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OF THE PATENT OFFICE AND GENERAL

INFORMATION



THE PATENT OFFICE

THE PATENT OFFICE

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*Alexander von Humboldt.*

*London, Jan<sup>y</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1837.*

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FREDERIC HENRY ALEXANDER, BARON VON  
HUMBOLDT,

ONE of the most distinguished natural philosophers of our age, was born at Berlin, the 14th Sept. 1769. The excellent institutions of education by which the Prussian capital was even thus early distinguished, and the easy circumstances of his family, afforded him every kind of instruction in science as well as in languages; and to every branch he applied himself with nearly equal zeal. He continued his studies with unremitting perseverance at the universities of Göttingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and subsequently resided at Hambro', where he acquired the principles of commerce in the commercial academy of Büsh. In 1790 he came to England in company with the famous traveller George Forster, traversing in that journey the countries along the Rhine and the Netherlands. Consulting his inclination he went to Freyberg in Saxony, where he studied mineralogy under the celebrated Werner, and at the same time made great attainments in botany. The knowledge he had acquired in mineralogy induced the king of Prussia in 1792 to appoint him a member of the Department of the Mines; and soon afterwards he was sent to Barrenth as superintendent of the mines of that principality. It was about this time, or shortly afterwards, that, considering the easy circumstances in which he was placed by a considerable fortune, and consulting only his inclination for scientific researches, he conceived the plan of that long journey, which he afterwards executed, and which has rendered his name so illustrious all over the world. To prepare himself duly for that great undertaking, he

resigned his lucrative post in 1795, and travelled for three years in Italy, Switzerland, and France. In Paris he became acquainted with Aimé Bonpland. Humboldt went to Madrid in 1798, carrying with him a considerable collection of the best astronomical and physical instruments; and he succeeded in March 1799 in obtaining from the Spanish government the permission of visiting their colonies in America. The first step he took was to procure the assistance of Bonpland, as an able botanist, and they embarked at Coruña for America.

The principal object of this expedition was to make numerous observations on the physical geography and geology, and to examine the natural history of those countries more extensively than had been done before. As he and his companion were well prepared for the execution of that object, the result of their labour has been greater than could reasonably have been expected. They first went to the island of Teneriffe, where, in the crater of the Peak de Teyde, they made some experiments respecting the composition of the atmospheric air, and examined the geological constitution of the Canary Islands. Hence they sailed to America, where they landed in the harbour of Cumanà, in the month of July. The remainder of that year, and part of the following, was employed in examining the coast and the mountainous portion of the present republic of Venezuela; and then they directed their steps southward, traversing the great plains which are drained by the Orinoco, and known by the name of Llanos. They advanced as far as San Carlos del Rio Negro, ( $1^{\circ} 54'$  N. Lat.) and decided in that route the long contested point of a natural union between the rivers Orinoco and Amazonas, by navigating the natural canal of Cassiquiare, which forms this union. They returned then by another road to Barcelona and Cumanà; where they embarked again, and went to the Havannah, touching at San Domingo and Jamaica. For three months they occupied themselves with the examination of a great part of the island of Cuba, and in March 1801 they passed from the harbour of Batabano to the town of Cartagena. Hence they ascended the Ril de la Magdalena in a barge to Honda, from which place they went to Santa Fè de Bogotà on the eastern range of the Andes. During three months in 1801 they examined the plain on which the capital of the republic of Nueva Granada, is built, and the mountains which enclose it, visiting the Salto de Tequendama and the natural

bridges the Icononzo torrent. From Bogotà they went to Carago on the Rio Cauca, repassing the Rio de la Magdalena, and traversing the central chain of the Andes by the famous *quebrada*, or mountain-pass, of Quindiù. Hence they proceeded up the Rio Cauca to the town of Popayan, where they visited the volcano of Puracè. Departing from Popayan they ascended to the high valleys, enclosed by the double series of the high peaks of the Andes; and there they travelled as it were on the back of those enormous mountain-passes from Popayan ( $2^{\circ} 26'$  N. Lat.) to Loxa ( $4^{\circ}$  S. Lat.), examining the volcanoes of Pichincha, Antisana, and Tunguragua, and ascending the Nevado de Chimborazo, to the height of 19,306 feet, 3720 feet above the highest place which had been attained by Condamine, and only 2282 feet below its highest summit. Between Loxa and Truxillo they three times traversed the highest ridge of the Andes, and visited the Pongo (cataract) of Rentema in the Amazonas river. Between Truxillo and Lima their route lay along the coast of the Pacific, and they left South America in the beginning of the year 1803, having remained there three years and a half.

From Guayaquil they sailed to Acapulco, whence they ascended the table-land of Anahuac to the town of Mexico. They remained in Mexico nearly a year, visiting the famous mines of Real del Monte and Guanaxuato, and the still more famous volcano of Iorullo, where Humboldt had an opportunity of making many observations respecting the origin of volcanoes. Returning from that volcano they ascended the Nevado de Toluca, and went thence again to Mexico, which town they left in January 1804. In their travel to the Gulf of Mexico, they determined the height of the Popocateptl and Itzaccihuatl, and mounted to the summit of the Coffre de Perote. In the month of February they left the port of Vera Cruz, and went to the Havannah, and hence to Philadelphia, from which place they returned to Europe in August 1804, after an absence of more than five years.

After his return to Europe Humboldt settled at Paris, where he occupied himself with the arrangement and publication of his extensive collection of natural history, of which the botanical portion alone contained 6300 plants. He likewise published his observations on the countries which he had visited; and in these especially he displayed the extensive views which he had taken on the objects which fell under his observation. He did not limit his labour to a general

description of the climate, productions, and physical face of the countries, but rested them on continual series of meteorological and hysometrical observations, to give to the whole a solid foundation. He measured, for instance, the elevation of not less than 453 places, which before his time in South America had only been done for 45 places. He added numerous astronomical observations, by which a considerable number of towns and villages were found to have been laid down very incorrectly in the ancient maps. He also reviewed the existing condition of society, both of the aborigines and the descendants of the European settlers, and examined a great number of monuments illustrative of the ancient state of civilization among several of the nations inhabiting the New Continent. Even their languages he subjected to examination. Subsequently to Humboldt's visit, these countries have been opened to the access of European travellers and have been visited by a great number of naturalists of all nations; but it appears from their publications, that he has taken so complete a view of them and gathered so rich a harvest of facts, as to have left for his successors only very scanty gleanings. He is frequently blamed on account of his bias for generalization, and for having from a few observations abstracted laws of nature, which can only be known when numerous observations have been made for many years together, and at places much more distant from one another than those which he visited. This blame is not quite without foundation; but it must be acknowledged, that he was the first who enlarged upon the ideas of Pallas, and showed to what extent a traveller must carry his views, who wishes to give a complete description of a country and its relation to nature.

The publication of his works on America, and the further pursuit of his scientific researches, occupied his time up to 1818, when he came to London, on purpose, as it was thought, to give his opinion respecting the political condition of the Spanish settlements on the New Continent; but nothing has publicly transpired on this affair. About this time he conceived the plan of visiting India and Thibet, and the king of Prussia granted him a considerable sum for the execution of this scheme, but he soon abandoned it. He subsequently devoted himself especially to geological researches, until 1822, when he accompanied the king of Prussia to Italy. In 1826 he returned from Paris to Berlin, where in the following year he delivered lectures on physical geography, which were attended by persons of

the highest rank. In 1828 he presided at the meeting of the learned men of Europe, which then assembled at Berlin, and he performed the office to the advantage of the sciences. His restless mind induced him in the following year to undertake another long travel through Siberia as far as the boundary of the Chinese empire. He went from Petersburg to Nishnei-Novogorod, and Kasan, and thence over Perm to the Uralian Mountains, and Yecaterinenburg. From this place he advanced to Tobolsk, and through the Steppe of Baraba to Bernoul, whence he visited the mines on the western extremity of the Altai Mountains, and the adjacent Chinese boundary. He returned through the Steppe of Ischim to the southern ranges of the Ural, and visiting the great salt-lake of Elton, he reached Astrakhan and the Caspian Sea. His route then lay through the wide steppes traversed by the Volga or Don to the ancient metropolis of Russia, and thence to Petersburg, after an absence of ten months. Up to this time nothing has been published respecting the observations he made in this journey, except his "Fragments Asiaticques," a work which contains little of what he himself observed, but some general and rather bold views on the physical and geological geography of Asia. It is to be hoped that his personal observations will ere long be published, furnishing, as may well be expected, a large mass of the most valuable information respecting countries whose geography requires elucidation more than any on the surface of our globe.

---

### SHANKLIN CHINE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

[*Lines written by MR. WARREN,\* of the Inner Temple, during a residence at the Chine Cottage, in 1836.*]

THOU lovely fissure! By what freak of Nature  
Were Shanklin's lofty cliffs asunder riven,  
And when?—But Nature, if she dealt the blow  
So cruelly on the earth, looked after on  
With pity; and the wound—incurable—  
Sorrowing she hid beneath an emerald robe  
Of beauteous ever-greens and gem-like flowers.  
Though thus with verdure clad, her ancient grief  
Shanklin forgetteth not, but sadly weeps!  
Incessantly her tears, a crystal shower,  
Fall trickling down the Chine; and they whose souls  
Know not of Shanklin's grief, come oft to view  
Her mimic *waterfall*! But not so I—  
Who silent stand amidst her vernal gloom,  
Mingling my tears with hers.

---

\* Author of "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician."

## THE APPROACHING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Imperial Parliament will have resumed its labours, before another number of this periodical meets our reader's eye. Those who turn over the "Mirror of Parliament" for 1836, cannot avoid the remark, that little,—very little was *done*, though much, far too much was *said* during the six months that constituted last session. To what cause the inefficiency may be attributed,—whether to the obstructive manœuvres of Lord Lyndhurst and his followers, or to the vacillating half-measure policy of the king's present ministers, it is of little use to discuss: but whether the one or the other be the true cause, both must be removed.

The ministers cannot, it is quite certain, retain their seats; unless they withdraw their opposition to the reformers, a body, whose numerical strength is daily increasing, and whose boldness is unflinching, and will no longer be coaxed or *sopped* into silence. During the last session the Reformers were outwitted by the Whig ministry; but this session the Reformers all over the kingdom are determined that the ministry shall support *them*, or they will not support *the ministry*. It is more than probable that a dissolution will take place before Easter; but what benefit will thence result to ministers pursuing a policy like the present? A new House of Commons would undoubtedly act more firmly and decidedly than the present. The Tories boast of the increase of their votes on the late registration returns: let them enjoy their delusion—time will show. But let Lord Melbourne's party seriously look to it. Where will they find constituents to return the men who will consent to serve the ministry without receiving a *quid pro quo* in the shape of fair play for the great questions of reform—peerage reform, and those other measures necessary for carrying into effect the declared intentions of the reform bill? Let them take warning from the sentiments expressed by the people of Leeds, Totness, Truro, East Cornwall, and North Devon; and let them recollect that their *expressed* sentiments are quite in unison with those *felt* by the Electors of all the large and free towns in England and Ireland. In fact Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have only one of two courses left to them, if they would retain their self-respect, either to retire from the field before they

driven from it in disgrace, or to concede to their supporters those points in which they agree in their hearts, but which from silly pride they decline sanctioning, because they had not the boldness to be the originators. If the Prime Minister go down to Parliament and openly declare his opposition to the free discussion of Reform questions, he will find that the present House of Commons will look coldly on him and show their opinions of him most unequivocally by their votes;—and if he shall venture to appeal to the country, as very probably he may, the ejection of the Whiggish members and the return of unflinching Reformers in their stead will so alter the votes as to impose on him and his followers the necessity of a disgraceful retirement. The Reformers have hitherto been staunch friends and supporters of the Ministry, and have throughout evinced more zeal for their interests than the scions of the Whig Aristocracy, who have so often and so injuriously to the cause preferred their private pleasures to their legislative duties. They will not desert the Ministers in the time of need, unless the Ministers desert themselves; and they cannot do so more effectually than by opposing those very measures without which their own favourite Reform bill is but a half-finished structure,—like a noble edifice planned out and built, but left incomplete and unfurnished—a monument of architectural talent, but at the same time of human inconsistency, irresolution, and folly. But the Ministry will not so belie their own pledges,—so far compromise their own honesty:—and we pass on to another and a no less important question.

The obstructive party under the command of Lord Lyndhurst succeeded during the last Session in throwing out *five* great national bills, or at least in emasculating them so far that their essentials were not retained, and the bills were rejected with merited contempt;—and these too, were bills that had passed the Commons with overwhelming majorities. Shall they be allowed to run their course during another Session? We say yes:—for of the Peers as well as the Clergy, it may be truly said,—*Quem Deus vult perdere,—prius dementit.* All men's eyes are opening to the flagitiousness of their conduct, and every additional act of obstruction only hastens the moment either of Peerage ruin or Peerage reform. We are not destructives:—we wish to eradicate their faults,—to make them better,—to render them worthy of being the Peers—members of the *true nobility*—of the British Empire. To the Reformers how-

ever, and to the Commons' representatives, we do not advise a passive expectation of the result. Measures must meanwhile be in progress for facilitating the accomplishment of so desirable an object. The Reformers in the House of Commons are not only a powerful but a talented body; and in the present day a fair proportion of them possess the influence of rank and fortune. Their talented leaders will not, we hope, hesitate to bring forward this great question and exhibit it, as it deserves, in the ensuing session. If Ministers support them, or at least allow Peerage Reform to be considered an open question, all will be well. If the Lords obstruct their measures again, let the Ministers tender their resignations; for they may be sure that with the House of Commons at their back, they may offer them in security and gain additional powers from the Sovereign. But let them not *create peers*. This is but a sorry way of surmounting difficulties; for it only increases the evil. Other measures for neutralizing lordly obstruction have been devised:—and the talents of a Molesworth, a Grote, and an O'Connell will point out to the country those methods which we have neither the room nor the ability to discuss.

One word to the Reformers,—ere we close these very brief remarks. We repeat to them the trite but very true saying:—UNITY IS STRENGTH. Their forces must be concentrated,—must be employed in that particular direction, where they shall be most effective. It is not our intention to disapprove of canvassing general questions on their broad principles; but we well know that success is only certain, when the means used to ensure it are staked on one great and absorbing question. What then shall that question be? Shall it be Peerage reform,—the Ballot,—Extended Suffrage,—Shortened Parliaments,—or Church-reform?—For all these questions are unquestionably important. The decision, we think, is not difficult. Peerage reform is a new question and can only be carried after a lengthened period of discussion and agitation:—the questions of Extended Suffrage and Shortened Parliaments are important, but of little use, so long as the power of unduly influencing votes remains,—so that these are at present only secondary questions:—and Church-reform is so certain and inevitable, that it would be waste of strength to employ it in gaining what must come of itself. In short—the grand question, on which the sincere advocates of Reform must concentrate their strength during the ensuing Session must be

the **BALLOT**. That measure has been vilified and scouted by Whigs as well as Tories in time past ; and even a stripling may remember the time, when the support of that measure was attended with personal danger. The times are changed. The Reform Act has passed ; and subsequent elections have proved, that bribery—direct and indirect—is as possible at present, as it was, when the boroughs were represented by the nominees of the unreformed Peers. The Ballot, then, is not merely an important question ; but its settlement as one of the laws of these realms is a necessary preliminary to every other reform. Grievances endured by the people can only be properly reformed by those, who properly represent their sentiments ; and those sentiments cannot be properly represented, so long as the *very least* power is allowed to the land-owning Aristocracy of tampering with the votes and consciences of the people at large. Before a really and radically reformed House of Commons a Tory Peerage must either bow or bend. The question, then, is one of paramount importance. But, further, it is one that may be urged with every chance of success,—or, to say the least, with such power as to awe the opposition into speedy acquiescence with the measure ; because it is one which will engage the support of the largest number of the free and independent reformers of Great Britain. Let the great question for 1837, then, be the **BALLOT**—the **BALLOT**.

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## SCENES IN SPAIN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

AFTER a day's heavy marching over a country one succession of mountains, without villages or habitations, and appearing desolate and barren, —towards the close of the day we descended into a more level tract of country, and as night approached, thickly wooded forests, and numerous rivulets gave evidence of increased fertility. Our men had for the last league or two been greatly distressed, and the brigade, mixed and confused, was every moment in hopes of hearing the welcome order to halt and bivouack in the forest ; for as yet, no sign of a village had been seen for some hours. The remainder of the Legion had branched off in different directions in the neighbourhood, by regiments and brigades. At length however, our impatience was gratified by the sight of a few straggling houses embosomed in the wood : and a few minutes after, we came in sight of the church, and another small cluster of houses, forming altogether one of the most picturesque little villages I had ever seen in Spain. It was situated in the midst of a forest,

and intersected by numerous streamlets—through which the men waded, in their impatience to get into quarters, after a fatiguing march of more than thirty miles.

The greater part of the men, as usual in such cases, were marched into the church; just outside of which, in an adjoining shed, the main-guard was stationed. After seeing my company as comfortably settled as circumstances would admit of, and the rations of meat (cut from a miserable bullock not half an hour killed, and yet warm and quivering) served out, I turned my attention to my own case, and immediately set about seeking a "billet." I saw the principal part of the officers, exhausted and powerless, lying in little groups apart from the men, some rolled in their cloaks asleep under the trees, others superintending the lighting of fires and cooking of their rations by their servants; but few exerting themselves in procuring better quarters than the canopy of heaven—the weather, indeed, was delightfully mild for the month of November, and more like what is called in America the "Indian summer" than any we experience in England. I was generally more careful in this respect; and where there was any possibility of getting under a roof, no matter how humble, I spared neither time nor trouble in effecting it. The next morning, I had generally reason to congratulate myself on my attention to this particular, when, turning out after a refreshing night's rest, I would behold my less provident comrades stiff, cold, and damp, from exposure to the heavy dew of the morning.

Upon this occasion I was, as usual, successful. The house I selected, had formerly been the habitation of some family of note; as was evident by the sculptured arms over the portal, and the extent and even elegance of the rooms—they were, however, totally bare of furniture, with the exception of beds in the alcoves, and a few cracked *pucheros*, or earthenware pipkins in the kitchen. A company of *Chápelgorris*\* had taken possession of the chief part of the house, and were busily employed in the kitchen and in the courtyard, cooking their dinners. I managed however to secure a bed in one of the alcoves, and despatched my servant to notify the same to a brother officer, with an invitation to share it with me. In a few minutes after, he returned, and with him my friend whom he had discovered, with his usual improvidence, wrapped in his cloak beneath a tree, quietly enjoying a cigar, and with great placidity awaiting the coming up of his servant, who had fallen out in the latter part of the march from fatigue.

After giving plentiful directions to my lad relative to our expected dinner, and with strict injunctions to wake me when it was ready, I determined to follow the example of C., who, directly he caught sight of the bed, had tumbled in, and was already fast asleep. Unbuttoning my shell jacket, and disencumbering myself of my sword and pistols, which I placed carefully alongside, I made preparations for turning in likewise. Happening, however, to cast a glance at the sheets, I drew back with a shudder of disgust—they appeared perfectly white at a little distance, though coarse and rough, but on a nearer inspection,

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\* A species of Guerrilla or irregular troops on the side of the Queen, so called from their wearing red caps.

literally covered with a disgusting species of vermin, of which the very name almost is unknown in England. Having no alternative, however, between the bed or the floor, I carefully rolled my cloak around me, and throwing myself on the former in defiance of *piojos*, fleas, or other nocturnal annoyances, in a few minutes I was fast asleep.

I had continued thus for some time, when I was aroused by a shout, which proceeded from above—listening for a moment, I ascertained that it proceeded from a party of drunken *chapelgorris* carousing in the apartment above our heads—at the same time, I painfully discovered by my sensations that I had eaten nothing since the morning, and finding my drowsy companion still sound asleep by my side, I jumped up, and putting a pistol in my pocket by way of precaution, I began to grope my way in the dark towards the door, in my progress to the kitchen. But a few steps from the bed, I stumbled over the prostrate form of my delinquent servant, as he lay extended on the floor. All my attempts to rouse him, accompanied by both kicks and cuffs, were unavailing. The poor fellow was actually stupified with fatigue; and all I could elicit from him was, that he had put the pot containing our dinner on the fire, and then left it to its fate, while he, overcome by fatigue, had followed his master's example.

With many curses "not loud but deep" at the *désagrément*s of a soldier's life, I, at length, directed by the sound of voices, found the kitchen. Round a cheerful wood fire in the centre of the room, sat the *patrona* and her two daughters—while three or four *chapelgorris* were employed discussing the last relics of a feast, and occasionally bandying compliments with the girls, more lively than delicate in the allusions. These damsels were a fair specimen of the *paisannas*, of the northern provinces of Spain. Swarthy and coarse in their features, and not particularly cleanly in their persons, they had yet an air of natural grace about them that would not have disgraced a palace; and their dark and brilliant eyes, shaded by long superb lashes, and raven hair neatly parted off the forehead, and hanging in a long plait behind, almost to their feet, together with the piquancy of their remarks, and the total absence of any bashfulness, rendered them rather attractive in the eyes of us English, accustomed as we were to the greater reserve of our own happier countrywomen. The mother, less attractive than her daughters, exhibited in her countenance all that subdued expression of mournful resignation noticeable, so generally, in the people of the villages in this part of the country, exposed to the chances of the war, to the devastations of both parties. The country people of these provinces are, with few exceptions, Carlist; and the males of the family were, at that time, absent in the ranks of the enemy.

To return—I looked in vain for my puchero, but not a vestige of it was to be seen. Impatiently I questioned the *patrona*, but the unsatisfactory "*No say*," accompanied by a shrug expressive of her total ignorance, was all the answer I received. In this dilemma, I bethought myself of a small piece of salt junk that lay quietly enconced in a corner of my servant's knapsack, in reserve for an occasion like the present. In a few minutes the tempting object, begrimed with dust and pipeclay, was produced and forthwith thrust

into a pot; and with restored equanimity I took my seat by the fire, and listened with some interest to the conversation of those around. The chapelgorris were fine banditti-looking fellows, dressed in red trousers, loose grey frock coats, and the distinctive flat red caps. Instead of the pipeclayed cross-belts, so conspicuous a part of a regular soldier's equipment, they wore a black leathern girdle round the waist, in which were little tin receptacles for cartridges, and in the left side of which was stuck the bayonet. Their whole appearance was striking in the extreme, and I thought, as the bright flashes of the fire threw its light upon their swarthy countenances, that the whole group might have formed no bad subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. These men are the Spahis and Delhis of the Spanish army—dreaded by the people for their marauding propensities—they are looked upon with such dread by the Carlists that they, in common with the foreign auxiliaries, are expressly exempted from quarter, and if taken prisoners invariably put to death. Despising the inefficiency and cowardice of their countrymen, and holding in thorough contempt the effeminacy of Spanish officers, they attached themselves greatly to the English from the moment of their arrival in the country; and from observing the contrast between them and their own superiors, had formed a high respect for the officers of the Legion.

My friend C. soon after found his way into the kitchen; and one of the chapelgorris produced a *bota* or leathern bottle, full of excellent wine, which as it circulated freely round, soon caused me to forgive him and his companions the abstraction of our supper, which I had internally taxed them with. Shortly after, all the latter retired to rest except one, who was engaged in an earnest conversation with the *patrona* and one of her daughters. He was a slight-built man of about six and twenty, of a handsome and intellectual countenance, and an eye gleaming with fire and intelligence. He was pointing out to his auditors, in eloquent terms, the fearful consequences that would follow the success of Don Carlos. He dwelt on the wretched poverty at present existing in Spain, and attributed it all to the ignorance of the people and the exactions of the monks—he spoke of the rapacity and immorality of the latter, and mentioned to us that he himself had been brought up for the church, and had studied at Salamanca till the breaking out of the civil war, when he had enlisted in a regiment of the line; but admiring the greater independence of a chapelgorri's life, he had deserted, and afterwards enrolled himself in El Pastor's brigade. A few months afterwards, when Espartero barbarously decimated that corps for the plunder of a church, he fell one of the victims—and an innocent one I believe—to that inhuman decree.

Although sufficiently interested with the conversation of our intelligent companion, we by no means neglected, all this time, our culinary operations—when an unexpected obstacle to the enjoyment of our repast presented itself, by the discovery that we were without a bit of bread—and meat without bread or vegetable, who ever heard of such a thing? The *patrona* declared she had not a morsel in the house, when my companion suggested that his servant, who

was then probably with his company, was very likely better supplied, and I, thinking I could find him sooner than my more *nonchalant* friend, forthwith, with that intention, set off in the direction of the little chapel, the station of the main-guard. Arrived there, I enquired of the sentry where the company to which C. belonged was stationed; and he directed me to some fires, distinctly visible at some distance in the forest, about five hundred yards to our right, in the neighbourhood of which he said the company of which I was in quest was bivouacked.

Keeping the distant fires as a guide to steer by, I made a rather circuitous route in order to pass the streamlets at the most shallow parts, for, as I have before said, the whole forest was intersected by numerous rivulets that meandered in every direction. "Perseverance will overcome every obstacle," thought I, as with some trouble I arrived in the vicinity of the beacon fires; when I found to my vexation that they were deserted, and had apparently been so for some hours, as the flickering light from the expiring embers cast an occasional flash around that served for a moment to illumine the surrounding gloom. Not a living object was in sight—not a house was to be seen in any direction—the will-o'-the-wisp fires that had guided me there showed no friendly light to direct me back, and the forest was as trackless as the wide ocean.—In a word, I had lost my way! "Past two o'clock, and a serene morning" (as the old London watchmen used to cry), may be very agreeable, by way of a change, in the streets of the metropolis; but far from pleasant in a Carlist forest, thought I, as with some anxiety I recollected that I was unarmed with the exception of a small gimcrack pistol, which I had providentially slipped into my breast-pocket on quitting the bed.

There was, however, nothing to be done by staying where I was; so on I went, certainly distancing the fires but not improving my position with regard to the village. After some time spent in this manner, to my surprise I heard, at no great distance, some one singing, or rather shouting, at the top of his voice, a popular liberal air, and presently distinguished the words, "Tragala, tragala, Perro!" as the drunken echoes reverberated through the silence of the forest. A moment after a chapelgorri, reeling from the effects of strong potations, made his appearance and staggered towards me. I hailed him in Spanish and asked him in what direction lay the village—his only reply was, "Drinke, drinke, Senor; vino, vino!" accompanied with a drunken leer as, dangling a well-filled bota suspended from his neck, he again shouted out "Tragala, tragala!"

With a curse upon the fellow's head for his ill-timed mirth, I proceeded onwards; and for about half an hour, blundered on as before, every minute getting deeper and deeper into the recesses of the forest, till a very different object met my view. This was the apparition of two men whom, by their stealthy movements as they cautiously emerged into the more open space where I stood, I at once perceived to be paisannos. At no time a particularly agreeable sight, their appearance at such an hour and under such circumstances was any thing but satisfactory. I began to feel not a little nervous, as a glance around showed me the utter impossibility of escape.

Putting on, however, as indifferent an air as I could assume, and carelessly humming a tune, I cautiously cocked the pistol I held in my hand, and made up my mind to settle at least one of my antagonists, in case they showed any symptoms of attack. They looked at me suspiciously as they approached, and then, apparently satisfied that I was otherwise protected, quietly passed on. A few minutes after I nearly stumbled over the body of a man, whom I at first took to be one of our own soldiers in a state of inebriation. On a nearer inspection, however, I discovered that it was the body of the ill-fated chapelgorri that I had so lately encountered. A horrible gash across the throat nearly severed the head from the body; and the wine running out from the bung of the uncocked bota, mingling with the blood that issued from several stabs in the head, gurgled over the face and presented altogether a most horrid spectacle. With a shudder at the thought of what might have been my own fate, I proceeded on, and at length heard the voice of the officer of the guard challenging an advanced sentry. Guided by the friendly sound, I soon found myself in safety. On my arrival at my own quarters I found that C., growing impatient at my prolonged absence, had, assisted by the more expert chapelgorri, instituted a search, and in a loft in a remote part of the house discovered a pile of bread sufficient to supply a whole regiment. The patrona was glad to compound for the expected loss of all by the sacrifice of one—and falling to, with a good appetite, not diminished on my part by my walk through the forest, we soon finished our supper and again sought repose—nor did we awake till the sound of a bugle, and the unwelcome notes, “Turn out the whole,” summoned us to resume our long and toilsome march to Vitoria.

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### THE STUDENT OF PADUA.

THE courtesy of the author enables us to present our readers with an extract from an unpublished tragedy bearing the above title. It has only been printed, as is stated in the preface, for private circulation; but we trust that it will at an early period be given to the public in a legitimate form. We are so unused of late years to meet with plays adapted for the closet as well as the stage, that we were no less surprised than pleased, on perusing this drama, to recognise in it the production of a superior and cultivated understanding. If men possessing the capabilities of the anonymous author of the “Student of Padua” would write for the stage, we might again hope to see *ballets* and *spectacles* permanently expelled from the national theatres, and exiled to the congenial atmosphere of Astley’s and Sadler’s Wells. We have extracted a portion, not because we think it better than the rest, but simply that it is more easily separated from the adjoining matter in an intelligible form. The scene is laid in Venice; but the satire is evidently levelled at the vices of a great metropolis not so far distant from home. Our readers will perceive that the author has studied attentively the springs of human action, and is well acquainted with life not as it *seems* but *is*. The play is not without blemishes, but we have derived so much pleasure from its perusal, that we should be captious indeed if we complained of the few and trifling irregularities that detract from its exact symmetry.

SCENE.—A TAVERN, WITH TABLE AND GLASSES.

*Frederick St. Cyr, Angelo, Antonio, and other Venetian Gentlemen.*

*Fred.*—A curse! a curse upon your melancholy!

Why should a man be overcome by bile

T' expose his folly in the public ways,

A sign for scorn; and make our sad humanity

A thing so odious and intolerable,

That on the very beasts we look with envy?

*Ang.*—You argue right, an' we could save ourselves.

*Fred.*—Zounds! but if I should say you could not help

Being cheerful, you would laugh at me. Then why

Not rule our melancholy as our mirth?

*Ang.*—But Julian's fortunes are adrift—the tide

Of destiny sets in upon his duty,

Threat'ning to deluge it, and yet he clings

Nobly, though sadly, to obedience.

*Fred.* Bah!

Noble? Ha! ha! a slave's nobility!

*Ang.*—To live, we must live in the world's opinion.

*Fred.*—Life's a strange riddle, that some men do guess,

But most relinquish—never understanding.

Few, very few do guess it. These are call'd

Men of the world. The many give it up—

Are laugh'd at, cheated, cozen'd, and so die.

Or living, live in vain attempts to solve

Its mysteries—mistaking right for wrong;

Cavilling, carping, toiling, cursing, sinning

A thousand ways against observances;

And waging universal war, to hold

An inch, a hair-breadth of existence here.

*Enter Waiter.*

What, ho! my Ganymede! some nectar, boy!

*Waiter.*—More rum?

*Fred.* Oh! Rum for such as we? ye Gods!

Bacchus, Silenus! thou immortal ass,

That bore the immortal weight! is't come to this,

Men cannot judge our humours by our faces?

You are from England, and have served in Grub-street,

Where poverty is still the poet's bride.

Begone, you varlet! bring me wine, with sparkles,

Shall lift my fancy to ambrosial bowers,

Where dance the Houris in Mahomet's heaven.

Nothing like wine! nought like the generous grape!

*Ang.*—You seem to think so. You are drinking deep.

*Fred.*—Well, so is all the world; of love or war,

Or avarice, stupidity, or something;

What matter what, so long as worldly cares

Die with the sparkles from our goblet's glory!

*Ang.*—You make the aim of living then to revel?

*Fred.*—I do! and till I find a sober man,

Why not?

*Ant.* I'm sober.

*Fred.* Nay, now, you are drunk!

Drunk with your vanity, drunk with your griefs;

Drunk with a passion for your mistress; drunk—

*Ant.*—Enough, enough! Angelo, art thou drunk?

*Fred.*—Ay, with his paints, his hopes of fame or gain.  
The latter, if he take a friend's advice.

*Ant.*—Nay, with the fame, an' he would be a man.

*Fred.*—Back feather'd fame to heavy gold? you're drunk!  
Angelo, heed not what the fellow says.

He's drunk, mad drunk! paint, Sir, for gold, gold, gold!

Paint portraits; flattering, false, fair faces paint!

Make ugliness angelic; tip the lie

To nature; you will starve upon the truth!

*Ant.*—Then what will Julian do with poetry?

*Fred.*—Write his own epitaph, and die a beggar!

*Ang.*—He speaks of writing plays.

*Fred.* He'll play the fool, then!

Sdeath! worse and worse! who listens to the play

In Venice now? Our senses, drunk with folly,

Reel through the streets to gape at monstrous things,

Spurned by our father's sober faculties!

*Ang.*—A sermon from a sinner—how appropriate!

*Fred.*—Who oft'nest fall, best know the tripping place.

I own I'm drunk, but I can waken sober,

And with the morrow be a man again.

Whereas this huge intoxicated city—

Besotted with some stupid mummery,

Until its wise men and its counsellors

Distort their gravity with vile grimaces,

And all our grey beards wag in approbation

At th' antics of some foreign mountebank—

Will wallow in its ignominy, till

Some prophet voice rolls o'er its slumbering senses,

And stirs them to their former majesty.

*Ang.*—I wonder how your fellow-citizens

Would hear this sweeping judgment of their virtues.

*Fred.*—Like men who honour truth wherever spoken!

Let Julian make a drama of his life,

It may want kings and queens, daggers and swords,

Battles and bugles, and machinery;

Ay, that's the word—*machinery*, for show:

But, if calamity in her rough garb—

Grief as she is, naked, and every day

Walking our mighty city—suffering—

If truth, if nature, if unpainted scenes

Of human life, in human words, have power

To wet the eye or warm the soul of man,

By heaven! then let him write but what he's seen,

Heard, played a part in, on this busy world,

And, if it fail, I have not rightly read

The human heart; and that's my only book!

## THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS.

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IN metaphysics, the term *soul* is in all respects undefinable. Of a divine spark, animating an inert and physical substance, superior to all trammels, and independent of change, decay, or death, no idea can be formed. The term "genius," if not equally undefinable, is more vague. It would rather denote the manifestations or the *power* of some highly endowed mind, than any distinctive mental faculty acting without relation to another. It implies, in fact, the combined operation of several faculties, being their centre and guiding principle. If the effects of genius be considered, it will be found to display many modifications, varying in kind, but equally powerful in their individual attributes. Genius then may be called *power*, as independent of the human world as the soul is of the human frame, surviving even the last ruins of the perishable temple in which it was once enshrined.

Of the various modifications presented by genius, the most noble, lasting, and imposing, is the poetic one. There can be no relation in this to any other; it stands alone on its self-exalted pinnacle; it has been worshipped with love and gratitude by all successive generations, for it is co-existent with creation itself, and as powerful for the future as the past. How wonderful to think, that a blind old man, writing nearly 3000 years ago, should yet be remembered; that the last notes of his immortal lyre have never passed away, and that a modern world, already fast beginning to evolve elements of self-regeneration, cannot too much admire the manifestations of that old man's mind, even amidst the barbarism and darkness by which they were surrounded.

Such are the grand effects of the poetic genius. We have said, that of itself the latter is a vague term, signifying rather the powerful combination of several faculties than the exercise of an individual one. These faculties analyzed, consist of "imagination, judgment, and memory." By the first term, is implied an unlimited range of invention from the highest efforts of originality to the not less pleasing gradations of what is termed *fancy*. The second is that great and sterling power, which gives symmetry, method, and arrangement, to the various creations of the other. The third is a most useful auxiliary to the first, by supplying it with the means of invention from its never exhausted store. Thus, these three faculties, beautifully combined, make up the poetic genius. As far as the imagination and judgment are developed, and as closely as they go together, the last restraining the impulses of the first, and moulding them into use and beauty, so strong is the genius, and so far capable of being sustained in its loftiest and most novel conceptions. Memory cannot act independent of judgment, nor imagination of memory. Without a power of methodizing, Watts tells us this mental store-

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house might be filled with "large possessions, but no true riches:" and without the store itself, the same author says, "the mind of man would be but a poor destitute naked being, with an everlasting blank spread over it, except the fleeting ideas of the present moment."

But whatever may be the use and nobleness of its two auxiliaries, imagination is the chief attribute of poetic genius. In every one of its varied shapes this faculty is neither to be acquired or communicated. The judgment in all instances, if properly cultivated, ripens and matures; habits of thought, even in ordinary minds, make them capable of drawing accurate conclusions from given premises, and of correctly analyzing what is only perceived. Moreover, the judgment owes its highest efficiency to the imagination. The two faculties may be said to rise together; the latter sustaining and being guided by the former; if there were no buoyant impulse to raise it, judgment would sleep itself away in the performance of those ordinary duties of existence, which it is well known tend rather to debase than to improve the mind. Memory also may, it is said, be acquired and assisted by practice, in a way that shows it not to be a primitive feature of the human mind; but imagination cannot be. If a negative argument be allowed, let us enquire what mankind would be without this faculty? Its influence is unquestioned. Was there no invention, there would be no improvement. If conception was limited by the objects daily and hourly presenting themselves, and nothing were practised but what had obtained a tried experience, there would be nothing new in discovery or theory, and a mental stagnation must follow. What but the consciousness of his own wondrous powers supplied him by an ever active imagination, could have prompted the author of "Paradise Lost" to a subject far above all human creation, deriving no assistance nor inspiration from human feelings or the influence of human affections; a subject in fact, from which, if left alone to act, the judgment, in its strongest hour, must have shrunk dazzled and bewildered! Imagination then is the day-spring of every improvement in the wide realms of beauty and of use. Without it, much that is noble in human nature,—much that harmonizes, refines, and sublimates,—that gives to patriotism a glow, and to affection a charm,—that imparts sublimity to religion, sanctity to virtue, and purity to thought, would be lost for ever! Without it, dull reality would make the loveliest objects of creation nothing more than the most ordinary; observance would be bounded and soon satiated; experience would rise like a phantasm in every corner of the visible world, to mock the eye and check the desires of knowledge, while the successive generations of mankind would live and perish without leaving any further traces behind them, or displaying any other modifications of divine intellect, than the brute creation itself.

"The imagination of a boy," said John Keats, whose poems we purpose examining, "is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between, when the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." This observation is strictly correct. It has been remarked, that even children display the imaginative powers,

before ever their minds have received any deep impression; and therefore how pure and primitive it must be! But if the mental world has, in its first existence, sufficient vitality to put forth so sweet a flower of early promise, it must be recollected that year after year, other impulses than those derived merely from the contemplation of external objects, like fresh seeds, are dropped into it, the fruit of which again given forth makes the parent soil an Eden or a wilderness. Moreover, the imagination has to contend with its own strength. So active an impulse requires controul; and if judgment be not at hand or possess not a corresponding degree of vigour, its efforts may have the downfall of Icarus, or its ambition become "thick-sighted." But judgment, we have seen, matures; whatever the primitive poetic impulse, the judgment cannot equal it, till after due experience; whence it follows, that in the intervening space spoken of by Keats, conception and execution do not go together, and sublimity falls into extravagance or something worse.

It was at this period, so dangerous to an imagination of surpassing power, that the works of the above young poet, whose life and death have been so beautifully imaged by Shelley under the title of Adonais, were written. It may here be necessary to state, that John Keats, over whose early grave the Muse has planted her willow, was of humble birth; his knowledge was self-acquired; his brief career almost friendless; his frame naturally weak and failing. Like Chatterton, he possessed the most sanguine yearnings after future renown; but, unlike him, he could not defy the malice of his enemies with an *appearance* of pride, however deep and painful were his secret emotions. Keats was a meek and sensitive being; his spirit, conscious of power, and struggling to develop it, was greater than the body where it was placed; the aspirings of the former were continually fettered and clogged by the weakness of the latter; and when evil days came upon it, overborne by difficulties, weary with sadness, and crushed down by the weight of hostile criticism, consumption finally completed what disappointment had fatally begun. The "Endymion," of which so much has been said, is a poem, which any candid reviewer must have spoken of in terms rather of admiration than dispraise. As an imaginative production, it is of the highest order. Every where it contains glimpses of great beauty peeping forth amidst the extraneous matter with which it is overlaid, and vainly controlled by an ill-selected cumbrous metre. If there were wanting no other proof of Keats's genius, the "Endymion" would be enough. The subject of this poem is allegorical, and purely abstractive; the mythological fable of the amour of Endymion with Diana, has furnished its theme, and amidst the shade of groves, by the bank of rippling rivers, near gushing fountains, and in sweet retreats when the luxuriant wild flowers have closed their beautiful bells in sleep, surrounded by the fabled creations of antiquity, Endymion pours forth his lays to the chaste empress of his love! Is there, we would ask, no poetry in a theme like this? Strange it is that any reviewer should have quite closed his ear to the freshness of its melodies, and only sought for a harsh or jarring note, when he might have found

many a true one. The following portion of an ode to Pan from this poem is very graphic and classical:—

“O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang  
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,  
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness!  
 Who lovest to see the hamadryads drop  
 Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,  
*And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken*  
*The dreary melody of bedded reeds,*  
*In desolate places where dank moisture breeds*  
*The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowths.*  
 Bethink thee, how melancholy loth  
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx; do thou now,  
 By thy love's milky brow,  
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
 Hear us, great Pan!”

What vivid description is there here! it would almost seem that we heard the “dreary melody” so harmonizing to the thoughts; so indicative of solitude and melancholy. But we will quote further; the third stanza is perhaps even finer:—

“Oh, Harkener to the loud clapping shears,  
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers  
 A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,  
 When snouting wild-boars routing tender corn  
 Anger our huntsmen: breather round our farms  
 To keep off mildews, and all weather harms  
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds  
*That come aswooning over hollow grounds,*  
*And wither drearily on barren moors;*  
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
 Leading to universal knowledge: see,  
 Great son of Dryope,  
 The many that are come to pay their vows  
*With leaves about their brows.”*

This last line is happy and expressive. It will be found that Keats possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of illustrating, by simple words, the varied and gorgeous images of his fancy. This is true poetry; the more the expression or feeling is thrown into the smallest compass, the stronger is the proof of genius. It is also to be remarked, that Keats entered fully into the spirit of mythology. He was deeply imbued with that classical and refined taste, which gave a guardian genius to every sweet spot of the earth, and peopled the woods, streams, and fountains, with ideal beings of grace and beauty. In the above stanzas, we have all the mystery attached by the ancients to their impersonation of Pan, expressed in a style purely classic, and what can give a better notion of the festivities of that roystering prince of good fellows, Bacchus, than the following? it is a picture in itself:—

" Within his car aloft, young Bacchus stood,  
Trifling his ivy dart in dancing mood,  
With sidelong laughing :—

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,  
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass,  
*Tipsily quaffing."*

But let us continue the scene; here follows a right joyous Bacchanalian song, not without the poetry and the taste which, even in their wildest creations, was never forgotten by the ancients:—

" Whence came ye, merry damsels, whence came ye?  
So many, and so many, and such glee,  
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,  
Your lutes and gentler fate?  
We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing  
A conquering!  
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,  
We dance before him through kingdoms wide;  
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be  
To our wild minstrelsy!

" Whence came ye, jolly satyrs! whence came ye,  
So many, and so many, and such glee?  
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left  
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?  
For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree,  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow blooms,  
*And cold mushrooms!"*

With lyrical compositions like these; with graphic illustrations showing great force of imagination, though disfigured by the pedantries of the Leigh Hunt school; and with a most sensitive perception throughout of the ideal, clothed in ever varying garbs of beauty, the poem of *Endymion* abounds. As a whole composition it is a failure, but one betraying no ordinary poetic genius. Could indeed a *perfect* work have been expected from a young poet, when the subject, a fabulous abstraction, required the utmost judgment and skill in its execution! Of the same abstractive nature is another poem by Keats, called "*Hyperion*," which has been compared to one of the vast skeletons of antediluvian creation. It is certainly a splendid fragment; and if not as original, does not in different portions of it fall far short of the loftiness of description which we find in "*Paradise Lost*." The subject of "*Hyperion*" is laid in the primeval heathen world, where Saturn has been cast from his throne, and the Titans lay vanquished and chained: its opening is as follows:—

" Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,  
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn quiet as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his lair!"

All these lines are poetic, and convey by their simplicity a better idea of the sublime, than could any labour of thought or diction; but to continue them:—

“ *Forest on forest hung about his head  
Like cloud on cloud.* No stir of air was there ;  
Not so much life, as on a summer’s day,  
Robs not one light seed from the feathery grass,  
*But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest ;*  
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more  
By reason of his fallen divinity,  
Spreading a shade—*the Naiad ’mid her reeds  
Press’d her cold finger close unto her lips !”*

Such was the lair of Saturn, hurled down from his throne and seeking in the majesty of silence and solitude a fit asylum for his departed greatness. But although the old man was fallen from his high career ; his right hand nerveless, listless, dead, unscathed,—

“ While his bow’d head seem’d listening to the earth,  
His ancient mother !”

All consolation was not to be denied him. The picture therefore presented is not without a direct appeal to human sympathies. There is a certain charm (if the term may be used) in fallen greatness which peculiarly affects a sensitive or imaginative mind. Like the columns of a ruined temple, proud and perfect once but noble still, although the ivy twines around their shattered fragments, and wild flowers spring beneath them. The contemplation of wrecked majesty calls up emotions in which the memories of the past are as faintly, yet beautifully blended. Besides, the human mind rises with adversity ; for the height and pomp of power is intoxication to it, and what in prosperity might have been arrogance, in misfortune may become a patient and admirable self-endurance. But touching indeed is the portraiture of fallen greatness, when its darker shades are relieved by the brighter tints of fidelity, constant to the last ; and this was to be the consolation of Saturn ; let us continue our quotations :—

“ It seem’d no force could wake him from his place,  
But there came one, who with a kindred hand  
Touch’d his wide shoulders, after bending low  
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.  
She was a goddess of the infant world,  
By her in stature the tall Amazon  
Had stood a pigmy’s height ; she would have ta’en  
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,  
Or with a finger stay’d Ixion’s wheel :  
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx  
Presented haply in a palace court,  
Where sages look’d to Egypt for their lore.  
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face  
*How beautiful ! if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty’s self.*

\* \* \* \* \*

One hand she press’d upon that aching spot  
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,  
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;  
The other upon Saturn’s bended neck  
She laid, and to the level of his ear,  
Leaning, with parted lips some words she spoke :—”

It will be observed, that throughout this admirable description there is no labour whatever. The thoughts flow from the poet's pen calmly and naturally; yet every one has its own place. But what does this divinity say to the fallen monarch?—

“ Saturn, look up; though wherefore, poor old king?  
 I have no comfort for thee, no, not one:  
 I cannot say, ‘Oh wherefore sleepest thou?’  
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth  
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god!

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturn, sleep on: oh thoughtless, why did I  
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?  
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?  
 Saturn, sleep on, while at thy feet I weep.”

How beautiful is fidelity! All other attachments but this partake more or less of worldliness, or grow feebler in their decline. Friendship is too often a social compact, based upon self-interest, but forgotten when the links of a mutual advantage are torn asunder. Parental attachments lose much of their first tenderness and strength in advancing years, and are gradually obliterated when absence has removed the objects of them. Even love itself, so worshipped, so deified, without which life would become a wilderness, and the heart an aching void, is never so pure, because devoid of all selfishness, as when it becomes *fidelity*. And fidelity in *distress*! what a proof is it of spiritual devotion! superior to all other considerations, unfettered by conventional bonds, unextinguished by poverty, captivity, or pain, and rising higher and firmer in its passive courage, as the breath of misfortune falls heaviest upon it! This noble attachment makes a moralist in love with human nature. For the example of *one* Malesherbes pleading a persecuted monarch's cause before a set of maniacs, already sharpening the knife for his destruction, or of *one* Edgeworth, following that monarch to the death, and, in the midst of his savage murderers, calmly offering him the last consolations of religion; for such an example, who would not pardon all the weakness, and selfishness, and vice, of his fellow-creatures? And thus Keats's impersonation of fidelity strikes in this instance to the heart. But to return to the picture; the following is very beautiful:—

“As when upon a tranced summer-night,  
 Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,  
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,  
 Dream and so dream all night without a stir  
 Save from one gradual solitary gust  
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off  
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave;  
 So came these words, and went: the while in tears  
 She bent her fair large forehead to the ground,  
 Just where her fallen hair might be outspread  
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet!”

Here we shall pause for the present. The remainder of “Hyperion” is an unconnected fragment, apparently intended as the opening of a longer poem, which, if we may judge from the quotations we have

given, would have been a decided improvement on the "Endymion." But "Hyperion" was never finished, the promise of the young poet was nipped in the bud; the unnatural and uncalled for hostility shown towards his first work, damped his efforts, and chilled an imagination sensitively alive to injury or contumely. He has left behind him some other minor poems (which we shall consider in our next), of surpassing excellence, to exemplify the truth of his own melancholy maxim:—

"There never lived a mortal man, who bent  
His appetite beyond his natural sphere  
But starv'd and died!"

### LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ENGRAVING OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL'S TRIAL.

WHEN England wept aloud; and her first hame  
Had lost its freshness in the sickly hue  
Of a consuming grief, that fed and fed  
Upon her matron cheek; when none were near  
Nor dar'd if near, to raise her drooping head,  
Or pluck the fetters from her wasted limbs;  
In that sad hour of his country's need,  
By cruel tyrants trampled, Russell rose:  
Her tears were his: her dream of better days  
Reflecting long past glories, but deep-dy'd,  
With indignation for her present fate,  
Were Russell's too: he at that trying hour  
Was true as steel: false friends and open foes,  
The treacherous and the fierce, could never daunt  
His bold yet generous soul: noble he stood  
When all around was base; and when the times,  
Corrupt by in-born vice, required his blood  
To baptize freedom struggling in its birth,  
He gave the patriot pledge!

See, there he stands  
Sustain'd in holy courage at the bar  
Of mis-named justice; whose unvalued seals  
A tyrant's hate hath crush'd unto the earth;  
Mark yonder judges, worthy of the trust  
By Pilate not abused! mark too\* a man  
With legal finger uprais'd in the act  
Of noting down some thought, on whose stern brow  
Is seated vengeance; and by the side of them  
See twelve base men, who deem'd of little worth  
And yielded up unto a tyrant's will  
The bulwark of their rights so shamelessly,  
That history frowns upon the recreant deed.  
And where are Russell's friends? in this sad chance,  
This crisis of his fortunes, when the storm

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\* The violent and inhuman Jeffries, who was at that time serjeant-at-law, and conducted the case for the prosecution.

Of blighting power hath prepar'd to nip  
 His prouder hopes, hath he no kindred heart  
 To feel, and dare, and die, as he would die?  
 Yes! he has more than this; a wife's true heart,  
 The quenchless spirit of a woman's love,  
 Is mirror'd deeply in the fix'd, fond gaze  
 Of yonder lady, who hath learnt to take  
 A secretary's part for her dear lord,  
 And will not leave him now, though all the world,  
 With twice a thousand arms, should strive to tear  
 That loving heart from his!

Still is her look  
 Tender, and trustful, sweetly dash'd with grief,  
 Bent on her admir'd lord; the raven locks  
 That cluster thickly o'er her brow of snow,  
 Are parted back to catch his faintest word,  
 And see the spirit of a noble pride,  
 That not the fear of his impending doom  
 Can wholly chase away, wreathes her full lip!  
 And this is *woman's love*: in that acute gaze  
 Is feeling's depth and strength; oh! now methinks  
 The mist of earthly hopes hath pass'd away  
 From her entranced sight, and that her soul  
 In the empyrean of a brighter space  
 Than this sad scene, is plumed to meet her lord's.  
 Alas, when freedom's altar is uprear'd  
 And men stand round with dark and lowering frowns,  
 Half shrinking from the shrine, and half prepar'd  
 To cast it once more down; 'tis a sad chance  
 That holy blood must consecrate a rite  
 Which gives redemption to a future age:  
 Yet is its offering bless'd: a *patriot's* death  
 Illumes the dreary past, and casts a ray  
 O'er the dim aspect of forthcoming time.

W. G. T.

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 LINES

## ADDRESSED TO A NORTHERN BEAUTY.

COLD is thine aspect in every look,  
 As the sleepy stream of a winter brook.  
 Cold are the glances that shoot from thine eye,  
 As the iceberg that floats the dark whale ship by.  
 Cold are the accents that dwell on thy lips  
 (Though sweet as the dew that the honey-bird sips,  
 Or the perfume that rises in summer showers,  
 Washed from the bloom of a thousand flowers).  
 Thy words are as passionless and chaste  
 As the moonbeam that falls on the midnight waste.  
 Like the frost-wind that blows from the chilly pole,  
 Seems the essence of thy inmost soul.  
 Though spotless thy name, and thy beauty as bright  
 As the mid-day beams of the sun's pure light,  
 I would not for Fortunatus's purse  
 Be shackled to thee for better for worse.

## MAJOR ANDRÉ AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

By J. STIRLING COYNE.

It was in the morning of a clear day in January 1779, that the hitherto peaceful village of Morristown in New Jersey became the theatre of a strange and imposing solemnity,—the trial by court-martial of the brave and talented, but unprincipled, American General Arnold, on charges of acts of extortion, rapine, and injustice, committed during his recent military command in Philadelphia, preferred against him by the executive council of that city. The virtuous hero of America's new-born independence had been directed by Congress to investigate the numerous allegations made by the irritated inhabitants of Pennsylvania against Arnold, and it was in pursuance of these instructions that Washington, assisted by the discreetest of the bold hearts and unwarped minds by whom he was surrounded, had summoned Arnold before a court composed of his fellow-officers to reply to these accusations, which the accused loudly asserted had no foundation but in the malicious envy of his prosecutors.

Vainly had Arnold employed every artifice of intrigue or persuasion to set aside the proceedings against him, or to bias the members of the court in his favour—the inflexible integrity of the commander-in-chief, and the no less stubborn honesty of the republican officers, baffled his ingenuity. Finding himself foiled in his subterfuges, he concentrated all his powerful energies and abilities for a bold defence, and relying on his natural effrontery and the fame which his intrepidity as a soldier had earned, he threw himself desperately into the breach and awaited with seeming confidence the public ordeal which was to purify his impugned character, or send him forth in the eyes of his country a disgraced and fallen man.

A day was at length fixed on for the court-martial, and the place selected for the proceedings, as already stated, was the then infant settlement of Morristown, upon whose neighbouring savannah might be seen the white tents of the republican army glistening on the green sward like pearls upon an Emir's robe. At every instant groups of men, whose thoughtful countenances witnessed the importance of the subject which engrossed their thoughts, and whose garb, half military, half civilian, marked the double profession of the citizen-soldiery—might be seen hurrying towards the unostentatious edifice which served the simple inhabitants as a town-hall and court of justice.

“It can never *be!*” said a young and high-spirited-looking soldier, eagerly addressing an aged comrade as they bent their steps towards the general point of attraction on that day,—“It can never *be, Jacob!*” he repeated, jerking his rifle with an impatient gesture on his shoulder, and checking his rapid pace which had brought him a few steps in advance of his more staid companion, “that Arnold—the brave and gallant Arnold—he who has carved his path to fame

and honour by his sword—could ever sink so low. Impossible!—the soldier who has fought his country's battles so nobly, would perish rather than tarnish the laurels he has so daringly gathered. Foremost in every danger, sharing every privation with the meanest private in his corps, Arnold lives but in the affections of his fellow-soldiers; glory was his object and war his sport. Tell me, Jacob, is it in pursuits like these that men become sordid and avaricious, or that the proud spirit learns the grovelling arts of a cheating dealer?" "Your enthusiasm outruns your judgment, Richard," replied the old man seriously: "I grant you, Arnold is brave; but it is the bravery of animal instinct. He would have fought as gallantly amongst a horde of mercenaries as in the consecrated ranks of freedom;—his passion is the thirst of gold;—to that, and to an ostentatious disposition, all his errors are owing;—for these he would brave perils greater than he has yet done, and to these he has sacrificed his fair fame, the honest approval of his own heart, and—the patriot's incense—the applause of his grateful country."

"Jacob, you have outlived your best feelings, age has jaundiced your views, and you judge of men—"

"By realities, not appearances, boy. Arnold I have marked throughout his dazzling career, and I have seen in him the soldier of fortune, impatient for wealth which he could only attain by unjust means:—depend on it that this inquiry will terminate fatally for his character: his oppressions, his exactions, and the gross prostitution of his authority, to enrich himself and his abandoned accomplices while he held command in Philadelphia, are too notorious to be successfully denied."

"We shall see," replied the young soldier confidently, as, followed by his companion, he forced a passage through the crowd of idlers that thronged the porch of the hall of justice.

The appearance and arrangement of the interior of the court was simple in the extreme. At a plain deal table, formed of a few rough-hewn boards, sat some ten or a dozen of those semi-military men, whose shrewd, resolute, but unimaginative countenances might have been taken as models for a group of the predial warriors of Rome's early day sitting in council.

Distinguished from his fellow-soldiers only by holding his place at the head of the table, and by the superior dignity of his mien, sat Washington; his clear, searching eye bent upon a witness who was under examination, and to whom he occasionally put questions in that calm impressive tone which extracted truth from unwilling lips, as the prophet's rod compelled the pure stream from the reluctant rock.

Throughout the dense assemblage that witnessed the proceedings with intense interest, not a sound was to be heard except at those points of the evidence at which some act of profligacy or oppression was brought home to the prisoner,—then, a murmur of indignation infringed, for an instant, the strict decorum of the court.

Alone, unmoved, and unabashed by the accumulated evidences of his guilt, Arnold stood at the lower end of the table, his arms folded across his breast, almost contemptuously regarding his numerous

accusers. By many persons in the court this haughty air of defiance was mistaken for the proud consciousness of rectitude, and despite their reason they still remained incredulous of his guilt, nor was this impression weakened when called upon by the president for his defence—he drew up his commanding figure to its full height, and addressed his judges in a flow of natural eloquence, rendered more irresistible by a pale cheek and emaciated frame, which every one present knew to be the effects of the severe wounds he had received at the memorable siege of Quebec, where his gallantry and courage had been the theme of general admiration.

So adroitly did Arnold extenuate the offences that had been proved against him, so ingeniously did he impeach the credit of the witnesses against him, and so strongly did he urge his attachment to his country and her liberties, that even his judges began to waver in their belief of his guilt. “I am accused,” said he in concluding his defence, “of having idly squandered my fortune. If I have lavished my little patrimony it was as our best citizens have done,—in the defence of our country—it was for *her* aggrandizement I impoverished myself,—to this charge I freely plead guilty. I am accused, too, of having abused my authority in Philadelphia, of having oppressed the honest citizens of the republic for the purpose of enriching myself. If this part of the charge be true, I stand confessed, in the presence of this honourable court, the vilest of men, and the blood I have spilled in the defence of my country will be insufficient to obliterate the foul stain. On the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, I declare to soldiers and gentlemen, that the charge is false.”

Arnold bowed to the court, and was silent; but so powerful an effect had his youth, his military fame, his noble figure, and his graceful eloquence upon the hearers, that the majority of them were ready to pronounce him innocent by acclamation. The cool, reflective mind of Washington was not, however, to be carried away by the false glitter of a gilded exterior, or the deceptive light of specious sophistry: he had maturely weighed the evidence which had been brought before him, and though he mourned that a brave man should have tarnished his achievements, he could not shut his eyes on the conviction that Arnold was guilty of the acts imputed to him.

The court was now cleared in order that the members might deliberate in private on the verdict which they were about to pronounce; and, during the brief period occupied in this deliberation, many were the speculations of the auditors, now assembled in the street, as to the result of the trial, but none were more opposed or more resolute in their conflicting opinions than the two soldiers, whom we have already witnessed taking such different views of Arnold's character. They were standing beneath the plain portico of the court-house, the elder leaning against one of the pillars, listening composedly to his youthful companion, who was addressing him in an animated strain.

“I repeat, Jacob, he is as guiltless as I am, notwithstanding the hard swearing of his accusers. Did you mark his scornful smile when he spoke of the pitiful envy of his foes, and his proud eye how it lightened, and his cheek how it flushed, when he spoke of the battles

of his country? Ah, Jacob! I would give my rifle, and *that* I love nearly as well as my life, that I was at this moment fighting by his side, as I once was when we drove Burgoyne and his army before us like frightened deer."

"Doubtless, General Arnold is a brave soldier, but—"

"Aye, *but* what?" interrupted the ardent republican.

"I cannot think him guiltless,—and I will never trust the expression of Washington's eye if he does not think as I do—"

A sudden rush towards the door, which had again been thrown open to admit the public, precluded any further observation, and the disputants, borne along by the living stream, entered the court at the moment Washington had risen to deliver the sentence.

The court was hushed into a profound silence, and every eye was fixed in mute expectation upon the commanding figure of the President. A more than usual degree of that disciplined severity, which the character of the times and the nature of the great struggle in which he was vitally engaged had impressed upon his benignant countenance, darkened his brow as he pronounced, in a distinct but mournful voice, the verdict of "*Guilty*" upon the confounded Arnold. Burning with rage and shame, the culprit replied not to the unfeigned regret which Washington expressed for the disgrace of so gallant an officer, nor to the hope he offered him that his future conduct might regain him the lost esteem of his country;—but casting a look of scowling defiance upon his judges, he strode with a firm step and dauntless air through the crowd, that, viewing him only as the hero of Quebec, and dazzled by the lustre of his daring courage and his personal endowments, opened respectfully as he passed from the court.

But the daring front which villany presents to public observation is often only a mask to conceal the writhings of internal anguish and remorse. Arnold returned home, and there in the privacy of his chamber, where no scornful eye could triumph over his fallen state, he abandoned himself to all the transports of despair. He felt himself degraded, shorn of the halo of virtuous fame which had encircled his name, and which, now that it was lost to him, he prized above every other earthly good. Even the tender endearments of his young and beloved wife failed to sooth the tempest of his soul, her words of consolation fell heedlessly upon his ear, he lay crushed and writhing but impenitent in his guilt.

At length his wife ventured distantly to hint that a country which had rewarded his services with ignominy, deserved at his hands only eternal hatred and deep vengeance. He listened attentively to her arguments, and though he replied not to them, it was evident that they sank into his mind. It was on one of these occasions, when discoursing on the ever-galling theme of Arnold's disgrace, and while his wife was insisting more earnestly than usual on the justice of her husband adopting any attainable means of revenge on his enemies, that Arnold, who had been gloomily sitting with his face buried between his hands, suddenly raised his head, and looking earnestly in his wife's face said, "Revenge is sweet, but how, Beatrice, can I obtain it? My foes are numerous and powerful—"

"By abandoning the cause that abandons its friends," she replied. The secret chord in Arnold's bosom, which he had not dared himself to touch, was struck—he felt it thrill through every nerve.

"Would you have me brand myself with the odious name of *traitor*?" asked Arnold, laying a grating emphasis on the word.

"That," she replied, is the epithet already applied to you by the King's party. *We* call the English tyrants, *they* denounce us as traitors and rebels, and I confess with no slight show of reason."

"Beatrice, I grant that men may honourably espouse opposite parties even in civil warfare, but to desert my friends—to betray my country—to cast away even the remnant of my former glory—it is the thought of *this* that o'ermasters my revenge."

"Why," exclaimed his wife impatiently, "do you speak of friends and country? have they not trampled upon you, and cast you off like a vile reptile?—And you hesitate to bestow your services where riches and honours await to recompense them."

"Leave me, dearest Beatrice," exclaimed the agitated man, sinking into a chair. "I cannot at this moment determine on so momentous a step. It *is*—it *is* disgrace, but the accursed brand has been already set upon my brow; what matters it now if the characters be changed—"

His wife perceiving that the insidious poison of her counsel was working to her wishes, left him to his own meditations. During that entire night the ex-general paced his apartment without interruption, and the fierce conflict between his passions and his reason might be surmised from the inequality of his movements. At one moment he was heard slowly striding from one end of the apartment to the other, then he would stop, remain motionless for a minute, and recommence with a step as rapid as if he were leading his troops to a victorious assault.

The following morning, when Arnold entered the breakfast-room where his wife and her sister were seated, his haggard countenance and the disorder of his dress, about which he was ever neat almost to foppishness, told that his night had been passed in any thing but bodily or mental rest. His cheek was ghastly pale, but his eye burned with unusual fire; his wife turned upon him a look of inquiring meaning—he understood its import—and replied to her mute interrogatory in a voice to which a forced calmness gave a harsh grating tone:—

"Beatrice—you are right—my resolution is taken."

His wife did not attempt to thank him by words, but, taking his hand, pressed it to her lips and her heart. Her sister Mary—a beautiful girl of eighteen—was a silent but not uninterested spectator of this scene; a flush of sudden joy overspread her fine features, and she was forced to turn aside to hide the pleasurable emotions that agitated her."

From that moment Arnold became at heart a traitor. To explain the causes that worked upon his already wavering principles and set the seal to his perfidy we must take our readers back from the regular train of the events that we are about relating. Before the unhappy differences which separated for ever two countries linked by more than common ties of friendship, when the too harshly coerced child flung off the galling yoke of paternal tyranny, and

America proclaimed in the face of applauding nations the maturity of her strength and the assumption of her independence,—Arnold had become attached to a lovely girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Philadelphia, whose family, of high English extraction, regarded the land of their fathers with almost enthusiastic veneration. England was in their eyes unequalled in the arts of peace, and unrivalled in the trade of war.

It was from the bosom of one of these England-worshipping families that Arnold chose the partner of his future life. Ardently beloved by her husband, Beatrice returned his affection with the full devotion of her woman's heart; and when, at the commencement of hostilities between England and America, she beheld her husband embrace the cause of freedom with the enthusiasm and self-devotion which distinguished his early career, she did so with poignant but silent regret. She loved him too tenderly, and felt too proud of her young hero's military renown, to damp his spirit by reproaches, or to endeavour by feminine artifice to turn him aside from the path he had chosen; but the very strength of her attachment to her husband made her the more anxiously desire to see him converted to those political opinions which she had imbibed in her earliest youth, and which she had been taught to believe comprehended every virtuous and honourable sentiment that man should cherish or defend.

Another reason also contributed powerfully to make Mrs. Arnold and her sister the secret partizans of the royal cause. A considerable time before the marriage of Beatrice with Arnold, a young English officer named André, quartered at Philadelphia, had become intimate at their father's house. With a naturally fine figure and intelligent countenance, there was a calm dignity, softened by the blindest courtesy, in the bearing and disposition of the young Englishman, which at once won his way to the heart of all who knew him; nor did the reputation he had gained for exploits of chivalric courage and romantic adventure lessen the favourable effect his personal endowments had produced in the minds of the Philadelphian fair ones. But to the charms of the gentle Mary alone was reserved the triumph of bringing the young soldier to her feet. Alas! that tears and misery should be too often the bitter penalty of that short-lived triumph. A mutual passion soon sprung up in the bosoms of André and Mary, but the narrow circumstances of the lovers—Mary was portionless, and the fortune of André consisted in his captain's commission and his good sword—forbade their union until André's rank would be such as might enable him to maintain a wife. While the attached pair were thus patiently awaiting the tardy accomplishment of their hopes, the gathering storm of civil warfare—for such might the contest which was then waged between America and the parent country be called—burst forth with uncontrollable violence, severing in its ruthless course the bonds of friendship, and scattering desolation and discord in its terrible path. Let us not, in lamenting the horrors of an exterminating intestinal struggle, be understood as endeavouring to stigmatize the brave men who resisted oppression to the death: the crime and the disgrace lie not upon them, but upon the heads of those who forced them to convert the axe and the

ploughshare into weapons of destruction, and beside their peaceful hearthstones in the sight of their parents, their wives, and their children, to battle for that liberty which was dearer to them than life itself.

Few hearts, whom the unfortunate circumstances of the times threw into opposite sides in this unnatural conflict, felt more keenly the blow which separated them than did those of André and Mary; the young officer was obliged instantly to march with the English troops against the republicans, while his betrothed bride remained behind with her sister, under the protection of her brother-in-law, Arnold, who, in the very outset of the war, had become distinguished for his daring courage, and had been promoted by Washington to a post of considerable importance in the American army.

It was in the exercise of his duties in this situation, that his boundless extravagance led him into the commission of those acts of oppression and rapacity for which we have already beheld him degraded and deprived of his military command by the virtuous Washington. From that day forth he nourished the most implacable hostility to the cause which he had heretofore so ardently espoused, and it required but little persuasion on the part of Beatrice, who had long sighed for this revolution in Arnold's mind, to induce him to resolve on betraying that cause the moment he could do so effectually.

Hardly had Arnold quitted the breakfast parlour, after communicating to Beatrice, in the brief sentence we have recorded, his altered sentiments, than Mary, throwing herself upon her sister's bosom, gave vent to the fulness of her heart in a torrent of tears.

"Now," exclaimed she, "we shall be all happy; Arnold will, I foresee, abandon those detestable republicans, he will join the king's army—and then—oh! joy—to meet my brave André."

"My dear Mary," replied Beatrice, "the prospect of your happiness fills my heart with the purest pleasure; but not even for *that*, not for the gratification of my own long-cherished hopes, would I urge him to the step he is about to take, did I not feel that the unhallowed cause in which he has lavished his blood can never prosper, that the arm of divine wrath is raised against those bold rebels who dare, in the face of heaven, array themselves against their anointed king and the ancient laws of their father land."

The weeping Mary looked in her sister's countenance, beaming with enthusiasm, but she attempted not to interrupt her.

"Think you, Mary," she continued, "that I am unaware of the suspicion upon one hand, and detestation on the other, with which the man is regarded who deserts the banner under which he has once fought? Think you that I did not glory in Arnold's fame, and mourn his disgrace? but knowing that the former was gained at the sacrifice of his loyalty, and the latter was the requital bestowed upon him by an ungrateful country, I bless the Providence that has made them instruments in drawing him from the ranks of disaffection. I know Arnold's disposition, his resolution is irrevocably fixed to quit the republican army, and I am much mistaken in his temper if he do not make his return to his allegiance a matter of more importance to the interests of England than it at present appears to us."

“Sister, you speak like a staunch royalist; but I—I feel like a mere woman,” replied Mary pleadingly.

“Ah, you little fool! that André of yours has run away with your senses as well as your loyalty; but come, don’t look silly, we shall recover them both when ‘the king shall have his own again.’”

Thus saying, the delighted wife of Arnold, drawing her sister’s arm through her own, quitted the breakfast parlour.

(*To be continued.*)

## A GENUINE SEA-SONG.

[Most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with the salt-water effusions of Dibdin, which, if they are not true specimens of nautical inspiration, at least pass current for such among landsmen. We are, however, fortunate enough to have it in our power to embellish our pages with a genuine effusion of the maritime Muse, which we believe, up to the present time, has been handed down like the songs of the ancient rhapsodists, only by memory. If the poetry be not very refined, it may nevertheless claim the merit of being perfectly original, and if the rhymes are not very accurate, the want of internal evidence of a delicate perception in such matters will be readily excused in the homely verses of a sailor. We will not add any further comment, but at once introduce a song which has many hundreds of times been sung around the galley fires of our men-of-war, and which we took down from the lips of a naval officer who had often joined in the chorus when he wore a midshipman’s jacket.]

Farewell and adieu, you fair Spanish ladies,  
 Farewell and adieu, you fair ladies of Spain,  
 For we’ve received orders to sail for old England,  
 And we hope in a short time to see you again.

We’ll rant and we’ll roar like true British sailors,  
 We’ll rant and we’ll roar all o’er the salt sea,  
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England,  
 From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, all for to get soundings,  
 We hove our ship to, and soundings got we;  
 We brailed up the spanker and unstowed the anchor,  
 And with the wind at sou’-west up channel sailed we.  
 We’ll rant and we’ll roar, &c.

The first land we made was call-ed the Dodman,  
 The Ramhead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight,  
 Then pass-ed by Beachy Head fairly and Dungeness,  
 Until we came to off the Nor’ Foreland light.  
 We’ll rant and we’ll roar, &c.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,  
 All in the Downs that night for to ride;  
 Then it’s stand by your stoppers, let go the shank painter,  
 Hale up your clue garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.  
 We’ll rant and we’ll roar, &c.

## A PUBLIC DINNER.

Our taste does not often conduct us to great public dinners: the reason does not concern the world in general. Possibly we do not like the principle of these affairs: perhaps we do not like the dinners,—but *n'importe*; suffice it that such things are matter of novelty and curiosity to us:—they may be such also to some of our readers.

It happened that we lately received a ticket of admission to a grand commemorative festival at the celebrated Stonemasons' Arms, or some such place (our memory is not exact in names), "tickets one guinea, wine included," for the benefit of a Charity. Curious to see how these things are managed in these our later days, we attended at the place and day appointed.

On arriving at the hospitable portals, we found them surrounded by a talking host of men, women, and children, who seemed to take great interest in the persons of those going in to dine. In fact, happening to turn round on the elevated steps of the doorway to take a view of the assembled multitude, it (not the doorway but the crowd) showed very manifest symptoms of a desire to shout and make an uproar in our honour; enthusiasm, indeed, flung one hat up into the air, which, had we been its owner, we should have been loth to see take so prominent a position. Upon enquiry of one of the many bustling gentlemen who hung about the entrance in white stockings and nursing a white towel under their arms, what might be the reason of this large congregation of the lieges, he replied, shaking his napkin with a knowing air, "Oh, Sir, there is a grand dinner here to-day, as being the *hanniversary* of the foundation of the 'East London Dental Institution for drawing the Teeth of the Poor *without* a letter of recommendation;' and them's some of the *hobjects* com'd to see their governors and benefactors." Rejoiced at the idea that we were about to eat and to drink for the benefit of the teeth of the poor people about Crutched Friars, Shoreditch, and Crucifix Lane, we desired to be shown immediately to the room where this admirable institution met.

Like angels upon the ladder in Jacob's dream, waiters with smoking dishes were hurrying up and down the broad and dusty flight of stairs by which we ascended. On our way, we could not but reflect on the probability that our out-of-door friends, having tasted some of the pains of this tooth-extracting institution, might perhaps like to participate in its enjoyments and turn their renovated jaws to an useful and entertaining purpose.

