violin quartettes, dedicated to Haydn. These quartettes were not understood in Italy. Artaria, of Vienna, sent a set of them to Italy, which were returned to him on account of the engraver's mistakes. The new harmonies and bold *appoggiature* of Mozart were taken for wrong notes. Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of Saint Thomas's school, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged him to leave something in his own hand-writing as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would have gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. This he tore in two,

and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up, with two canons in three parts, one gay and the other doleful; these were tried over separately; but the surprise of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the city of Bologna, Mozart was unanimously elected member of the Philharmonic Academy; but not before he had passed through the usual examination. On October 9, at 4, P. M., he was obliged to attend in the hall of the academy, where he received from the *Principes Academicæ*, and the two censors, in the presence of the whole society, an antiphone to set in four parts. The beadle led him into an anti-chamber, and locked the door. In little more than half an hour he was ready, and was there visited by the censors and others, who voted by black or white balls. As the balls were all white, when Mozart was called in, he was welcomed by a general clapping of hands and the congratulations of the assembled musicians. He had finished the task in about one-sixth of the time which it commonly occupied. Had not the abstraction of the *miserere*, from the Pope's Chapel exhausted admiration, it must have been excited in the highest degree by this performance.

*Pectic Acid and the Juice of Carrots.*—

M. Vauquelin has analyzed the juice of carrots. The following is the result of his examination. The juice of carrots contains albumen mixed with a resinous, fatty matter, and mannite. A saccharine principle, which crystallizes with difficulty; an organic matter held in solution by the agency of the saccharine principle; malic acid. The saline residuum yielded by the decomposition of the juice is formed of lime and potash combined with phosphoric, muriatic, and carbonic acids; the latter results from the decomposition of the organic substances. The residuum, insoluble in cold water, contains vegetable fibre, pectic acid, or the principles which yield it, supposing it to exist ready formed. The saline residuum yielded by combustion consists of phosphate and carbonate of lime. The saccharine matter deprived of the insoluble principle dissolved by its agency, is susceptible of the vinous fermentation, but loses this property by the influence of this principle, and is converted into mannite. Pectic acid, when heated in a crucible with excess of potash, furnishes oxalic acid. Common water may be employed for washing the marc of the carrots. If the carbonated are substituted for the caustic alkalis the acid is obtained in greater plenty and purity.

*Extreme Tenuity.*—The thinnest substance ever observed is the aqueous film of

the soap bubble previous to its bursting; yet it is capable of reflecting a faint image of a candle or of the sun. Hence its thickness must correspond with what Sir Isaac Newton calls the *beginning of black*, which appears in water at a thickness of the 1-750,000th part of an inch.

*Improved Paddle-Wheels.*—Among the great variety of improved plans for propelling vessels which have recently become the subjects of patents, a contrivance proposed by Mr. Perkins, the engineer, and recorded in Mr. Newton's *Journal of Arts*, is remarkable for its simplicity. The disadvantages attendant upon the ordinary propelling wheels, from the circumstance of the broad face of their paddles pressing on the surface of the water, in entering and lifting the water, in rising out of it, are obviated by passing the paddles into the water sideways, giving the propelling stroke direct, and passing out of the water sideways also. The invention consists, first, in the peculiar position in which the paddle surfaces of the propelling wheels are placed, viz., in radial directions round the periphery of the wheel, and parallel to each other, but crossing the radial planes of the axis in angles of about 45 degrees. Secondly, in placing the shaft or axle of the paddle-wheel at an angle of about 45 degrees from the direction of the keel or the side of the vessel. The object of so arranging the angles of the paddles, and the paddle-wheel shaft, as respects their rotative positions to each other, and to the keel of the vessel to which they are to be applied, is for the purpose of introducing the paddle into the water edgewise, and after giving a direct propelling stroke with the surface of the paddle at right angles to the keel, to pass it out of the water in a similar way. By placing the paddles in the oblique positions described, it will be perceived that the two paddles which stand at opposite points of the periphery of the wheel will have their faces situated at right angles to each other, the upper paddle always being in a line with the keel, that is, edgewise; and the lower operating paddle being at right angles to the keel, and a direct stroke of the paddle in the water in the line of the keel, will be the result of this arrangement. It certainly cannot be said that the paddles of this wheel will give as long a stroke through the water as some other constructions of wheels in which the paddles turn upon their axles; but the circumstance of the paddles being firmly fixed, and the parts of the wheel being subject to no other movement than that upon its common axle, are advantages which, at sea, would perhaps recommend the present plan of Mr. Perkins before all others.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Satan: a Poem, in 3 Books. By the Author of "The Treasury of Knowledge." In Two Parts. By S. Maunder.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Passing of the Catholic Bill, in 1829. By C. St. George. In two thick Volumes, demy 12mo.

1829: a Poem. By Edward W. Coxé, Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." In 1 vol. small 8vo.

Poems: by the Author of "Posthumous Papers." In 1 vol. small 8vo.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed, for 1830.

The Executor's Account Book; or a Plain and Easy Method of Keeping Executorship Accounts. By the Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators."

A Work by Sir Humphrey Davy, entitled a Vision, written during his last illness, in the playful style of "Salmonia," is left to his executors for publication. His Life, written by Dr. Paris, is also expected.

Mr. Warburton, M. P., is engaged in writing a Life of Dr. Wollaston.

Moore's Life of Byron will be published in January next, in 2 vols. 4to.

An Essay on Second Dentition. By John Nicholls, Dentist.

A New Literary Journal, to be entitled "The Chronicle of Literature and the Fine Arts," is, we are told, about to be commenced under the superintendance of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to be of weekly recurrence, and will be devoted to English and Foreign Literature and the Fine Arts.

We understand that a Posthumous Volume, by the late Mr. Alexander Balfour, Author of "Campbell," "Contemplation," and other Poems, "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," &c. &c., is in the Press, and will be published early in December. It is to be entitled "Weeds and Wildflowers," and prefaced by a Biographical Sketch of the Author, with Selections from his Correspondence, and Original Letters from Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Robert Anderson, Delta, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Mudie, Dr. Brewster, &c. &c. The whole free profits of the Publication are intended for the Author's Family: It will form a handsome post 8vo.

A Family Classical Library; or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics. In monthly volumes; with a Biographical Sketch of each Author, and Notes when necessary for the purpose of Illustration. Vol. 1 will appear on the 1st of January next. Price 4s. 6d., and will be continued monthly, and completed in 40 volumes.

Dr. Biber is about to publish the Lectures he delivered in Spring, under the title of "Christian Education in Spirit and in Truth the Forerunner of a New Day."

The Lives of the Italian Poets: by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., are preparing for publication, and will appear early in the ensuing season.

A History of Tewkesbury. By James Bennet. In 1 vol. 8vo. with plates.

The Fourteenth Volume of "The Annual Bio-

graphy and Obituary" (for 1830) will be ready in January.

The Lady's Almanack, and Annual Miscellany for the Year 1830. Embellished with Views of British and Foreign Scenery. In handsome embossed case.

Ringstead Abbey, or the Stranger's Grave; with other Tales. By an Englishwoman, Author of "Letters," "The Ring," &c.

The Book-Rarities in the University of Cambridge; illustrated by Original Letters, and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A.

The Author of "The Revolt of the Bees," has nearly ready for publication a Poem entitled "The Reproof of Brutus."

The Old Testament according to the Old Established Version, with the exception of the substitution of the Original Hebrew Names, in place of the English Words LORD and GOD, and a few corrections thereby rendered necessary. With Notes by the Editor.

Notices of the Brazils in 1828-9. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D.

An Historical and Topographical Atlas of England and Wales: exhibiting its Geographical Features during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman Governments. By Thomas Allen, Author of the "History of York," &c.

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## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe: containing a Review of his Writings and his Opinions. By Walter Wilson, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and State Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. From the Original MSS. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. 24s.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century. By Thomas McCrie, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Historical Account of his own Life and Times: now first printed from the Original MS. By Dr. Edmund Calamy. 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.

History of the Town of Greenock. By Daniel Weir; with Engravings. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe, in the County of Lincoln. With Engravings. By Edmund Oldfield. Royal 4to. £2. 2s. Royal 8vo. 21s.

The Romance of History—Spain. By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Court and Camp of Bonaparte: forming vol. 8 of Murray's Family Library. 18mo. 5s.

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A Manual of Ancient History. By A. H. L. Heren. Translated from the German. 8vo. 15s.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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Mr. Rutter has also just published a Series of Views, consisting of Twenty Additional Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Domestic Architecture of the North-Western Division of Somersetshire. 7s. 6d.

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applicable to other purposes.—7th November; 6 months.

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To Thomas Osler, Birmingham, Warwick, chandelier-furniture-manufacturer, for his improvements in the construction of glass and metal chandeliers, and other articles for ornamental lighting.—10th November; 6 months.

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To William Clutterbuck, Oglebrook, Stroud, Gloucester, for his improvements in the shears used for cutting or cropping of woollen cloth, and other fabrics requiring shearing.—21st November; 2 months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in the month of November 1815, expired in the month of November 1829.*

14. George Watson, London, for his mode of attaching horses to waggons and all other four-wheeled carriages.

— Joseph Vraader, for his plan of constructing rail-roads and carriages to be used on them.

23. George Austin, Wootten-under-Edge, and John Dutton, jun, of Wellsley, Gloucester, for his improvements in the operation of fulling woollen cloth, and in fulling-mills.

25. Allan Taylor, Barking, Daniel Gallafent,

sen. and jun. of Braintree, Essex, for his engine for raising cold and hot water.

Patents, which having been granted in the month of December 1815, expire in the present month of December 1829.

5. George Young, London, for his improved method of making canvas.

— Jean Frederic, Marquis de Chabanus, for his method of conducting the air and regulating the temperature in houses and other buildings, and warming and cooling either air or liquids in a more expeditious and less expensive manner than hath hitherto been done in this kingdom.

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5. Christopher Dill, London, for his improvements in the method or apparatus for distillation.

— John Marri, London, for his machine for the improvement of all musical performances, which he denominates a meteonome.