We were ushered into a large and somewhat gloomy room adjoining great hall, having deposed our ticket at the entrance and taken up an order for a bottle of wine in exchange. In this room, some walking up and down, others ranged at its sides, were a set of melancholy-looking individuals, whom we at first took for a large body of undertakers; but, upon enquiry if there was not some mistake, we found all to be correct, and that the gentlemen were only waiting for their dinner.

In a short time it might be perceived that these waiters *for* the

dinner were becoming impatient. Anxious eyes were turned towards the stewards, who, decorated with blue sashes and carrying wands in their hands, bore no distant likeness to mutes. These gentlemen were constantly passing to and fro from the dining-room (the tables of which were hidden from sight by a screen), the door being kept carefully locked by an important little gentleman, who was indulged with a longer wand and a broader sash than any body else, and who, we were informed, was the director of the Charity. Never were men so envied as these privileged ones, till, in an unhappy hour, an *habitué* of the hall happened to whisper that "the stewards had dined together already." The said stewards were evidently ruined for the evening in the estimation of the other gentlemen present.

We said that the assembled company was getting impatient: men were seen drumming upon their knees, and looking anxiously at the door; those who had friends, took them by the arm walked up and down and pretended to talk; those who were *friendless*, like ourselves, lounged about with their hands behind them nestled beneath their coat-tails: all of us read over in turns, three times at least, the inscription on the flag of the Institution, and admired the crowns, laurel wreaths, and little deities, with which it was decorated: one man alone was happy enough to have secured a piece of orange-peel, which he amused himself with kicking from one end of the room to the other; a curious augury, by the way, of the merits of the dessert.

Mark that little punchy man with a small red face, who has just plunged into the room as if he expected to be last at table. See how he looks about him, surprised to find that he is in time. Now he is calculating the distance between himself and the dining-room door! Having sopped the perspiration from his brow, he has time to think what an old fool he was for hurrying. He does think so, and he is quite right. He looks at his watch, then at his ticket. There was some disparity between the two statements, as usual. The punchy gentleman waxes wroth, and *begins* to think that people should keep to their time in these matters.

"Waiter!" said a pale-faced man, with a stoop and a small voice, "waiter, if I am not mistaken, dinner was to have been on table at half-past five, and now it's six!—positively it's six!"

"Yes, Sir!" said the man, "and so it was on table;—and there it is now! Oh *law* no, Sir, you are not a bit mistaken: we are only a-waiting for the chairman."

"Chairman indeed, chairman—pray *who is* the chairman?" said another fidgetty gentleman, who had listened to the above colloquy, addressing the room; and then adding, in a lower tone, when the room did not reply, "It's to be hoped that this chairman will *get* cold as well as the dinner, any how!"

While these matters passed, our short squab friend had quitted the position which he had occupied near the entrance, but, upon looking towards the crowd now assembled round the dining-room door, I perceived him standing tip-toe behind two very tall men, and endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the haven of his desires.

A slight ferment among the blue sashes and staves ensued, and a loud voice makes itself heard: "Gentlemen will now please to walk in to dinner!" There was no need of the man bawling out so loud: a whisper to the same effect would have circulated like electricity. A general buzz in the room, however, acknowledged the tidings; and we all proceeded to walk *in* as desired, except those who were *carried* in by the crowd, among whom we observed the little man, who came late. Working our way to the upper end of the tables, we were preparing to take our seat at what appeared a convenient spot, when a card on the *couvert* told us that the place was engaged. Upon this conjuncture we looked around: the punchy man was seated opposite, and apparently smiling at our ignorance. "The vocalists sit there!" he said, "Come round here; this is a *famous* place!" and he pointed to a chair near him. We took his advice and our seat; and after another pause, enlivened by the efforts of two drums, three horns, as many bassoons, and a clarionet, to entertain the company, our worthy Chairman at last marched into the room, supported by his Vice and followed by a host of committeemen and stewards.

Dinner commenced: the covers were removed. Great excitement prevailed. The cry for plates, dishes, glasses, knives, forks, soups, and double-stout, was deafening. Wings of poultry flew about as if alive, corks were drawing with the regularity of platoon-firing. His must indeed have been an *abstracted* appetite who could eat in such a scene. The efforts we made at this critical juncture to rally our senses and to observe what was going on were prodigious, and, we trust, praiseworthy; but withal they were unsuccessful. A few loose scraps were all we could gather. The conversation was at first very animated,—so much so indeed, that six men within our own hearing committed the same new joke upon the occasion:—"Tongues are going very fast; those who want any should look sharp!" Here was one man taking a bird's-eye view of the whole table, and fixing on a dish of poultry at the further end. His plenipotentiary takes ten minutes about the affair, mistakes his errand, and brings something else. Another embassy succeeds, and the result,—a drum-stick and a picked breast-bone. "How long have you sported epaulets, Thompson?" said some one to our little fat figure of a man. "What do you mean,—ha, what's this?—white—grease—butter—melted butter—best coat—damnation! Waiter, how dare you spill melted butter over me?"—"Me! Sir—first time I've been this way; but I'll enquire who it was that really *done* it:—sure to let you know, Sir."—"Never mind, Thompson," said his friend, "have new arm put in—only twelve shillings—fun, Sir, sport!"—"Fun!" said the indignant Thompson, "perhaps you would like a tureen-full of such fun!—And now—who's *took* my wine?"—"Your wine, Sir,—eh, ten thousand pardons—really—mistake—your wine for mine. *Will* you do me the favour to help yourself from *my* bottle?" and the delinquent, by way of enforcing his invitation, carefully held his wine just one inch out of the ill-starred Thompson's reach.

"Waiter!" said a young man in green spectacles, and a mouth drawn round like a bow, "Waiter! you call this a pigeon-pie?"—"Yes, Sir." "Well then, bring me some beef-steak pie, perhaps I shall find some pigeon in *that*."

In another part of the room, a loud voice enquired, "Is there any gentleman here of the name of *O'Shaughnessy*?"

A pause ensued. "Who is it wants the *jontleman*?" at last enquired a voice sweetened with a rich brogue.

"A middle-aged lady and three small children."

"Oh—there is no such *jontleman* here, I assure you," said the same voice, "and ye may tell her I say so."

"What *name* shall I give as my authority, Sir," enquired the waiter, amidst the laughter of the assembly.

"Why, by St. Patrick, who should it be even but Carrick O'Shaugh—botheration—get *out* with ye, Mr. *Waitre*!"—the rest of the dialogue, if any, was drowned in the roars of the table.

When the cloth was cleared, four gentlemen opposite to us—the vocalists—had the goodness to *sing* grace for the company in a Latin hymn.

"Gen'man—CHARGE Y'R GLASSES!" shouted the toastmaster in a voice which paled the cheek of our little chairman, and made the chandeliers quiver and the candles gutter. Then came "THE KING!" and then *three-times-three*, attended with fresh quivering and guttering. Then was sung our national hymn, the first verse by a little boy standing on a chair, with curly hair and fat cheeks, and shouting and shrieking, and looking like a cherub in a jacket and frill.

"And what are you going to give us now, gentlemen?" enquired Thompson of the singers, after the health of the Queen had been drank. But the singers did not condescend to reply, except by an expressive hint to him to be quiet, and, after pitching their voices, the whole party struck up the glee, "Sleep, gentle lady!"—but what affinity the song had to the preceding toast, we could not divine—for what man would be bold enough or blind enough to serenade our Gracious Queen?

Mr. Dulcet, the gentleman who led in the foregoing "chant," as Thompson called it, was a man of some five-and-forty years, with a good-tempered face, closed eye, and his hair gathered up in a point over the centre of his forehead. Dulcet, as he informed us, had dined at two o'clock with Mrs. D. and the children off boiled mutton; consequently he had had nothing to do during dinner but to look on and talk. The presence of fatty Thompson, who appeared to be an old chum of his, seemed to recall some gloomy thoughts to the mind of Mr. Dulcet; and there was the curious spectacle of a man, whose occupation it was to amuse, sentimentalizing over his wine, with a face as long and mirth-inspiring as a tomb-stone. His theme was the flight of time: he could not away with the thought that he had known the fat man with the red face and semi-bald head when he wore pinafores. As we looked on and laughed, Dulcet in turn gratified us with the observation that "*our* turn would come round." This gentleman's songs partook of the temper of his mind; especially

to enliven us, he sang "John Anderson my Jo," and beautifully he sang it, with that *true* Scotch accent, more rare even than precious—

"John Ainderson, my Jo—*Jin*—  
Whan we were first *aquint*," etc.

The gentleman seated next to Dulcet was Mr. Fitzgorge, a handsome but wild-looking man, with a throat like *Taurus*, and an organ of extraordinary powers. He was not the man who had lost his voice "a-singing of anthems." It was pleasant to see the *bon-homme* with which Fitz knocked down every speaker in turn, with the little silver snuff-box which he seemed to carry for the purpose of saving his knuckles. It was pleasant, too, to see the unaffected admiration with which he listened to the beautiful ballad-singing of his rival Dulcet, and the pains he took to keep the waiters quiet while the singing was going on. By the influence of his eye he transfixed one individual in the centre of the room, still as Lot's wife, from the beginning of a song to its close, and even frowned into peace an unhappy old gentleman who was too loudly discussing a knotty question with a dry biscuit. But this anxiety to keep "order for the vocalists" was a virtue which he had participated in with others; all liked to have fair play for their exhibitions; but it must be owned that they allowed us all to talk as much as we liked best, during the *speeches*, and, indeed, they not only permitted the indulgence, but were good enough to talk and laugh themselves, solely to encourage others.

About half an hour after dinner, dessert was put upon the table; that is, to every eight persons, a dish of six yellow olives, ditto of four biscuits, half-a-dozen oranges, and "a miscellaneous lot" of figs, prunes, almonds, and raisins; the figs looking like a composition of dirty sugar and soft soap, and the prunes being certainly cut out of leather. Be that as it may, five minutes saw the total discomfiture of the dessert, such as it was, soft soap, hard leather, and the whole *six* briny olives included.

The health of the chairman having been drank, Mr. Chairman got on his legs (it was yet early in the evening), and emphatically declared, in a very *small* voice, that this was the happiest day of his life. At the same time he must declare himself the most unhappy man alive at being unable to return thanks in a manner worthy of the high honour they had done him. He could assure them that the remembrance of that evening would never be wiped off,—expunged, he would say—from the tablet of his memory. He should think of it again and again, he should tell it to his children; and his children, if they liked, might tell it to theirs; and thus would it be handed down, encased and casketed, like a precious gem, in the bosoms of his posterity's posterity (loud cries of Hear! reiterated raps of the silver snuff-box). He would dis-bosom himself, he would tell them the fact! he had lost much in the service of their Society—much (but he would not boast)—and above all, he had sacrificed his precious health; but while he could meet them and hear their animated greetings, their good wishes for his prosperity and health, he should not regret

the loss of either? Never—never—never! (Loud cheering, which continued some time; at the end of which Mr. Chairman, to the disappointment of his audience, still kept on his legs) He would now advert to the subject nearest to their hearts—the CHARITY! (Hear, hear, rap, rap!) He would hazard a general assertion;—that of no other branch of the art of healing were the results so practically beneficial to humanity as that of the dentist. (Great excitement; Thompson, whose eyes had long been closed, opened *one*.) There was an honesty and plain-dealing in their mode of proceeding, which might be looked for in vain among the medical profession generally. *They* had no means of living upon an aching tooth; *they* could not obtain a life-interest in a set of masticators. If there was roguery and humbug in the profession of medicine, and he did not stand there to deny it, the blame certainly did not lie with them. Let him be understood. “Far be it from me,” he continued, “to cast a slur upon that science which, after our own, I have always most revered. I honour medicine, and I love its professors!” Mr. Chairman continued to speak at some length, and closed his eloquent discourse by proposing the health of the ladies who had honoured them with their presence that day.

All eyes were now turned to the ladies, and as many as could do so conveniently, stood up to do honour to the toast. Little Thompson, grasping the table firmly with one hand, got up, turned himself unfortunately the wrong way, and stood simpering and winking at the drums and trumpets in the opposite gallery. “Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!” cried the little man, when the toast was given, and swinging his glass, which he had forgotten to empty, round his head, he lodged its contents safely in the face of his neighbour, who was casting sheep’s eyes through his spectacles at some damsel in the distance.

In playful reference to the Charity somebody now proposed “The grinders of the poor!” a sentiment that was vehemently opposed by Thompson, on the ground that they had had Conservative toasts enough. The proposer explained, and the “grinders” were drank, amidst loud applause, but not altogether to the satisfaction of Mr. Thompson, who was in that state when men are given to “extreme opinions.”

Mr. Chairman now prepared to leave the chair; many of his friends had already left theirs without ceremony, having suddenly disappeared under the table. Thompson’s red face was more flagrant than ever, and we left him in the vain attempt to direct the neck of an empty bottle to the mouth of his glass; while his neighbour was inveterately pouring out his wine upon a glass which some wag had turned upside down. Of the pale-faced man with the stoop, no vestige was to be seen, save his boots, which had taken the vacant place on their master’s chair.

EGOMET.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE JESUITS;

*Including some Account of their Rise and Progress from the Foundation of the Order by Ignatius de Loyola in 1528, to his death in 1556.*

IGNATIUS DE LOYOLA, the founder of the celebrated Order of Jesuits, was a Spaniard of noble family, and the youngest of eleven children. He was born in the castle of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, whence he took his surname. He was designed for an office at court; but he early quitted his employment of a page in disgust, and entered upon the more arduous duties of a military life.\* He served under the duke de Najova with great credit, and acquired a reputation for courage and military conduct. His character at this time was that of a fierce and licentious soldier. How far it was altered by circumstances we shall see in the course of our narrative.

In the year 1521, when Pampeluna was besieged by the French, he had the command of the citadel, which he defended with great obstinacy, until he was disabled by a shot, which broke his right leg and severely injured the groin of the left.† The garrison having surrendered at discretion, he fell into the hands of the French, who treated him with kindness, and sent him home, as soon as he was fit to be moved. During the progress of a tedious cure a Life of the Saints fell into his hands, which he read with avidity; and so strong was the impression made on his mind by the account of their sufferings in the cause of Christianity, as to inspire him with the project of emulating their celebrity.

The Jesuits assert that he was favoured with visions,—that the Virgin Mary appeared to him with the infant Jesus in her arms, and admonished him to institute an order in his honour, promising him that she would be a most indulgent mother and careful assistant of him and his associates. Other visions, and numerous miracles attributed to him, might be transcribed; but they are altogether too absurd to merit any notice in history. Though we cannot give any credit to these fables, it by no means follows that we are to charge Loyola with hypocrisy. An ardent mind wrought up to a high degree of enthusiasm and fettered by the want of education might be so strongly impressed with the creations of its own fancy as to be unable to distinguish them from reality. And such it is but charitable to suppose was that of Loyola.

During some time after his recovery he led an austere life, separating himself from the world, and renouncing its vanities and temptations, in order that he might more entirely devote his time to the services of religion. But even now his warlike spirit was not entirely subdued; for having had a dispute with a Moor who ventured to doubt the immaculacy of the Virgin after the birth of Jesus, he regretted having suffered the blasphemer to escape, and pursued him in order to exact his life as the forfeit of his incredulity. Loyola was

\* Helyot Histoire des Ordres Religieux, Chap. 89.

† Hospinianus Historia Jesuitica, Chap. 1.

debarred this indulgence of his military propensities only by his not overtaking the object of his displeasure.\*

In the year 1523 he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, having visited the sacred places around Jerusalem, he formed a design of taking up his abode there and devoting himself to the conversion of the infidels. Having been, however, dissuaded from this new project, he returned to Spain and commenced a course of school learning at Barcelona. A large portion of his time was spent in attending the sick, begging from the rich, and exhorting the poor. But the extraordinary mode of life that he adopted caused him to be thrown into prison twice and to undergo an examination by the inquisitors.

The obstacles he met with in his own country to the dissemination of his peculiar doctrines of religion induced him to resort to Paris, where he arrived in the year 1528. Here he set about making converts with better success than he had met with in Spain. His first disciples were Peter Le Fevre and Francis Xavier. These were followed by James Lainez, Alfonso Salmeron, Nicholas Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez. After a time they were joined by three more,—namely, Claudius Le Joy, John Cadur, and Brouet.† On the day of the Assumption, in the year 1534, he proceeded with these disciples to the church of Mont Martre; and there, having confessed and taken the sacrament, they bound themselves by a vow to renounce the world, to live in perpetual poverty and celibacy, and at an appointed time to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the purpose of converting the infidels to Christianity; and if this project should not be attended with success, they offered their services to the Pope for the conversion of heretics, whose numbers and zeal began to be formidable to the holy see.‡

It may not be altogether unworthy of remark, that Luther wrote his “Treatise against Monastic Vows,” and publicly renounced his own at the diet of Worms, about the same period that Loyola consecrated himself to God in the church of Mont Serrat, and wrote at Mauresa his “Spiritual Exercises,” on which were afterwards formed the rules of the order he founded. Thus while one light was produced, which shed its influence over a large portion of Europe and illumined the darkness in which mankind had been held by the Romish church, a pillar was yet added to support its mass of superstitious observances and extravagant doctrines.

Having arrived at Rome, and finding the obstacles to their visiting Jerusalem greater than even the enthusiasm which excited them could induce them to encounter, and being desirous that their union should be established on some more permanent footing, they at last determined on the institution of an Order. Being all collected in the same place, they proceeded to form a set of rules, to obey which they made a formal vow. These were, that in addition to the usual oaths of poverty and chastity, they should promise perpetual obedience to one of their number elected by themselves as chief of their order, and furnished with the most ample power over them, and to whom they

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\* Baillet, on the authority of Maffœus, as quoted by Poynder.

† Hospinian. Chap. 1.

‡ Ibid.

agreed to yield the same unqualified submission as though he were Christ himself. They were to promote the interests of the Catholic faith by every means in their power,—by public preaching and private exhortation:—they were to divest their speech of the ornaments of eloquence, and to use a simple evangelical language for pointing out the beauty and rewards of virtue and the deformities and punishment of vice:—and all they did was to be done with a view to the glory of God and the maintenance of his true worship.

After some faint opposition on his part they elected Ignatius their chief, under the title of general; and he was commissioned to propose these resolutions to the Pope for his sanction, and afterwards to draw up a more extensive code of laws and regulations founded on these principles, and adapted to the usages of the society. Ignatius submitted these rules to the Pope for his approbation, who referred them to three Cardinals for examination.

The chief of these was Bartholomew Guidiccioni, who not only opposed the new institution with his utmost endeavours, but wrote a book in which its dangerous tendency was ably set forth. This opposition for some time delayed the consent of the Pope, Paul III.; but it by no means diminished the vigilance or slackened the exertions of Ignatius and his disciples. The scruples of the Pope were at length overcome by an additional vow made by the professors for the new order,—obedience to the sovereign Pontiff. In their petition to Paul they promised “to fight under *his* standard, to be *his* soldiers as they were those of God, and to obey *him* in all things.”\* This was too flattering to be rejected at a time, when the holy see was in extreme need of able and zealous advocates devoted to its will and seeking aggrandisement from the maintenance of its supreme authority. In defiance of the protest of the Cardinals, a bull was issued on the 27th of September, 1540, confirming the institution, with this restriction, that their numbers should be limited to sixty.

On Friday, the 27th of April, 1541, Loyola, and such of his companions as were at Rome, took their solemn vows at the church of St. Paul, outside of the town—the vow of obedience to the Pope being made by Loyola only, in his own name, for himself and his disciples, which he, was fully competent to do in his capacity of general and especial keeper of their consciences. This was the first recognised institution of the famous “Society of Jesus,” the best regulated as well as the most extensive of all the monastic orders, and from whose exertions mankind have derived great benefits, as they have also received much injury. And it perhaps may be doubted, whether the knowledge they so widely diffused, though in its first stage calculated only to advance their own particular interests and the papal power, has not mainly contributed in its growth to remove blindness from the eyes of nations and to awaken them to a sense of their town rights,—to free them from the bondage of ecclesiastical despotism, and the accompanying evil of civil tyranny.

We must attribute their very rapid progress partly to the favour

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\* Poynder's History, Chap. 1.

shown them by the Pope, but chiefly to their own unremitting assiduity.

The following list, extracted from Poynder's "History of the Jesuits," will give some idea of their immense increase of wealth and numbers within a comparatively short period:—

In 1540 their number was 10.

In 1545 they had 10 houses.

In 1549 they had 20 houses and 2 provinces—one in Spain, and one in Portugal.

In 1556, at the death of Loyola, 12 large provinces.

In 1608, Ribadeneira reckons 29 provinces, 2 vice-provinces, 21 houses of profession, 293 colleges, 33 houses of probation, 93 other residences, and 10,581 Jesuits.

In 1629 there are enumerated in the catalogue at Rome, 35 provinces, 2 vice-provinces, 33 houses of profession, 578 colleges, 48 houses of probation, 88 seminaries, 160 residences, 106 missions, and 17,655 Jesuits, of whom 7870 were priests.

In 1710, according to Father Jouveny, they had 24 houses of profession, 59 of probation, 340 residences, 612 colleges, of which 80 were in France, 200 missions, 157 seminaries and boarding houses, and 19,998 Jesuits.\*

Loyola was on intimate terms with Mascarenhas, the ambassador from Portugal to the papal court:—he is even said to have been his confessor. However that may be, the Jesuits were very early noticed in Portugal; and John III. obtained a brief of legation to the Indies for Xavier, who departed thither on his mission in 1541, while Rodriguez was detained at the Portuguese court. He here acquired so much influence, that in the following year the king founded the first college of Jesuits at Coimbra. In the year 1543 there were 25 inmates, and Rodriguez wrote that their number was intended to be raised to 100. By this time the society was composed of 80 members, scattered abroad in different countries; and as this number exceeded that permitted by the Pope in his first bull, a fresh application was made by Loyola, which met with success. His Holiness issued another bull in March 1543, by which their numbers were freed from limitation; and in the same year he gave them the church of St. Andrew of Phraëta, where they laid the foundations of their house of profession, which was habitable the year after.

Following the example of John of Portugal, many towns of Spain, Italy, Germany, and the low countries, demanded of Loyola some of his disciples, and offered him colleges. In France alone, where they had their origin, they were not encouraged. This may be accounted for by the war between Francis I. and Charles V.; for the French monarch would not feel any desire to advance an order with a Spaniard at its head, and whose members were for the most part the subjects of his formidable rival.

This however did not hinder many Frenchmen from travelling to Rome, there to join themselves to Loyola. Among these was one

\* Poynder's History, p. 379.

William Postel, a native of Barenton in Normandy, a man of considerable talents and extraordinary acquirements. He took the vows in 1545, but shortly after promulgated some doctrines inimical to the Catholic faith, for which he was expelled by Loyola from the society.\* This so gratified the Pontiff, that he appointed Salmeron and Lainez to assist in his name with his legates at the Council of Trent, whither also Le Jay went as theologian to the bishop of Augsburg. They succeeded so well in the performance of the task devolving upon them, that they were appointed to compare the errors of the heretics with the scriptures and the writings of the Fathers.†

The efforts of the Jesuits to establish themselves in France did not meet with the same success as in Italy. In the year 1545 there were thirteen in the college of Lombards. They did not, however, openly declare the sect, to which they belonged until the year 1549, when Father Viole their principal finding the duties of their order incompatible with those required of them by the college, withdrew himself and his associates from it, and claimed the protection of William Duprat, bishop of Clermont, and a natural son of the famous Cardinal Duprat. He gave them an asylum in his Hôtel de Clermont, and at his death left them a large legacy. By the assistance of the Cardinal of Lorraine they obtained, in 1550, letters patent from Henry II. of France, by which they were permitted to have a college at Paris, and to establish themselves in his kingdom. These letters, however, the parliament refused to register; but the king persuaded by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the commissioners he had appointed to examine the Institutes of the Jesuits, issued letters a second time, which he commanded the parliament to register, without regarding the remonstrances of their *procuréur-général*.

Urged by the commands they had received, the parliament gave an *arrêt* on the 3d of August, 1554, to the effect that, as the affairs of the Jesuits were matters connected with religion, the bulls should be submitted to the consideration of the bishop of Paris and the doctors of the Sorbonne, and that these should render an account of them to the court.

Eustâche du Bellai, bishop of Paris, was altogether opposed to their establishment, and pronounced that "these bulls contained many things which appeared to him utterly contrary to reason, and such as ought not to be received or tolerated in the Christian religion." He called the title of the society "an arrogant name, as if they would represent themselves as alone constituting the church;" and he said moreover, "that in spite of their vows of poverty, they held and disposed of ecclesiastical dignities,—that they would not submit to be corrected by bishops,—and that they usurped the rights of those who have the cure of souls, those of the bishops, and even of the Pope himself, whom especially they had vowed to obey, and to go whithersoever he might send them, while their superior might recal those whom the Pope had sent on any mission, and that they had obtained exemption from the public services of religion." He concludes,

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\* Helyot, Chap. 60.

† Ibid.

“ Finally, let the parliament consider that all innovations are dangerous, and that from these in particular many unforeseen and unexpected dangers must arise.”\*

The faculty of Theology gave their opinion in the following words, on the 1st of December, 1554 :—

“ This new society, which gives itself the extraordinary and unheard of appellation of ‘The Company of Jesus,’ which receives indiscriminately and with so great laxity all sorts of persons,—however wicked, lawless, and infamous they may be,—which in no way differs from the secular priests either in habit or in tonsure, having neither choir, nor fasts, nor silence imposed on them, nor any of those ceremonies which distinguish and maintain the other religious orders; this society, to which so many privileges have been granted concerning the administration of penance and the Eucharist, the giving instruction to the prejudice of the ordinaries and the hierarchical and other religious orders, even also of princes and lords temporal, against the privileges of the universities, and indeed to the great oppression of the people; this society appears to us contrary to the honour of the monarchical profession—seems to weaken the public honest and pious exercise of virtues, abstinence, alms, and austerity. It is very fit to cause apostacy; it takes away the jurisdiction of the bishops, unjustly deprives lords, both temporal and spiritual, of their rights:—it cannot but cause troubles and dissensions, quarrels, complaints, disputes, jealousies, and schisms. “All these things, and many others, being diligently examined and considered, this society seems to us very dangerous in all that concerns the faith, inimical to the peace of the church, likely to destroy the monarchical state, and created more for the destruction than the edification of the faithful.”†

“(Signed) Benoît, Courcelles, Maillard, De Mouchi, Perizonius, Ari, Inquisitor of the Faith, de Feire Syndic.”

Such was the famous decree of the Sorbonne against the Jesuits.

Some of the Jesuits, scandalized at this attack upon their order, were desirous of replying to it, and refuting or endeavouring to refute the gross calumnies which they asserted were contained in it. But Loyola, with more prudence, fearing lest this might increase the obloquy in which they were held, by enraging their opponents, refused his permission, assuring them that notwithstanding the obstacles offered in France, they would be ultimately established there, and that too in great celebrity.

The decree of the Sorbonne met with universal approbation in France; and finding himself authorized by the concurrence of others, as well as his own opinion, the bishop of Paris interdicted them from all their functions. His example was followed by all the other bishops.

It might be expected that their courage would have given way under their overwhelming opposition; but Pasquier Brouet, who had

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\* *Histoire des Religieux de la Compagnie de Jesus*, Liv. iii.

† *Ibid.*

been placed by Ignatius at the head of the French Jesuits, not only braved the storm, but even had the audacity to remain in Paris, retiring with his companions to the quarter of St. Germain, which they pretended was out of the jurisdiction of the bishop. Here they continued to perform their exercises in the abbey. The prior was pressed to dismiss them; but he was too well pleased at having such an opportunity of vindicating the rights of his church to be persuaded to put them away. They remained here therefore, quietly waiting for any turn of the tide, which, if taken good advantage of, might lead to as brilliant successes as those they had to boast of in Italy.

In Spain, John Silic, archbishop of Toledo, declared that the Jesuits interfered with the rights of the bishoprick by giving sacraments in all places. It so happened that the college of Jesuits at Alcala was in his diocese. He interdicted them on their refusal to obey his requisition of silence from their preaching; and he fulminated a sentence of excommunication against all such as should confess to them. Finally, he forbade the curates and religious of his whole diocese to allow a Jesuit to preach or say mass in their churches.\*

This was only a continuation of the opposition they had already met with in Spain. In 1548 Melchior Cano, a Dominican friar, a celebrated theologian and distinguished for his learning, treated them as impostors and the emissaries of the Antichrist. Such was the influence he possessed at Salamanca, that they not only lost the confidence of the great, but even of the common people. The youth of the town were no longer committed to their charge for the purposes of education; and they were at last driven from Salamanca by the joint efforts of the magistrates and the university as a corrupt race. † The society indeed, seemed likely to have sunk into decay and oblivion in Spain except for the exertions of Bartholomew Torus (afterwards bishop of the Canaries) and the countenance shown them by the Holy Inquisition. ‡

In the year 1555 they were compelled to quit Saragossa also. But here their own violent conduct, and not the principles they inculcated on their disciples, was the immediate cause of their expulsion. Presuming on the privilege granted them by the Pope to build their churches wherever they pleased, and to consecrate them themselves, they had seized on a piece of land belonging to the Augustines, and despite of their remonstrances, (which they treated as disobedience to the Holy See), proceeded to erect their chapel and say mass in it without applying to the ordinary. The grand vicar of the archbishop of Saragossa, finding them deaf to his admonitions, excommunicated them, and placed them under an interdict until they should depart from the city. They found means, however, to return under the patronage of Joan, mother of the emperor Charles V. †

Towards the end of the life of Ignatius he made great efforts to establish his order in the low countries. He sent Ribadeneira to Philip II. at Antwerp, proposing as a reason why he should favour their establishment, the essential service they should render to the

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\* Helyot, Chap. 60.

† Ibid.

‡ Poynder, Chap. 3.

world at large, and his dominions in particular, by checking the progress of the Lutheran heresy, which was fast spreading itself over Flanders. He, however, could be only persuaded to submit their written request to the Council of Flanders, who unanimously opposed their establishment.\*

Their success in Italy was, however, so great as to compensate for the checks and rebuffs they met with elsewhere. They had houses and colleges founded in Rome, Loretto, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Modena, &c., and were daily increasing in numbers and growing in power. They had met with some slight annoyance from the Pope himself in 1553, he having conceived that the Jesuits of Spain were ranged with Charles V. in opposition to himself. But these difficulties being removed, during the remainder of his pontificate and that of Marcellus II. (which only lasted for three weeks), they enjoyed an undisturbed tranquillity. At the accession of Cardinal Caraffa, who took the name of Paul IV., they were in some fear that he might gratify his desire of revenge on Loyola, who had hindered him in his design of founding the order of Theatins. They were not, however, visited with any immediate sign of his anger.†

On the 31st of July, 1556, died Ignatius de Loyola, aged 65 years, having renounced the world for thirty-five years. His death took place sixteen years after the foundation of the society, during which comparatively short space of time he had seen it augmented to an extent scarcely credible, and arrived at a pitch of power, which seemed prophetic of the influence it was hereafter to exercise over the destinies of the world. He was interred in the church of the house of profession at Rome; whence his body was thirty years after transferred to the church built for them by Cardinal Farnèse. In person he was rather below than above the middle size, of a dark complexion, and bald-headed,—his eyes sunken, but full of fire,—his forehead broad,—his nose aquiline. He was lame from the effects of the wounds he received at Pampeluna; but this defect was scarcely distinguishable in his gait from the pains he was at to conceal it.‡

In considering the character of this celebrated man, we shall find much to admire, as well as much to blame. The dangers and privations he underwent in the course of his change from a fiery soldier to the general of a monastic order are certainly proofs of his sincerity: for the dangers he met with were of his own seeking, and such that he could not expect to derive any worldly advantage from encountering; and the sufferings he endured from voluntary privation of the necessaries and comforts of existence, were such as materially injured his constitution and embittered his life by the effects of the diseases that he had incurred. The reputation he had acquired in his military profession, previous to his renouncing the world, was by no means contemptible. The power acquired by the Jesuits in the issue, the length of time during which they retained their influence, the immense wealth they acquired, and the extension of their numbers, all serve to prove the stability and soundness of the rules and regulations by which they

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\* Poynder, Chap. 3.

† Helyot, Chap. 60.

‡ *Histoire des Religieux*, &c., Livre iii.

were governed. These, however they may since have been altered and improved, were composed by Loyola; and we must add the praise of a clear and vigorous understanding to the lofty enthusiasm and unshrinking fortitude which have been already attributed to him. Whether a good or evil use was made of their influence, or rather whether the good resulting from their machinations and efforts for aggrandisement predominated over the evil produced by their inordinate ambition, is a matter not here to be considered. But to Loyola, at least, we must award the distinction of greatness, if we refuse him the higher merit of virtue.

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### THE NIGHT-VOICES.

THE night lies heavily on wood and wold,  
 Dark as the burden of an untold crime  
 On man's stained bosom. Sounds of earth are still;  
 But thou, wild Fancy, on the soul enthroned,  
 With dreams, the heart-deceivers, girding thee,  
 In the wide void of thy mysterious hall  
 Art silent never. When the weary day  
 Shuts the huge volume of its written cares,  
 And the tired thoughts make holiday,—'tis sweet,  
 'Mid the old quiet woods, thy fitting shrine,  
 To turn the worship of the heart to thee.  
 Night's voices are awaking: from the lone,  
 Elf-haunted cavern, hark, their stilly call!  
 The winds are lulled by those sweet whisperings;  
 The wearied flowers, earth's rainbows, lay them down  
 With folded leaves in clusters; phantom mists  
 Glide by with noiseless step; and now the moon  
 Comes forth, and like some gentle spirit, fond  
 And faithful to a mortal trust, sheds down  
 On the earth's beautiful and languid things,  
 The love which forms her being; while the stars,  
 The gentle stars, in playful mockery send  
 Their beams to glisten o'er the sinuous paths  
 Of the sea-shore, like dancing spirits, crowned  
 With white wreaths woven of the diamond spray.  
 Voices are floating round me.—I could dream  
 For ever in this solitude, and give  
 Words to their sweet communion. Now a flower  
 Starts, half-awakened by the dew's cold kiss,  
 And the soft rustling of those silken leaves  
 Makes a low sudden music. Hark, they sing:—

“Sister, wake thee; o'er thy cheek  
 Dews—not of night—are stealing;  
 Thy soft breast heaves with terror; speak,  
 What pang art thou concealing?”

“A tear, as when the morning grieves,  
 Did on thine eyelid glisten;  
 'Tis wiped off with my velvet leaves,  
 Awake:—art dreaming, sister?”

Was't sleep? a royal shape there stood  
Beside my rest, but now,—  
The spirit fair that decks the wood,  
That paints the blossomed bough.

Her crown was gone,—her white brow bare;  
And, free from braid or fold,  
Floated afar her glittering hair  
Like flakes of sunset's gold.

She stood beside me; sleep dispersed  
As mist beneath her eye;  
Then from her faded lips there burst  
A low and mournful cry.

And it was like the mandrake's shriek,  
When the hot blight burneth him;  
For the fierce death-fever flushed her cheek,  
And her bright, bright eye was dim.

Her voice was sweet in its disdain,  
Like the springlet's under tune;  
Like a whispering gush of honied rain  
On the thirsting leaves of June.

"Thou art," it said, "a little flower,—  
Thy home a desert spot;  
Fain would thy parent earth devour  
The form she loveth not.

"Flower, I am called to die:—'tis well,  
For the summer's breath doth sear.  
Now am I seeking leaf and bell  
To dress me for my bier.

"They heed me not; my children love  
The gay green earth too well:  
They joy to gaze on the skies above,  
And to dive in the secret dell,—

"To paint the slope of the fairy mound,  
And toy with the robber-bee.  
I may not pass alone—uncrowned—  
Wilt rise—and go with me?"

Sister, that little flower, unknown,  
Unprized by living thing—  
Of all earth's gems, that flower alone  
Was the wreath of the dying spring.

There was a murmur of embracing leaves,  
And with a dewy kiss the flowers lay down  
And slept again; the glow-worm left the nook  
Where he had crept—the cunning evesdropper—  
To listen what the whispering flowers might say.  
The distant ocean, like a wayward child,  
Had moaned himself to slumber; and the wood  
Was silent, till another voice awoke  
With a low mournful cadence, whose sad strain  
A nightingale, a silly mocking thing,  
Learned from a weeping lover, as he sate

*The Night-Voices.*

In the rich twilight of the greenwood, when  
 His love put on the mask of poesy,  
 Because he feared its aspect might affright  
 That lovely thing it worshipped. Thus it ran :—

I send thee flowers ; and marvel not that they  
 Are so soon withered ; their rich scent and hue  
 Have, like ourselves, but one brief tearful day—  
 Children of sunshine, and the starry dew.  
 Some bright with death, some with deep passion pale,  
 Poor silent mourners, I will tell their tale.

This rose was gathered in her twilight dream  
 Because she dreamed of a forbidden heaven ;  
 This lily, jealous of the diamond gleam  
 Of fairy tears, which not to her were given,  
 Recked not of blight when she her bosom bared ;—  
 Oh, judge them not, for I their crime have shared.

This shade-born violet saw how bright ones basked  
 In noon-tide glories, to herself denied ;  
 She envied them, and of the sunshine asked  
 One only kiss—but of its sweetness died ;  
 Though just her doom may be, I scarce can blame  
 Her tender fault :—who would not do the same ?

This heart's-ease, when from out his leafy screen,  
 In pleading tones, the night's lone chorister  
 Prayed to his scornful love—arose unseen,  
 And deemed, vain thing, that sweet voice sang for her.  
 Entranced, she bowed her blushing leaves, and this  
 Neglected weeper died of too much bliss.

Sweet, take these flowers, love's martyrs—do not spurn  
 Their humble moral, for their crimes atone  
 Themselves. Of all the scorpion thoughts which turn  
 Their stings on their own bosoms, love alone  
 Can need no judgment on its weakness sent—  
*For in itself is its worst punishment.*

We will forgive thy discontented song,  
 Thou lonely bird ; for ever thou hast been  
 In love with sorrow. Yet the crowded paths  
 Of yonder world enough of witness have  
 To prove thy moral true.

Behold ! a change  
 Hath shadowed o'er the dreamy wilderness ;  
 Beneath, the pale flowers lift their drooping heads  
 With a quick tremulous motion, and remain  
 Fixed as in sudden dread ; above, the stars  
 Break into gazing groups, and pallid stand  
 Like gay young dancers in some festal hour,  
 When death hath stol'n upon their revelry.  
 The clouded air grows thick with flitting forms,  
 Like heralds that prepare the wondrous way  
 Of some mysterious pageant. Hark ! the voice,  
 Whose deep pervading sound hath fettered thus  
 All living things, like spirit forced to hear  
 The fearful muttering of a master-spell.

It is mine hour ; prepare ye now my dim and shadowy train !  
 Abroad I come—the ancient one—the child of chaos' reign.  
 The earth grows silent at my step, and o'er the restless sea  
 The wildest billows cease their strife, and bow, like slaves, to me.

I walk beneath the moonlight dim, with Night, my starry bride ;  
 And nought may stay our silent course as o'er the earth we glide ;  
 I speak, and Echo slumbers still within her haunted grot ;  
 I tread the dry and fallen leaf—it moves and murmurs not.

Dreams are my ministers that make the human heart a toy ;  
 My music is the secret strings of grief and hope and joy ;  
 Palace and hut alike are mine,—nor is the silent tomb  
 A lonely house ;—I too am there until the day of doom.

Man feels my presence, yet would fain my influence deny ;  
 His stricken conscience bends beneath the burden of mine eye ;  
 My hand is on his soul, and when its deadliest passions wake,  
 Do I not joy to bind them down with chains no force can break ?

Beside the couch of innocence I stand with peace and love ;  
 I catch the infant's sinless prayer, and waft its voice above.  
 The world moves on—its minions fall—its bright things fade ;—but I  
 Live on, unchanged and undecayed,—my name is Mystery.

That sound hath wandered on to other lands,  
 Perchance to other worlds,—but leaving still  
 Upon its track a lingering oracle  
 To those whose feet grow weary in life's ways,  
 That this wide earth no single spot affords  
 Of true and perfect loneliness.

Once more,  
 Bright gleams, like ghosts of Nature's weeping born,  
 Creep upwards stealthily ; from bower and dell  
 I see them gliding ; breezy harpings sound ;  
 I hear the music of immortal tongues,  
 Low hymning sounds of voices summoning  
 As to some joyous tryst—" Away, away !"

Away—  
 We have bent o'er the couch of the dying day ;  
 We have breathed on the sunflower's aching eye ;  
 We have fettered the earth with the sunset's dye ;  
 A thousand colours are mingling there ;  
 Voices are rife in the moonlit air ;  
 We have watched the reluctant lily close ;  
 We have bowed to slumber the weeping rose ;  
 We have filled her heart with a dream of May—  
 Away, sweet sisters, away, away !

A voice of solemn dole  
 Is shed, like guilt, on the sinner's soul ;  
 His ear is dinned with a ceaseless cry,  
 His gaze is met by an unknown eye ;  
 The day is too bright, and the night too grim ;  
 They have no season of rest for him.  
 Power that tortures, and cannot bless ;  
 Sorrow without its holiness ;  
 Hopes that the fevered heart betray,  
 Haunt him, like vengeance—away, away !

A song of peace I hear,—  
 A song of affection, calm and clear.  
 The full eye dimmed with its hallowed joy,  
 A mother bends o'er her sleeping boy ;  
 She has murmured her nightly prayer.  
 There shall no dark thing hover there ;  
 Blight shall not canker the budding flower,  
 For the world's worst poison has lost its power  
 In the light of that fond affection's ray—  
 Trusting and fervent—away, away !

Swift o'er the shining foam  
 A bark is bounding in triumph home ;  
 Many a weary day and night  
 Her prow hath striven with the tempest's might ;  
 She has brought back the spoil of the deep green sea.  
 Hark to the voices of infant glee !  
 Hail to those kindly looks of light ;  
 Love shall sit at their feast to-night :—  
 Virtue shall prompt them when they pray—  
 Away, sweet sisters—away, away !

The tasks we love are done ;  
 Many a heart to its home has gone :—  
 We have taken the weight from the captive's chain ;  
 We have closed the eyelid of grief and pain :—  
 Sorrow, and falsehood, and harrowing fear,  
 These have no power in our calmer sphere.  
 Ours are all blessings the twilight brings,  
 Gentle and soothing—all beautiful things,  
 Unseen in the glare of the garish day—  
 Away, sweet sisters—away, away !

Above, in silver light,  
 Hangs the rich robe of our mistress, Night.  
 Stars are whispering round her throne  
 Tales of the world they are gazing upon,—  
 Calm as the mantling clouds above.  
 Look, how she bends to the earth in love !  
 While the pale Moon, wrapt in her glowing pall,  
 Changes her tears to gold as they fall.  
 All things rejoice in that gentle sway ;  
 Let us not linger—away, away !

And a bright sweep of white and glistening wings  
 Shed round a sudden glory, as they burst  
 Through the thick roof of intertwining boughs,  
 And floated in the moonlight. They are gone—  
 The airy messengers, with many gifts  
 Which are of heaven—rest to the wailing breeze,  
 And life and beauty to the fainting flower ;  
 And messages of peace to human hearts,  
 To stand, perchance, betwixt them and despair.  
 O, for such fair companionship—to trace  
 Beyond the sounds of grief, or sense of guile,  
 Those heavenward footsteps.—Hold ! a chilling cloud  
 Enwraps my soaring soul ; around me rise  
 The moonlight, and the woodlands, and the shore—  
 I have been dreaming—To the world again.

## THE ACQUAVITARO OF LONGARA.

ROME, 1518.

THE immortal names of Michael Angelo and Raffaele possess such an intrinsic fascinating charm, that whatever relates to them cannot but be interesting. Those who are acquainted with the memoirs of those two geniuses of modern Italy, must know that a great emulation, nay, a glorious rivalry for pre-eminence, existed between them.

It is matter of history that when Buonarroti was painting his wonderful *a fresco* works in the Sixtine chapel of the Vatican, nobody was allowed to enter into that place with the exception of David de Volterra and Sebastian del Piombo.

Raffaele, who had already studied Michael Angelo's Cartoons at Florence, was very anxious to have a sight of the *a frescos* of his rival, which were reported as truly extraordinary, both with regard to the design and the grandeur. He spoke therefore of his wish to Monsignor Bambo, who was then the secretary of state of Leo X., and consequently the most powerful personage of Rome after the Pope.

To obtain for his favourite artist the opportunity of admiring and of studying the majestic colossal Sybils and Prophets which Michael Angelo had already completed, Bambo one day, having met with Buonarroti on the stairs of the Vatican, spoke to him rather with authority, and almost with rudeness; when the incomparable artist, resenting the insult, without much ceremony gave a slap in the face to Monsignor; and then to avoid being arrested for that sacrilegious transgression, he left Rome almost instantly, and retreated to Florence, there to wait for the result of his assault.

During Michael Angelo's absence Raffaele had every opportunity of studying in the Sixtine chapel, and derived much profit by his study, the proof of which is that from that epoch he began to enlarge the size of his already beautiful angelic figures.

Michael Angelo, however, having been not only forgiven, but also most earnestly entreated by the Pope to return to his immortal work, complied with his Holiness's request, and having been informed of what had happened during his absence from Rome, became more than ever angry with Bambo, and never forgot the stratagem of that prelate—so much so, that when Buonarroti many years after this painted his Last Judgment, he placed amongst the damned in hell Bambo, who was then the Cardinal of state, by which the latter was so much offended that he applied to the Pope to obtain redress, but his Holiness said: "Cardinal, I am very sorry that I cannot be of use to you. Michael Angelo has placed you in hell, and you know that the Vicar of Christ has no power there:—consequently remain where you are,—certain however, of a damned immortality.

But to return to our Brandy Merchant. The family of Alexander Farnese, who afterwards was elevated to the dignity of Pontiff as Paul III., was not only one of the most noble, but certainly the most ambitious, and the wealthiest of Italy. Cardinal Farnese, therefore, wished to possess all that was grand and unrivalled. Michael Angelo

had erected for him the renowned Palazzo Farnese, which for grandeur, style of architecture, and beauty of design, and elegance, does not yield to the finest buildings of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Just opposite to this immense edifice, on the other side of the Tiber, Alexander caused to be erected a smaller palace, which is called the Farnesina; and he obtained from Raffaele that it should be entirely adorned with *a frescos* of his invention and execution. Raffaele, however, stipulated with the Cardinal, that during all the time that was necessary to perfect his paintings at the Farnesina, with the exception of Giulio Romano, Garsfalo, and Raffaellino, his pupils, and of the Cardinal Bambo, and Castiglione, nobody else should be admitted in that villa; and the Cardinal promised that Raffaele's wishes would be strictly fulfilled.

After Raffaele had been working at the Farnesina nearly two years, through the reports of Cardinal Bambo and of Giulio Romano and Garsfalo, who assisted their master in painting the less difficult parts of his beautiful compositions, all Rome began to speak with admiration of the almost unparalleled beauty and elegance of the *a frescos* with which Raffaele had already adorned the walls and ceilings of that villa. The fabulous story of Love and Psyche was described as one of his finest compositions:—the Banquet of the Gods was represented as a masterpiece:—the Triumph of Galatea was said to be so admirably conceived, designed, and painted, that it surpassed every other work of Raffaele. All the artists, therefore, and all the admirers of the *beau idéal* in the fine arts, were very anxiously waiting for the epoch, when they might be admitted to view and admire the prodigies of the genius of Raffaele.

As it may be easily conceived, these reports were often repeated in the presence of Michael Angelo; and that extraordinary architect, sculptor, painter, and poet, could not brook the obstacles placed in his way to prevent him from judging by himself, whether the great eulogies so generally and so lavishly heaped on his rival in painting were truly well deserved. Through Giulio Romano and Garsfalo, Daniel de Voltarra, the favourite pupil of Buonarroti, was informed that Raffaele could not complete his *a frescos* of the Farnesina before another year. Michael Angelo having known this, and being determined to satisfy his ardent wish of getting admittance into the Farnesina, hit on the expedient of making use of some stratagem, and hoped to succeed under the menial appearance of a common brandy merchant.

It was not very difficult for him to obtain, with a few scudi, from the ordinary brandy merchant, who walked every morning through the Longara, every information with regard to the masons and other workmen who were employed at the Farnesina, and also the permission of usurping for one morning alone his trade on that quarter. In fact, having soon procured a complete second-hand dress of a common brandy merchant, and the usual stock of that profession, on the 15th of March, 1518, Michael Angelo, very early in the morning, began to cry very loud near the gate of the Farnesina, "Acquavita, acquavitaro!"

The Roman masons, and all workmen in general, are very fond of

taking a glass of acquavita early in the morning, and consequently the acquavitaro was soon called, and engaged to enter into the court, which Michael Angelo had no sooner reached, than, putting upon a bench the whole of his stock, he requested the masons to let him see the ground floor, which had been almost entirely painted. As no one could suspect that Buonarroti was concealed under that accoutrement, he immediately obtained his request, and thus hastily viewed all that Raffaele had painted. Having arrived where the mythological history of Galatea, Acis, and Polyphemus is represented, he found that only three sides of that apartment had been already painted, but the fourth was prepared for the immediate use of Raffaele, who that very day was to begin to paint on it the Death of Acis. Michael Angelo mounted on the scaffold erected near the wall, and, with a charcoal, sketched on the proposed intonaco an enormous beautiful head, to show to Raffaele, that not only he had been there, but that he thought that the style of his *a fresco* was not grandioso. Having done this, the mock acquavitaro left the Farnesina without even thinking of his merchandise.

The same day Raffaele went about noon to the Farnesina, accompanied by his Farnarina, whom he has there immortalized under the figures of the graceful Goddess of Love, of the innocent Psyche, and of the charming Galatea. Scarcely had he entered into the apartment where he was to work, than casting his eyes over the prepared wall, he soon perceived the colossal head which Michael Angelo had there sketched; and this unexpected visit and critique of his rival, so much hurt his feelings, that, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations and entreaties of the family of Farnese, and of his patron, and proud Cardinal Bambo, Raffaele would not complete the painting of that room.

Buonarroti's wonderful gigantic head is still preserved with great care under a glass; and it continues to be admired by all the artists and connoisseurs who visit the Farnesina as an extraordinary contrast of style compared with the beautiful but diminutive pattern of the angelic figures of Raffaele.

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### BACCHANALIAN VERSES.

OH! could we but find  
Such chains as would bind  
The vigorous limbs of old Time,  
We might talk then with truth  
Of the blessings of youth,  
And a century pass in our prime.

But since we now no longer may  
Look forward to a distant day,  
There's not a moment to be lost, boys.  
We'll push about the ruddy wine,  
While song and jest and toast combine  
Of our short span to make the most, boys.

## MR. FRASER VERSUS MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

THE details of this case having already met the eye of the public through the medium of the papers of the day, we will but briefly recapitulate them here, in order that our readers may the better be enabled to follow us in the comments we are about making upon it. Mr. Grantley Berkeley had written a novel called "Berkeley Castle," a review of which was published in "Fraser's Magazine" on the 1st of August last. The criticism was unusually severe and pungent, and allusions were made in it to circumstances affecting Mr. Berkeley's family, which that gentleman deemed personally offensive and insulting; and, acting under this impression, he proceeded, on the 3d of August, to the shop of Mr. Fraser, in Regent Street, accompanied by his brother and another unknown individual, and there committed a violent assault upon Mr. Fraser by cutting him in a dreadful manner over the head, face, and hands, with a heavy horsewhip, while his two companions kept guard at the door to prevent the interference of the passengers in the street whom Mr. Fraser's cries had collected round the door.

The natural, and indeed unavoidable consequence upon this violation of the law was an action for damages brought by Mr. Fraser against the Messrs. Berkeley, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer, on the 3d of last month, before the Chief Baron and a special jury. The damages were laid at 6000*l.* Considerable eloquence and legal acumen were displayed by Messrs. Erle and Thesiger, the leading counsel for the plaintiff and the defendant; and a deep interest was manifested throughout the trial by a densely crowded auditory, amongst whom we recognised several literary characters, and one or two at least of our distinguished female writers. After an investigation, which lasted nearly six hours, Lord Abinger charged the jury in a luminous speech, which completely disentangled the case from the difficulties with which the ingenious casuistry of the opposing advocates had encumbered it. He laid down the law clearly on those points which involved legal questions, summed up the evidence with admirable precision, and left it to the jury to decide the amount of damages to which Mr. Fraser was entitled for the assault committed upon him by the defendants, and how far the publication of the libel complained of should mitigate those damages.

After a few minutes' consultation the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 100*l.*

Before pronouncing an opinion on the adequacy of these damages to the offence, it will be necessary to examine the merits of the case minutely; to view it in all its phases,—to weigh between the provocation on the one hand and the assault on the other,—and to decide without permitting our prejudices or our sympathies to bias us in favor of either. To do this fairly, we must not limit ourselves to the mere matter at issue between Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Fraser,—we must not only admit the libel contained in the review as a palliation of the assault; but we must try how far the reviewer was at liberty in

the discussion of an author's work to introduce into his criticism remarks or strictures reflecting on the honour of the writer or his family, and calculated to wound his feelings in the most sensitive point.

First, let us examine the merits of Mr. Berkeley's book, and contrast it with the review upon it. "Berkeley Castle," as our readers most probably are aware, purports to be a historical romance relating the achievements of the Berkeley family during that eventful period of English history, when the contending houses of York and Lancaster rallied around their respective standards the brave and noble of the land. And here we dissent altogether from the opinion expressed by the critic of this species of writing. He says, "What awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley to write a book with such a title! What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed." *We* should say, that if he possessed sufficient talent to do so, he would be conferring a benefit on mankind by transmitting to posterity the noble deeds of the house of Percy. Can the man who deliberately traces out and perpetuates the virtues of his ancestry be wicked or degenerate? Would he not blush to call forth from the tomb of oblivion the good actions of his forefathers in contrast with his own baseness? Is it likely that he would, by blazoning the valour of his progenitors, proclaim his own pusillanimity? Certainly not. The effect would be to stimulate him to emulate the actions, that exalted the great and good men of his family. For this reason we are partial to family histories: and we agree with Johnson, that "like the *imagines majorum* of the ancients they excite to virtue;" and we only wish that those who really have blood would be more careful to trace and ascertain its course. But the case is widely different, when a man takes up his pen to record the delinquencies or follies of his family,—when he occupies three volumes with the details of the adulterous amours of one of his ancestors,—when we find the hero of his book, Herbert Reardon, act the *heroic* part of a go-between for Sir Maurice Berkeley and Isabel Mead, a married woman, and one too whom he is described as having loved and sought to marry,—when we find in the same book a bed-room scene elaborately described between a certain waiting woman and a Mr. Hugh Mull, while an unfortunate groom is concealed under the bed—when, in short, we discover *throughout these volumes* passages and descriptions of a character that no female could read without contamination, we cannot hesitate in agreeing with the reviewer in *Fraser's* that the book "is a bestiality towards the ladies of England, and should be flung forth from the literature of our country."

If Mr. Berkeley in eulogizing his own family degrades the character of the females of England, has not his reviewer a right—nay, is he not compelled by every sentiment that prompts men to generous and devoted acts to vindicate and rescue the character of his countrywomen from the foul slander of their traducer? Is he not justified in flinging back on the calumniator the calumny that he has heaped upon them, and exposing to the world those blemishes in his own lineage which he so liberally exhibits in the persons of the ladies of Bristol, one of whom he describes as making an acquaintance with a gentleman

walking down the street, and admitting him the same evening clandestinely into her brother's house. We speak not of the insults he offers to the merchants of Bristol. Any member of the noble house of Berkeley may, if it so please him, write an immoral book—he may ridicule honest men and scoff at virtuous women; but will any independent mind condemn a reviewer who asks him the question—Is your boasted family immaculate? Is it superior in honesty or virtue to those persons whom you affect to despise? Have the heroes and heroines of your romance no counterparts in your own castle? Will he be censured, if from the pages of history he bring down authenticated facts derogatory to the purity or nobility of the writers' family to place in juxtaposition with the foul libels he has heaped on the ladies of England? This is precisely the state of the case. It stands in legal phraseology thus:—"Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his family *versus* the Females of England." And is not the man who in their defence has had the courage to step beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism to chastise the offender entitled to their thanks and gratitude rather than their censure? We admit, that in no other case but one similar to the present should a critic dare to invade the privacy of domestic life. But here is a history of the Berkeley family; and, as the counsel for the plaintiff justly remarked, "If Mr. Berkeley made his novel a species of family biography, a sort of pedestal of fame on which he might exalt himself, he ought to be reminded of circumstances connected with that family which might have escaped his memory. Personal anecdotes are related every day in works issuing from the press,—some of them by no means calculated to exalt the character of the families they relate to. Yet we hear of no assaults on the publishers or writers of them. "Oh!" cries one, "they are deemed matter of history, and cannot be personally offensive." Now we should be glad to ascertain the precise point, at which history terminates and slander begins. In which of those divisions does a man's grandfather stand? Or is he to be placed in a debateable land, to be shifted into either territory at the pleasure of his descendants?

Admitting, however, that the *animus* of the review was directed against the author rather than his writings,—admitting that the reviewer, in vindicating female purity from the taint of the defamer, quitted his legitimate track and assailed the offender in his private character,—admitting that he published facts which, although they had already been the subject of public judicial investigation, should not have been repeated, and admitting that Mr. Berkeley, writhing under the aspersions cast upon the fame of his family, did, in a moment of excitement, inflict personal chastisement upon the author of the galling criticism, we might, sympathizing with his irritated feelings, have allowed the provocation in some sort as a justification of the offence. But with all these broad admissions granted to Mr. Berkeley, we cannot discover a single point, upon which he can rest a well-grounded defence of his assault on Mr. Fraser. It is almost notorious, that the proprietor or publisher of magazines and other periodical works of literature is rarely the editor of them; that is an office completely distinct from the mercantile management of the concern. The editor's province is to examine, and receive or reject

such contributions as may be offered him for insertion in the work he superintends; and he is responsible that nothing of an objectionable character be admitted into it. Should an article of a libellous nature be notwithstanding published, the writer or the editor in the first instance ought to be looked to, and if he be not forthcoming the onus lies on the publisher to afford to the injured party satisfaction or redress. But it would be extremely unjust to make the publisher responsible for the contents of every work which he vends, and with the contents of which he may be totally unacquainted, even after it has been exposed on his counter for sale. It is not his business;—he traffics in books merely as articles of commerce: but as he derives a profit in their sale, he is, in the eye of the law, properly regarded as a *particeps criminis* in any slander they may propagate. This security is necessary to protect society against anonymous irresponsible writers; and therefore the publisher is held accountable for the works that he sends to the world, in precisely the same way that the endorser of a bill of exchange becomes liable if the manufacturers of that bill—the drawer and acceptor—allow it to be dishonoured.

The first step then to be taken by Mr. Berkeley, ought to have been, as the Chief Baron remarked in his charge to the jury, “to diligently seek out the *author*” of the offensive article, and at his hands demand reparation. But what does he? Three days after the publication of the review he goes to Mr. Fraser’s shop, aided by his brother and an individual whose name has not transpired, inflicts on a highly respectable citizen in the peaceable exercise of his business, a brutal and violent assault, from the effects of which he had not at the time of the trial perfectly recovered. If we consider the time that elapsed between the publication of the alleged libel and the assault, it will afford pregnant proof that it was coolly premeditated. And when we further contrast the physical powers of Mr. Berkeley with those of Mr. Fraser, the one a large muscular man, the other a person of small stature and slender frame—the former assisted and cheered on to his heartless work by two companions—the latter alone—unprotected—unarmed—prostrate and bleeding beneath the repeated blows of his merciless antagonist, we cannot help thinking, that the amount of damages awarded Mr. Fraser was disproportionately small. They were either inadequate or absurd.—Inadequate, if the jury believed that Mr. Fraser had been made to pay the penalty of an act which the real author was prepared,—if called upon—to avow and defend. Inadequate,—if they intended the miserable sum of *one hundred pounds* as a proper compensation for the outraged feelings, and severe injuries sustained in the person of the plaintiff; and absurd if they imagined, by the infliction of such a paltry fine upon a man moving in the high sphere and possessing the large fortune of Mr. Berkeley,—that they marked their honest and fearless reprobation of a deliberate breach of the laws of honour—of mankind, and of their country.

## THE TORY LAMENT,

OR CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1836-7.

“ Flow, sorrow, flow ;” a flood of grief,  
 In tears for all our glories  
 Now withering fast beyond belief,  
 “ The deluge” of the Tories.  
 For oh ! what fearful spectres rise  
 To blast our backward gaze ;  
 If onward we but cast our eyes,  
 What phantoms dread amaze !

In five long years (ah ! long to us)  
 Of hated Whig misrule,  
 What direful changes spring to curse  
 A nation once *our* fool !  
 These *ministers* of wrath divine,  
 Loos’d for a people’s sin,  
 How long, oh ! Lord, can’st thou incline  
 Their wicked way to win ?

First GAME LAWS fell ; eight hundred years  
 Our ancestry had wove  
 Around preserves of pheasants, hares,  
 Their fond exclusive love :  
 Landowners—peers (how vainly !) wept  
 Their rural rights’ decay,  
 For one fell statute fiercely swept  
 Full fifty laws away.\*

Now partridges, and hares to boot,  
 Nay ! pheasants, grouse, and all,  
 Th’ *unqualified* profanely shoot,  
 Or buy at “ dealer’s” stall.  
 My manton, now, in grief replaced,  
 Shall slumber in its case,  
 Oh ! never shall it be disgraced  
 By such plebeian chase.

Next boroughs went ; aloud the cry  
 REFORM they blindly raise,  
 And parliaments insane reply  
 An echo in its praise ;  
 The sober Isle’s sobriety  
 At that grim word is scared,  
 And “ frightened from propriety”  
 The peers e’en disappeared.

Sarum, as ancient as her hill,  
 And Gatton are destroyed,  
 Bold Radicals their wicked will  
 O’er all the land enjoyed,

\* 1 and 2 Will. IV. c. 32.

Till scarce (on such destruction bent)  
A quiet place is known,  
Where still his seat in parliament  
A man can call his own.

Then SLAVES were freed; and, though the *game*  
Be freely bought and sold,  
No longer can the African  
Be 'chang'd "for love or gold;"  
Now men in ebony no more  
By men in white are chained,  
Although 'tis clear God's image e'er  
In ink should be disdained.

The *Company's* decrees supreme  
No longer rule the East,  
Nor planters' care of blacks the theme  
Of good men in the West;  
America, and Asia too,  
Must own the hated sway,  
Above their will this power new  
E'en lords of slaves obey.

New victims yet, our strongholds stormed  
Yield to the monster will,  
E'en CORPORATIONS are reformed,  
And debtors plead their BILL;  
The church now tottering to her fall,  
The MARRIAGE ACT appears,  
And couples matrimonial  
(Without her) binds in pairs.

Another year the BALLOT-BOX  
May votes plebeian mate,  
And no man know the orthodox  
Upon his own estate;  
The *Duke* no more his maxim deal  
To each (his merit known),  
"Let every man do as he will  
With that which is his own."

In short, I know but one thing left  
Of all our ancient boasts,  
Of every privilege bereft,  
We *dine*, and drink our *toasts*.  
May Orangemen in Erin rise  
To save the falling State,  
And king O'Connell seek the skies—  
A halter be his fate!

Long life to glorious Cumberland!  
May Carlos rule in Spain!  
And Miguelites in number land  
On Portugal's fair main!  
Success to good queen Adelaide!  
Convert our gracious King!  
And Heaven preserve the Royal Maid  
Beneath our Tory wing!

## HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. IV.

*(Continued from page 574.)*

## SECOND PERIOD.

## SOCRATES.

WE have now arrived at the commencement of what may be considered the æra of the regeneration of philosophy. Hitherto its principles had been for the most part veiled in mystic language, or communicated only to a chosen few under the seal of secrecy, so that whatever advantages might be derived from the knowledge of its precepts were confined to those few and not shared by the bulk of mankind. Another prominent evil which resulted from the watchfulness with which its doctrines were hidden from the multitude was, that designing men availed themselves of the power they derived from it for nefarious purposes, by false and specious reasoning converting its most valuable dogmas into instruments of wrong instead of pillars of virtue.

One of the most important services rendered by Socrates to the world at large consists in the studious care, with which he divested philosophy of the mystic garments in which its fair proportions had before his time been enveloped. In many cases, and especially among the Sophists, disputes or differences of opinion had arisen from peculiar acceptations of the same terms, these terms being allegorical, and therefore admitting of more than one interpretation. Socrates,—by a judicious and critical examination of the meaning, import, and tendency of the terms employed to express particular ideas, by rejecting all factitious ornaments of style, the gaudy and fascinating language of poetic imagery, and the mystery of symbolic formulæ, and so leaving the plain unencumbered sense of his words to express his meaning without the remotest chance of misapprehension,—secured future disputants from this inconvenience.

The mathematical accuracy of diction which he employed in his discourse rendered his precepts intelligible to the least enlightened of his hearers; and the plain sound sense of his reasoning made his instruction palatable to all whom nature had endowed with a competent share of understanding. This, however, is the smallest of his merits. To have stripped the mask from the features of sophistry and shown the worthlessness of the tinsel of mysticism when compared with the sterling metal of truth and light, was no inconsiderable point gained: but this was only the first step towards the reforms effected by the great Athenian in the rotten state of philosophic morality. He soared at a far higher pitch above the ordinary level of mankind. This change effected provided him only with tools for his labour. His grand project was on a far more extensive scale. It was no less than to weed the whole field of philosophy, and restore it to that sound and healthy state in which only it can be of essential service to the interests of the community.

The reforms undertaken and carried into effect by Socrates may be classed under three heads :—

First.—He sifted the errors which had crept into philosophy to their very source, and not only laid bare the distortions which deformed her symmetry, but explained their causes.

Second.—He re-directed the human intelligence to the fountain heads of truth, there to dip in her waters for the precious draughts of knowledge.

Third.—He pointed out by what process that knowledge might be best and most surely obtained.

In considering the first of the three heads under which we have classed his reforms,—we must observe, that philosophers had hitherto indulged in scientific speculations without any immediate or prospective object but the satisfaction of a curious and enquiring spirit. It was enough for them to have erected a plausible scheme and connected its different parts so artificially as to give it the semblance of an harmonious system, without stopping to consider, if that system rested on an unimpeachable chain of reasoning or would be the parent of any art of practical utility in advancing the interests of mankind in general. If they produced a fascinating speculation to feed the greedy imaginations of visionaries, their end was answered.

It was, on the contrary, the distinguishing characteristic of the philosophy of Socrates that *practical utility* was its immediate and indispensable object. He would not allow the discussion, much less the propagation, of a theory which did not propose to itself some measures in its application conducive to the welfare of the human race.

His predecessors in the philosophic schools had made knowledge the instrument of their personal aggrandisement or enrichment ; but he constantly promulgated in his doctrine, that it had but one legitimate end—the diffusion of knowledge ; for he urged that by making men more enlightened you make them better ;—if you make them better, you make them more happy.

The passion for creating fresh systems had induced a neglect of the proper limits of science, and urged many to soar, or endeavour to soar, into regions utterly inaccessible to the limited scope of human intelligence. Socrates, in allusion to this ridiculous grasping at shadows untenable, drew distinctions between two kinds of ignorance : the one, acknowledging its deficiencies, may be amended ; inasmuch as that very consciousness of failing generates a desire of knowledge ; the other, a presumptuous ignorance which deceives itself with the idea that it knows that which it knows not, and being unaware of its weak points, is not susceptible of improvement.

It must not, however, be denied that Socrates, in his eagerness to inculcate the superiority of practical utility over unfruitful theory, carried his dislike of speculative philosophy to far too high a pitch,—inasmuch as he included in his sweeping condemnation the study of pure mathematics and mathematics as applied to physics.\*

In its infancy, no science, no branch of knowledge can bear good fruit. It is only when it has grown to maturity, or at least adoles-

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\* See Memorabilia, lib. iv. chap. 7.

cence, that it can produce beneficial results; and if every theory were nipped in the bud, because no immediate advantage was to be derived from its study, the advancement of arts and manufactures must needs cease; at least in so far as they depend on the aid of science. For many years astronomy may have been a toy for the minds of speculators to play with. Deprive us now of the benefits we derive in our present state of civilization from its cultivation; and we should at once be thrown half-way back to a condition of barbarism. But the excessive redundancy of theories which were then continually brought forward by new aspirants to honour in the kingdom of philosophy, and the frequent instability of the grounds on which those theories rested for support, may be urged as a justification of the suspicion with which Socrates regarded the idea of abstraction in philosophy.

The moral science, however, which Socrates professed to encourage was a sufficiently comprehensive term; for it included within its limits all that appertains to the amelioration of the condition of man and his happiness regarded as a social being. Truth, goodness, and beauty, are the never-failing attributes which are to be sought for in a man, who, according to the Socratic system, was to be set up as a model for imitation.

Secondly.—Socrates was not satisfied with laying bare the errors and fallacies of the ideal systems which had been formed by his predecessors, and proving that the existing theories were unsubstantial, vague, and untrue; he laboured earnestly and effectively to impress on the minds of his disciples the necessity of abandoning all previously acquired ideas, and trusting to their own industry and ingenuity for the deduction of great moral truths from first principles.

It is true that this mode of reasoning is not applicable to mathematical or physical science, for there the discoveries and experience of our predecessors are so many steps of vantage ground gained, which raise us on an eminence whence we may take a wider survey of the field of our search, and thus have a better chance of discovering the object we are in quest of. But this mode of reasoning would apply even here, if the previous discoveries of former geometers and philosophers were proved to be the results of wrongly directed enquiries. If the rules or data derived from the experience of former observers turned out to be erroneous, if it appeared that their judgment had been misdirected by ignorance or false notions, it would then become necessary at once to divest ourselves of all preconceived ideas and prejudices, and having endeavoured to establish a correct base of operations laid down from true and exact data, to erect a superstructure on so sure a foundation and of such strong materials as would be enabled to withstand every attack, and alike, to set at defiance the regular assaults of sound argument and the insidious blows of ingenious sophistry. Such was the opinion and practice of Socrates with regard to moral cultivation. He stripped the gorgeous bowers of philosophy of the gaudy foliage, in which folly and fancy had clothed them; and having exposed the naked limbs of truth, he again dressed them in the sober and substantial garments of reason and common sense.

Thirdly.—Having proved the fallacy of the then existing systems of

philosophy, and pointed out the sources from which true wisdom was to be derived, he next set about instructing his disciples in the course they were to pursue in order to obtain the earliest and most abundant harvest from the seed which he had shown contained the germs of true knowledge. His mode of communicating information was not however uniform; but there is one distinguishing characteristic in his discourses, namely, that he always took upon himself the office of interrogator, feigning in the first instance ignorance of the subject which he wished and intended to explain. In the course of these interrogations, by the help of leading questions, he contrived to keep his interlocutor on the road which would ultimately lead him to truth, and unravelled insensibly the clue to the labyrinth of difficulties through which his path lay. He endeavoured to elicit the knowledge he meant to impart from the reason and intelligence of the pupil rather than at once communicate the requisite information, so as to encourage the practice of meditation rather than of memory,—to induce them to rely on their own powers of thought rather than lean elsewhere for support. Thus he instructed his pupils to cultivate their reflective faculties, and taught them how to build up systems for themselves rather than to trust to any axioms of morality or wisdom, which he might supply to their memories for their intellectual improvement.

To propose questions of such a nature, and in such an order as to give rise to that train of reasoning which would produce the answers he desired, was a problem, the solution of which required no little ingenuity; and he appears to have availed himself of three different modes of arranging his queries for this purpose.

First.—A method of analysis very similar to that employed in geometry; namely, the assumption of the truth of an hypothesis as a starting point, and thence, by regular steps of reasoning, deducing a manifest truth or absurdity (as the case may require) for the verification of the original assertion, or proceeding from a well-known and generally received axiom as a basis, by the proper application of which you prove the stability of the superstructure you have raised.

Secondly.—The second mode is that generally recognised as the method of induction, consisting in the separation of abstract ideas or facts from the concrete groups in which they are found united, and arranging them in classes under those heads of general truth or law to which they may be attached as illustrations or examples. This appears to have been a favourite method with Socrates, as it is perhaps more frequently employed than any other in his discourses.

Thirdly.—The third method employed is not unlike a chemical analysis; the process followed being that of taking to pieces a complex idea and examining the weight and value of each individual element so as to acquire accurate notions of the nature of the compound.

We shall, perhaps, better illustrate our division by giving one example of each mode of reasoning. The first, or geometrical analysis, is avowedly employed in the Menon of Plato, in which the philosopher himself announces his intention of proceeding after the manner of geometers. The point under discussion is, whether virtue can be taught; which question he considers amenable to the laws of mathe-

mathematical demonstration. He first states the nature of an hypothesis, giving an example. He then assumes in the present case, that "If virtue is a science, it can be taught." It remains for him to prove, that virtue is or is not a science; which done, he falls back on his original proposition and deduces its truth or falsehood from his hypothetical reasoning. The steps of the proof are too long to be given here, but as the mode of arguing intended to be pursued is previously stated, there can be no doubt as to the method employed.

We know of no better example of the method of induction employed by Socrates, than his conversation with Euthydemus on the gratitude due from man to the Divinity.\* It must be observed that Socrates speaks of *Gods*; but no one can suppose for a moment that the sound judgment and enlightened understanding of the great Athenian can have been burthened with the incubus of heathen polytheism. We therefore shall make him speak, as no doubt he thought, of the divine providence as a single essence of benevolence emanating from the unity of the Godhead. The dialogue with Euthydemus is briefly as follows.

"Have you ever thought of the care with which God has provided for the wants of man? Do you know, that we require the light of day which has been given us?"

"Yes, for else we should be as the blind."

"And the night has been given as a season of rest, a favour entitled to our gratitude. The sun too by day, and the stars by night, afford us the means of dividing the hours, and the moon furnishes us with a measure of time by her periodic revolution. It is God, who has given us the earth adapted to bring forth fruits in due season, not only for our necessities but our luxury,—and water too in abundance to fertilize the soil, to sweeten our food, and quench our thirst,—and fire to defend us from cold, to lighten our darkness, and to assist in the prosecution of the mechanical arts,—and the air too, the breath of life, which, by its motion, enables us to cross the seas. To man he has given senses adapted for his perception and enjoyment of the other blessings that have been granted him, and reason that he may judge of his happiness, and memory that he may recollect what he has enjoyed, and speech that he may converse with his fellows, receiving and communicating knowledge and profiting by the experience of others. To be convinced of the existence of a benevolent providence it is not requisite to see the divine form; for we see not the thunder, yet we are satisfied of its reality from the effects it produces, and we have sensible proof by our perceptions of the wind, yet we behold it not. The mind too in this respect shares the attributes of the Deity; for we are conscious of its possession by the power it exerts, though we have no physical demonstration of its presence."

We will illustrate the third method by a short example, that we may not trespass too long on the patience of our readers. The Athenian sage thus examines the nature of wisdom.†

\* Xenophon's Memorabilia, Book iv., Chapter 3.

† Memorabilia, Book iv. Chapter 6.

“Men appear wise from their knowledge, not from their ignorance; therefore knowledge is wisdom. But no man can know all things; therefore no man can be in all respects wise. He therefore is wise, who knows that which he professes.”

We cannot better wind up our account of the mode of instruction adopted by Socrates, than by citing a brief summary of his doctrines from the Greek of Themistius, quoted by M. Stapfer in his volume, “*De Philosophiâ Socratis*,” and translated by M. Degerando, in his admirable work on the Ancient Philosophy.

“Before the time of Socrates, almost all philosophers were occupied in considering the universe, the form of the earth, and the place it occupies in that universe, and the mode of reproduction of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Socrates did not think the mind of man capable of attaining this knowledge, or at least, that the search after it would turn him from more practically useful enquiries. He was the first to investigate the means, by which a man may become virtuous and honest, and to show him how the germs of virtue may be developed—the seeds of vice be stifled at their birth. But he is still further distinguished from the other philosophers of antiquity in the openness, with which he delivered his precepts,—not in secret to a chosen body of disciples, but to all the world in the most public and frequented places of resort.”

Such were in short the methods employed by the master of Plato, and Xenophon, to inculcate the great moral truths which he wished to disseminate among men. Thus he combated the specious reasonings of the Sophists, and pursuing an opposite plan to that of his predecessors sought to render abstruse and difficult points clear and intelligible to ordinary capacities, as they on the contrary had endeavoured to mystify and obscure the simplest ideas by an incomprehensible jargon. He appears to have had no object in view but the good of mankind. To administer to the happiness and well-being of his fellow-men, was the first and only object of his ambition. Wealth or high station he coveted not,—luxury he despised. As far as mere human intelligence without the aid of divine wisdom can advance on the road to perfection, he advanced. He was happy, for his mind was contented; and “a contented mind is a continual feast.” He was happy; for his happiness consisted in promoting the well-being of his fellows, and in contributing to the amelioration of social nature. He was happy; for he practised as he preached, the excellencies of virtue and morality.

Such goodness would in itself have excited the envy of the ill-directed minds of some men; but he had raised up a formidable body of enemies in the Sophists, whose fallacies he had refuted, whose doctrines he had disproved, and whose mysteries he had unveiled. He was not only reviled by these persecutors, but held up to the contempt of his countrymen in the witty but licentious verses of Aristophanes. Nor did their hatred stop here. The offence was too grave to be so easily effaced from their memories. The arrows of his ridicule were too sharply pointed not to rankle in their wounds. His blood only would satisfy them:—and thus by the malevolence of a party, the just and wise Socrates was cruelly and wantonly murdered. He died as

he had lived, sealing in his last moments the truth of his doctrines by the equanimity and firmness with which he met his fate. From his time we may date the regeneration of philosophy and the practice of systematic morality and virtue. In many of the schools that sprung from the seed he had sown, his doctrines were perverted, but in his instructions are to be found the germs of true knowledge. With him originated all that is worth preserving except as a matter of curiosity, in the philosophy of the Ancients.

Before we proceed to examine the merits of his great disciple Plato, we will draw the reader's attention to the schools, which immediately profited by the instructions of Socrates. The Cynics founded by Antisthenes, and the Cyrenaics by Aristippus, are two of the best known among these; though but few records of their doctrines remain to us. Each of these philosophers considered human happiness to be the great end of knowledge: but each pointed out a different road by which to arrive at it. Antisthenes, of an austere disposition, and indignant at the corrupt manners of the times regarding voluptuousness and effeminacy as the source of the disorders which afflicted society, formed the most rigid notions of virtue, and made it consist in a mastery over the passions, a persevering endurance of pains and privations, and a contempt of the luxuries and pleasures of civilized life. Aristippus, of a softer nature, thought happiness the foundation of virtue, but made that happiness to consist in a due enjoyment of the pleasures which Providence has placed within our reach. Both had attended to the precepts of Socrates; but each had deduced his own conclusions, and as we have seen, they were of a different, nay, of an opposite character.

Of the Eretriac school of Elis we know little more than the name; but at Megara Euclid endeavoured to engraft the method of Socrates on the traditionary lore of his predecessors, and preserving those ancient principles to present them under a new form, by the help of the exact and mathematical diction that he employed. But Plato has the honour of being the first who employed the powerful engines which had been prepared for his use, with due effect; and, the ground having been cleared of the rubbish that encumbered it, the proper limits assigned, the position marked out, and the materials furnished by the labours of his instructor, he raised an edifice corresponding to the designs of the projector, and honourable to the skill of the architect. We must, however, defer our examination of the principles of the Platonic philosophy till the appearance of the ensuing number.

( *To be continued.* )

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## VESUVIUS.\*

FAIR rose the sun o'er mountain, plain, and sea,  
 As youthful Time burst from Eternity,  
 Chasing with magic wand chaotic night,  
 And speaking darkness into living light.  
 'Twas nature's infant morn, and loveliness  
 Played on each feature, every look was bliss.  
 Nought spake of discord; peace triumphant reigned;  
 Her shining garments yet with blood unstained.  
 Nature rejoiced, the circling sun looked down,  
 And smiled upon a face all glorious as his own:  
 Far o'er the world his kindly rays were shed,  
 From morn's dim curtain to his ocean bed,  
 Soothing the rigours of the Arctic waste,  
 While softly beaming on the glassy breast  
 Of seas, bright sparkling round their sunny Isles,  
 Where summer ever reigns and ever smiles.

Wide through his circuit, Sol no clime surveyed  
 So loved by Heaven—in beauty so arrayed,—  
 As thy broad fields, Hesperia, land divine!  
 Pride of the world! proud home of Priam's line!  
 O'er thee full many an age of victory  
 Has shed its lustre, whilst thou yet wert free:  
 Yes! farthest ocean wafted on its wave  
 The captive Kings of Earth, the suppliant brave,  
 To grace the triumph of Jove-nurtured Rome,  
 And tell the world her conquerors had come.  
 'Tis ours to sing no wars of mortal men,  
 The laurel'd brow, the shout that rung again:—  
 We sing the war of elements,—not waves,  
 Nor rushing winds, which in his vaulted caves  
 Old Æolus could hold, or bid them speed,  
 Swift as the current of the winged steed.  
 We sing the fires that subterraneous burn,  
 Unquenched by time, deep in the mighty urn;  
 Which rising o'er the stilly midland sea,  
 Proclaims destruction 'mid life's ecstasy.  
 Ere yet with gods immortal men had striven  
 And blooming nature praised the gifts of Heaven,  
 Beauteous the shore around the crater lay,  
 Heedless that Jove had marked it as the prey  
 Of his bright thunderbolt, and doomed afar  
 The ruined earth to tell his power in war.  
 Yes! ages long have rolled above these plains;  
 But still their ancient barrenness remains,  
 The tide that lashed those sullen rocks of yore,  
 And told wild fables to the poet hoar,  
 Still laves Phlegræan fields, and whispers still  
 In Fancy's ear the boding tale of ill.

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\* These verses, written by a talented youth in the Edinburgh Academy, we copy with much pleasure from the Rector's Report of that excellent Institution. Our readers will agree with us that this poem is—to say the least—one of very high promise.

Once fair the scene,—but discord long concealed,  
 From age to age his fiery wrath revealed,  
 Scathing the verdure of its pristine bloom,  
 And veiling beauty 'neath dark ruin's gloom.  
 Where now the bounteous fields, the gladsome bowers,  
 That erst beguiled Italia's infant hours?  
 And hast thou then, proud vision, sped away  
 Nor left a lingering trace to tell thy day,  
 To speak the mirth that flushed thy countenance,  
 Ere yet it blanch'd at Jove's death-dooming glance?  
 The verdant robes that mantled thee of yore  
 Are changed for ever for that sterile shore,  
 O'er which, as on the tomb where loved ones sleep,  
 Fresh flowers are scattered by the friends that weep;  
 Fond nature strews her tender ornaments,  
 And bids them bloom amid thy rude ascents.

Nor distant far the birdless lake reclines,  
 Where Silence sits enthroned, and rock combines  
 With rock, and waters dark through caverns roam,—  
 The dismal portals of Old Pluto's home.  
 E'en now, as from the height one looks along,  
 And marks the fabled streams, renowned in song,  
 Slow stealing on their melancholy way,  
 Trembling to wake the echoes of the day;  
 He sighs to think the shady grove is gone,  
 The forest deep—the golden branch that shone  
 In gloomy Tartarus—a palm of peace  
 To Proserpine, fair donor of release!  
 When the bold hero from the realms of light,  
 To find his father, sought the realms of night;  
 Fearing nor gnome, nor spirit of the dead,  
 Through regions sunless, desolate, he sped.  
 —But lost is fable where high reason sways.  
 We ask thyself the tale of other days:  
 Proud mount of wonders! thou who spak'st in ire,  
 And pour'd on harass'd cities floods of fire;  
 Now tell thy tale in peace;—yes, silently  
 Reveal the truth,—the truth that's hid in thee.  
 The record of the past is opening wide,  
 As mortal hands roll back the lava tide  
 Along the fields, that thousand years ago  
 Look'd up and blessed bright Phœbus as he shone.  
 See yonder towers and crested walls arise,  
 Where column'd grandeur meets the wondering eyes!  
 A stately city sleeps;—bright morn returns;—  
 It slumbers still, and yet life's taper burns.  
 Ah no! 'tis but the semblance; yet no art  
 Of man was e'er so perfect. Mark each part,  
 Each feature, attitude, and say if Time  
 Can name a single work, howe'er sublime,  
 Whose power could rival this?—No! painters yield;  
 The statue is a block;—proud Egypt's shield  
 Of spices lends but feeble aid: 'Tis thine  
 To shelter safe, and bid them shine,  
 Bright as of yore,—the Courtly Hall,—the street  
 Where merchants mingle and gay nobles meet.  
 Mighty magician! thou but speak'st the word,  
 And straightway to earth's centre it is heard;

Thence rush the living waves of liquid fire,  
 And toss them high in many an awful spire.  
 Far o'er the crater's mouth the dark'ning cloud  
 Reflects the lurid light,—befitting shroud  
 Of nature's agonies,—unheard-of woe!  
 The burning deluge sweeps to vales below;  
 It seeks the city full of living men,  
 They look,—they sleep,—ah! ne'er to wake again.  
 The hand of art still holds the instrument  
 Of labour. The sage in narrow cell is pent.  
 Safe in his triple walls a miser stood,  
 Gazing on gold, yet anxious was his mood.  
 He feared the loss of what before him lay,  
 Of hoped-for riches dreaded the delay.  
 Oh, vision sad! want riots upon wealth,  
 Nor hoarded treasure gives the bliss of health.  
 From yonder lofty porch a trembler hies :—  
 Vain! vain thy speed! Hope's promises are lies,  
 What—though attendant maidens bear thy train,  
 Can youth and beauty evermore remain!  
 Around are scattered all the gems of art,  
 Those costly pledges of a loving heart;  
 They sparkle still, their lustre cannot die;  
 But whither fled the gladsome beaming eye?  
 It shines no more on earth! A form is seen,  
 How changed, alas! from what it once had been!  
 Thousands of years have swept time's troubled sea,  
 Still thou preserv'st thy dread identity.  
 Proud Mount of wonders! shade of centuries!  
 Unveil the store that yet within thee lies:  
 Unroll to man the records of an age  
 Which faintly lives in old tradition's page;  
 True to thy trust, all-guileless, silent, grave,  
 Time's rich memorials from oblivion save.  
 Then shall thy thrilling praise the deed prolong,  
 Her trumpet Fame shall lend—the bard his song;  
 And ages distant, as thy tale is old,  
 Shall still repeat the story thou hast told.      WM. NAPIER.

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## LINES

### ADDRESSED TO A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

TITLES are "airy nothings," some will cry:  
 Alas! how few the proverb can deny!  
 Yet, we will answer, as pertains to thee!  
 Thy name—thy genius, will immortal be  
 While light and shadow last; and, with delight  
 We hail our Wilkie with new honours bright,  
 A worthy, gentle-hearted British knight!  
 Scotland, with pride, thy ancestry may claim,  
 While happy England treasures up thy fame  
 In works that live and breathe, with nature rife,  
 The faithful transcripts all of human life!  
 These are thy proud achievements, and to you,  
 So skilled in the pictorial and the true,  
 Renown, and title, were but tributes due.

## OXFORD BIGOTRY AND OXFORD STUDIES.

THE year, at whose close we have just arrived, has been distinguished in the academic annals of Oxford by a religious persecution of the greatest malignity, a persecution dictated by the same hideous rancour that dragged Latimer, Ridley, and the other church-worthies to the stake, and which is only less cruel, because the improved feelings of modern society have thrown insurmountable difficulties in the way of such malignants. The persecution of Dr. Hampden, we repeat, is one of the greatest malignity; and we question whether in the annals of Anthony à Wood, dreary as they are, there will be found a case, in which flagrant injustice and oppression are so disgracefully remarkable. Had Dr. Hampden been a man unknown to the public, who had offended the ears of orthodoxy by the setting forth of heretical views in the university pulpit, or had he, as an examining master in the schools, aroused suspicions of his theological unsoundness, a fair plea of justification for administering public reproof or still further for ejection might easily have been made, and would have been received as the painful but necessary act of an ecclesiastical university. This, however, is not the case. Dr. Hampden is no *novus homo*, no virgin candidate for the honours of the university and the church. After having taken the highest honours which Alma-mater can bestow on the candidates for the degree, he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, an honour which all Oxford men agree in esteeming very highly. The "Metropolitana" and "Britannica" claim him as the writer of several of their most talented articles; and his own published works attest his high and enviable acquirements. But to proceed with his academic distinctions,—in 1830 he was appointed classical examiner, and those who were undergraduates at that time or subsequently can testify to his high accomplishments as a scholar, and no less so to the admirable tact with which he was able to elicit the latent knowledge of the candidates. In 1832 Mr. Hampden was the Bampton lecturer; and he chose as his subject "The influence of the ancient philosophy upon the doctrines of the Christian church," one quite congenial to the mind of a man, who united to a familiar acquaintance with the Fathers a profound knowledge of the Aristotelian school of philosophy. The lectures were of too abstruse a character to draw very large audiences; but he regularly commanded the attendance of the *intellectual* majority in the University. Now was the time for remonstrance, if any; but no:—the heads of houses followed the Bedells quietly in and quietly out of St. Mary's: the sermons were printed in due time, and four long years elapsed, before the venerable sticklers for orthodoxy could pluck up courage to make a charge against the Bampton lecturer. The reward of Mr. Hampden's heterodoxy was two-fold. In 1833 the aged chancellor, no doubt influenced by the recommendations of the Hebdomadal meeting, appointed him Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and shortly afterwards he received the doctorate. In the following year he was appointed to the chair of moral philosophy (in the room of Mr. Mills) by four

heads of houses and the two proctors. Now, mark :—both these appointments were subsequent to the promulgation of the obnoxious “lecture,” and of another work on a similar subject, the “Philosophical Evidences.”

Down to the year 1834, then, all was right, all *couleur de rose* for the unfortunate person selected as the object of academic persecution; but during that year Dr. Hampden was guilty of a most heinous crime, that made him obnoxious to several of his colleagues: he actually ventured to breathe a sentiment of liberality towards Dissenters, and to suggest certain measures with a view to the admission of Dissenters as members of the University; and in the contest of 1835, he warmly advocated a measure substituting declaration of agreement with the doctrines of the Church of England for the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Here, and here only, is, in reality, Dr. Hampden’s offence; and we sincerely hope that he may find in the strength of the ecclesiastical law some defence against those who are ostensibly religious opponents, but in reality his inveterate political foes.

The Whig government selected Dr. Hampden as the successor of the late amiable and eminently Christian professor, Dr. Burton;\* and certain are we, that, if they had looked all round Oxford, they could not have found a person better qualified as a man of learning, piety, and orthodoxy, than the present occupant of the chair. Who of his enemies, of the whole formidable array of *eighty-one*, would venture to enter the lists with the modest, calm, but unflinching object of their rabid revilements?

The opinion of one who has more than once subscribed to the articles in the convocation-house, and has devoted his best energies to the study of theology (the queen of all the sciences) during five or six years, might perhaps be admitted by our unprejudiced readers; but as that is our own, let that pass. We could, if the confidence of private society allowed the liberty, cite the opinion of above twenty beneficed clergymen within the circle of our acquaintance, (men not less orthodox than the tight-laced Dr. Gilbert and the dogmatical Mr. Vaughan Thomas, and not less truly religious than Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman,) who hold the Hampden persecution in abhorrence, because they consider the charge of rationalism to be a mere cloak for political hostility :—and we say without fear of contradiction, that the whole body of non-conformist clergy, a large majority of whom agree in all the doctrines of the church and show to it a bright example of ministerial zeal and usefulness, are thoroughly disgusted with the ungenerous and untrue accusation, and the shabby manner in which it has been supported.

If the case against Dr. Hampden had been fairly conducted, and if the damnatory evidence from his works had not been tampered with, but allowed to be fairly canvassed by the judges before condemnation, we could not have objected to a condemning verdict from an unprejudiced and competent jury. But who are his accusers, who

\* The writer of this article attended three or four courses of the professor’s private lectures; and he feels it his duty to testify to the very high character, both as a professor and a Christian, which Dr. Burton bore in Oxford.

are the jury that pronounce the verdict and pass the sentence? They are the same party, nay, the same individuals and their followers; and they all breathe the same rancorous hatred to every feeling of liberality and Christian love. FIVE came forward as the professor's individual accusers, and *seventy-five* sanctioned the accusation by their votes: how many more than eighty were concerned in this precious work of trial and condemnation, the associates of the FIVE will be best bale to tell.

Dr. Hampden's Inaugural Discourse was all that his best friends could have wished,—all that could have been required to disarm the hostility of *noble* foes,—all that was necessary to show the falsehood of the accusations made against him. It proved his orthodoxy beyond a doubt; but it proved more, namely, that he possessed the wisdom of the serpent united with the simplicity and gentleness of the dove. He would not concede to the angry threats of enemies his belief in the original uncorrupted Christian faith; but he was willing to acknowledge himself as a *very humble servant—not of the University, but of a Master in Heaven*. Those who were present on this solemn occasion, (and who then in Oxford was not, whom the doors would admit?) will, we think, never forget the calm but impassioned eloquence of the professor, in making his triumphant defence against the charges of his accusers. The junior members of the University from that day forward became friends instead of foes; all impartial men were convinced of the defendant's innocence; the credit of the accusers was shaken; and the affair might have been consigned as matter of past history to the care of Dr. Phillimore or Dr. Bliss for their next edition of the Annals of the University. But no: the business was not ended. His enemies were only baffled, not beaten; and they only retired from the attack to renew it at a more favourable season.

We do not purpose to tire our readers with a detail of all the various phases that this persecution has assumed during ten months. The last proctors refused to be made the tools of faction, and hence their victim was allowed a short reprieve. The new proctors came into office, and hostilities recommenced. Every insult that the University can offer to its professor has been heaped on him. The last and perhaps the most daring is that by the vice-chancellor, in refusing testimonials to the Brasenose men who attend the Regius-professor's lectures. This act of Dr. Gilbert and the seniority will do much more mischief to the college than benefit to the church: it will simply deter men from entering, and cause its present members to withdraw to other societies. Leaving the legality of the transaction quite out of the question, we think that the principal, as the originator of this notable scheme, has placed himself in a very awkward position,—as respects the bishops of the Church of England. *He* will not give testimonials to such as attend the Regius-professor;—*they* will not,—cannot,—nay, dare not ordain without the professor's certificate:—what will be the result? Simply this,—that the bishops will altogether pass over Dr. Gilbert and his subordinates and receive in lieu of the College testimony that of two beneficed clergymen in favour of the candidate's learning, piety and orthodoxy. What the influence

of the renowned Dr. Hodgson the late principal might have been with the bishops under Tory domination, those who knew his power in the University as well as in his own college can best tell:—but the mantle of Hodgson has not fallen on his vice-principal, nor are the bishops able or willing to second the movements of academic bigotry, as they might have been in years past. The days for such things are past,—never to return. Oxford doctors may,—if it so pleases them,—go on working their poor spite against all that are not as tight-laced in high-church bigotry as themselves;—they may denominate church-reform as spoliation:—they may term every dissent from their own dissenting communion, the sin of Jeroboam. Let it be so. It is not wonderful that those, who in the sixteenth century imprisoned and put to death the reformers—and those who a century and a half later were bitter foes to the Protestant succession, should be succeeded in the nineteenth century by men, who cling with insane fondness to every antiquated usage and financial abuse in the church which renders it odious in the eyes of all—except those interested in the maintenance of its vicious system.

*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementit.* A day of reckoning is at hand. Those who are honestly engaged in the gradual and judicious correction of abuses in church and state will not forget Oxford,—will not fail to make it fully available as a place of education for the Clergy and the Laity, even if it should be necessary in pursuance of their duty to remove those from power, who have the means of retarding or hindering the work of reform.

From the above observations it may be fairly concluded, that Oxford is struggling for a position as an ecclesiastical authority, which neither her own intrinsic merits nor the spirit of the times will allow her to maintain, Oxford, however, is not a mere theological seminary: it is *a great and powerful establishment for national education—for the education of the influential classes of the British community*: and although the church has contrived—as the monks did before them—to ensure for itself the monopoly of the college riches, it will not be out of place in an article devoted to the University of Oxford to consider its merits as an institution for educating the laity.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that several articles have appeared during the last twenty-five years in the “Edinburgh Review,” most severely lashing the abuses of the Oxford system. We have no intention to enlist ourselves in the forces of so virulent a foe of Alma-mater as the Edinburgh reviewer; but we shall freely avail ourselves of his indisputably accurate knowledge of the University history,—while we endeavour to show, how its character as an educational establishment has been deteriorated by a departure from the Laudian statutes. In Anthony à Wood’s “*Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis*” (Ed. 1674, p. 342) we read,—“*Velle Carolum constabat, ut Sodalitiorum omnium Præfecti adscriptis nominibus profiterentur se codicem illum tamquam veram regiminis et obsequii normam amplecti; utque eodem de statutis hisce atque olim de veteribus iis observandis ac tuendis juramento obstringerentur.*” If the authorities of this Jacobite university had testified their love of the Stuarts by a strict obedience to his injunctions, we should have been ble to say, that the first Charles had at least done one good thing,

in reforming the abuses of Oxford. The merit of bringing about an efficient reform must belong to a king of the Hanoverian dynasty. Such a reform may perhaps be less palatable to the college authorities than that introduced by Laud two centuries ago.

In what condition is the University of Oxford at present, and to whom almost exclusively is the work of education confided? The following remarks are intended to throw some light on this question and to show that the present system of instruction is not the most efficient that, considering the means and wealth of the different collegiate establishments,—might be fairly demanded from them by the English nation.

It is scarcely necessary at this stage of the enquiry to remind any of our readers, that an University degree was originally nothing more than a *licence to teach* in the particular faculty, in which the degree was taken,—imposing also an obligation to teach during a certain period and to receive certain fees for such instruction. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century the University was ruled and taught by the graduates at large,—“all of whom had an equal right of teaching publicly the subjects competent to his faculty and to the rank of his degree;” and accommodation was furnished for the numerous teachers who once exercised their legal vocation in the schools. Oxford,—which has now only *one* set of schools,—had formerly nearly on the site of the present schools above *forty* sets of schools or rooms, in which the masters received their pupils. The change from the above system was gradual. The period of the obligation to teach was first shortened; and subsequently the actual practice of instruction during statutory regency was wholly dispensed with. A set of voluntary regents—men competent to teach—were left to carry on the business of instruction; but they in their turn were first rivalled and then supplanted by salaried teachers, readers, or professors, who engaged, for a stipulated salary derived partly from endowment—partly from fees levied on the graduates, to deliver lectures to the undergraduates without fees from them.\* Attendance on them—once voluntary—became obligatory by statute considerably anterior to the Laudian code. Archbishop Laud, indeed, found a system in operation that needed but little change. The charter of 1636 ratified the old system; and it continues to this day as the system recognised by the University, although it has been long abolished and rendered void by the encroachments of the endowed societies that reside in Oxford. The only use of the public schools, at present, is for the examinations prior to the first degree in arts and for various exercises necessary to the higher degrees. The right of examination for the degree in arts still resides in the University:—but it is not now exer-

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\* The system during the fifteenth century reminds us of the modern Universities of Germany,—where the teachers are divided into three classes,—1. *Professores ordinarii*—the official *salaried* teachers and governors of the Universities. 2. *Professores extraordinarii*, licensed teachers wholly *paid by students*—acting either as super-numeraries or giving instruction in subjects not taught by the first-mentioned class. Out of the second class the first is generally chosen. 3. *Professores privatim docentes*, licensed to give private instruction, but not to lecture to classes of students in the University.

cised by the masters generally, as prior to 1808, but by certain masters appointed by the ruling officers of the University. The education, so far as the professors are concerned, is a dead letter—a nonentity. A regular attendance during four years on eleven public readers is *by statute* necessary for the B. A. degree. By successive dispensations such attendance was first partially and then wholly remitted; and the *University* may now be truly said not to have any system of instruction whatever,—the *Colleges* having by the gradual encroachment of wealthy power taken the whole business into their own hands.

The general history of the Halls and Colleges in Oxford is thus concisely but well given in Mr. Malden's valuable little Treatise on the Origin of Universities. "Collegiate foundations were established in Oxford at a very early period. University and Baliol Colleges were founded before the end of the reign of Henry III.; Merton College in the reign of Edward I.; and Oriel College in that of Edward II. The motive for these foundations was to give the scholars facilities for obtaining lodgings, to relieve the indigent from some portion of their expenses, and to provide more effectually for discipline by introducing into the University a species of domestic superintendence. But the number of *colleges*, in which provision was made by endowment for the pecuniary benefit of their members, was nothing in comparison with the number of *halls* or *inns* (*hospitia*) in which the students lived chiefly at their own expense, and which merely furnished cheap and convenient lodging and the supervision of a respectable tutor or principal, who was responsible to the University for the good conduct of his pupils. In the early part of the fourteenth century, at the commencement of the reign of Edward II., the number of halls is said to have been about 300, while the colleges were only three. For the establishment of these halls nothing more was necessary than that a certain number of scholars should agree to live together, and find a doctor or master of their own choice, to act as their principal, and that they should hire a house, and find caution for a year's rent. The chancellor or vice-chancellor could not refuse to sanction the establishment, and admit the principal to his office. In general the halls were held only upon lease; but by privileges similar to those which have been noticed in foreign Universities, the rent of the halls was fixed every five years by the tutors; and scholars could not be ejected by the proprietors from a building once occupied by them, so long as they punctually paid the stipulated rent. The halls were always subject to be visited and regulated by the University authorities. The causes which diminished the number of students in the University diminished the number of halls, though the number of endowed colleges gradually increased. At the commencement of the fifteenth century the students were decreasing, while the colleges had increased to seven. In the early part of the sixteenth century the number of halls had fallen to fifty-five, while the endowed colleges amounted to twelve. In 1546 there were only eight inhabited halls; and five years after the historian remarks that the ancient halls were either desolate, or were become receptacles of poor religious people turned out of their cloisters. In these circumstances the halls lost their value as property to the owners, and several were

bought up at a low rate by the colleges. The old colleges thus extended their buildings. Before this period they had rarely, if ever, admitted any pupils who were not members upon their foundations, and provided for by endowments:—but now they began to take in pupils who were not on their foundation; and the diminution of the number of students in the University made it possible for them to receive almost all. Six new colleges were founded in the seventeenth century, partly, it may reasonably be concluded, in consequence of the little cost with which sites for them could be purchased. Since that period, one college has been founded (Wadham in 1610, or soon after); and three of the eight surviving halls changed by endowment into colleges, of which however one is since extinct. It cannot be questioned, that one reason of the decay of the halls and the increase of the colleges was the more effectual superintendence and tuition which was supplied in the colleges in consequence of the number of graduates who were members of them. In later times, since the tuition of the colleges has supplanted the public instruction of the University delivered by professors and public lecturers, it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the halls to have tutors in addition to their principals. But besides the natural operation of these causes, there has been a piece of University legislation, by which the monopoly of the colleges has been hitherto secured against any revival of the halls. When the all-powerful earl of Leicester was chancellor of the University, about 1570, he obtained from the University the absolute right of nominating the principals of all halls (except St. Edmund Hall, which is attached to Queen's College), and consequently in effect a veto upon the institution of new halls; and this right is now vested by statute in his successors. The colleges, which had then begun to exercise great influence in the University, had clearly an interested motive in procuring this concession; and since that time no new hall has been opened."

The endowed establishment gained a still greater accession of influence by the enactments of the fifteenth century, which made it *compulsory* on the students of the University to become members of some college or hall, and by the regulations of Leicester and Laud, which not only compelled residence in colleges, but made it necessary to enter under a particular tutor therein resident. Such tutor, however, was a person of very subordinate authority,—a moral guardian rather than a professed teacher,—one whose duty it was not to teach the whole round of the sciences so much as to imbue his pupils with good principles, to institute them in the rudiments of religion and the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles, and to make them conformable to the statutory regulations in matters of external appearance. But the grand step was gained;—and a new system was set in operation that gradually took place of the professorial system, which soon ceased to exist except in theory. Bye-statutes after bye-statutes have first permitted relaxed attendance, and at length dispensed with it altogether; so that at the present day any attendance whatever on any of the professors' lectures is merely voluntary;—and out of twenty-eight professors only twelve lecture at all. It is true that Dr. Cardwell's and Dr. Buckland's lectures are well attended; but

neither can be said to form any portion of the University system of instruction. The professor has become "the shadow of his former self:"—the chair, no longer the teacher's seat, has been turned into an *otium cum dignitate* to be enjoyed by men of moderate learning and good interest:—and the titles, 'schola Grammatices,'—'schola Musica,' &c., above the school doors surprise and mislead the visitor, while they only excite the ridicule of the members and point retrospectively to the brighter days of the University.

The college tutor has taken the place of the professor; and the wretched college lectures are substituted for the effective instruction of the public schools. This tutor is chosen from among the fellows: and owing to the constitutions of most of the colleges, whose fellowships are very closely tied up, it may so happen that not a single fellow is competent to perform the duties of a tutor:—nay, it is not always that the most competent man among the fellows is appointed to the office,—for owing to the lucrateness of the situation it not unfrequently happens, that the oldest and most influential keeps it in his own hands. As the Edinburgh reviewer justly remarks, "merit is in general the accident not the principle of their appointment; and we might always expect on the common doctrine of probabilities, that among the multitude of college tutors there should be a few known to the world for ability and erudition." The college tutors amount to between forty and fifty; and certain are we that out of this large list we could not select six names known to the learned world of our country for ability and erudition. And with respect to the style in which the college instruction is given,—what Oxford man will venture to assert that it is otherwise than quite discreditable to the whole body of tutors? That *some* of the tutors in Baliol, Exeter, and Oriel colleges display an honourable zeal in their vocations, we doubt not; but these are only the exceptions, which prove the truth of our assertion. How unsatisfactory is the way in which during a short hour one hundred—two hundred—nay, sometimes three hundred lines of a Greek play are skimmed over by a tutor with his class;—and how utterly insufficient for the purposes of the ordinary non-reading undergraduate are these slovenly lectures! To this practice, indeed, may be traced the general character of Oxford scholarship as *elegant, diffuse, and unsound*. The college tutor urges the student on through a vast quantity of work in a short time, and the public examiner renders superficial reading obligatory by the requirement of a great number of books from the candidates for honourable distinction. The lectures, besides, are not given with a view to the University examination; and so well is this understood, that it is not unusual for the tutors to allow the men for a term before responsions, and a term, sometimes two, before the examination—exemption from the duty of attending their lectures. In fact, these lectures, in a large proportion of cases, are considered, and justly considered by reading men as a *tax* and a misemployment of time. Their chief use seems to be—to give a certain employment to those undergraduates who would not work at all without some sort of surveillance.

The University examination in ordinary cases is passed by men, whose attainments are inferior (except in Divinity) to fifth-form boys

at Eton, and not superior to those of any boy of respectable ability in the higher classes of any well-conducted seminary in the country; while the Examination of honour-men (which, strange to say, is quite distinct from that of the rest both at Oxford and Cambridge) requires a quantity of *reading*, which, if *properly* performed, would occupy not three—but thirteen years, and would fairly entitle the patient student to a rank scarcely inferior to that of a Porson or an Elmsley. It is certain that none, but a man of talent can pass such an examination; and it is truly an honour to be in the first class. But there is good reason to doubt whether *the habits* of reading acquired during the period of probation are such as are likely to form sound and critical scholars. In fact, as a proof of this assertion, Oxford does not possess at present more than one member, whose scholarship has gained for him a national reputation. There are indeed, many highly accomplished and *gentlemanly* scholars; but severe scholarship is almost unknown. The classical studies of Cambridge are much better conducted and are a truer test of ability and genius.

The University, we have seen, insists on a certain amount of knowledge as necessary for the junior degree; and the colleges profess to give instruction by means of their tutors in the subjects of examination, but fail to perform their duty. The professors furnish no means of instruction whatever; and thus the willing student is compelled to pursue his studies alone or to procure the assistance of a private teacher at a heavy additional expense. A considerable number of talented young men gain a handsome competence by furnishing such instruction, which would be quite unnecessary, if the tutor's duties were efficiently performed. A stranger can form a very faint notion of the abuses arising out of the tutorial system:—only those who have resided for a considerable time both as undergraduates and graduates, can adequately conceive their amount. Whether the want of zealous activity among the tutors is attributable to the vicious mode of their appointment or to other causes, we have neither the space nor wish to discuss. The system altogether is bad, and must be reformed. It may not be able, as Mr. Baden Powell—one of its Professors—remarks, to reform itself; and foreign interference may be necessary to reform its bad government and to correct its many acknowledged abuses. A Royal Commission under William IV. may be less popular than one under Charles I.: but it is not less necessary; and, if judiciously performed, it will at least be more effective.

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## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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### LAW.

Select Extracts from Blackstone's Commentaries, with a Glossary, Questions, and Notes, by S. Warren, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple. 8vo. Maxwell, Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn.

THE volume before us consists of extracts from Blackstone's Commentaries, carefully divested of technicalities and such portions as might not be fit for the eyes of very young readers and otherwise adapted for the purposes of education.

Mr. Warren, at whose suggestion and under whose superintendence these extracts have been made, is the author of a very interesting and ingenious work entitled "A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies," in which is to be found the recommendation which caused this analysis to be undertaken.

The immediate object of this abridgment is to supply a manual, which shall contain all the necessary information on those laws by which we are protected and restrained, which we may be called upon to enforce with regard to others, and the limits marked down which we may not transgress,—whose functions we may in the ordinary course of life be obliged to exercise and the due administration of which is the safeguard of that liberty we all boast of and prize. It is in fact a history of the rise, progress, and present state of the constitution, which every Englishman is bound to be acquainted with, if he desires to discharge well and efficiently his duties as a citizen.

Men seldom will, and children never ought to attempt to make themselves proficient in the entire work, which however excellent must necessarily be in many parts dull and obscure to those who read for information and not to acquire exact professional knowledge. But here in one small volume you have a digest of all that is generally useful in the Commentaries; and a more entertaining book independently of its usefulness is not frequently met with. It is generally admitted that Blackstone's style as an author is so pure and excellent, that he has imparted interest to the most uninteresting subjects, and here we have the bright parts of a bright whole. The extracts have been very judiciously made and comprise all that is desirable; and we strongly recommend all parents to provide their children with it, and to read it themselves (if they be not previously acquainted with the subject), and all schoolmasters to adopt it as a class-book.

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### RELIGION.

Miraculous and Internal Evidences of the Christian Revelation. By T. Chalmers, D.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. Collins. Glasgow.

OF the many talented metaphysicians which the two last centuries have produced, Mr. Hume was undoubtedly the subtlest and most acute, if not the most solid and profound. These talents he unfortunately abused by employing them as weapons in an unceasing warfare against revealed religion; and certainly Saladin himself could not have battled more stoutly against the armies of Christendom, than did David Hume against the advocates of Christianity. The free-thinkers before his time, with less subtlety and comprehensiveness of mind, had confined their scepticism to the historic facts on which the religion is based, and had restricted their scurrilous and blasphemous abuse to the holy precincts: but Hume, taking up fresh ground, enlarged

the field of discussion, and made it co-extensive with material and moral nature. The doctrines of *consciousness*, *causation*, and *probability* were successively handled by him, and with such masterly dexterity in a bad cause, as to shake the belief of many of the weaker and more shallow adherents to the Christian faith. The appearance of his Essays was the tocsin for a literary crusade; and the country was inundated with books and pamphlets, of most of which even the names have perished. Douglas, Paley, Campbell, and Brown, have won an abiding reputation, as the illustrious champions of the faith; but in later years we have had no original thinker engaged advantageously in this cause, unless we except Dr. Chalmers, of whose excellent work we propose to give a very brief analysis.

Paley's work on the Evidences has received in this country a sanction, which its intrinsic merits do not deserve, and for which we can only account from the author's academic and ecclesiastical connexions. That the work is characterized by that sagacity of thought, that clearness and transparency of style so characteristic of Dr. Paley, we will not deny; but it is equally true, that in originality of plan and in profound reflexion on the faculties themselves, it is entirely deficient. In fact, Paley's book is efficient only as a weapon to attack the outworks of the unbelievers. By his puny arms their strong-holds still remain impregnable. Well then may the writer of such a work be called by the sober-minded and deep-thinking examiner of Christian evidences, *the unsatisfactory Paley!* To this failing, indeed, of his mind and to the influence of his weak writings on academic taste, we may fairly ascribe a general debility in the argumentative productions of the English church writers on the Evidences since his day. We cannot do better than illustrate our opinion by the contrast drawn by Dr. Chalmers between the English and Scottish writers on the Evidences.

"The treatment which Mr. Hume's argument has met with in the two countries of England and Scotland, is strikingly in unison with the genius of the respective people. The *savans* of our nation have certainly a greater taste and inclination for the reflex process, while it is more the property of our southern neighbours to enter, vigorously and immediately, and with all that instinctive confidence wherewith nature has endowed us, on the business of the direct one. Our general tendency is to date our argument from a higher point than the English do, to reason for example about reasoning, before we proceed to reason about the matter on hand. Nay, we are apt to be so far misled, as to think that we should thoroughly comprehend the nature and properties of the instrument of ratiocination, before we proceed to the use of it. We must do this, it is thought, else we do not begin at the beginning, though in fact this were just such a beginning as that of the labourer, who should imagine that ere he enters with the spade in his hand on the work of digging, he must first have computed the powers of its wedge, or ascertained the specific weight and cohesion of its materials. There is upon an infinity of subjects, much intellectual labour that may be most prosperously gone through, without any anterior examination on our part of the intellectual faculty. Our disposition in many a question, is to move a previous question which must be first settled, ere we hold ourselves in a condition for starting fair with the one immediately before us. The English again, to borrow another phrase from their own parliamentary language, are for proceeding to the order of the day; and they are not deceived in the result just because nature has not deceived them, nor has she given original principles to her children for the purpose of leading them astray. They are like men set forth on the survey of a landscape, and who proceed immediately to the business of seeing; whereas the others, ere they shall have any dealing with the objects of vision, must have settled their account with the instrument of vision, so that while the former are looking broadly and confidently outwards on the scene of observation, the latter are speculating on the organ and its retina, or have their thoughts intently fastened on that point whence the optic nerve issues from its primitive

obscurity among the convolutions of the brain. Now this is what our friends in the south seem to have no patience for. Their characteristic is not subtlety of discrimination on the powers and principles of the mind, but often admirable soundness and sagacity in the direct application of their powers to the practical object of coming to a right judgment on all important questions. Dr. Paley stands forth in full dimensions as an exemplar of this class. Strong and healthful in his faculties, he turns them to the immediate business before him without one reflex look at the faculties themselves. He bestows on the argument of Hume a few touches of his sagacity—but soon flings it as if in distaste or intolerance away from him. We hold this to have been the general reception of it in our sister kingdom;—and while taken in grave and philosophic style by Campbell, and Brown, and Murray, and Cook, and Somerville, and the Edinburgh Reviewers, it seems to have made comparatively little impression on the best authors of England—on Penrose for example, who bestows on it but a slight and cursory notice, and Le Bas, who almost thinks it enough to have barely characterized it as a wretched fallacy.

“Paley concludes his preparatory considerations to his book on the Evidences with the following short practical answer to Hume’s essay:—‘But the short consideration which, independently of every other, convinces me that there is no solid foundation in Mr. Hume’s conclusion is the following. When a theorem is proposed to a mathematician, the first thing he does with it is to try it upon a simple case; and if it produce a false result, he is sure that there must be some mistake in the demonstration. Now to proceed in this way with what may be called Mr. Hume’s theorem: If twelve men whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible that they should be deceived,—if the governor of the country, hearing a rumour of this account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet,—if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case,—if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect,—if it was at last executed,—if I myself saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account,—still, if Mr. Hume’s rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now I undertake to say that there is not a sceptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity.’ There is something nationally characteristic in their respective treatments of the same subject by the Scottish Hume and the English Paley. It exhibits a contest between sound sense and subtle metaphysics. Paley is quite right in his concluding deliverance. The falsehood of the twelve men, in the circumstances and with the characteristics which he ascribes to them, would be more improbable than all the miracles put together of the New Testament. It is a correct judgment that he gives; but he declines to state the principles of the judgment. Nor is it necessary in ten thousand instances, that a man should be able to assign the principles of his judgment, in order to make that judgment a sound and unexceptionable one. There is many a right intellectual process undergone by those, who never once reflect upon the process nor attempt the description of it. The direct process is one thing; the reflex view of it is another. Paley sees most instantly and vividly the falsehood of Hume’s theorem in a particular case; and this satisfies him of a mistake in the demonstration. But this is a different thing from undertaking to show the fallacy of the demonstration on its own general principles, as different as were the refutation of a mathematical proposition by the measurement of a figure constructed in the terms of that proposition from the general and logical refutation of it grounded on the import of the terms themselves. This is certainly a desirable thing to be done; and all we have to say at present is, that this is what Paley has failed to accomplish.”

Dr. Chalmers in his work on the Evidences at once "takes the bull by the horns," selects the strongest antagonist in the enemy's ranks, grapples with him unhesitatingly, and shows a skill with his weapon at least equal to that of his wily opponent. The first points discussed are those most controverted by Mr. Hume, and which, if not cleared up, oppose a fatal obstacle to the admission of every succeeding truth,—namely, the cognizance which the mind takes of its own operations, our belief in the constancy of nature and the value of human testimony in proof of miracles. These occupy a hundred and fifty pages. Then follows an investigation of the miraculous and historical evidence in favour of Christianity, in which the principles of historical testimony are laid down with remarkable clearness; and we cannot help alluding very favourably to one chapter, in which the secure and impregnable character of the historical argument is most satisfactorily demonstrated. The third book unfolds, 1. The internal evidences derivable from the consistency of Scripture with itself,—2. The moral evidence founded on the purity of Christian ethics,—3. The experimental evidence as based on the communion between God and the soul of the believer. The two latter topics are left almost untouched by Paley: the last has been ably handled by Dr. Bird Sumner, the Bishop of Chester. The fourth division of Dr. Chalmers' book treats on the establishment of the Scripture Canon; and the work concludes with an investigation of that very important and difficult subject, Inspiration, on which the author appears to hold firm and decided opinions in favour of the Bible as an inspired book, "for all the purposes of a revelation, perfect in its language as well as perfect in its doctrine," and yet without maintaining those dogmatical and intolerant notions common to the school of plenary and verbal inspiration.

Thus briefly have we spoken of Dr. Chalmers' book, not without an attentive perusal and we may say with some previous knowledge of the subject—an attainment not usually deemed necessary by reviewers. Dr. Chalmers deserves respect, as much for his Christian usefulness as his great powers of intellect; and we sincerely congratulate the Christian public on this valuable addition to the *evidential* department of sacred literature.

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#### MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Series of Twenty Plates, illustrating the Causes of Displacement in the Various Fractures of the Bones of the Extremities. By G. W. HIND. Second Edition. Taylor and Walton.

It becomes almost an act of supererogation in the reviewer to direct the attention of his readers to the beauty and utility of a work for which a second edition has been so soon called. The fact sufficiently proves the estimation in which it is held, and the rapidly increasing favour which it is acquiring with the public. And truly no recent work on Surgery is more deserving. To the student the work is invaluable; nor will he do justice to his studies in London without making it a prominent feature in his working library.

The plans are admirably designed and beautifully executed. They speak their meaning plainly and distinctly and convey in themselves all the information that the student can desire. Every conscientious practitioner particularly in the country should provide himself with this useful volume, if he regards his reputation as a surgeon or the sufferings of his patient. Such a guide possesses great advantages over the dry uninteresting description, loaded with useless detail:—the surgeon sees the accident, which he is suddenly called to remedy, placed artificially before his eyes, divested of the complication of outward form and confused textures;—he sees the fractured ends of the bones torn from their position, and the new position which they assume; he traces the cause of their new direction and is enabled at once efficiently to ap-

ply his remedial measures, thereby fortifying his own proceedings with confidence and ensuring instantaneous and certain comfort to his patient.

We would strongly recommend this work to clergymen and benevolent individuals in the country, who are occasionally required in the absence of the surgeon to afford assistance in cases of severe accident. With these plates at hand, they will be enabled at least to give ease to the sufferer, till the surgeon can be obtained.

The descriptive matter which accompanies the plates is well and clearly written. The arrangement which the author has adopted also deserves notice:—his first enquiry is into the *cause of the fracture*,—next into the appearances that the limb assumes,—then as to the *cause of the displacement*. In the latter question is particularly involved the application of the plates, which display the moving powers that distort the broken ends of the bones, and therefore point to the means necessary to restrain those actions. Lastly, follows the treatment, which is simple and efficient.

The new edition is enriched by a number of vignette wood-cuts, which delineate the external form of the limb in the various accidents. We conclude our notice by recommending this work to the attention of our readers, assuring them that it is entitled to a conspicuous place on their select shelves by the side of Dr. Quain's anatomical plates.

Magazine of Health. By W. H. Robertson, M. D. No. 11. Tilt.

The practising physician, having completed his first volume of "Health" and recovered from a violent attack of the "gout," has at length thrown off the veil of incognito, that he might reap the blushing honours of an unblushing authorship. We suspect, that we are not wholly unacquainted with the author, and if we mistake not the Doctor is one of those useful practising physicians of modern Athens, with whom embryo graduates so much interest themselves, before they venture upon the fiery ordeal of the dread examiners.

We could have wished, that Dr. Robertson had confined himself to the professed object of his magazine, "the enlightenment of men's minds on a subject which is only second in *importance* to that of religion, to oppose quackery and its parent, ignorance," &c. But in the very number, in which these fine-sounding intentions are trumpeted forth, we see the learned Doctor most indecorously flirting with the young folks of the self-same "parent ignorance," of which he so speaks above. From the very top of the pigmy pinnacle of his magazine he is handing round to the wondering crowd, like the Charlatan of a Venetian carnival, his marvellous pills—pills No. 1. strongest, pills No. 2. milder, pills No. 3. excessively mild—all for nothing (their full value by the way), "if you only buy my book." This the prudent author may call "enlightening men's minds," but we can see no distinction between such "practising" and bare-faced quackery, which provides one medicine for all diseases and all conditions of disease.

Does Dr. Robertson contend, that one hat must fit all mankind; or that the same wine shall be always palatable, the same food always healthful? We hope to see the Doctor rally from so disagreeable a malady as that from which his late effusions spring. Is the philosophy of medicine so barren, that he must expose the secrets of his pill-factory? Oh Doctor! swallow this little pill No. 3. We assure you, and we are certain ourselves, that your strength and solid substance will be improved.

Dr. Robertson, moreover, owes some feelings of delicacy to his profession. He is a member of a cultivated class of men, and has no right to risk their credit in a frolicsome game of *pills* with the public, to infringe the bounds of reason and integrity, by persuading simple credulous folks, that disease is so little important as to admit of being trifled with by excessively mild pills. Does he forget that physical disease brings mental weakness,—that the sick are not capable of judging for themselves,—that their anxious relatives are no more capable than are they,—that the whole resource in the hour of pain and suffer-

ing is the calm and experienced practitioner? He can command disease, when disease stands undisguised; but, if some cheap "Magazine of Health" shall have infused its poison into the minds of the public, woe to the unhappy sick.

We trust the "Magazine of Health" will remember our warning of last month in her gambols for 1837.

The Fallacy of the Art of Physic as taught in the Schools, with the Development of New and Important Principles of Practice.  
By Samuel Dickson, M. D. Cheltenham. Longman and Co.

QUACKERY most vile! most contemptible! in how many disgusting shapes will thou disclose thyself to the instructed eye? Let us make any of our readers the judge of the above title; let him but poise the "vain inglorious boast" in the fair balance of reason:—he will then infer, what we have proved in the examination of this bare-faced placard, that it is a tissue "of dreamy vagaries of hallucination."

Shades of Galen, Hippocrates, Haller, Cullen, the Hunters, Baillie, and of Laennec,—shades of all that have been most eminent in your profession,—rest in peace; for the breath of the reviler shall not move the tender blade that springs around your tombs. But tremble; ye mottled groups of Homœopaths and Hygeists; ye grubbers in the folly and weakness of mankind, kneel before the banner of legitimate medicine. Fever,—Fever, is the only malady, to which man is subject; and this one, in the first instance, has no relation to organic change as a cause. Dance and be glad, ye consumptives, ye gouty, ye dispeptic; for the army hath yielded up its modern Esculapius, and, for the mortality caused by many bloody wars, has sent this omnibus healer to the world. But to reflect calmly,—if it be possible upon such impertinence. Our author displays occasionally too much modesty. He says "how far in proposing it (the one malady) we are entitled to the merit of originality," &c. We would beg to assure him, that none will venture to dispute his originality. He is the true, the only original, the real Simon Pure; and Morison himself would not dispute his right to the laurels.

We should waste both time and space in handling so foul a subject any longer. Suffice it to say that the sooner the author shall buy up all the copies of his physic, and make therewith a fierce bonfire to outshine his blushes, the sooner will the cause of honesty and humanity be vindicated. That he may wish to cut out the regular and more conspicuous practitioners of Cheltenham we doubt not, and that he can make professions of impossibilities to the world we see;—but we would hint to him that an ephemeral fame, having its source in vain boasting ignorance, is not the surest way of obtaining the confidence of a reasoning and independent public.

Treatise on the Structure of the Ear and on Deafness. By A. W. WEBSTER. Published for the Author.

THE author of this treatise reminds us in his opening page of a maxim which we have always practised in our reviews:

"In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend."

This latter clause cannot apply to Mr. Webster, for he hath compassed, in as far as he is able, the one end which he proposed to himself in writing this book, viz., the puffing of a certain instrument of his invention, consisting of a tube or assemblage of tubes, and called by him otaphone.

We most sincerely wish our ingenious and creative author a ready sale for his "otaphones," and trust that our readers will wish so too; we would only reprove him for a little presumption in his introduction which we think too juvenile. First, Let him read Arnott's "Physics," or Roget's "Bridgewater

Treatise." We could name several more books; but he may think them too old, and he will find that there *are* some "works written on the Ear calculated to convey useful and correct information" even to our author. Secondly, his new anatomical division, which only differs from the 'generally received arrangement in placing an external part—the mentus in the same description with an internal part—the tympanum, is, to say the least, not very profound. We congratulate him on one point, his delineation of Mrs. Mozart's son's ear. Depend on it the ladies will all have an otaphone, if for no other purpose than to ascertain how far they may hope to rival Mozart.

Report upon the Existing System of Public Medical Relief in Ireland. By the late Sir DAVID BARRY, M. D. and J. R. CORRIE, M. D. Groombridge.

THIS report is ably drawn up, and written in a plain simple style, that convinces us of its perfect truth and fidelity. We regret that abuses so great as those described in this pamphlet are permitted to exist. Their existence points eloquently to a defective political as well as medical government. Medical aid, it appears, is the only species of public relief which is afforded to the the poor Irish; and out of this relief are emanating the most grievous wrongs. Alas! poor Ireland! If thy doctor prove untrue, thou hast lost thine only friend! Can any system of public relief be expected to succeed, when the first defect pointed out by the examiners is the following:—

"The total omission on the part of the legislature of all provision for an efficient superintendence or control being exercised by properly qualified persons, whether over the working of the whole system or over that of its subordinate machinery."

To all such as would know how the poor live; and how far their comforts are provided for, we earnestly recommend a perusal of this report. It is accompanied by suggestions for the improvement of charitable institutions. Let us hope for the cause of charity and religion, that the suggestions will be canvassed, and some step taken to improve the condition of those suffering wretches, who even in the most despairing poverty are still our fellow-creatures and have a right to our best sympathies.

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#### ALMANACS.

Comic Almanac, 1837. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

ELIZABETH was thought to have deserved a reputation for wisdom, because she chose wise ministers; and by the same rule Charles Tilt must be accounted a wit, for he chooses witty authors.—Witness his "Comic Almanac." The name of George Cruikshank is identified with fun; and Rigdum Funnidos, who supplies the letter-press, is a worthy coadjutor. Among the illustrations we would especially designate as excellent "St. Valentine's Day," "The Return from the Races," "The Fancy Fair," and "The Cockney Sportsmen." In the second, the turnpike man *taking a sight* at the swell who loses his ticket and pays toll twice over, and the two dandies in the third are inimitable. All however are very good, and we are scarcely entitled to select one illustration as superior to its neighbours. A novel feature in this year's publication consists in the caricatures *en silhouette* which adorn the almanac pages. These alone are worth the price of the book. The remarkable occurrences attached to the dates are in many instances sufficiently apt; for example—on "April 29th *Thrashing commences in London. Macready thrashes Bunn, but gets nothing but chaff. November 5th. Gunpowder Plot. Guy Vaux blows up the House of Lords.*" But the odd pages between the months contain the cream of the jests, and from them are derived the subjects of the illustrations. We shall

indulge our readers with a few extracts, and if they want a full meal of laughter refer them to the book itself, which we can assure them will be found not "a plum here and pudding there," but all plum and no pudding.

We shall first introduce to our readers a short extract from the letter of Thomas Gardener to Sally Cook, which, if not equal to the letters of Win. Jenkins in *Humphry Clinker*, is the nearest approach we have seen for some time past to the inimitable drolleries of Smollett.

"Deer saly, my place hear is verry cumfuttabl, but i am verry uncumfuttabl in it on account of my Bean in sich a tendar pashun with Yew. O luv, luv! i am grew as thin as a lath and hav found out wot it is not to hav cuk for a swete hart. Our under ous made is verry fond on me but wats the use of ous mades, won carnt heat brumes and skrubbin brushs. O saly saly! yew wood ardl<sup>y</sup> no me i'am as week as a kittin, i can scarce andl my Spade & its al Hoeing to yew. i set ours & ours in the forsing ous doing nothink but thinking of yewr perty face, & i offen think ow appy we mite be with yewr 2 underd pound as yewr Grand muther left yew, & yewr 50 pound in the saveing bank, & my 5 pound as Jorge Hawl the squir's futman as is gone away ows me. We mite take a Publik ous, the Pig & wissle for instants, & get a gud bisnes & be as appy as the day is lung. Saly luv wat do yew say to me, let me no your mind, but rimmember wat i sed about the Publik is strickly Privet.

"Deer saly, i carnt abuse my noo mastr & missus, at least not at pressent, they ar uncomon kind to me & so is al the fammaly. The 2 former blungs to a Linean sowsiaty & to ear em tawk about Bottany is rely quite Transporting. We ad the annywal sho the uther day wich is cunductid in the most aprovd maner namely giving prises to al the supskribers, which gives gennaral sattisfaxion and advarnses sciance. It tuk place in the town all on wensdy last for Pinks Dailys and settera, on wich okashun master was brote in Furst mule, & missus Furst fireball, & i beg to announce in the veggytibl line i was juged to be the Biggest cabbage head out of 40. The sowsiaty has dun a gud deal of gud hear abouts in regard of kichin gardn stuff, namely redishs so larg as not to be told from carrots, & peas like Led bulits boath wich is nothink in cumparryson of their turnups wich they hav at last suckseeded in growin em so big & ollow as is gud for nothink but litle bys to make Jack a lantans off. The sowsiaty increses annywaly evry ear, and oposishun is got to sich a hite as you woodent bleav. The uther day 1 poor fellow, Bean bete in his Carrots axually went ome & cut his Carrotid hartary. Another grate advarntidge is the onnerrery members dining togather after the sho & eting up al the Best frute, by wich in Coarse they no wear to aply to annother time wen they want anny. The rest is sold to pay xpences. Also it is a verry gud thing for the markit gardners, anny 1 of woom by paying 2 shilin entrants & sending in a 5 shillin dish of veggytibles stands a charnse of winning a  $\frac{1}{2}$  crown prise."

For a specimen of the pleasures of a visit to the Derby we have the following:—

"Ticket, Sir? got a ticket? No, I've lost it. A shilling then. A shilling I've paid you once to-day.—Oh yes, I suppose so: the old tale: but it won't do: that's what all you sporting gentlemen say.

"Hinsolent feller! I'll have you up before your betters. Come, Sir, you musn't stop up the way. Well, I'll pay you again; but, oh Lord! somebody's stole my purse! good gracious, what shall I do!—I suppose I must leave my watch, and call for it to-morrow. Oh ruination! blow'd if that isn't gone too!

"Get on there, will you?—Well, stop a moment. Will anybody lend me a shilling? No? here then, take my hat:—But if I don't show you up in Bell's Life in London next Sunday morning, my name's not Timothy Flat."

We close our gleanings with a school boy's letter, which we give en-

ture, and which we suspect from its characteristic fidelity to be not fictitious but genuine. Let master Sly speak for himself.

“Dear Dick—I copied my school letter to Farther and Mother ten times before one was good enough, and while the teacher is putting the capitals and flourishes in I shall slip this off on the sly. Our examination was yesterday and the table was covered with books and things bound in gilt and silk for prizes but were all put away again and none of us got none only they awarded Master Key a new fourpenny bit for his essay on Locke because his friends live next door and little Coombe got the tooth ake so they would not let him try his experiments on vital air which was very scurvy. It didn’t come to my turn so I did not get a prize but as the company was to stop tea I put the cat in the water butt which they clean it out in the holidays and they will be sure to find her and we were all treated with tea and I did not like to refuse as they might have suspext something. Last night we had a stocking and bolster fight after we went to bed and I fought a little lad with a big bolster his name is Bill Barnacle and I knocked his eye out with a stone in my stocking but no body knows who did it because we were all in the dark so I could not see no harm in it. Dear Dick send me directly your Wattses Hymns to show for I burnt mine and a lump of cobblers wax for the masters chair on breaking up day and some small shot to pepper the people with my quill gun and eighteen pence in coppers to shy at the windows as we ride through the villiage and make it one and ninepence for there’s a good many as Ive a spite against and if farther wont give it you ask mother and say its for yourself and meet me at the Elephant and Castle and if there’s room on the coach you can get up for I want to give you some crackers to let off as soon as we get home while they are all a Kissing of me.

Your affectionate brother,

TIMOTHY SLY.”

British Almanac and Companion of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 1837. C. Knight.

Statistical Account of the British Empire. By J. R. M’CULLOCH, assisted by numerous Contributors. 2 thick 8vo. volumes. C. Knight.

It is almost a work of supererogation to speak favourably of the British Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. If that Society merits but little praise for some of the multifarious books that it has ushered into the world, for this at least its members have fairly earned the warm thanks and gratulations of all classes of his Majesty’s subjects.

The Stationers’ Company, who till 1829 enjoyed by prescription the monopoly of the Almanacs, thought that they might foist on the public any rubbish, any absurdity, however puerile; and hence it was that the learned Francis Moore so long exercised an astrological influence over the minds of thousands, who would have laughed to scorn such villanous trash, proceeding from a less renowned and less time-established author. The Society broke the spell of the enchanter and unmasked his tricks and frauds; the ill-fated conjuror’s trade was ruined; and we believe that he is now defunct, having left his name as the heading for a very curious chapter in the intellectual history of the English people. The fear of an interloper roused the Company to some exertion; and in 1830, driven to improve by mere slavish necessity, that Corporation published the Englishman’s Almanac, to which on the repeal of the Stamp duty by the Whig government (at the instance of many influential members of the above-named Society) they added numerous other year-books of very considerable merit. But it must never be forgotten to whom the praise of such reforms is due, not at all to *them*, but wholly to the firm determination of Lord Brougham and his colleagues in promoting literary reform. The Almanac of 1837 is, on the whole, the best of any that

we have seen for general purposes, both as respects the choice of matter and the arrangement, and appears to contain more than the Almanacs of previous years.

The Companion for 1837 is, as usual, replete with most useful information of a very varied character, and more especially Statistics. We may mention, however, as being especially valuable, Mr. Lubbock's second paper on the Tides; the early history of Astronomy; occultations of planets and fixed stars by the moon; remarks on the registration and marriage acts; account of different railways of Great Britain, &c. &c.

The Companions, of which there are now eight, contain altogether a large mass of scientific and statistical knowledge whose accuracy is unimpeachable. To such as cannot afford the more expensive and more systematic works of Mr. M'Culloch, his Dictionary, as well as his lately published 'Statistics of the British Empire,' we recommend this collection of Companions to the Almanac.

'The Statistics' of Mr. M'Culloch is a valuable addition to modern literature. The names of his co-operators ensure the respectability of the work. We have read some of the articles, those more particularly on the geography and geology of the country, and can speak favourably and with competence. The other parts appear to be equally well got up: indeed it has seldom been our lot to examine a book of this kind that has so much pleased us. Its Editor has been long justly regarded as a sound economist, capable of advising and directing the state-economy of the country; and we trust that our present government will as soon as possible adopt his advice on the subject of free trade in one department at least, manufactures and manufacturing materials.

Mr. M'Culloch's book should be the vade-mecum of every parliament-man in the kingdom, of every manufacturer, every merchant, every man of wealth,—nay, of every British subject that can afford it and understand it when bought. It is not a book of pretence and show, made for the present hour only: it is one whose value will be more felt as time enables its readers to perceive the truth of the author's observations and predictions.

British Annual, and Epitome of the Progress of Science. By Robert D. Thomson, M. D. Baillière.

THE British Annual as a work of constant reference should find a place upon the library table of every man who possesses a taste for science. This little volume is extremely well got up, and abounds in the most interesting and valuable information. An epitome of modern discovery has long been a desideratum in the scientific world. The undertaking was a task of no ordinary labour; and those who could the most have wished it shrunk from the difficulties of the attempt. We therefore feel ourselves personally indebted to Dr. Thomson and offer him our cordial gratulations on the successful manner in which he has performed this act of kindness to society, assuring him that it has not been for a long time our pleasant duty to peruse a work so amply stored with extensive learning and profound research.

The Annual opens with an almanac for 1837, enriched with elaborate calculations of the sun's declinations, moon's phases, and planetary conjunctions.

Next follows a succession of useful things, such as a list of the principal observatories in the world; height of mountains and mountain passes, and inhabited places; lowest limit of snow in different latitudes; weights, measures, and coins throughout the world, ancient and modern; comparison of the Centigrade, Fahrenheit and Reaumer's thermometers; tables for calculating the heights of mountains by barometric observations; table of specific gravities, atomic weights, universities of Europe and America. The last contains the annual income of the different professors in the Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Paris universities, with a short abstract of the curriculum and fees of the student. The learned societies of London, Statistics, and a variety of other

topics equally useful, are successfully treated. The articles which refer more immediately to modern discovery are, The recent progress of optical science by the Rev. Baden Powell, M. A., which includes mathematical optics, physical optics, with an excellent account of the undulatory theory; M. Cauchy's theory; dispersion of light; the new views of Kelland, Sir D. Brewster's spectra, Wheatstone's spectra of electric light, and a variety of opinions and experiments by other able men. The next paper is one on visible vibration illustrated with wood-cuts. Recent progress of astronomy, by W. S. B. Woolhouse, Esq. History of magnetical discovery, by Thomas Stephens Davies, Esq., is an excellent article introducing the reader to the history of the Mariner's compass; the names and tradition of the magnet throughout the world; knowledge of the compass and magnet among the Chinese, &c. The work concludes with a comprehensive and able history of the recent progress of vegetable chemistry by the Editor.

Our readers will perceive by the above abstract, that we have not said too much, when we adjudge the palm of distinguished excellence to the British Annual. And in these days it may not be considered a secondary feature in its favour that its price, three-and-sixpence, is extremely small; and as it is within the reach, should be in the possession of every one.

#### TRAVELS.

Pedestres' Tour of 1347 Miles through Wales and England.  
2 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

THE author of this book (which is a reprint from the "Metropolitan") has chosen to appear under a strange guise, denominating himself Pedestres and his stick Clavileno Woodenpeg; and as may be readily imagined, the strange conceit of his title leaf is carried out by an equally strange style in the subsequent pages. Pedestres evidently has taken Sterne as his model; and, if his aim were to infuse wit, humour, and eccentricity in his writings, he could not have selected a better original. But unfortunately he has endeavoured to imitate closely an inimitable author, and the consequence is that every paragraph provokes comparisons unfavourable to himself.

Sterne was a man *sui generis*. His wit was natural, his eccentricity fitted well and sat easy upon him; and his genius was of the highest order. His mode of writing is peculiarly his own, and it necessarily follows, that if any man endeavours to imitate him, even though he possess equal ability, his production is not only a copy, but a copy that any one can at first sight perceive to be such. Now Pedestres, though evidently the master of considerable powers of drollery, is neither equal to, nor nearly equal to, the author of "Tristram Shandy;" and as he has chosen to stretch his notes on a Shandean frame, their intrinsic merit is detracted from by what we suspect the writer considered to be a most attractive form. He should have recollected that none of the suitors of Penelope could draw the bow of Ulysses, and not have exposed himself to a comparison which he ought to have felt would be very much to his disadvantage. Not only is the rambling disjointed mode of telling a story which was adopted by Sterne, made use of, but he actually gives a direct and acknowledged imitation of the celebrated "Death of Lefevre from Tristram Shandy"—*heu quantum mutatus ab illo*—and he sacrifices decency in several passages most grossly. It was said of Sterne that his indecency was that of a baby in petticoats sprawling on the floor, which could be offensive to no one, not cursed with an extra stock of prudery. Without entering into the merits of this question, we will venture to affirm, that whatever other points of Sterne's writings are worthy of imitation, these at least should be carefully eschewed. Yet Pedestres' tour contains some passages most grossly violating every canon of delicacy and propriety. We will only call the attention of the reader to the 327th page of the first volume for confirmation of our accusation, and then pass on to other matters.

Embedded in a mire of unintelligible nonsense, there are in these volumes many amusing anecdotes, and though it be somewhat irksome to wade through the mire in order to pluck the flowers, yet we think they are worth gathering even at the expense of such inconvenience. We give an extract, not because we think it the best story in the book, but we find it best adapted to our purpose, that is to say, most easily detached from the surrounding mould in which it is enveloped. It is part of the description of a schoolboy's frolic in the dungeon of the castle of Tiverton, which the actors in the scene we are about to give had determined to examine, for the purpose of clearing up some mysteries which tradition has attached to the ruins. The vein of pedantry which will be found in the portion we give pervades the whole work, but if that were the only fault it might be excused without any great stretch of charity.

"Wherever there is a castle of any antiquity, and which is known to have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, fertile brains, a love for the marvellous, or the power of superstition, generally create some mysterious legends respecting it, which are to be found in the mouths of the inhabitants in the vicinity. The most usual and favourite place of security (in romance) is undoubtedly a dungeon or subterranean passage:—what castle is without it somewhere (though no one can find it?)—and who is it that has ever been to Tiverton and has not heard of the 'dungeon,' that passes from the castle the whole way under the town? To resort thither with half a dozen candles 'to explore,' has often been the frolic of a holiday afternoon among schoolboys. I remember when I was about twelve years of age, and at the time forming one of a large body of rebellious subjects, who groaned under the despotic and harsh government of that tyrannical sceptre (as all boys fancy), the ferula, that some five or six of us formed the design of making a visit to the dungeon, under the sweet persuasion that our antiquarian search and research could not but be attended by such success and discovery, as would shed more light on certain obscure passages in events of by-gone ages than had ever been kindled by the laborious pens of all the historians that ever wielded a goose-quill. The conditions and *items* of the bill of enforcement we need not dwell upon.

"The second *item*, however, tended towards me, in the imposition of a tax or forfeit: but no tax placed on humanity was ever levied with such facility and good will. The law enforced that I should find candles, tinder-box, and matches, and that I should steal them from the cook, for it was sagaciously perceived that, as my home was nearer to the scene of action than the residences of any of the others, there would be the greatest advantages arising from the enactment of such a clause as this second article compelled. And as to the matter of stealing what we wanted, of course I could do that as well as anybody else: there was no objection to it whatever, either on their parts or on mine:—it was fair and just, and nothing was so longed for as to convert unsubstantial words into actual and accomplished deeds. True it was, the cook shortly found herself *minus* candles, tinder-box, and all the *et ceteras*, and nine points of the law very soon confirmed that manœuvre.

"We set off, giving tongue lustily, like a pack of hounds on full scent, making our way through Saint Peter's churchyard, up the path opposite the richly-carved facade of John Greenway's chapel.

"'What a funny ship that is,' said Gradus, a boy about ten years old, as he pointed with his candle towards the sculptured figures on the upper part of the chapel, 'I never saw such a clumsy one in my life.'"

"Yes," answered Ille-ego, who claimed seniority over us all, "I suppose 'tis like what they used to build in former days: there is a boat alongside of her, and they seem to be lowering a cask by a rope—"

"And there's one man on the stern," cried Hic-hæc-hoc, interrupting Ille-ego, "did you ever see such a great high stern?—not a bit like Curwood's boats:—see, there's a man pulling a fish out of the water."

"And his line's as thick as a rope," said A-B-C, who was our youngest volunteer, and at the bottom of the lowest form in school.

"Ah! and there's another ship," rejoined Hic-hæc-hoe, "oh, and a good many more:—and what are those men doing?—but the nose of one of them has been knocked off, and the nose of the other has been rubbed quite flat."

"There's a man up there," said A-B-C, "with a long stick in his hand:—I wonder if 'tis a fishing-rod—but it's got no reel."

A hearty peal burst forth from all sides, at the expense of the simplicity of A-B-C.

The whiles they laughed a gleam of sunshine struck across the chapel, and unconsciously drew their attention upon two ancient dials.

"Almost three o'clock," said Gradus, perceiving the shadow fell over that figure.

"Come, come along then," rejoined Hic-hæc-hoc, catching hold of his neighbour's arm to pull him away.

"*Nesciunt reverti*," said Ille-ego, reading the inscription on one of the dials.

On arriving at the destined spot, there arose a call for ammunition and stores. Pockets, hats, coat sleeves, and holes cut to get between the lining and cloth of trowsers (where pockets were not long enough) were pregnant with candles, matches, tinder, *and potatoes to make candlesticks of*. There was a most prolific birth.

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#### POETRY AND FICTION.

The Purgatorio of Dante,—translated by J. C. Wright, M. A. 8vo. Longman.

THE man who would attempt to translate Dante must be either a consummate Italian scholar and a poet of no ordinary capacities, or else an ignorant and totally unexperienced pretender. Those who have translated prose can tell somewhat of the difficulty of rendering the thoughts expressed in one language in the symbols of another; but none, except a poetic translator, can form any idea of the almost insurmountable obstacles that present themselves to his success in transferring the imaginative portraits to a foreign canvass. The difficulties under which the translator of Dante labours, as compared with those encountered by other translators, are as mountains to mole-hills. Who was Dante? A man, with whose poetic genius perhaps *four* minds only—and those minds entirely different in character—in the whole history of this world's literature can bear any comparison. But besides this he lived at a time, when the Italian language, although formed—as ours was in the time of Wickliffe and Chaucer—had not entirely got rid of its barbarisms resulting from nearly five centuries of foreign depredation. The language may be said to have been in its transition state, differing much more from that of the later poets and dramatists of Italy than the style of Rowley and Spencer differs from that of Otway and Pope. Dante, again, was a most abstruse thinker, who revelled in thought and in imagery that none can understand, far less transfer, without intense study. We might easily state other reasons for the opinion entertained by us of the difficulty of the task undertaken by the translator of Dante, but enough.

The author of the "*Divina Commedia*" is not and never will be a *popular* author, any more than the much-praised but little-read poet of Paradise is with us. Very—very few Italians understand Dante; and very few Englishmen understand or can bear to read Milton. The *crack* passages of both are lauded to the skies; but where is the man, English or Italian, except he be an enthusiast, who has sought out and duly appreciated the flowers to be found throughout these magnificent productions? What wonder then, if a *translation* should fail of being popular, nay, should burden the shelves of the bookseller for many a long month or year? Dante, however, has not lacked translators. Fairfax and the author of the "*Oceana*" were the first to venture

on the difficult task; and in a later age Boyd and Hayley tried their wings in these poetic flights; but alas, their names as translators are only known as coupled with their disgrace. Coleridge understood Dante; and he *could* have performed the task which has been left for a later generation. The latest translators of Dante are Cary and Wright. Mr. Cary is an erudite Italian scholar;—he has understood his author—and he has succeeded in transferring some portion at least of the original spirit into his version; but he made a fatal mistake in imitating a Miltonian model, in disguising the breathing rhythm of Dante's *terza rima* under the formal solemnity of the blank-verse. Mr. Wright, the translator of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," has surmounted the difficulties, or rather, has cut the Gordian knot by modifying the metre without really altering its character. This difference between Cary's and Wright's version constitutes the superiority of the latter over the former. We have taken some pains, by strict comparisons with the original, to ascertain the merit of Cary; and certainly in correctness, minute correctness of translation, and in gravity of style, he is at least equal, if not superior, to his younger rival. But we look over Cary's version in vain for the spirit, energy, and harmony that Mr. Wright has succeeded in transfusing into that which now lies on our table.