9. Samuel Clegg, Westminster, for his improved gas apparatus.

19. Robert Tindler, Liverpool, for his improved method of propelling ships, boats, and other vessels.

— Robert Dickinson, London, for his improvement in the hoops and hooping of barrels

22. William Plenty, Newbury, Berks, for his plough on a new principle by which land may be pared and ploughed.

— William Adamson, London, for his discovered principle by which an horizontal wheel may be so moved above its axis, by water, as to give it a power considerably greater than can be obtained by the application of water to a wheel in any other position.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### SIR DAVID BAIRD, BART.

General Sir David Baird, Bart., of Yardley-Bury, in the county of Herts, of Fernton, in the county of Perth, G.C.B. and K.C., was the descendant of a family of remote antiquity in North Britain, of which the following tradition is related:—“As King William, the Lion, was hunting in one of the south-west counties, he happened to wander from his attendants; he was alarmed by the approach of a wild boar; and, calling out for assistance, a gentleman of the name of Baird, who had followed the king, came up, and had the good fortune to kill the object of his royal master’s alarm. For this signal service, the king considerably augmented his lands, and assigned him, for his coat of arms, a boar passant, and, for his motto, *Dominus fecit*, which arms are to be seen upon an ancient monument of the Bairds of Auchmedden, in the churchyard of Banff.

The ancestor of Sir David Baird, was George Baird, of Auchmedden, in the county of Aberdeen, chief of the clan. He was living in 1568. From him, lineally descended, Sir John Baird, Bart., of Newbyth, in the county of Haddington; on whose death, without issue, in 1746, the estates descended to his cousin, William Baird, Esq., the father of the subject of this notice. This gentleman was the eldest son of William Baird, Esq., one of the baillies of Edinburgh; second son of Sir Robert Baird, Knt. of Saughton Hall. He married Alicia, fourth daughter of ——— Johnstone, Esq., of Hiltown, in the county of Berwick. The issue of this marriage was six sons and eight daughters; of which sons, Sir David was the fifth, and Robert, his successor in the title, the second.

This veteran and gallant officer commenced his military career so far back as

the year 1772, in the 2d regiment of Foot; in 1779, he went to India, as captain of the 73d; and, in 1781, after a heroic and desperate resistance against an overwhelming force, under Tippoo Saib, in the course of which he received four wounds, he was made prisoner. Captain Baird remained in the power of Hyder Ally three years and a half, during which he was subjected to great cruelties and privations. After his release he continued to serve. In 1787, he was made major of the 71st; and, in 1790, after his return to England, he obtained the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the same regiment. He returned to India in 1791; served there, with great distinction, under the Marquess Cornwallis; and, amongst other exploits, he successfully headed a storming party at the taking of Seringapatam.

In 1797, he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was appointed Brigadier-General, and placed on that staff in command of a brigade. He returned to India, as Major-General, in 1798; and, after still further distinguishing himself, he came to England, and was placed on the staff.

In 1804, he was appointed Lieutenant-General, and entrusted with the command of an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed, and compelled the Dutch to surrender the colony. He also served with the troops embarked for Egypt, by way of the Red Sea; he, with great difficulty, succeeded in crossing the Desert; and he assisted Lord Hutchinson in the conquest which ensued. For this service he was rewarded by his Majesty with the Order of the Bath, and by the Grand Seignior with the Order of the Crescent.

In 1807, Sir David Baird returned to England, and removed from the Colonelcy of the 54th, which he then had, to the Colo-

nely of the 24th, and was placed in the foreign staff under Lord Cathcart, with whom he served at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and was wounded in the arm.

The last service in which Sir David Baird engaged was, in 1808, to command a body of troops, sent to reinforce the army of Sir John Moore, in Spain. He joined that officer, and greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Corunna. When Sir John Moore fell, he took the command; but, soon afterwards, losing an arm, he was obliged to relinquish it to General Hope. For this service he was, on the 13th of April, 1809, rewarded with a patent of baronetcy, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Robert Baird, of Newbyth, in the county of Haddington, Esq.

Sir David Baird attained the rank of General in 1814; and, in 1819, he was made Governor of Kinsal, and subsequently Governor of Fort George, which he held till the time of his decease, which occurred at his seat at Fernton, in Perthshire, in the month of September.

Sir David Baird married, on the 4th of August, 1810, Miss Preston Campbell, of Fernton and Lochlane, in the county of Perth; but the marriage was not productive of issue.

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#### JOSIAH SPODE, ESQ.

It is only two years since we contributed a brief memoir of the life and successful career of Josiah Spode the elder, the great manufacturer of Staffordshire ware and English porcelain, in their present state of unrivalled excellence; and we are now called upon to perform the same duty to the memory of his son, Josiah Spode, of the house of Spode and Copeland, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the third eminent potter of the name.

The younger Josiah Spode, who, as a tradesman and as a friend, inherited all the virtues of his predecessors, was born in Fore-street, Cripplegate, in the year 1776. At an early period of his existence, he was removed to the residence of his paternal grandfather, at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire; and he was educated at the Free Grammar School, Newcastle-under-Lyme, in the same county. As soon as his youth permitted, he was initiated in the business of a potter, under his grandfather, and he continued engaged in it till about the year 1810, when he retired to the more quiet pursuit of agriculture, on his estate at Fenton, near Stoke.

A lamentable accident occurred to him in 1803. His father had just completed the erection of a steam-engine and mill-work, for the grinding of materials required in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain. Mr. Spode was inspecting the operations, when a crown wheel struck his hat; and, in lifting his left arm to protect himself, the hand passed between the cogs of the wheels,

and immediate amputation became indispensable.

During his retirement, Mr. Spode thrice filled the office of churchwarden for Stoke parish; and in the performance of that duty he was called to advance funds for the parochial disbursements, to the amount of several thousand pounds, some of which is yet to be repaid to his trustees.

In consequence of the sickness which ultimately proved fatal to his father, Mr. Spode returned to the business, and remained in it till his demise, which occurred with awful suddenness on the 6th of October. He had reached home, from a journey into Suffolk, on the evening of Sunday, the 4th; and his health was in that general good state which he had some time enjoyed: On the Tuesday morning, however, while engaged in conversation with his family and his medical friend, he was seized with nausea; a blood vessel was in consequence ruptured; and, within two hours, his sufferings were terminated, without his having been once able to open his eyes, or to give any intimation of the nature of his attack.

Mr. Spode died at the Mount, the splendid mansion which his father erected in the year 1803. In the several relations of civil and domestic society, his character ranked very high. As a friend and benefactor he was invaluable. Though possessed of immense property, his modesty and affability remained unaffected by his elevated condition. Towards the poor, his sympathy and benevolence were almost boundless. In the relief of private individuals, labouring under sickness and distress, his expenditure, since he last engaged in business, is known to have been not less than 500*l.* per annum.

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#### MONSIEUR STEPHEN DUMONT.

M. Stephen Dumont, a jesuit, and a writer of eminence, was a native of Geneva, where he was born about the year 1750. For some time he was a coadjutor of M. Duroveray's, in the editorship of a journal in continuation of that of Mirabeau.

In 1792, he enjoyed the office of librarian to the Marquess of Lansdowne; and it was, we believe, in England, that he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship with the celebrated Mr. Jeremy Bentham. That gentleman entrusted him with the manuscript of his great work, written in French, under the title of "*Traité de Législation Civile*," in three volumes, 8vo, which he published in the year 1802. A second work of Mr. Bentham's was translated by Mons. Dumont, in 1812, from his manuscript entitled "*Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses*," in two volumes, 8vo. We believe he also published Mr. Bentham's "*Tactics of Legislative Assemblies*," to which is added a Treatise on Political Sophisms," in two volumes, 8vo, 1816. It is stated that, of the first of these works, three thousand copies were sold; and that

second editions were published of each of the others.

M. Dumont died at Milan, in the month of September or October last, on his return to his native city. His remains were to be conveyed to Geneva, and interred beside those of M. C. Pictet.

—  
MR. TERRY.

Of Mr. Terry, a very respectable actor, and, not long since, one of the proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand, our biographical materials are, at present, extremely slight; yet, possibly, the remainder of this page may not be unsatisfactorily devoted to his memory.

Daniel Terry is said to have been born at Bath, about the year 1780. From a boy he was fond of the stage, and was accustomed to spend his sixpences and shillings in procuring the gratification which it afforded. When Elliston first appeared on the Bath boards, he became desirous not only to see, but to act; and, in after years, the desire was never quenched. However, he was articulated to Mr. Wyatt, the architect, with whom he remained for a term of five years. The profession of an architect, without money and without patronage, presented a barren prospect, and, in his eye, the stage had lost none of its attraction; his first efforts were in private theatricals, after which, under the auspices of the veteran Macready, he made some experiments at Sheffield. There he remained a few months; but his ambition was not gratified, his salary was low, and in 1803, he returned to his architectural pursuits. Then, he thought it was better to starve in a profession that he did like, than in one that he did not, and again he went upon the stage. From the close of 1804, or the commencement of 1805, till the autumn of 1806, he was attached to Stephen Kemble's company at Newcastle, &c. Thence he proceeded to Liverpool, where he made great progress in his adopted profession, and in public favour. In the winter of 1809 he succeeded Meggott as a leading actor at Edin-

burgh. While in that city, he became acquainted with Mr. Ballantyne, the printer of the Waverley novels, and the proprietor of a Scotch newspaper. In that paper he had the credit—or discredit—of writing the dramatic criticisms. Mr. Ballantyne introduced him to Sir Walter Scott, and, through the interest of Sir Walter, he obtained an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, where he made his *début* as Lord Ogilvie, on the 20th of April, 1812. Having remained there two seasons, he came out at Covent Garden in September, 1813. In consequence of a disagreement on salary, he left Covent Garden, and went to Drury Lane, where he remained, generally passing his summers at the Haymarket, till the autumn of 1825. In conjunction with Mr. Yates, he then purchased and opened the Adelphi Theatre. The concern proved eminently lucrative; but Sir Walter Scott was understood to be security for his share of the purchase money; and, on the failure of Constable, the bookseller, with whom Sir Walter was intimately connected, some difficulties arose which Mr. Terry was not prepared to meet. If we mistake not, he disposed of his share of the property to exonerate Sir Walter, and went over to the Continent. There grief and despair preyed upon his mind. After a time he returned to England; but illness had committed dreadful ravages on his constitution, and he expired under a stroke of paralysis, on the 23d of June last.