The Paradise is yet to be translated; but we caution Mr. Wright against supposing, that (*as the translator of Dante*) he will ever become popular. Dante will ever be "caviare to the multitude."

#### The Forsaken, a Tale. In 2 vols. post 8vo. Whittaker.

In private life we may act on the principle, that—as by trying to please all we please nobody—we ought to please ourselves. But with authors, and especially novel-writers, this doctrine will not pass current: for they themselves are the very last persons to be pleased, the first and most important being the fickle-minded and capricious public, for whom they cater. Has any of our fair readers ever contributed to the annoyance and vexation of a portrait-painter, by finding faults and suggesting improvements in the "likeness" of her lover with all the freedom and impertinence of sheer ignorance of the fine arts? Such is the common treatment of painters by their sitters and friends; and such, we will venture to say, is also the uncivil treatment with which many unlucky wights of "novelists" get at the hands of reviewers, and through them of the public. We heard it said the other day by a modern scribbler, whose work, very lately published, has been unmercifully criticised every where, except by the *paid* advertising notices in the Chronicle, that he liked the reviewers' abuse as well as their praise, as both served to circulate the book. God save the mark! Who after this will say with Iago in the play,—

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls, &c.,—"

especially if instead of making them "poor indeed" such evil report contributed to fill the author's pocket? Where then is the value of criticism, if its exercise produces exactly the reverse of its intended effects? The fault is not ours; if the public, like children, will do the forbidden thing and buy the book which the reviewer conscientiously disapproves and condemns, *his* conscience is clear: with *them* rests the responsibility of supporting a bad cause. Let the reviewer do his duty fairly and without bias: and then, why *vogue la galère*.

"The Forsaken" is a book that has been most unsparingly abused by our contemporaries, many of whom we are sure from their remarks, have not taken the trouble to read the volumes through. Whether our opinion is worth any thing we do not pretend to say; but having read the tale from one end to the other, we must say that we see no cause for the out-pourings of wrath so liberally bestowed on the ill-starred author. Not having the most remote connexion with the author, not even so much as to know his name, we fear

not the charge of partiality; and so we shall proceed to give a brief account of the tale, and, in conclusion, to add some few remarks on its merit.

Alice Beauclerk—the heroine of the tale—deprived by death of her protectress and the representative of her unknown parents, finds a temporary refuge in the secluded abode of a retired Irish counsellor, a Mr. O'Grady, where she becomes acquainted with a young nobleman—Lord Portland—the son of the Marquis of Cornwall, who in the company of his tutor visits the house. Of course, quite naturally, the young *coronet* and the heroine fall desperately in love with each other. Meanwhile letters reach Alice from a certain Lady Arlingham, who, in the exercise of guardianship, enjoins her removal into the family of one Mr. Darby Dudley, an Irish agent of her ladyship. The lovers are just allowed fairly to understand each other, when the lady is torn from her dreamy bliss by the uncivil violence of as great a brute as the mephitic bogs of the Emerald isle can be supposed to produce. Leaving him,—his darling Dudley Grove—dear girls—and neat knocker, for an extract at the close, and taxing our reader's imagination for a conception of the many annoyances to which Alice was subject in this elegant family, we carry her forward to the day that brought Lord Portland to the "Grove." The meeting of the lovers is conclusive of their future fate:—"Alice, will you pity me?" said the lover. "I will," said the lady. What depended on that fatal answer the sequel must disclose. Lord Portland returns to town and discovers the state of his affections to his imperious mother, the intimate friend of Alice's guardian, Lady Arlingham. The result is, that Alice's destinies are changed, and from the retirement of Dudley Grove she is introduced to the glare of London fashionable society; Lord Portland, under a vow of absence from his beloved, goes abroad with a diplomatic appointment. Alice's considerate guardian, however, doubtless to protect her ward from the inconvenience of a lengthened travel, selects for her as a *compagnon de voyage*, an amiable Hibernian of large fortune and most unexceptionable descent, Sir Leopold Lindorf. The young protegé is received with every demonstration of favour by the ladies Cornwall and Arlingham; and by their intrigues she is forced against the current of her affections into an engagement with the Irish baronet. The false intelligence propagated by her hollow friends, of the marriage of Portland with the ambassador's daughter, Lady Leonora Saville, facilitates the efforts of the *intriguanter*, to place Alice quite out of the reach of Portland: and at last she gives way and becomes the wife of the vain, silly, and wine-bibbing Sir Leopold Lindorf. The true lover returns a day or two too late, and learns from his cruel *mother* the true position of affairs. Months elapse, and the new-married couple return from Ireland to London. Portland, not known by the baronet as a quondam inamorato of his lady, is introduced to the house; and an opportunity thus presented for a renewal of the lovers' intercourse is eagerly seized, which intercourse is stopped only by the strong remonstrances of the beloved and virtuous lady-guardians. The same excellent ladies prevail on Alice to urge the nuptials of Portland with Lady Leonora Saville, and thus herself to effect an eternal separation from her lover. She consents, and Portland marries. But, alas, his heart is broken "for love of Alice Gray," and very soon after he sinks into a consumption. The baronet meanwhile with his lady had in due season returned to the ancient domain of the Lindorfs, and visited among other esteemed friends, the Dudley's of Dudley Grove. Here, alas, the silly, stubby, little baronet, died of a drunken apoplexy;—and behold Alice once more free,—a widow. Her days of mourning were spent among her old friends the O'Grady's, in whose house she is again destined to meet the being who in the same place years before enchained her affections. A travelling invalid with his friends and attendants, weather-bound by the snow, request the shelter of Mr. O'Grady's hospitable roof, no other than the fast-sinking Lord Portland, who arrives only in time to receive the soothing consolations of Alice's society, and to die in her beloved arms. The hour of mourning proves to be that also of discovery and exposure. The

unrighteous deeds of Lady Cornwall and Lady Arlingham are brought to light too late. By the evidence of Lady Arlingham, corroborated by that of a nurse, it appears that she (Lady Arlingham) was the friend and companion of Lady Cornwall, with whom she lived, and that while residing there, Lord Cornwall intrigued with her. The two friends proved *enemies* together; and the only alternative allowed by the marchioness to her fallen friend is conditional, namely, that in case of Lady Arlingham's child being a son, and the other a daughter, the one should be substituted for the other, and made heir to the title and entail. Lord Portland is the son of Lady Arlingham; Alice the rightful heiress of such property as do not descend with the title to the next male heir of the family. Lady Cornwall dies insane: the partner of her guilt repents, and turns with truth from the error of her ways; and the lady Alice Lindorf, chastened by suffering, becomes the able and willing dispenser of the benefits which it is the privilege of wealth to bestow on the needy.

Such is the story somewhat prosily told. It is improbable, some say; but we need only look to the reports of the Appeals Court of the House of Lords, to discover that cases more shocking have occurred among the nobility. Whether the exhibition of moral depravity be promotive of virtue, it is not needful here to decide; but there is nothing in the tale so horrid that its match has not been and cannot be found in real life.\*

In "The Forsaken" there is much dark and intense passion; but its expression is confined to those periods of confidential intercourse in which alone it would be allowable. The fault of the book lies not—as we think—so much in the improbability of the events and the unnatural grouping of horrors in the story, as in the awkward and unskilful way in which the frame-work has been put together. If more space had been taken for clearly working out the more obscure parts of the tale, a work would have been introduced, perhaps not more indicative of the writer's talents, but at any rate more pleasing to the public.

After so long a notice, we can hardly be expected to give an extract; but we subjoin one to prove that the author is not destitute of comic talent. The Dudleys are very well drawn, perhaps from originals. The dinner given to Portland is far from badly told.

"Dinner was announced, and for the first time Lord Portland had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Dudley, who, with her face inflamed from the kitchen-fire, where she had been stationed to inspect the progress of dinner, her person decorated in bright scarlet satin, and her head enveloped in a bag-wig crowned with a yellow hat and white feathers, welcomed the young nobleman, if not with elegance, at least with warmth. She was seated at the head of her table on the entrance of her guests, as she did not wish to entrust Patrick or Peg with the adjustment of the dishes, and had remained watching and directing, as also for the purpose of cooling herself, as the day had been most excessively warm and close, and the kitchen broiling, from the numerous fires in Mr. Dudley's improved self-cooking kitchen-range.

"'Glad, my lord, to see your lordship at Dudley Grove,' said the lady. 'What will you have, white or brown soup, my lord?'

"'Neither, thank you, ma'am.'

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\* It has been said by a respectable reviewer that the exhibition of strong passion should be confined to the characters of humble life, because the wheels of life are too well oiled in a high state of civilization, to admit of the burning feelings of Othello or of Lear. It may be that the polish of society will moderate the expression of the passions; but certainly, if ample scope and room enough be given for their development, if the stirring events that swell the heart and agitate its latent emotions occur, no trammels of society will curb the wildest extravagance of passion. If such a doctrine were true, tragedy must resign her gorgeous state, and be banished to the cottages of the poor and uneducated. Away with the silly notion! It is the *semblance*, the *pretended* experience of an unreal emotion, that constitutes melo-drama. The *really felt* passions of love, revenge, or pity, must ever form the essence of tragedy.

“Neither! why bless and save me, that is odd! for Mr. Dudley always takes soup, particularly when I make it.”

“I have not the least doubt of its being excellent, ma’am, but I never take soup.”

“Then I won’t press you, my lord. There is chickens and bacon, there is minced-veal and tongue, there is fish and beef coming in: call for what you please, my lord.”

“Thank you, ma’am; I will trouble Miss Beauclerk for some chicken.”

“Miss Beauclerk, honey, can you cut up a chicken?”

“I will try, ma’am.”

“If you can’t, Hope will; she carves elegant.”

“Miss Beauclerk, permit Miss Hope Dudley to carve; I shall be most happy to be helped by so fine a lady.”

“Your politeness, my lord, is only equalled by your condescension,” said Mr. Dudley, as he took the chicken himself and cut it up.

“My lord, there is bottled beer and draught beer, there is bottled cider and draught cider, there is spruce-beer and porter: call for what you like,” said Mrs. Dudley, with a bone of chicken in her hand, which she was picking.

“I will take some cider, thank you, ma’am.”

“Which cider, my lord?”

“Which you please, ma’am.”

“Then, Patrick, help Lord Portland to some draught cider. I don’t think, Mr. Dudley, the new plan in bottling that cask of cider answered; it turned quite black and sour.”

“Have patience, Mrs. Dudley; I engage it will clear and sweeten yet,” replied Mr. Dudley crossly to his better half, who, busily engaged in forcing Lord Portland to eat of every thing at table, did not seem to mind him.

“Do you ever eat tripes, my lord?”

“Never, ma’am.”

“For if you did, I could recommend that dish of ’em. Mr. Dudley doats upon tripes and cow-heel.”

“Does he? I believe they are very good for those who like them.”

“They are, though I hear they isn’t a company dish now.”

“Really, ma’am, I cannot say.”

“Indeed. I didn’t believe whoever it was told me, for I know the king, George the Third, was uncommon fond of ’em.”

“I never remember to have heard of his majesty’s professing such a fancy,” said the earl, with a smile.

“Now, didn’t you? why then, indeed, it is a positive fact.”

“Very possibly, ma’am. Miss Beauclerk, allow me the honour of taking wine with you.”

“But, my lord, is it possible you never heard of his majesty’s liking tripe and cow-heel?” said Mrs. Dudley again.

“Never, ’pon my honour; I assure you, ma’am, I never heard it.”

“Well, as a proof of it, my brother, Mr. Cormick (he was the great Mr. Cormick of Dublin—I am sure you often heard of him, my lord), went to pay a visit to the king one morning (for my brother was uncommon intimate with the king), and after a good deal of chat on one thing or another, he said, ‘Mr. Cormick,’ says he, ‘did you see the queen to-day?’ ‘No, please your majesty,’ says he; upon which the king opened the door of an inner room, and called the queen. She came out with a pack of cards in her hand; and started back when she saw a stranger, as she supposed. ‘Oh, never mind, my dear!’ says the king; ‘’tis only Casey and I’ (for my brother’s name was Casby, and his intimates always called him Casey). ‘How do you do, Mr. Cormick?’ says the queen, shaking hands with him; ‘won’t you take a glass of wine this morning?’ ‘No, I thank you,’ says Casey. ‘Do,’ says she; ‘’tis in the room.’ ‘I’d rather not,’ says he; for he was as abstemious a man as ever lived. ‘Well,’ says she, ‘I am sorry for it, and sorry, too, that I can’t

ask you to dinner, as it is washing-day, and George and I doat upon tripe and cow-heel; so, to save trouble, we get that early.'

"'What nonsense, Mrs. Dudley, you always talk,' said her husband, enraged at her thus exposing her ignorance, and her brother, the great Mr. Cormick's habit of lying; 'I wonder you can believe such stuff.'

"'Indeed, Darby, dear, it is no stuff at all, for Casey—'

"'Damn Casey,' replied Mr. Dudley, stung to the quick by the visible inclination to laugh which he saw upon Lord Portland's handsome countenance. 'My lord, try this Madeira; I think you will like it; it is, I flatter myself, prime.'

"Dinner proceeded, and was ended, and to the great relief of Alice, Mrs. Dudley arose to depart, and the gentlemen were left to themselves. When arrived in the drawing-room, the ladies were loud, we might almost say, uproarious, in the praises of Lord Portland. He was voted beautiful, talented, accomplished, fascinating, and every other term that could be applied to his various merits. His condescension was commented upon, and in the excitement of the discussion, Mrs. Dudley happily escaped a rebuke which she had dreaded from her daughters, concerning the unlucky story about the king and tripes."

**The Merchant's Daughter.** By the author of "The Heiress." 3 vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

THE business of the reviewer at this time of the year, when all the publishers are firing off their pop-guns to astonish the public, becomes one of absolute slavery. To look down the list of recent and forthcoming publications is itself a work taking up some minutes:—what then must be that of cutting the leaves, conning their contents, and dressing up their tit-bits for the readers' pleasure? But what a goodly list of *novels* meets our eye! Heigh ho! If they be only like the far greater portion of last year's supply, we absolutely dread the task of wading through rubbish which contains so few pearls of value. What would Fielding or Richardson think of the boasted taste of the nineteenth century, if they knew how little is needed in authors to secure public praise and patronage, if they knew with what assurance the professional scribbler and the literary dame of fashion count on receiving for a three months' job in three volumes with lots of balaam—a cool three hundred, or perchance the double. These are the days for novelists.

Of the value of modern novels as reckoned in gold we have said enough:—of their value as works of literature we may be allowed to differ from the commercial speculator: and so we say without more ado that nine-tenths of them are mere trash, available for no higher purpose than conveying erroneous notions respecting the habits of people of fashion, cherishing the prurient fancies of female passion, and teaching fabulous history to boarding-school misses and their governesses.

What pleasure is it to find a green spot in the desert! How delightful is it to find merit, real and high merit, where one expects none. It is not unusual to see notices, laudatory notices in the papers of works, whose real merits are absolutely contemptible; and therefore we were not surprised to see "The Merchant's Daughter" favourably spoken of. Still we thought it right, in consequence of such praise, to procure and read the volumes in question: and glad we are, that leisure was permitted for their deliberate perusal; for seldom have we read a work displaying so much knowledge of the human mind as the book now on the table. Its author—depend on it—is a very shrewd observer of men and manners.

We have no space for an analysis of the story:—the following is a very brief outline. A rich, vain, and title-loving merchant has a beautiful daughter, who in the early period of her father's career forms a childish affection for a youth who is in due time introduced by her father into his business, and

admitted to unreserved confidence. Affection between the youth and the daughter ripens into love; but the high principle of the former forbids him from availing himself of an alliance so much above him and below her deserts. He consequently performs a vow of banishment. The blind and unsuspecting father, eager for connexion with nobility, courts the intimacy of an unprincipled *scion* of the Upper House of legislature, and favours his solicitation of his daughter's love. The development of this titled scamp's misconduct forms an integral portion of the story; but the most interesting scenes of the novel are those in which the vicissitudes of the merchant's life are portrayed, scenes drawn with a truth and power that rank the author among the best of his contemporaries. The merchant—to shorten a long story—is deceived by his (noble-by-descent) intended son-in-law, swindled by him at gambling of 70,000*l.* and repaid as *an act of generosity*; and he is robbed to a still greater amount by an unprincipled partner, who finally escapes unpunished. To the banished—the high-minded Walter Gordon is destined the great pleasure of restoring the harassed merchant (Mr. Lyle) to prosperity and credit; and to him also is allotted the well-deserved honour of an alliance with the noble-minded daughter of the Fairport merchant. There are many bye-plots in this dramatic novel; but it is quite impossible to notice them further.

There are many passages in these volumes that might well be extracted. We instance, merely to show that we have not forgotten them, the scamp Clavellon's entrée to Atherton,—the two dinners at Atherton,—the meeting of Gordon and Dunrayne just before the departure of the former for the Continent,—Gordon's capture of the delinquent partner Sawyer,—Mr. Lyle's conduct under commercial pressures, and his gratitude for the proffered assistance of his truest friends:—these and many others we could cite full of sentiment and real life, that, in our humble opinion at least, prove the author to be a man of imagination and mental observation, far greater than the majority of his contemporaries. The tone of morality advocated by the author of "Pelham" will never meet with our approbation; but his perception of character cannot be doubted. The author of "The Merchant's Daughter" may at least claim the second prize among his contemporaries in this latter respect.

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## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

### DRURY LANE.

November 29th.—"The Wrecker's Daughter," by J. S. Knowles. We cannot say that we did not enjoy Mr. Knowles's new play, for we never laughed so much at a tragedy before in our lives,—not that we attribute our incongruous risibility to the drama, considered as a literary production, but to the manner in which it was performed. Our critical duties are at present confined to a notice of representation at the theatre. The plot is of too complicated a nature to admit of a description at once brief and intelligible:—we will, however, try to give in a few words a sketch of the most important incidents.—A Cornwall wrecker, known by the name of "Black Norris," not satisfied with appropriating such valuables as are floated on shore from the wrecks, murders the half-drowned seamen who are washed to the strand, in order to spoil them of the wealth they may have about their persons. Such a murder he perpetrates with the knife

of "Robert," another wrecker, whose daughter is witness of the foul deed; and, having lately parted with her father at that spot, she supposes him to be the criminal. "Robert's" knife has been found in the body, and this fact, with the addition of other circumstantial evidence, and his daughter's testimony, are sufficient to convict him. "Black Norris" offers to prove her father innocent, but demands as a price her hand in marriage. To save her father from the gibbet, she consents, though with reluctance and horror. By some unaccountable means "Robert's" liberation is effected, and "Norris" claims the performance of "Marian's" promise. The marriage is happily prevented from taking place by the appearance of "Wolf," an accomplice in the murder, at the altar, before which the ceremony is about to take place. Remorse has deprived him of his senses, and he confesses their joint crime, to the discomfiture of the villain, who stabs him, and the delight of "Marian," who is restored to a lover returned from sea in good time to be present at the closing scene. Such is an imperfect outline of the improbable plot. We now turn to the dramatic personæ. Knowles himself filled the part of the father. For his claims as an author we have a high respect, though we attribute not a little of the great popularity of his earlier dramas to Macready's personation of the principal characters. His genius gave a higher stamp to those productions than their intrinsic merits, though considerable, entitled them to receive. Without his invaluable aid to support their character they would probably have met with a transient success, and then have been consigned to oblivion, like many other works displaying both talent and industry. But Mr. Knowles, who, with a pardonable vanity, conceives himself the fittest person to embody his own conceptions, had he been the original representative of *Virginus* and *William Tell* would have drawn down on his own plays, immediate and irrevocable condemnation. A remarkably strong brogue, and a convulsive twitching of the countenance under excitement (though these last may, perchance, be attempts at expression) wholly unfit him for the higher walks of histrionic art; and he has in his mode of utterance a *bonhomme*, a "how-d'ye-do" "very-well-I-thank-you" kind of style, which gives a burlesque tone to the most serious and affecting sentiments. In fact, we consider that Mr. Knowles, if he had a more youthful and active double to go through the leaping and tumbling, would make an inimitable pantaloon in our Christmas mummeries. It is really distressing that a man of acknowledged ability as an author should be weak enough to thrust himself into a profession for which nature and art have totally unfitted him. Miss Huddart played with much spirit, especially in the scene with "Norris," where he offers her father's life as the price of her consent to wed him; and in the last act, where, half insane, in the extremity of her wretchedness, she recounts her fearful dream, the audience were electrified, or as nearly so as they have been of late years by actors of tragedy. Warde was excellent, especially in the scene with "Wolf," in the third act, where they go over the minutia of the murder, and "Norris" discovers the victim to be his own father. Cooper played the sailor-lover,—a part in which he did not seem at home, and in which he accoutred himself in a strange ano-

malous dress, with a queer straw hat stuck on one side of his head, for all the world like a bee-hive hung on a nail. Of the rest of the characters we have nothing to say.

*December 1st.*—The “Devil on Two Sticks.” This ballet is said to be founded on Le Sage’s romance called “Le Diable Boiteux.” This is so far true that “Cleophas,” a student, sets free a lame imp imprisoned in a bottle, who, in gratitude, assists him in his search after pleasure. After leaving the magician’s chamber, the ballet deserts the novel and takes its own course. Then follow many entertaining scenes, in which “Cleophas” woos in succession an opera-dancer, a widow, and a country girl, which last carries him off in the closing scene. The second act contains the cream of the ballet, in which we are introduced to the dancing academy, where “Asmodeus” replaces the ballet-master and superintends the practice, much to the discomfiture of the *corps dansant*, as may readily be supposed. There follows a scene which represents a theatre, at the back of which the audience are supposed to be sitting, so that they have a view of the reverse of both scenes and actors, the back part of the stage representing a crowded theatre, the mimic audience of which applaud or hiss according to the most received rules. “Cleophas” was represented by a smart, good-looking Frenchman, who did full justice to the part of the hair-brained student. Wieland was imitatively funny in the “Devil,” and danced a mock pas-seul, the drollery of which was irresistible. Duvernay was all that could be wished; her pantomime was expressive, without being over-acted; and in a pas-de-deux with Miss Ballin she acquitted herself with a grace and dexterity unequalled by any save Taglioni. Grace indeed and lightness are her distinguishing qualities. She appears to move without an effort, and that ease alone is the best proof of the perfection of her art. Miss Ballin and Mademoiselle Keppler deserve praise, and still more is due to Madame Guibilei; but we reserve to the last the best plum in the cake, Duvernay’s Cachoucha dance at the end of the second act. Her beautiful person, arrayed in the rich and elegant costume we are used to call Spanish, was alone a sight to feast the eyes on; add to which, a dance, which combined the essentials of grace and novelty in the very highest degree, performed with unerring accuracy by a most lovely woman, and you may form some faint idea of a picture that would charm the eye of a puritan, or melt the soul of an anchorite. The scenery contains nothing very striking. The ballet was eminently successful.

*Saturday, Dec. 10th.*—The LYCEUM, no longer an English Opera House, has taken up its old name again, but not with a view to its old uses. It is now employed as the scene of dramatic representations of a kind in some measure new to our stage.

The Opera Buffa only is to be represented here, and for the present at least the music has not the adventitious aid of dancers to attract a crowded audience. The high price of admission, as well as the nature of the performances, renders it a truly aristocratical entertainment, and a higher treat has not been afforded for a long time past to the lovers of music and song. The drama selected for the first night was the “Elisir d’Amore” of Donizetti, originally written

for Malibran and Ivanoff, and a charming little opera it is ; full of gay and lively music, with an occasional touch of the pathetic as opportunity offers for the introduction of a few sighs and tears.

The plot is soon told. "Adina," a country coquette, trifles with the affections of her devoted lover, "Nemorino," and by way of playing him off flirts with a smart serjeant who is quartered in the village. "Nemorino," in despair at her apparent preference of the son of Mars, applies to a mountebank doctor, "Dulcamara," for a love-potion, which is not to produce its effects till after a day has elapsed. Meanwhile the disciple of Esculapius bids him appear indifferent to the attentions lavished on "Belcour" by his mistress. This nonchalance exasperates her, and she consents to marry the serjeant, a proceeding which drives the unhappy peasant to distraction. In order to obtain the means of purchasing a second draught of the elixir, he enlists with "Belcour." "Adina," moved by his distress, re-purchases his contract of enlistment, confesses her affection, and a rich old uncle of "Nemorino" having died à-propos, the play ends to the satisfaction of all parties, except the soldier.

The libretto of the opera, as is usual in these cases, is beneath contempt ; and the translation is even worse than the Italian : it serves, however, as a vehicle for very pretty music, the greater part of which was most admirably executed. Indeed with regard to the orchestra, which is small, it would be impossible to pick out a finer band of the same numbers throughout Europe. As for example there are two violoncellos, Lindley and Rousselot ; two double basses, Dragonetti and Aufossi, and so of the others—all the first players, on their respective instruments, in the country ; it is not surprising that such a band, led by Mori, should perform its part with uncommon excellence. There is no overture to the opera, but they played that of the "Gazza Ladra" between the acts. Blasis appeared again in England for the first time, after an absence of some years, in the part of "Adina." We do not find her altered for the better or worse. A clear sweet voice, perfect intonation, and good style, are always delightful to hear, and in her these qualities are displayed in great abundance. She was very well received, and acted and sung with great spirit. The "Sergeant" and "Quack Doctor" were represented by Signors Bellini and Torri, both basses—the former as fat as a prize ox, with a voice somewhat husky but agreeable and apparently cultivated—the latter makes pretensions to the character of a comedian, and is not altogether destitute of merit, though we cannot say that we admire either his singing or his acting ; and indeed he met with considerable disapprobation at first, though towards the end of the opera the audience became accustomed to and endured his inordinate stock of assurance. The novelty of the night was the first appearance of a new tenor, Signor Catone. He is apparently a very young man, and is quite unknown in this country, but a more successful *debut* was perhaps never made. He possesses a natural tenor voice of such compass that he is not obliged to have recourse to falsetto for his upper notes, which are as pure and as liquid as the most fastidious ear could require. His style is quite his own—a great merit, for imitation detracts most wonderfully from excellence in

whatever art it may be displayed. It is neither so florid as Rubini's nor so monotonous as Donzelli's, preserving a just mean between those extremes. It must be confessed, however, that he has not the finish of the former nor the magnificent voice of the latter. We cannot say we prefer his singing to that of either of these two masters, but it leaves nothing to be regretted from their absence, and we feel assured that he will become so permanent a favourite in this country that no musical season will be complete without his aid. The advantage of hearing him in a small space may be something in his favour, but he evidently possesses sterling qualities of the highest order, which will not fail to place him in the highest rank of his profession. After the opera "God save the King" was sung, the solo parts by Blasis and Catone, and not quite so cruelly maltreated as is generally the case, when our national anthem is, as we think, improperly entrusted to the voices of foreigners.

*December 17th.*—The second of the series of "Buffa Operas," given at the Lyceum, was presented to the public on this evening, and entitled "Il Furioso:" the music is by Donizetti, the words by nobody knows who. We wish, however, we did know who affixed the miserable translation furnished on the alternate pages of the libretto, which bears under its title the names of some of the principal booksellers in the metropolis as publishers, to whom it is equally disgraceful to issue such trash as it is to the perpetrator to write it, who neither understands English nor Italian, and we suppose pays for the privilege of being allowed to appear in print.

The story is a *mélange* of the "Mountaineers and the Stranger," the story being supplied from the former, the motive of Cardenio's madness from the latter: and the scene is laid in St. Domingo, we suppose for the sake of introducing a black slave as the buffo of the piece. The part of Cardenio was supported by a Signor Ronconi, who is a young man of considerable abilities in his profession, enjoying the advantage of a pure barytone voice, unalloyed with any thing of the bass. Indeed the quality is that of tenor, but lowered a third in the scale, without the least mixture of the rich round tone that usually belongs to the compass. His style is very good, and we long to hear him sing some better music. Donizetti's best is not first rate, and this appears to be his very worst. Signor Ronconi was very successful in his second aria, which reminded us of the air in the closing scene of "Anna Bolena," by the same composer. He obtained an encore in a duet with "Kaidamà," the negro, in the second act. We say he, for the other part had nothing to do with the call for repetition. This we think the best piece of music in the opera, and the sentiment thrown into it by this singer would have redeemed it from any chance of condemnation had its demerits been equally prominent. It commences with a slow movement,—

" Fu l'orror dei tradimenti;  
Ch' eclissò la mia raggione."

Catone had not a favourable opportunity of showing his peculiar excellencies. The music in the opera was too high for his voice, and the song he introduced, with an obligato accompaniment on the horn

by Puzzi, had nothing in it to recommend it but the talents of the performers. Signora Luini, to whose name is attached the sounding titles of honorary member of the Academies of Venice and Bergamo, has no pretensions to eminence. Her voice is thin, harsh, and wiry, and she sings most dolefully out of tune; her person is not engaging, and her action overcharged to a degree we seldom before have witnessed. With such qualifications the disapprobation she met with can be no cause of surprise to the speculators who have been imprudent enough to engage so unprofitable a member in their company.

"Kaidamà" was very well acted by Signor Ruggiero, though with the same exuberance of action which was so remarkable in Signor Torri, the representative of "Dulcamara," in the "Elisir d'Amore." This, however, is evidently the practice in Italy, and when we have become a little more accustomed to it, will be relished by us as well as by native Italians—who ever ate his first olive with a relish?

The "Scaramuccia" of Ricci is announced, from which we anticipate much entertainment, being already acquainted with some very lively and piquant music which is to be found in its score. But of that in our next number.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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Nescis quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

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LORD DURHAM AND THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—There are some people in this world so assimilated in morals to the great father of lies as to delude themselves with the notion that all their fellow-creatures are or may be expected to be equally unprincipled with themselves. That such an one is the Emperor Nicholas let the following story show. Lord Durham, say some of the Tory journals, has been invested with a Russian order and with the Greek order of St. Saviour: and the slanderous "Portfolio," to improve on the story as well as to show forth its own high principles, insinuates that the Ambassador highly deserved both the above distinctions at the EMPEROR'S hands. The above report,—as the "Portfolio" with a small remnant of principle acknowledges,—is an error. We feel inclined to believe that the whole is a malicious lie fabricated by the united energy of the rabid Tories and the *soi disant juste milieu*, both of whom would like nothing better than the overthrow of the Melbourne administration and the downfall of liberal politics both at home and abroad. We doubt not for a single moment that the arch-tyrant of the North did actually try to corrupt the English Ambassador by the proffer of the highest Russian distinctions, thinking doubtless, that his intended victim was fully within his grasp. The fowler, however, does not always catch his bird;—and so the snare of the Czar failed in its purpose. Lord Durham needs no defender. In his diplomatic character he has done more to stem the progress of Russian despotism than all his predecessors have done since the peace of 1815. Let the wretched and degraded Tory faction look to their own deeds and sit in fear of disclosures that their own despairing madness may render necessary.

MATERIALS FOR MELODRAMA.—We remember some years since, that a certain leading newspaper, during the recess, was in the habit of treating its readers to a series of frightful French murders which (it was strange, certainly)

always occurred at that period of the year. It was a wonder to us at the time that we never saw these sanguinary proceedings turned to dramatic account by our modern authors, who, however, prefer probably "stealing their brooms ready made."

We submit, nevertheless, that a great genius, Mr. Fitzball for instance, might have discovered in these veritable narratives materials for many a drama of "appalling," or "exciting," or "intense" interest. For example, what can be more adaptable (to coin a word) than the following pretty horror upon which our eyes lighted the other morning? It is a perfect gem in its way, and reminds us of the "old masters," who did these things for the especial service of the "Morning Herald," at the time we spoke of.

"M. B——, the son of an honest and moderately rich proprietor of Hennerstoff, a village near Metz, had for some time quitted his home and commenced a dissolute mode of life. Under different pretexts he had at first obtained money from home, but as his misconduct could not be long concealed from his parents, he received from them strong letters of remonstrance, which served only to excite his vengeful passions. Having been informed that his sister was on the point of marriage, he returned home last week accompanied by one of his debauched companions, named Schilter. The next day the two companions in vice visited the assembled family, B—— armed with a pistol, which he immediately levelled at his father. The unfortunate parent endeavoured to avoid the parricide's aim, but was dragged from amongst the rest of the company by Schilter. The persons present speedily fled, and the wretched father, seeing the fatal weapon pointed at him, made a last effort at the moment of its discharge, and sheltered himself behind his son's accomplice, who received the ball, and fell mortally wounded. The son was immediately arrested.—*Galignani.*"

Does the reader mark the poetical justice of the whole affair,—the skilful arranging of the *denouement*,—the fine grouping in the last scene?

We must not omit to mention, and this we have on unquestionable authority, that as the guilty son was being dragged from the apartment, he encountered an elderly lady who was at that moment approaching with the bride-cake, when stung with sudden remorse he fell into her arms, exclaiming, "My Grandmother!"

A BAD HAND.—It is said of a certain Irish Peer that he writes so bad a hand that his franks, being generally illegible, are generally mis-sent; and that if they happen to be legible they are deemed to be forgeries, and charged in double or treble postage, as the case may be.—*Morning Paper.*

How convenient is the "it is said" of the furnishing undertaker of paragraphs when an aged jest is to be told of a certain Irish lord, where certainty by the bye is as sure as the truth of the anecdote. "It is said," he who runs may read; but he who reads must not run into the error of believing all he reads. Truly, we should be sorry to frank the *on-dits* of our worthy paragrapher, "but they should be deemed to be forgeries."

MALIBRAN.—Poor Malibran's remains are now in London, having been brought from Manchester by Mad. Garcia her mother, accompanied by her younger sister, Mlle. Garcia, of whose talents report speaks highly. What a world! to see these near relatives at the Opera Buffa on *Thursday evening*; and think on the unburied dead! The sense aches at it.—*Literary Gazette.*

It happens rather unfortunately for the writer of this brief but affecting comment on the present state of the moral world, that on the *Thursday morning* "these near relatives" sailed for Antwerp with the body of the lamented vocalist. We also must indulge in a reflection, What a world! containing so many liars, and so many credulous people to print and believe their fabrications.

GRICI'S MARRIAGE.—When we first heard of the fair Grisi's application

for a divorce or annulment of her marriage, we, simple mortals as we are, classed her among some others of the *corps dramatique*, whose matrimonial miscarriages have now become quite notorious. How surprised were we to find that her object in the late proceedings was to confirm, not to dissolve the *liaison*! Certainly in this country such a course would not *of course* lead to so felicitous a result. This *liaison*, now so happily rendered indissoluble, has been already crowned with a pledge of affection; but such a gift has been dearly bought at the price of her *voice*. Report though may be "a mighty great liar."

ARISTOCRATIC MENDICITY.—It is a very usual thing for the wealthy nobility to increase their riches by securing the public alms in the shape of a snug sinecure or pension; but it is not usual for these titled mendicants to desert their offspring, and leave them without a maintenance, at the mercy of strangers in a strange land, and then allow them to be settled on a charitable fund. The following, whose truth we have no reason to doubt, speaks for itself. Blush, thou titled barbarian, whoever thou art; and hide thy disgrace by lasting banishment from a land that disowns thee as a member of its peerage. "Much interest has been excited at Liege by a young English lady of great beauty and accomplishment, who has been abandoned by her father, Lord —, to the charity of the proprietors of a '*pension*,' where she was placed by his Lordship three years past. The Noble Earl having neglected to pay for his daughter's maintenance for the last two years, and having taken no notice of repeated applications, the unfortunate girl, who is little more than sixteen, was menaced with being turned adrift. But the king of Belgium having been applied to, his Majesty, with that goodness which characterizes him, referred the subject to the Minister of the Interior, who has directed a sum to be paid for the education of Lord —'s daughter out of the charitable fund."

NEW-FASHIONED OMNIBUS.—A new-fashioned omnibus is about to be started, in which the company are to sit back to back in a seat running along the centre."—*Morning Chronicle*.

In this era of fast-travelling inventions, it is not surprising that alterations and improvements should be made in the popular London conveyances yclept Omnibuses. We poor unimaginative creatures have made many a peregrination in these wooden conveniences from the 'far west' to All-max in the east, without ever perceiving that they had any fault except that of not allowing 'ample room and verge enough' for the *sitting members* of humanity. We may—who cannot?—plead guilty, to having ogled a pretty girl on the opposite side, and at a respectful distance, in a well-stuffed omnibus; and on the other hand, as an offset for the aforesaid pleasure, we have occasionally been stuck down *vis-a-vis* to a crabbed old gentleman, whom we would have given a guinea to have *cut* rather than have met. Some gentleman, no doubt impelled by nerves more sensitive than our own (and, thank God, we lose this silly nervousness daily), has conceived the humane design of preventing people from blushing in each other's faces. Fine ladies, foppish gentlemen, and shy debtors ought to present the inventor of the new *dos-a-dos* Omnibus with a service of plate. How desirable for the Harlequin administration that owned Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham as its members, would it have been, if such an omnibus had then been in existence! Principle and no Principle might have travelled cheek by jowl together, or back to back, as occasion might require, without the latter incurring the reproaches of the men disposed to act up to the *spirit* as well as the *letter* of the pledges made at their entrance into office. Thank God, this cannot now happen.

## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS FOR 1836.

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January 1, 1836. Marriage, by proxy, of Ferdinand Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

At the beginning of the year, Sir Charles Pepys, M.P., and Master of the Rolls, was created Lord Cottenham, and received the seals of office as Lord Chancellor. Henry Bickersteth, Esq., was created Lord Langdale, and appointed Master of the Rolls.

About the same time pensions were granted by Lord Melbourne to Mr. Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," of 150*l.* a-year, and to Mr. B. Thorpe, the translator of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar (since dead), of 100*l.* a-year. Lord Melbourne also directed 150*l.* to be paid out of the Royal Bounty Fund to the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd.

29. Lord Stowell, elder brother of the Earl of Eldon, died at Early Court, Reading, in his 91st year.

30. The trial of Fieschi, the person who fired the "Infernal Machine," and his accomplices, commenced this day before the Chamber of Peers at Paris. After a long trial, the prisoners received their sentences on the 15th February. Three of them were guillotined on the 19th. A fourth was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment.

February 2. Died, at Rome, Madame Maria Lætitia Bonaparte, mother of the Emperor Napoleon. She was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, August 24th, 1750.

4. Parliament was opened by the King in person.

— Death of Sir William Gell, at Naples, aged 59.

8. A message from the President of the United States to Congress announced the acceptance of the mediation of Great Britain in the quarrel between France and the United States respecting the non-payment of American claims.

20. The Rev. Dr. Hampden gazetted as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, in the room of Dr. Burton, deceased. His appointment created considerable excitement at Oxford, his theological opinions having been asserted not to be orthodox.

22. Announcement of a new French ministry, of which M. Thiers was the head, as President of the Council, and Minister of the Interior.

March 22. Lord John Hay, the Commander of the British squadron stationed

off the northern coast of Spain, intimated to General Cordova (the Spanish Commander-in-Chief acting against Don Carlos) that he had received orders from the British Government to aid the operations of the Spanish army on that part of the coast.

April 5. The "Moniteur" stated that the new arrangement entered into between the French and English Postmasters-General was signed in Paris, on the 29th of March, by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and Lord Granville.

7. Death of William Godwin, aged 81, author of "Political Justice," "Caleb Williams," "History of the Commonwealth," &c.

16. A duel was fought between Senors Isturitz and Mendizabal at Madrid, in consequence of altercation in the Chamber of Procuradores. No harm was done, and Senor Isturitz retracted certain expressions deemed offensive by Mendizabal.

24. Death of M. Firmin Didot, the celebrated Parisian printer, member of the Chamber of Deputies, &c., &c.

May 15. M. Mendizabal, Prime Minister of Spain, having required the Queen Regent's sanction of the dismissal, which was refused, of Generals Quesada, Espeleta, and San Roman, in consequence of alleged inactivity in the civil war, resigned, along with his colleagues, and next day M. Isturitz was made head of a new ministry.

21. The experimental expedition under Colonel Chesney, despatched by the British Government, for ascertaining the practicability of steam-communication with India by the Euphrates, met with a severe accident. The two steam-boats were suddenly caught in a violent hurricane, and, before they could be moored on the bank of the river, one of them was upset, and 21 individuals perished.

28. The House of Assembly of Upper Canada dissolved by Sir Francis Head, in consequence of the measures which it adopted in stopping the usual grants or supplies.

June 1. A meeting of the friends of Mr. O'Connell was held at the Crown and Anchor, for the purpose of setting on foot a subscription to pay his expenses in defending his seat for Dublin. Nearly 3000*l.* were subscribed at the meeting. The subscription ultimately reached nearly 9000*l.*

20. Death of the Abbé Sieyès, at Paris, aged 88.

21. Captain Back sailed from Chatham in command of His Majesty's ship *Terror*, on an exploring expedition to Wager River.

22. Trial in the Court of Common Pleas, in which Lord Melbourne was defendant, and Mr. Norton, one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, plaintiff. The trial related to alleged criminalities between Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton. The jury, without hesitation, found a verdict for the defendant.

23. Death of James Mill, the historian of British India, and the political economist.

25. Louis Alibaud fired at the King of the French, with a walking-stick gun, as the King was passing in his carriage from the Tuileries. No injury was done, the ball lodging in the roof of the carriage. Alibaud was tried by the Court of Peers on the 8th of July, and guillotined on the 11th.

30. Death of James Madison, one of the leading men of the United States in the infancy of the republic. He succeeded Jefferson in the presidency.

July 24. Armand Carrel, editor of the "National," and one of the political writers who were conspicuous in the Revolution at Paris in 1830, killed in a duel with the editor of "La Presse." His remains received a public funeral, at which men of such opposite sentiments as Chateaubriand, Arago, Lafitte, and Béranger, were present.

25. On the evening of the festival of St. Jago, the patron of Malaga, after the day had been spent in festivity, the national guard of Malaga revolted, and put to death their governors. The Spanish Constitution of 1812 was afterwards proclaimed. The Constitution was also proclaimed in Cadiz, Seville, and other towns.

28. Death of N.M. Rothschild, the leading stock-broker of Europe, at Franckfort. His remains were brought to London for interment in the Jews' burial-ground, Whitechapel-road.

August 3. Considerable excitement in Madrid, in consequence of the intelligence respecting the proclaiming of the Constitution of 1812 in Malaga, Cadiz, &c. Madrid declared in a state of siege. General Quesada, the captain-general of Madrid, gave assurances to the Queen Regent, who was residing at St. Ildefonso, that he would answer for the tranquillity of the capital.

12. The regiment of provincial militia doing duty at St. Ildefonso broke out into a sudden insurrection, demanding the Constitution of 1812. They forced themselves into the apartments of the Queen Regent, in spite of the remonstrances of

the French and English ambassadors, and obtained her acceptance of the Constitution. This produced a revolution at Madrid. Isturitz, the prime minister, made his escape, reached Lisbon, and from thence proceeded to England. General Quesada was taken by the populace about three miles from Madrid, and put to death in a savage manner. Ultimately the Constitution was proclaimed by the Queen Regent, subject to the revision of the Cortes; and a new ministry was formed, at the head of which was placed M. Calatrava, as president of the council, and M. Mendizabal was appointed minister of finance.

22. The annual meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" commenced at Bristol. The Marquis of Lansdowne, who was to have presided, was prevented by the illness and death of his eldest son, the Earl of Kerry. The chair of the meeting was filled by the Marquis of Northampton, and upwards of 1300 scientific and literary characters were present during the week's proceedings.

September 7. Formation of a new French ministry in the room of M. Thiers and his colleagues, who had resigned in consequence of Louis Philippe's refusal to comply with the ex-minister's interpretation of the obligations of the Quadruple Treaty and to send a force into Spain. M. Molé was made president of the council, and M. Guizot minister of public instruction.

9. Sudden outbreak at Lisbon, and demand made of assent to the Portuguese Constitution of 1820. The queen, Donna Maria, accepted the Constitution, and the revolution was got over without bloodshed. But the change has not been cordially acquiesced in. A number of the peers protested against it, the husband of the Queen resigned his military command, and there are various indications of restlessness in Lisbon. A British naval squadron is stationed in the Tagus.

22. Opening of the Session of the provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, by the Earl of Gosford, the Governor-in-Chief. It was shortly afterwards dissolved, in consequence of the spirit of opposition manifested by the members.

23. Madame Malibran de Bériot, the celebrated singer, who had been taken ill on the 14th, during one of her performances at the Manchester musical festival, died this day, aged twenty-eight.

26. The duke de Montebello, French ambassador in Switzerland, delivered to the Federal Diet an official note, intimating that all relations, diplomatic and commercial, were suspended, until satis-

faction were made by Switzerland to France for an alleged affront—the tardiness which Switzerland displayed in the expulsion of certain refugees, and also in the manner in which the Swiss Diet took up an affair connected with the apprehension and confessions of a spy, who implicated the French ambassador as his employer.

October 1. A vigorous assault was made on the lines of General Evans at St. Sebastian by the Carlists. Both parties fought with bravery. The Carlists were repulsed, after suffering severely. The loss of the Anglo-Spanish force was 376 men and thirty-seven officers, killed and wounded. General Evans was slightly wounded.

17. The extraordinary Diet of Switzerland assembled, and, after a lengthened sitting, finally adopted conciliatory measures with respect to the differences between France and Switzerland.

19. Thomas Drummond, Esq., Under Secretary of State in Ireland, Colonel John Fox Burgoyne, Peter Barlow, professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy at Woolwich, and Richard Griffith, Esq., were appointed his Majesty's Commissioners for considering and reporting upon a general system of railways in Ireland;—also, C. S. Lefevre, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Rowan, and Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Commissioners for the purpose of inquiring and reporting upon the best means of establishing a constabulary force or rural police for England and Wales.

— A meeting was held in London, Charles Lushington, Esq., M.P., in the chair, for the purpose of forming a Church-Rate Abolition Society, whose object is to effect the entire abolition of church-rates, without any charge upon the Consolidated Fund or land-tax; and to introduce the principle of upholding the expenses of Divine worship, either by pew-rents, voluntary contributions of the congregations, or by payments out of Queen Anne's Bounty.

20. A meeting held at the Mansion House, to consider the propriety of erecting some testimonial to the Duke of Wellington for the aid he has afforded in carrying forward the improvements connected with London Bridge, and also in promoting the erection of the new bridge.

24. The Cortes of Spain opened by the Queen Regent. In her speech she alluded to the modifications of the Constitution of 1812, which would be submitted to their consideration.

29. A foolish attempt at insurrection in the city of Strasburg, by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a nephew of the deceased em-

peror, aided by two officers and some privates, which was instantly suppressed by the arrest of the parties. The prince has been since shipped off to America by the French Government.

30. An attempt at a revolution made by a brigadier and 14 privates of the first regiment of French huzzars, stationed at Vendome. The parties were instantly arrested.

A vacancy in the Irish Court of Exchequer, caused by the death of Baron Sir William Smith, filled up by the appointment of the Attorney-General, the Right Hon. Michael O'Loughlen. He is the first Catholic that has sat on the bench in Ireland since the Revolution.

Nov. 6. Charles X., the ex-king of France, died at Goritz, or Gratz, in Hungary, aged 82.

7. A large balloon, which had for some time previously been exhibited in ascents from Vauxhall Gardens, started on an experimental voyage to the continent, having three individuals in the car, and, after having been 18 hours in the air, descended at Wielburg, in the duchy of Nassau.

8. An attempt was made at Lisbon to produce a counter-revolution against the Constitution of 1812, but was immediately suppressed. In a conflict in the streets nine or ten persons were killed, among whom was Senor Augustino Freire, one of the cleverest men of his party.

Nov. 4. Mrs. Mary Flaherty transferred £5000 three and a half per cents. to the trustees of the London University (now University College) for the promotion of education in that establishment.

15. The Agricultural Bank of Ireland stopped payment. There are 5000 partners in it; and its liabilities are stated to be £800,000, that is, about double its paid-up capital.

16. Sir Robert Peel was elected Lord-Rector of Glasgow University. The votes were, for Sir R. Peel, 316; for Sir J. Campbell, 221.

21. The government gave notice, that all outstanding Exchequer Bills from this date forward, shall bear interest of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per £100 per day.

28, 29. A tremendous gale was felt in the south of England, but especially in and about London. The damage done to buildings, &c., cannot be reckoned at less than £30,000 or £40,000. The loss at Lloyd's was greater than that sustained by the great November gale of 1820.

30. Proclamation issued for the meeting of Parliament on the 31st of January, 1837.

Dec. 1. The charter of the New Metropolitan University sent by Lord J. Russell to the Earl of Burlington, its Chancellor.

Mr Lubbock is appointed the first Vice-Chancellor; and the names of thirty-five distinguished men of learning and science are enrolled as the fellows constituting the *Senatus Academicus*. The most celebrated are Lord Brougham, the Bishop of Durham, Prof. Airy, Dr. Dalton, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Sheepshanks, and Mr. Connop Thirlwall. The degrees to be conferred are specified, viz., B. A., M. A., B. LL., LL. D., M. B., M. D.

Dec. 3. Trial of Fraser (the publisher of "Fraser's Magazine") versus Mr. Grantley Berkeley for a brutal assault. Damages 100*l*.

14th. News received of Marshal Clau-

sel's defeat in Africa. Disgrace of Marshal Clausel, and cowardice of General De Rigny.

Dec. 19. The remains of Madame Malibran de Beriot disinterred at Manchester and conveyed to Laecken near Brussels. This step had met with great opposition from the clergy of Manchester.

Dec. 23. Charles Kemble,—the last of his race as actors,—took his leave of the stage,—as Benedick in "Much ado about nothing." As a *comedian* he was unrivalled; and his loss will be severely felt. His first appearance in London was in 1794.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**GLASGOW MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—We are happy to be able to give authentic details of this establishment, which is effecting much benefit to the good town of Glasgow.

The Glasgow Mechanics' Institution has now completed its thirteenth Session, and, in accordance with the requirements of its constitution, it becomes the duty of those who have been entrusted with its direction to bring before its Members the history of its progress during the past year.

**Political Economy.**—Dr. Birkbeck kindly procured for the use of the Institution the manuscript of a course of thirteen lectures on Political Economy.

**Phrenology.**—Dr. William Weir, during the months of September and October, gave a course of twenty-one lectures on Phrenology.

**Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.**—The lectures on these subjects were delivered by Mr. David Mackie and Mr. Hugo Reid. The lectures on Natural Philosophy were delivered by Mr. Mackie on the Tuesday evenings, and those on Chemistry by Mr. Reid on Friday evenings.

**Physiology applied to Health.**—Dr. J. R. Wood, who had previously lectured to the Institution on Anatomy and Physiology, delivered this Session a course of twenty-six lectures on the application of these sciences to the preservation of health.

**Art of Design.**—The usefulness of Mechanics' Institutions may be greatly increased, especially in manufacturing districts, by having attached to them a class for elementary instruction in drawing. Glasgow is obliged to draw on foreign taste, for which she makes heavy pecuniary contributions. The disadvantage has been long felt and quietly acquiesced in, because the French have been supposed to possess advantages, both natural and acquired, against which, it has been alleged, it were vain to contend. With the view of forwarding this desirable object, the President and several other gentlemen subscribed a fund, which enabled the Committee to make an arrangement with Mr. H. L. Vanden Houten, to give six months' elementary instruction in drawing, as applicable to the art of design, to twelve students, who were selected from the classes according to the proof they exhibited of possessing a natural taste for the art.

The library continues to increase both by purchase and donation; and it now contains above 4000 volumes. During the last six months, 8190 volumes have been issued to 445 readers, being an increase of 47 readers and 412 volumes above the corresponding period of last year.

From the statement of the Income and Expenditure which will be laid before the meeting, it will be observed that the liberality of our fellow-citizens has considerably increased the annual subscriptions and donations.

The liberality of the friends of the Institution has this year offered a larger amount of prizes than usual.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. Lingard is preparing for the press a new edition of his "History of England," to be published in Monthly Volumes, at 5s. each, illustrated with beautiful engravings. The author has given the work a thorough revision, and proves his facts in every instance by references to additional authorities. The entire work will not exceed twelve volumes. The labour given to the preparation of this edition having of course occupied largely his time and thoughts, the public may now hope, on its completion, that a continuation to the work will be begun. A History of England from the time of the last James, written with the original views, lucid narrative, and great industry of Dr. Lingard, would be a national object.

Preparing for publication, in one volume, 8vo., price 21s., to be published by subscription, for the benefit of his Widow, the "Poetical Works of the late Thomas Pringle," to which will be prefixed, an enlarged Memoir, and a Portrait of the Author. E. Moxon:—Smith and Elder.

"The Orchideaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala." By James Bateman, Esq.

Dr. Lindley's "Sertum Orchideum," No. 1. (*Specimen Number*.)

"Ladies' Botany." Volume the Second; with numerous Plates. By Dr. Lindley. This Volume will complete the Work.

\* The Hon. and Rev. William Herbert's New Work on "Amaryllidaceæ," illustrated by numerous Plates, with a Treatise on Hybrid Vegetables subjoined, is to be published early in January, 1837.

"Geology of Scripture."—New and conclusive Natural Demonstrations both of the Fact and Period of the Mosaic Deluge, and of its having been the only event of the kind that has ever occurred upon the Earth, by George Fairholme, Esq., illustrated by numerous Wood-cuts, &c., executed in the best manner, will be published in January, in 1 vol. 8vo.

"The Fossil Flora of Great Britain." By Dr. Lindley and W. Hutton, Esq., F.G.S. Part I. of Volume 3, with forty Plates.

Dr. Lindley's "Botanical Register, or, Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery, for 1836," being Volume the Ninth. Royal 8vo. 96 Plates.

Mr. Forbes's New Work on Horticulture, "Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and France, in 1836. By James Forbes, F.H.S., &c., Author of "Hortus Woburnensis, or, the Gardens and Grounds of Woburn Abbey."

"The British and Foreign Review, or, European Quarterly Journal," No. VII.

"What Next? or, the Peers and the Third Session of the Reformed Parliament."

"Russia. In answer to a Manchester Manufacturer."

"Right of Primogeniture Examined." By a Younger Brother.

In immediate preparation, "A History of British Birds," in 2 vols., by Mr. Yarrell, and "A History of British Reptiles," in 1 vol., by Mr. Bell. These works, with the "British Fishes" now complete, and "British Quadrupeds" now in course of publication, will complete a uniform series of the "Vertebrate Animals of Great Britain" in 6 vols.

Mr. W. Jones, Author of the "History of the Waldenses," has in the press a Volume of Sermons, which, it is expected, will make its appearance on the 1st of March.

In the press, "A Supplement to the London Catalogue of Books," containing the Books published in London since December 1834 to the end of December 1836, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers' Names.

Speedily will be published, the First Part of an entirely new work, entitled "Mechanics of Fluids," comprising Hydrodynamics and Hydraulic Architecture, illustrated by Practical Examples and numerous Engravings in Wood and Copper-plates.

"The Transactions of the Institute of British Architects." 4to. Plates. Neale and Williams.

## MEETINGS OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BODIES OF LONDON FOR 1837.

SOCIETIES.	Times of Meeting.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
Royal, Somerset House	Thursday, 8½ P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 27	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Antiquaries, Do.	Thursday, 8 P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 24*	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Geological, Do.	Wednesday, 8½ P. M.	4, 18	1, 17*, 22	8, 22	5, 19	3, 17, 31	14
Linnean, Soho Square	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	2, 24*	6, 20
	Tuesday, 3 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	1*, 2, 16	6, 20
Horticultural, 21, Regent Street	Jan. Feb. 2 P. M.						.....
Med. and Chirurgical, 53, Berners Street.	Tuesday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	.....
Civil Engineers, 1, Cannon Row	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	10, 17*, 24, 31	7, 14, 21, 28	7, 14, 21, 28	4, 11, 18, 25, 2, 9, 16, 23, 30		.....
Society of Arts, Adelphi	Wednesday, 7½ P. M.	11, 18, 25	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 5, 12, 19, 26, 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	11	9	7, 14
	Illustr. Tues. 8 P. M.	10	14	- 14	11	10	13
	Wednesday, 8 P. M.	11	8	8	12	10	14
Royal Soc. of Lit. St. Martin's Place	Thursday, 4 P. M.	12, 26	9, 23	9, 23	13, 27*	11, 25	8, 22
Zoological, 28, Leicester Square	Tuesday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	13, 27
	Thursday, 3 P. M.	5	2	2	6, 29*	4	1
Royal Institution, Albemarle Street	Friday, 8½ P. M.	20, 27	3, 10, 17, 24	3, 10, 17	7, 14, 21, 28	1*, 5, 12, 19, 26	2, 9
Royal Asiatic, 14, Grafton Street	Saturday, 2 P. M.	7, 21	4, 18	4, 18	1, 15	6*	3, 17
Royal Geographical, 21, Regent Street	Monday, 9 P. M.	9, 23	13, 27	13	10, 24	8, 15*, 22	July 1, 15
British Architects, 43, King St. Cov. Gar.	Monday, 8 P. M.	16, 30	13, 27	13, 27	3, 17	1*, 15, 29	12, 26
Entomological, 17, Old Bond Street	Monday, 8 P. M.	2, 23*	6	6	3	1	5
Statistical, St. Martin's Place	Monday, 8 P. M.	16	20	15*, 20	17	15	19
Phrenological, 10, Pantion Square	Monday, 8 P. M.	2, 16*	6, 20	6, 20, 31*	3, 17	1, 15	5, 19

Those Meetings marked thus (\*) are Anniversaries.

*Entomological Society* (17, Old Bond Street).—The Meetings continue through the year on the first Monday of every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on January 23.

*Royal Astronomical Society* (Somerset House).—Meetings from November to June, on the second Friday in every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on February 10.

*Statistical Society* (4, St. Martin's Place).—Meet on the third Monday of every month from November to July. The anniversary will be on March 15.

*Zoological Society*.—The Meetings are continued throughout the year, on the first Thursday, and on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

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No. 134.

ITALY, ITS ANCIENT GRANDEUR, THE CAUSE OF  
ITS PRESENT MORAL AND POLITICAL INSIGNIFI-  
CANCE, AND ITS APPROACHING REGENERATION.

ITALY, which the Mediterranean and Adriatic bathe with their waves, and the lofty barrier of the Alps divides from the rest of Europe, is a naturally beautiful, rich, and powerful peninsula. Its geographical position with numerous ports and bays renders it a remarkably maritime and commercial country; its vast plains and luxuriant valleys watered by many rivers and streams, either flowing from its lakes or descending from the Alps and Appennines, are extremely fertile and healthy; and its inhabitants, endowed generally with natural talents and a lively disposition, are robust, active, and well adapted both for the culture of science, literature, and arts, and for the avocations of husbandry, commerce, and war.

During the unrivalled grandeur, both of the Roman Commonwealth and Empire, Italy produced the people that conquered the world, and its inhabitants were justly considered the most civilised of the whole globe, the most formidable enemies, and the most generous allies. The despotism, however, and the profligacy of the successors of Augustus, led the way to the degeneracy and demoralization of their subjects, and little by little that great empire became immoral, luxurious, and factious.

Constantine having afterwards transferred his court from the west to the east of Europe, the Italian peninsula was of course reduced to be a province of the empire, and under the tyrannic misrule of the rapacious favourites of the eastern emperors, the Italians were truly in a miserable situation. Civil liberty was almost annihilated, the national laws were disregarded, the nobles harrassed and impoverished by the exactions of the imperial tax-gatherers, and the people, exposed to all sorts of oppression and vexations, became indifferent into the hands of what masters they fell. This moral and civil corruption, growing daily more and more prevalent, enervated at last the physical strength of the Italians, and deprived their mind of its vigour and energy, and at length they sunk into a lethargy and a stupid oblivion of their ancient greatness.

The barbarous ancestors of the present semi-barbarous Russians, who had for centuries eagerly sought to possess themselves of the treasures of Italy, profiting now by its distracted state,—Vandals, Huns, Goths, and Visigoths,—having left their frosty sterile lands, like destructive locusts, rushed into its territory, easily defeated its degenerate and undisciplined military forces, and conquered and enslaved the whole peninsula. Thus the treasures collected during a thousand years became the prey of barbarians, and the once proud mistress of the world now experienced a severe retribution for the sufferings which she had caused to many countries and nations in the days of her former splendour and power. The gradual annihilation of knowledge, civilization, industry, and commerce, was naturally followed by ignorance, superstition, slothfulness, and poverty.

The Lombards having at last been conquered by Charlemagne, the west and south of Europe were freed from their brutalizing despotism and tyranny; and the dreadful darkness of the middle ages having been succeeded by tranquillity, order, peace, and security, with the eighth century Italy became once more the cradle of European civilization, and the hallowed reviver of science, literature, and arts. The other nations in the mean time, following her example, undertook the noble task of their regeneration. However, Charlemagne committed two great errors: 1. his sanctioning, and even augmenting the temporal power with which King Pepin had unwisely invested the Popes; 2. his not uniting the Italian peninsula in one kingdom under a national government, over which the spiritual sway of the successors of Peter should not be able to rule by fomenting dissensions and bloodshed amongst its inhabitants.

But notwithstanding its political division, and the ambitious encroachments of the Roman Pontiffs, Italy was greatly improving in civilization and commerce. The republics of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Siena, became the chief marts of European commerce with the East Indies; and their citizens being scattered all over Europe for the purposes of trade, rendered their country wealthy, respectable, and respected.

Towards the beginning of the 13th century Italy was unfortunately visited by two great scourges, which seemed to vie with each other in order to transform that *paradise of Europe* into a warlike and bloody *hall*, and in fact did all in their power to put an almost insurmountable barrier against the progress of civilization and learning in that country. These scourges were the devastating civil wars of the Guelfs and Ghibelines, and the Holy Inquisition, which was founded at the instigation of a fanatic Spanish monk, Dominic de Gousman, who was well seconded and supported in his brutal views by an ignorant *ex-debauched superstitious* Italian Friar, Francis of Assisi.

The Roman Pontiffs, however, were the real and interested secret promoters of these evils, because they wished not only to retain, but also ardently desired to encrease, their usurped temporal power, against which the enlightened Italians of all classes had begun to protest, and they had also dared to attack with their writings the unbecoming worldly grandeur and unchristian pride of the Popes. In order to prevent the spreading of these just but unpleasant re-

monstrances, the army of the Holy Inquisitors was put in action, and those professed ministers of the God of mercy and justice were so zealous in behalf of the ecclesiastical supremacy and infallibility of the Romish church, that in less than a century from their establishment they actually destroyed by torture, poison, strangulation, and fire, above 200,000 supposed Italian heretics.

But neither the civil butcheries of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, nor the terrific power of the Inquisition, could again subject to the dominion of ignorance and superstition the enlightened portion of Italy; and as the liberty of speech and conscience was totally extinct, the Italian mind directed all its faculties towards the noble pursuit of science, literature, and arts, and greatly contributed to the propagation of classic knowledge throughout Europe. In the mean time in all the great cities, where either a university or a learned body existed, secret societies were established in order to keep alive and even to promote the spirit of ecclesiastical reform, which had already manifested itself, and had been scarcely choked by the blood of so many martyrs. But as it would have been almost impossible to carry on a written correspondence between the reformers scattered all over Italy without being discovered and denounced by the Arguses of the Holy Inquisition, the renowned "*Scuola d'Amore*" was instituted, by means of which, under the apparent pretext of promoting the study and improvement both of the Italian language and poetry, great efforts were made towards the spreading of anti-papal principles, in order to counteract and paralyze the baneful effects of the intrigues of the Roman See and the brutality of its inhuman supporters and cruel satellites. As at that epoch allegorical and mythological compositions and apologues were eagerly sought after by all classes of readers, both poets and novelists made a good use of this opportunity in behalf of their projects. Therefore it is that we discover in the writings of these eventful times, that the most enlightened and learned Italians of all classes and ages appear busily engaged in a foolish puerile war against *love* and its tyrannical sway, sometimes rapturously enamoured with their faithless Madonnas, and at other times we find them bewailing in sorrowful rhymes the loss of their prematurely dead mistresses. Consequently the works, both in prose and verse, of the Italian adepts of the "*Scuola d'Amore*," such as those of Guido Cavalcanti, Cino da Pistoja, Dante Alighiari, Cecco d'Ascoli, Dante da Majano, Barberini, Frezzi, Fazio Degli Uberti, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Sacchetti, &c. &c., are to be considered as the mystic correspondence of the different ecclesiastical reformers, who not only had their ramifications throughout Italy, but all over Europe. To those zealous writers we certainly owe the first seeds of ecclesiastical reformation which afterwards produced wholesome fruits under Luther and Calvin.

These internal heavy calamities of Italy were also greatly heightened by the repeated incursions of the German, French, and Spanish tyrants, who for centuries vied with each other in ravaging and oppressing that beautiful, unhappy country. Those foreign inroads were, however, almost always undertaken either in consequence of the overgrowing pride and ambition of the Roman Pontiffs, or at the

instigation of their secret agents, in order to strengthen more and more their ecclesiastical despotism, because all those invaders generally ended their conquests and butcheries by kissing the foot of his holiness in order to obtain the absolution of all their crimes and depredations.

To consolidate, or more firmly add to, the usurpation of the Holy See and the absolutism of the petty Italian despots, a nation formed by nature to be united, speaking the same language and professing the same religious creed, was purposely divided into many states, each governed by different laws and princes, who with the Pope at their head did all in their power to render their subjects indifferent to the general welfare of their country, and even jealous of the prosperity of their neighbours, and thus they succeeded in keeping in degrading bondage and ignorance the liveliest and most interesting nation of Europe.

During the 18th century Italy began to arouse from its lethargy; and as philosophy was making rapid progress all over Europe, we find that the Italians, both from the north and from the south, did not remain behind the spirit of the age; and notwithstanding the rigours of their temporal rulers, and the brutal terrors of the holy inquisitors, Beccaria, with the publication of his treaty, "*Dei Delitti, a Delle Pene*," and, Vico with his "*Scienza Nuova*," produced an extraordinary sensation throughout Italy. The despots trembled, the Popes thundered from the Vatican, the Holy Inquisitors put in readiness all their tortures and executioners, and the Italians began to think a little about their moral and political degradation. These works and their authors, having been condemned and prohibited by the Inquisition, and promptly prosecuted by the temporal power, were eagerly sought after, and secretly propagated with great activity. The Roman Pontiffs having in the mean time excommunicated, and ordered to be publicly destroyed by the hand of the common executioner, the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alambert, Locke, and of the greatest part of the German, French, and English philosophers, excited in the Italian mind the ardent wish of reading them. Thus the despotism of Rome, instead of preventing the circulation of those works by its prosecution, forwarded their propagation, and forced the Italians to seek after their unity in favour of the sacred cause of civilization and liberty. Secret societies began therefore to be established in all the great towns, and from the strait of Messina to the Alps a secret philosophical association was formed, notwithstanding the obstacles placed in its way.

Kingly, aristocratical, and ecclesiastical absolution and tyranny having at last been crushed in France by the revolution of 1789, Italy was on the eve of following the example of the French, when the priests and monks, whose temporal interests and welfare were threatened with imminent danger, both from the pulpit and in the public streets, began to declaim so much against what had taken place in France, and through their hypocritical declamations rendered the common ignorant and superstitious Italians so averse to liberal principles and institutions that the patriots were compelled to continue under the yoke.

In the mean time, the Pope at the head of all the Italian despots combined a politico-religious confederation, in order to purify the country of all those who were supposed to be infected with liberal or republican principles. Pius VI., as a Roman Pontiff, excommunicated republican France, and all those who professed or embraced republicanism; and, as a temporal prince, established a new inquisitorial Camera, expressly for the discovery and speedy condemnation and punishment of the republicans. Caroline of Austria, sister of Marie Antoinette of France, and Queen and King of Naples, established under the direction of her favourite Acton the famous Junta Vanni, Castelcicala, and Guidobaldi, which not only introduced in that oppressed kingdom the reign of terror and persecution, but in order to comply with the wishes of that revengeful female tyrant, and to indulge its own private animosity and rancour, demoralized also a part of the nation to obtain from it false denunciations against the other, and having insidiously stretched its snares all over the country, no sex, age, or class was spared. This politico-inquisitorial tribunal held its sittings day and night, always surrounded with gibbets and executioners, and every day was marked with executions of the most enlightened Neapolitans, who had only been either *denounced* or simply *suspected* of being tainted with liberal principles. During four years this ferocious junta of cannibals dispatched on the scaffold more than 60,000 political victims, without granting them the least means either of proving their innocence or of defending themselves.

The same system was also adopted by Victor Amadeus of Sardinia, and a political inquisition was by him founded at Turin, which acted strictly on the principles of the Roman and Neapolitan juntas. This cruel king, after having for years oppressed his subjects, abdicated the crown, turned and died a Jesuit at Rome, and is on the road to canonization as a saint by the court of Rome.

The states, under the absolute dominion of the Austrian family, were of course visited by the same inquisitorial persecution, and at Florence, Parma, Placentia, and Modena, were established anti-liberal and anti-republican tribunals with unlimited powers. Thus Italy was condemned to suffer unmerited hardships in consequence of the horrors and cruelties that were perpetrated on the other side of the Alps by the furious demagogues and Montagnards of the convention.

The blood, however, of the Italian political martyrs flowing in streams throughout the peninsula, greatly increased the discontent and hatred of the nation against their tyrannical oppressors; and when Bonaparte, having effected his wonderful descent from the Alps, defeated the Austrians and all the satellities of the petty Italian despots, the patriots hailed his arrival with joy, and received him as the saviour of their country. But they were afterwards greatly deceived in their expectations, because the Corsican commander-in-chief of the French republican army, by his promise of liberty and independence, and by his prompt erection and sanction of the Cis-Alpine republic, had only in view the enrichment of France at the expense of Italy and the Italians. It is a fact, that every treaty

which Bonaparte granted to the conquered Italian rulers cost their subjects millions of money, and the loss of the finest objects of art and curiosity which they possessed as national property. However, that cunning and ambitious general, through his numerous private friends, contrived to keep always alive in the mind of the patriots the joyful hope of obtaining shortly their national independence, and in this hope he often personally encouraged them by his solemn positive assurance, and thus they continued to support the French, notwithstanding their unparalleled extortions and depredations.

But when that republican hero, forgetting his origin and wantonly renouncing the principles which he had openly professed during his glorious military and consular career, became the despotic dictator of the continent of Europe, under the title of Emperor of France, the Italians soon discovered the *Mala parte* of Bonaparte, and were convinced, but too late, that he had deceived them. At length, when Napoleon elected himself king of Italy, and was crowned as such at Milan, all that were truly independent, patriotic, and reflecting, deplored the fate of their country, certain as they were that it had now become a French province. In fact, within scarcely two years Napoleon enthroned several of his relations in the peninsula, and through them ransacked its treasures and oppressed and impoverished its inhabitants. Italy obtained a kind of religious toleration in consequence of the diminution of monastical influence, and of the almost extinction of the temporal power of its ecclesiastical harpies; at the same time, civil and political liberty was totally extinct under the lieutenants of Napoleon, whose depredations, extortions, and persecutions were allowed to go on with perfect impunity, provided part of the Italian spoils were forwarded to France.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that during the French administration some important ameliorations were introduced into Italy, with regard to the instruction of the people, and to the financial and juridical departments; and that military habits, discipline, and valour, were again revived amongst its inhabitants by forcing the Italians to become partakers of the toils, dangers, and glory, of all the wars of aggression and usurpation which Napoleon undertook against the potentates of the continent of Europe. It is a fact, that the Italians were amongst the best troops that the French army possessed during the long and destructive peninsular war of Spain, and at the epoch of the gigantic disastrous campaign of Russia, where they distinguished themselves by their discipline, intrepidity, and courage.

With the fall of the French empire, Italy, according to the dictates, good-will, and pleasure of the diplomatical sages of the Congress of Vienna, was replaced under the yoke of its ancient absolute masters, who, having learned nothing during their long well-earned exile, commenced again their career of misrule. The Pope and clergy, whom Napoleon had humiliated, reassumed their former ambitious pride and irresponsible sway. The Monks, and especially the hypocritical Jesuits, who had been suppressed, were reinstated in their temporal immunities and possessions, and received again the absolute monopoly of the instruction and education of the nation; and the Italians were besides compelled to indemnify their returned

princes for all the ravages which the French had committed on the royal domains and on the national treasury.

Italy, having now been freed from the iron but glorious sceptre of Napoleon, became the prey of despotic Austria, of intolerant Rome, and of its royal Harpagons. Austria possessed itself directly of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, spreading over an area of 17,800 square miles, with 5,072,000 inhabitants. The ex-empress Marie Louise, an Austrian archduchess, obtained the states of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with 6,324 square miles of territory, and 424,000 inhabitants. Ferdinand of Este, another Austrian archduke, took possession with absolute power of Modena and Massa, spreading over an area of 1,571 square miles, with 385,000 inhabitants. Tuscany returned under its ancient Austrian absolute masters, with its 6,324 square miles of territory and 1,465,200 inhabitants. Piedmont and Sardinia, with 17,800 square miles of territory and 4,271,000 inhabitants, were again submitted to the despotic monarchical government of Victor Emmanuel of Savoy. The papal see received its patrimony and the legations, with 13,000 square miles of territory and 2,600,000 inhabitants. Lucca, with its 312 square miles of territory and 183,000 inhabitants, was given to the absolute ex-queen of Etruria and her heirs. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with its 31,800 square miles of territory and 8,000,000 inhabitants, was again submitted to the absolute sway of its ignorant superstitious Bourbons. The small republic of St. Marino, with its 17 square miles of territory and 8,500 peaceful and industrious citizens, was alone allowed to continue in the enjoyment of its patriarchal constitution.

In this wretched oppressed state, Italy groaned under its rulers from 1815 to 1820, but in the mean time the Italians were endeavouring to find the opportunity of shaking off their degrading yoke, and a permanent secret conspiracy existed between the patriots of the whole peninsula. At last, in 1820, both from the south and north, a movement took place in order to liberate the country from the ignominious yoke of ignorance, superstition, and slavery. The Neapolitans unexpectedly effected a glorious bloodless revolution, and compelled Ferdinand I. to sanction a constitutional government, which was not only officially acknowledged, but also solemnly sworn to by the king, royal family, and his ministers. The Piedmontese in the mean time raised also the standard of liberty and civilization, and the present king of Sardinia, then prince of Carignano, joined and openly encouraged the patriotic efforts of his countrymen in behalf of the future welfare of Italy. But the Neapolitan and Sardinian monarchs, although apparently satisfied with the extraordinary changes that had taken place in their possessions, were secretly intriguing and conspiring with the despots of the Holy Alliance, in order to re-establish their absolutism; and as the Roman Pontiff is always ready to grant his absolution to crowned heads, whenever they may choose to perjure themselves, in 1821 Naples and Piedmont were replaced under the yoke of their perjured absolute tyrants, through the instrumentality of the bayonets of Austria, sanctioned at the Congress of Laybach by Russia, Prussia, France, and England. Then the unfortunate patriots, who had spared the lives and trusted to the

oaths of their kings, were sacrificed to their despotic vengeance ; many suffered an ignominious death, and numbers avoided the scaffold by flying from their country after having lost all their possessions.

These unsuccessful patriotic movements increased the oppression of Italy. Austria, which before had great influence over its destinies, now almost occupied the whole peninsula with its devastating armies. As the short-lived constitutional government of Naples had been obtained chiefly in consequence of the efforts of the Carbonari, that sect was of course cruelly persecuted throughout Italy, and all those who were supposed to belong or to have belonged to it, became the object of the thunders of the Vatican, were excommunicated by a Pontifical Bull, and were also declared *outlaws* by the civil and military authorities. Carbonarism is a new political institution, and was originally founded in Calabria in 1808 at the instigation of Caroline of Austria, then reigning in Sicily by the grace of God and England. The avowed scope of the Carbonari of that epoch, who, with few exceptions, were brigands, sbirri, monks, and Sicilian assassins, was to expel the French from Naples, and to restore the exiled Bourbons to their former throne. Murat, however, having been informed in time of their plan, frustrated all their projects by keeping them well watched by his police, and continually surrounded by an imposing military force ; and when in 1812, during the Russian campaign, they were on the eve of attempting a counter-revolution in favour of the expelled dynasty, the greatest part of their chiefs and agents were unexpectedly arrested, quickly tried, and condemned, some to death, and others to imprisonment for life ; but as the execution of this sentence had not yet taken place when Murat, after the disastrous retreat of the Imperial army from Russia, returned suddenly to Naples, those conspirators were wisely declared by him to be insane, and were ordered to be kept in mad-houses until their return to reason and judgment, and after a few months' incarceration almost the whole of them were restored to liberty by Murat. In consequence of this political stratagem of that valorous but unfortunate king, the Carbonari changed their principles, expelled all the brigands, sbirri, monks, and assassins, and having admitted into their brotherhood many freemasons of all classes, re-organised their institution for the purpose of promoting national independence, and civil and religious liberty. When Murat, confiding in his personal courage and intrepidity, and foolishly relying on the promises of his generals, marched an army against Austria in 1815, on the expectation that the Italians would espouse his party in favour of Napoleon, who had mysteriously returned to France, was soon conquered and expelled from Naples, Ferdinand I. and his satellites were restored to the throne, and recommenced their reign of despotism and oppression with so great a stubbornness that the nation soon became discontented, and Carbonarism was resorted to by all classes as the only means of putting an end to their misrule and tyranny, and in 1820 the object of the patriotic efforts of the Neapolitans was at length realized. Since 1821, notwithstanding the terror, vigilance, and persecution of the ecclesiastical and temporal rulers of Italy,

Carbonarism has extended its ramifications all over the peninsula and even in France, and at present the Italian Carbonari amount to above 400,000. In 1831 the Carbonari of central Italy, instigated and encouraged by their brethren of France, followed the example of the Parisians, dethroned the petty tyrants of Modena, Massa, Parma, and Lucca, and put an end to the absolutism of the court of Rome, and all the Italian despots would have soon experienced the same fate had not the mock citizen-king of the French perfidiously betrayed the cause of the patriots by allowing to Austria the brutal right of crushing them with its powerful armies.

During the last six years poor unhappy Italy has been in a state of unparalleled oppression; 180,000 Austrians keep in a permanent state of siege all the great cities in their possessions, and are always ready to assist their neighbours. Sardinia has 80,000 men under arms, and 12,000 armed spies. Parma, Placentia, Modena, and Massa, are watched, not only by national troops, but by mercenary Swiss and German guards. Tuscany is well stocked with national troops, and well supported by the permanent Austrian camp of Verona. The Roman States are under the *surveillance* of Austria, and watched by numerous papal soldiers and gendarmes. The kingdom of Naples is kept in obedience by 70,000 national troops, and the king's person is confided to the fidelity of 8000 Swiss mercenaries. The press is under the censorship both of the civil and ecclesiastical power. Only eight daily periodicals are published throughout the whole peninsula, and they are the organs of the government, for whose interest they are printed. The universities are almost deserted, the students being continually in dread of being arrested on suspicion. The monks and priests, the richest and the only beings free from taxation, amount to nearly half a million, and, living in idleness and ignorance, by their example render the lower orders of that country idle and superstitious. However, the middle and instructed classes of Italy, although apparently very quiet and passive, are all conspiring, and a secret permanent correspondence is kept up between the patriots of all the great towns, and undoubtedly Italy cannot remain much longer in its present wretched, distracted, and degraded state. What has lately occurred in Spain and Portugal will shortly have its effects. Italy is on the eve of momentous events, but its convulsions will be very violent in consequence of its having to contend with extraordinary difficulties, and to struggle at once both for its unity and independence against a deeply rooted ecclesiastical and monarchical government, against the blind ignorance and superstitions of a vast number of its inhabitants, and against powerful military corps. The modern Italians, however, are by no means deficient either in the love of liberty or the feelings of patriotism; they will exert their natural magnanimity, and availing themselves of their natural advantages, as one people, they will frustrate the intrigues of foreign powers, and counteract the influence of their crafty priesthood, by whose means they are kept in a state of too great dissension between themselves. The Italian patriots, imitating the ancients, their noble progenitors, and recollecting that they have still in their veins some of the blood of those who imposed laws upon the universe, will at

last unite under the same standard in order to regain their national independence, their liberty, and their former grandeur.

But what will the Italians do if they succeed in shaking off their present yoke? will probably ask our readers. What sort of national government will they adopt? We answer that we have reasons to believe, that as it appears almost impossible that they can find amongst their present rulers a man possessing those qualities which could render him worthy and capable of becoming a constitutional monarch of a nation of twenty-two millions of souls, the Italians are agreed upon following the glorious example of North America, which is at present the most prosperous country of the known world, and in forming an Italian confederation, whose congress should unite for the despatch of business at Rome,—that Turin, Cagliari, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Monteleone, and Palermo, would be the chief towns of the United Italian States, and that the same wholesome fundamental principles, which have worked wonders amongst the North Americans, should be strictly adopted by the Italian nation. Civil and religious liberty, general civilization and prosperity, would be forwarded from the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants by promoting instruction, industry, and commerce; and certainly Italy is the country, which in a few years can become again as great and as powerful as it was two thousand years ago; its geographical position and its extraordinary internal resources could be most useful to the commerce and welfare of many nations.

### THE LYRE.

The balm for my sorrow,  
The sigh for my grief;  
On each coming morrow  
It brings me relief.

The voice that can soothe me,  
The friend that I prove,  
The spell that detains me,  
The charmer I love!

When reft of all pleasure  
That wealth can bestow,  
I yet have a treasure,  
The sweetest I know.

Its music shall woo me,  
Its tenderness move  
Regret and care from me—  
The Lyre of my love!

E. L. E.

## THE NEW LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

THE fact has never been doubted, that *religious bigotry* blinds man's judgment and incapacitates him for the formation of an unbiassed opinion respecting the merits of those who are opposed to him on a single point. The high-churchman not only denies the privilege of salvation to those out of the pale of episcopacy, but allows his prejudice to act unfavourably in the conclusions that he may draw respecting the general and social character of such men; and so likewise, the stiff dissenter, while he denounces episcopacy as formalism and state-policy, looks with jealousy at all churchmen, in whatever relation of life they may chance to come in contact with him. *Political bigotry* is productive of effects no less baneful than those that result from differences on religious doctrine; and this bigotry is chargeable not against this or that individual, but against the more active and violent men of all parties,—tories, whigs, and radicals. We do not mean to say, that any of the three would deny to the other two the usual urbanities of civilized society and within certain limits the confidence of private friendship; but we appeal to any one, whose knowledge of society entitles him to an opinion, whether we are not right in saying, that politics cause men to look on things generally with a jaundiced eye, and, consequently, to form very unfair and uncharitable opinions respecting the motives of their opponents, even in concerns totally irrespective of the great bone of contention. It may be, that we are vainly striving against a principle of our mental constitution,—that association of ideas which lies at the bottom of every prejudice; but we still conceive that, if the advocates of different political creeds would consent to meet on neutral ground, and disabuse themselves of their prejudices, much benefit might result to the British community. It is this feeling that has induced us to notice favourably Sir Robert Peel's *academic* speech at Glasgow, and to devote more space to the subject than we should have been justified in doing under more ordinary circumstances.

The means, by which Sir Robert Peel was this year elected Lord Rector have been hinted at before in the pages of this periodical; but we really believe that Sir R. Peel had no knowledge of the schemes that were set on foot to gain for him a majority of the votes; and perhaps he scarcely is cognisant *now* of the principle on which those votes are founded,—unless indeed, during his *hob-nobs* with the "Senatus Academicus," he may have learnt the process of his election, but this diminishes in no degree the abilities and genius of the individual.

Sir Robert Peel,—we once more assert,—is a man possessing as high talents as any one on the opposite side. We could—if our readers would not think us rattling,—state, in what respects we consider him to be possessed of talent, and we might expatiate on his

rhetorical abilities; but we abstain. It must not be supposed that it is our intention to express an approving sentiment to all that has been done at Glasgow. With the DINNER and the honourable baronet's speech there we have no concern whatever. We leave this subject, however, and address ourselves to the more grateful business of eulogising Sir Robert Peel—as the possessor of very high attainments totally unconnected with politics:—and we cannot, as we think, exhibit our feeling more strongly than by furnishing our readers with a report of the more important parts of the Lord Rector's speech—the speech of the academical Superior of the University. It began as follows:—

“ I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of publicly expressing the gratification which I derive from my appointment to the office on the duties of which I have just entered. I might have hesitated voluntarily to present myself as a candidate for that office, not from unbecoming indifference to the distinction which it confers, but partly from disinclination to interfere with the pretensions of others, and reluctance to add to the pressure of those duties which in public and private life I am called upon to perform. But when I received the unexpected intelligence that my election had actually taken place, I required no advice—I asked for no time to consider—I acted upon the impulse of feelings that were better counsellors than doubts and deliberation; and I resolved at once to justify the generous confidence which had tendered me this high trust, and which must have anticipated my acceptance of it. I do accept it, grateful for the kindness which has conferred it, proud of the relation in which I stand to this venerable seat of learning, anxious to discharge with fidelity the duties which that relation may involve, and not merely those duties, but if I can extend the sphere of usefulness beyond the proper functions of this office, if there be any other capacity in which my services can be made available, they shall be freely tendered for the protection of every just privilege to which the University can lay claim, and for the maintenance of its true and permanent interests.

“ The state of this University, and of the other universities of Scotland, has recently undergone visitation and enquiry by a commission, which owed its appointment to advice humbly tendered by me to the Crown. Various suggestions have been offered in the report of that commission concerning the revenues, the government, and discipline of this University, and the intervention of Parliament will, I presume, be requisite in order to give effect to such of those suggestions as it shall be thought fitting to adopt.

“ You will not expect from me at the very outset of my connexion with the University, the declaration of a positive opinion upon matters so intimately affecting its welfare. I should not mark my respect for you, were I to regard solely temporary interests and pledge myself to their exclusive protection. I shall best maintain the dignity of this office, I shall best consult your true interest I shall most certainly secure your lasting favour, by exercising an impartial independent judgment, by weighing maturely each suggestion of improvement, and the evidence by which it is supported, not merely regarding the abstract merits of the isolated proposal, but viewing it in reference to the whole scheme of academical education in Scotland, its connexion with the means of preliminary instruction, its adaptation to the state of manners and society in Scotland, its capacity for supplying those acquirements and that description of knowledge which shall best ensure the success and eminence of those for whom academical instruction is intended. Be assured, however, that I shall enter upon the consideration of these important matters with a strong prepossession that the scheme of academical education adopted in the universities of Scotland, modified as it gradually has been, according to the changes in society and the new demands for knowledge, is admirably adapted

to the great ends for which it is designed. I see in it a scheme that makes learning subservient to action—that does not partake of a professional character—that embraces all distinctions and classes of society—that qualifies those of the highest rank for the public duties they will have to perform—that offers to men engaged in business, and even advanced in life, the opportunity of ascertaining the progressive discoveries of science, and the applicability of those discoveries to their respective circumstances—that offers also to those whose pecuniary means are the most restricted, those benefits of an enlightened education and the rewards of literary distinction.

“I should not be acting in conformity with established usage, I should still less be acting in unison with my own feelings, if I did not on this occasion address myself immediately to those who are pursuing their studies within these walls. Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of the deepest conviction, founded on the opportunities of observation, which public life and intercourse with the world have afforded, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much more independent of the accidents and caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control than they appear to be to superficial observers. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever be your pursuit, whatever be the profession which you may choose, the avenues to honourable fame are open to you, or at least are obstructed by no barriers of which you may not command the key.”

The Lord Rector then proceeded to encourage the students to perseverance in their several pursuits of theology, science, and law; and in the recommendation of the latter he took occasion to remark on the preference of the learned men of Glasgow for him, an Englishman and an Oxonian, over a regular Scotsman. [This might have been omitted in a speech totally unconnected with politics.] He continued, as follows:—

“I have said that the field for exertion is boundless, and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I repeat, with the earnestness of the deepest conviction, that there is, in my mind, a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent in whatever profession you may choose, you will, if health and strength be given to you, infallibly succeed. If what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind, which may be improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by the same discipline, can hope to attain. There are, no doubt, original differences in different minds, in the depth and in the quality of the intellectual mine; but, in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of that mine depends, in by far the greatest degree, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which are applied to it. Do I say that you can command success without difficulty? No: difficulty is the condition of success. ‘Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. *Pater ipse colendi, haud facilem esse viam voluit.* He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.’ These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen, of the greatest orator of modern ages at least, if it were allowed to judge of oratory by the compositions it has bequeathed to posterity, without reference to the physical qualifications of the speaker. I say then, in conformity with the advice of Mr. Burke, enter into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside, say not it is a lion in the path; resolve upon en-

countering and mastering it; and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory that will make future conquests easy.

“On by far the greater part of you it is incumbent to acquire those qualities which shall fit you for action rather than speculation. It is not therefore by the mere accumulation of knowledge that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. If you will consider these faculties as the most precious gifts of nature—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and therefore almost indefinite improvement, that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired,—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own mind and your own habits, that shall ensure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance. Try, even for a short period, the experiment of exercising such control. If in the course of your studies you meet with a difficulty, resolve on mastering it;—if you cannot by your own unaided efforts, be not ashamed to admit your inability, and seek for assistance. Practice the economy of time, consider time like the faculties of your mind—a precious estate, that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourself to unremitting labour and sacrifice all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself and the successful result of application depend in a great measure upon the economy of time. When you have lived fifty years you will have seen many instances in which the man who finds time for every thing,—for punctuality in all the relations of life, for the pleasure of society, for the cultivation of literature, for every rational amusement,—is he who is the most assiduous in the active pursuits of his profession. Estimate also properly the force of habit—exercise a constant, an unremitting vigilance over the acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference, that perhaps are really so, independently of the habits which they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by tolerating negligence and procrastination in matters of small account, but frequent recurrence, matters of which the world takes no notice, becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance.

“If you will make the experiment of which I have spoken, if for a given time you will resolve that there shall be a complete understanding of every thing you read, or the honest admission that you do not understand it; that there shall be a strict regard to the distribution of time; that there shall be a constant struggle against the bondage of bad habit; a constant effort which can only be made within to master the mind, to subject its various processes to healthful action, the early fruits of this experiment—the feeling of self-satisfaction, the consciousness of growing strength, the force of good habit, will be inducements to its continuance more powerful than any exhortations. These are the arts,—this is the patient and laborious process by which in all times and in all professions the foundations of excellence and of fame have been laid.

“‘It is very natural,’ says Sir Joshua Reynolds, ‘for those who are unacquainted with the cause of any thing extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic.’ The travellers into the East tell us, that ‘when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining among them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long lost science, they always answer that they were built by magicians.’ The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powers and those works of complicated art which it is utterly unable to fathom, and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by super-

natural powers. We have in the instance of Cicero the stately edifice, the monument of intellectual grandeur; but we learn from the evidence of the illustrious architect by what careful process the foundations were securely laid, and the scaffolding was gradually erected. Our wonder at the perfection of the work may be abated; but what can abate our admiration and respect for the elevated views, the burning thirst for knowledge and for fame, the noble ambition that 'scorned delights, and lived laborious days,' which engraved on the memory the paternal exhortation to the hero in Homer,

'Αἰεν ἀριστευεῖν καὶ ὑπειροχὸν ἐμμεναὶ ἀλλῶν.'

"The name, the authority, the example of Cicero, conduct me naturally to a topic which I should be unwilling to pass in silence. I allude to the immense importance to all who aspire to conspicuous stations in any department of public or professional life—the immense importance of classical acquirements, of imbuing your minds with a knowledge of the pure models of antiquity, and a taste for their constant study and cultivation. Do not disregard the admonition from the impression that it proceeds from natural prejudice in favour of classical learning, or that it is offered presumptuously by one ignorant of that description of knowledge which is best adapted to the habits and occupations of society in Scotland. I want to impress upon your mind, that a wider horizon than that of Scotland is open to you—that you are candidates starting with equal advantage for every prize of profit or distinction which the wide circle of an empire extended through every quarter of the globe can include.

"I need not remind you of the earnest and eloquent exhortations to the study of ancient and particularly of Attic composition, which have been delivered from this seat. I need not remind you of the manifold facilities which that study affords you in the comprehension of the structure of modern languages, and the formation of style on the purest models, or how indispensable it is to the understanding of a thousand allusions to the usages and expressions of classical antiquity, which are scattered with happy prodigality through some of the finest of modern compositions—allusions *φωναῖα συνειροισιν*, that have a voice for those, but for those alone, that have been initiated in these delightful mysteries. Let me however attempt to bring from the examples of public life a practical confirmation of the truth of these maxims, and the wisdom of these exhortations. I ask you simply to pass in succession the names of those who have stood most conspicuous in the great arena of public competition, and to compare the proportion borne to the total number by those who have been eminent for classical acquirements."

The Lord Rector here alluded at considerable length to the pursuits of Fox and Pitt, as contrasted with those of Walpole; and we think that the conclusion thence drawn was not altogether liberal. With respect to classical studies in general, we are not so confident of their utility as the right honourable baronet; although we have gone through the same academic discipline as himself.

We proceed to the peroration, which is quite unexceptionable and may be classed among the *chef-d'œuvres* of our literature.

"I have detained you at great length. I am well aware that the observations I have addressed to you have nothing of novelty to recommend them,—that the truths to which I have adverted are so obvious that they scarcely require the aid of reasoning to enforce them. But they are truths of vital importance, and it too frequently happens that the ready assent which we give to them has not the practical influence on our conduct which it ought to have. If it had, how many of us would have been spared the painful retrospect—that retrospect which you may avert, but which we cannot, of opportunities lost, time misspent, habits of indolence or negligence become inveterate.

“Hitherto I have referred exclusively to the considerations of worldly advantage and worldly fame, as encouragements to early and continued exertion. We have seen how powerful they were in animating the ambitious spirit of the Roman orator. Not one of the motives by which he was stimulated is wanting to you. His field for competition was not more ample—the reward of success was not more splendid. You have a country as much endeared to you by proud recollections. You have institutions, civil and religious, standing in equal need of your solicitude, infinitely more worthy of your defence.

“But for you there are incitements to labour, to zeal in the cause of knowledge and of virtue, infinitely beyond any which could have animated the exertions of Cicero. You have the express command of God to improve the faculties which distinguish you from the beasts that perish. You have the awful knowledge, that of the use or neglect of those faculties a solemn account must be rendered. You have the assurance of an immortality different from that of worldly fame.

“By every motive which can influence a reflecting and responsible being, “a being of a large discourse looking before and after,” by the memory of the distinguished men who have shed a lustre on these walls, by regard for your own success and happiness in this life, by the fear of future discredit, by the hope of lasting fame—by all these considerations do I conjure you, while you have yet time, before the evil day shall yet come, while your minds are yet flexible, to form them on the models which are the nearest to perfection. *Sursum corda!* By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render, not merely of moral actions, but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you, so ‘to number your days that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom’—unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching you humble reliance on the merits of our Redeemer, may support you ‘in the time of your tribulation,’ may admonish you ‘in the time of your wealth,’ and ‘in the hour of death and in the day of judgment,’ may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.”

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## IMITATED FROM PART OF ONE OF THE SONGS OF DE BERENGER.

Is it my love, in her tight-lacing bodice,  
Taps at my door at the close of the day?  
Fal lal la! 'tis Fortune's blind goddess;  
Fal lal la! and there she may stay.

Friends are around us, our pleasure enhancing;  
We want but of Fanny's dark eye the bright ray,  
That shines like a sunbeam o'er summer waves dancing—  
Fortune may pass on her wearisome way.

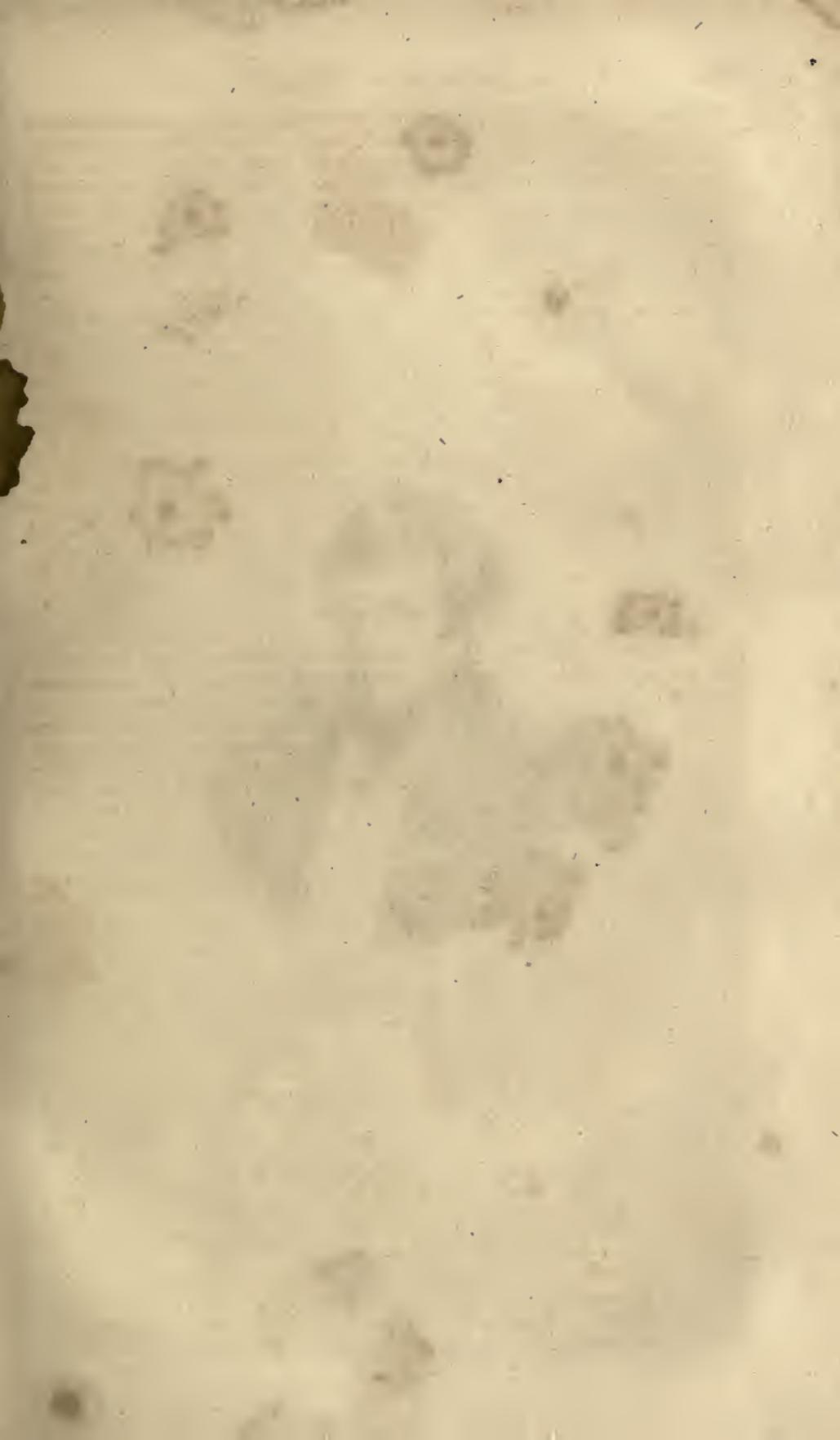
Is it my love, &c.

She offers us pearls, she offers us rubies,  
We'd turn from such baubles a thousand times told,  
And leave all her baits to the crack-pated boobies  
Who fancy the tinsel of fortune is gold.

Is it my love, &c.

How they crowd round her! Is it not folly, boys?  
Greedy for riches—the miserly drove.  
'Tis pleasanter far to be cheated, my jolly boys,  
Believe me it is, by the girls that we love.

Is it my love, &c.





*Armand Carrel.*

*London, February, 1837.*

## MEMOIR OF ARMAND CARREL.

IN a recent number of our Magazine we gave a slight sketch of this illustrious Frenchman, while contrasting his principle with the want of principle exhibited by another of his countrymen, M. Thiers. We now give a more enlarged memoir of him, which we believe will be acceptable to our readers; for the bonds of reciprocal attachment, which happily now connect the two greatest and most enlightened countries in Europe, are so strong, that the inhabitants of Britain can feel a real and deep interest in the history, and sympathize with the fate, of one of the purest of the patriots, and the greatest political writer of France.

Armand Carrel, the subject of our memoir, was born at Rouen on the 8th of May, 1800. His father was a respectable merchant or linen-draper of that town, and he originally designed his son to succeed him in his business; but, fortunately for the cause of freedom, the bold and determined character which Armand exhibited at an early period of life, and the predilection he evinced for a military life, induced the father to give way to the natural disposition of his son; and Carrel was accordingly sent to the military college of St. Cyr. Here he soon distinguished himself amongst his companions, not so much by excelling them in the mathematical exercises, as by the superiority of his compositions, especially military harangues and declamations in the cause of freedom. Even at this early period he evinced the bold and indomitable nature of his character, which could never bear an insult. The general who was at the head of the school, and whose opinions were but little in unison with those of Carrel, having one day reproached him by saying that with such dispositions as he showed, he ought to have remained at home and shouldered the yard-measure of his father, Carrel sternly replied, "General, if ever I take a yard-measure in my hand it shall not be to measure calico." For this daring reply, which was construed, and perhaps justly so, into a threat of applying the rod against the head of his superior, an attempt was made to expel him from college; and the expulsion would undoubtedly have taken place had not Carrel transmitted a report of the whole affair to the minister of war, who, seeing that he had only resented an insult most unwarrantably offered him, interfered in his behalf, so that he remained at St. Cyr until the usual period of the termination of his education. But his situation at the school during the interval was rendered exceedingly disagreeable by his triumph on this occasion. He was the constant object of oppression on the part of the general and inferior officers; and the indomitable obstinacy with which he passively resisted it, caused him, on his leaving the college, to be reported to the minister of war as a dangerous and discontented youth.

Notwithstanding this, Carrel was shortly afterwards appointed to a sub-lieutenancy or ensigncy in the 29th regiment of the line, and in 1821 was stationed with a corps at Neuf-Brisac, where he was engaged in what was called the conspiracy of Befort. This subject is involved in considerable obscurity. It was one of those numerous

ebullitions of discontent which then showed themselves in many directions against the French government. The military, disgusted with the disposition shown by the court to place matters on the same foundation as in the ancient *régime* before the revolution, were deeply engaged in it, and especially Carrel's regiment, which was stationed partly at Befort and partly at Neuf-Brisac. The object of the conspiracy was to demand a redress of grievances, and the plan adopted was to rise in both of these towns at the same time; but the majority of the officers at the latter place, where there was only a battalion of the regiment, refused to move, until they received intelligence of the revolt of the chief body at the former. Carrel accordingly, who entered warmly into the plot, volunteered with a friend to go to Befort to procure this information. He set out at midnight disguised in plain clothes, and arrived there at the moment when the conspiracy proved abortive, having been quelled at its outbreak by the government. He immediately retraced his steps, and returned to Neuf-Brisac so quickly, that he appeared in his uniform at parade next morning without its being suspected by the authorities that he had passed the night upon the road. He thus saved his brother-officers from committing themselves; and although the government, which had received information that a nocturnal communication had taken place between the two towns, made the strictest inquiries to discover the agents of it, Carrel's youth and apparent carelessness placed him beyond suspicion. The secret, however, seems afterwards to have been found out; and this, along with some letter exposing the misconduct of the military commander at Marseilles, to which the 29th had been removed, rendered Carrel's situation so irksome, and so completely excluded all hopes of promotion, that he resigned his commission in the French service.

Shortly after his retirement from the French army, an event occurred, which again called Carrel into military service and had the deepest influence on his future career. Spain, which had long been groaning under the tyrannical misrule of Ferdinand "the beloved," made an effort to throw off its chains; and in 1823 the Constitution of 1812, which is now triumphant, was proclaimed by Mina and some of the other devoted friends of liberty in that country. In this noble attempt for freedom Carrel warmly sympathized; but he did not, like many others, confine himself to mere sympathy; for he resolved to enter hand as well as heart in the cause, and accordingly embarked at Marseilles, in March 1823, for Barcelona, where he joined the *Legion Liberale Etrangère*, or Foreign Liberal Legion, which had been raised to assist the constitutional forces in Spain. Carrel enrolled himself in this brigade merely as an ensign; for he did not, like many others who joined it, attempt to give himself any adventitious rank, but entered in the same station which he had held in the French service.

But the time for the triumph of constitutional principles had not yet arrived; and the cause which, (now that it is indomitable,) is in 1836 apparently hailed by the governments of England and France, was in 1823 received with no friendly feeling by the former, and with open opposition by the latter. Some friends of freedom in

England, indeed, then gave Mina and his heroic followers all the support which resolutions at public meetings could convey; but the government of the country lent them no assistance, while that of France sent an army to put them down. The noble efforts of the Spanish constitutionalists were thus checked in the bud, and every vestige of freedom again disappeared from their unfortunate country. Tyranny, however, was not re-established without a struggle, in which the *Legion Liberale Etrangère* fully bore its share. But all the heroic efforts of Mina and of this brigade were unavailing; and the Legion, after two sanguinary engagements at Barcelona and Llera with the French troops, were obliged to capitulate on the field of battle, after having there lost two-thirds of its number. In these engagements Carrel especially distinguished himself, exhibiting a far higher degree of military knowledge than most of those who had assumed ranks superior to his own; and it was not until all the French, who formed part of the Legion, had been included in the capitulation on the same terms as the other foreigners and Spaniards, that he consented to lay down his sword.

The principal terms of this capitulation were,—that the troops should be prisoners-of-war, their officers retaining all the baggage which they were possessed of previous to the action; those who were foreigners were to be treated in the same way as the Spanish constitutional forces, to whom an amnesty had been granted, while the general of the French troops especially undertook to obtain from his king pardon for all the Frenchmen who were in the Legion. This capitulation, as far as it related to its subjects, was afterwards shamefully broken by the French government, which not only refused to ratify the terms of its general, but ordered Carrel and the rest of his countrymen to be tried by a court-martial *for carrying arms against France!*—for such was the designation which the ministry gave to the conduct of men whose only crime was supporting the cause of liberty in another country, and who had the misfortune to be obliged by their duty, and the improper intervention of the French government, to draw their swords against their own countrymen.

The proceedings of this court-martial were marked by that gross injustice and oppression, by which trials of this description, and indeed of every other, were then, *and are still*, characterized in France. In that country the judges, instead of being the dignified and impartial dispensers of justice, degrade themselves by insulting and browbeating their prisoners. Their conduct more resembles that of a counsel for the prosecution than of an upright judge. They appear to be the mere minions of the government; and were equally so on the occasion of the court-martial on Carrel and his comrades in the days of Louis XVIII., as they were in the more recent civil trials of Fieschi with his associates, and Alibaud, for their attempts on the life of Louis Philippe. We mention together the subjects of these different trials, not because they have the slightest connexion with each other,—(for Carrel committed no crime), while the offences of the others were of the deepest dye. Still less do we allude to it with the view of palliating the atrocious conduct of the assassins; but we are of opinion, and we feel assured that every Englishman

will concur in it, that the overbearing conduct of the President of the court at the trial of these wretches, was as inconsistent with justice, as was that of the court-martial before which Carrel was tried: a specimen of which we subjoin:—

*President.*—It appears from a muster-roll found among the Spanish papers, a copy of which I now hand you, that you have served as an officer in a legion denominated the *Legion Liberale Etrangère*. How comes it that you, as a French officer, could so far forget yourself as to act as a traitor to your king by serving in the rank of rebels?

*Carrel.*—I have not forgotten myself as a French officer, having ceased to hold that situation since the 7th of March, 1823; and my departure for Spain was subsequent to that period. It was as a French citizen, that I entered into the Spanish service, and my opinions led me to support a cause which I did not consider in the light of a rebel one. Besides, hostilities against it had not then commenced on the part of France.

*President.*—It appears, from a document which I lay before you, that you were taken with arms in your hands at Llera. In your quality of French citizen you could not bear arms against France without rendering yourself guilty of the greatest crime.

*Carrel.*—I was not taken with arms in my hands; but I laid them down in consequence of the surrender of the corps to which I belonged. As to the second part of your question, my being under arms against the French was the unfortunate result of the opinions which I stated to have led me into Spain.

It would be idle to cite farther a course of examination, which was marked only by injustice and insult to the object of it. Carrel repelled these with all the consciousness of honour and the dignity of innocence. The defence he made was so able,—especially while insisting on the faith of the capitulation and the circumstance of his having retired from the French service before entering the Spanish,—that the court, in spite of its prepossessions, felt itself bound by the constitution to declare its incompetence to take cognizance of the accusation. Carrel would thus have been acquitted, had not an order been sent down by government, directing the court to declare itself competent and to pronounce sentence of death upon the prisoners. These arbitrary commands were, to the disgrace of French justice, carried into effect. The former declaration was rescinded; and Carrel and his associates received sentence of death. He protested against this atrocious conduct, not so much he said on his own account, as on that of the unfortunate men, of whom he was the representative; and at the same time he appealed to the superior Court of Revision.

While this appeal was pending, (and it was purposely protracted by the government, which was aware that it must terminate against them,) Carrel and his comrades were confined in the prison of Perpignan, and subjected to the most rigorous oppression and cruelty. The sufferings which they endured are thus described in an elegant statement, which he drew up in behalf of his fellow-prisoners and delivered to the medical officers for presentation to the authorities.

“During,” said he, “the eight months that the officers in confinement at Perpignan have occupied a dark and unwholesome cell, the only request which they have made to the medical attendants and those of the police, has been, that they might be allowed the air necessary for the preservation of their health and have as much light admitted into their room as would remove its present appearance of a dungeon. No notice however has been taken of this application, nor has redress been obtained. Finding that they could not succeed in having their apartment rendered more habitable, they next applied to be allowed to remain in the open air for two hours a day: this also was refused. They continue to have only an hour in the twenty-four allowed them; and even this indulgence is often denied them through the caprice of the jailer or on the plea of bad weather. At the time when the heat of the weather began to render their prison dreadful, they were again obliged to apply for the necessary alterations in their cell; as, in order to breathe the air, they had to stand, one at a time, at the small opening which admitted the light; and their application was again refused. These details may appear trifling to those who are living in liberty and ease; but they are important to those that suffer. All that they now hope is, that, as sentinels have lately been placed on the terrace during the whole day, they may be allowed to go out twice during the twenty-four hours, and that the time when this liberty is granted them may be so arranged, that they may not be exposed to a transition from the damp of their dungeon to the fervent heat of the sun. An hour before their morning meal and another before their evening would be convenient, as it would not interfere with the duty of their guards; but even this small indulgence has been denied them on the pretext, that it would interfere with the occupations of the jailer.”

The situation of the prisoners was shortly afterwards considerably alleviated by the benevolence of an inhabitant of Perpignan, who not only liberally supplied them from his own purse with many necessaries of which they stood in need, but also opened a correspondence with their friends with the view of obtaining their release. The influence thus exerted was so powerful, chiefly it is supposed through the interposition of the Baron de Damas, the French general who signed the capitulation, and whose good opinion Carrel, at an earlier period of his life, had acquired, that a proposal was soon after made by the agents of government, offering to release the prisoners—provided they supplicated the clemency of the king *as deserters*. This offer was embraced by many of them; but Carrel, feeling that it involved his honour, rejected it with disdain. He was accordingly removed from his prison at Perpignan to another at Toulouse, and subjected to even harsher treatment, and,—what he felt still more,—to grosser indignities. He was thrown into the common gaol of the town, and lodged in the same apartment with the felons and most abandoned characters. But even here the innate dignity of his nature protected him; and retiring to a corner of the cell he passed his time in perusing the few books he had brought with him from France, his privacy being respected even by the lawless ruffians by whom he was surrounded. Carrel indeed possessed the secret of keeping

intrusive familiarity at a distance, and he soon made his abandoned fellow-prisoners feel that, though an inmate of the same cell with them, he was not their associate. Thus left alone with the small library which his poverty had enabled him to bring with him originally from France, and which, though he had lost all his other property, he had contrived to preserve amid his various vicissitudes, he unconsciously laid the foundation of that knowledge and of those resources with which he was so soon to astonish the world. His solitude was less irksome than could be supposed, if we may judge by the following affecting extract of a letter of his at this time, written to a friend when he was transferred to Toulouse, to await the decision of the Court of Revision to which he had appealed.

“When it was necessary that I should be removed to Toulouse, General Rottemburg demurred in granting me a favour which is not usually denied even to the greatest criminals, namely, the privilege of being conveyed at my own expense; and had it not been for the intercession of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Perpignan, I should have been conducted from brigade to brigade loaded with irons. At Toulouse, rigours before unknown were endured by me; but after eight days’ suffering, a change took place in the conduct of General Barbat, who commanded there; he relented; and my situation has since been supportable and even happy; since sad experience has taught me, that it is happiness to see the sun and inhale an atmosphere fit for breathing.”

The time now approached, when the fate of Carrel and the few of his associates who like him had preferred death to dishonour, was to be determined. The government had on one pretext or another always postponed the reference of the appeal to the Court of Revision; but, as the affair could no longer be protracted, this court was at last commanded to meet for the purpose of hearing it. The trial of Carrel came on first; as it was intended to make an example of him, in consequence of his having refused to receive a pardon on condition of confessing himself a deserter,—a monstrous falsehood and humiliation to which he would not for a moment listen. He was also himself anxious on this account, that he should be tried first; and he had expressed a hope, that his death might be considered as an atonement for his companions in misfortune. But the trial was not destined to have so gloomy a termination. The high Court of Revision was composed of officers who would not sacrifice their sense of justice even to the wishes or the dictates of the government; and Carrel made such a splendid defence, that the tribunal without a moment’s hesitation pronounced his acquittal, the very *gens-d’armes* who guarded him being so led away by his eloquence that they threw down their arms to applaud him. This latter circumstance affected Carrel deeply; and it may be doubted whether among all the tributes of applause which were afterwards paid to his eloquence by men of far higher rank, he cherished any half so cordially, as the rude and almost involuntary acclamations of these unsophisticated soldiers. The trial of the other prisoners was not proceeded with. The great essay of the government to render a court of justice but a mockery, and its officers the minions of their will, had been directed against

Carrel, and had signally failed. After having been unable to bring down the eagle, they could not stoop to aim at the falcons; and the other prisoners were thus discharged without a trial.

Carrel on being dismissed from the prison of Toulouse found himself at once thrown almost friendless upon a world which had hitherto been so unfriendly to him, and was in great perplexity what course to pursue for his future support. His former profession of arms, as far as it regarded the French service, was closed against him; and the revolution in Spain having been quashed, there was no other field for the exertion of those military men, who like himself had retired from the French army in disgust, excepting that afforded by joining the standard of Ypsilanti in Greece, or of Bolivar in America. Many of the old officer, who had been discharged from the army or had voluntarily quitted on the downfall of their general, Napoleon, had, finding themselves unable to convert their swords into ploughshares after being so long inured to the excitement of war, entered these services, and there found that cherished freedom and equality which had prevailed under their emperor, but which now no longer characterized the *régime* of Louis XVIII. Carrel deeply sympathized in these feelings and it is probable that he would have joined his expatriated countrymen on one or other of these fields, had he not been dissuaded from such a course by the advocate, who had assisted him on his trial. This gentleman, (whose name was Isambert,) had not failed to observe, that the young ex-officer possessed abilities of too high an order to be thrown away in a camp. He therefore persuaded him to go to Paris, and gave him introductions to Lafitte and some other of his friends in that city. On Carrel's arrival in Paris it was first proposed to place him in a commercial house; but this project was given up in consequence of his predilections for the bar, which again in its turn was abandoned, because it was found that Carrel, though eminently qualified for it—for he was as ready and eloquent in speech as in his writings—had not undergone the preliminary course of education which was necessary; and before he could do so, several years must elapse, during which he would be wholly unprovided for. He therefore resolved to give himself up to literature; and with this view he became the secretary of Augustin Thierry, the celebrated historian. This eminent and equally amiable man, who had lost his sight from his devotion to study, derived great assistance from Carrel, whom he employed upon his works. Observing the greatness of his talents and the goodness of his heart, Thierry loved him as a friend, and Carrel in return revered him, whom he fondly called his master, and who was the only person whom he ever acknowledged by that name. He did not however long remain in this situation, for he was too great a genius himself to pass his time in writing to the dictates of another; and some original works, in which he was now engaged, rendered it necessary that he should devote the whole of his time to their completion. These works were a Summary of the History of Scotland and also of that of Modern Greece,—with contributions to the "Revue Française," a publication of considerable merit, which contained the germs of those opinions and that political spirit which afterwards appeared in the

“National.” He about this time also deeply studied the history of England; and the impressions which this made upon him only served to increase his ardent thirst for freedom. His political opinions thus exhibited themselves more openly than ever in the “History of the Counter-revolution in England,” which he published shortly afterwards. In this work, which is marked by great ability, profound thought, and forcible reasoning eloquently expressed, he endeavoured, as he states, to avoid instituting any comparison between the Stuarts and the Bourbons. But in spite of this, the feelings of the author burst out, and it may easily be seen that he both anticipated and wished, that the fate of the two families might be the same.

But it was the “NATIONAL,” which appeared towards the end of the reign of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, which has rendered the name of Armand Carrel so celebrated, and which will convey it to immortality. This journal, and its comprehensive name, were projected by himself, and established by his own efforts and those of Thiers and Mignet, who were editors conjointly with him; each of the three taking the entire control for six months at a time. The politics of the journal thus appeared to be of different shades; being openly republican under Carrel’s management; while the object of Thiers seemed to be confined to the overthrow of the system of the Bourbons, and the expulsion of the elder branch of the family in favour of the Duke of Orleans. Mignet merely re-echoed the opinions of Thiers. This policy afterwards procured the two latter the situations of ministers in the first cabinet of Louis Philippe, and to this alone Thiers owes his present elevation. A similar offer it is understood was made to Carrel; but *his* integrity was greater, and he refused to sacrifice his principles for place, with the same devotion which had formerly prompted him to reject an offer of life at the expense of his honour.

Carrel may be regarded as the first mover of the revolution of July; for on the morning, when the “Moniteur” appeared with the celebrated ordinances which cost Charles X. his throne, he hurried to the office of his journal, and before noon of the same day had published an address to his countrymen in which the following spirited passage occurs:—“The ministry of the 8th of August have not considered it their duty to be guided by the Chamber; they wish to have the opinion of the Electoral Colleges. They have seen that they could not fail to succumb before the laws; and they therefore would recall those laws which, for the last fifteen years, France has been accustomed to practise, to respect, and to cherish. The three ordinances which follow appeared in the ‘Moniteur’ of this morning. There is no necessity for comment upon them. France is again entering upon a career, from which for the last fifteen years she had believed herself to be happily extricated; and she is again falling into a revolution, brought on by the government itself. Thrown, in spite of herself, out of the pale of the law, she is threatened with never being able to enter it again, except through fresh storms. It is at least a consolation for France to be able to say, that she has committed no crime,—that her conduct for the last year has not deserved the severe measures, which are now to be adopted

against her. Justice is on her side; and from this conviction she may derive the courage necessary for persevering in the defence of her rights. The ministry demanded a chamber from the country; and this chamber has been freely and regularly nominated. It expressed the opinions of France. It ought to have been assembled on the 3d of August. It alone is empowered to grant the budget of 1831. What remains for France to do, is to refuse the impost. The chamber, which has to-day been dissolved, has done its duty, the electors have done theirs. The press, which henceforth cannot openly serve the cause of liberty, has also performed all that could be expected from it. It now remains for the tax-payers to protect the cause of the laws. The future is entrusted to the individual energy of the citizens."

After the revolution of July Carrel became chief editor of the "National,"—Thiers and Mignet having left it to join the ministry of Louis Philippe. The journal which had hitherto been influenced by the narrower opinions of the two latter, now became more free and democratic than ever. Thiers had indeed attempted to maintain his influence over it, and had even tried to convert it into a ministerial organ; but the other proprietors would not allow this, and Carrel was installed into the place of sole editor. The paper henceforth became, as it were, a reflection of himself; and the reputation of both increased in proportion as he gave vent to the originality of his views and the boldness of his opinions. The best writings of Carrel are to be found in the numbers of the "National" from this period to his death; and it is to be regretted that no selection has yet been published; for though many of them were written on subjects of temporary interest, yet the greater number are worthy of being handed down to posterity, on account of their admirable principles and the matchless vigour of their style. No political writer indeed has perhaps ever appeared so thoroughly qualified for the duty as Carrel was. To the perspicuity of Cobbett, he united the boldness of Junius,—with this difference, that in him there was none of that wavering which characterized the former, while he would have scorned to have shielded himself under the mask of the latter.\* What he wrote was the genuine expression of his mind; and he was always ready, not only to avow it openly, but to defend it with his life; as the melancholy occasion of his death has proved. His style, without any artifice or labour, was a masterpiece of facility, always full and flowing as his imagination, which was ready and inexhaustible. In his compositions, if we do not observe the care of the author in retouching and correcting his sentences, we find instead, a vigorous inspiration, which gives animation, form, and colour, to every subject. Carrel was in every sense of the word an eloquent man. The occupation which he had embraced prevented him from showing his powers as an orator; but he never for a moment hesitated or showed the least difficulty in selecting his language; and those noble thoughts and splendid sentences which appear so profound and so

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\* Our correspondent forgets, that Junius wrote in days when the open statement of such opinions would have entailed on their holders imprisonment and death. It is quite unnecessary to cite any instances of George the Third's policy.

perfect, in the "National," were either written *currente calamo*, or dictated in an uninterrupted stream. In this respect he resembled our Johnson, whose gorgeous sentences, however laboured they may appear, were composed with almost all the rapidity of thought. The language was natural to the man. He could express himself in no other; and he spoke in this magnificent strain with the same readiness as ordinary men make use of common phraseology.

It may be interesting here to extract a few lines from a preface which Carrel prefixed to an edition of the works of Paul Courier, and which may now with much propriety be applied to himself. "The life of an author," he says, "remarkable for the great originality of his ideas, is the best commentary on his writings; it is the explanation, in fact, the history, as it may be termed, of his talents. This is the more especially true, when the observation attaches to one who in his younger days has not chosen literature as a profession; and whose imagination, at the period when the mind is most active and lively, has not been weakened by the circumscribed space of the four walls of a study, or restrained by the narrow sphere of literary coteries. If at the present day there exist few writers, whose history we are desirous of knowing, after having read their works, it is because there are few of them who impress us with any very striking decision of character, or who evince themselves as men tried, drawn out, and finished, by the various proofs and numerous vicissitudes of life."

Such were Carrel's words in writing of another literary man, and and we may say—"Mutato nomine de se fabula narratur", for his writings were a true personification of himself. The "National," as soon as it was left solely under his control, acquired a reputation greater perhaps than any other had hitherto possessed; for even those, who did not coincide in the boldness of his views and his ardent bursts for universal freedom, could not fail to admire the sincerity of the man and the glowing language in which he gave utterance to the impulses of his heart. When politics became languid or warm discussions cooled, Carrel felt his influence diminish; and then he launched some minor point of argument, with which his better judgment told him it was not worth his while to identify himself. But when any event occurred either at home or abroad to rouse him—when there was a calamity to ward off, when there was infamy to brand, perfidy to unmask, and, above all, when there was danger to incite him, he burst out again in all his strength, seized his pen—a weapon with which he never failed to hit the mark—openly attacked, and carried on the war with equal courage, vigour, and ability. On such occasions, and in the stirring times in which he lived they occurred almost daily, the laws which fettered the press were utterly disregarded by him, and seemed only to rouse his daring to defiance. The ministry, in which his former and more facile colleagues held office, had in vain attempted to seduce his stern integrity, and dreaded to stir up his wrath by a prosecution. They therefore confined themselves to persecuting the minions of the press, while, through fear, they allowed the great Triton to pursue his career free and uncontrolled. But this forbearance was not what

Carrel desired. He generously determined to take up the cause of his feebler and oppressed brethren, and with this view he thus boldly threw down the gauntlet to Casimir Perier, the head of the cabinet.

“The minister believes, that his illegal conduct is not dangerous, because it oppresses only a small number of the citizens. He deceives himself; and, despite his fierceness, he will find, that a single man, convinced of his rights, and resolved to maintain them by all the means which his courage may dictate, is not easily overcome. Is there not one among those writers who have become the objects of the hatred of the *juste milieu*, that will stand up in defence of his rights and oppose force by force, devoting himself to the chances of the unequal combat? Be it so. There are men connected with the press who cannot be provoked with impunity, and who will not be carried alive to St. Pelagie, if they have vowed that the majesty of the law shall not be violated in their persons with impunity. It is easy to kill, by means of fifty men, one man who resists; but does the government believe, that this can happen twice without endangering the existing order of things? Does it believe that, if a writer, whose only crime is, that he thinks differently from the ministry, and who in every other respect is a commendable citizen, were assassinated by day or by night in his own house while resisting an illegal arrest, those who ordered the assassination would be safe long?”

This powerful article was signed by Carrel's name; and though he thus hurled defiance so fiercely, and openly threatened to oppose force to force, still the government did not venture to arrest him. A prosecution was commenced, but was almost immediately abandoned, M. Perier declaring that it was done without his orders. Carrel thus had obtained a complete triumph, and, what he valued more, gained his point; for the writers in the journals were not afterwards arrested, until they had been subjected to prosecution, and found guilty.

Carrel bore no resemblance to those cowardly miscreants sometimes found amongst journalists, who, skulking under the obscurity of a mask and a native garret, will pander, by their base falsehoods, to the depraved taste of the vulgar, and calumniate the character of a man without having the courage to give him the only redress that can be offered. No! Carrel, when he attacked, boldly identified himself with his writings, and was equally ready to maintain his position by his sword as by his pen. Though the vigour of his style rendered it easily distinguishable from that of any other man, yet often he considered even this slight veil too obscure, and, throwing it aside, subscribed his articles with his name; thus nobly offering defiance to power, and, at the same time, the means of reparation to all who might conceive themselves personally injured by his assault.

This manly trait in his character brings us to the concluding scene of his brief but glorious career. But we must first shortly allude to one or two interesting events that occurred in the interval. In 1834 Carrel visited London and remained there for some time, collecting information relative to the English revolutions, and other subjects connected with the history of England, on which it was his intention

to write. During his stay in Britain a *procès* was carrying on against the "National" for some of his philippics upon the government; which, having now become more consolidated, had at last ventured, upon much more trivial grounds, upon that prosecution which he had formerly dared it to in such terms of defiance. Carrel's absence at this period was not, as has been supposed, owing to his desire to escape imprisonment in France; for he returned to Paris in time to be present at the trial, and as usual made a splendid defence. The trial took place before the Chamber of Peers; and during the course of it a striking circumstance occurred. Carrel having in the course of his speech mentioned the name of Marshal Ney, all at once stopped short and added: "At this name I stop, out of respect to his glorious and unfortunate memory. It is not for me to say whether it would be more easy to legalize the sentence of his death, than to revise the iniquitous one which the peers pronounced. To-day the judges have more need to be re-established than their victim." At these words the President rose and said, "Defendant, you are speaking before the Chamber of Peers, and some of the judges of Marshal Ney are here. Take care: to state that the judges have more need of being re-established than the victim, is an expression which may be considered as an offence. I wish you to remember that the commission which I have the honour of reading to you, can take cognizance of your words as well as of the article, for which you are here responsible." Carrel instantly replied with vehemence, "If any of the members who voted for the death of Marshal Ney are now present, and feel wounded by my words, let them make a proposition against me, let them denounce me at this bar, and I shall appear. I shall be proud to be the first man of the generation of 1830 to protest here, in the name of indignant France, against that abominable assassination." The brave veteran General Excelmans upon this started up, and, led away by enthusiasm and deep conviction, cried, "Yes, the condemnation of Ney was a judicial assassination; I myself say so."

Carrel's defence on this occasion, though most able, was not successful. He was sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment in St. Pelagie. During his confinement here he employed himself in preparatory studies for his History of England, and also for a Life of Napoleon, which it is deeply to be regretted his premature death scarcely allowed him to begin. Writing to a friend from his prison he observed, "I have all the patience here, which you could wish me, for I consider my suffering as but small in the midst of such great public calamities."

On his discharge from St. Pelagie he resumed writing for the "National" with, if possible, greater vigour than ever; and the government of Louis Philippe seeing that prosecution only rendered him more formidable, again attempted to seduce him into their service. A prefecture, or lieutenantcy, of one of the leading departments of the country was offered to him; but it was declined without a moment's hesitation. He still maintained his military taste, and, alluding to this circumstance, he used laughingly to say, "If they had offered me the command of a regiment, they might have succeeded."

We now approach the termination of Carrel's life, which was prematurely closed in his 36th year—a period when the vigour and fire of their respective characters were about to be improved, by being tempered by the experience of advancing age. The boldness with which Carrel wrote, the openness with which he made his attacks, and the readiness with which he was always prepared to give redress in person for the injuries which his pen might inflict, had already engaged him in several duels. The first of these in which he was concerned was occasioned by an article of Thiers', in the early days of the "National," against another journal, the editor of which sent a challenge, which was refused by Thiers. Carrel, considering that the honour of the "National" was thus compromised, volunteered to go in his stead. He accordingly met his adversary, and slightly wounded him with a pistol. The next encounter was incurred in an equally chivalrous manner in 1833, on the occasion of the Duchess de Berry's concealment in the château of Blay. Numerous *plaisanteries* on this subject had appeared in a satirical French paper called the "Corsaire," the editor of which had been wounded in a rencontre in which Carrel acted as his second; but the Carlists, not being satisfied with this reparation, had renewed their menaces. Carrel upon this announced, that these fire-eaters would find at the office of the "National" as many adversaries as they desired. A list of ten names was immediately sent him, from which he selected that of a gentleman of the name of Roux, to whom he was a perfect stranger. In the duel which followed they fought with swords, and both were wounded—Roux in two parts of the arm, and Carrel dangerously in the belly. His life was for a considerable time in peril, and the interest which his illness excited was great. The numerous inquiries made at his residence by men of all parties, and the letters he received from individuals of every rank, proved the high estimation in which he was held by his countrymen.

The last of these encounters in which he was engaged was destined to have a more fatal termination. His adversary on this occasion was an obscure journalist, called Girardin, whose name, like that of the man who, in his ambition to be remembered by posterity, set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, will only be remembered by the destruction of the noble frame which he so prematurely effected. This person's object seems to have been to emerge from his natural obscurity by seeking a quarrel with Carrel, whose bold and chivalrous character afforded him but too much facility for such an encounter. They met, and Carrel was mortally wounded by a pistol shot. After lingering in agony for some days he died, deeply lamented,—not only by his countrymen, but by all the friends of freedom, and admirers of genius and principle, throughout the world.

D. W. J.

## TO TIME.

MARK yonder village churchyard tower  
 With moss and lichens overgrown ;—  
 A choicer emblem of thy power,  
 Old Time! could not be shown.

Without,—full many a tombstone see  
 Beside the churchyard's narrow ways,  
 That lift themselves in type of thee,  
 Pale Sexton of past days!

Within,—a rope of many a thread  
 Intwin'd with curious craft is there,  
 And see a bell, whose hollow head  
 Is pillowed by the air.

That bell is thine, and thine the string,  
 Wherewith the hopes of man are twin'd ;  
 And ever doth thy right hand ring  
 That emblem of the mind!

And ever doth a knell go forth  
 From yonder tower, rung by thee,  
 To warn the proud ones of the earth  
 That pride must cease to be!

From hour to hour, from day to day,  
 Who doth not hear that weary knell,  
 In deep unchanging echoes, say  
 One solemn word—*Farewell!*

Farewell—to childhood's merry years,  
 When cherub beauty danced along,  
 Devoid of grief—unknown to tears,  
 And mirthful in its own sweet song!

Farewell—to the gay dreams of youth,  
 The sunny visions Hope prepares :  
 When life hath still the bloom of truth,  
 Untainted by the blight of cares!

Farewell—to manhood's prouder prime,  
 Or virgin beauty's roseate grace ;  
 (The *tender* link'd with the *sublime*,  
 In man's terrestrial dwelling-place).

And with these changes, so farewell  
 To all the blessings each had brought :—  
 The love of those we lov'd to tell  
 Our nearest wish, our dearest thought,—

The friendly sympathetic glow  
 Of bosoms kindling like our own,  
 With impulses gone long ago,  
 Or rashly cropt, or wrongly sown!

Ring on, old Time!—this tale is trite,  
 For years it has been still the same,  
 Since this world woke in liquid light,  
 And praised its Maker's name!

Still death and thou in mutual skill'  
 Have trodden down the fairest flower,  
 And changed, where ye have dar'd not kill  
 Its freshness every hour.

Thy *brother* Death,—well,—be it so;—  
 In yonder churchyard where ye stand,  
 The one with whetted scythe to mow,  
 The other with the shaking sand,

Your triumphs and your end I see:  
 The first are written by the *past*,  
 On wrecks of poor mortality;  
 The *future* hath the last.

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### LA BOUTEILLE.

Sous un ombrage languissant  
 Un fol amant rêve à sa belle.  
 Rien n'est plus triste assurément,  
 Si par hazard elle est cruelle.  
 Nous ne voulons ni ennui ni chagrin:  
 Bannissons les amours—donnez nous du bon vin.  
 Pendant toute la nuit je veille  
 Accompagné de ma bouteille.

C'est le devoir d'un bon soldat  
 Gaiment sur le champ de bataille,  
 Toujours sans crainte marcher au combat,  
 Et chercher l'honneur sous la mitraille.  
 Etre vaincu—c'est un profond chagrin :—  
 Adieu donc la gloire ; donnez nous du bon vin.  
 Pendant toute la nuit je veille  
 Accompagné de ma bouteille.

A' la cour le solliciteur,  
 Une beauté à sa toilette,  
 Dans son cabinet le penseur,  
 Dans ses grimaces la coquette,  
 Perdent leur temps : nous boirons du bon vin ;  
 Car c'est le seul moyen de chasser le chagrin.  
 Pendant toute la nuit je veille  
 Accompagné de ma bouteille.

## THE BROTHERS OF GÖSCHENEN.

“ Dicendolo il Turpin—lo dico anche io.”

*Oil. Fur. passim.*

ONE cold evening, late in the autumn of 1831, I happened to be the sole occupier of the long Sala, as they in compliment called it, appropriated to travellers in the inn of Tortona. I had left my luggage at Milan to be forwarded to Florence by the diligence, that I might thereby avoid the hourly annoyance of frontier custom-houses on the route from Genoa to Leghorn. I myself, full of the delightful reminiscences of pedestrianism in Switzerland, marched one fine morning out of the gates of Milan with blouse and knapsack on my pilgrimage to Genoa the proud. By the way, I was soon weary of walking through Lombardy, and found the long causeway, the flat rice-field, and the straight line of mulberries, a very different matter from the winding mountain path and its ever-varying panorama of rock and waterfall, and glacier and snow-peak. However, there I was at Tortona, basking before a huge heap of glowing embers and blazing billets on the hearth, that expanded their length and breadth under the huge projecting chimney. Of the room, as I said before, I was the sole occupier; my chair resting on its hinder legs against the long vacant table, while the blaze of the wood fire overcoming the flickering light of the tall earthen lamp, cast a huge shapeless spectral shadow of myself over the whitewashed wall and ceiling. I was tired, weary, disappointed with my pedestrian experiences. The wind whistled chilly without, and every now and then came down with a sudden angry gust, and the rain pattered angrily against the window. Little Flaminia, the dark-eyed, laughing, gossiping daughter of my landlady, had vanished with the remains of my supper, and I was left alone. No, not quite alone; for stretched at his length on the square tiles before the fire lay my rough black-and-tan terrier, Weazle, turning occasionally first one side and then another to the genial glow.

I felt melancholy.

“Egad I’ll have a bit of Tasso,” said I to myself,—“I left off at Canto 8.”

Lifting my knapsack, and tossing aside shirts and stockings, pistols and shoes, I clutched in the corner my “*Bibliotheca Portabile del Viaggiatore.*”

I got through four lines; and as I lingered syllable by syllable over—

“E l’alba uscia della magion celeste  
Con la fronte di rose è co’pie d’oro,”

the book dropped on my knee, and, fixing my eyes on the outline of a burly toper with a flaming red nose that glowed among the embers, I thought of the Aurora of Guido on the ceiling of the Palazzo Raspiigliari; and then I thought of the little cell I had lately seen at Ferrara, dark, and damp, and cold—where, as the story tells,

what I had read had been written, and I grew more and more melancholy as I thought of it.

"Hang it, this will never do," said I, bringing the four legs of my chair to the same level,— "I'll go to the kitchen."

Eccomi then; there I was in a trice, chatting Polyglot with la Signorina Flaminia and her equally lively half-sister Beatrice. They had both been some years in France, and had acquired the art of speaking *gras* to perfection. Of this they were evidently a little vain, and wandered every now and then out of the clear liquid intonations of their own dear tongue into the nasal twang of Paris. Altogether, however, they were two charming dear souls. They asked in the simplicity of their little hearts whether there were olives and figs in my cold country, and what part of England Ireland was in; and all about my Lord Vilainton, and what I had got in my knapsack, and whether I was married or single, while they shook their clustering curls so provoking in my face as I disowned the soft impeachment, that I could have kissed the darling rogues in spite of the presence of their good-natured fat mamma, but for the old Capuchin who was taking his evening meal for God's sake in the chimney corner, and who every now and then lifted his great dark eyes from his bouilli and brown bread to scan the proceedings of the young folks. He was a man beyond the middle age, but had the look of bearing his years well. His form was spare, but muscular. The stripe of short unshaven hair that encircled his head was interrupted over his large forehead, which showed, in spite of the tonsure, the gloss of natural baldness; and I could not help remarking the lady-like smallness of his hands and feet, browned as they were by constant exposure to every change of weather. Gradually, I know not how, he slid into the conversation. One casual observation introduced another, and at last at ten o'clock the good-night of our landlady and her daughters interrupted a lively dispute on the wines of Italy and their merits as compared with the produce of the transalpine vine. I was beginning to be pleased with my companion. There was a shrewd self-possession in his dark eye; and the quick decided movement of his lip, partially covered as it was with a dark beard not too large to hide the expression of the mouth, a soft mellowness in his voice (that most prepossessing of personal attributes), and a grace in the slight action that he used in speaking, that would not have been out of place either in the bustle of the active world or the elegance of the *salon*, but seemed to suit but little with the garb of the idle mendicant and the lazy friar.

But, as I said, our hostess bade us good-night.

"Buona notte," said I.

"Benedicite," said the Capuchin.

"Speaking of the wine," said he, resuming his discourse, "La Signora Teresa has some splendid Montepulciano."

"Signora Teresa!" shouted I, as she closed the door, "a flask of Montepulciano; and perhaps it would be as well to leave another, with a morsel of salame and one or two sardignes on the table yonder."

"Montepulciano!" said the Capuchin, as the hostess closed the

door, throwing himself back in his chair and turning the soles of his rough sandals to the fire. "Montepulciano d'ogni vino e il re.

"Crown him, vassals loyal;  
Let his sceptre royal  
Be the wine tree's stem—  
And many a drooping cluster,  
With its greeny lustre,  
Bind his diadem."

And his soft manly voice warbled back lingeringly over the refrain, which I have endeavoured to translate—

"And many a drooping cluster,  
With its greeny lustre,  
Bind his diadem."

"Ha, good Padre," said I, "you at least do not seem to be of the opinion that the seven deadly sins are lurking in this little flask."

"No," said he, "neither in the savoury dish nor the racy wine cup. It is a proverb of your country that God sends meat and the devil sends cooks. God gives the grape, and the devil teaches us how to make wine of it. *Corpo di Bacco*—the man who would denounce these, only because he likes them and was made to like them, deserves neither the one nor the other. He might as well close up his windows with stone and lime, lest he should enjoy the glorious sun, or shut his eyes when he goes out, lest he should see the spring flowers."

"Spoken like a true epicure," said I.

"And a good Christian, I trust," said the Capuchin.

"Nay, I doubt it not," said I. "I think with you, that there is not a whit more virtue in a boiled potato than in *paté des Alouettes aux truffes*,—in spring water than in *Montepulciano*;—that is, in moderation. But—"

"To be sure—in moderation. Let a man consult his stomach, however, and he will not need to regulate his table by his *Breviary*."

"But I was going to say," added I, "that this is hardly consistent with your peculiar profession. *Patés* and wine-flasks seem quite as likely to lead to luxury as a shirt or a pair of stockings."

"True—true," said he, mournfully, as he glanced at his robe of brown serge with its knotted hempen girdle, and his bare feet appearing through the open sandals. "True!" and he sighed deeply.

There was a long pause, and I regretted the levity which had prompted my remark.

"Why I am what I am, my good Sir," he said at last, turning towards me with a melancholy smile, "would be a long tale to tell, and I have not the heart to begin it. Let us change the subject. I have seen much in these forty years; and as I have sung you a song, I will tell you a story about the valley of the *Reuss* you mentioned lately, should you feel inclined to listen."

I readily acquiesced, although curious to know something about the personal history of my evening acquaintance. I saw I had somehow or other hurt the feelings of the old man, and as his mode of dashing off on another scent showed by its very abruptness a determination not to permit the conversation to relate to himself, I merely filled the glasses, and inclined my head in token of assent, while the Capuchin proceeded.

“It is many many years since the circumstances I am going to relate occurred. I was about two-and-twenty, when I happened, in the course of wanderings which have been pretty widely extended, to be constrained to demand the hospitality for a day or two of the brethren of our little establishment at Realp. It was late one summer evening that I approached Göschenen, on my journey down the valley. A peasant, who was hastening in the direction of our little convent, met me about half a mile from the village, and informed me he was on the way to procure from some of our order resident at Realp spiritual consolation for Karl Basler, whose cottage he pointed out to me at some little distance among the trees. I hastily accompanied him thither.

“On the way I learned briefly the history of him whose death-bed I was now to witness. He had inherited a considerable patrimony from his father (considerable at least for a Swiss peasant), and fortune had smiled on his endeavours to increase it—fickle and desultory as they were. The herds of old Basler were always the fattest and sleekest in the valley; the grass of his meadows was the greenest; and the blight and the murrain seemed carefully to pass him by. Prosperous through a long life,—for he was now in his 80th year,—wealth had filled his coffers almost without his needing to stretch forth his hand for its attainment; and, though to those accustomed to a less simple life, to call him rich might seem a mockery of the term, yet in the valley of Göschenen the childless rich old Karl was received at the meetings of the villagers with all the deference, which in more polished circles wealth is wont to command. A few of the oldest villagers could remember when he and his brother Franz were the two handsomest Bürschen of the valley. At the dance, the father whose daughter was fortunate enough to have Franz or Karl for a partner followed them admiringly through its maze. At the wrestling, the shoulder-stone, or the rifle match, the one or the other generally secured the prize. Their orphan cousin, Louise, to whom their father’s house had been a home since her childhood, was in her turn the belle of the village; and while she looked up to her many cousins with even perhaps somewhat more than sisterly pride, they felt for her in return perhaps even somewhat more than brotherly affection.

“Thus passed their lives, until Louise had attained the full blooming womanhood of five-and-twenty. Many and many a youth had in the interval gazed into that blue eye with the intense devotion of a saint at the gate of Paradise, to find some hint, that might bid him utter the thoughts that were burning in his breast; but each found nothing there but the calm moonlight beauty of a tranquil mind. The echo of her gay innocent laugh was like a silver bell, unbroken by a single lurking sigh. There was a perfect happiness in its tone which is never heard amid the more than happiness of youthful love. Her cousins were both somewhat older than herself; and they too remained unsmitten by any of the bright eyes that they met at the wedding dance or the rifle match, or which at church peeped occasionally over the well-worn family prayer-book with its silver clasps. The maidens of Göschenen began at last to think, that Franz

and Karl were cold-hearted, and proud, and self-conceited ; and they sneered, when either name was mentioned, and tossed their pretty heads, and thought that either Franz or Karl might do worse than make an offer to—they knew who.

“One day the two brothers had started in pursuit of a herd of chamois that had crossed the furka towards the Gallenstock. Franz never returned. After the lapse of two days Karl re-entered his father’s cottage, haggard and famished. What had become of Franz he knew not. They had parted, he said, about half-way up the mountain for the purpose of intercepting the game. He himself had been benighted in the midst of one of those tourmentes or snow-storms which are so fatal among the Alps—sweeping down from the snow-peaks laden with a small impalpable drift that blinds and benumbs the traveller. Day after day passed away ;—still Franz came not. Day by day his poor old father sunk deeper and deeper in despair, until in utter hopelessness he felt that his son—his first born, was gone for ever. For hours would he weep uncomforted over his remaining children, as he called them, and Louise mingled her tears with his. Karl shed no tear ; but misery was written on his brow, and every fibre of his strong frame quivered as if under the torture, when his cousin Louise, in the abandonment of her anguish, flung her arms round his neck and wept her long dark curls wet upon his shoulder. As time in some degree diminished the acuteness of their feelings, the loss they had sustained seemed the more to endear the remaining members of the family to one another. Karl rarely went to the chamois hunting, perhaps because he cared not to pursue the sport alone, perhaps on account of the unhappiness his absence caused to his father and Louise. With her he would walk for hours in the avenue of broad walnut trees which extended from the cottage to the banks of the brawling Reuss, or read to her some old German legend of unhappy love from the two or three shelves of black-letter volumes which graced the wall of the best room.”

“I am sorry to interrupt your tale, good Frate,” said I, “but you are forgetting to pay your respects like a loyal subject to the royal Montepulciano. Come ! story-telling was never spoiled by a glass of good wine.”

“Nay, I have but a weak head, and we must use these blessings in moderation, you know,” said the Capuchin, emptying his glass. “But as you say, wine is the oil of story-telling ; it makes it run without creaking. So to proceed :—

“Louise had since become the wife of Karl Basler, and they had grown old together. His father died a few years after their marriage. Karl became year by year more and more haughty and reserved, with occasionally a hasty fierceness of temper which he seemed unable to control, and which broke out on the most trifling occasions. To Louise alone he was all gentleness. Year after year in the summer evenings would they walk together under the old walnut trees that budded and blossomed just as they did in the days of their childhood, save that here and there a large leafless bough stood out, skeleton-like, from amid the rich foliage. Year after year, even when his own eye began to grow dim with time, did he watch hers

with all the fervour of a youthful devotion. Year after year, even when her slight figure became bowed and her hair grew whiter and whiter, his arm encircled her form as fondly and his lips pressed her withered cheek as rapturously, as when he led her from the altar a maiden bride.

“At length, in the full ripeness of eighty years, death had smitten him. For some time his strength had rapidly declined. He felt no pain; but his cheek grew paler and paler:—his Herculean frame looked the skeleton of its former self; and on that very morning he had begged Louise to send for one of our brethren at Realp to confess him before he died.

“An old woman, palsied with age, opened the door. Her voice was so tremulous, that I could with difficulty understand her information that Karl was rapidly becoming worse, and that his mind occasionally wandered. She told me this, however, without any expression of feeling—I thought almost peevishly. She seemed to be in that stage of incipient dotage when the heart ceases to feel any thing but the petty annoyances of accumulated years; and though her eye was moist, it seemed to be not so much with the tear of sorrow as the rheum of age.

“I passed through the kitchen, and entered the inner room to which she pointed. Wrapped in blankets and supported by pillows, the dying man reclined in a large antique oaken chair, which with its dark grotesque carving seemed as if it might date from the time of Arnold Von Winkelried. As I opened the door, the light of the sun, now getting low in the west, fell through the quivering shadow of a linden upon his haggard features. He opened his languid eyes, and they fell upon me, as I crossed the room, with a cold lack-lustre stare of terror, that showed some ghastly phantom had taken possession of his mind.

“‘Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!’ he moaned, as he feebly clutched the blankets in which he was enveloped, ‘Not yet! Oh, not yet! Mercy! Mercy!’

“I spoke to him, and advanced to a seat that stood beside his. In a few seconds the glazed and fascinated look with which he had regarded me on my first entrance passed away.”