While in Scotland, Mr. Terry married Miss Nasmyth, daughter of the celebrated landscape painter, and herself an artist of considerable merit.

As an actor, Mr. Terry possessed considerable originality, force, and correctness. As Dentatus, in the play of Brutus, he almost divided the applause of the house with Kean. Amongst his favourite and best played parts were Sir Fretful Plagiary, Sir Oliver Surface, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Adam Contest, Simpson, the Green Man, Mephistophiles, &c.

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MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

A FRESH impediment to field labour has occurred, in a sudden change of the weather to severe frost, with a deep covering of snow. Wheat sowing on all heavy and wet soils has been retarded beyond the latest usual period; and the labour of stirring such lands has been most distressing to the horses. The difficulty of covering the seed, both from the state of the surface, and the excessive embarrassment of weeds and couch has been great. On more heavy soils, the young wheats have yet scarcely appeared, and the prospect of a good crop is by means encouraging. On the dry and more favoured, the young plant appears luxuriant and strong. It is generally remarked, that an universal breadth of the "golden crop" will be sown this season for very obvious and distressing reasons, granting the seed can be got into the earth, a process which, however, cannot be completed within the present month. Such have been the difficulties and obstructions of this protracted harvest, that on the far greater part of the heavy lands, not a plough had entered, until giving the last, or seed furrow, a disadvantage of no slight consequence. In our last we had supposed that the harvest must have been generally gathered and completed by the first week of the present month; but we now hear from various counties, that not only was there much of the spring crops abroad on the 20th inst., but even barley and oats then standing uncut, an occurrence seldom witnessed in any part of England. The intervals of fair weather during

the last and present month, have been propitious, and the corn of the latter has been saved in considerably better condition than that of the early harvest. In the mean time, the weather has been most variable; in some parts, fair and dry, in others, nearly deluged with rain. A similar discrepancy attends the accounts given of the crops, both with respect to quantity and quality; but on the whole, latter reports are somewhat more favourable than the former. Wheat appears to be decidedly the most deficient crop in Scotland. Potatoes on good and well cleaned soils have succeeded, but in general are probably one third below that undefined ratio which is customarily deemed an average or profitable crop. Getting up these roots has afforded present employment for that unfortunate surplus of labourers for whose support the prospect is most appalling, after this last branch of harvest labour shall have been finished. The corn markets have probably approached their lowest stage of depression, at least as far as regards the finer qualities. Threshing machines in constant activity for an indispensable supply of money, have mainly contributed to the glutted and depressed state of the market, and with the additional disadvantage of the wheat being yet neither in proper state for threshing or sale. Seed wheat has indeed been sold unprecedentedly low, but too many farmers have found great difficulty in providing money wherewith to purchase it.

We regret to have nothing favourable to add to our last Report on the cattle crops. Turnips are greatly deficient in the size of the bulb, and it is to be apprehended, equally so in quantity; and *mangel* (so we have Englished it) from which we have been accustomed to receive such a bountiful supply, will prove nearly a total failure. It is recommended by an extensive cultivator of this root, to draw only the largest and best, and to feed off the remainder with sheep, the leaves generally being the most valuable part of the crop. This scarcity will occasion an unusual consumption of potatoes as food for live stock. The markets for cattle, sheep, and pigs, have been in a continual falling state, both with respect to fat and store stock. An additional reason to that of the scarcity of money subsists in the flooded and dangerous state of the meadows, on which sheep cannot be safely trusted. Such a universal slackness of business, and depression at the country fairs, as the late and present, has perhaps never been witnessed. Vast droves of stock have been offered to sale without finding a single bidder, or with the sale of only a few individuals; and the feeders or jobbers have been necessitated to drive them back, without either the prospect of a market or the means of supporting them until the spring, when, no doubt, a demand for them must arise, since at all events, the population must be fed. The latternath grass, upon poor lands especially, has faded and died away, through the excessive moisture and chilliness of the season. Good fat widders have been sold in the north at from 3½d. to 4½d. per lb.; beef after the same rate, sinking the osal: cow beef at 3d. to 4d., with scarcely any demand for that kind of fat stock.

This depression in the country markets, has given birth to various paragraphs in the public papers, accusing the London butchers who serve families, with still keeping up their prices. Now, this is not quite correct, since so far as our experience reaches, those butchers have reduced their charges, upon the average, nearly or altogether, two-pence in the pound; and if they have not done so, it is obviously the fault of their customers. No doubt, however, but the butchers, as all other persons similarly situated would do, have made a good thing of it. Of Wool, Hops, Fruit, nothing new, far less favourable, can be reported. There seems to be no demand but for imported wool, very little business doing in the hop markets, and the quantity of fruit is so extraordinary, that the growers can scarcely find vent for it: a circumstance in which the London dealers find their account. The slug has made its appearance in the young wheats, but thus far, the damage is not stated to be considerable. The ancient and only remedy of *pressure*, must be the farmer's chief dependence.

The extreme distress of the country, and the universal bewailings and complaints, form a topic at once disheartening and ungracious. It is highly probable that much error subsists in the attribution of these calamities to temporary and inefficient causes. The grand source of all lies much deeper, and must be sought in the *favourite War*, and its legitimate offspring, the all-surpassing National Debt! Thence the periodical alarms and distress, which have occurred in regular succession, since the peace, each exceeding the former in degree of severity, until the present, which appears to call for some extraordinary measures, far beyond those of mere palliation. It is not possible that the return to a metallic currency, (the formerly professed favourite object of all ranks), of which also there has been a vast national stock, can have so suddenly originated this vast mass of national distress; or that one single year of defective crop, and unlimited import, can have beggared so large a proportion of our farmers. There seems no more soundness of argument, or reason in this, than in the apologies of many farmers for the foul state of their lands, which they attribute to the wetness of the season, instead of the constant, inveterate habit of a weed-tillage. As we have before stated, associations are formed, and applications to the Legislature preparing, for a reduction of taxes, which too probably cannot be complied with, independently of danger to the present system: a reform which does not appear to be within the contemplation of the applicants. The tenantry complain that rents are forty to fifty per cent. too high; but landed proprietors must reduce their style of living

greatly indeed, to afford so heavy a reduction under the existing pressure of taxes and its consequences. The case of the labourers yet presents the greatest difficulties, such, in fact, as from their nature, must be perpetually recurring, unless by constant employment, a surplus of hands can be avoided. Government can do nothing in this concern, which appertains exclusively to the landed interest and their tenantry. It ought not in these days, to be a novel doctrine, that every human being born in a country, and willing to contribute to the general weal, by his or her labour, is intitled to a fair and sufficient support from that country, to which their right is fully equal to that of the most opulent man to his great possessions. The denial or withholding this right from the poor, inevitably drives them to the most criminal and dangerous resources, for which their dereliction and necessary preservation of life, furnish them, from the ideas then naturally uppermost in their minds, with an ample apology. Alas! however, their gross and abominably vindictive practices, and deplorable ignorance, admit of no apology, as the following paragraph, among such multitudes of similar horrible examples, but too fully testifies. "A mare, the property of a farmer in Lincolnshire, was lately found thrown into a dyke, with her eyeballs torn from the sockets, and half her tongue cut off!" With what face can such wretches look for justice or compassion?

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s.—Rough Fat, 2s. 2d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 43s. to 80s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 12s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 42s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 112s.—Straw, 28s. to 44s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. to 36s. 9d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, November 23rd.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGARS.**—The demand for West-India Muscovadoes has revived this week; the purchases have been more extensive, but no improvement in prices, and there have been few sales to-day, on account of the darkness. In the Refined Market, there is little variation. The request for low lumps is very limited; there has been more business in low lumps for packing for the Hamburg market, but at 6d. to 1s. lower in prices than last week; 71s. 7½d. being the price at which several parcels have been sold. Small lumps low single loaves continue to be taken off freely. The buyers for the Mediterranean continue their purchases, but no improvement in prices. Molasses Lower, Foreign Sugars, some inquiries for the Mediterranean, but no purchases to any extent; about 30 chests soft brown Rio are taken for shipping, at 13s. 6d.; small parcels of low white German, for refining, at 26s. East India Sugar, by public sale, 5,162 bags Mauritius, went off heavily at a reduction of 1s. per cwt. Low to good yellow, 46s. a 56s. The premium of 1s. 6d. continues paid for the East-India House Sugar sale.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of Coffee this week have been inconsiderable, consisting of small parcels of British Plantation; they have sold with more spirit, a small improvement in prices.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The Rum Market has been very dull; small parcels of Leewards a little above proof, at 1s. 9d.; Brandy and Geneva are without alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The Tallow Market has been more firm this week, and the prices have been gradually improving; Hemp and Flax are also held with greater confidence.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 0s. 0d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 1.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bourdeaux, 26. 15.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 154. 0.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 12.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36. 0.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 0.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Lisbon, 43. 0.—Oporto, 43. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0½.—Bahia, 28. 0½.—Dublin. 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 306*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Grand Junction, 304*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 27¼*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 475*l.*—Oxford 675*l.*—Regent's, 22¼*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 270*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 90*l.*—West India (Stock), 190*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 112*l.*—Grand Junction, 49*l.*—West Middlesex, 72½*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¾*l.*—Globe, 163½*l.*—Guardian, 25*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 112¼*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City, 187½*l.*—British, 11 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from October 22d to November 22d, 1829, in the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Linsell, J. Finchingham, Essex, grocer  
 Long, J. Manchester, saddler  
 Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linen-draper  
 Meredith, J. Burlington Arcade, ho-stiamer  
 Stammers, T. Francis-street, grocer  
 Hill, J. Red Lion-street, coal-merchant  
 Wadsworth, C. Salford, spirit-dealer  
 Madden, C. A. High-street, Borough, eating-house-keeper