“‘Yes, I know—I know,’ he said at last, stretching out his yellow hand to me, ‘you are come to see me die.’

“I took his hand in mine. The large joints and the ghastly thinness of the spaces between them, the massive bone of his bare arm, and the wasted muscle clinging to it, showed the wreck of a powerful frame.

“‘I am come to administer the consolations of our holy religion, my brother, and I trust—’

“‘Monk!’ he replied, in a tone as fierce as his weakness would allow, ‘call me not brother and speak not to me of consolation, till you hear my story. I have a secret here, a horrible secret; and I cannot die with it. I tried last night to die, but I could not. Here! Here! When all other feeling was gone I felt it *here*, gnawing and burning, and stinging me into life again. I cannot die with it, or I would—and I have sent for you to hear it.’

“As he spoke he grasped my hand with a force which I could not have believed possible; and his eyes, dim as they had been a little before, now flashed fire; but, the first rush of feeling over, came the ebb of natural weakness, and he gradually sunk back half fainting on the pillows that supported him.

“For some minutes he lay perfectly still, and I thought he was dying. Slowly, however, he again rallied—with two or three deep sighs,—oh, *such* sighs! God shield us from the guilt that prompts them.

“‘Pardon me, brother,’ he said, languidly, ‘if I have offended you. I think I am mad sometimes. I sent for you to hear the history of him who is now dying before you, and you shall hear it; but there is one to whom I must first bid farewell—farewell *for ever* (how mournfully he dwelt on the last word). We have lived and loved together for five-and-fifty years, and, oh! it is cruel to part now. Where is Louise?’

“I entered the kitchen, from which I fancied I heard in peevish anger the voice of the old woman I had first seen. A stout, ruddy-cheeked servant wench was arranging the fire and sweeping the wood-ashes together on the hearth, stealthily humming to herself the air of some Swiss liedchen, in a tone of voice, however, too low to reach the ear of her mistress, to whose angry admonition she was evidently well accustomed.

“I interrupted the old crone’s complaint of Suzanne’s carelessness in allowing the dust to fly about the room, and requested her presence in the inner apartment. She would, she said, come immediately; but I could hear as I returned to the chamber of the dying man, that she waited to finish her lecture to Suzanne, who in her turn seemed to pay as little attention to its close, as she had done to the beginning.

“Never, never, shall I forget the gaze of anxious expectation with which Karl Basler fixed his dim eye upon the door by which he expected her to enter, nor the light of rapture that spread over his pale face as she approached him. There was something in it that startled me. It told of all the vivid feeling of twenty years of love—boundless, uncalculating love; love that thinks not, knows not of aught but the one loved object; love—adoration rather, more even than fickle thoughtless youth can give—more, God shield us, than man should give to aught under heaven.

“They formed a strange group, as she leant over him. Her dress was arranged with the most punctilious neatness. Her hair, whose glossy black was now mingled with the purest white, was gathered in a knot on the crown, and fastened with the silver pin—an heirloom from her mother—which had ornamented it in the earlier days of her matronhood. Her features were of that small delicate cast that bears age best; and even then, as she stood in the wrinkled peevishness of age, the traces of beauty of no ordinary kind were plainly distinguishable. His one hand was languidly cast around her waist; the other was laid upon her brow, and he looked in her face with such—oh! such a gaze. He saw not the wrinkled crone that stood before him:—her puckered cheek, and rheumy eye, and bent and withered form, were to him but the memory of the Louise of his youth.

ful manhood, when they walked under the old walnut trees and poured out their young hearts the one to the other.

“‘What wouldst thou, Karl?’ she said at last.

“‘I am faint, my Louise—sinking. I have much to say to this good man. Send me some wine.’

“He closed his eyes as she turned to leave the room, and muttered mournfully, ‘It is over—it is over; and, oh, at what a price it has been purchased!’

“Suzanne brought some wine. I assisted him to carry it to his mouth; and he almost finished the contents of the goblet, before he would allow me to remove it. His lips clung to it with the eagerness of a famishing babe to his mother’s bosom. As Suzanne left the room, he motioned me to draw my seat close to his; and, with one hand seizing mine, with the other he pointed vehemently to the door—

“‘You saw *her*,’ he said—‘Louise?’

“‘Yes,’ replied I, ‘I did;’ startled by the sudden change from the passive languor of debility to the vehemence of passion.

“‘For her I bartered my soul! Nay, never cross yourself, man—time enough for that when I have told you all.’

“His pale cheek flushed, and there was a lurid flickering light in his glazing eye which showed that the stimulus he had just taken had powerfully affected his weakened frame.

“‘I had a brother,’ he continued. ‘My brother Franz. Him you never saw; he died before you were born. Oh, my poor Franz! my brother! How I loved him—and he loved me too—dearly, very dearly! His happiness was mine, and mine was his. Whether my rifle or brother Karl’s carried away the prize, it was still *ours*; and if Franz and not I happened to be the conqueror in our holiday games, I helped to bear him in his triumph—prouder and happier than he.

“‘How happy I was then! In the long winter nights sitting with my old father and Franz and Louise—our sister as we used to call her—talking over the business of the closing day, or anticipating that of to-morrow. How often in the summer evenings have we sat in this very sunshine, quivering through the linden just as now, laughing in the mirth of a sinless heart. I love to think of it; it almost makes me forget what I am—an old man dying in his sin, after having clung to what he purchased by that guilt to the very last hour.

“‘It was long before I felt the temptation, and I felt it long before I knew that I was tempted. Day after day, I could not tell why, I felt less happy with Louise, when Franz was there. When we were alone, I was happier than ever; but even then there was a constraint upon me I had not known before. Yet I loved to hear her voice, even when she chid me as unkind, and, putting her arm in mine as she looked up laughingly in my face, asked what my cousin Louise had done to offend me. Oh, my God! I soon knew why I was so changed.

“‘It was the feast of St. Nicholas, I remember, and the Bürschen had assembled from Wasen and Andermatt in the target-ground yonder. Louise was there. She sat at the root of the old beech tree by the river side. You see it from the window, though my old eyes cannot.

It is all lightning-seared now. From that spot we fired, and many a jest passed, and many a cheek flushed with triumph or vexation, as one after the other tried their skill in the presence of those they loved. As I passed Louise to the shooting station she laughingly wished me success. I never wished for it so much before. I fired; and my shot surpassing those of all who had preceded me, grazed the central spot of the target. Louise held out her hand, and wished me joy. Oh, how happy I was, and I hardly knew why. I stood beside her in silence, and there passed over my soul a flood of burning thoughts whose currents dashed and jostled like those of a whirlpool. It was love, that passion which, while I knew it not, had steeped every thought in its maddening poison. All was dim and undefined; but, oh! glorious as paradise. I had thought of Louise as *ours*—as being to Franz what she was to me—our sister—our dear sister—her without whom to either of us the world would have been sunless. Now there was a dim idea of her being *mine*, and with the half-formed thought there passed over heart and brain a gush of ecstasy that incapacitated me for fully comprehending the thought that made me so blessed.

“I stood, I said, beside her. Franz walked to the shooting station. She wished him success too. There was something in the tone of her voice that made me turn to look. She smiled not as she had done before. With a quick glance she raised her eyes to those of Franz while she uttered the words, and then her curls fell over her flushed cheek as she stooped forward to examine a ribbon in the dress of one of the girls that sat beside her. As I gazed the truth dawned upon me—my hell was begun.

“I turned to look at Franz, who was arranging the sight of his rifle. Louise put her hand upon my shoulder. I felt her heart throb as she leant against me, and her hurried breathing fanned my cheek. He raised his rifle—her heart beat quicker. He fired, and as the marker pointed out the shot deep in the centre of the target, there was a long happy sigh; her hand pressed on my shoulder no longer, and as I turned she was again seated on the root of the old beech, stooping to arrange the wild flowers in the hair of the child at her knee. Every look of Louise—every incident of that day is engraved here as on adamant. Oh, could I tell how I have been tried; how I have writhed under the torture of my own thoughts till my brain reeled in the agony. Could I lead you, step by step, and thought by thought, down into that abyss where I am now; could you have felt as I have felt, and loved as I have loved—loved, till heaven itself was nothing in the balance—oh, father! father! you would then think it no sin to fall when tempted as I have been.’

“The old man paused,” continued the Capuchin, “clutching my arm, fixing his grey spectral eye on mine, and breathing short and gaspingly. For several minutes we sat thus, until my flesh crept under his gaze. He went on—

“I hardly remember how I spent that night. I wandered from the rifle match up the valley. The wind came sharp and gusty from the snows of the Gallenstock, and the swollen Reuss roared beneath. But the cold wind brought no cooling to my burning brow. I de-

scended to the side of the Reuss, and bathed my brow in its icy waters—in vain—in vain! I reached the Teufels Brücke. I stood long looking from its narrow arch down on the hell of waters underneath. It was like the tumult of my soul. I thought so even then as I stood and gazed at it, and it seemed as if a voice from the abyss below warned me that thus, thus, as the ceaseless waters foamed and sweltered in their granite bed, should this heart until it cease to beat be even as it was then. Thus it has been—thus it will be for a little longer—for but a little longer now.

“I wandered on. I sprung up the rocky path that led to the Furka with the speed of desperation. It was night, but the moonlight was bright as day. On—on—I knew not where; madness had laid her finger upon me. I found myself at last at the foot of the Rhone Gletscher. I was lying on the grass beside the warm source from which the river springs. My face and hands were wet with tears. There I swore an awful oath in words that hell itself seemed to dictate, and I called in my madness on the cliffs around me. I called on the Gallenstock as it towered ghastly white in the moonlight, on the still glacier, on the pine forest that whispered down the valley. I called on heaven and earth to witness that I would keep it. I swore that never, while I lived, should Louise be the wife of Franz. I have kept it!—oh, how well!

“I knew not then how what I dreaded worse than death was to be prevented. I had sworn it should not be—I knew it should not. But wherefore not, how not, I could not tell. Day by day, as I cursed myself for my blindness in not discovering it before, I saw their heart-strings twining round each other. It was by his side she sat, when our little household assembled round the evening fire; it was leaning on his arm that she walked to the old church; it was from his book she read the prayers her pure heart offered up for him and for me—for me, who was looking on like a fallen fiend at happiness in which I had no share. If I came home unexpectedly, there, in the broad window yonder, sat they. When I entered there was a pause; and when they spoke to me there was, I thought, a cold diswelcome in their tone. They were all the world to each other. I was unwelcome—beloved by both, but still unwelcome. I felt I was, and yet I lingered with them in sick weariness of heart. It was a fascination. Writhing in torture, I tried to smile as I was wont. My laugh sounded hollow in my own ear. I talked wildly enough sometimes, God knows; but I could not for an instant exclude from my mind the one burning thought—Franz and Louise—husband and wife—never! My oath was sworn to a thousand times a day.

“Still, day by day and month by month passed on. I saw the progress of their affection, morning and noon and eve; at the church, or at our own fireside; at prayer, and at meals; every hour for a long long year did I undergo this slow torture. Talk not of the rack! Boiling lead poured drop by drop upon the bare and living fibre were nothing to what I suffered. Yet my secret lay here; it was told to none but the cliff and the glacier. When alone in the solitudes of the Gallenstock, I buried my face in my hands, and yelled in the despair of a breaking heart. You see yonder a black rock stand-

ing out from the snow. Often, often, during a long day, *there* I sat, looking down into the valley. I could see them, as they walked backward and forward under yon old trees—his arm round her—now disappearing beneath the branches—now seen in the sunshine—stopping every little while to gaze in one another's faces. Aye, I could even see them press their warm lips together, ere they returned to the cottage. At such moments I have looked with a horrid longing down the precipice that went sheer from beneath my feet, but some devil held me back. I could not. It was not fear. Death I could have welcomed like a bride; but still, still a low voice in my inmost soul murmured—Franz and Louise—husband and wife. I shrunk back from the leap as I swore—Never!

“They were now I saw betrothed; their hearts had been laid bare the one to the other; they no longer entwined their arms when I met them in the walk, and Louise sat with her head resting on his shoulder, as she rallied me in the mirthfulness of her heart on my wan cheek and darkened brow. I was in love, she said. How truly, —this wasted frame now tells.

“This day seven-and-fifty years ago my brother and I went in pursuit of the gemsen. Louise kissed us both as we left the cottage. I walked moodily after Franz up the valley, while he gaily strode on, humming to himself a love-liedchen that Louise had sung to us the night before. From time to time he spoke to me. My replies were hasty, for my heart was seared. He, rallied me. I answered briefly and fiercely. He looked at me for a few seconds, and again went on, humming his song. The thought struck me that he had read my heart, that he was triumphing in my torture. I was mad with anger, but I had no words. We walked on in silence.

“We crossed the Rhone Gletscher about half-way up. He was a little distance before me, and I lost sight of him for a few seconds behind one of the frozen ridges. I sat down in the hollow, for I was sick at heart. A horrible thought had seized me. A slip of his foot, thought I, on the edge of one of these clefts, and Louise may be mine. The thought became a wish. I felt faint, and gasped for breath. I thought of the solitude around us. There was nought but glacier and snow-peak, no sound but the distant fall of the summer lauwine. I ground my teeth in desperation. My brow, as I passed my clammy hands over it, was bathed in a cold sweat. Franz called me—he had missed, and feared, perhaps, I had fallen into an ice-reft. Karl! he shouted. Brother Karl! Where are you, my brother? Oh, God! at that moment hell was burning in my heart. He came nearer—I heard his voice more distinctly—I cocked my rifle—he came nearer still:—I sprang on my feet—he stopped, gazing in astonishment on my features, distorted as they were with the fiend within—and the next instant—here! here! in the centre of his broad forehead my bullet crashed through skull and brain. I was a Cain upon the earth—my brother's murderer—murdered by this hand.

“The old man,” proceeded the Capuchin, “stretched out his yellow clammy hand and gazed upon it with his white lips apart and his eyes starting from their sockets as he muttered again and again—*‘Murdered by this hand.’* The muscles of his face quivered with an

hysterical convulsion, and, suddenly covering his eyes with his fingers, he burst into an agony of grief. It was terrible. I had often seen the death-bed of the dying sinner, but never aught that told so plainly the despair of the self-doomed soul as the low horrified moan and the convulsive sobs that rent the frame of the poor wretch beside me. It is in moments such as these, my young friend, that we feel the deep responsibility of the duties we have taken upon us to discharge; and ashamed am I to confess, that on the occasion of which I speak I had reason to mourn over the weakness of this sinful flesh. The sudden declaration of a crime so fearful, and the dreadful outbreak of the accumulated remorse of fifty years, did, I grieve to say it, deprive me of the power of so arranging my thoughts, as to enable me to reflect on the course I should pursue. I was bewildered between my feelings of horror for the crime, and compassion for the sinner; and I fear in the words which I endeavoured to address to the penitent there were mingled incoherently denunciations of his guilt with the consolations to the repentant which our holy religion affords. As I spoke, however, he gradually grew more calm; the convulsive agony of grief by which he was wrung partially ceased. I spoke of the efficacy of repentance, of the intercession of the holy virgin, of the power of the church to absolve those who truly repent of their offences; and I reminded him that the gates of Paradise were closed irrevocably only against the perpetrators of the one great mysterious sin.

“ ‘Listen to me,’ he said at last, ‘I have not yet told you all. I could not tell, had I the tongue of a fiend to describe his torments, I could not tell *all* that I have since suffered. His face is before me now; his white up-turned eyeballs, and his limbs quivering in their last agony, as, sitting on the snow, I clasped the bleeding head to my bosom, kissing his livid lips, and shrieking—Oh, my God! on him who heard me not. Methinks I can remember night coming, and then day coming and going, and I still there—still there, with my murdered brother on my knee. I think there was a storm too. I think I can remember the snow beating thick against my face while he grew stiff and cold, and the lightning calling him forth to my sight out of the pitchy darkness all white and ghastly with that fearful mark upon his brow. I know not when or how I left the spot. I must have laid him in the fresh snow up there, beyond yon white summit, that since has been to me the ever-present monument of him I slew. It is long since now; but never has there passed one single instant, that he has not been present. Waking or in my dreams there I see *him*. Wrinkle by wrinkle has been engraven on my cheek, but these eyes in every thing on which they look have since seen nothing but his face in all its manly comeliness. Aye, in the night, when the moonlight fell upon *her* sleeping face, as I leant over her, I have gazed and gazed, until it seemed to me to put on a ghastly likeness to my poor dying Franz. I knew it was madness, and I closed my eyes and pressed my hand upon them, till they flashed fire; yet still *he* was there—and I have gone to the porch and sat in the chill moonlight, till day dawned and the vision had departed. Day after day have I wandered over the Rhone Gletscher and among the snows of

the Gallenstock, bound by some horrible fascination to the spot. The Gletscher is changed. It has split and riven as it crept into the valley. The bones of him whom I loved so well and whom I murdered are deep in its cold mass; but *I* was the same; wrung by the same torture, and burning with the same reckless passion—aye *still!* Talk to me of repentance! *I cannot* repent. When time had effaced his image and I led her from the altar, *mine*, I thought the purchase cheap at the cost of my doomed soul. For five-and-fifty years have I been reaping my reward,—for five-and-fifty years enjoyed what was purchased by my sin. If the pains of hell in this world can procure their remission in the next, tell me of the consolations of your religion, and I will listen. But repent! *I cannot—I cannot.* Repent! With every failing throb of this old heart I feel that, were it to do now, friar, *I would do it again!*

“I shuddered, and was silent.

“‘Hush!’ he resumed—‘What is that? Some one is there. Go, go,’ he added, pointing wildly to the door.

“I did, in fact, hear in the kitchen, towards which he directed my attention, the voice as of many feet, and the murmuring of many voices. On entering it a group of men was gathered round something stretched out on the long table beside the range of low case-ments that filled that side of the apartment, and through which the ruddy sunset was streaming into the room. The group opened as I approached; and before me lay the body of a man clothed in the remains of a hunting dress, such as is usually worn by the better class among the peasantry. It had a strange appearance. The face was shrunk and hollow; the skin, yellow and parchment-like, drawn tightly over the prominent cheek-bones, and the lips had shrunk so as to leave uncovered a row of white and even teeth, that glistened through a long moustache. His hair lay thick and dark upon his shoulders, and even through the horrid disguise of death I could trace the outline of a young and handsome form on whom a maiden’s eye might once have been well pleased to look. My heart throbbed audibly, as I gazed inquiringly round the group.

“‘Why,’ replied one of the party (a young man in a hunter’s dress, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, and a laughing reckless blue eye), ‘cousin Heinrich and I found him down the Rhone Gletscher, with the skirt of his jacket peeping out of one of the frozen ridges. I thought it was my poor Theodor Baumgarten, who went out with me last winter and parted company at the Furka, but it isn’t he; nor Friedrich Stoss, who forgot to come home about six years ago. His jacket looks deucedly old, and it is some time, I think, since he had a shot at the gemsen, though he was all ready for them with the stump of his old rifle. However, there he is! I thought it more Christian-like he should sleep out his sleep in the church-yard of Göschenen—there are but few jagers have the luck.’

“‘Stoss! Baumgarten!’ slowly muttered an old man whom I had not before noticed, and who, gazing at the face of the dead, seemed trying to unravel the skein of some tangled recollection. He was an old chamois-hunter. His cheek was marked by deep furrows; his thin white hair twisted in wild elflocks, and his grey eye had that

cold lustre peculiar to those who have grown old in the dangerous pursuit, and which is caused, according to the superstitions of the peasantry, by their communion with the spirits of the glacier and the avalanche. 'Stoss! Baumgarten! Nay, nay; this poor fellow slumbered in that snow-wreath, before they were born. And yet I almost think I have seen him before. Eh! a rifle shot,' he added, as he pointed to a dark spot on the forehead, and thrusting his hand among the hair drew out a fragment of the skull, to which a long dark lock still adhered. 'Ha! I know him!' he shouted, as he smote his huge hard palm upon the table, 'Franz Basler, beyrn Himmel!'

"The door of the room I had just left suddenly opened, and Karl Basler, like a corpse in its grave-clothes, stood upon the threshold. All shrunk aside, and his eye fell upon his brother's face, lit up by the sunshine. He reeled forward, his hands thrust out, and his face half averted, as if endeavouring to resist the fascination that urged him towards the dead. His mouth was opened wide, and his chest heaving in the struggle for one more draught of life. He stopped; his eye became glassy, and, without a word, he fell back his full length, and his head rebounded from the stone floor with a sound that made me shudder. He was lifted up, the blood flowing from his ears and nostrils—dead.

"It was a strange sight that evening to see the brothers laid side by side. My feelings, as I looked upon them, were indescribable. When last they left that cottage door, both young and full of life:—they met now, the one still young in death,—the other, the time-worn, sin-worn wreck of eighty years; and the innocent cause of the death of the one and the misery of the other pouring forth the incoherent lament of dotage over them both."

The Capuchin ceased, and we both remained some time gazing on the embers.

"'Tis a sad story," at last said I.

"Sad enough," he replied, "but such, young man, is love. It is like the flame, that now warms the household hearth—now wraps street and temple in destruction. An old-fashioned moral, you will say; but not more old than true. You may find it so before your shoulders have borne the weight of so many years as mine."

"Che sarà, sarà!" said I. "Evils that are to come, come time enough, and Montepulciano at least is a present good. Come! another biechiere!"

"One more only, and then I will bid you buona-notte for to-night, and buon-viaggio for to-morrow. Salute, and Heaven send you safe across the Bocchetta—but don't travel later than need be."

B.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

BY JOHN CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE POET.

YOUR "Nosegay" brings me back again,  
 And would of scenes remind us—  
 Those sunny days, unknown to pain,  
 Which time hath left behind us.

They tell what joys were wont to greet,  
 And what the heart has greeted ;  
 Alas ! that Envy's tongue should cheat  
 The heart—so easy cheated.

But let the idle world go on ;  
 It leaves some dearer treasures,  
 A joy from merit's praises won,  
 Affection's higher pleasures.

The knave may, in a sly pretence,  
 Make honesty his token ;  
 Words uttered in a cunning sense,  
 By mere deception spoken ;

But *friendship* is a sacred name,  
 Above such faithless dealings ;  
 The heart's *choice home* creates the flame,  
 One of our dearest feelings.

Though *anger* may a moment cloud  
 The kindest bosom breathing,  
 Yet, trust me, love that whispers loud  
 Around the heart is wreathing.

Hearts may be sad—as oft they are—  
 And dearest thoughts be thwarted ;  
 Hearts may be broken down with care—  
 True love is never parted.

*Northborough.*

## CUPID'S BLINDNESS.

CUPID wandered forth to play  
 In a fragrant summer bower ;  
 There he revelled through the day,  
 Trifling with each blooming flower.

The rebel boy pluck'd many a rose,  
 And cast it heedless to the ground ;  
 The *Maiden's blush* the urchin chose  
 To cull, and strew its sweets around.

Cupid, boast not of thy power !  
 A 'vengeful bee lay hid behind  
 A folded leaf of *this* fair flower—  
 It stung the little despot blind !

E. L. E.

## THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE VATICAN

It is, perhaps, the only remarkable object in Rome which has not been over and over again described by modern tourists ; and as we are not aware that any Guide to it is extant in our language, the "Monthly Magazine" may claim some credit for being the first to give a complete and entire description of it to the English public. Even in Rome the only Guide to be purchased is written in technical and not very easy Italian. Not even a French translation is to be obtained ; and any tourist, who is fond of the arts, will not regret having given this number of our periodical a corner in his portmanteau, when he finds himself lounging in the room which is the subject of the present article.\*

This collection was first formed by Pius VI., who thought it a great defect that a palace which contained a museum of statues so numerous, that if animated they would form a vast crowd,—which was adorned with the frescoes of Raffael, Michael Angelo, and a host of other great artists,—should yet be without a gallery of oil paintings of corresponding merit. Accordingly, he got together several celebrated pictures, which afterwards, however, were all carried to the other side of the Alps in consequence of the troubles which came upon Italy towards the close of the last century. As soon as Europe was again at rest these sublime works of art returned to their original possessors. The succeeding pontiffs, Leo XII. and Pius VIII., increased their number, and embellished and enlarged the apartment in which they had been deposited ; and the present Pope, Gregory XVI., completed the project of his predecessors, and brought the Gallery to its present state of elegance and magnificence.

In the accomplishment of this design the Roman sovereigns were particularly favoured by circumstances ; and, indeed, no other conjuncture than that in which they successively reigned could have placed so many chefs d'œuvres at their disposal. The substance, in fact, of the collection consists of those pictures, which were sent back to their respective owners on the downfall of Bonaparte. Many of them belonged to churches, which were induced to relinquish their claims upon the restored booty by the influence of the Papal court, and in some instances by the enjoyment of a pension. Others, as we have seen, had originally been carried off from the Vatican itself, and were thus again placed in the hands of their rightful owner ; and the removal of a few paintings from the summer palace on Monte Cavallo, and the addition, by purchase, of two or three others, have formed a gallery which is unrivalled and unique ; for the whole number of the pictures is only thirty-two, and nearly every one of them is the chef d'œuvre of the master—of such masters too as Raffaele and Domenichino.

Before admitting the visitor to take a closer view of these glories

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\* The writer begs to acknowledge that he is indebted to the "Indicazione Antiquaria," published in Rome, 1834, for the greater part of his materials, although he has superadded the results of his own personal observation.

of art, we will just give him a hint, if he be a stranger in Rome, not to put off entering the gallery till the latter part of the afternoon. The Vatican is opened at one o'clock precisely; at *three* the Picture Gallery is shut, and visitors are turned out, because it communicates with the Pope's private apartments, and is his favourite promenade after his early dinner. Indeed, for some little time before that hour no new faces are allowed to enter, although those who are already there are still permitted to linger till the clock strikes. The Picture Gallery, moreover, is not arrived at till you have passed through every other apartment which is thrown open to the public; and in a palace, the rooms of which are calculated by one traveller at 12,000, by another at 10,000, while a more moderate tourist reduces them to 4000, the mere *distance* to be traversed is no trifle. Add to this that you have to pass the arabesque corridors of Raffaele, the gallery of inscriptions relating to the primitive Christians and others, the busts, the statutes, the fragments, the ancient mosaic floors, the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, and a thousand other temptations, each of which invites the stranger to tarry and admire it,—and we shall not be supposed to be offering a superfluous piece of advice when we admonish you to post yourself at the gates at one o'clock, and immediately that they are opened to rush forward without looking to the right or to the left, until you find yourself safe in the Picture Gallery. Other objects you may examine at your leisure; here you must make the best use of your time—and for want of adopting this plan, hundreds, nay thousands, leave Rome after a residence of several weeks, without having seen, or without having had any thing more than a hurried peep at, the Madonna di Foligno, and the Last Communion of St. Girolamo.

With this short preface we shall proceed at once to the pictures, making successively upon each such remarks as they may naturally suggest.

**No. 1. Lombard School.**—The Pietà of Andrea Mantegna of Padua, the reputed inventor of line engraving. The same honour, however, is claimed for Finiguerra, and the Germans deny that *any* Italian is entitled to it.

This picture, which consists of half-lengths the size of life, represents a Dead Christ, and Mary Magdalen in the act of anointing his wounds. In Italy, the subject of a Dead Christ, whether accompanied by the Virgin, or by any other Scripture characters, is always called a *Pietà*. From a comparison with other better authenticated paintings in the same style, there seems to remain scarcely a doubt that it really is the work of the master to whom it is ascribed. This picture, which is known by the name of the *Pietà di Mantegna*, has considerable merit in the hard and dry manner of those times, and in the delicacy with which the hair, particularly that of the Magdalen, is touched.

**No. 2. Roman School.**—St. Gregory the Great, by Andrea Sacchi, who was born at Rome in the year 1599, and who was the most distinguished disciple of Francesco Albani.

The subject of this picture, of which there is a mosaic copy in St. Peter's, is a miracle said to have been performed by St. Gregory the

Great, while Pope. He had been offended by the indifference with which some foreign prince had received a *purificator*, or small towel used in the Roman Catholic service, which he had presented to him. The Pope, in consequence, invited him to be present when he said mass, and asked him for the same cloth which he had given to him; and immediately touching it with a sharp-pointed iron, he made blood flow from it, to the astonishment of the prince and the bystanders! It is this precise moment which Sacchi has seized to paint the Pontiff and the incredulous prince; expressing in the latter with great truth the effects of sudden surprise and embarrassment. A few guards are standing in the back-ground regarding the miracle with wonder, while a young deacon is receiving the holy drops in a vase.

Others, on the contrary, assert that the subject of this picture is Gregory the Great persuading sceptical persons to pay veneration to *brandei*, that is, to those little pieces of cloth which it is the custom for faithful Papists to place upon the tombs of the martyrs, and afterwards to regard them as objects of worship.

Whatever really may be the subject, without some explanation the picture wants dignity, and offers no loftier idea to the mind than that of a good-looking man displaying a bloody rag. Good drawing and strength of colouring form the chief merit of this picture, although it is not free from many of the defects of the age in which it was executed. It was reckoned one of the finest works in the Gallery at the time when it was removed to France.

No. 3. *Lombard School*.—The *Pietà* of Michelangelo Amerigi, commonly called Caravaggio, because he was born at Caravaggio in the Milanese, in the year 1569.

This picture consists of a group of six figures, and represents the burial of Christ in the rock by the Marys, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus. Whatever success Caravaggio had elsewhere attained in his theatrical style of painting, is here all surpassed in this picture. On beholding it, it is impossible not to exclaim with Annibal Caracci, that "this fellow grinds up flesh with his colours!" He was the first who really shook off the yoke of the Roman mannerists, and introduced a style which was entirely natural. He was a pupil of Giorgione; but he was still not content to confine himself within the limits of a school of colouring which was more than sufficiently forcible in its style; but running into excess, he also carried to excess the effects of his art. Rejecting entirely bright reds and brilliant blues, his wish was to represent objects with little light coming from above, deepening the shades and relieving his figures with dark and dusky grounds. This master is generally accused of incorrect drawing, of having copied simple nature without any selection, and of having avoided the difficulties of the art by covering them with shadows. But in this painting the figure of Christ is the most beautiful model that can be imagined. The Marys are full of sentiment and character. Truth, expression, and, above all, effect, are every where predominant. The confined and perpendicular light serves admirably to increase the tragic character of the scene, and forms a *whole* which will bear comparison with the most studied productions of the best masters. In the course of forty years Caravaggio painted a great

deal, and in a *ferocious* style, in accordance with his natural character. Milizia calls him a man "detestable in painting as well as in manners;" Poussin also exclaimed against him, saying that "this fellow was come to destroy painting;" but this picture is a great advocate in his favour; it is a prodigy of art, and is indeed his *chef d'œuvre*. Before its journey to Paris, it belonged to the church of the Philip-pines in Rome, commonly called the New Church. At St. Peter's there is a mosaic copy of this picture, which, however, is considerably darker than the original.

No. 4. *Roman School*.—St. Romualdo, by Andrea Sacchi.

This picture also was taken to Paris in 1797, till when it had belonged to the church of St. Romualdo at Rome. It is not a very pleasing picture. It represents a vision which appeared in the open fields to the Saint, and the monks his companions. A ladder is seen, like that of Jacob, rising from earth to heaven, and many monks of his order are seen ascending to enjoy the glory of the blessed. The most ingenious part of this picture is the arrangement of a tree which subdues the monks, who are dressed all in white, and which gives an opportunity of making use of its shade in the necessity in which the artist stood of representing a number of figures all in the same dress, of the same colour, and nearly uniform in appearance. "I know not," says Passeri, "how any one else would have contrived to extricate himself with so much prudence. Whoever judiciously observes the taste of this picture, the excellence of its colouring, and the delicacy of its drawing, will not spare his praises, when he also finds it so remarkably perfect and highly finished." In fact, this picture is reckoned one of the best in Rome, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the master. After Raffaelle, he was the best colourist of the Roman school, and also one of the most distinguished draughtsmen.

No. 5. *Bologna School*.—The Communion of St. Girolamo, by Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichino.

Among artists the contest is yet undetermined, whether this, or the Transfiguration by Raffaelle, be the best picture in the world. There are mosaic copies of both in St. Peter's; but the copyists have scarcely done justice to the production of Domenichino. It is perhaps the only picture which could safely be confronted with those of Raffaelle. Every thing which it contains is pure, well arranged, noble, and expressive. As the Saint died at Bethlehem, the ministering priest, St. Efremsirus, is dressed as a Greek, and the deacon who carries the chalice as a Dalmatian. The kneeling sub-deacon holds in his hand the volume of the Gospel, and the painter has also introduced St. Paula prostrate, in the act of kissing the hand of the dying anchorite. There is besides the figure of an Arab, which while it serves to point out in some degree the place of action, at the same time gives variety by its difference of costume. The naked Saint, and particularly his head, is painted with inimitable care and delicacy. Whether we consider the richness and the dignity of the whole composition, the truth and the variety of the characters introduced, the correctness of the drawing, or the touching expression, it must be confessed that, in regard to this subject at least, Domenichino is not a little superior to Agostino Caracci. This picture, therefore,

is deservedly reckoned among the four best in Rome, and is certainly second to none, unless it be to the Transfiguration by Raffaelle. Zampieri painted this admirable work at the age of thirty-three, and all the payment which he received was sixty crowns, or about 12*l.* 16*s.* English. The profound Poussin used to say, that he knew but two men who could be called painters,—namely, Raffaelle and Domenichino. This excellent but unfortunate artist was born in Bologna in 1581, and died at Naples in 1641, where he was buried in the cathedral with but few demonstrations of respect to his merit. The picture, therefore, is now (1837) exactly 223 years old. It remained in the church of S. Girolamo della Carità, till it was sent to Paris.

No. 6. *French School*.—The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, by Nicholas Poussin; a representation of a new and cruel species of martyrdom suffered by St. Erasmus, bishop of Formio, because he refused to pollute himself by offering a heathen sacrifice on the altar of Hercules. The atmosphere of this picture is very strange; there is a glare of unearthly light about it, which is well suited to the horror of the subject. The victim is lying on his back, with his hands tied behind his head, while one executioner is drawing the bowels from his body, which has been opened, and another is winding them off by means of a wooden cylinder. The heathen priest in vain endeavours to turn the martyr from his purpose, and his countenance admirably expresses his Christian fortitude. This picture is with reason accounted one of the most excellent of Poussin's works, as well for its exquisite composition, masterly drawing, forcible expression, and judicious contrast of light and shade, as for its *material grandeur*; for it was the usual custom of Poussin to paint figures considerably less than life. The picture was originally the property of the Vatican till the year 1797, when it was carried to Paris. There is a mosaic copy of it in St. Peter's executed by Cristofari.

Nicholas Poussin, who was one of the most learned painters after Leonardo da Vinci, was born in Normandy in the year 1594, and died in 1665 at Rome, where Chateaubriand, while he was French ambassador at the papal court, erected in 1829 a cenotaph to his memory, in the church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina, where his remains had been buried.

No. 7. *French School*.—The Martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinianus, by Pierre Valentin, of Colonniers in Brié.

We have here the chef d'œuvre of an artist who was snatched away by death in the flower of his age. It represents the Martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinianus, who, according to the tradition, were sentinels at the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, and were converted by them to Christianity, and baptized. They appear here to be stretched out on a rack parallel to each other, so that the head of one touches the feet of his fellow-sufferer; they are bound with ropes, and three executioners are about to torture them, one by beating them with a heavy piece of wood, another by applying burning coals to their bodies, and the third by brutally pulling at the wheel. The Præses, sitting on his judgment seat, signs with his hand to two guards to remove a compassionate female, who had come to attend the champions of Christianity; which latter, painted

in the bold style of Caravaggio, are gazing at the angels who are descending from heaven to offer them the palms of martyrdom.

Valentin was a great imitator of Caravaggio, but perhaps more majestic, and more correct in drawing. Although born in Brié close to Paris, by studying in Rome he caught all the method of the Italian school, and applied himself to the then triumphant style of Michelangelo of Caravaggio. Young, and of great promise, death overtook him early indeed, but without being able to deprive him of a distinguished place among the painters of his age. His colouring was a mean between the violence of Caravaggio and the strength of Guercino. This picture, like that just mentioned, was removed from this gallery in 1797 to be taken to Paris. There is in St. Peter's a mosaic copy executed by Cristofari.

No. 8. *Bologna School*.—The Madonna with St. Thomas and St. Girolamo, by Guido Reni, who was born at Bologna in 1575, was a pupil of the Caracci, and was buried at Rome in 1642, in the church of St. Domenic, with great funeral honours, after having lain in state in the habit of a Capuchin.

A mere general admirer of the arts would certainly say that this was an elegant, simple, and effective picture, but artists pronounce that it is by no means one of Guido's best. The upper part represents the Virgin, with the infant Saviour sitting on her knees; below are St. Thomas and St. Girolamo, larger than life and appearing to be inspired by the Incarnate Word. As there is no great display of composition, it will be sufficient to observe that this is a choice work in Guido's second manner; and it is evidently the production of that master from the purity of the drawing, the harmony of the colouring, and the graceful flow of the pencil. It belonged to Pesaro before its journey to Paris in 1797.

No. 9. *Venetian School*.—A Doge of Venice, by Titian. Those who have visited Venice will have seen many paintings of similar subjects by the same master. It is a half-length, the size of life, representing one of the Heads of the Venetian Republic in his official dress. It is perhaps the portrait of Andrea Gritti, who was the great patron of Titian, and for whom this famous painter, called the Patriarch of Colourists, executed a great many other pictures. It was formerly in the Aldrovandi palace in Bologna, from whence it was obtained by Leo XII.

No. 10. *Bologna School*.—The Magdalen, by Giovanfrancesco Barbieri, commonly called Guercino, because *guercio* means one-eyed, or squint-eyed, and *guercino* is the term of endearment formed from it. The Bologna school has many *elegant* painters—Guercino is particularly so; and Guido, another master of the same school, is styled the painter of beauty, and of the Graces.

In this picture the Magdalen is not represented, as in the famous work of Correggio, in all the attractions of beauty, but squalid and sorrowful, in the act of meditating upon the Passion of her Saviour, by the contemplation of the instruments of his death, which are presented to her view by an angel. The sentiment of piety which shines through the pallid countenance of the Saint is really worthy of the pencil of Guercino. The picture was repaired and retouched

by Camuccini when it was removed from the Pope's summer palace on Monte Cavallo to grace the Gallery of the Vatican. It originally belonged to the suppressed church *delle Convertite* in the Corso, for which it was painted by Guercino.

No. 11. *Bologna School*.—The Incredulity of St. Thomas, by Guercino. If we are to believe the biographers of Guercino, he has painted this same subject a hundred and six different times. The point of time here chosen is when the Saviour shows his wounds to St. Thomas in order to assure him of his resurrection. With the truest and most natural expression of curiosity, the Apostle is reaching out his hand to the side of Jesus, who gives his disciple a free opportunity of examining at his ease the marks of the lance, and of the nails, and whatever else his obstinate doubt requires. This picture is executed in his second and best manner, after he had abandoned the terrible style of Caravaggio, and before he had adopted the delicate and harmonious method of Guido. It belonged to the old Gallery of the Vatican till it was taken to France in 1797.

No. 12. *Bologna School*.—The Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido.

Here we have really and entirely the first manner of Guido, when he painted in the forcible style of Caravaggio. Two executioners are intently occupied about the martyrdom of the Apostle. One of them supports his body and fastens it to the cross, which is fixed in the ground with its top downwards; another, by means of a rope, is raising him by the feet; and a third is preparing to fix the nails. It is said that the Saint, from motives of humility, begged as a favour that he might be put to death in a different position from his Divine Master: although such a death would be less painful and more speedy, on account of the accumulation of blood in the head. The whole figure of the Saint, particularly the head, is so masterly that nothing better can be desired. The character of the executioners and their different attitudes are as admirable for grandeur of composition as for vigour of colouring and correctness of drawing. This subject had at first been destined for Caravaggio by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, nephew of Paul V. But the Chevalier d'Arphino, a most bitter enemy of that painter, succeeded in obtaining it for Guido; at the same time secretly advising him to avoid criticism by adopting in some measure the style of Caravaggio, which was then triumphant. When the picture was finished, it was pronounced to be as good as if it had been executed by Caravaggio himself; artists in our day say better. From his success in this work, Guido obtained the order to paint in fresco his celebrated *Aurora* in the Rospigliosi palace. This celebrated picture also belonged to the present Gallery at the time when it was transported to Paris together with several others before mentioned.

No. 13. *Roman School*.—The Coronation of the Virgin, by Pinturicchio.

It is generally believed that this picture is one of the many which Pietro Perugino painted for the Church della Fratta at Perugia, because it is suspected of having been executed in his youth, before he went to study at Florence. But on account of a certain crudeness in the colouring, and the little grace displayed in the attitudes of the figures, it has been more frequently attributed to one of his scholars,

and perhaps to Pinturicchio, on account of the lights having been executed upon elevated and gilded grounds, according to his style. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin in Heaven, and her Coronation by the Saviour; the lower part of the picture contains St. Francis kneeling, with the Apostles, two Bishops, and various Saints.

No. 14. *Roman School*.—The Resurrection of our Lord, by Pietro Vanucci, commonly called Perugino. He died in 1524, four years after his pupil Raffaele.

Beneath the meagreness of style which was common to the painters of that epoch, it is easy to observe in this as well as in other works of the same master, the great and compensating merit which he had in the grace of his heads, the elegance of motion and the smoothness of colouring. This picture is still more valuable and interesting because Raffaele himself has painted in it the portrait of his master Perugino, in the character of a soldier seized with fear; and Perugino has introduced his pupil Raffaele as a soldier sleeping with his head resting on his knee. In many pictures painters have introduced their own portraits, but in this two friends have mutually painted each other. It originally belonged to the church of St. Francis at Perugia. In 1797 it was sent to Paris.

No. 15. *Roman School*.—The Transfiguration, by Raffaele: the finest picture in the world, if artists and professed connoisseurs know any thing about the matter. They say that this grand painting on wood is the most valuable, because the last and most admirable oil painting by the "divine" Raffaele. Although unfinished, it was the only one which obtained the honour of being carried publicly through the streets of Rome, close to his funeral bier. But however we may be dazzled by its reputation and the praises bestowed upon it by admirers, it still exhibits peculiarities which we may humbly be permitted to call great faults, even though they are protected by numberless modern examples and ancient authorities. From its title, "The Transfiguration," one would suppose that it contained but *one* subject; whereas it contains *two*, namely, The Transfiguration, and the attempt of the Disciples of our Lord to cast out an unclean spirit from a possessed child,—two events which certainly took place at a considerable distance from each other, and which need not have happened on the same day. (See St. Luke's Gospel, Chap. ix.) However, many of the old masters are fond of representing in the same picture two or even three synchronous events, or of crowding together two or three actions which took place separately, or of repeating the same personages in the same picture engaged in two or three different ways. For instance, in Cardinal Fesche's collection in the Falconieri palace, there is a picture of St. John in the wilderness: in the foreground he is baptizing a number of converts, and in the background, like a ghost of himself, he is preaching to a numerous group. The sculptures on the ancient Roman sarcophagi, or *urne sepolcrale*,\* as the Italian antiquaries call them, exhibit the same jumble of time and action, and may have suggested the idea to those artists who had the opportunity of studying them. The bas reliefs which ornament

\* In the Catalogue of the Museum of the Capitol, *urna* is always used to express the stone or marble coffin which we call a sarcophagus. In English, *urn* and *vase* are nearly synonymous. In Latin *urna* means both a vase and a stone coffin.

their sides, generally tell some historical or mythological tale, and repeat the principal personages of it three or four different times.

The painting called "The Transfiguration" contains then, *two* subjects; namely, the one which it really professes to represent, that is the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Tabor, in the presence of the three disciples, Peter, James, and John, and also the child brought by his father to the foot of the same mountain where the other disciples were waiting, and who was cured by Jesus Christ himself the day after his Transfiguration. The first, which occupies the upper part of the picture, is intended to signify the declaration which God the Father wishes to make of the divinity and the mission of his Son. The other, which occupies the lower part, displays the power of Christ over the infernal spirits, which he had already communicated to his disciples. The point of time represented in the first scene of the subject is the instant immediately after the voice had issued from the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him:" at which voice the apostles fell prostrate on the earth; and the two prophets Moses and Elias, as if even they were overcome, are no longer talking with Christ, but are turned in an attitude of adoration towards the Saviour, who still appears entirely surrounded with glory. Here we cannot but admire the poetical and judicious manner in which Raffaele has arranged the figures in this work, and that surprising invention of representing Jesus and the two prophets suspended in the air. The one, as the Son of God, and the others, as beings superior to other mortals: the latter raised but a small distance from the earth, and the former, as greater in majesty, so higher in elevation, with His arms raised in the act of rendering thanks to the Eternal Father for this new declaration in His favour. And in order to avoid a certain monotony of action, which would have resulted from representing the three apostles all prostrate on the earth, according to the words of Scripture, Raffaele, with the greatest judgment has painted them in attitudes of wonder and surprise (as is apparent also from the expression of their countenances), and has assigned to each one his proper position—St. Peter, a little in profile, and in the centre, as the chief of the apostles; St. John, more brought forward, as the beloved disciple of Christ; and St. James behind St. Peter, humble and devout, and thrown into deeper shade. The two figures on the upper part of the mountain, kneeling under some trees in the act of contemplating the vision, represent St. Lorenzo and St. Julian, whom the painter was obliged to introduce in obedience to Cardinal Giulio de Medici, who was then Pope under the title of Clement VII., and who had given the order for the picture. The Pontiff desired the introduction of saints who bore the same name with his father Julian de Medici, and with his uncle Lorenzo surnamed the Magnificent, under whose guardianship he had been educated.

But painting, however good, will not excuse this anachronism, and so it is better to let the eye glance at once at the lower part of the picture, which represents the possessed child brought by his father to the disciples of Christ, to be cured by them. The time which Raffaele has selected for this second scene is exactly the moment when the

unhappy sufferer is seized with his most violent paroxysms, which appear to cause great consternation among the disciples and to render them doubtful of their power; on which account they were afterwards reproved by the Redeemer. The figure sitting in front of the picture, holding a book, is St. Andrew, who is raising his open hand, and seems to have his mind totally occupied and astonished. The nearest disciple, who is directly above him, seems to say, "We doubt our own powers; our Master is on the summit of the mountain; when He descends, He will cure him:" and he is pointing upwards, with his hand to express this. The third disciple, who also has his hand raised, appears to express the same as the other two who are standing above him, and who display equal signs of consternation and want of power; a similar expression is evident in the different attitudes of the other disciples. The spectators, together with the father of the possessed child, are making the most fervent prayers, and seem not to understand the weakness of those who have already worked so many miracles.

It is said that the young woman kneeling alone in the centre is the portrait of Raffaello's mistress the Fornarina, whose likeness he has introduced into almost all his works, but never in a more beautiful manner than here. Raffaello was overtaken by death before he could finish the lower part of this splendid painting. The possessed child, the father and sister, who are pointing him out to the apostles, were finished by Giulio Romano, the first and most successful of his scholars. Raffaello died in 1520, at the age of thirty-seven on Good Friday, which was also his birth-day, and this picture was displayed to the public in the Pantheon at the same time with his body. It is related that there was scarcely a common mechanic who did not shed tears at the spectacle. The famous painter Mengs gives it as his opinion that this work of Raffaello contains more beauty than all his other productions. The expression is more noble and delicate, the light and shade are better managed, the distances are more clearly marked, the touch is finer, there is more variety in the draperies, more beauty in the heads, more dignity in the style. With such merits it is generally esteemed as the first picture in the world. It belonged to the church of San Pietro in Montorio till it was sent to France in 1797. There is a very fine mosaic copy of it in St. Peter's, but it is more diffuse and less compressed than the original, and does not altogether give the same effect.

No. 16. *Roman and Florentine School.*—The Adoration of the Wise Men, by Perugino, Raffaello, and Pinturicchio.

No work in which Raffaello merely assisted could have more grace than this painting; and although its composition must be attributed to Perugino, still as far as regards the execution, the most beautiful parts, that is those which breathe the greatest grace and softness, may assuredly be adjudged to Raffaello. On the other hand, it appears that the figures, which are in an inferior style, and display less elegance, are the work of Pinturicchio. Connoisseurs may attempt to assign to each artist the exact portion which he has executed, but, after all, such an appropriation must remain very uncertain.

No. 17. *Roman School*.—The Coronation of the Virgin Mary, painted by Raffaello in his youth.

The graceful style adopted by Raffaello while still young is particularly striking in this picture, which is full of delicacy and elegance in every one of its parts. The Virgin, crowned by her Son, is sitting in the serene heavens, surrounded by angels, who are playing various musical instruments. Beneath are drawn the Apostles; some in the act of examining the sepulchre which had contained her remains, and which now, according to the Roman Catholic tradition, is filled with flowers, and some raising their countenances to contemplate the glory above. Crispolti says that one of these figures is the portrait of Raffaello at the age of nineteen. Perhaps it may be the first figure on the left hand side. It was formerly in the church of the Benedictines at Perugia. In 1797 it was taken to Paris, where it was ingeniously transferred to canvass from the pannel on which it had been originally painted.

No. 18. The Madonna of Monte Luce; or the Coronation of the Virgin by Giulio Romano and Fattore.

This beautiful painting, the subject of which is the Assumption of the Virgin and her Coronation by the Saviour, belongs entirely to Raffaello, as far as the invention and drawing are concerned, but was executed partly by Giulio Romano and partly by Francesco Penni, another of his pupils surnamed *Il Fattore* because he transacted all Raffaello's business. It was divided into two parts at their desire, in order that they might both work at the same time, and not as some say, that it might be carried with greater ease from Rome to Perugia. The upper part of the painting is attributed to Fattore, although some assert that they can recognise in it the strength and elegance of Raffaello, so exquisitely coloured are the figures of the Virgin and the Saviour, and so noble are the angels around them, who are scattering flowers from the sky. This first portion may be affirmed to be finished to perfection; but in the lower part, which is the work of Giulio Romano, where the apostles are grouped around the tomb, which is filled with full-blown roses up to its very top, the admirable variety of character and the harmony of so many and such different figures, only make us the more desirous of softer and more flowing outlines for the heads and the folds of the drapery. Hence it seems probable that the lower part of the painting was left unfinished by the artist, we would not dare to say from any want of skill, but in consequence of some accidental circumstance. This most beautiful painting adorned the High Altar of the church of Santa Maria di Monte Luce near Perugia, till it was sent to Paris in 1797.

No. 19. *Lombard School*.—Christ seated on the Rainbow, by Corregio. After long controversies among the most celebrated academies of Italy whether this painting were a copy executed by Caracci, or an original work of Antonio Allegri commonly called Corregio from the place of his birth, the academy of St. Luke observing in the arm of the Saviour certain corrections which would scarcely be found in a copy by a first-rate artist, declared for its originality; giving greater weight to historical testimony than to pictorial merit, which

is here perhaps not so great as in some of the last works of the same master. The picture is a recent acquisition to Rome, and comes from the Marescalchi gallery at Bologna.

No. 20. *Venetian School*.—St. Sebastian, by Titian.

This large altar-piece, painted by Titian for the church of S. Nicoletto in Venice, represents the Virgin and the Infant Saviour aloft among the clouds surrounded by angels, and beneath, various saints, according to the mode which was in fashion for such representations in the sixteenth century. It was procured from Venice by Clement XIV., at the advice of the celebrated artists Volpato and Hamilton, and placed in the Quirinal Palace, from whence it was removed to this gallery by Pius VII. for the benefit of young painters. Even if there were not in the centre the inscription *Titianus faciebat*, still no one could have any doubt about the artist. It must be confessed, however, that this picture is the acme of anachronism and unmeaningness. Without the least attempt at grouping or contrast of movement, we have St. Sebastian naked, with the arrows sticking in his body, St. Francis with the cross, St. Antony of Padua with his lily, St. Peter, St. Ambrose, and St. Catherine. In similar compositions Titian usually disposes the figures of the saints after the manner of the antique bas-reliefs, entirely avoiding all action and movement, which he reserved for his battles, bacchanalian scenes, and other subjects which necessarily require them. The figure of St. Sebastian well displays his peculiar manner of treating the naked figure, avoiding masses of violent shade and all strong shadows, which assist the relief but spoil the delicacy of the flesh. His method of colouring admits of nothing harsh, but is always soft and harmonious; he always worked with but few colours on his pallet, but he was well acquainted with the use of their different shades and the favourable moments for their opposition. By following nature more than any other painter had ever done, he carried his peculiar merits to the highest possible point, and on this account was surnamed the Patriarch of Colourists. Vasari lauds him extremely for his expression, but this is certainly not the performance in which to look for it; it much better exemplifies the opinions given by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Zannetti. The former says that although the style of Titian is not so chaste as that of some others of the Italian schools, still he is always accompanied by a certain sort of senatorial dignity. The latter observes, that the women and infants of Titian are always noble and correct, his men majestic and magisterial. This remarkable painter, who ranks with Raffaele, Michelangelo, Corregio, and Leonardo da Vinci, lived ninety-nine years, and then died of the plague. He is the best landscape painter among the historical masters, and the finest draughtsman among the colourists.

No. 21. *Roman School*.—St. Michelina, by Baroccio.

This female pilgrim praying upon Mount Calvary in the most tranquil attitude of contemplation, certainly forms one of the most interesting works of Baroccio; and the celebrated painter Simon Canterini pronounced it to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the master, from the beauty of the blooming countenance, the boldness of light and shade, the expression, and other tokens of a first-rate artist, who had

evidently improved himself by the study of Raffaelle and Corregio. In 1797 it was taken to Paris from the church of St. Francis at Pesaro.

No. 22. *Venetian School*.—St. Helena, by Paolo Cagliari, commonly called Paul Veronese, because he was born at Verona.

St. Helena was the mother of Constantine the Great, and discovered the so called true cross, which symbol her son afterwards selected for his standard. She is dressed in a rich imperial mantle, with a diadem on her head, and sits sleeping with her cheek resting on her left arm. In front, and a little on one side, an angel is supporting the cross, and leaves an uninterrupted view of a figure so beautiful, that, though single, it is sufficient to fill the picture with a magnificence really wonderful. This is a remarkable work of Paul Veronese, who was so great a favourite with Guido, that he said, if it were in his power he would choose to be not Guido, but Paul. It is not a picture of composition, for its whole merit rests upon a single figure of great richness, imagination, and originality. Rubens alone appears to have possessed a genius capable of rivalling Paul Veronese. This picture belonged to the gallery of the Sacchetti family, from whom it was obtained by Benedict XIV.

No. 23. *Roman School*.—The Mysteries, by Raffaelle.

Though this picture offers nothing very remarkable to an ordinary observer, it was thought worthy of being sent to Paris in 1797. It formerly belonged to the steps of the altar of the church of the Benedictines at Perugia, and represents in three compartments the Annunciation of the Virgin, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Presentation at the Temple.

No. 24. *Ferrara School*.—The Holy Family, by Benvenuto Tisi, commonly called Garofalo.

A small picture on wood representing the Virgin and Child, St. Joseph, and St. Catherine. If Garofalo was more striking in his larger works, still this little painting, although retouched in some parts, is sufficient to show that he was cotemporary with Raffaelle, and that he caught something of his drawing, his touch, and his expression. The little Garofalo, i. e. *Carnation*, is a surname given to him, because he generally put a violet or a carnation into his pictures as a distinctive mark. The writer of this article looked hard for the garofalo in this picture, but is obliged to confess that he could not find it.

No. 25. *Roman School*.—Three Saints, by Pietro Perugino.

Another performance which most persons would pass by unheeded, but which was sent to Paris in 1797. It represents half-length portraits of St. Benedict, St. Placidus, and St. Flavia his sister.

No. 26. *Roman School*.—The Madonna di Foligno, by Raffaelle.

Artists may talk about the Transfiguration or the Communion of St. Girolamo, they are both very fine creations of the pencil, and too much cannot be said in their praise; but bring five persons who are merely educated gentlemen to view the pictures, and at least four of them will prefer the beauty, the elegance, and the ideality of the Madonna di Foligno to the more artificial and technical attractions of the others. It is, however, allowed at all hands that among the pictures pointed out for excellence of colouring, this holds the most

conspicuous place. Raffaele himself in his whole life never perfected a more beautiful production. The Virgin is seated upon a mass of clouds, holding in her arms the Saviour, who is represented as a most enchanting infant. She is dressed in an azure mantle, which seems admirably to bring out the figure from the bright ground of a gilt circle. Below, on the right hand, appears the person who ordered the picture—Sigismund de Comitibus, confidential secretary to Julius II., dressed in a cape. He is kneeling in adoration of the Virgin, under the protection of St. Girolamo, who has placed his hand upon his head, and recommends him to the favour of the Madonna. On the opposite side are St. John the Baptist, and St. Francis kneeling with a cross in his hand. In front is a cherub, the most beautiful imaginable, who is holding with both hands a tablet intended without doubt to contain either the name of the artist or that of the patron who was at the expense of the picture.

In the back ground is painted the city of Foligno, over which a thunderbolt is falling, and this circumstance might perhaps have given occasion to a votive painting. It was originally painted on wood, but on account of some injuries it had received it was at Paris transferred to canvass, and an arm of St. John was retouched, as may easily be seen. The figures of the saints are treated in a masterly manner, but Sigismund may be said to be life itself, rather than to be taken from the life; for nature and colouring, his head will not yield to the best specimen of Titian. But it is the group of the Madonna and Child which particularly enchants the eye. Raffaele, who had already vanquished other artists, here surpasses himself, and it is a pity that some first-rate picture of the Greeks is not left to us, in order to make the comparison between the two. This picture belonged to the convent *della Contesse* at Foligno, till it was sent to France in 1797.

No. 27. *Roman School*.—The Theological Virtues, by Raffaele. A little picture in three compartments, which represents Faith, Hope, and Charity under the form of three little boys. It is merely a sketch, but it has travelled from Perugia to Paris, and from thence back to Rome.

No. 28. *Flemish School*.—A Landscape, by Paul Potter.

Four Cows, and a Peasant Girl milking one of them, form the subject of this well-preserved little picture. But however admirable may be the effects of its landscape or the truth of its animals, it seems out of place here. It only serves to destroy the unity of the collection; and after having been filled with the inspiration of Raffaele and Domenichino, the eye turns but faintly and carelessly upon four cows and a milkmaid in a meadow. It is to be hoped that some future Pope will withdraw it into his private apartments, which it would adorn; here it is lost, like a star among suns.

No. 29. *Roman School*.—The Madonna with Four Saints, by Pietro Perugino.

The four saints are St. Lorenzo the Deacon, St. Louis, St. Ercolano Bishop of Perugia, and St. Costanzo. This picture was sent to Paris in 1797.

No. 30. *Florentine School*.—The Acts of St. Nicolo di Bari, by Beato Angelico of Fiesole.

These two little pictures are inclosed in one frame. The first contains several subjects. In the first place it represents the birth of the saint. The holy infant the moment after his birth miraculously stands upright in the vessel in which he is washed, and with his hands folded together is offering his thanksgiving to the Almighty, who had heard the prayers of his hitherto barren parents, and had sent him into the world. It also represents how the young saint on three different nights threw bags of money through a window into the house of a certain soldier who despaired of being able to settle his three daughters in marriage from want of a portion to give them; which said young ladies are seen asleep all in one bed, whilst their father stands watching in disguise to surprise the unknown benefactor. There is besides *his vocation to the bishopric*, which he heard in a sermon. In this compartment we see St. Nicolo sojourning in Mirra. He was there informed by a preacher, the bishop of that city, that he should be his successor; for he had seen a vision in which God commanded him to elect as the next bishop the person who should come into the church very early in the morning on the day after the death of the former bishop, and who should bear the name of Nicolo.

The second division displays how St. Nicolo, while still living, saved his people of Mirra from a horrible famine by having miraculously provided a quantity of grain; how he harassed an imperial agent who was come to collect a heavy tribute; how, after his death, he saved a ship's company from shipwreck, by appearing in all his glory, with a lighted taper in his hand, as a symbol of his inextinguishable love.

The manner of these two little paintings very much resembles that of Giotto, both in the position of the figures and the folds of the drapery; but they still are full of that grace and elegance which this painter used to introduce into the countenances of his saints and angels, and which have gained for him the surnames of *Il Beato*, "the happy," and the *Guido* of his time. As his first occupation was that of illuminating manuscripts, he always retained that attention to the smallest details which is peculiar to miniature painters.

These two little cabinet pictures were judged worthy of being taken to Paris in 1797. They are very old, and, like the productions of many other early painters, are ridiculously curious. The figure of the saint peeping out from the clouds with a lighted candle in his hand is particularly ludicrous. However, it falls very far short of many things that are to be found elsewhere. In the Museum at Brussels there is a picture of the Ascension, in which the legs of Jesus Christ are just cut off by the frame of the painting, and which gives the idea of a person tumbling through the joists of an unfinished floor rather than of any thing else. In the same collection is the Creation of Eve, in which the Deity, dressed in a mitre and full pontificals, with two angels as train bearers, is *modelling* Eve while she is half extricated from Adam's side. And there is the Murder of the Innocents, said to be by Breughel, where Herod's soldiers, in an antique Flemish dress, are armed with *match-lock guns!* The scene represents a Dutch-looking village in the depth of winter, and the innocents, *girls* as well as *boys*, are lying murdered on the snow.

It is difficult to say what can have been the cause of such misrepresentations. It cannot have been wantonness or profaneness, for we do not find that such paintings were disapproved of by the clergy of those times. That the early artists had some authority for even greater absurdities than they have committed, will appear from the following extracts.

In "Barachoth," a Talmud treatise, it is said that "God formed Adam with a double visage: he made him with two faces, one before and one behind, and cut him in two parts—and out of one part he made Eve."

"Adam," it is said, in another treatise, "when created, reached from earth to the firmament of heaven; but that after he had sinned, God laid his hands upon him, and reduced him to a less size."

Adam reached in length so far, that "an hundred years would be spent in travelling from one end to the other."

These latter subjects, however, would be rather difficult to paint.

No. 31. *Roman School*.—The Annunciation, by Baroccio.

This painting is always considered as the best work of Baroccio, both for finish, for elegance, and for composition. The artist himself was so satisfied with his production, that he made an engraving of it, which succeeded admirably. Till 1797 it belonged to the Basilica of Loretto, and when it was removed to Paris a mosaic copy was substituted in its place.

No. 32. *Florentine School*.—Pope Sistus IV., by Melozzo da Forli.

This large fresco painting, which used to ornament one of the walls of the old Vatican library, by the order of Leo XII. was taken off the wall on which it had been painted, and transferred to canvass as we see it at present. Besides the interest attached to so curious an operation, the fresco has great merits of its own, which consist in the admirable exactness of the portraits, and the truth and harmony which appear in every part. A minute description of the composition would by no means amuse a general reader, as the interest attached to it is entirely local; but for those who desire to know every particular, there is an erndite dissertation on this celebrated painting by the Marchese Melchiorri, whose antiquarian productions are well known in Rome.

*Melozzo da Forli*, the title of this painter, is, as usual, merely a nickname, his real name being *Degli Ambrogi*.

D.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

## PART THE FIRST. CHALCROFT.

## CHAPTER I.

IT was noon, as the door of a sleeping chamber at Long's was held open by a valet, who bowed low as a young man of ultra-fashionable appearance, in a *robe-de-chambre* of rich brocade, and slippers of the same material, passed out, and descended the stairs. At the entrance of a drawing-room stood John Long, who, at the period to which this tale belongs, acted as steward of the household in the well-known Bond-street hotel, and an individual, whose costume bore the slightest possible tinge of his profession, that of a stud-groom. "John," said he of the silken dressing-gown, speaking as he entered the apartment, "send me some breakfast, a few kidneys devil'd, and a tankard of iced porter; and, Edwards," turning to his *recherché* master-of-the-horse, "I shall want the team at one for Epsom: they dislocated my arms on Sunday in the park, and this is Derby day; so, unless you can put them together that there may be some chance of holding them, they'll have me off the box before I get them to Vauxhall-bridge. Try the grey horse near-side leader, and throat-latch him: and that d——d Crockford, put him off-side-wheel, and run him at the lower bar; we'll see what that will do for them." With a bend of acquiescence, characteristic of the well-bred domestic of May Fair, the person thus addressed closed the door, and departed to perform his bidding.

Aladdin's lamp would be a useless encumbrance to the tenant of a West-end hotel: it is but to proclaim your present need, nay, in most instances but to *look* it, and straightway is your desire accomplished, be it what it may, often too when the prospect of a corresponding consideration is more than apocryphal. An or-molu time-piece, which occupied a marble slab placed between the windows, pointed five minutes to one, and half the letters and billets, among which the terrier was gamboling upon the *fauteuil*, were unopened, as a plain chocolate-coloured barouche, with the blinds closed, drew up at the Clifford-street entrance. The equipage was without ornament of any kind, either upon the carriage or its appointments: while the team of four blood-horses, each of faultless symmetry, and in condition "fine as a star," combined to produce that unostentatious, graceful, exquisitely finished *tout-ensemble*, which has ever constituted the English amateur *drag*, "of itself its own parallel." Two groom-boys in Oxford-grey frocks, leathers, and boots, stood at the leaders' heads: others in various liveries were busied diffusing acres of broad-cloth over the box and front seats, under the direction of their masters, who, with cigars a-light, and apparelled for travel, stood around, giving the last touch to the sporting *tableau*. While these preparations were in progress beneath, the sashes of a French window were thrown open, and with robe of

brocade replaced by an ample driving-coat, the charioteer appeared. Here for a moment we must digress, to make you acquainted with the companions of his drive.

That slight, boyish figure, "bearded like the pard," wears his moustaches in virtue of a commission in the Blues: with an open hand and a warm heart the young Irish peer entered upon life. There is a Scottish saying, "hawks do not pike out hawks' een," an axiom which his career was destined to prove does not apply to those of the land of the Shamrock.

That tall, extra-superfine personage, whose open surtout displays a *drab* body-coat beneath, fitting his anatomy like an eel-skin, that is the quint-essential Lancer, whose boast it was in taperness of waist, breadth of shoulder, and irresistibility of smile, to exceed all his majesty's bad bargains. Poor B.! thou art departed from among us: we could have better spared a better man.

The third and last of our party is —, but should you happen to be in town when this page meets your notice, or at any future time while he is in the flesh, choose the hour of 3 p. m., and, secure as of turbot at Groves's or mutton at Giblett's, art thou of R—— in Bond-street. He is what is generally pronounced plain of feature, and of a very excellent conceit in costume; scrupulously vigilant of neckcloth, and never lacking a substantial cane attached to his wrist. To sum up his exterior pretension in his own words, it is "not handsome, but eminently correct."

"Chalcroft," said he of the moustaches, withdrawing his cigar, elevating his face towards the open casement, and speaking with a most unequivocal richness of delivery, "who's the box for? N—— don't go with us; in fact, he went an hour ago, and bade me offer polite regrets and all tha tsort of thing: when a lady's in the case you know all other—"

"Oh!" interrupted the person to whom he addressed himself, "I'm not sorry N——'s better engaged; jump up yourself, first come first served. I want to be steady to-day, and that's a word not found in N——'s vocabulary: so *en route*," he exclaimed, having descended, and casting the eye of a workman over pole-chains, bearing-reins, and couplings, while the others of the party took their seats.

Comely as the line of beauty are the sweeps with which the master's hand accomplished the angles by which Albeinlarle-street is gained, and many a professional eye is rivetted as the artist points his leaders into Piccadilly. Right merrily sped on their pilgrimage of pleasure our light-hearted gallants, through lines of villages, where every open casement displayed its fair and smiling occupant. In fifty-five minutes Ewell corner is doubled, and in five more Epsom in all her saturnalian pomp and revelry is before them. It was a gala day, that Derby of 1828 when the forlorn hope of the southern turf was so gallantly carried by Cadland and James Robinson: still the record accords not with our present purpose; it may be that our muse is diffident in Olympics. In 1833 "The Quarterly" donn'd the cap and jacket for a spree, and really showed with tolerable success up to Tottenham corner, where its Pegasus sprained a wing, the run-in with the apisode of the gipsy partaking more of the Sapphic

than the Pindaric. We take warning from this DANGEROUS experiment.

The day passed, and once again an eight o'clock dinner assembled the morning party. The repast was upon the principle of all such at the fashionable taverns in the west, that is to say, in the affair of the esculents, supportable, and where the price of the wine is intended to represent the quality.

The maddened strain of Pasta's *Medea*, and the tender melody of Caradori's *Creusa* had died away, as humming that gentlest of all gentle airs "*Ah si caro*," Chalcroft ascended from the pit in the interval between opera and ballet. An arm passed through his, and a voice which announced the young warrior of the Blues enquired, "Have you any engagement for the rest of the evening? if not, come and I will introduce you to that, for which the Sybarite might languish." In a box upon the second tier, whose occupants were two elegantly appointed women, the presentation was effected. *Masaniello*, all light, grace, and fascination terminated,—a carriage, whose studied simplicity was the consequence of a more lavish expense than the most gorgeous decoration, stood in readiness at the Waterloo-place-end of Charles-street; the *parti quarré* entered, and at the word "Chesterfield-street" glanced on their meteor way.

The house at which it drew up was small, but *recherché* almost to a fault; the balconies rivalled in beauty of foliage the Italian grove, and the apartment into which they entered, seemed, in the flowery fragrance of its atmosphere, as though newly spread for the feast of roses. It was lighted by two small silver lamps placed upon a table, on which were fruits, ices, wines, and their accompaniments, a most unpretending meal, but as faultless in its fashioning as the magic suppers of the Trianon.

So subdued was the lighting of the chamber, that not for some moments was the discovery made that it was already occupied. Almost hidden in the recess of an easy chair reclined the form of a female, enveloped in the folds of an ample Cachmere. She had been reading; the book with which she had been occupied lay upon her lap. The attitude was one of exceeding grace, but not such as the eye loves to rest upon; it needed no second glance to feel that the posture was not that which meditation assumes when its visions are of peace.

"Truant," exclaimed the dame, whose manner indicated the hostess of the mansion, "we waited for you till nine, and then went in despair, but this *is* kind; how long have you been here?"

"I can hardly tell you," was the reply in a gentle accent, "the evening was so lovely that I walked in the park till my servant reminded me of the hour. It was then too late to go to you, so I prolonged my solitary pilgrimage, and now I am going; I am not quite strong enough yet to encounter late hours, you will lend me your carriage." She rose from her seat as he spoke, and the languor of the action too plainly evinced that the plea of debility was not idly urged. From the instant he first beheld her, the stranger had deeply attracted the observation of Chalcroft; almost in anticipation of an intimation from the hostess, he had assisted in adjusting

her shawl more closely round her, and had drawn her arm within his. Farewell had been taken, and they turned to leave the room. As they passed towards the door a mirror stood before them. It was accident that caused Chalcroft to raise his eyes to it. In an instant he started as from the sting of a scorpion. The frail being that leant upon him paused, and glanced timidly towards him; what means the wild eagerness with which he regards that wan countenance, and turns with frenzied gaze to the "counterfeit presentment" of that mystic glass?

## CHAPTER II.

"It was late when we separated last night, Chalcroft," said Lord R—, as the two friends sat at a tardy breakfast on the succeeding morning, "and yet you seem to have been stirring early, to judge from the appearance of your dress; it is not I think your usual habit."

"To confess the truth, I have been early stirring, as you call it," replied his companion; "for in fact I was not in bed last night; there is something unnatural in being ushered to your chamber by Aurora; so on reaching home I ordered my horses, and have been on the saddle ever since. That *Dantzic* is very excellent, let me recommend it to your notice: '*decies repetita placebit*;' I think it improves upon acquaintance. I've got an earthquake style of headache, and they say distilled liquors are beneficial in such cases; by the way, how did they treat you yesterday at Epsom?"

"But indifferently," said the young soldier, filling his glass of *chasse*: "I mean to-day, however, to take a splendid revenge: you'll go down for the Oaks?"

"As you will," was the answer, "but with posters; somehow I'm too organically susceptible this morning for teaming it—at what hour shall we order them?"

"One will do for me," said the peer, "so suppose you issue the mandate forthwith."

"Wilkinson," said Chalcroft, addressing his valet, who answered his summons, "I shall want four from Newman's in an hour—mind, in an hour exactly—and," looking into a mirror that reflected the small French *or-môlu* time-piece which stood behind him, "it is now ten minutes to twelve."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Lord R—, "Dantzic may be a good cephalic, but it don't agree I think with your accuracy of optic; you're astray upon that last attempt twenty minutes; noon hath already numbered ten of those divisions of time."\* With an electric start Chalcroft sprung from his seat, and, resting his hands upon the marble table on which the dial stood, gazed disordered upon it. "Angels and ministers," cried his companion, "dost thou calculate upon a visit from Sathanas? but," as the agonized features of his

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\* The dial of a watch held opposite to a looking-glass will explain this illusion better than words. In the countenance too, a very extraordinary change of expression is often produced by similar means.

friend became revealed, he continued in a tone of sympathy, "my dear Chalcroft, you are ill, very ill, is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the young man, from whose brow the cold perspiration dropped; "nothing, I will leave you now; it is time to prepare for our excursion, I will join you at one. This headache has made me as nervous as an aspen."

For a space after he had entered his chamber, the victim of feelings, which he had not the courage to gauge, bathed his burning temples. "God of mercy," at length he exclaimed, throwing himself in the despair of mortal anguish upon his knees, "spirit of compassion and loving-kindness, what mean these strange and fearful visions with which my soul is tormented? Am I the sport of an unreal phantasm, or do they foretell something too terrible to think on? Are they sent in mockery or warning? Oh, for one gleam of light upon the dark dread dream of the past!"

### CHAPTER III.

London! where shall he seek his type, who would convey to such as know thee not the faintest imagination of thee, thou moral chaos! They who pronounce thee a kingdom within thyself fall far short in their description; thou art the world's alembic! with the essence of all that is rich and rare distilling the venom that is the subtlest and most fatal. Such as compare thee to the wide earth are scanty in their delineation, for where, upon the world's surface, shall man place himself without creating some social memorial of his home but in thee? Thou art humanity's ocean!

"The track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind."