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 199.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Alred, B. and W. Idle, cloth-manufacturers. (Lambert, John-street)  
 Alg r, T. S. Eton, miller. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Abbot, S. Leamington Priors, builder. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street)  
 Aston, J. Wellington, mercer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Nock, Wellington)  
 Allday, T. Birmingham, salesman. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)  
 Alpress, E. Watling-street, stationer. (Pugh, Langbourn-chambers)  
 Arder, J. Weaverham, farmer. (Kent, Clifford's-inn)  
 Abbott, W. Aldersgate-street, coal-merchant. (Holmes, Liverpool-street)  
 Andrews, J. and G. Bread street, Blackwell-hall, factors. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane)  
 Abrahams, I. York-street, jeweller. (Reilly, Clement's-inn)  
 Armstrong, T. Raskelf, and J. Armstrong, Cornbrough, cattle-dealers. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Blass, R. and R. T. Elliott, Birmingham, drapers. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)  
 Burtenshaw, J. Southwark, builder. (Taylor, Kirby-street)  
 Brown, J. Wootton Bassett, linen-draper. (Francis and Co., Monument Yard)  
 Beal, J. Winchester, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
 Bourne, W. and G. Colman-street, woollen-draper. (Bourdilou, Bread-street)  
 Barham, C. Mark-lane, victualler. (Lyle and Co., King's-road)  
 Buckland, R. Jno. Shaftesbury, draper. (Osaldeston and Co., London-street)  
 Bushell, J. Sandwich and Ramsgate, lodging-house-keeper. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Dering and Co., Margate)  
 Bower, W. Clayborough, seed-merchant. (Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Hunnam and Son, East Retford)  
 Blass, R. Birmingham, draper. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Burman, Birmingham)  
 Brown, J. Great Yarmouth, and S. Brown, Little Yarmouth, malsters. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Worship, Great Yarmouth)  
 Blunten, G. East Mailing, paper-maker. (Bruce and Son, Surry-street)  
 Barrett, P. Appleton, and J. S. Barrett, Kingston, apothecaries. (Williams and Co., Bond-court)  
 Bourne, T. Norwich, Exeter, Plymouth, Tavistock, and Barnstaple, woollen-draper. (Tillicard and Co., Old Jewry)  
 Bentley, J. Milk-street, and Bernall-green, warehouseman. (Burt, Mitre-court)  
 Byers, J. Newport, linen-draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Bull, J. Taunton, woollen-draper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Wasbrough and Co., and Saunders, Bristol)  
 Broughton, E. B. Southampton-street, tailor. (Makinson and Co., Temple)  
 Bell, R. Eldwick, worsted-spinner. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street, Cheapside)  
 Brown, C. Norwich, coal-merchant. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Simpson and Co., Norwich)  
 Bull, J. and W. Bull, Taunton, woollen-draper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Wasbrough and Co., and Saunders, Bristol)  
 Bevan, J. Pontypool, grocer. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Edwards, Pontypool)  
 Barlow, T. Pendleton and Manchester, calico-printer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)  
 Bickerton, W. Oswestry, brazier. (Roster and Son, Gray's-inn-place; Griffiths and Co., Oswestry)  
 Breeze, J. and M. Lewis, W. Reade, and W. Handley, Tuastall, manufacturers of earthenware. (Smith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Dent, Shelton)  
 Benson, E. W. and W. Darke, Aston, chemists. (Swain and Co., Old Jewry; Webb and Co., Birmingham)  
 Bradley, W., R. Darch, E. Parry, and J. Baddeley, Great Guilford-street, Southwark, iron-founders. (Watson, Gerrard-street)  
 Barlow, W. Islington, stone-mason. (Bousfield, Chatham place)  
 Barton, J. Union-street, grocer. (Rochford, Borough-road)  
 Bartlett, J. Barnstaple, woollendrapery. (Bartlett and Co., Nicolson-lane)  
 Chappell, G. Holborn bridge, hat-maker. (Rochford, Borough-road)  
 Crisp, J. Idol-lane, wine-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place)  
 Cheetham, T. Heaton-Norris, and Stockpor, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple)  
 Cox, W. Bath, silk-mercant. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Bayley, Frome)  
 Crowther, J. Huddersfield, cornfactor. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Laycock, Huddersfield)  
 Clayton, C. Islington, victualler. (Lyle and Co., King's-road)  
 Cowie, G. and W. Strange, Paternoster-row, booksellers. (Fox and Co., Frederick's-place)  
 Curtis, L. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. (James, Bucklebury)  
 Crees, W. East Stonehouse, merchant. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Leach and Co., Devonport)  
 Churchill, D. Butleigh, draper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Gillard, Bristol)  
 Corkhill, J. A. Wadebridge, money-scrivener. (Coode, Guilford-street; Frosts, Launceston)  
 Calafat, M. M. St. Martin's-street, merchant. (Young, Temple-chambers)  
 Cramp, H. and J. Crowdy, Foster-lane, warehousemen. (Gadsden, Furnival's-inn)  
 Christmas, J. Rye, shopkeeper. (Egan and Co., Essex-street)  
 Chowles, G. North Audley-street, upholsterer. (Harris, Bruton-street)  
 Daggars, H. G. Preston, RIOCER. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Winstanley and Co., Preston)  
 Dow, J. Great Russell-street, auctioneer. (Parton and Co., St. Michael's-court)  
 Duncalfe, A. Great Suffolk-street, hat-manufacturer. (Smith, Great East-cheap)  
 Dudley, J. Hackney-road, chemist. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Eyre, G. Coventry and Bedford, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Everett, E. J. and J. C. Francis, Heytesbury, clothiers. (Hall and Co., Salter's-hall)  
 Elkington, W. H. and J. Geddes, Birmingham, dealers. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)  
 Ewer, F. and W. F. Schofield, Lad-lane, warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Evill, T. L. Tokenhouse-yard, and Old Ford, dyer. (Paterson and Co., Old Broad-street)  
 Edwards, J. New Bond-street, shoemaker. (Hubert, Clement's-inn-chambers)  
 Freer, T. Birmingham, druggist. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Kurrish and Sons, Birmingham)  
 Frost, R. J. Abergavenny, grocer. (Henderson, Surrey-street; Gooden, Bristol)  
 Fawcett, T. Basinghall-street, Manchester warehouseman. (Thomas, New Basinghall street)  
 Fortier, A. R. G. Norwich, tea-dealer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicolson-lane)  
 Field, R. and H. Queen-street, and Whitechapel, colourmen. (Willett and Co., Essex-street)  
 Green, T. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall factor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)  
 Griffith, W. Brecon, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)  
 Giles, W. Harp-lane, victualler. (Bennett, Adam-court, Old Broad-street)  
 Gerard, W. Liverpool, boot-maker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool)  
 Guteridge, W. St. Albans, brandy-merchant. (Lofty, King-street; O'badelston and Co., St. Albans)  
 Goodwin, W. Scawby, and J. Thorp, Broughton, merchants. (Byne and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Glamford-Briegs)  
 Halfpenny, P. Exeter, auctioneer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Hudson, T. P. West Bromwich, bone-merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)  
 Hill, J. Red Lion-street, coal-merchant. (Davison, Bread-street)  
 Hayward, T. Deal, grocer. (Stafford, Buckingham-street)  
 Hall, H. Isleworth, bookseller. (Kelly, New-inn)  
 Hart, J. Great Chart, hop-dealer. (Dickinson and Co., Gracechurch-street)  
 Hillman, J. P. Lower Thames-street, dealer in glass. (Stedman, Throgmorton-street)  
 Hay, J. Adle-street, warehouseman. (Cole, Red Lion-square)  
 Hamilton, W. Peckham, master-ma-ri-ner. (Cruckshank, King's-arms-yard)  
 Holloway, W. Westminster-road, hackneyman. (Brough, Fleet-street)  
 Hardwick, J. White Hart-yard, Tottenham-court-road, horse-dealer. (Tyle and Co., King's-road)  
 Hutchinson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane)  
 Harnwell, W. Blakeney, tailor. (Tomkins, Temple; Drake, East Dereham)  
 Hickol, G. Worthing, grocer. (Sheffield and Co., Great Prescott-street)  
 Haviside, A. and C. Harrik, Buckers-bury, merchants. (Kearsey and Co., Lambury)