Thou hast thy cloud and shine: the calm and the tempest. Goodly barques float upon thy waters; some "from Ceylon, Ind, or Carthay," with Prudence for their pilot, return freighted with that glittering ore whose golden rays "led the first argonauts athwart the deep." Others, with streamers gaily waving on the breeze, launch for some Ogygia of the western wave. "Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm." Alike the fate of all. If the precious galleon escape the roving buccaneer and tropical hurricane,—if the gay and fragile shallow clear rock and quicksand, lacking the chart of experience, still in vain shalt thou seek record of them, even yet while the foam marks the recent passage of the keel. Thy biographers have been, in the phrase of Newton, "but as youths who pick shells upon the sea-shore." Oh! a golden atlas shall he construct, whereon shall be traced "the shallows and the miseries" wherewith the voyage is environed! Thrice blessed the hand that shall erect a beacon upon the syren shores of thy allurements, to warn the heedless wayfarer, lest, in the emphatic language of Holy Writ, "he lose his own soul."

He who desires to make his page the vehicle of interest and instruction, let him study life as he shall find it in the metropolis of this country. Eschewing fiction, let him select as his thesis the

minutest segment of that which is called "the circle of pleasure," and his narrative shall be another illustration of his axiom who declared that "truth is strange." Let him take at random from street or square any mansion, and however brief its tenancy, its history shall be a moral decameron!

The outline of his early career, whose fortunes form the action of this sketch, in no way differs from that of the thousands who every season fret and strut their hour in the harlequinade of London life, and then are seen no more. Domiciled in the most fashionable caravansera of the West, his cards bore an unexceptionable "imprimatur." All his appointments were faultless, his person prepossessing, his manners refined, his mind cultivated; he was, in its essential meaning, a gentleman. Those with whom he lived on terms of intimacy knew nothing of his history beyond the fact of his unquestionable claim to respectability on the grounds of having no ostensible means of obtaining his livelihood. Some of his associates had been with him at Eton, and knew him "at Mother Angelo's," where he bought the roarer of Jack Peer and stuck him into Mat Milton, warranting his pipes as clear as Highgate Archway! To others he had been known during his matriculation at Oriel; by the greater proportion, however, of his associates, the history of his birth and generation was as little understood or cared about as that of the Wandering Jew. Such was the position of Chalcroft, whose career, brief as meteoric, was but a counterpart of full many "a lost Pleiad" of the London season. The story of his early life had but little to distinguish it, perchance, from "many another one," yet some sketch of it is essential to preface a tale, whose interest, should it possess any, is interwoven with its earliest associations, and whose moral is based upon their influences.

Of that portion of his existence which preceded the dawn of reason and observation, Chalcroft was ever in ignorance; when first perception entered upon its office, he was fighting against the formidable odds of a public school, when scarce five summers had furnished their stamina for the struggle. Christmas and Midsummer brought a precise old man, who took away "Master William" in a yellow chariot, and at the end of a few hours he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman whom he called "Papa," and kissed by a lady who called him "her darling Willy." In a few years he had formed a better acquaintance with home and its inmates. His father, a man of elegant appearance and great acquirements, used to examine him upon the day of his arrival probably, but beyond that his notice very rarely extended. His mother, a Frenchwoman, whose father had been one of the Protestant refugees, was in character the antipodes of his other parent. In person she was commanding, and what is conventionally understood as *distingué*; her hair, which was profuse, was dark and shining as the raven's wing, her coal-black eye bespoke the spirit of which it was the index, while her face, deeply marked by the small-pox, was physically deprived of any assistance from expression to soften a *ferté* by which her natural bearing and demeanour were distinguished. From her he met either the most lavish caresses or violent reproaches; her temper seemed the very

mirror of her native skies, the radiant sunshine or tempest thunder of the south. A brief experience of home soon revealed the too apparent truth, that the beings he was called upon to love and respect, lived together in bitter estrangement. Silent, cold, and repulsive, his father kept aloof from all society, never joining his family save at dinner, after which he would retire to his study, an apartment in which he passed, with that exception, the whole of his time. His mother, on the contrary, went much into company, and gave very frequent entertainments; the style of living was such as might be expected from a country gentleman of a couple of thousands a-year; the establishment, however, being somewhat loosely conducted, as the master of the family took no part in its arrangement, and the mistress, with her foreign education and habits, was ill suited to remedy the deficiency. The house in which this ill-accorded pair resided, was a villa upon the Severn, the owner of which was under age, and it had, in consequence, been let during the minority. Here the first ten years of Chalcroft's life found their home, though far the greatest portion of their space had been passed in that moral tomb of all gentle sympathies, that upas shade of life's rosy morning—a public school.

It was about this period, that is to say, when he had reached his tenth year, that Chalcroft was taken home, preparatory to his removal to Eton. On this visit he found a new member added to the family circle, a little girl, in appearance of his own age, whom he was instructed to call "cousin Mima." The natural consequence of the social disorganization by which they were surrounded was to draw these isolated children more closely together. The autobiography which little Mima related to her companion as they wandered hand in hand by the shining river, was but the echo of the history told to her in return. From the chaos of the past, the first glimmer of memory showed the thorny path that each had trodden; neither knew how long, nor whence, the weary pilgrimage had begun. Tender as were their years, retrospection had its bitterness for them, and they said little of what was gone. Mima had been told on leaving her house of penance, "that she was going to remain for a time at uncle Chalcroft's, who was so good as to take her home, for her own papa had been killed in America, and mamma was a long long time dead." Her cousin heard the tale for the first time; he had gained a gentle, kind companion, it was, beyond that, without interest for him.

That which had originated in chance, became established, as intercourse revealed the natural bias of each to the other. Two rose-buds on one stem dwell not together in gentler unity than did these fair children in sympathy of spirit. When in heaviness of heart the son has turned from the chilling glance of his father, there was the sunny smile of a cherub to cheer and welcome him; when the tempest of a mother's rage had banished the rose from his cheek, there was ever a tear of balmy pity to bedew and revive it.

It was early in spring that Chalcroft was removed from school, the intention being that he should enter at Eton after the Easter recess. Circumstances, however, prevented the accomplishment of

this project, and it was not till the beginning of autumn that he finally left home. This boy, naturally of a high spirit and sanguine temperament, had during those few months obviously undergone a powerful moral change. Whether the latent fire was still there, the surface, as formerly, displayed no sign of the volcano beneath. His pony, ever his sole holiday occupation, was now neglected. It was clear that his mind had begun its destined labour, and that the harvest returned no crop of grateful produce. He had exchanged the robust and active enjoyments of buoyant youth for the graver occupations of maturer years.

The season enabled him to pass almost the whole of every day abroad; there were no social ties to bind him; boy though he was, he could not bear to contemplate the hourly desecration of that sacred temple of our earliest, and dearest, and holiest feelings—home. The grounds by which the house was encircled were not extensive, but they were sufficiently capacious to permit the little wanderers to wile away the summer's day. The Severn was their boundary for the greatest part of their extent. On the margin of that brightest of England's rivers, together they would sit for hours; the busy pleasures of their years had not for them their accustomed allurements; their characters, assuming the tone of their position, had formed a bias apart from that of their young compeers. It was thus that the most real of their enjoyments appeared to be in abstraction and repose; at noon or eve they were found together under the green alley that spread its shelter down to the river's edge, or seated by the stream gazing idly upon the lucid mirror that flowed before them. Such was the tranquil dawn of existence for these children:—

“Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,—  
Their home deserted for the lonely wood,”

they had wasted away many a summer-day, and now the hour of their separation was at hand.

It was on the day which preceded that fixed for his departure for Eton, that for the last time the silent and meditative boy led his weeping companion on a farewell visit to their favourite haunts. They had loitered long and fondly on every cherished spot: here the earliest violets had been gathered; that bank wore the first primroses. At length they stood beside the calm and placid water: “Mima,” said the youth, and he spoke hurriedly, for he felt that his voice failed him, and his face was turned aside to conceal the tears that dimmed his sight, “the hour for which I often longed is arrived, and I am now sad that it is come; Eton has been long the goal of my wishes; now I would, were it possible, that I might remain here; it is not that I love my home, but sad and cheerless as it has been to you since you have known it, I fear it will not improve when your dull and stupid cousin is gone. Dear, dear Mima, I know not if we shall ever meet again; I have asked my father, I have implored my mother to tell me whether you are to remain or return whence you came; they have answered me, sometimes with anger, always evasively. Of my own prospects I am equally uninformed, but while I live you will have a constant, changeless friend; do not cry, my

own dear cousin—I can hardly keep from tears myself, and I do not wish any but you should know that I am so weak. You will not forget me; should you continue here, you will walk often where we have walked together, and you will sit upon this river's brink, and call to mind one who loves you better than any thing in the broad world. Come, my cousin, you must not be so sad; God will bless and guard you; I know not what He may destine for me, but be it good or evil, whatever my lot, I shall ever dearly remember the time we have passed together, and through every scene of my life I shall cherish the memory of the sunny looks I have so often seen mirrored in this fair stream."

That night the farewell was said, and the next sun was yet unrisen as the scion of this ill-omened house entered upon his pilgrimage. For the first time he went forth alone; but the elastic spirit of youth was not seen bounding in his step. Hope's radiance shone not in the eye that recent sorrow had robb'd of its light, and dimmed with weeping. Was not the augury of the precise old man, as he closed the door of the carriage, well founded—did he not soothly divine who thus ejaculated, "There is but scanty promise in that life whose young days are thus baptized in bitterness?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

The season in the zenith of which this narrative commences had drawn to a close, but Chalcroft was yet in town. Those who knew him best spoke of a change in his manner, but it excited little observation and less interest among men who found their stock of sympathy slender enough for their own uses. It was rumoured that the "stud of a gentleman," which was advertised for sale at Tattersall's, had some connexion with his lengthened sojourn, and one or two of his most particular friends intimated an intention of becoming purchasers, "should the cavalry turn out a profitable investment." August came, and London was a desert.

Autumn and winter passed, and again the returning season saw the tide of fashion set at flood for the metropolis, but one of the barques of pleasure that had floated so gallantly when last it ebbed came not with its gladsome waters. Another year came and went, and the name of Chalcroft was forgotten by many a reveller, who in the vintage of his prosperity had "drank of his cup and been merry."

Ere we follow the progress of his fortunes, we will trace briefly his career upon his entrance at Eton up to man's estate. Four years had been consumed between the usual alternation of classics and gymnastics common to that aristocratic grove of Academus, and at fourteen he was "a little gentleman from top to toe." Whatever may be urged against Eton, none can gainsay the gloss of fashion by which all its young philosophers are distinguished; and whether the course of its studies be, or be not, such as best may tend to produce a scholar, without cavil none was ever better calculated to mould the human clay to the ornamental purposes of society. At every anniversary visit he found the social condition of his home still worse and worse, and when he quitted it for Oxford, its circumstances were all

but desperate. His father had become quite a recluse, devoting himself exclusively to books, and rarely leaving his own rooms; his mother was nearly a stranger, her time being divided among the different watering places of fashionable resort. The ancient serving man was still there, but time had done its work with him; his manner, formerly precise, had become austere; he was reserved, silent, and withdrew from all the approaches of his once favourite young master with a peevish and morose sullenness. To all questions concerning the history and present condition of the niece of his master, who had been an inmate of the house during a brief space in Chalcroft's early youth, he preserved an inviolable silence. It was a subject never broached but to his evident annoyance, and met with an abruptness that made its renewal unavailing.

Such was the domestic position of Chalcroft when, having taken his degree at a much earlier age than usual, he found himself gazetted to a cornetcy of Dragoons. In a period of profound peace, the army, at its best, is but a school for luxurious idleness, enabling a young man, by the peculiar condition of its economy, to make an appearance and move in a sphere utterly incompatible with similar means in any other circumstance of life. It was little wonder then that one, whose boyhood had lacked the common advantages either of precept or example, found the allurements of unrestricted licence and augmented facility for indulgence temptations beyond his strength. It were an unwelcome task to follow him in his career, the more so, that it was "the broad way" along which throng so many, failing the friendly hand to point out the pitfalls with which it is beset. A letter, announcing the fatal illness of his father, once more, and for the last time, brought him to his home. His mother was absent, and his arrival but enabled him to pay the last sad services to one whom, though almost unnaturally estranged from him, he had ever loved. Within a week after attending his father's obsequies, he had left a home marked by scarce one single recollection of pleasure, never to return to it. The effects were soon after disposed of, the servants discharged, with the exception of the old retainer, upon whom a small annuity was settled, and the memory of the strange gentleman who lived at the lodge departed from among those who nominally had been for years his neighbours.

One memory, which through all the wayward wanderings of his life had never slept, was roused into a vivid and keen existence by that temporary visit to the scene of its earliest source. Fondly, but bitterly, did the image of his fair and gentle cousin haunt him as he lingered among the walks they had trodden together. Seated by the calm river that still flowed on as it was wont ere the days came in which they were to dwell apart, he gazed into its lucid mirror as if he sought to meet the sunny looks that he had so often seen reflected within it. The hour of his departure came, but not with it terminated thoughts which that scene revived—memories of the past which it had stirred.

Scarcely a year had elapsed ere another melancholy summons called Chalcroft to the death-bed of his last parent. It was from Bath that he received the notice of his mother's dangerous illness,

and in a few hours he was in her darkened chamber. Stern as the lesson ever is, taught in this latest school of mortality, there are circumstances when the philosophy it conveys is appalling. Upon a couch whose appearance but too clearly denoted the restless agony of its wretched tenant, lay the emaciated, distorted frame of her, whose career of cruelty and bitter neglect had never totally weaned the ill-requited affections of a son. The sight of that son, so long and so cruelly slighted, at the moment of his entering the room had an effect all but fatal. All of life which apoplexy had spared from annihilation was torn with a convulsion at which the soul shuddered; with a spasmodic action she seemed to require something should be done, and the anguish with which she discovered that her desire was not understood was enough to daunt the stoutest heart. At length Chalcroft seemed to gather her meaning; he signed to those in the apartment that they should leave it, and she appeared to regain something like composure upon being left alone with her son. It was an awful interview,—that in which he stood, as it were, before the spirit of his mother. All that death could claim had already been made its prey; the dead it was that essayed to address the quick; the immortal quailed in presence of the mortal! Thickly, indistinctly, and clotted with the dews of death, came the disjointed syllables, but they had conveyed enough to chain his attention to every muttered articulation. A name had reached him, and he could hear the pulsations of his heart and temples beat aloud in the breathless silence with which he sought to catch aught connected with it. Another and a last desperate but fruitless effort at speech did the dying woman struggle with: it was a fearful strife, life ebbed fast, voice was gone, her glazed eyes were set in the sockets, and a convulsive motion of the hand was the only sign of animation that remained. Yet consciousness was not gone with the capability of giving it expression; perhaps I may fail in conveying my meaning, but I have seen the reality of that which I would describe, and it is the most terrible feature of a most appalling disease. For a moment there was that bright flickering beam that so generally precedes the total extinction of life's "brief candle." Again the name of his early companion was gasped out—he bent his head over the dying sufferer, convulsively came the disjointed syllables, "she is your sister"—his mother was dead!

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS.

## No. II.

If Keats, as we showed in our last notice, failed in completing the two vast ideal fabrics which he intended, and only left in their place a heap of ill-combined images without life and order, yet grand even in their confusion, let us examine with what success he attempted other subjects requiring less sustained power. We have now before us two short but finished poems by the same lamented young bard, entitled, "Isabella, or the Pat of Basil," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." The first of these is a tale of Boccaccio versified, and, although the subject is somewhat beyond nature, it is not wanting in true tenderness and poetry. Isabel and Lorenzo, two beings whom the reader may invest severally with all that is beautiful in maidenhood and gallant in manhood, could not dwell beneath the same roof without feeling "that stir of heart, that malady," which, as time has shown them a fuller reflection of each other's graces, has grown into love. In the days of Lorenzo and Isabel (and even now if chivalry be not wholly lost), love was a coy passion, which filled the heart with unutterable emotions, was silent and reserved to all the world, and could scarcely breathe forth its adoration even to one beloved object. And so these beings continued to love on, entranced in the elysium of each other's presence, without daring to break the magic silence, until their cheeks grew pale for very thought, and Isabel, in the fulness of feminine pity, having whispered her interest for Lorenzo's malady in his ear, their mutual vows were plighted, and they became—

"Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart,  
Only to meet again more close, and share  
*The inward fragrance of each other's heart."*

But the mutual bliss of the young and loving hearts was not to continue untainted. Even love, though it rises like a bright exhalation from darkness and sorrow, has enemies who would quench it utterly. Isabel has two brothers, for whom, Keats tells us, many a weary hand laboured "in torched mines and noisy factories," and many a slave—

"with hollow eyes  
All day within some chilly river stood,  
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood."

These merchant-brothers, like many others of the same class, are proud. Why? asks Keats; because they had rich marble fountains, which they had gained from the tears and pangs of other men, or because they had orange-groves, planted and reared by labour not their own, or because—mark, gentle reader!—

*"red-lined accounts  
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years."*

Still, whatever might be the reason, these mercantile gentlemen were very proud, and having designed their beautiful sister for a nobler and richer (though they could not for a more faithful) hand than that of the penniless Lorenzo, and finding that Isabel's affections were not to be turned or thwarted, they lure her lover on a pretended journey "three miles towards the Apennine," and, having murdered him in a neighbouring forest, turn

"Their horses homeward with convulsed spur,  
Each richer by his being a murderer."

From this part, the tale of Keats assumes a deeper interest, and is continued in an unlaboured style of much feeling. The brothers, after their crime, inform Isabel that Lorenzo has taken ship for foreign lands on their business; but although the fond maiden sees nothing for the time to alarm her suspicions of his actual fate, she cannot sustain her lover's absence. Without Lorenzo the world is to Isabel a desert; all her thoughts, impressions, feelings, are centered upon him; in the whole circle of existence she has but one object of her affections, and, that being removed from her, she can only pass the hours "upon which she hangs with feverish unrest," in painting its most dear image, by day devoting all her occupations to it, and by night

*"Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,  
And in her low couch muttering 'where, oh, where?'"*

At length Lorenzo's protracted absence worked a sad change in the lovely Isabel. The following stanza is so deeply tinged with poetic melancholy, and so sweet in expression, that we cannot help transcribing them:—

"In the mid days of autumn, on their eyes  
The breath of winter comes from far away,  
And the sick west continually bereaves  
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay  
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,  
To make all bare before he dares to stray  
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel  
By gradual decay from beauty fell—

"Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes  
She ask'd her brothers with a cheek all pale,  
Striving to be herself, what dungeon climes  
Could keep him off so long? they spake a tale  
Time after time to quiet her. Their crimes  
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale,  
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,  
To see their victim in his blood-steep'd shroud!"

The remainder of this poem we would recommend to the admirers of the descriptive and pathetic. They will read how the ghost of the murdered Lorenzo appeared to poor Isabel in her dreams, warning her of his hapless fate, and praying her to shed one tear upon his grave,—how Isabel went to the spot, and having found a soiled

glove of her lost lover, commenced digging for his body, more eagerly than misers for a treasure, bruising her fair limbs upon the hard mould, and only pausing in her sad avocation to put back the clustering masses of golden hair that blinded her tearless eyes,—how at length she found the head of her Lorenzo, and having carefully placed it in mould, how it became a beautiful basil plant, giving forth a sweeter perfume than any else in all Florence, while Isabel hung over it, forgetting every other object of the living world, deriving no consolation from the blue heavens, or light, or darkness, or beauty, or change, but ever weeping on the perfumed leaflets of that one unconscious plant, till, like a drooping lily of the vale, she pined away and died,—and lastly, how her brothers, smitten for their cruel crime, went voluntarily away to a lasting banishment. Such is Keats's "Isabella," a simple, unaffected, touching little poem, perfect in all its parts, and, in spite of the difficulty of the subject, carrying with it quite enough to interest the general reader.

The "St. Agnes Eve" is cast in a much deeper vein of poetry than the poem we have just noticed. Had Keats left behind him nothing else, this vivid picture of chaste female beauty and manly honour, set off by the dim back-ground, with its appropriate objects, of this mysterious eve, would have been in itself sufficient to have cancelled the melancholy epitaph which on his death-bed the young poet desired should be placed upon his grave.\* No one can read the "St. Agnes Eve" without feeling that it evinces genius of a high order; but let us say one word of the legend which gave rise to it. "St. Agnes" was a Roman virgin, and having suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Dioclesian, her parents are said to have seen a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by a white lamb, the emblem of her own innocence. From this martyrdom a superstition arose, that once in the year (the eve of January 21st), by performing certain ceremonies, maidens may obtain a sight of their future husbands, at the witching hour of midnight, in their dreams. From such a harmless superstition as this, let us next see what a chaste and exquisite poem Keats has written; its opening is admirable:—

"St. Agnes Eve—ah! bitter chill it was!  
*The owl for all his feathers was a-cold;*  
*The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,*  
 And silent was the flock in wintry fold;  
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told  
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
 Like pious incense from a censer old,  
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is a sketch of winter, as expressive, chilling, and natural, as if whole volumes had been written of it. The scene is laid in the chapel of a baronial castle, the time near midnight, and the first

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\* Here lies one  
 Whose name was writ in water!

solitary occupant of the place is a poor old beadsman, whose life had nearly spun itself out, and whose hopes are all heavenward. Listen,—

“His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees ;  
*The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze*  
Imprison'd in black, purgatorial rails,  
Knights, ladies, praying in decent oratories,  
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails

“Northward he turned through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue  
Flattered to tears this aged man, and poor”—  
\* \* \* \*

The scene has now changed ; we have left the chapel's dim and cold solitude, and a sight of unwonted gaiety shakes the poor beadsman's spirit to tears, as he opens the castle portal that leads from the abode of the dead to the brilliant banquet chambers of the living. Here, although music breaks in upon silence, and gaiety on death, we find the solemnity of the scene still sustained, romance and the visions of olden time forming a prominent portion of it, for up aloft, that is in the orchestra of the hall where guests meet,—

“The carved angels ever eagle-eyed  
Stared, whereupon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise o'er their breasts.”

But it is not with the many that the visions of this mysterious eye have to do ; among all the crowd of guests which throng the principal banquet chamber, there is one fair being,—

“Whose heart had brooded all that *wintry* day  
On love,”

to whom “sole thoughted” we must turn. This being, the young and gentle Madeline, had been told how “virgins might soft adornings from their loves receive,” if they performed certain ceremonies on this night, and retired to bed with their eyes and hearts fixed with maiden purity on heaven :—but let Keats speak for himself :—

“Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline,  
The music yearning like a god in pain  
She scarcely heard ; her maiden eyes divine,  
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
Pass by, she heeded not at all ; in vain  
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
And back retired.

Her heart was otherwise ;  
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year!”

Here let us leave Madeline alone in the crowded hall, enwrapped in the vision of her own sweet thoughts, and only waiting the fitting time to retire into the lap of liquids old, to perfect the spell of St. Agnes,

and shift the scene. There is yet another being for whom the mysteries of this eve have a deep interest. Porphyro, the young and gallant cavalier, whose image doubtless danced before Madeline's mind's eye, as he himself was destined hereafter to hang over her pillow, has come over the moors, to speak and kneel, to perchance touch, and even kiss (such things have been, says Keats), the lady of his heart. But Porphyro has a dangerous citadel to storm; the gates of Madeline's mansion are closed against him; the halls are full of foes, who hate him so much, that—

“Their very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage;”

and in the whole of that hostile place, except its choicest ornament and gem, he has but one other friend, “an old beldame weak in body and in soul.” But true love laughs at barriers, and defies the dagger's point. Porphyro enters: we cannot resist giving our readers the exquisite stanzas that follow:—

“A happy chance! the aged creature (meaning the beldame) came  
Shuffling along with ivory-handled wand  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame  
Behind a broad hall pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
He startled her, but soon she knew his face  
And took his fingers in her palsied hand,  
Saying,—‘Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place,  
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race.

“‘Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand,  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed both thee and thine, both house and land;  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
More tame for his grey hairs. *Alas me! flit,  
Flit like a ghost away.*’ ‘Ah! gossip dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit  
And tell me how.’ ‘Good saints! not here, not here;  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.’

“He followed through a lowly arched way,  
*Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,*  
And as she mutter'd, ‘Well, ah, well-a-day!’  
*He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.*”  
\* \* \* \* \*

It is to be observed how perfect is the keeping of this; the scenes and the characters are all in unison with the shadowy mysteriousness of St. Agnes eve, nor can any thing be more smooth, unlaboured, or expressive, than the words depicting them that fall from the poet's lips. The beldame, with that mixture of envy and querulous weakness characteristic of old age, “laughs feebly in the languid moon,” when she hears that Porphyro has come to see his beloved Madeline on this evening of all others; but after they have conversed together, her heart freely opens to the young cavalier, and she tells him how Madeline has determined to observe those ceremonies which may

bring her future husband, whoever he might be, before her dreams. On this Porphyro proposes a stratagem, which makes the beldame start and angrily turn away from the youth, who could dare to harbour any ill thought towards so pure and beautiful a maiden as Madeline. What that stratagem may be, let the reader guess from the warm protestations of Porphyro:—

“ I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,  
 Quoth Porphyro. ‘ Oh may I ne’er find grace  
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
 Or look with *ruffian-passion* on her face ;  
 Good Angelo, believe me by these tears,  
 Or I will even in a moment’s space  
 Awake with horrid shout my foemen’s ears, [bears.’”  
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves or

And what a stratagem it was! For the *shadow* flitting before her mind’s eye, in the dim visions of St. Agnes eve, the loving and lovely Madeline was to behold the *substance*; bolts and bars, and guardian angels more impassable than either, that watch the chaste chamber of a maiden, were to be charmed away for that night, and the very being of all others, the gallant Porphyro, whom Madeline scarcely dared to tell unto the winds of heaven that she loved, so cherished in her heart of hearts was the precious thought,—this being was to be in her chamber, to kneel beside her couch, to hang over her pillow, to pray for her, to bless her, and yet not to displace one small ringlet of her unconscious tresses by a rude or impure emotion! But Porphyro loved Madeline; it was the soul of Porphyro that on this mysterious evening was to embrace the pure soul of Madeline, and what harm could a spirit ever entertain towards a kindred spirit? No, if Juliet could chide the “lagging messengers of night” for not bringing her beloved Romeo more speedily to her arms, and still be the most spiritual, impassioned, and beautiful of Shakespeare’s female creations, so might Porphyro on this night throw off all conventional forms of delicacy, prior to possessing his Madeline for ever! Yet it must be admitted that, with all the attraction of scenery and circumstance, this was a most dangerous subject for a young poet to have handled. One false expression, one misplaced idea, one thought not in strict keeping and conformity with the spiritual yet winning chasteness of this eve, might have spoilt the poem. Had Keats been a Lord Byron or a Thomas Moore, he might have made his work but a vain shadow of Beppo, Don Juan, or of the meretricious sentiment of Lalla Rookh; but his own pure imagination was to carry him safely through the task, and to leave behind it imagery that might rival the purest creations of Southey or even Coleridge.

The scene has again changed; after much reluctance the old beldame, “a poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,” has guided Porphyro to his lover’s chamber, “silken, hushed, and chaste.” And where is Madeline? As the beldame is returning down the

balustrades, she met St. Agnes' charmed maid, rising on her aged view—

“ Like a mission'd spirit, unaware :”

holding in one hand a silver taper to guide her to her couch, yet even on this solemn occasion not forgetting the kind sympathy of her sex, for she turned back to lead the tottering beldame safely down the stair. In the mean time Porphyro has concealed himself in a closet, first (mark, gentle reader) having prayed to heaven for perfect purity of thought and feeling in the forthcoming scene. And now, the old woman being left in security, Madeline gains her chamber. The stanza that follows cannot be surpassed, and has, we think, been rarely equalled in the whole range of poetry :—

“ Out went the taper as she glided in ;  
*Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died ;*  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide ;  
 No utter'd syllable or woe betide !  
*But, to her heart, her heart was voluble,*  
*Paining with eloquence her snow-white side,*  
*As though a tongueless nightingale should swell* [DELL !”  
 HER THROAT IN VAIN, AND DIE, HEART-STIFLED, IN HER

Is not this beautiful? Deeply impressed with the awe of this eve, one thought uppermost in her heart, conscious that she loved, but doubtful whether her love was returned, Madeline sought her couch. Here we have poetry and nature combined; the pallid moonshine in which the little taper died is highly poetical, and in keeping with the imagery which preceded and will follow; the warm breathing of her heart, brimful of emotions too deep for utterance, is nature all over,—the nature of perfect innocence and maidenhood, on which not a stain or a tear has ever fallen. Turn we again to the scene. It is now fast approaching the midnight hour; Madeline's chamber is a lofty gothic apartment, with one “triple-arched casement,” surrounded with carved devices of fruits and flowers, and filled with diamonded panes of many-coloured glass, through which the moonlight is now streaming. The presence of Porphyro in the recess of the vaulted closet where he has placed himself is forgotten for the moment in the deeper interest of the chamber's fairer occupant. Madeline kneels, and as she put up her silent prayers to heaven, a word spoken, or a look elsewhere than heaven-ward, would have destroyed the spell; from the stained glass of the vaulted casement—

“ Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory like a saint !”

Beautiful again! let the admirers of Titian, or Caracci, or Domenichino, look upon this, and tell us if poetry may not, by its ideal delineations, rob even canvass of expression. Is there no picture in this? can no one actually see that young and innocent being at her vespers

in the chill, pale moonlight, "a splendid angel," as Keats proclaims her?

Now the prayer is over, and Madeline begins to prepare for sleep:—

\* \* \* \*

"Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
 Uncclasps her warmed jewels one by one;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;  
 Half hidden like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive awhile, she dreams awake, and sees  
 In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled."

And now she has gained her couch; over its own soft nest the dove hath folded its wings, and lies brooding in slumber; on its own beauty, calmly and chastily, the spirit of innocence reclines:—

"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
 AS THOUGH A ROSE HAD SHUT AND BEEN A BUD AGAIN!"

*Requiescat in pace.* Who would venture to disturb the visions of so beautiful a being? who would step within the charmed circle of her purity to do her injury or wrong? No, innocence is its own protection, and Madeline may sleep securely. But let us turn to Porphyro; he has left his place of concealment, and creeps noiselessly over the carpet; now he gazes between the tapestries that fold over his beloved's couch at the lovely object sleeping there; and now having stilled his own heart's emotion, that may be almost heard in the solitude of the chamber, he placed a table, on which he had thrown a "cloth of woven crimson gold and jet," by that couch's side. But hark! a sound breaks upon his ear, an inharmonious clash of jarring instruments from the festive guests in another part of the castle, thrown in by Keats to give additional interest to the scene, rises for a moment on silence, endangering the spell that hath closed Madeline's blue eyes, and frightening Porphyro in his occupations, but as quickly dies away again. Still Madeline sleeps, while her lover fills the table which he hath drawn by her bed-side with many delicacies,—

"Of apples, quince, and plum, and gourd,  
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
 And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon."

These delicacies form part of the rites required to be observed on this eve, and having been heaped up by Porphyro till they stand sumptuous "in the retired quiet of the night," he bids his love, his seraph fair, awake, and look on the being who was her own true cavalier for ever. But Madeline sleeps on; she does not as yet hear his voice; the beautiful maiden is too fast entailed in "woofed phantasies." And now Porphyro takes her lute; if his own accents would not wake her, perchance the sweet strains of that instrument

might break the spell. He begins an ancient ditty, and has scarcely touched the strings, when,—

“Thereat disturbed, she uttered a soft moan.  
He ceased:—she panted quick, and suddenly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth sculptured stone!”

Need we go on with this touching picture? need we say how Madeline, half-slumbering and half-awake, yet quite unnerved by the scenery and the occasion, breathed into Porphyro’s ear the whisper of her love for him, and, in clasping as she deemed an impalpable vision of the night, drew unto her the form of Porphyro himself; and how then—

“The frost-wind blew  
Like love’s alarum, pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window frames:—*St. Agnes eve hath set!*”

Yes, the charm of this eventful eve hath now ended, but not without a happy consummation. Loving and loved, the maiden and Porphyro are from this night united; he who hath defied hostility and danger to see his Madeline, she who hath waken in the dead of night, by the glimpses of the fading moon to find her Porphyro kneeling like sculptured stone by her chaste couch, can never again part. Such an union St. Agnes herself must smile upon, and join their hands as indissolubly as the hearts of these two faithful lovers have been long since joined. Yet, reader, the picture which has been presented to you, combining though it did love and purity, honour and valour, old age and sanctity, with its gothic scenery and moonlight beauty, is after all but a *dream*. The castle was a spectral illusion conjured up by enchantment; the maiden a spiritual abstraction; the cavalier an ideal being called into momentary life, to vanish when his part was done; and the remaining objects but glimpses of light and shade, as varying and shifting as the moonbeams amid which they moved. If there had been any show of mortality in this chaste picture it would have lost much of its attraction. The scene, the time, the illusions, should all have been as they are; from first to last not a hue or a tint hath been thrown on the canvass which ought not to have been there. The scene opened with a wintry aspect; the time slowly drew on to midnight, when the charm of St. Agnes eve was to be complete; the illusions from their commencement grew gradually more discernible, and gained a climax, which, after the two spirits who alone appeared vital have joined to part no more, is most chastely bodied forth in the concluding stanzas, combining all that is wintry, mysterious, and visionary, and giving a finishing master touch to the whole picture. With these we shall conclude our present notice:—

“She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
For there were dangerous foemen all around,  
At glaring watch perchance with ready spears.  
*Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;*

In all the house was heard no human sound;  
*A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door,*  
*The arras rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,*  
*Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar,*  
*And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor!*

“They glide, *like phantoms*, into the wide hall,  
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
 Where lay the porter in uneasy sprawl,  
 With a huge empty flagon by his side;  
*The wakeful blood-hound rose and shook his hide,*  
*But his sagacious eye an inmate owns,*  
 By one and one the bolts full easy slide;  
*The chains lie silent on the footworn stones,*  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

“*And they are gone; aye, ages long ago,*  
*Those lovers fled away into the storm.*  
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch and demon, and large coffin worm,  
 Were long be-night-mared. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitch'd with meagre face deform;  
 The beadsman, after thousand Aves told  
 For age unsought-for, slept among his ashes cold!”

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 BALLAD.

A simple-hearted village maid,  
 I love the sunny heath and glade;  
 Nor would I change my happy state  
 To be a lady gay or great.

I love my own sweet cottage home,  
 With fond companions there to roam.  
 Oh! let me in contentment dwell  
 Down in my quiet native dell.

A happy and a harmless child,  
 I sought the woodland and the wild;  
 And still, fair Innocence, with thee  
 A village maiden let me be,

With smiling health; nor will I part  
 With joys that live within my heart!  
 No, not for wealth nor vanity,  
 Fair Nature, will I turn from thee.

Let others choose a city life,—  
 The mazy path of care and strife;  
 I would not change my humble state  
 To be a lady gay or great.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Letters and Works of Lady Mary Montagu. Edited by Lord  
WHARNCLIFFE. 3 vols. 8vo.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to turn over the pages of a more interesting work than that before us. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are so well known and so universally esteemed as models of easy, elegant, and witty letter-writing, that they need no word of prefatory praise from the critic of to-day. Having already stood the test of time and like good wine improved by keeping, they will continue to receive tributes of admiration even from our children's children. The writer of these celebrated letters lived in times and among men that would of themselves impart a singular interest to any correspondence; but she was, besides, a being of the most extraordinary mental composition. She was mistress of the most brilliant wit; but it was tempered with the soundest discretion:—she could unite the coldness of a Cynic with the voluptuousness of the beauties of southern Europe:—and she proved by her own case, that mad-cap vivacity is not incompatible with a wary vigilance and acute observation of character. No letter-writer, that we know in our language, displays so perfect a knowledge of the character of those to whom she writes. We see the portrait of the person addressed as vividly impressed on the letter, as if his likeness “in small” were contained within its folds. She plays with the foibles of her friends as easily as if they were shuttlecocks. Nor does she forget that her learned and talented correspondents require grave and critical remarks on what she observes,—that people of fashion and connected with the court desire to be enlightened respecting the manners and etiquette of foreign courts:—in short, for all she has a budget of observations, chit-chat, advice, or literary criticism, just as the writer hits the character of her correspondents. But we do not intend to confine our eulogium to Lady Montagu's epistolary abilities. She was an able and pointed satirist—in print, as well as in social life; and her ballads and light poetry may be compared with the productions of our best authors. In fine, Lady M. W. Montagu must be allowed to hold a very exalted station among the lady-writers of England; and we shall not perhaps be deemed extravagant in placing her—as respects her European education—in the same rank with Madame de Staël. Of Lady W. Montagu's notions of Ethics we entertain no very favourable opinion. Her theory is very latitudinarian; and out of regard to so excellent a lady, we will not say further, than that she was consistent in her conduct with her views of morality. Public scandal blotted her fair fame during her life-time: time will not wash away the stain.

The edition, that we now notice, contains much that has not yet met the public eye; and we may fairly pronounce it to be perfect, inasmuch as it contains all that her family can bring forward to illustrate the subject. We have no room at present for extracts from this nonpareil of biographies;—but we recommend all our readers to peruse the volumes with as little delay as possible.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe. By HENRY HALLAM.  
Vol. I. Murray.

THIS is one of those works which education and improvement have rendered necessary to the library of the Gentleman. In using this word, our readers

will fully appreciate our meaning, inasmuch as the day is now long since past when the definition of that term could be doubted. And we should ourselves form a favourable impression of the learning of a man, without having seen him, were we in calling by chance to mark this volume lying upon his table.

To Mr. Hallam, our thanks are especially due, for clearing the path of literature in the very able style which is every where manifested through these pages. We may here wander with delight over the intellectual history of ages, comparing them with their contemporary eras, and with the actual position of our own enlightened times,—free from the toil and disappointment which must have accompanied the labours of the author in collecting the necessary ancestral records.

The opening chapter of the work includes the literature of Europe from the year 1400 to 1440, and the two succeeding chapters conduct the reader to 1550. The fourth chapter is engaged by the ancient literature during the period intervening between 1520 and 1550. The fifth, on the speculative, moral, and political philosophy and jurisprudence;—which is succeeded by the history of literature of taste, during the same space of time. The volume closes with the scientific and miscellaneous literature of the thirty years preceding 1550.

We forbear doing more in so short a notice, than barely enumerate the subjects of the chapters, and the arrangement the author has adopted in treating them. We however look forward with some anxiety to the completion of a work which promises so much valuable information to society and such benefits to education.

On a future occasion, when we are less pressed for space, we will return with much pleasure to such agreeable labour as the review of the “Literature of Europe” offers.

**The Reformation.** By the REV. H. STEBBING. 2 Vols. post 8vo. Lardner's Cyclopaedia. Longman.

THE Reformation which spread like a flood through all the countries of Europe offers an extensive and interesting display, not merely of religious warfare and struggle, but also of the constitution of society in those times, and the powerful portraiture of human nature. This volume of this very excellent series contains the history of the stirring times when Luther shone forth the great planet of the Northern hemisphere. The death of Zuingle illustrated by a pretty vignette is among the important occurrences of the day, which is succeeded by the rapid advance of Protestantism;—the alarm of the Emperor as displayed in his weak attempt to procure a reconciliation, and the establishment of the Reformation.

The progress of the Reformation in England in the time of Henry the Eighth, when Wolsey and Cranmer divided the popular interest, and its violent movement in France, attended by the horrors of the Bartholomew Massacre, are also embraced in the present volume. The concluding chapters detail the state of the Reformation in the Low Countries, under the guidance of Calvin;—and the disturbed condition of affairs in Germany.

**Library of Anecdote. The Book of Human Character.** By CHARLES BUCKE, Esq. Vol. I. C. Knight.

THERE are some persons who go through the world and look with a jaundiced eye at every thing around them. Regarding themselves as ill-used men, while in fact they have only ill-used themselves by their extraordinary self-esteem, they consider all men as united in conspiracy against them, and have scarcely a good word for any one but themselves. We believe that it was this extraordinary self-esteem that plunged Barry and Haydon into penury and want; and we know no other probable termination to the life of a literary man thus mentally constituted. A single sentence in Mr. Bucke's book is

quite sufficient to characterize him as one of this class, if former experience had not informed us of the fact. "Willing should I be," says he (p. 213), "—nay, I should be proud,—would men judge me, not by my manners, my conversation, or my actions, but by my writings. I dare be sworn as to having always acted as well as I could under pressures, arising out of envy, jealousy, treachery, rapacity, and ingratitude; losses of money, of time, of hopes, and of exertion: but when I contemplate the comparative virtues of other men, I hang my head and—blush!"

The author or rather compiler of "The Book of Human Character" is a person of very varied information, of the depth and correctness of which, however, we have had reason to doubt. He has thought also on men and manners, but his ideas appear to us at least more quaint than clever,—eccentric rather than original.

As he has been rather severely handled by more than one of our contemporaries, we abstain from a task, which cannot be otherwise than unpleasant, of pointing out his errors. We turn with pleasure to some of the more original but not less characteristic passages of his work, which we extract to give our readers an idea of the writer's power and peculiarities.

"WHO BEGIN IN DISTRUST, AND FINISH IN CONFIDENCE.

"Machiavel has a most detestable maxim;—'slay your enemy, or caress him.' Such artifice is, however, nothing more than the presumed strength of incapable men; for it is the surest way to be ourselves deceived, to fancy ourselves more cunning than all the rest of the world.

"Some men begin the world in distrust, and finish in confidence; others begin in confidence, and finish in distrust. These opposite results arise from the persons with whom the two parties have been fated to contend, to mingle with and to live with. The former has fallen among Samaritans, as it were; the latter among Jews.

"One day, Marie Antoinette told Madame Campan that Dumourier had declared to her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head; but that he neither was, nor could be, a Jacobin; and that, while speaking, he seized her hand, and saluted it with transport; exclaiming, 'Suffer yourself to be saved!' Her majesty trusted him when he would have made no point of deceiving her, and distrusted him at a time when, of all others in his life, perhaps, he was most to be trusted.

"The error of Marie Antoinette, in respect to Dumourier, was precisely the one into which Necker fell in regard to Mirabeau. Mirabeau proposed that the duke of Orleans should be lieutenant-general of France; but he abandoned the idea immediately upon being closely admitted to a knowledge of the duke's imbecility. Mirabeau said to M. Malouet, 'I wish to have some conversation with you; because, through all your moderation, I perceive that you are a friend to liberty. I am, perhaps, more afraid of the fermentation I see in men's minds than you are. I am not capable of basely selling myself to the cause of despotism; I wish for a free constitution, but of a monarchical form. I have no desire to shake the monarchy; but I perceive so many wrong-headed persons in our assembly, such inexperience, such exultation, so acrimonious and inconsiderate an obstinacy, in the two first orders, that I dread some horrible commotion as much as you can. You are connected with Monsieur Necker and Monsieur de Montmorin: you ought to know what their intentions are. If they have formed a plan, and if that plan is reasonable, I am willing to support it.'

"In consequence of this conversation, an interview took place between Necker and Mirabeau. Necker admired his genius and his eloquence, but he refused to have any thing to do with a man whose private character had made him conspicuously notorious.

"That the death of Mirabeau was a great national misfortune, notwithstanding the odium which attached to his name in private, can be questioned by no one duly informed of the then existing spirit of parties. In him the

king might have enjoyed a servant; the violent aristocrats a balance; the democrats a muffle; the limited monarchists a shield, a sword, and a truncheon; Marat would have died, perhaps, in exile; and Robespierre, Roland, and Louis XVI. calmly in their beds."

"WHO ARE EVER READY TO THROW THE BLAME OFF THEIR OWN SHOULDERS.

"Elizabeth threw the blame of the execution of the duke of Norfolk on Lord Burleigh; and that of Mary, Queen of Scots, on her secretary Davison. Nothing indeed is so convenient to a tyrant, whether male or female, as a scape-goat!

"When men fail in their attempts, every one is to blame rather themselves. Fortune or heaven are the general scape-goats; and on these are our ignominies, vices, and crimes universally laid.

"Men often affect to disdain when their only feeling is fear. Metellus ridiculed Sertorius, and called him 'fugitive' and 'outlaw.' Yet he offered for the head of this fugitive and outlaw no less than one hundred talents\* of silver and twenty thousand acres of land.

"Some men are more courageous against tongues than they are against swords; others more so against swords than tongues. When Edward VI. was constrained, by the repeated importunities of his ministers, to consent to the martyrdom of Joan of Kent, for entertaining some point of doctrine not esteemed orthodox, the king said to Cranmer, 'I submit, my lord of Canterbury, to sign this warrant; but if there is any wrong, the blame must fall upon your grace's head;' and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. This was beautifully said, since Edward was a boy; but it would not have been beautifully said, had Edward been a man. He would then have laid commands upon the archbishop never to enter the council-chamber again.

"When virtue flourishes and sails prosperously before the wind, most men are envious of it. The ship encounters a gale, which increases into a storm. It is blown from north to south, from east to west, at the caprice of the hurricane. It loses its pilot, and lastly its rudder; no one flies to its assistance. It is seen to sink deeper and deeper every minute. At last the waters rise over the deck, a whirlpool is witnessed in the water, and a mast only remains, like a spire, to tell the tale of misfortune. All, then, bewail the severity of the storm, and blame their associates for not affording a hand to save the devoted vessel.

"Men may expect justice and liberality in the construction of an enemy, and they will find them; that is, in five persons out of fifty thousand. An evil occurs. It is caused by some one; or perhaps twenty persons have occasioned it. All these twenty will resemble each other in this,—that they will endeavour, with the greatest industry, to throw the blame off their own shoulders; and to get it off, they will hurl it upon any one, even on a man in no way concerned. 'Come, unfortunate women,' said Marie Antoinette, when at the monastery of the Feuillants; 'come, and see one still more miserable than yourselves; since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined; we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for these three years through all possible outrages. We shall fall in this dreadful revolution; and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall. The reformers have urged it like mad people; and others, through ambition, for their own interest; for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and distinction, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country amongst this infamous horde; the emigrant party have their intrigues and schemes; foreigners seek to profit by the dissensions of France; every one has had a share in our misfortunes.'

"This is all true; but not all that is true. Her majesty forgot the hand the king, and even herself, had in the fatal work, by being unfaithful to the constitution his majesty had sworn to respect. Had he regarded his oath, all perhaps had been well."

“WHO HAVE ELEGANT MANNERS, BUT VULGAR MINDS.

“Chesterfield was the disciple, as it were, of Rochefoucault. He had originally a vulgar mind. Cultivation chastised it, ambition polished it, and manners disguised it; but he died, as he had lived, cursed with the gangrene of a vulgar mind, that is, a worldly mind.

“Chesterfield had a perfect knowledge of certain individuals and those connected with them; but he had not sufficient mental compass to judge strictly any thing complicated, much less man. He improved the manners of his age; but neither its mental capabilities nor its moral practice. Perhaps he deteriorated both; at least this much is certain, that a youth, who takes Chesterfield for his guide, will run great danger of being little better than a smooth insidious, half-repenting scoundrel.

“He has some excellent precepts in regard to manners; but even these were given to Greece more than two thousand years ago. I do not accuse Chesterfield of having read one passage in Aristotle during his whole course of manhood; but, had he done so, he would, no doubt, have been struck with amazement at beholding the best part of his philosophy in a passage of the Stagyrte.

“Chesterfield was specious, plausible, and penetrating; with conversation not only brilliant, but frequently solid. His action, we are told, was dignified, and his eloquence mellifluent; yet, occasionally, deficient in argument, therefore deficient in strength;\* at times indicating a plausible and empty elegance, like double-distilled lavender-water, but he had not that pre-eminence of art that could prompt him to enlist manners and conduct on the true side of virtue.

“Pride, rank, and circumstance, prevented Chesterfield’s knowledge of any other species of men than what are to be seen in courts and drawing-rooms; nor would he have had so much leisure even to know those, had not the duchess of Marlborough left him a legacy of twenty thousand pounds. As to the innateness of his good breeding, it may perhaps be suspected; since though he could treat servants with politeness, he could occasionally be insolent, when he could be so with impunity. His wit, too, was often directed at good men.

“Walpole and Johnson are very severe upon this personage. The latter pronounced him a lord among wits, and insists that his letters teach the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master. The former (Walpole) declares of his administration in Ireland, that it was so popular, that nothing was so much cried up as his integrity. Whereas, ‘he would have laughed at any one,’ says he, ‘who really had any confidence in his morality.’ Thomson, however, adorns him with every virtue, and celebrates him as having been

‘The guardian, ornament, and joy  
Of polished life.’—*Winter*, 656.

“And yet, what was the extent of his policy and comprehension?—To guard himself, and to keep himself perpetually on the watch to profit by the passions and errors of others. He courted the mistress of his master, was ambitious of distinction, and yet acquired no advance in the peerage, nor any great accession to his private fortune. Were we permitted to compare him to a fruit, the fruit selected might be a China orange.”

#### STATISTICS.

Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales, 8vo. Knight.

THE English public are here presented, at a small expense, with an elaborate

\* Johnson was one day looking at an edition of Chesterfield’s works. “Here,” said he, laughing, “here are two speeches ascribed to him, both of which were written by me; and the best of it is, they have found out that the one is like Demosthenes and the other like Cicero.”

history of the condition of their needy fellow-creatures in every district of the kingdom. If the Poor Law Commission had done no more than this,—and we sincerely hope that by its information much more may be effected,—if, we say, it had done no more than put in the hands of benevolent individuals a positive means of ascertaining the real condition of their poor parishioners, its labours deserve the highest praise. But we are happy to observe, that while it points forcibly to the defects existing in our poor law government, and to the abuses by which the poor are oppressed, it arouses interested individuals to discover and put in practice effective means for preventing their recurrence.

MARTIN'S *British Colonial Library. West Indies. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. Whittaker.*

A GOOD descriptive work on our Colonies has long been a desideratum :—and Mr. Martin has at length supplied our wants. These accounts are, perhaps, too superficial and vague to serve as manuals for colonial settlers ; but they, at any rate, furnish us with much detail that will not be found even in our most voluminous Gazetteers. We wish every success to the undertaking of so useful a contributor to our statistical literature.

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GENERAL AND MEDICAL SCIENCE.

COULSON on the Chest and Spine. 8vo. Hurst.

THE writer of this highly practical little work is a surgeon of considerable repute attached to one of our largest metropolitan hospitals, and a teacher of anatomy of some years standing.

His rank in the medical profession is a sure guarantee to a certain extent that the book is sensible and worthy of perusal. An examination of its contents has raised our previously favourable opinion of the author. The preface tells us, that it is laid before the profession, as if its sale were to be confined within so narrow a circle. There are few, very few parts that are closed against plain common-sense ; and every part is so important to those engaged in the physical education of children, that we conceive we are serving the community by recommending to every mother and every teacher a careful perusal of Mr. Coulson's excellent work.

The *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science*, for January. Conducted by Sir D. BREWSTER and others. Black.

WE consider this as rather a heavy number, considering that the *Philosophical Magazine* can command great resources in its numerous contributors.

Some portion of its pages are occupied by the contest between Dr. Ritchie and Mr. Rainey. We do not take part in the struggle, but we are happy at all times to look on in the emulation of learning, for information on both sides is the usual result.

There are some interesting remarks from the pen of the learned professor on electricity and magnetism.

The thirteenth paper contains an account of Müller's views of the reflex function of the spinal marrow.

This is a subject of much importance, and replete with inductions of the most striking interest. We are indebted to Dr. Marshall Hall for the new

light thus thrown upon the nervous system. The views of the nervous system entertained by Dr. Hall promise to do much towards the clearing up of the great difficulties by which the subject is at present surrounded; and, by their application to practice, confer a lasting benefit to practitioners in their treatment of the complicated series of nervous diseases.

State of the Question as to Steam-communication with India, by Capt. M. GRINDLAY. 8vo. pp. 100. Smith and Elder.

THAT extensive portion of the British dominions, stretching from the Himalayah mountains to Cape Comorin, which covers considerably more than 500,000 square miles, and supports a population of eighty-three millions, has not hitherto held that high place in the public opinion and esteem, to which its vast size, its political importance, and its seemingly inexhaustible resources give it a claim. Although its riches are annually imported to furnish us with luxuries, which from long use are almost become necessities, we have never been led to consider the internal affairs of India in any other light, than as those of a foreign country, unconnected by ties either of conquest, colonization, or consanguinity.

Our countrymen, it is true, have gone forth to its shores, and returned, after the service of a few short years, the possessors of wealth that has given them a political power, not always employed for the good of their country; the misrule of the Indian government, the monopolizing policy of the rulers at home, and the continual exposures of the Company's misdeeds before parliament, have kept the subject of India before the public and drawn aside its attention from home grievances, to the afflictions of their oppressed fellow-subjects under the Tropics. The exclusive system that the East India Company have adopted, and the English government have too long permitted, may be regarded as the chief reason of this indifference,—we are happy to say that the monopoly of the trade is now destroyed, a measure which we confidently look on as the preliminary of greater and more beneficial changes. India is now no longer a forbidden land to be visited only by the privileged few. Its ports are open, and our merchants and all others whom profit or adventure may draw thither can confidently approach its shores without fear of dismissal. Its great distance from England, and the difficulty of access to it, may be fairly regarded as another and very important cause of the small degree of interest with which Indian affairs have been regarded. But then it was the interest of the Company to keep India as much as possible at a distance from the mother country. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, was the motto which they adopted as their ruling principle, and throughout their history we recognise their love of monopoly, and their desire to keep things all snug and secret, as the main points insisted on by the Company and its servants. Things are different now. Every day closes the tie which unites us with our Indian fellow-subjects, and it is a matter of greater importance now than ever it was before, not only that all pacific measures should be adopted towards India, but that every thing should be done to increase the mutual confidence and resources of both countries.

To two people separated by great distance, but united by ties of commercial fraternity, nothing can be of greater importance than speedy communication between the two parties. It may comparatively be of little importance whether a communication be made between London and Hertford in one hour or in three; but it is unquestionably of the greatest importance as respects communication between London and Liverpool whether it be effected in *twenty-two* hours or in nine:—of how much greater importance must it be then that a communication with the East Indies, from which we receive a very large portion of our imports, and to which we send an equally large portion of our manufactured produce, should be made in fifty-nine days or *two* months instead of *six*. The time has now come when, after the trial of various schemes for

effecting a rapid communication with India, one has been devised which, to say the least, will be found practicable at all times of the year, and besides must be more economical than many of the wild-goose schemes previously proposed. We pass over the plan of communication by way of the Rhine, the Danube, the Black Sea, over the Caucasus, and down the Euphrates, as being worthy only of Don Quixote's romantic imagination. Capt. Chesney's patient and talented investigations have proved the Euphrates, even in the lower part of its course, to be imperfectly navigable, and quite unfit to be the medium of a post-office communication with India. It seems surprising to us as we look at a good and enlarged map of the intervening countries, and when we consider the pacific dispositions of the Pasha of Egypt to our country, that more attention should not have been paid to the communication by way of the Mediterranean Sea, over the isthmus of Suez, and through the Red Sea. It is the object of the author's pamphlet to advocate this medium of communication, and we think that he has made out a case that entitles him to a respectful hearing from those who are most interested in the establishment of such a communication. We know very well that the time is not far distant when such communication will be adopted as mere matter of necessity:—we hope that those disinterested individuals who at the risk of their lives and property have maintained so far as private persons could a rapid communication with India, will be allowed to reap under government's sanction the well-earned reward of their labours.

**Clinique Medicale.** By G. ANDRAL. Translated by D. SPILLAN, M.D. Renshaw.

THIS excellent work is at last completed. It is by far the best book that has appeared upon medical bedside practice that has been presented to the medical profession for some years.

Some of our great physicians should blush when they look over the pages of this voluminous work, and see it filled with an extraordinary detail of valuable cases. We would wish them to emulate this great French physician rather than envy him. English practice and English hospitals are not wanting in their train of painful diseases, and a compiled account of them would be an important acquisition to our medical literature, while the information they contain would contribute to mitigate the agonies of the sick bed.

**Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin.** By SAMUEL PLUMBE. 4th Edition. Hightley.

MEDICAL men and students will avail themselves of this useful work by a gentleman who has considerably advanced the knowledge of these extraordinary and complicated diseases. The plates are well executed, and express forcibly the appearance of the disease they are intended to illustrate.

This is one of the few good English works that the medical profession possesses on this subject. They have hitherto been altogether monopolized, except in a few instances, by the French authors, and from the nature of the charitable institutions for those diseases in France, this result is but a natural consequence.

Works on diseases of the skin have generally been placed beyond the reach of students by the great expense attending their illustration. Mr. Plumbé has anticipated this difficulty, and with a well-illustrated treatise he has also produced a good and useful book.

**British Medical Almanack for 1837.** By WILLIAM FARR. Sherwood and Co.

OF all the Medical Almanacks to which the improving spirit of the times has given birth, this is decidedly the best. When first presented to the public it

was a luxury; but a very few years have rendered this luxury, as is the case with many others, a positive necessity. In proof of which it may be sufficient to adduce the fact, that a very large edition is sold out; and previous to the advent of the year which it is intended to illustrate another edition is expected.

To the professional man or the medical student resident in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, the "British Medical Almanack" supplies means for ascertaining the existing constitution of his profession, together with a variety of useful and instructive information that he could acquire in no other way. To the stranger or the visitor in London, or to the country practitioner, it supplies a power of ascertaining the changes which the circling year brings about, and the steps which are taken for the public benefit, as accurately as if he were upon the spot. For those who are acquainted with the labours in the vineyard of the medical advancement, the name of the Editor will be a sufficient introduction to this truly elegant little volume. Great and unwearied research is expressed on every page; and the fullest information on every matter that can concern the profession, either in its Literature, Corporate Bodies, Politics, Hospitals, Institutions, or Statistics, may with certainty be here obtained. In addition to these valuable topics, the Almanack is furnished with a well-arranged Supplement, which contains some excellent original articles on interesting and important subjects.

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#### POETRY AND FICTION.

Sketches by Boz; second series. Post 8vo. pp. 376. Macrone.

OUR regular subscribers will recollect, that Boz first appeared in London as a contributor to the Monthly. We unite with pleasure in the general congratulations and applause that salute him in the high and palmy state of his literary prosperity. We hope it will last; and we think that it will, for few have so fairly bought their knowledge of the scenes which they depict. Most of his scenes the world at large, the nobodies of every-day life, can applaud and recognise as true "to the curl of a hair;" of the rest the initiated only can form an opinion. As in the hey-day of youth and folly we have passed through the same ordeal and not without observation—though with infinitely less ability to indite it,—we may fairly profess a claim to judge of the more profound mysteries of the Bozzian philosophy.

Boz is a true descendant of Democritus,—a regular laughing philosopher,—a truly Mercurial gentleman, whose society in person or in books cannot fail of being entertaining and instructive. We hear that he has become a Benedictus—but may we hope, that his marital avocations may not sever him from the society of his ancient companions and admirers? But again,—our old friend and co-operator has not only become an author, but a director and fogle-man to other authors;—for here before us lie the "Library of Fiction"—edited by Boz!—"Bentley's Miscellany"—edited by Boz!!—"Pickwick Papers,"—by Boz!!! Oh, Boz,—fie upon thee,—thou wouldst monopolize all the fun and every laughing wrinkle to thyself, and leave not a solitary smile for humbler humorists than thy gigantic self. Well,—be it so: thou deservest thy laurels;—and these aching sides scarce recovered from the cackinations caused by the Tulrumbly story, and the adventures of the never-dying Pickwick, must allow thy claims to distinction: and, as the Spaniards say, "mayst thou live a thousand years."

We are somewhat late in giving our notice of Boz's second series of Sketches;—but better late than never. We have seen the headings of notices by other journalists; but we have studiously abstained from perusing them, lest inadvertently we should retail their opinions as our own. We fear that it will be quite out of our power to furnish our readers with extracts; nor indeed would it be necessary, as the public has already been deluged with

them from the daily and weekly periodicals. We shall, therefore, only pass a comment on each of the articles as they pass us in turning over the pages of the volume before us.

“The streets by morning” are very good, and could not have been more *truly* delineated in a book intended for general readers. “The streets by night” are tolerable; but they are not such as we might have looked for from Boz:—they are trite and common-place. “Making a night of it” is very good indeed,—quite a *nonpareil* in its way. “Criminal Courts” contains some humour; but the subject is sombre at best, and cannot be made otherwise. The painter has done his best with a bad subject. Passing over “Scotland Yard” and “the New Year,”—we proceed to the “Meditations in Monmouth Street,” which seem to us ingenious, but far-fetched: and the conclusion is certainly very clumsily contrived. “Our next-door neighbours” is very good indeed, and remarkably characteristic of suburban lodging-house peculiarities. We once knew a gentleman, not a hundred miles from the Elephant and Castle, whose guests’ habits as well as his own must have been a mortal annoyance to the next-door neighbour. We are glad to say that we were the guests,—not the next door neighbour. “The hospital patient” is stale, as well as sorrowful. “Seven dials” is quite *a la Cruikshanks*,—pointed and witty, but eminently vulgar,—as it ought to be. “The Mistaken Milliner” and “Doctors’ Commons” are both above the ordinary run of comic papers; and, what is better, both furnish a moral lesson of considerable value. “John Douncer” an aged love, is well rewarded, and may be a caution to some of Boz’s mature, but still uxorious readers. “A Parliamentary Sketch” is poor, and might, as we think, have been done much better by many other frequenters of the Reporters’ Gallery. Boz has hit *two* characters, where he might have transfixed at least *twenty*. He is far more successful with Mr. Minns and his vulgar cousin Mr. Budden. Nothing can be better than the portraiture of the vulgar Budden and his domestic arrangements. “The last Cab-driver” is redolent with vulgarity, but deficient in wit. No one, however, can doubt that the author is a “student in the life.” The last of Boz’s sketches is more truly like Hogarth’s, than any of his that we recollect to have seen. Hogarth is usually regarded as a comic painter and caricaturist. There never was a greater mistake made by his *would-be* critics and admirers. The fact is, there has seldom been a more acute observer of morals than Hogarth; and the very accuracy of the painter’s observation has convinced him, that in common life the *tragic* seldom or never is found, except in close connexion with the *broad comic*. In short, *du sublime au ridicule il n’y qu’un pas*. The combination of the truly tragic with the truly comic elements in proper harmony constituted, in our opinion, Hogarth’s great excellence, and made him effectually a good moralist in spite of the *grossieretés* that occasionally deface his pictures. It is no slight compliment that we intend for Boz, when we grant him a place even at the feet of Hogarth. “The Drunkard’s Death” contains all the tragedy that low and degraded life can furnish: and we know none,—unless it be Professor Wilson himself,—who could have done more justice to so difficult a subject.

We now take leave of our old friend, and once more very heartily congratulate him on the solid approvals that his comic genius has won from the laughter-loving public.

Lionel Wakefield. By the Author of “Sydenham.” 3 vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

THE writer of this book (which ought to have been earlier noticed) has evidently tried to engraft the style and sentiment of the eighteenth century on the fashions and social peculiarities of the nineteenth; and in attempting so absurd a thing he has most miserably failed. Smollett depicted with inimitable power the society—that is, the middle-life society of his own time; but

he would make but a sorry figure, were he or his ghost to attempt to cast in a mould made a hundred years ago the present existing state of society. So silly a task has the author of "Sydenham" attempted; and he has deservedly failed.

The story besides is not over moral. The hero is a scamp who causes his father's death by his misconduct, neglects his studies and squanders his patrimony, jilts a virtuous girl, figures as a defendant in *crim. con.*, visits the Bench, becomes literary, reports for a newspaper, attracts notice by radical articles and contrives to get into parliament, rats over to ministers and does their dirty work, resigns when obliged, and as a reward for his manifold virtues receives for wife the ex-minister's daughter. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!—most contradictory to every rule of dramatic justice!

Some of the scenes are good; for instance, *some* of his scenes in London during early life—his adventures with gamblers,—his amour with the diplomatist's lady at Buxton or Matlock, we forget which—his interview with the benchers—old friends with new faces—and some others. The "Temple" scenery and the cabinet picture of the newspaper-editor's room are very badly done,—indeed beneath contempt, for they have no truth or probability in them.

The author of "Sydenham" must do better if he wishes to retain the post that he holds in the ranks of our national light literature.

Cain and Abel, or the Morning of the World; a Poem. By the Rev. C. I. YORKE. Post 8vo. pp. 148. W. Crofts.

THE work now before us is not the first bark that the author has ventured on the sea of public opinion; but we do not remember to have met with his "Verses for Pilgrims." We know no subjects so difficult to treat as the sublimities of Scripture; and we have found among the whole catalogue of ancient and modern poets, no more than half-a-dozen who have done justice to the noble themes of their song. Mr. Yorke must excuse us for not numbering him among the successful, and yet again for the opinion *mediocribus esse poetis non di, non homines, &c.*,—especially in the department of poetic literature which he has chosen.

It is not our intention to deny the possession of *all* poetic talent to Mr. Yorke; for the extract, which we shall presently give, plainly indicates its presence. We simply hint to the excellent and learned author that he may more certainly expect success, where the subject is more suited to his general poetic abilities.

The apparent object of the poem is to mark the progress of the evil principles and practices of man immediately after the Fall, and their substitution for the sinless purity of the Paradisaic state prior to the Fall. The first of the four parts or cantos is entitled Scepticism,—the second, Passion,—the third, Crime,—and the fourth, Established Apostasy.

From the last we extract what we think to be a favourable specimen of the author's powers:—

"To unknown lands,  
Fresh from his crime, when Cain for refuge fled,  
His brother's blood pursued him; in the air,  
Over the sun, along the matted grass,  
It seemed suffused, and ever in his eyes;  
And angels might have shook, then to behold  
The thoughts and feelings, that his face declared  
Would not be banished where'er he might roam.

At first he chose a spot, the very nest  
Of life and beauty, near a cataract  
Facing the sun, which sent up, as it fell,  
A broken shaft of spray, like jewel-dust;  
Then smooth and massive poured into a pool,  
Ample, and round, and placid as the moon.

There, with white lilies starred, which told of hopes  
 Reposing upon truth, lichens all-hued  
 Its rocky margin streaked, and creeping plants  
 Hung garlands round it, of an emerald green.  
 Under its wave, fish, glistening on their course,  
 Cross as the lightnings shot; o'er it the bees  
 Hummed with a grateful rapture as they worked,  
 And all ephemeral things among the flowers  
 Delighted in their lives, though short the gift.  
 Vocal with birds, trees were dispersed above  
 At graceful distances; beneath, fleet deer,  
 Far scattering with their horns the morning bloom,  
 Came to the issuing stream, by obstacles  
 Kindled, not hindered, as through opening vales,  
 Herald of fruitful liberty, it ran.  
 But all was uncongenial to Cain;  
 The sweetness of the scene, where Love so spread  
 Its signs of presence, only proved that state  
 How desperate, such attractions could not heal.  
 Alone, his wife and children unembraced,  
 Next he essayed the forests, never pruned  
 Since, quick as fountains, from the soil they burst;  
 Then edged with flowering brushwood, and within  
 By wild vines interlaced, in snaky folds.  
 Some fifty years had fed them; and their ranks,  
 Tier after tier, then nodded on the hills,  
 And mocked at human empire: theirs the shade,  
 Where melancholy grandeur slept unseen  
 In secrecy, no beams from noon-day suns  
 Permitted, but in trembling passages.  
 No rain from most impetuous showers, but such  
 As stealthily in black bright currents ran,  
 Scooping the rugged branches. There Cain shunned  
 The pure light of the sky, but not his mind:  
 In gloom most dense his torturer that remained."

Mr. Yorke, we suspect, is not wholly unacquainted with the muse of Pollock. Let Icarus beware of imitating Dædalus. *Verbum sapienti.*

The Ocean Queen and other Poems, by NEMO. Post 8vo. pp. 192. Sherwood.

We have seldom met with a more wretched attempt at versification than the gilt-edged volume before us. If the reader can conceive a would-be poet *sans* fancy, *sans* imagination, *sans* knowledge of life and character, *sans* knowledge of rhythm, *sans* knowledge of grammar, *sans* every thing in short, that is requisite to make a poet and a scholar, he has NEMO before him. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, it has been said. How the verses got into print, the list of subscribers, the townsfellows and neighbours of the poet laureate of Chatham, will abundantly show. Be assured however, learned Theban, that they will not do for the London market.

We extract the prefatory stanzas, which may be taken as a sample of the whole:—

LADEN with Fancy's half-blown blossomings,  
 And buds (not "buds of promise" would they were),  
 My fledgeling Muse's votive offerings,—  
 Fruits all unripe, selected with no care,

Plucked as they came to hand, my bark doth dare  
 The dangers of the wild unstable deep  
 Of *public opinion*: few are there  
 Who, when the gales of *criticism* sweep  
 Its restless surface o'er, their sails aloft can keep.

No spars are hers, bedecked with flaunting pride,  
 Nought is there in her cargo to allure,  
 The Corsair of the *literary* tide,  
 That dread of vent'rous Authors, hight Reviewer!  
 Whose raking fire not many may endure,  
 And *mine* the least of any; may she sail  
 On, in her insignificance secure,  
 Nor be her progress stayed by that fierce hail,  
 At which the stoutest crew and bravest captains quail.

As yet 'mid *friendly* states her course has lain,  
 Close along-shore, where Storms nor Rovers come;  
 But now,—complete her lading,—o'er the main,  
 The wide unsheltered main, she far must roam;  
 A bubble cast upon the ocean's foam,  
 A feather floating in a stormy sea,  
 Commissioned,—should she reach that distant dome,<sup>1</sup>  
 To offer at the shrine of Poesy,  
 This wreath from One, the Nine's most humble devotee.

A nut-shell amid Navies, may she ride,  
 E'en as the Nautilus, in safety o'er  
 The wave, nor from her course be turned aside,  
 By mightier vessels bearing to that shore,  
 Where Fame erects her temple; long and sore  
 Must be her buffetings: oh! may her state,  
 So weak and helpless, mid the tempest's roar,  
 Compassion, in some feeling breast create,  
 To stretch a helping hand, ere yet it be too late.

To those who lent their aid to build my Bark,  
 And launch her forth, my grateful thanks are due.  
 And, of my gratitude a trifling mark,  
 SUBSCRIBERS! do I dedicate to you  
 These untaught lays; full soon shall I renew  
 My "grey goose quill," and strive my verse to mend,  
 'Till then, to one and all, I bid adieu!  
 And many a prayer will Nemo upward send,  
 That health, and every blessing, may on you and yours attend.

We know not who NEMO may be, but *nobody* will ever mistake him for a poet. If he will take our advice, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, he may do well.

Two Thousand Five Hundred Recipes in Family Cookery. By  
 JAMES JENNINGS. Post 8vo. pp. 476. Sherwood.

LET no one say that a book on cookery is to be passed over as one of no importance. What would a Frenchman be without his cuisine; and what would a burly English alderman be without the dainties provided by scientific cookery? Let no one say that the kitchen has not produced its literary characters; for Dr. Hunter thought it not below him to write his witty "Culina," nor did Dr. Kitchener,—that Prince of Dilettante,—disdain to study the mysteries,

the understanding of which was so necessary to his comfort and happiness. We mention not Messrs. Ude, Carême, Jarrin, and twenty other foreigners, who had introduced their foreign kickshaws into our national cookery; for assuredly our own receipt books can furnish novelty and luxury enough to render a resort to foreign kitchens quite unnecessary. Dear good, though unknown, Mrs. Rundell, who hast survived fifty-nine editions, and sent forth more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies of thy invaluable receipts, what thanks does the community of English cooks owe to thee! well may'st thou say, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*.

The book before us is but an humble imitation of its great prototype; but still we think it not unworthy of a favourable notice, inasmuch as its compiler has undoubtedly availed himself of much information of later date than Mrs. Rundell. We have submitted the book to the inspection of a council of matrons, and we are happy to say that they return a verdict for the defendant. So much for the cookery, the attempts at humour are generally unsuccessful, and it would have been well if wit had not been attempted. The dogrel verses yclept poetry, either selected or original, that are scattered up and down the book are really execrable, and might have been omitted with much advantage.

#### Herald of Peace. No. I.--VI. 8vo. Ward.

We have much pleasure in noticing the work of a very useful Christian society. The seven years' war which raged from 1756 to 1763 originated about some lands in the wilderness of North America, and has often been called "a strife about so many acres of snow." Hostilities soon spread over great part of Europe, and in some of the districts of Germany the work of destruction was so complete that many opulent families, having lost every thing, were compelled to subsist themselves by *eating grass*. The Grand Seignior invited all the European ministers at his court to attend a conference, and after telling them of the abhorrence he felt at the bloody wars then raging between so many *Christian* nations, offered his mediation for effecting a general peace. This offer was, however, rejected, and hostilities were continued *till poverty brought peace*. The slaughter of the allies and opponents in this dreadful contest was little less than 800,000 men!

This war is said to have been the most fortunate that ever England was engaged in. One hundred ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy, and twelve millions sterling acquired in prize money. But these successes cost the nation upwards of one hundred and eleven millions sterling, and 250,000 human lives!

It was during this war, on one of the public fast days appointed by authority to pray for victory, that a clergyman delivered the following remarkable address to his congregation, which has probably been preserved among the papers of one of his hearers.

"When the workings of bad passions are swelled to their height by mutual animosity and opposition, war ensues. War is a state in which our feelings and our duties suffer a total and strange inversion, a state in which it becomes our business to hurt and annoy our neighbour by every possible means. Instead of cultivating, to destroy—instead of building, to pull down—instead of peopling, to depopulate,—a state in which we drink the tears and feed upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures. Such a state, therefore, requires the extremest necessity to justify it; it ought not to be the common and usual state of society. As both parties cannot be right, there is always an equal chance at least of either of them being in the wrong; but as both parties may be to blame, and most commonly are, the chance is very great indeed against its being entered into from an adequate cause; yet war may be said to be with regard to nations the sin which most easily besets them. We, my friends, in common with other nations, have much guilt to repent of from this cause, and it ought to make a large part of our humiliation on this day. When we carry

our eyes back through the long records of our history; we see wars of plunder—wars of conquest—wars of religion—wars of pride—wars of succession—wars of idle speculation—wars of unjust interference—and hardly among them one war of necessary self-defence in any of our essential or very important interests.