- Harrison, T. Durham, smith. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Willis and Co., Gt. eshead)
- Hughes, R. Manchester, tailor. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
- Harding, T. Tottenham, stone-mason. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
- Hobday, W. A. Pall-mall, picture-dealer. (Bosrock, George-street)
- Hayton, J. Wigton, grocer. (Nicol, Queen-street; Wallis, Wigton)
- Hodgson, J. jun. Bradford-Moor, wooldrapler. (Emmett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)
- Heylyn, H. and J. Connop, Colman-street and Old Ford, dyers. (Pater-son and Co., Old Broad-street)
- Hobbs, S. E. Hitchin, grocer. (Mine and Co., Temple; Hawkins and Co., Hitchin)
- Hopkins, T. Neath Abbey, timber-merchant. (Home and Co., New-inn; Cuthbertson, Neath)
- Jones, H. Brecon, builder. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Jones, Brecon)
- Jorie, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Crump, Liverpool)
- Izzard, R. Bermondsey, leather-dresser. (Hallstone, Lyon's-inn)
- Ince, F. and E. Ellis, Dudley, coach-builders. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Johnston, W. Old Kent-road, grocer. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)
- Jackson, E. J. and C. F. Jackson, jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants. (Shaw, Ely-place; Walters, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Jackson, J. Liverpool, corn-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row)
- Jones, J. Carnarvon and Barmouth, dealer. (Byrne, Exchequer-office; Williams, Penrhos)
- Jones, J. Asken, hotel-keeper. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Beckitt, Thorne)
- Killey, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Mallby, Liverpool)
- Kellway, W. Norwich, woollen-draper. (Tillear and Co., Old Jewry)
- Knight, G. Blackman-street, carpet-warehouseman. (Parrey, Newgate-street)
- Knight, J. Cheltenham, builder. (Vi-zard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Lackenbacher, B. H. Lime-street, merchant. (Bull, Ely-place)
- Leach, G. Lane-end, Stafford, grocer. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Pick-fur, Congleton)
- Lewsey, T. Great Burstead, farmer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings)
- Lowe, J. Ashred, dealer in iron. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Mauds-ley, Birmingham)
- Lacoehe, J. Norwich, manufacturer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Staß, Norwich)
- Lambert, T. New Bond-street, upholsterer. (Hensman, Bond-court)
- Levy, J. Great Prescot-street, merchant. (Hindmarsh and So., Jewin-street, and at Manchester)
- Lavender, J. Boxley and Aylesford, paper-maker. (Smith, Great East-cheap)
- Langley, T. Birmingham, leather-dealer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfeld, Bristol)
- Leeson, T. H. Douglas, Isle of Man, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Brackenbury, Manchester)
- Leslie, J. Liverpool, wine-dealer. (Burgess, Staple-inn; Fortane, Liverpool)
- Lawrence, J. Park, Salop, miner. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
- Mellor, R. Derby, innkeeper. (Taylor, John-street; Simpson and Co., Derby)
- Moss, H. Houndsditch, linen-draper. (Lewis, Ely-place)
- Meyers, M. Houndsditch, hatter. (Spyer, Broad-street-building)
- Mawhood, C. T. I. Wells-street, soap-manufacturer. (Birch and Co., Great Winchester-street)
- Milner, W. Leeds, innkeeper. (Smith-son and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
- Motherole, W. sen. Park-place, li-very-stable-keeper. (Robinson and So s, Half-moon-street)
- Mackintosh, A. Conduit-street, mer-chant. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
- Morgan, W. E. St. James's, Gloucester, dealer in woollen cloths. (Britan, Basinghall street)
- Mangham, R. Pimlico, victualler. (Bennett, Adam's-court)
- Marlew, F. Woodbridge, grocer (Hem-ming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Moor, Woodbridge)
- Moon, W. Seavington, draper. (Hud-son, Bucklersbury; Falen, Bristol)
- Miles, J. East Dereham, corn-mer-chant. (Beart, Waibrook-buildings; Jay and Co., Norwich)
- Moore, W. S. Liverpool, wine-mer-chant. (Chester, Staple-inn; More-croft, Liverpool)
- Nicholls, J. Grosvenor-street, lodging-housekeeper. (Clare and Co., Fre-derick's-place)
- Neale, J. P. Bennet-street, bookseller. (Guddard, Thavies'-inn)
- Norman, J. Isle-rewers, miller. (Ad-lington and Co., Beauford-row; Broadmead, Langport)
- Newcombe, T. York, common-carrier. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street; Wood and Co., York)
- Nuttall, P. Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors)
- Parslow, W. C. Exmouth-street, cheese-monger. (Coombe, Token-house-yard)
- Packer, J. Newbury, carrier. (Wey-mouth, Gray's-inn-square)
- Poole, J. Westheathly, dealer. (Ban-nister, Brunswick-square)
- Passmore, H. P. Old Kent-road, plumber. (Drewbridge, Arundel-street)
- Pike, E. Staines, blacksmith (Robin-son and Sons, Half-moon-street; Richings, Staines)
- Plunkett, W. Whitechapel-road, car-penter. (Holmes, Liverpool-street)
- Peirse, T. Belciels, training-groom. (Tilston and Son, Coleman-street; Allison and Co., Richmond)
- Peele, T. Peterborough, corn-mer-chant. (Bremridge and Co., Furni-val's-inn; Atkinson, Peterbo-rough)
- Pentey, J. Huddersfield, grocer. (Bat-tye and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Rexworthy, J. Wells, currier. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol)
- Rudge, H. Leominster, surgeon. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Rhoads, T. Hoxton, cut-glass-manu-facturer. (Kearsley and Co., Loth-bury)
- Robson, H. George-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. (Brough, Fleet-street)
- Roberts, H. Hafodlas, dealer. (Byrnie, Exchequer-office; Williams, Penrhos)
- Rees, D. Brecon, clothier. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Boli and Co., Brecon)
- Rylatt, G. South Kime, victualler. (Wild and Co., College-hill, Marshal, Boston)
- Raisleigh, W. Lattiford, dealer in cheese. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Messier, Wincanton)
- Rawlings, S. Walcot, carpenter. (Ar-nott and Co., Temple)
- Sanderson, J. Gerrard's-cross, vic-tualler. (Bounsell, Percy-street)
- Stoke, J. Rye-hill, Northumberland, builder. (Williamson, Gray's-inn)
- Swan, J. Northleach, draper. (Osbal-deston and Co., London-street)
- Snowden, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Bainbridge and Co., and Bow-nas, Newcastle)
- Slovan, J. Maidstone, timber-mer-chant. (Blake, Essex-street)
- Smith, C. Old City Chambers, wine-merchant. (Cruickshank, King's-arms-yard)
- Sargent, W. Moorfields, linendraper. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Scott, G. and Z. Surr, Manchester, porter-dealers. (Bower, Chancery-lane; Owen, Manchester)
- Slaney, R. Omberley, brickmaker. (Jennings and Co., Tenpie; Win-na, Stourport)
- Slader, R. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker. (King, Bedford pace; Packwood, Cheltenham)
- Spyer, S. Great Alie-street, merchant. (Lewis, Ely-place)
- Stammers, T. Francis-street, grocer. (Nias, Cophal-court)
- Simmons, J. Plymouth, grocer. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Hus-band, Devonport)
- Trimbey, G. H., and J. G. L. Trim-bey, G. D. Trimbe, Watling-street, merchants. (Croft and Co., Bedford-row)
- Tudor, M. Bolton, shopkeeper. (Ad-lington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Talbot, A. Dickleburgh, linendraper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane)
- Truss, J. jun. Upper Holloway, lapid-ary. (Norton, Jewin-street)
- Thorpe, S. Lirmingham, victualler. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Tindall and Co., Birming-ham)
- Trout, T. Lime-street and Ostend, salesman. (Tippet, Bread-street)
- Tetley, S. Bradford, dyer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Brad-ford)
- Thornton, J. Brook-street, glass-cutter. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Townend, W. Keighley, corn-miller. (Atkinson and Co., Leeds)
- Thackway, S. Leubury, bookseller. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Holbrook, Leubury)
- Varley, J. Stanningley, cloth-manu-facturer. (Strangeways and Co., Earnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Wiss, R. Fleet-street, patent portable water-closet manufacturer. (Pon-tetex, St. Andrew's-court)
- Wheeler, T. Hereford, corn-dealer. (Bodenham, Furnival's-inn)
- Williams, J. Gloucester, boot-maker. (Becket, Golden-square; Matthews, Gloucester)
- Webster, R. Cornhill, watchmaker. (Lane and Son, Lawrence Pountney-place)
- Whittaker, C. P. Lambeth, wine-merchant. (Hemman, Bond-court)
- Williamson, J. Keighley, worsted-spinner. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)
- Whitaker, H. Emsworth, butcher. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street; Whicker, Emsworth)
- Welch, A. Glastonbury, shopkeeper. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
- Waterman, J. Rotterhithe, merchant. (Hill, Cophal-court)
- Willis, T. Bath, carpenter. (Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Dowling, Bath)
- Watkins, S. Merthyr Tydfil, iron-monger. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hall, Bristol)
- Wilkinson, G. Birmingham, saw-manufacturer. (Burfoot, Inner Temple)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Shillibeer, to the Rectory of Wadenhoe, Northampton.—Rev. J. Swode, to the livings of St. Peter, and St. Cuthbert, Thetford.—Rev. T. Mills, to the Rectory of Great Satham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. C. Hill, to the Vicarage of Fremington, Devon.—Rev. H. J. Thomas, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llantwit Wardre, Glamorganshire.—Rev. T. B. Holt, to be minister of the new church of St. John's, Golcar, Huddersfield.—Rev. H. Massingberd, to the Vicarage of Opton, Gainsborough.—Rev. J. Carver, to the chaplaincy of the City of London Lying-in-Hospital.—Rev. W. Llewellen, to the Perpetual Curacy of Langeinor, Glamorganshire.—Rev. J. B. Maude, to the Vicarage of Monk Sherborne, Hants.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Lectureship of Rhayader, Radnor.—Rev. D. Bowen, to be Commissary General of the Archdeaconry of Cardigan.—Rev. A. Curzon, to the Rectory of Norton-by-Twycross, Leicester.—Rev. J. H. Sparke, to the Rectory of Bexwell, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Broadley, to the Rectory of Cattistock, Dorset.—Rev. R. Jamieson, to the church and parish of Westruther, Berwick.—Rev. R. N. Boulbee, to the Rectory of Barnwell, Northampton.—Rev. J. Dunningham, to be master of Cuckfield grammar school.—Rev. C. J. Hoare,

to the Archdeaconry of Winchester.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams, to the Rectory of Rushall, Wilts.—Rev. R. T. Bradstock, to the Rectory of Thelbridge, Devon.—Rev. J. F. Turner, to the Rectory of St. Mary Major, Exeter.—Rev. W. Harding, to the Vicarage of Sulgrave, Northampton.—Rev. W. H. Havergal, to the Rectory of Astley, Worcester.—Rev. B. J. Sams, to the Rectory of Fakenham, Norfolk.—Rev. G. Johnson, to the Rectory of Ashreigny, Devon.—Rev. F. Pott, to the Vicarage of Churchstowe, with Kingsbridge, Devon.—Rev. S. E. Neville, to the Vicarage of Houghton, next Harpley, Norfolk.—Rev. E. J. Senkler, to the perpetual curacy of Barmer, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Spencer, to the Perpetual Curacy of Crimlesham, Norfolk.—Rev. E. Frere, to the Rectory of Finningham, Suffolk.—Rev. — Yorke, to the Rectory of Shenfield, Essex.—Rev. S. Braham, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. J. Dalton, to the Vicarage of Waringham cum Chelsham.—Rev. J. H. Simpson, to the Chaplaincy of St. Michael and the Azore Islands.—Hon. and Rev. H. D. Erskine, to the Vicarage of St. Martin, Leicester.—Rev. J. Briggs, to the consolidated Rectories of Creeting St. Olave's, and Creeting All Saints, Suffolk.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

October 23. Petition referred by the Common Council of London to the Court of Inquiry, relative to the monopoly and high price of coals. Petitioner stated that he possessed property in a Rail-road in Yorkshire, 16 miles from which there was an extensive lead of coals. These coals might be brought to London at little expense, and thereby tend to increase the supply and bring down the price.\*

\* Alderman Waithman said, when this Corporation proposed the continuance of a tax of 6d. per chaldron upon coals, to effect a great national improvement, the most violent opposition was given to the measure by certain illustrious coal-owners in both Houses, and that the grand pretext of this opposition was "sympathy for the poor!" Singular it was, that in these Houses which virtually represented *all* parties, none were then to be found to sympathize with the Poor except those Coal-owners, and that this sympathy on their parts should be so acute, that from the north they sent up agents, and opposed the Bill by Counsel, and had witnesses in daily attendance at an enormous expense. He had seen letters from the north, in which it was stated, that the differences which formerly divided these charitable personages were *now* healed; that their mutual interest, by which alone such persons could be kept together, had again united them; and that the first consequence was, that the Poor were to be subjected to a new imposition, not of *one* sixpence per chaldron for a great public purpose, but of *ten* sixpences per chaldron, producing no less than £400,000, which went into the private purses of these sympathetic patriotic guardians of the Poor!!

29. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

31. Official documents respecting the appointment of Commissioners to fix the amount of all sums due to English subjects, for injuries sustained during the blockade of the River Plate by the Brazilian squadron, received at Lloyd's.

November 4. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 13 prisoners received sentence of death; 97 of transportation, and upwards of 80 for various periods of imprisonment.

9. Alderman Crowder sworn into the office of Lord Mayor, upon which occasion the usual festivities (and dinner at Guildhall, at which some of the ministers attended) were celebrated in the city and suburbs.

10. Report of the Chamber of Commerce received from St. John's, Newfoundland, stating the defalcation of the Cod Fishery, in consequence of Free Trade.\*

\* The Chamber cannot too strongly impress on the minds of the people, that already the Norwegians have nearly driven British fish out of the Spanish market; that they are actually interfering, by competition, with us in Portugal; that the consumption of cod-fish in Italy has suffered a lamentable diminution within the past two years; that in South America our fish shipments meet with rivals in every port, and that all the foreign markets have been very unfavourable for the sale of our fish during the past year, and in many instances the results of our shipments have been almost ruinous. The Chamber, however, have the satisfaction to observe, that the West India colonies continue to take from the island about the

11. Dispatches from Canada, stating that the bill for increasing the representation of that province has received the royal assent; the number of the new members introduced into the assembly will be eight.

16. Two of the Chancery prisoners liberated from the Fleet prison; their crime was "Rebellion and contempt of that Court," as it is called, and one of them (William Gray) had been confined seven years; they were relieved by the instrumentality of Sir E. B. Sugden, the solicitor-general.

16. Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England attended at the Treasury, and had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in consequence of some financial changes intended by Government.

20. New market opened contiguous to the late Fleet Market; it is called Farringdon Market, and forms a quadrangle of 232 feet by 150, and has cost upwards of £200,000 in purchasing ground and buildings which stood thereon, &c.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Dawlish, Rev. W. M. Blencowe, to Maynard Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel Rochefort, M.P. for Westmeath.—Rev. C. Barnwell, to Sophia, daughter of the late G. Wyndham, esq., Cromer-Hall.—At Talacre, C. Stanley, esq., brother to Sir T. M. S. Stanley, bart., to Miss Mostyn, eldest daughter of Sir E. Mostyn, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, David Baillie, esq., to Miss Stewart, daughter of Lady Stewart, and niece to the Countess of Aberdeen.—At Aylesbury, J. de Veulle, jun, esq., surar of the Royal Court, Jersey, to Miss Anne Eliza Tindall.—At Chester, Rev. R. V. Law, third son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Sidney Dorothea, daughter of Col. Davison.—At Cheekley, C. W. Martin, esq., nephew to the Duke of Atholl, to Miss Charlewood.—J. W. Fane, esq., eldest son of J. Fane, M.P. for Oxford, to Ellen Catharine, third daughter to the Hon. T. Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield.—In St. James's-square, Bethel Walrond, esq., M.P. for Sudbury, to Lady Jane St. Clair, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn.—S. Compton, esq., M.P. for Derby, to Miss I. S. Cathcart, niece to Lord Cathcart.—At Lewes, on the anniversary of the Popish powder plot, Mr. Guy, to Miss Fox!—Major Bruce, to Miss Isabella Basset, niece to Sir R. Basset.—C. Hampden, esq., to Henrietta Fourness, youngest daughter of M. Wilson, esq., of Eaton Hall.—At Stoke Gifford, Major General Orde, to Lady Elizabeth O'Brien, widow of Lord E. O'Brien, and daughter to the Duke of Beaufort.—At Marylebone, J. C. Cowell, esq., to Frances Anne Esther, niece to Lord Cavan.

#### DEATHS.

Miss Mary Anne Poulett, eldest daughter of

usual quantity annually, and that an increased demand and consumption of fish has evidently taken place in the United Kingdom, especially in Ireland. Next to the cod fishery, the Chamber would notice that important branch of industry, the seal fishery, which, though not equally productive as in some former seasons, has yielded this year a large quantity of oil and skins; the fishery, employing about 300 sail of vessels of all descriptions, and about 5,000 men, has produced about 120,000 seals, which may be fairly estimated at £100,000.

Lieut. General the Hon. V. Poulett, and sister to Lady Nugent.—At Chichester, Lord F. Lennox, Captain in the Royal Fusiliers, and brother to the Duke of Richmond.—At Mudiford, T. E. Bennett, second son of J. Bennet, M.P. for Wilts.—At Oxford workhouse, 74, Mr. W. Huggins, an excellent classical scholar; he had been a member of New College, a common seaman, and then a commouer of St. Edmund's Hall—but his excesses and intemperance were such that he was compelled to leave; he then became usher to Professor Robertson, at Christ Church, and to the Rev. Mr. Hinton, and assisted young students for examination in the university, was alms'-man at Christ Church, and was at last compelled to seek an asylum in the work-house!—In Hereford-street, Lady Hatton Finch, 83.—In the Strand, Mr. Mawe, 65, author of "Travels in the Interior of Brazil."—Mrs. Mary Watling, late of Leominster, 78; her mother, a native of Hereford, bore the maiden name of Wyatt, and remained an only legitimate issue of the male descent from Sir Thomas Wyatt, who forfeited to Queen Mary, together with his head, his fortune, and his wide domains, leaving to his posterity nothing more than the first universal entail "of eating bread in the sweat of their brow!"—In Portman-square, the Countess Dowager of Clonmel, 67.—At Mount Juliet, the Countess of Carrick.—Colonel J. Midgley, 65, governor of Tilbury Fort.—At Hampstead, Rev. T. Belsham, 80, Unitarian minister, Essex-street.—At Tonbridge Wells, Lady Hawley.—At Hastings, R. Batty, esq., 70.—At Everton, Sir John Reid, bart.—At Bath, J. Walmesley, esq., 90.—E. Roche, esq., editor of the *Courier*.—At Brighton, Lady King, mother of Lord King.—At Brockwell Hall, Surrey, J. Blades, esq., 78.—Lady Barrington, wife of Sir W. Barrington, bart.—At Devonshire Terrace, Maria, wife of the Right Hon. M. Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry.—The Hon. John Coventry, 64, brother of the Earl of Coventry.—General Garth, 85.—Isle of Wight (Ivy Cottage), J. Biggs, 100, leaving a widow of 92; he had been married 78 years, and left a son 76.—At Coleraine, G. Little, esq., formerly of Annan, and principal proprietor of the most extensive salmon fisheries in Europe.

#### MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Madras, R. F. Lewis, esq., to Fanny Cleveland, niece to Admiral Sir C. Tyler.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Lausanne, the Most Hon. Thomas Taylor, Marquis of Headford.—At Koefrenick, the eldest son of General Blucher.—On his passage from Quebec, to join his family at Florence, the Hon. M. H. Perceval, collector of customs, and son-in-law to Sir C. Flower, bart.—At Sierra Leone, the Hon. J. W. Bannister, chief justice and judge of the Admiralty in that colony.—At Aix-la-Chapelle, Lieut. Colonel C. Grant.—Field-Marshal Count Gneisenau, governor of Berlin.—At Boulogne, J. Brougham, esq., brother to H. Brougham, esq., M.P.—In Paris, Anne, Baroness de Robeck, 80.—At Vienna, Constance, wife of John Spencer Smith, esq., late H. M.'s Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Wittenberg, and M.P. for Dover.—At Nice, Lady Emily Caulfield, 19, only surviving child of the Earl and Countess of Charlemont.—At Averbach, the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The exhibition of pictures by British artists, at Newcastle, of the Northern Academy of Fine Arts, has recently closed. The attendance throughout has evinced a considerable improvement upon that of last year; the number was nearly 300, but not above 20 have been sold. An exhibition of paintings, by ancient and deceased masters, will shortly be opened at Newcastle, as several gentlemen of the county have promised to send some of the best of their collections.

The permanent directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle rail-road were elected at a meeting held at Newcastle, lately. Amongst them are the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Durham, J. Powlett, M. Bell, Esq. M. P., T. W. Beaumont, Esq. M. P., &c.

Two skeletons were found in a tan-yard at Newcastle, a week or two back, when the workmen were sinking new pits; probably the remains of persons buried in the times of monkery.

A fine specimen of the great Northern Diver (*Cylindrus Glacialis, Lin.*) was lately shot at Embleton, and presented to the Society of Natural History in Northumberland.

**DURHAM.**—The Darlington and Croft railway was opened at Darlington on the 27th of October. Great rejoicings took place at Darlington in consequence.

The Charity Commissioners have discovered that £1000 has been vested in the funds for the use of Donnison's charity, in Sunderland—where it has remained for many years—both principal and interest.

**YORKSHIRE.**—At the audit of the Earl of Egremont for his Aram and Leckonfield, &c. estates, held on the 20th ult, he forgave the rents of all his tenants who had had their crops drowned! To others who had not suffered so much, he returned in proportion, and to those who had suffered nothing he returned them 10 per cent!!!—*York Chronicle*, Nov. 5.

The Aire and Calder Company intend shortly commencing a rail-road between Goole and Barnsley, with a view to open a communication with the manufacturing districts of Lancashire.

There have been several desperate encounters between gamekeepers and poachers in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In one instance, on the grounds of Sir William Ingilby, at Ripley, a poacher was killed, and the gamekeepers have been committed to York Castle.

The Barnsley turn-out terminated the first week in November, by the men accepting the wages offered by the masters.

In the evening of November 5, the Cathedral ringers, in commemoration of the day, rang 1688 changes of grandsire catres, upon the Minster bells. It is rather curious to observe, that no idea of this nature had been previously entertained by any of the performers; they having started for a peal of 5058 changes, but lost the method, just as the singular coincidence of numbers corresponding with the year of the Revolution had been effected, and could proceed no further.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

The committee of the Leeds and Selby rail-road have determined to apply to parliament for a bill.

A subscription has been entered into for lighting the town of Rotherham with gas.

The Orange Lodges in Leeds and Huddersfield celebrated the 5th of November with great éclat.

Trade in Leeds is reduced to a low ebb: out of about 2,240 looms 785 are entirely idle, and many of the others only partially employed. At Halifax, Huddersfield, and the neighbourhood, as great a scarcity of employment prevails.

There has been another discovery of fossil bones in Yorkshire, near Market Weishton. A farmer found them in a pit, when digging for marl, and he took them to Hull to sell. He offered them to a member of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, who visited the spot, and made a most interesting report of his visits at one of the meetings of the Society.

At the "Faithful Female Servant's Society," held at York, Nov. 2, it appeared by the chairman's report, that some of the females who had received prizes, had lived 36 years, some 27, 25, and 22 years in the same situations, discharging their duty with fidelity!!! Rewards were distributed to 36 servants—52 were distributed during last year.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

At the West Riding quarter sessions, Lord Wharnccliffe, the chairman, said, at the conclusion of his address to the grand jury, on the subject of the Barnsley rioters, "I have thought it right to make these remarks to you, and I hope others will profit by them; as, in these times, nothing can be said, scarcely in any place, but what goes before the public through some medium or other." The few rioters found guilty received slight imprisonment.

It is stated in the *Sheffield Iris* as a remarkable fact, that in the town of Sheffield, containing 60 or 70,000 inhabitants, there is not a single family residing either in a cellar or a garret.

The magnificent Commercial Buildings, or Exchange, at Leeds, the first stone of which was laid in May, 1826, have recently been opened to the public. This event was celebrated by a splendid dinner, at which was seen a cordial union of all parties; the county members attended, and many of the principal gentry of the neighbourhood. Mr. Becket's (chairman) health, one of the toasts, was most appropriately given, and rapturously received, as a peculiar tribute to this commercial establishment.\*

The Rev. N. T. Ellison, rector of Huntspill, has allowed 20 per cent to his parishioners on their corn tithes. Mr. Lane Fox, at rent day, returned 10 per cent. to his tenants—the steward saying, that if necessary, from the depression of the times, the rents should be diminished still farther. Mr. Bethell, of Rise, at his last audit returned the whole of the half-year's rents to his tenants, in consequence of the damage done to their crops by the floods; it should not be for-

\* His conduct during the panic ought never to be forgotten; it was declared, in proposing the toast, that the assistance of his bank was then almost unlimited, and saved many a good and respectable family from utter ruin! "I consider our customers (said he, at that unfortunate period) along with ourselves, at this melancholy crisis, as placed in one boat: we are at the helm, and rather than suffer one honest man to be thrown overboard, we have resolved that we will all sink together"!!!—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

gotten that this gentleman, in some instances, last year, returned to the same tenants the whole of their respective rents, and to others a proportion.

The collections made at the recent opening of the Wesleyan chapel, at Halifax, amounted to £521. 4s. 3<sup>d</sup>., besides a voluntary subscription of £1,600 previously made for its building; and £173 for pulpit and communion-plate given by the ladies.

**LANCASHIRE.**—It appears, from what took place at the recent engineers' dinner, in Liverpool, that a railway communication is projected from Goolle to Barnsley, and that the line has been actually surveyed by Mr. Vignoles, civil engineer, one object of its promoters being to supply the London market with coal, in competition with the Newcastle monopolists. In the event of this measure being carried into effect, there will only require about 35 miles farther, in order to have a railway across the kingdom, uniting Liverpool, Manchester, Barnsley, and Sheffield, with the newly-erected port of Goolle.

At our market, on Saturday evening last, animal food was sold at an unprecedented low price. Mutton, the very best cuts, was to be had for threepence halfpenny per pound; pork, by the side, for the same price; and fine fat geese for precisely the same charge.—*Preston Pilot*, Nov. 7.

The symptoms of improvement which lately manifested themselves in the trade of this district, have, we are sorry to say, given way to symptoms of an opposite character. The complaints of the manufacturers at this moment are as loud and as general as we remember them ever to have been; and not without reason. The calico printing business is duller than it has been for many years at this season, and what is doing is chiefly for shipping. The fustian trade is, if possible, still more discouraging. The prices are falling every week, and the wages have been reduced so low, that it is painful to think on what terms the poor weaver has to earn his bread. He must be a good weaver who can clear 8d. or 9d. per day by weaving fustians. In the silk trade also, a very great change has taken place within the last few days, and the activity which existed three weeks ago is no longer to be found.—*Manchester Courier*.

At a meeting held lately at Prescott, of the gentlemen interested in the St. Helen's collieries, and the Northwich salt works, and intermediate places, it was unanimously resolved, that application should be immediately made to parliament to authorize the formation of a railway from St. Helen's to Runcorn, with a variety of branches, and a connexion with the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

**NORFOLK.**—The payments made by the treasurer, incurred by the expenses for this county, from Midsummer, 1828, to Midsummer, 1829, amount to nearly £17,000! More than £8,000 was expended for the maintenance of Norwich Castle, Swaffham and Walsingham Bridewells, besides £4,000 for prosecuting expenses at the assizes, quarter sessions, &c.

A meeting has been recently held at Norwich, for the purpose of forming a "Norfolk and Norwich Horticultural Society," when a committee was established and subscriptions entered into to carry it into effect.

**NOTTINGHAM.**—In addressing the grand jury at Newark quarter sessions, Rev. J. T. Beecher mentioned that there are above 10,000 Friendly Societies in England, "and in this county alone," said he, "there are from 22 to 25,000 members; and the late statute made for their security, provides that at the Friendly Societies no money shall be spent in feasting, and that no money shall be lent on personal security: for it is an indisputable fact, that one gentleman in London had borrowed £120,000 of the Friendly Society, upon his personal security; this was now put an end to. The sums are to be paid into the Bank of England, or into the Savings' Banks."

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At the quarter sessions held at Boston, Oct. 20, the chairman (Mr. Tunnard) addressed the grand jury on the State of the Poor, on the present Agricultural Distress, and the support and maintenance of the Cottager and his Family. It has been published at the request of the magistrates, and of the grand jury; its object is to decrease the parish rates, "in encouraging industry amongst the labouring poor, and restoring them to that healthy state of independence which nauseates the bitter bread of idleness!"\*

**OXFORD.**—The disbursements by the treasurer of this county, from Michaelmas sessions, 1828, to Trinity sessions, 1829, both inclusive, amount to £6,369. 1s. 5<sup>d</sup>., nearly the whole of which was spent in the all-devouring law—bridges only £173. 9s. 4<sup>d</sup>.—militia £34. 13s.

**CHESHIRE.**—Condition of the suffering class of hand-loom weavers: a very good hand-loom weaver, when in full work, 14 or 16 hours a day, will earn about 6s. a-week—and there are men innumerable that can earn no more, who have three, four, or five children to provide for, all of very tender age. Suppose a man to have four children; those, with his wife and himself, make six in family. The man can earn 8s, provided his wife can wind him bobbins, besides doing her other domestic work. Then suppose that to be his net income; the house-rent will be at least 2s. a-week; 6d. a-week will supply them very poorly with fuel; and 1s. a-week for shoes and clothing—only 2d. each; and 6d. more for little matters too numerous to enumerate—leaving 4s. to provide victuals during seven days for six persons—not a penny farthing a-day each!!!—*Stockport Advertiser*.

How the free-trade advocates will be able to explain the increased and increasing importation of foreign manufactures in spite of the present state of the country, we know not; here is a sample for their ingenuity—it is a statement, from

\* It is entitled "Employment of the Poor."—There is not an individual here who would not yield a ready bounty to assist the helpless infant or support the crutch of age—none so unthankful to Providence for the free use of their limbs and the enjoyment of their senses, as to refuse commiseration to the cripple or the sightless pauper; and it is for such objects of charity we should erect our parish poor houses, affording an asylum to the destitute, a home to the houseless, and a hospital to the sick. Let us never then seek to turn the refuge for the unfortunate into a Bride-well for the guilty, or blend Vice and Misfortune together!!!—Page 11.

the official papers, of the imports of foreign silk manufactures during the month of October, 1829: 10,528 yards tulle lace, £526; 249 pieces India silk goods, £1,743; 3,812 pieces bandannas, £4,574; silk goods, ad volorem, £53,563; 2,710 lbs. silk goods, £8,672; 15,468 lbs. thrown silk, £23,202; total, £92,280.—*Macclesfield Courier*, Nov. 14.

In our last mention was made of the consecration of St. George's chapel, at Macclesfield, whereas it has only been licensed, we understand; nor can it, according to law, be presented to the bishop for consecration, until the heavy debt of £2,800 is paid off. For this purpose subscriptions are solicited, and the efforts of the trustees will, we trust, be finally accomplished.\*

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—In consequence of the nail-masters in the neighbourhood of Bromsgrove having intimated to their workmen that they should reduce their wages 10 per cent. they all left work on Saturday last, and at mid-day on Tuesday, several hundreds of them marched into that town, in procession, bearing placards alluding to the illegal practice, the nail-masters sending their workmen to buy, at particular shops, almost every article they eat or wear. On the magistrates promising to afford them that assistance which the laws of the country extended to them, the men quietly separated; but assembled again on Wednesday morning, to the number of nearly one thousand, conducting themselves in a very orderly manner. Three of the masters have since been convicted in two penalties of £10 each, and one in one penalty, "for paying their workmen otherwise than in money."

**DORSETSHIRE.**—The disbursements for this county for the year ending June 24, 1829, amounted to £8,360. 8s. 11½d., of which £1,470 was paid for bridges; the rest was nearly swallowed up by the voracious law and its *eccleratas*, for punishing but not preventing crimes—except the sum of £2. 3s., which was paid for "burying dead bodies cast on shore."

**SUSSEX.**—Sermons were preached at Brighton, Oct. 25, for the benefit of the national schools, now erecting at that place, when the sum of £251. 16s. 4d. was collected.

\* In their address to the public they say, "If it be inquired upon what ground the trustees rest their claim to public support? They reply—not so much upon their own personal sacrifices, nor upon their own responsibility, as upon the general interests of the church of England, and upon the wants of the population in Macclesfield and its adjoining townships. For that population, comprising at least 30,000, four-ninths of whom reside within the distance of a mile from St. George's Chapel, there are but two churches, capable of accommodating about 1,500 each. In the township of Sutton, which alone contains 5,000 inhabitants, there was no place of worship under the establishment, until this chapel was licensed for that purpose, which will contain 1,500 persons; more than 400 free seats are reserved for the poor. These circumstances they deem a sufficient plea. They have done what they could, and they now leave their cause in the hands of their fellow Christians, looking to them for that aid which the nature of their case seems to demand."—We have called the public attention to this subject, as, considering the deep distress under which Macclesfield has for a length of time laboured, and although the list of subscribers is highly respectable, yet other assistance will be absolutely necessary to complete the object.

*M. M. New Series.*—Vol. VIII. No. 48.

**RUTLANDSHIRE.**—Several prisoners were tried and found guilty at these sessions for having assaulted and conspired to prevent the employment of some Irish labourers in agricultural occupations. The chairman, in his charge to the jury, said this was a most wanton, wicked, and cowardly attack upon the prosecutors; that he had heard them during the trial called "foreigners," which he must deny that they were; the Irish were our brethren; they had borne with us the brunt of many hard contests, had bled for us, and fought with us, both by sea and land, and were entitled to, and should have, our protection. It had been remarked in the course of the day, that the money these poor Irish earned was carried over and spent in another country: "let it be remembered," said the worthy chairman, "that it is one of the greatest calamities to that country that the hard earnings of the industrious poor there, are wrung from them and spent by the rich in this country!!!"

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At Bristol three churches and two chapels are now in course of erection; one of the latter is understood to have been built at the entire cost of one individual. In addition to 19 churches of the establishment, Bristol contains nearly 30 dissenting meeting-houses, without including others of a minor description, occupied by the various sects into which some of the non-conformists are divided and subdivided.

The different societies established at Bristol for the purpose of commemorating the birth-day of the eminently pious and benevolent Colston, held their annual meeting, Nov. 23, when the *Dolphin* collected £422. 3s.; the *Anchor* £622. 16s.; and the *Grateful* £370—upwards of £1,400 for charitable purposes—honour be to the city of Bristol!\*

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—As twelve convicts under sentence of transportation for life, were removing by the Albion coach from Chester to Chatham, under escort of the turnkey and two assistants, they contrived to make their escape, although heavily ironed. At about nine miles from Coventry, at a sequestered spot, they released themselves, and seizing the coachman, the guard, and turnkey, whom they pinioned and fastened with cords and handcuffs, they loosened the horses from the coach and decamped. Seven of them have been since retaken.

It appears by the Report of the Charity Commissioners, that the property belonging to the Birmingham Free Grammar School produces a rental of £3,967. 6s. 8d. per annum—that in 1840, by the falling-in of leases, the rental will be increased to £7,856. 16s. 8d.; and in 1850, to £10,470. 10s.

\* The citizens of Bristol have as much reason to congratulate themselves on the advantages provided for them by the Public Charities of their ancestors as any whatever of the kingdom; and therefore a few gentlemen have meritoriously established themselves into a committee for the purpose of publishing the Report of all the Charitable Institutions that exist in that city at a price at which they could not have been published without; and they have hitherto superintended the publication, to see that the object of the subscribers is properly carried into effect, well knowing the immense power of the Press in remedying abuses. We wish this excellent example were followed by all the cities and towns in the kingdom.

11d.!!!—The annual salaries of masters are : head master, £400. ; second master, £300. ; assistants, £200 each ; writing and drawing-masters, £100 each. The head master, in addition, derives about £200 a-year from land appropriated to him, and both he and the second master have residences on the school premises, free of expence.—In 1827 there were 115 boys educating in the school. The school buildings are in a very ruinous state !!!

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Mr. Williams, at his audit at Limington, Yeovilton, &c., with noble and generous feelings towards his tenants, gave them back 50 per cent. on their last half year's rent, in consideration of the depressed state of the times and the heavy losses they had sustained by disease amongst their cattle.

A public meeting has been held at the Market House, in Taunton, for the purpose of forming an Association in connexion with the Newfoundland and British North American School Society, when resolutions and subscriptions were entered into for that effect. The report states, that the poor among the colonists are labouring under the deprivation of Christian instruction, and that 25,000 persons had emigrated from Ireland alone to British North America during the last year.—*Taunton Courier.*

**WILTS.**—Mr. Gingell, of Naish House, has lowered the rents of his tenants in the parish of Bremhill 40 per cent., in consequence of the present agricultural depression.

In the vicissitudes of the celebrated Fonthill estate, after its magnificent Abbey has become a desolate pile of ruins, and its various splendid attributes have vanished in all directions, that portion of the estate which fell to the lot of Mr. Mortimer was, on Thursday, brought to the hammer at the Auction Mart, and produced £40,500 ; the rest nearly £17,000 ; so that Fonthill now exists only in name,—yet it will for ages serve as one of the numberless monuments which record the frail and unstable character of earthly grandeur.

**BUCKS.**—At the Magistrates' Chamber, Aylesbury, Nov. 1, a conversation took place on the necessity of their meeting for the purpose of revising the rate of payment to the poor, as the farmers are totally unable to pay the present amount of poor-rates. Mr. Owen stated that he had this year signed four rates for the parish of Cholesbury, amounting to sixteen shillings in the pound ; that there were only three farmers in the parish, and they were all going to give up their lands, as they could not pay the rates ; and that the poor must have the land. An application is intended to be made to Parliament in the ensuing Session for an Act to watch, light, cleanse, regulate, and improve the town of Aylesbury, and for the better collection of the poor rates, by assessing the proprietors, instead of the occupiers of cottages.

**BERKS.**—The blessed effects of the grinding system of local taxation, which prevails in this borough, is daily becoming more and more apparent ; building is now over. Houses which, according to the sums laid out in their erection, ought to yield a rental of £60 and £70 a year, are now going a-begging for tenants at £40 and £50 ; and building ground, which formerly was worth £3 or £4 a foot frontage, is now deemed as a gift.—*Reading Mercury.*

In consequence of the depressed state of the agricultural interest, Wm. Mount, Esq., of Wasing Place, at his last audit, allowed his tenants ten per cent. on their respective rents. What renders this boon the greater is, that most, if not all, his farms are let at a corn rent.

**ESSEX.**—The following is a copy of a circular to all the occupiers of one of the most extensive parishes in the county of Essex ; the only resident incumbent in the hundred, who farms his own glebe lands, of upwards of 200 acres, with as much economy and ability as the most experienced farmer, and consequently well knows the justice and expediency of the example he is setting :—My dear Sir,—I have fixed on Monday, Nov. 16th, for my Title Audit ; and as I feel persuaded that the difficulties the agriculturist has at present to contend against can chiefly be mitigated by forbearance on the part of the landlords and tithe-owners, I shall be disposed to remit fifty per cent. this year on your usual payment, though such a consideration is not made without great personal inconvenience on my part. I am, dear Sir, your's faithfully, THOMAS SCHREIBER. Bradwell Lodge, Oct. 27, 1829."

**WALES.**—At the recent county meeting of Carmarthenshire, it was resolved, that the judicature of Wales be not abolished, but modified and improved. At a meeting of the inhabitants of the borough of Carmarthen, also, a similar resolution passed, and petitions to Parliament ordered to be prepared for both.

**SCOTLAND.**—In Edinburgh, by the last week's report, 71 men, 133 women, one boy, and one girl, from four to 80 years of age, (in all 206 persons) were brought, in one day, into the different police watch-houses, in a state of intoxication. Upon 15 of these, namely, nine women, five men, and the girl, the stomach-pump was used with success, and their lives thereby most probably saved.

**IRELAND.**—Four prisoners received sentence of death, at Cork, for a conspiracy to murder three magistrates. Four others were afterwards put on their trial, out of the remaining 13 for the same offence ; and after the jury had retired, and been confined 16 hours, they could not come to unanimity—medical men having been called in, and stating the danger, without sustenance, of further keeping the jury, from their dreadful state of exhaustion, they were allowed to be discharged : the foreman of the jury said, "Were your lordship to confine us for a month, there is no likelihood of our agreeing." In one case there were nine for acquittal and three for conviction. In the other two cases, 11 for conviction, and one for acquittal. Thus the reign of terror has commenced ; and this trial has elicited a state of society in Ireland unprecedented in the annals of any other country. Its description has been thus given by the solicitor-general in his introductory speech on this occasion.—"There exists in Ireland a secret and extensive confederacy ; bound together by oaths ; organized ; headed by captains, acting in concert ; directed by committees ; exercising an unfortunate controul over too many of the unfortunate people ; at whose bidding burglary, robbery, and murder are perpetrated ; who have but to issue their orders to be obeyed."—So much for the boasted emancipation of the Catholics ! Discontent seems as prevalent as ever, and O'Connell has given notice that Ireland shall have its own parliament!



PRESENTED

= 8 DEC 1949

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