“Of late years, indeed, we have known none of the calamities of war in our own country but the wasteful expense of it; and sitting aloof from those circumstances of provocation, which in some measure might seem to excuse its fury, we have calmly voted slaughter and merchandised destruction—so much blood and tears for so many rupees, or dollars, or ingots. Our wars have been wars of cool calculating interests, as free from hatred as from love of mankind; the passions which stir the blood have had no share in them. We devote a certain number of men to perish on land and sea, and the rest of us sleep sound and protected in our usual occupations, and talk of the events of war as what diversifies the flat uniformity of life.

“We should therefore do well to translate this word, *war*, into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and our navy estimates, let us set down so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for ruining industrious tradesmen and making bankrupts (of that species of distress at least we can form some idea)—so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine, and lust within the fold of cultivated society, and giving to the brutal ferocity of the most ferocious its full scope and range of invention. We shall by this means know what we have paid our money for, whether we have made a good bargain, and whether the account is likely to pass *elsewhere*.

“We must take in too all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as battle, the least part of itself, *pars minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying on the bed of honour—the subject of picture and of song; but on the private soldier, forced into the service—exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue—pale, emaciated, crawling to a hospital with the prospects of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her. No martial music sounds in unison with her feelings; the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learnt whether he had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually, for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine called a regiment. We must take in the long sickness which no glory soothes, occasioned by distress of mind, anxiety, and ruined fortunes. These are not fancy pictures; and if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves. We must take in the consequences, felt perhaps for ages, before a country which has been completely desolated lifts its head again. Like a torrent of lava, its worst mischief is not the first overwhelming ruin of towers and palaces, but the long sterility to which it condemns the tract it has covered with its stream. Add to these the danger to regular governments, which are changed by war, sometimes to anarchy and sometimes to despotism; and then let us think when a general, performing these exploits, is saluted with ‘Well done, good and faithful servant,’ *whether the plaudit is likely to be echoed in another place.*”

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

December 27th, 1836.—Ricci's much talked of Opera of "Scaramuccia" has been at length produced; and the high expectations formed of its merits previous to representation fully justified. It is not only a very delightful opera, but, unlike the majority of the musical pieces of the present day, is not copied from Rossini, a class of plagiarism which, from frequent repetition, has become at length wearisome, even when executed with ability. We are only surprised that this opera has never been attempted in the Haymarket, but, perchance, in that gigantic building the merits of the acting could not be appreciated; and as the success of the opera in some degree depends on the acting as well as the singing, prudential reasons may have induced the manager to neglect this charming little piece.

Scaramuccia, the Italian buffo, in the time of Louis XIV., established at Paris, under the patronage of the court, an operatic entertainment which rivalled in attraction the comedies of Molière, who flourished at the same period. These buffo operas consisted of burlesques and harlequinades (it being premised for the information of the uninstructed that in Italy Arlequino, and in France Arlequin, was not, and is not a dancer, but a witty fellow whose satire is cloaked in the garb of simplicity) were performed at the theatre in the Hotel de Bourgogne, and at the outside of this theatre the first scene is placed. A noise is heard within, and presently "Tomaso" is turned out, and taken into the guard-house, having offended the audience by interrupting the play in his endeavour to attract the notice of "Scaramuccia," whom he recognises as an old acquaintance.

A conversation on the state of their prospects and the nature of theatrical success between "Scaramuccia" and two members of his company, "Lelio" and "Dominico," in which is introduced a most delightful trio, of great length, but of which, notwithstanding, a considerable section was encored, namely—

*"La scena è un mare instabile  
Che muta ad ogni vento."*

By the friendly interposition of "Scaramuccia," "Tomaso" is released, and explains the motive of his journey to Paris, which is to attempt the recovery of his master's daughter who has been carried off by the young "Count of Pontigny." "Scaramuccia" promises his aid, and sends "Tomaso" to his house. He there meets with a young aspirant to the honours of the scene, "Sandrina," who is a native of the same place as himself. Some exquisite comic scenes follow between these two, the result of which are vows of eternal fidelity and the rejection of "Lelio," an old hanger-on of "Sandrina." At this juncture the "Count" enters, and orders a play at his palace, to amuse, as he says, the loveliest girl eyes ever beheld, whom he has carried off from a village. He names her "Elena," and "Scaramuccia's" suspicions are aroused by the correspondence of name and

circumstances. We must not here omit to notice a duet between the "Count" and the "Doctor," which we strongly recommend to all lovers of good music. It begins—

" Per scacciar la sua mestizia  
Chiedo a te la medicina."

While "Scaramuccia" is meditating on the entertainment he is engaged to provide, he is informed that his prima donna and buffo refuse to perform. In this emergency "Sandrina" and "Tomaso" offer to supply their places, and as a specimen of their capability give a burlesque scena—the parting of Dido and Æneas, one of the best, if not *the* best piece travestie we ever saw—it was capital. Having proved their capability, their services are accepted, and here closes the first act. In the second act we have a quarrel between "Sandrina" and "Tomaso," a burlesque play, in which "Paris," "Helen" and "Menelaus" figure in strange costumes. "Tomaso," who plays the injured husband, recognises "Elena," the farce is interrupted, and, according to the established laws of dramatic propriety, the "Count" is united to the village maiden, though by the way much against his inclination.

Having completed our analysis of the plot, we turn to the actors. Ronconi enacted "Scaramuccia," while the parts of "Lelio" and the "Paris" of the mimic play were supported by Catone. Neither had much to do, but they both did that little well; and the music allotted to them was most excellently performed. The chief weight of the opera lies upon "Tomaso" and "Sandrina," Bellini and Blasis, who threw into their parts a rich humour, and displayed an abundance of the *vis comica*, which would have insured success, even without their musical attainments. Besides the music we have already noticed, they have an admirable mocking duet in the second act, "*Se vuoi far la banderuola*," and the concluding movement, "*O mio tesoro*." Blasis too was very successful in a duet with Catone, as "Helen," and "Paris."

Miss Fanny Wyndham,\* a pupil of John Barnet's, made her first appearance on any stage in the "Count." After the late failure of Signora Luini, it was a trying position even for an experienced actress to have been placed in, much more so for a young girl who has never before trod the boards. Notwithstanding her evident timidity, she acquitted herself admirably, and will be a great addition to the *corps chantant* of native performers. Her voice is a contralto, and, when she has acquired a little more confidence, and practice brings it out, will, we have no doubt, be very fine: not that it needs any apology at present; far from it—the voice is excellent, but fear and the novelty of the situation prevented her from giving full scope

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\* We suppose her a sister of Miss Wyndham, who, during the absence of Miss Taylor, took her part in the "Hunchback" and other plays, last season, at Covent Garden. This lady is an instance among many others of the judgment and liberality of our managers. With an excellent taste and nice perception of dramatic points, she filled her temporary place with a skill which contrasted strongly with the false emphasis, affectations, and over-wrought action of the other lady we have named.

to her powers. She was deservedly encored in two of her songs—"Or son d'Elena invaghito," and "Come il di che i nostri cuori." And here we must not omit to narrate a *trait* of kindness in Blasis, who commenced the scene succeeding this last song, and evidently with the best will in the world not merely yielded her place for the repetition of the *aria*, but led on the *debutante*, who seemed too fearful of intruding a second time on the audience without a sufficient call. It was not merely the act we are desirous of recording, but the manner, which does infinite credit to the good feeling of the talented *prima donna*.

As far as we could judge in the unbecoming disguise which her part compelled her to wear, Miss Fanny Wyndham's person is as engaging as her singing is delightful; but of this we shall better be able to judge when we see her in petticoats—the only dress in which woman can look as she ought to look.

Here we take leave of "Un'avventura di Scaramuccia." It is the first opera of Ricci's which has been performed in this country, as we believe. It has obtained for him a popularity which we trust the qualities of such works of his as may hereafter be performed will render an established and well-earned reputation.

January 12th.—"Nina," the music by Coppola, introduced to the notice of the public Madame Elguera Giannoni. The story of the drama is old enough, having appeared in various shapes before on the stage, and may be despatched in a few words. "Nina" is passionately attached to "Enrico," but a rich suitor is preferred by the father, who insists on her acceptance. At a stolen meeting between the lovers, this unwelcome admirer intrudes mal-a-propos, and runs his sword through "Enrico's" body. The lady goes mad of course and the father repents. After a time the favoured gentleman re-appears, none the worse for the hole drilled in his person; the lady recovers her reason, and the papa blesses their union. So much for the plot. The music is not in itself very striking, but contains many agreeable passages. Catone and Ronconi performed their parts to admiration, preserving the high reputation they have already acquired by their delightful execution of the music allotted to them. The duet in the second act was required twice, and would have been demanded twice more but for considerate feelings on the part of the audience. We have reserved all mention of the *debutante* to the last, fearing we might exhaust all terms of praise, and so be compelled perforce to leave the deserts of the others unlauded. Madame Giannoni is in face and figure all that could be desired in woman. Regular features, with a fine expression, dark Italian eyes, now melting to sadness, now glowing with fire, of that middle height which is most beautiful in woman, perfectly well formed, without any tendency to that superabundant robustness which gives to so many of the Italian cantatrices an air of clumsiness, it will readily be believed that her *premier abord* was not unfavourable. Her voice is a contralto, the natural or lower notes being very rich, full, and firm; the upper notes rather harsh and wiry, as is almost always the case with voices of that quality when forced up to a soprano pitch; but this unpleasant tone is utterly forgotten in the enthusiasm excited by her spirit and energy. Strange

it is that our fair countrywomen, with all their excellent qualities, are deficient in this warmth of soul. Their voices are as good, we do not hesitate to say better than those of the Southerners, but it seems that an Italian sun is needed to kindle that *chaleur du sang* which gives life and reality to the personification of an ideal character. We have called her voice a contralto, not following the general dictum which says mezzo soprano, and we will endeavour to account reasonably for this difference of nomenclature. We believe the most intelligible definition of the three received classes of female voice to be as follows:—soprano, where the high notes are best; mezzo soprano, where the middle notes are best; and contralto, where the lower notes are superior to the others (as in Madame Giannoni's case), without reference to the compass of the voice, which must always depend on the individual. To return to "Nina." She left nothing to be desired on the score of acting or singing. Her representation of this character was so vivid that had it been in dumbshow the story would have been most excellently told, and yet there was no exaggeration. We defy the most fastidious of critics to name a point in which "the modesty of nature was overstepped." And yet she was all fire where a burst of feeling or access of insanity permitted such a display without destroying the harmony of the whole. Her singing was free from affectation, without that superfluity of ornament which so frequently wearies the listener cloyed with sweets, but as neat and as classical as the most refined taste could wish. In the scena at her first entry, especially the aria commencing,

"Un vuoto, un deserto  
Mi trovo d'intorno,"

she was very successful; and in the duet with her lover after she is restored to reason. Madame Giannoni ought to become, and we have no doubt will become, the first favourite of the metropolitan *conoscenti*, if her succeeding efforts are at all equal to her first.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

*January 4th.*—This was the first representation of Lytton Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Vallière." Much had been said of the play previous to its production, and it was pompously stated in the bills to emanate from the pen of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esquire, Member of Parliament, we suppose for the purpose of disarming the critical acumen of such persons as revered the head of the lady school of novelists. The first two acts of the play, which occupied the unconscionable space of two hours, went off satisfactorily enough; but the third wound its slow length along with tedious dulness, occasionally interrupted by *sharp* sounds of disapprobation audibly expressed by that part of the audience whose yawns did not prevent them from closing their teeth to hiss. The fourth act exhibited some symptoms of returning vigour; but the fifth act, to use a nautical phrase, put a stopper over all—*finis coronat opus*. The play was irrevocably damned—this is a harsh word, but it is rigorously true; for though we have seen many plays "devoted," as Mr. Bulwer would say in the

spirit of classical inspiration, "to the infernal gods," never were we present at a more unmitigated, and we are sorry to add, deserved condemnation. The play may read well in the closet, but it is drawn out too long—the web is too finely spun to be adapted for the rough usage of the stage. It is like one of his novels in blank verse—they might as well, or perhaps better, enact a chapter out of "Pelham," or a scene from "Eugene Aram." We are sorry for Mr. Bulwer, for with all his affectation and foppery he is certainly a man of ability; but "non omnia possumus omnes," and he had better confine himself to three-volume novels for the circulating libraries and leave play-writing for those who are more capable of preparing proper food for the rough and unsophisticated senses of a London audience. The play-bills are notorious liars, but the public judgment we repeat is sound, and revolts at the idea of a nauseous dose of sentimental slang adapted only for the sickly taste of the self-styled exclusives of fashion, or the equally unhealthy appetite of the pampered menials who ape their masters. We wish it to be understood that our last paragraph refers to the political allusions of a republican character clothed in such language as we have described, with which this tragedy teems. But to return to the performance. We will give a sketch of the plot, which, though not complicated, is but little interesting.

"Mademoiselle de la Vallière" is betrothed to the "Marquis of Bragelone," a frank soldier, who is devoted to her, while she cherishes a secret attachment for Louis XIV. He leaves for the camp—she for the court, where she receives much attention from the king; and rumours reach the absent warrior that his love is false. He returns, reproaches her for her infidelity, and taxes her with guilt; she repels the charge, and, at his instigation, consents to enter a convent. Louis follows her there, and, partly by entreaty, partly by force, persuades her to return to the court. Here ends the second act. The third act is occupied with the endeavours of Madame de Montespan to supplant the favourite mistress, who has been made Duchess of la Vallière. In the fourth, deserted by the king, she is visited by a Carmelite monk, all that now remains of the gallant Bragelone. He wrings her conscience by his just picture of her faulty conduct, and she consents to take the veil. In this act occurs the finest scene in the play—an interview between the king and the monk, in which the Carmelite shows him his vices in their true colours, and, denouncing the members of the court, foretells the fatal consequences which they will ultimately produce. The fifth act is occupied by the ceremony of taking the veil, the most abominable accumulation of rubbish we have ever witnessed on the stage. Acting, singing, and music, all detestable.

Macready, as "Bragelone," did all that could be done with his part, and met with that just meed of enthusiastic approbation which is only the due tribute to his commanding abilities. He improves every year; and though neither a Kean nor a John Kemble, he is in his own particular class of parts as far superior to any other competitor as the meridian sun to a farthing candle—that is, out of all comparison. Farren tried to make his part, the "Duke de Laugun," entertaining, but what alchemist can extract wit from stale jokes and

the refuse of Joe Miller? We sincerely pitied him in his up-hill part; it should have been entrusted to some less gifted individual without entailing such a degradation on a man like Farren, unrivalled at present on the stage. Miss Helen Faucit did what she could for the "Duchess," but we would recommend her to rehearse before a looking-glass, and then she will run less risk of spoiling her pretty face by the grimaces which at present disfigure her acting. Poor Vandenhoff could make nothing of such a dull subject as Louis is according to Mr. Bulwer. The dances were as bad as they well could be; the scenery and dresses excellent and appropriate. We are happy to see so much attention paid to the costumes of the characters, who do not now wear incongruous dresses as heretofore, but such as they would in reality have appeared in. The play was, we believe, given out for repetition, but not a word was audible in the midst of the hissing and hooting that followed the fall of the curtain. Mr. Bulwer seemed to have many friends in the house, and one gentleman, the well-known editor of a weekly paper, who sat near us, attracted much attention by endeavouring in the first instance to transfix with the lightning of his eyes some pittites beneath him, who expressed their disapprobation more loudly than this gentleman thought it decorous, which fierce look, however, produced no other effect than a continuance of their noise mingled with sundry jokes at his expense; and finding that he could not frighten these refractory subjects into silence, he stretched himself out of the box as though he were about to take flight, and clapped his hands with an energy and violence the effects of which we think they cannot recover in less than a month.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

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THE RATIONALE OF NONSENSE.—There's a puzzle for the juvenile cognoscenti of Glasgow. The new Lord Rector is an admitted dab at the mystics, but we fancy he would find this what his friend Wilson Croker calls a botherer. What a pity that none of the beardless Solons who helped out the enactment of the caw-me caw-thee farce did not submit it to the bestrider of the "humble but faithful steed"\* the jenny that helped the future premier over Ben Nevis.

The Rationale of Nonsense—rationale of fiddlestick, says some Tory reader of the "Monthly;" why those liberals wish to revolutionize our very land's language. Oh no, sapient sticklers for the things that were—we have no tendencies that way: but there are those who are eternally parading their

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\* Perhaps there is not a piece of more unalloyed bathos on record than the opening of Sir Robert's speech where he introduces the words quoted. Considering the character of the orator and the audience, the Ossianic rhapsodising of the illustrious speaker was about as appropriate as if an Old Bailey advocate should commence a prosecution harangue in hexameters. They say that with all Peel's pretended exultation at having sprung from the people, he winces at the recollection of being but a spinner's son. If it be so, his repugnance to cotton is amply counterbalanced by his adherence to fustian.

loyalty and patriotism on the public highways, whose lately adopted phraseology smacks of a desired subversion of the antique meaning of the king's English. For instance, where should we look for a more perfect embodiment of the absurd than is to be found in the words "operative conservatism." Talk of the frigidity of caloric, of the fragrance of *asafœtida*, of the airy gracefulness of a behemoth; discourse of the wisdom of Londonderry, of the charity of Cumberland, of the dignified deportment of Sir C. Wetherell; descant on the consistency of the Times; find an Adonis in Col. Sibthorp or a statesman in Knatchbull; prove that the member for Knaresborough is not a donkey or that young Sublimity D'Israeli will ever be member for any place; extract the square root of nothing and present the product to Lord Eldon; convict Lyndhurst of political honesty or the Marquis of Waterford of common sense; discover charity in an Agnewite, humility in a bishop, or the parish settlement of the man in the moon: do any or all of those things, and you may rest satisfied that most people will think you a very singular if not a very clever fellow, but find conservatism among British operatives and you may set up for a conjuror.

The Egyptians talk of their snake charmers, and well they may, for it is no joke to make wristbands and necklaces of unfang'd rattlesnakes. But the confidence of the adroitest Fellah or Dervish amongst them is maiden bashfulness compared to the effrontery of some of our brazen charlatans who think to hoodwink that ever vigilant monster—the public. And what is the sovereign specific they attempt to work their juggleries withal? why muttering some gibberish about dead grandfathers and grandmothers? Now not to talk of such classical creepers as snakes and serpents of which one reads so much in Pliny and parsons' speeches, we simply ask, is there a sensible fresh-water eel between Twickenham Ait and Lovegrove's, or a commonly intelligent mud-frog or tadpole from that to Gravesend, that would'nt turn up his nose at any palavering trash about the superior sagacity of his grandfather or grandmother? Why there's not a gudgeon in the Thames that does'nt regard his progenitors as the merest flats because of their ignorance of paddle-wheels and funnels. And yet our precious popularity anglers, who keep for ever Bob-bing in troubled waters, wonder why the public is not dangling at their lines' end, although their hooks are but baited with a few tit-bits from the antique that perish from the simplest contact with the atmosphere of modern times and shed a sickly miasm through the land. No wonder we have influenzas when toryism is hawked about in the middle of the nineteenth century.

But let us leave off this metaphoric jargon, for since Peel's Composite hodge-podge about the breakwater and the House of Lords,\* we have become painfully aware how really assinine a man may make himself though he blunders but figuratively. The Tories not unfrequently luxuriate in the enjoyment of sneering at the limited knowledge of the masses, but the Tories themselves afford the best possible illustration of the inutility of a circumscribed acquaintance with humanity when a great political prize is imperilled. Impudence will do much, and unfortunately there is no paucity of gulls to jeopardise the trade of empericism. But the error of the Tories is, that impudence will achieve any thing, and that "fool" may be safely applied to every man who is sceptic touching the infallibility of the Carlton Club. Hence their idiotic labours to entrap the working classes. Hazlitt it is, we believe, who says that "he who has long been a man among boys will ever be a boy among men." Tories who think to find conservatism among operatives are but boys among men—and the most foolish because the most despicable of boys—chastized bullies. Tories are aliens to the people, and the people to them. In the nature of things this position must be eternally preserved, and he who expects the contrary may as reasonably hope to find the sun blazing

\* See the Glasgow oration.

at midnight. The people, properly so called, are essentially distinct from the class of beings from whom the Tories deduce their estimate of the masses. The drunken Helots who shout the praises of a boroughmonger at election time are not the people; the servile hounds who crouch beneath the feet of officials are not the people; no, and still less are officials themselves the people. And what do Tories know of Englishmen apart from these samples? A landholder, who, because he can affright his tenants into submission to his will, thinks he can terrify or cajole multitudes out of their independence, knows no more of the true character of his countrymen than one of Astley's riders knows of fox-hunting. The bespangled gentleman can make his steed prance in correct time to every flourish of Rossini, but a solitary note from a whipper-in would prove an impassable bar to both horse and chevalier. We know sundry aspirants for senatorial notoriety will be starting up in the House, and prating about the spread of conservatism among the lower orders, because some half-dozen gallons of beer have been swallowed by working men, at a few bemused Tories' expense. We can plainly foresee that loquacity on this head will become a complete nuisance, and would recommend as a stopper that every person who uses the words "operative conservative" be compelled to produce a specimen of the genus, or to explain the meaning of the phrase. If he can do so, then shall we have discovered the rationale of nonsense.

NOTES IN OUR NEIGHBOURS' EYES AND BEAMS IN OUR OWN.—It appears that one Major Noah, editor of the "Evening Star," New York paper, speaking of Miss Tree, says, "We were struck with the pure pronunciation of Miss Tree, which is that of the English tongue, as spoken by an American in good society." The Tory journalists are marvellously tickled at the cool assurance of the transatlantic brother, and certainly his self-satisfaction is indicated in a manner altogether slick—to use the Mississippi vernacular. But the wonderment of those critics so easily excited by the harmless follies of others, is ever dormant at the antics of their own compatriots, though the whole world beside may be astounded thereat. When the Duke of Cumberland said that he would not walk to one of the windows of the House of Lords to gain popularity, the Orange scribes clapped their hands in ecstasy at the absurdity, as though it were a dictum of Solomon's; as if every one did not know that were his grace to wear out half-a-dozen pair of Hobby's bluchers in trotting after the commodity he affects to despise, a pennyworth of gingerbread would be more than equivalent to the result of his labours. When Wellington handed the premiership to the currency dabbler, the eulogists of his grace talked of his disinterestedness. They might as well have talked of a shark's disinclination to raw beef—with a hook. But what need to multiply instances of Tory hallucinations? The poor bedlamites who insist that they are lollipops are entitled to our pity as long as such belief keeps them passive; but when they proceed to surfeit us with sweets by forcing themselves down our throats, we confess our philanthropy would not stomach such endearments, nor do we envy the man who would regard them as a joke.

MILITIA TAILORING.—We had thought that the Virginia Water Neptune's military patching fooleries had fallen into desuetude, but we perceive that his successor has taken to swallow-tailing the militia or effecting some equally nonsensical alteration in the bedizement of that already sufficiently tailorised force. Just fancy the Home Office resounding with the din of folding, super-scribing, and despatching to every lord lieutenant of every country in the empire bulletins, intimating that "his majesty has been pleased to command that the uniform of the officers of the Militia of the United Kingdom shall in future be laced in silver, and that the officers of such regiments as are royal shall wear, by way of distinction, silver embroidery instead of lace."

We believe there are one hundred and twenty-nine regiments of militia, and of these there are thirty-nine royal. Well, what may we not expect will be the consequences of this distinction of embroidery from lace? Can his ma-

jesty hope to live in the hearts of the simply silvered warriors, or does he contemplate raising a sort of tenth legion or Prætorian cohort, glistening all over with an effulgence that must strike terror to the soul of any mutinous traducer of embroidered indescribables? In fact we don't know that this innovation could not be proved unconstitutional. The youngest of us is old enough to remember a certain monarch once called "a patriot king." But what shall we say of that patriotism that wantonly places the Huggins', Figgins', and Mullins' of thirty-nine regiments of militia, above the Smiths', Jones', and Wiggins' of the remaining ninety regiments? The thing is monstrous. It's not in human nature to expect that Mrs. Hopkinson, whose Tom wears embroidered breeches on field days, won't regard herself as much "more genteeler" than Mr. Tims, the helpmate of a man compelled to drag out his existence in obscurity and silver-laced pantaloons. But let us seriously ask, are we never to have done with this childish folly of altering and re-altering the spangles and button-holes of a class of men, who, for some reason or other, think fit to induct their limbs in uniform habiliments? The reputation of the charlies of old, and that of the militia of all times, have been on a par. What absurdity then to make the decoration of the cocked hats of the latter a matter of state. Does it signify the fifteenth part of the value of a pin's head, whether all the militia in the United Kingdom were dressed to-morrow in the apparel of Petticoat-lane or in Genoa velvet? It's enough to make one sick to find the "Gazette" crammed with such insufferable silliness—the official organ of a British ministry occupied with details of affairs that are not laughable, simply because we don't read them in jest books or children's primers. Fripperyfying the household troops was one of the most costly hobbies of the defunct Fum, who built that incomprehensible anomaly at the top of St. James's Park; and if a plain matter of fact persons age, such as William the Fourth has the credit of being, will indulge in a similar (though not expensive) propensity, what in the name of all that-bewildering may we expect hereafter, when we come to be ruled over by one in whom such tendencies may naturally be looked for? If we do not have the same thing on an extended scale, it will not be for want of example at all events, though for our own part we are confident that the party alluded to will afford just grounds for the application of Napoleon's celebrated remark respecting a female Bourbon—"she is the only man in the family."

A GEM FROM THE ANTIQUE.—Since the ratting of a celebrated journalist it is curious to remark his pertinacity in illustrating the position of his new patrons by fables. Sometimes we have one from Æsop dressed up, and sometimes an original invention, allegorical or otherwise. This is as it should be—like to like. We decline giving the Latin, for, since an ingenious friend, Feargus O'Conner, has taken to interlarding his speeches with quotations from Ptolemy, Erasmus, and other Lacedæmonian authorities, we have eschewed the classics. For the edification of the scribe in question we shall recount a story, related by a veritable historian, in the hopes that it may put him out of conceit with his fabulous worthies. Plutarch, in his "Life of Artaxarxes," in detailing the feuds between that monarch's wife and mother (we forget the ladies' names, as we quote after a twenty years' recollection of the biography), says that they were very nearly a match for each other in all manner of villainies. The mother wanted to poison the wife, and the wife the mother; and so satisfied were they of the feeling being mutual, that one would not partake of any dish unless the other also participated therein. At last the old one triumphed. There was a certain deadly liquid in Persia, of so subtle and powerful a nature, that it penetrated all substances but an ass's hoof, and with it she stained one side of a knife, so that when a certain viand was divided therewith the portion touched by the poisoned side was pushed to the wife, whereof she partook and died. Now for the application. There are two of the Tory potentissimi that by all accounts wish no good to each other. One is an old one, and very worthy of being the mother of all political iniquity. The other, though not a young one, is somewhat

more of a juvenile, and has a very ambiguous reputation for good intentions. As in the case of the ladies before mentioned, it is their interest to humbug the third party; but human nature will be human nature, and it is the bent of human nature to do malignant things sometimes, though their folly be apparent. The old one wishes to be sole ruler of the Tories and the younger one aspires to the same distinction. If there be no asses' hoofs there are numerous asses' heads at the command of both, and we all know that mortal distillations might be prepared in such alembics. The knife too is ready, but the fact of its being poisoned is known to both, and consequently its use is a matter for nice consideration. The name of the potent fluid is, we believe, Ireland; and that it will be administered to one or other of them very shortly is certain, and whoever tastes thereof loses all chance of Tory sovereignty. It is said that the old one's olfactory can sniff Ireland, come in what guise it may, and that instant rejection is the consequence. The proboscis of the young one was equally keen for a long time, but we believe is now so blunted that any dose would not come amiss. Our belief is that the old one wins.

**THE MYSTERIOUS ONES.**—In any calculations that one may enter into respecting the approaching parliamentary conflict, one can by no means rest satisfied as to what will be the conduct of Peel, Brougham, and Stanley. Of the last let us speak first. He affords a striking example of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." Somehow or other he acquired a reputation for extraordinary ability, the possession of which we, and a few others such as we, denied him in the height of his celebrity. He was not the man to suspect his own deficiency, and unfortunately his self-confidence was accompanied by the most unbounded contempt of abler heads than his own. His arrogance met its reward. A season of difficulties arose, and instead of rising superior to them he sunk to the level, if not below the level, of any quondam aptitudinarian of his standing in the House. Still his family position, and that aptitude for getting rid of any given amount of words, which so often acquires distinction for the owner of that small-change faculty, preserved him from oblivion and imbued many with a notion of his importance. Let us assure his admirers, and more particularly himself, that with all his adventitious accessories he is, and must ever remain, a very mediocre personage. He has had his day, such as it has been, and if he knows his own position correctly he will be rather inclined to deepen into midnight the twilight that now surrounds him, than to start into a fitful lurid notoriety again. Let him not for a moment suppose that he retains the capability of retrieving past errors as Brougham unquestionably does, and which we hope he will speedily unquestionably demonstrate. How he means to set about it is not very evident at present. He can effect much good or much harm one way or the other, and therefore must necessarily be regarded with anxiety. Reformers of all classes *do* regard him with anxiety, but that feeling is by no means mixed with the fears and suspicions that harass the Tories when cogitating on the probable bearing of Peel for the future. Brougham never has been, and his friends and enemies do not suspect that he ever can be, any thing but a Liberal, and hence all Liberals must rest satisfied in that respect. But not so with the ex-premier. It is difficult to say who are his friends beyond the few partisans who would reap immediate advantage from his promotion to office. Peel now is not the Peel of a dozen years ago, and there are not wanting those among the Tories who fancy that the Peel of six months hence will be a very different person from the Peel of the present moment—or the fault won't be his. Liberals of all shades are opposed to Toryism of any shade, but there are Tories of several hues to whom Liberalism of a very unmis- takable complexion is by no means repulsive, particularly when suffused with the glow of office in perspective. Will the gentry then who are everlastingly talking about the schisms of reformers, be ever unmindful of the fine philosophy of the fable, wherein the cock says to the horse, "Don't let us tread on each other's toes?"

## VARIETIES,

## SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

*Hunter's Patent Stone-planing Machine* may be seen at work at Mr. Braithwaite's foundry, Edward's Street, Regent's Park Basin; where stone, slate, and marble are planed on very reasonable terms. This new application of the power of steam, by cheapening pavement of every description, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on the footways in and about London; and we hope it will, at no distant period, lead to laying down parallel strips of pavement along the gravelled footways all over the country, and more especially in the neighbourhood of large towns.

*Time for Matrimony.*—The most proper age for entering the holy bands of matrimony has been much discussed, but never settled. The reader may take it for granted that I could adduce a great number of reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma which I am going to propound,—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the Fourth Septenniad, on the part of the female, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male. In other words, the female should be at least twenty-one years of age, and the male twenty-eight years. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted. There is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life, in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution, the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face. In respect to early marriage, as far as it concerns the softer sex, I have to observe that, for every year at which the hymeneal knot is tied below the age of twenty-one, there will be on an average three years of premature decay of the corporeal fabric, and a considerable abbreviation of the usual range of human existence.—*Dr. James Johnson.*

*Use of Church-steeple and towers.*—We once asked a friend what was the use of church-steeple:—he promptly replied,—"To fill the architect's and builder's pocket." What other uses they serve we know not; but certainly they do this, as the following will prove. Five churches in Surrey—Wandsworth, Bermondsey, Norwood, Brixton, and Kennington, cost on an average 15,700*l* each,—the average

accommodation of each, including free seats, being for 1820,—the average expense of each sitting being therefore 8*l*. 12*s*. per sitting. In the same number of chapels lately erected in the same neighbourhood the average cost of each was 6500*l*., the average accommodation of each being for 1500,—the average expense of each sitting being not more than 4*l*. 6*s*.—i. e. half the cost of church sittings. So much for Church towers!!!

*Woodlands of Europe.*—The following table, from Forsell's Statistics of Sweden, exhibits the extent of the woodlands of the chief countries in Europe in relation to their total areas.

Sweden has of its entire extent, 0,91	
covered with wood	
Denmark (the mainland) . . . .	0,02
Danish Islands . . . . .	0,12
England . . . . .	0,048
Scotland . . . . .	0,05
France . . . . .	0,09
Prussia, in general . . . . .	0,24
Rhenish Prussia . . . . .	0,30
Hungary . . . . .	0,33
Bohemia . . . . .	0,28

*Preservation of Animal Matter in Mines.* In opening lately a communication between two mines in a district of Hungary, the corpse of a miner, apparently of about twenty-three years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling-in of a roof of the mine. The corpse was in a state of softness and pliability, the features were fresh and undistorted, and the whole body was completely preserved, as is supposed from impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air the body became stiff, but the features and the general air were not decomposed. The person of the deceased has not been recognised; but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had been thus engulfed in the bowels of the earth more than half a century, has been prolonged by tradition among the miners and the country people.

*Hare-Lip.*—A. M. Montani has invented a new apparatus for curing the defect termed hare-lip by internal compression, accompanied by cautery instead of cutting; and which, if performed in early infancy, will be favourably terminated in three days with regard to the

palatine operation. For the labial he recommends a set of hooks, invented by himself, which draw the under part of the lips together, but which do not go entirely through it, so that the cicatrices of suture are avoided; an adhesive bandage applied to the lips of the wound itself completes the apparatus.

*Railway Bills of 1836.*—It appears that 35 railway bills passed the legislature during the last session, of which 30 are for new lines, the length of which is 994 miles, 1 furlong, 90 yards, and the estimated cost of formation 17,595,000*l.*, or at the rate of 17,700*l.* per mile; and the annual expense of working and maintenance 1,571*l.* per mile. The most expensive lines are the London Grand Junction, the estimated cost of which is 228,571*l.* per mile, and the expense of working 15,233*l.* per mile; the London and Blackwall Commercial, the estimated cost of which is 183,588*l.* per mile, and the cost of working 8,523*l.* per mile; and the Deptford Pier Junction, the estimated cost of which is at the rate of 134,866*l.* per mile, and the cost of working at the rate of 4,500*l.* per mile. Of the 30 railways above enumerated, 19 have no tunnels, and the remaining 11 have 27, the length of which is 11 miles, 7 furlongs, 35 yards, or, upon an average, 775 yards each. Of these tunnels 5 are upon the Leeds and Derby, of the length of 3,208 yards; 4 upon the Northern and Eastern, of the length of 1,770 yards; 4 upon the South-Eastern, of the length of 5,874 yards; and 3 upon the Ulster line, of the length of 1,200 yards. The most objectionable curves are upon the Manchester and Leeds line, of which there are 33 in a distance of 41 miles, and most of them of small radius. The curves upon the other lines are generally favourable. Of these 30 railways 17 have no inclined planes to be worked by assistant engines, the remaining 13 have 24 planes to be so worked, of which 3 are upon the Manchester and Leeds line: the first is four miles long, and the second 4½ miles, both of them with an inclination of 1 in 165; the third is 3 miles, 7 furlongs in length, with an inclination of 1 in 130. The steepest inclined plane is upon the Tremouths Railway, the length of which is 4 furlongs 131 yards, with an inclination of 1 in 9. The Newcastle and North Shields Railway has a plane 400 yards long, with an inclination of 1 in 15½. The Eastern Counties, the Dundee and Arbroath, and the Sheffield and Rotherham lines have established the best traffic cases; the former showing a clear profit of 23½ per cent. upon the capital employed, the next 20 per

cent., and the last 18½ per cent. Of all the long lines yet projected, the Eastern Counties is the cheapest, and shows the greatest amount of traffic.—*Railway Magazine.*

*Brussels and Antwerp Railway.*—This undertaking, which has been in operation only a few months, has already met with very great success. The following is an account of the number of travellers who availed themselves of it the first four months of the summer season. In May 101,000; in June 98,000; in July 112,000; in August 117,000; total 428,000. This result is extraordinary. The number exceeds that of the travellers by the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, which is upon the average only 80 per train, whilst upon the above it is 200. The average price is 1 fr. per person, and the receipts for the four months in question are more than 430,000 frs., which gives an interest of five per cent. on the capital.

*Education in Prussia.*—The number of children of age to go to school, *i. e.* from 7 to 14, is generally calculated at three-sevenths of the total population of children of from one day to 14 years inclusive. This calculation gives in every 100,000, 42,857. In the above return the proportion of children who enter these public schools is as high as 54,515 in every 100,000 in Saxony; 47,386 in Westphalia; upwards of 45,000 in Brandenburg and Silesia; falls below 42,000 in the Provinces of the Rhine, Pomerania, and Prussia; and in Posen is as low as 22,283. But the average is about 42,404.

The number of elementary schools in 1831 was 21,789, containing 987,475 boys, and 930,459 girls. The number of burgher schools 481, containing 56,889 boys, and 342 containing 46,598 girls. There were also thirteen great primary vernacular schools, costing in total expenditure 16,583*l.*, of which 13,260*l.* was paid by grants from the State. The sums annually paid by the Public Treasury for the elementary and burgher schools, throughout Prussia, is about 34,520*l.*

*Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama.*—Colonel Charles Biddle, a citizen of the United States, in conjunction with a few capitalists in this country, have obtained the contract for this road, which promises, if completed, to be of immense importance to our commerce and to the whole world. It must become in a few years the highway of the nations to the Pacific Ocean, and will enable our whaling ships to make their return every six months instead of three years, as well as save a dangerous voyage around Cape Horn.—*American Paper.*

*New Expedition.*—An expedition on a splendid scale for discovery, is now fitting out in the United States. It is to consist of a frigate of 36 guns, a store ship of 300 tons, two brigs, and a schooner. The first object of the expedition is to examine thoroughly the Pacific Ocean, to ascertain the existence of many islands which have from time to time been reported by whalers and others, and if found to survey them and fix their position; subordinate to this is the intention of pushing as far south as possible, and of exploring the unknown regions of the Antarctic Ocean. The expedition will be ready to start in the spring of 1837, and will occupy a period of about three years. An Act has passed Congress for a grant of 60,000*l.* towards the outfit, and Lieutenant Wilkes, of the United States navy, a scientific and intelligent officer, has come to London, after visiting Paris and Munich, for the purpose of procuring the best instruments that these three capitals can produce.

*Library at St. Petersburg.*—The imperial library at St. Petersburg has been given up to public use, and ranks as third among the libraries of Europe; it contains 396,155 printed volumes, and 16,944 manuscripts. It is very rich in the literature of central Asia, and forms altogether the finest collection of Oriental works in the world. Besides that of St. Petersburg, the government has formed other libraries at Archangel, Wladimir, Wologda, and eighteen other towns, some of which already contain 10,000 volumes. In the year 1835, 300,000 volumes in foreign languages were imported into Russia. The number of original works which issued from the Russian press amounted to 584; of translations there were 124. The total amount of establishments for instruction is 1682, 440 of which have been founded since the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne.

*Total Number of Sects in the United States:—*

	Ministers.	Churches.	Comms.	Attendts.
Protestant Episcopal . . . .	629	605	.....	245,000
Orthodox Congregat. . . . .	1,100	1,171	155,000	
— Presbyterian . . . . .	2,038	2,533	227,561	
— Baptists . . . . .	4,158	5,926	416,930	
Methodist Episcopal. . . . .	2,625	.....	638,784	
Associate Presbyterians ..	79	169	12,886	
Cumberland do. . . . .	70	110	15,000	
Associate & other Methos.	400	...	50,000	
German Reformed . . . . .	180	600	30,000	
Dutch do . . . . .	165	197	21,115	
Lutheran (& Moravian?)..	216	800	89,487	
Roman Catholics. . . . .	312	338	.....	550,000
Society of Friends . . . . .	..	462	.....	220,000
Unitarians . . . . .	150	170	.....	15,000
Jews . . . . .	..	..	.....	
Universalists . . . . .	350	550		
New Jerusalem, Shakers, &c. ..	..	83		
Total number of Ministers				
about 11,000				

*American Almanack.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, "The French Revolution;" a History in 3 vols. by Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 1, "The Bastille." Vol. 2, "The Constitution." Vol. 3, "The Guillotine."

"Poems, Original and Translated." By Charles Percy Wyatt, B.A.

Just published, "Transactions of the Institute of British Architects." 4to. Plates.

"St. Agnes' Fountain, or the Enshrined Heart;" an old English Legendary, Narrative Ballad; with other Poems. By T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves." Published by W. H. Dalton, 28, Cockspur-street, Charing Cross.

In the press, "Conspectus of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis of 1836." By Dr. Castle.

"Monthly Magazine." Vol. XXII. half-bound.

Barton and Castle's "British Flora Medica." Vol. 1, 1*l.* 1*s.*

## MEETINGS OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BODIES OF LONDON FOR 1837.

SOCIETIES.	Times of Meeting.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
Royal, Somerset House . . . . .	Thursday, 8½ P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 27	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Antiquaries, Do. . . . .	Thursday, 8 P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 24*	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Geological, Do. . . . .	Wednesday, 8½ P. M.	4, 18	1, 17*, 22	8, 22	5, 19	3, 17, 31	14
Linnean, Soho Square . . . . .	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	2, 24*	6, 20
Horticultural, 21, Regent Street. . . . .	Tuesday, 3 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	1*, 2, 16	6, 20
Med. and Chirurgical, 53, Berners Street.	Jan. Feb. 2 P. M.						
Civil Engineers, 1, Cannon Row. . . . .	Tuesday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	.....
Society of Arts, Adelphi . . . . .	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	10, 17*, 24, 31	7, 14, 21, 28	7, 14, 21, 28	4, 11, 18, 25, 2	9, 16, 23, 30	.....
Graphic, Thatched House . . . . .	Wednesday, 7½ P. M.	11, 18, 25	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	5, 12, 19, 26	3, 10, 17, 24, 31	7, 14
Royal Soc. of Lit. St. Martin's Place. . . . .	Illustr. Tues. 8 P. M.	10	14	14	11	9	13
Zoological, 28, Leicester Square. . . . .	Wednesday, 8 P. M.	11	8	8	12	10	14
Royal Institution, Albemarle Street . . . . .	Thursday, 4 P. M.	12, 26	9, 23	9, 23	13, 27*	11, 25	8, 22
Royal Asiatic, 14, Grafton Street . . . . .	Tuesday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	18, 27
Royal Geographical, 21, Regent Street . . . . .	Thursday, 3 P. M.	5	2	2	6, 29*	4	1
British Architects, 43, King St. Cov. Gar.	Friday, 8½ P. M.	20, 27	3, 10, 17, 24	3, 10, 17	7, 14, 21, 28	1*, 5, 12, 19, 26	2, 9
Entomological, 17, Old Bond Street . . . . .	Saturday, 2 P. M.	7, 21	4, 18	4, 18	1, 15	6*	3, 17
Statistical, St. Martin's Place . . . . .	Monday, 9 P. M.	9, 23	13, 27	13	10, 24	8, 15*, 22	12, 26
Phrenological, 10, Pantion Square . . . . .	Monday, 8 P. M.	16, 30	13, 27	13, 27	3, 17	1*, 15, 29	12, 26
	Monday, 8 P. M.	2, 23*	6	6	13	1	5
	Monday, 8 P. M.	16	20	15*, 20	17	15	19
	Monday, 8 P. M.	2, 16†	6, 20	6, 20, 31*	3, 17	1, 15	July 10, 24

Those Meetings marked thus (\*) are Anniversaries.

*Entomological Society* (17, Old Bond Street).—The Meetings continue through the year on the first Monday of every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on January 23.  
*Royal Astronomical Society* (Somerset House).—Meetings from November to June, on the second Friday in every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on February 10.  
*Statistical Society* (4, St. Martin's Place).—Meet on the third Monday of every month from November to July. The anniversary will be on March 15.  
*Zoological Society*.—The Meetings are continued throughout the year, on the first Thursday, and on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1837.

No. 135.

THE PRESENT MONETARY TROUBLES.

IN our December Number we briefly adverted to the embarrassments so generally felt in the commercial world, and endeavoured to trace them up to their true source. It is painful to reflect that, although three months have passed over our heads, the load of anxiety has not been lightened, and the dread of a disastrous crisis has not been removed. Parliament has been sitting a month, and yet nothing has been done to alleviate the commercial distresses that exist to a degree unparalleled since the year 1826; and how much longer such a state of things can last, the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Governor of the Bank of England is best able to declare.

The inconveniences of which men of business justly complain at present is the insufficiency of the coinage for the great demand now made for money. Labour is easily procured by the artisan, in the manufacturing districts every sign of prosperity is to be recognised, and the farmers do not complain more than they always have complained and always will complain—indeed throughout the productive classes of the population there appears to be a health and vigour which is truly surprising, when we consider the commercial distresses of the metropolis. We hope that the generally cheerful prospects of the country may be felt by the leading financial men in parliament as an encouragement to give the subject a serious consideration with a view of relieving the embarrassments so general among the tradesmen of London.

The great evil is the insufficiency of money to pay the demands of labour. The capitalist, it is true, may look on unconcernedly, and the merchant may but slightly feel the annoyances of the present time; but to the tradesman with limited capital or to him whose business chiefly confines him to bill-transactions the present crisis is a subject of loud and just complaint. It is not unusual in some branches of trade for the purchasing parties to give bills of six and nine months' date instead of money. The result is that the seller of such goods, unless he have a large capital, must procure discount for these bills in order to meet the current expenses of his business:—and this is a very general mode of proceeding,—perfectly correct and perfectly convenient in ordinary times. The tradesman cannot fairly complain, when his

banker discounts his bills at the usual rate of *five per cent.*:—but let us suppose that the banker withholds or contracts his discount,—and this will happen quite irrespectively of the character of the bills, accordingly as the great financial barometer (the Bank of England) indicates a favourable season or otherwise,—what consequences result therefrom to the holder of these bills? He is compelled to ask as a favour from other sources the accommodation which his banker refuses, and in order to supply his necessity is obliged to make a sacrifice of *ten, twelve, nay, even fifteen per cent.,\** for the accommodation, and is thus deprived of a considerable part of the fair profits on his business. There can be no question that the trader is deeply injured by the financial evils that thus cripple his resources, rob him of a part of his income, and effectually prevent him from enlarging the sphere of his exertions; and as we conceive that no class of men is so well entitled to relief as that which has raised this country to its proud commercial sovereignty in Europe, we would earnestly call on all members of the community to aid the cause of commerce by petitioning Parliament to adopt some measure that shall have the effect of removing an evil that has now existed nearly six months to the great injury—*nay, ruin of many of the trading classes of this metropolis.*

The obvious cause of these difficulties is—as we have before said—the scarcity of bullion; and this scarcity may be traced to several temporary causes, the principal of which are the exportation of bullion to America, the late relief of Ireland by large supplies of gold, the state of our exchanges with the Continent, and the absorption of a large quantity of the metallic currency by the great railway labours at present going on in different parts of the country. But if the evils above alluded to were merely temporary and confined to a few branches of trade, we should at once say that the cure should be left to nature, and that no quack nostrums should be used to produce a temporary excitement that wears the semblance but has not the reality of health. This, however, is not the case with our present embarrassments. They will be found if traced to their true source, to be general, and, besides, to have recurred at intervals ever since the present currency-system has been in operation. The fact is, that with our present system of commerce which sends to the foreigner so much more in real value than we receive from him, we are making exchanges that appear equitable, but in truth are unfavourable to us in amount not less than thirty millions a-year. So much for Mr. Poulett Thomson and the other zealots of the manufacturing interest, who would measure the national prosperity by the

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\* The tradesman, besides, is often obliged by his difficulties to make sacrifices still more injurious, and even to procure his discounts by the purchase of goods when he does not need them and at prices that he can ill afford to pay. The following is one among a thousand instances of the distresses here alluded to. A respectable tradesman bought goods at six months' credit to the amount of 45*l.* The disappointments of the following week obliged him to go to the seller of those goods—with whom he regularly transacted business—and beg discount for a bill of 100*l.* at two months. The favour, at first refused, was at length granted on the sole condition that the 45*l.* should be paid down out of the discounted bill, thus making it a ready-money instead of a credit transaction. What business can bear such ruinous sacrifices as these, of which we mention a solitary instance?

amount of exported manufactures without any reference to correct financial principles.

We have not the space to enter at length on the history of the errors that have brought us into our present difficulties—difficulties attributable in the main to the same causes that led to the embarrassments of 1745, 1759, 1771, 1783,—and (then after a season of prosperity owing to an accidentally better system) of 1793-7, ending with the stoppage of cash payments in the memorable 1797,\* of 1813-9 and of the troubles that have been increasing on the country from the date of Peel's bill up to the present moment. We refer our readers for a short but very ingenious and sound analysis of this point to Mr. John Taylor's Catechisms of the Currency and Foreign Exchanges, which deserve to be very generally read and studied. The great cause of these troubles is, that we are struggling against impossibilities—trying to arrive at a prosperous state of things with a currency which is a false standard of value :—we have done so for nearly a hundred years ; and this long trial has proved that we are quite unable to maintain our station as a great trading country, unless we altogether reform our principles of commerce. The foreigner in times past has traded with us on equal terms, nay,—sometimes on terms highly advantageous to himself without a murmur of complaint. Now, however, we grant him advantages which our circumstances never ought to have allowed, (at a sacrifice of nearly 200 millions in fifty years) :—we are imperatively required to adopt such a system, as shall in future secure us from the losses which we have hitherto borne with so little concern.

After saying so much in condemnation of past measures, it certainly becomes us to urge—and we do so with much deference on so difficult and intricate a subject,—some steps for removing the inconveniences that we have so much lamented and deprecated. The most ruinous financial measure that has been adopted during the present century is Peel's Bill for the resumption of cash-payments—a bill, which, vainly opposed by the good sense of many eminent financiers in and out of parliament, was passed as a most salutary measure destined to produce solid and lasting prosperity to the country. The consequence has been simply this ;—that, whereas in our previous commercial transactions we sacrificed only the moderate sum of *eight* millions per annum, we now sacrifice *thirty* millions per annum. Sir Robert Peel's measures were, we doubt not, well meant ; but this is the issue. We must have some other physician.

Cash-payments, says the modern physician, are utterly insufficient for the purposes of the country. The capitalist profits by the distresses of the commercial community :—Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at the beginning of the last century, gained 60,000*l.*, and the *late* Sir Robert Peel, a man of shrewd practical sense, is reported to have said that his son's measure would *double* his property, while it ruined the nation. We have no doubt that Goldsmid, Rothschild, Baring, and other great capitalists, have drawn from the public a share of spoil no less considerable than the father of the leader of the present

\* See an interesting account of this stoppage of the Bank of England in 1797, in Dodsley's "Annual Register." See also the "Parliamentary Register" of the same year.

Opposition. The interests of the community at large must henceforward be consulted; and those interests are involved in the recognition of money as the real and *bonâ fide* standard of value,—which it is not at the present time. What remedy government may choose to adopt for this evil that cries so loudly for redress, we know not. The most natural and the easiest remedy is—either the repeal of the ex-premier's obnoxious act, so as to enable the Bank of England to issue a limited quantity of paper for supplying the deficiencies of the bullion currency,—or, what would be still better and would place the government and the country out of the power of any Joint-stock Company like the Bank of England, to return to the plan, almost forgotten and now mere matter of history, of government notes or small exchequer bills. Either of these plans would have the effect, at once of restoring the equilibrium of foreign exchanges, of giving a due reward and full scope for the labour of agriculturists and manufacturers, and of securing to the tradesman adequate returns for the outlay of his capital.

At all events let the Bank of England directors remember that in 1797 their credit was all but ruined:—in 1837 their prospects may not be less gloomy, if they omit to importune the king's government to give them those powers of relieving the public, without which the general distress must recoil on themselves.

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## CONSTANTINA;

### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS OCCUPATION BY THE FRENCH.

MARSHAL CLAUSEL was the first who fully appreciated the reduction of Constantina, or rather foresaw the advantages to be gained by its acquisition. That measure has nevertheless met with opponents both in Algiers and Paris. It will therefore be our object throughout this article to demonstrate the absolute necessity which obliged the French to undertake the expedition, not only in consideration of their northern possessions in Africa, but also with regard to their political credit and reputation at home and at foreign courts. We will, moreover, show that Constantina is a most important town to occupy,—first, as a commercial city of wealth and opulence; secondly, as an useful position between the desert and the most fertile provinces of the kingdom of Tunis; and thirdly, as a central mart for the traders of the northern with the southern colonies. Nor shall we fail to notice, in the course of our disquisition, the fertility of the province which forms the half of the territory of Algiers, and the characteristics of its inhabitants.

Constantina, formerly called Cirtha, was founded by the Carthaginians, and was indebted for its splendour and extent to the long reign of Masinissa. He was the first who taught the wandering tribes of Masæsylians to build fixed habitations and cultivate the plains of Hamsah. Scipio (Æmilius) added the valley of the Bagradas to the kingdom of Masinissa and of Micipsa, his son-in-law, and the whole took the name of Numidia. Numidia was devastated

by the rival armies of Marius and Sulla, and its produce was wasted by the exorbitant demands of the Roman proconsuls, and finally by the civil war. Hiempsal, conquered by Cæsar at Thapsus, together with Cato and Labienus, lost a portion of his kingdom; but Cirtha was still left to him, and the mercantile transactions which he carried on with the interior of Africa re-established his fortune. At length in the year 45 A. D. Numidia became a Roman province and was governed by proconsuls.

In process of time the luminous influence of the Christian religion was evenspread over Numidia; but the internal tranquillity of the people was soon interrupted by the schisms that originated from the various doctrines preached by the followers of Arian and other sectarians. In the midst of fanatical tumult Cirtha was reduced by the hands of incendiary religionists to a heap of ruins. Constantius, the son of Constantinus the Great, re-built it in the year 340 A. D., and gave its present name of Constantina.

Constantina suffered much from the devastations of the Vandals; it however retained its municipal privileges and franchise, which it had borrowed from the Romans or Carthaginians. In 659 it was overrun by the Arabs, but its inhabitants did not embrace the Mussulman creed until the year 710. Finally, having recognised many different masters, and having fallen into a variety of hands, the ancient city was submitted to the sway of the deputies of the Ottoman empire, in the year 1550.

The richness of a soil the most fertile in Africa, a vast population well initiated in agricultural knowledge, its trade in the centre of Africa, and its advantageous situation between the finest tract of Beled-el-jerede, or the county of dates, the province of Sousah, which is the finest part of the kingdom of Tunis, and the territory of Algiers; these circumstances have given a certain importance to Constantina, which existed even under the arbitrary sway of the Turks and their despotic Beys. Its exports were chiefly sent to Tunis, through the medium of El Juef and Juayrouan on the east, and by the mountainous chains of Aouress and Maheghalalis, or on the north by the Magerdah and Byzerte. This extensive trade excited the jealousy of the Dey of Algiers, who declared war against the Bey of Tunis in the years 1782 or 1783. These hostilities, which were rendered remarkable by no extraordinary combat nor instances of herosim, were interrupted by the plague in 1784, and the contagious disease robbed both armies of their flower and support.

Until the year 1780 the population of Constantina amounted to nearly 50,000 inhabitants, at present it does not reach the moiety of that number. We may also add that until the period of its disasters in 1784, it sent to Tunis a monthly caravan of merchandise to the value of 100,000 Spanish piastres, making an annual sum total of 260,000*l*. Constantina had at the same time a trade with Bona, the small sea-ports of Quol and Storra, and the Royal African Company of Marseilles, to the amount of 200,000*l*. per annum. Within the few last years the commercial intercourse between Constantina and Tunis has experienced a rapid and considerable increase, and we cannot entertain the slightest doubt that if Achmet-Bey had been less

sanguinary and less frequent in his depredations, that trade must have been solely confined to Constantina, instead of being distributed between that city and Tuggurt. We will endeavour to furnish the reader with an idea towards the support of this proposition.

Let him conceive a vast desert presenting a *superficies* of 2,400,000 square geographical miles, from the coast of Africa on the Mediterranean to Tokrou, Mely, and Ouanquarah. This desert, which receives the four different names of Nubia, Libya, Barqua, Ouaday, and Saahrah, offers five distinct and direct lines of communication for commercial intercourse between the north, the four states of Barbary, and Lower Egypt; the south, the kingdoms of Tokrou, Bornou, Houssa, and Sackatou; and the federations of Mely and Ouanquarah, which of all central African provinces are the farthest advanced towards a state of comparative civilization.

The desert is intersected with occasional rocks or mountains, formed of a species of free-stone, and about sixty or eighty vegetative islands called oases, varying in extent and in population. These isolated spots offer a species of Elysian repose to the traveller amongst that vast ocean and almost trackless waste of sand.

The inhabitants of Tokrou exchange their produce with the northern provinces, while those of the oases are obliged to purchase grain, &c., at a high price, and are necessitated to pay in specie with that money which the occasional visits of caravans to their fertile spots distribute amongst them. When these means fail they dispose of their camels, or hire themselves as labourers to acquit their debts towards their mercantile neighbours.

The first line of communication for the caravans across the desert is from Cobbé to Cairo. The direction extends over the deserts of Nubia and Libya, thence to Egypt by Assouan. We need scarcely inform the reader that Cobbé is the capital of Darfour.

The point of *rendezvous* for the caravans of the second line of communication is at Borgoo. Thither flock the merchants of Ouaday and Dursallah. From Borgoo the caravan passes on in a northerly direction towards Augelah. This journey is undertaken six or seven times in the course of the year. From Augelah the caravan turns to the east and pursues its march to Alexandria.

The third line of communication is from Bornou, the banks of the Yeowry and lake Tchad. This caravan follows a direction entirely northern as far as Morzouk, the capital of Fezzan:—arrived at Morzouk, the various divisions destined for the oases of the Tuats, the centre of Saharah, and the republic of Ghadamis, separate to pursue each its respective march. The grand caravan or main body continues its northerly route to Sokna, where the whole break up into small parties for Tripoli, Bengahzi, and the other sea-ports of the Gulf of Syrtis.

The fourth line of commercial intercourse is from Houssa, Sackatou, Meli, and Agdas (an oasis of the Tuaricks), whence the caravan starts. On its arrival in the centre of the oasis of the Tuats, it is joined by a detachment from Timbuctoo; it then continues its march towards Tunis, Tripoli, and other sea-ports in the neighbourhood, passing through Mozab, Touzer, and Tuggurt, whence goods are exported to Constantina and Algiers.

The fifth line is from Timbuctoo and Arowan, in a northerly direction, to Fez, Tlemsen, and Oran. This caravan is laden with all the choicest productions of Meli, Ouanquarah, Joliba, Jeuné, Segó, Sausarding, Yamina, and Bamakou. It passes through Tafelata in the course of its journey.

These caravans, which are composed each of 800 to 2000 camels, perform upwards of sixteen or seventeen journeys between the months of September and June. The total amount of these expeditions is 22,000 to 25,000 camels laden with merchandise, each camel bearing 400lbs. weight of goods, besides his food, water, and the rider. Thus, in going and returning, there are employed annually in those seventeen expeditions, from 45,000 to 50,000 camels laden with goods, and from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000lbs. of merchandise destined for export or import from Central Africa.

Of these 22,000 to 25,000 camels, both going and returning, upwards of 6500 to 7000 are bound for Egypt: they belong to the caravans of Darfour and Ouaday: 4000 to 4500 more are destined for Tripoli and the various sea-ports on the Gulf of Syrtis; and about 3500 to 4000 are intended for Tunis and Constantina, from which latter place Algiers and Bona are supplied. This forms the total amount of the caravans on the third and fourth line.

The caravans bound for the south are more heavily laden than those that return from that quarter; but the latter are the wealthier. The former are chiefly charged with grain and convertibles for the oases in the immediate vicinity of their line of march. Those caravans which return from the south are enriched by upwards of 80,000 black slaves of every age and of both sexes, and by 4000 camels or horses, besides 50,000 ounces of gold dust.

The value of the merchandise imported from Central to Northern Africa and to the western provinces by the ports of the Senegal, annually amounts to upwards of 3,200,000*l.*; and the value of the exports from the Mediterranean shores, the Senegal, and the gulphs of Benin and Biafra, amounts to 2,800,000*l.*

To arrive at a just estimate of the value of the burdens of the camels that are bound from the south to the north, we must first set apart the actual worth of the slaves, the animals brought back, and the gold dust, which last article only requires the services of ten camels.

The actual worth, then, would amount to	- - -	£1,680,000
The expenses incidental to, and the profits of the caravans	- - - - -	400,000
European trade at the Senegal	- - - - -	320,000
		<hr/>
		£2,400,000

There therefore remains for the value of 20,000 to 25,000 camels, that have carried convertibles and water for the slaves and the animals brought from the south

- - - - -	£800,000
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The worth of a camel, therefore, bound for the north, would amount to about 32*l.* sterling. This would be subject to a considerable and evident augmentation, during a journey to the south.

Again, from the sum of 2,800,000*l.* the amount of the imports from the Mediterranean shores and those of the ocean to the interior of Africa, we must cut off 400,000*l.* from the imports of European goods to the Senegal, and an equal sum for wages, hire of camels, profits, &c. &c. : we shall then have about 2,000,000*l.* to answer the value of the 25,000 camels returning, which would allow 80*l.* for each camel. At the same time we must remark that, in the journey to the south, the caravans unload to deposit their merchandise at certain spots, and thence traverse whole leagues without a burden, several times—that their camels are less fatigued on their arrival at the end of their march—and that they are always ready to start again as promptly as possible.

The population of Tokrou, Meli, and Ouanquarah, is estimated to be upwards of 10,000,000 of souls; and that of the oases of the desert is supposed to exceed 3,000,000. The trade of those countries is therefore obliged to supply the wants of 13,000,000 of individuals. The commercial transactions of the inhabitants of the oases consist chiefly in camels, and those of Tokrou of horses.

The oases require constant supplies of corn, millet, Indian corn, barley and flour, dates, dried fruits, and salt meat—principally mutton. They moreover require, like the inhabitants of the south, tissues of all kinds, the productions of India, spices, coffee, sugar, tea, cutlery, copper, iron, jewels, gold lace, coral, china-porcelain, paper, weapons, ammunition, glass-ware, &c. &c.

The objects of barter are indigo, opium, cochineal, saffron, plants for dying, certain kinds of spice, drugs, perfumery, liver-wort, resin, varnish, ivory, ostrich-feathers, &c., which are exported by means of the caravans. The ports of the Senegal trade in gums of all species, palm-oil, rice, mahogany, wax, skins, tallow, the horns and bones of oxen, slaves, &c.

In our description of the progress and the destinations of the various caravans, we spoke of them upon an average and according to ordinary circumstances. But the political situation of Turkish Africa has lately wrought vast changes in the trade between the Mediterranean sea-ports and the south: and it is to avail themselves of those changes that the occupation of Constantina is so important to the French. Of the truth of this statement we will endeavour to convey an adequate idea to the reader.

The system of monopoly, established by the viceroy of Egypt to the utter ruin of cultivation and agricultural industry, not only now diminishes, but in process of time will totally destroy the trade of Alexandria. Mehemet-Ali, in his gigantic march towards the civilization of the Egyptians, has stopped the progress of the trade of Alexandria, and has cut off her commerce in those very articles which contributed to her wealth and prosperity. Mehemet-Ali requires black slaves for his armies and copper for his arsenals; the merchants of Alexandria are therefore obliged to neglect the import of the other productions of Den-Saleh, and their profits are less considerable than they formerly were. The caravans of Dar-fâr, which only now arrive at Alexandria every eighteen months, experience moreover a variety of difficulties at the Egyptian custom-houses.

The family of Keramanly, from father to son, has reigned over Tripoli for upwards of a hundred and thirty years. The father of the last Dey, Sidi-Jussuf-Aly-Keramanly-Oglan, was a man of considerable talents and political knowledge, and a staunch protector of the maritime trade as well as that of Central Africa. His brothers-in-law and his nephews were his ministers.

In 1798 the prince of Fezzan aimed at the sovereignty of Tripoli. But the Dey Jussuf marched with a large army against Morzouk, and obliged the shiek to recognise the dependence of his master on the Tripolitan dynasty; and to pay the accustomed annual tribute. This tribute was augmented to the sum of 10,000*l.* sterling, and a hundred black slaves of both sexes. By this vigorous measure the Dey confirmed in their pristine state of vassalage to himself the oasis of Augelah, and others less important in the immediate neighbourhood. The republic of Gadames and the Arabs of Barquah were also reduced to a state of subjection. The authority of the Dey of Tripoli was therefore much respected amongst the six tribes of the Tahbous and the inhabitants of Bornou.

Since the death of Jussuf Dey, his family has been dispersed and scattered over divers provinces; the commerce of Tripoli has removed to Bengahzi, Derna, and other Tripolitan ports on the coast; and the eldest son of Jussuf has been dethroned and banished to Asia Minor, by order of the Sultan. Another Pacha was nominated in his place; but the inhabitants of Tripoli refused to acknowledge his authority. The Capitan-Pacha has been since sent out thither with a considerable fleet, and has been himself invested with the honours of the Pachalick.

If the rich shieks of Augelah and the republic of Gadames have hitherto escaped the effects of those domestic discords that embarrass Tripoli, their situation is not the less critical; for their trade is daily subjected to the annoyances and impediments thrown in their way by the encroachments of the Arabs. Hence the third line of communication for the caravans with the south is almost ruined and annulled.

A portion of the merchandise exported from the south by the fourth line of communication was invariably destined for Tunis; but Tunis could never benefit by the third line, a portion of whose caravans are bound for Tripoli.

The existing Dey of Tunis is detested by his subjects; and Achmet, Bey of Constantina, has been lately intriguing at Constantinople to procure the Dey's dismissal.

Tunis has extensive manufactures of woollen tissues, felt caps, and purple dye. Its plains are fertile, and the productions of the highly-cultivated province of Sousah are sent to the south or to the desert. The domestic commerce of Tunis will therefore always be considerable; but should Constantina be occupied by the French, Tunis will immediately lose her chief trade with Tripoli and the desert, and Constantina will appropriate it to her own advantage.

Since the occupation of Algiers by the French armies, and since the commencement of the internal commotions of Tripoli, the maritime commerce of Tunis has more than doubled its exports and imports. Their gross amount in 1832 exceeded 1,040,000*l.*: in 1833, it was 1,002,000*l.* The cholera was the cause of this trifling depreciation.

Should the French possess themselves of Constantina and throw open an undisturbed line of commerce with France and the Mediterranean, to the north and the south, we may confidently assert our conviction, that Ouanquarah, Jeuné, Sego, Sansandiny, Yamina, Bamakou, and other towns that now send their merchandise by the caravans of Tafelet and Aronan, will prefer expediting their southern productions direct to the Tuats, and receiving, by the same method of communication, the merchandise which they require from the Mediterranean sea-ports, rather than trusting such immense wealth to the perfidious and rapacious Moors of Aronan.

The caravans of the fourth line from the north to the south, from Agdas to the oasis of the Tuats, will become the most heavily charged and the wealthiest of any in a very short space. Their journeys will also be necessarily more frequent. Already the caravans of Bornou, being no longer able to proceed to Tripoli, have changed their place of destination, and are now invariably bound for the oasis of the Tuats.

That Oasis is therefore to be regarded as the most important in perspective, in the gross amount of its imports and exports. The highly cultured state in which it is found, the abundance of its wells, and the excellence of the water—the morality of its inhabitants—the wisdom of the Sultan of Terny-Moun, who governs the confederation of the oases of the Tuats—all these circumstances will eventually tend to aggrandise the fortunes and the authority of the inhabitants of that oasis. The Tuats are naturally independent in disposition, as well as from the circumstance of their central position in the midst of Sabarah; they love their country—they are rich and industrious—and to them belongs the greater portion of the camels that traverse the desert.

We may also remark that the fourth line of communication, from the north to the south, is much shorter than the third and the fifth: the march occupies sixty-three days, and its length is 1100 geographical miles. The third line, on the contrary, embraces a journey of 1500 miles, and requires seventy-three days: the fifth occupies eighty-four days. It is scarcely necessary to state that the fourth line of communication passes by Constantina; hence the commercial advantages to be reaped by that city. From the plains of Stowssa, in the midst of which Constantina is situated, the branch caravans have only four days' march, and seventy-five miles to accomplish, ere they arrive at the town of Bona, and a much less distance to the gulfs of Stora and Quol. To Algiers, there are nine days' journey, and 172 miles to travel.

But to be brief—for we have unwittingly spun out this article of statistics and commercial geography to an unusual length—it is easy to perceive the importance of the reduction of Constantina and its occupation by the French. At the same time the reader need not be astonished at the vehemence and anxiety with which those measures are desired and anticipated by the merchants on the African shores of the Mediterranean.

The colonization of Constantina would give to the French all the advantages accruing to the fourth line of communication from the south to the north, a portion of those belonging to the third line, and another part—more or less important—of the fifth.

These expeditions would soon surpass in magnitude the number of 6000 laden camels, which, even at the commencement, would enrich Constantina. Their value for the southern enterprises—not counting the slaves, the camels, nor the horses—is at least 32*l.* for each camel laden with merchandise.

This makes an aggregate sum of	- - - - -	£192,000
Value of 2000 ounces of gold dust	- - - - -	80,000
Expense of transporting 2000 blacks, at £12 a-piece		24,000
Expense of 1500 camels or horses	- - - - -	9,000

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£305,000

Six thousand camels, laden with goods intended for the desert and the south, at the rate of £60 a-piece	- - - - -	360,000
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The occupation of Constantina will therefore produce  
by its trading alone - - - - - £665,000

Having discussed the occupation of Constantina in a commercial light, we may conclude this article with a few words on the expediency of the measure in a political light.

The reduction and colonization of Constantina assures to the French the same feudal vassalage, the same subserviency, and the same submission on the part of the inhabitants, that were enjoyed by the Dey of Algiers,—that is to say, in the countries of Belled-el-gerid, or land of dates, as far as Tafelelt—Zab, Beskorah, and the tract of Bled-el-gerid as far as the lake of Melgig—together with Ouady, Ouerquelah, Tuggurt, and Ouady-Moyab's six towns and villages.

The occupation of Constantina by the French, moreover, assures to them the alliance of the Dey of Tunis, and on his side guarantees him against the machinations of Achmet Bey or any other usurper at Constantina, as well as against the malignity of the Porte itself, which would not dare counteract the measures of the French government. It also offers a means of honourable employment to many French officers now on half-pay, and to those speculative individuals who find too great an opposition to their schemes in a country where the population is already over-grown.

## BADEN-BADEN.

“ Stat Zaringa Domus,  
Firmis renovata columnis,  
Spes maxima Badæ.”

BADEN, often called Baden-Baden, to distinguish it from the other Baths in Germany, is a place of considerable antiquity. The Romans who, in early time, discovered the efficacy of its springs, christened it “Civitas Aurelia Aquensis,” and in the days of Aurelius and Antoninus it was a frequent resort of the Roman patricians, gentlemen quite as gay and dissipated as the fashionables of the nineteenth century; but whether “Rouge et Noir” and “Roulette” were played in those days is not particularly mentioned by Jo. Daniel Schoepflinus; and he is, according to his own account, the only author who has dabbled with the “times of yore” of the dutchy of Baden; for he thus begins his work: “Perpetuam et justam Badensem historiam, ab *origine Gentis*, nemo conscripsit—nec conscribere ausus est.” . . . However Mr. Schoepflinus, in consequence of some peculiar facilities he obtained (he does not tell us how), did dare to undertake this arduous task, and we recommend his seven quarto volumes to our antiquarian readers.

We visited Baden ourselves in the course of last autumn, and although we *had* read Mrs. Trollope’s book on Western Germany, we must confess that this flourishing little town, built on the side of a rapid ascent, backed by the dark pines of the Schwartz Wald, and the almost darker ruins of the “Alt Schloss” jutting out above their summits, together with the fertile little valley of Lichtenthal, into which the town extends, exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

The following letter, that we have received from a correspondent, may afford amusement to some, in recalling to their memory scenes they have lately witnessed, and no doubt enjoyed; and to others, who have not been so lucky, give an idea, however feeble, of one of the most delightful watering places in Europe:—

MR. EDITOR,

September, 1836.

Accompanied by two friends, G. and B., I left Heidelberg in a calèche and a pair of horses, driven by a German “kutscher,” and passing through Carlsruhe (“Charles’s Rest,” so called from one of the margraves of Baden having rested himself at this spot in a hunting excursion), in due time arrived at Baden-Baden. The first thing, on entering a strange town, is, of course, to look out for a lodging. We had been recommended to the Baden-Hof, which is the first you come to in entering the town from Carlsruhe, but, as often happens at this season of the year, every room was full, not only of the “Hof”\* itself, but of several lodging-houses round it, which are incorporated into this “court” during the season: so crossing a little bridge over the Os, or Oelbach, a small river that waters the valley of Lichtenthal, we proceeded to the Zöringhen Hof,

\* “Hof,” “court,” in German means any thing you like when tacked on to another word: so Gast-hof, hof-hund, hof-gericht, hof-meisher, &c., &c.; but in this instance it means an hotel.

or Cour de Zeringue, and there obtained a very nice little lodging, consisting of three bed-rooms and a sitting-room, very neatly furnished, at the rate of four florins (about 6s. 8d.) a day—not a knight's fee, but a lawyer's fee. Besides the two hotels I have mentioned, there are several others of noted celebrity, such as the "Sonne," the "Salmen," the Hotel d'Angleterre, and many others. The one we were at is one of the first, and its "table d'hôte" is decidedly the best, with the exception perhaps of the Salmen, which is more plentifully supplied with game, from the circumstance of the host being a great sportsman himself. In fact, if you go to his hotel he is always willing to take you out to his "campagne," and give you as good a day's shooting as you can expect in a country that is not preserved. His "turn-out" is well known to all visitors of Baden,—a low phaeton, with a pair of very small though excessively fast mules. As possibly many of my readers have no idea what a German "table d'hôte" dinner is, I will describe one we had at the Zöringhe. "Ex uno disce omnes." Soup and bouilli, then carp and pike, with cream sauce, followed by stewed "hure de sanglier," sweat-breads, fried potatoes—then sponge-cake, with custard, and ditto with jelly—after which roast chevreuil (roe-buck), roast fowl, and salad,—the whole being followed by plain boiled trout, by way of a finish!! The whole of this moderate meal, followed by dessert, cheese, &c., accompanied by a pint of "vin du pays," is to be had for *one shilling and eight-pence a head*. But then, to be sure, one of the residents told me that in general it was not so dear! "Que voulez-vous, monsieur, dans la saison tout est cher." The dinner I have mentioned is in no ways exaggerated, the only irregularity was serving fish directly after the soup and bouilli, but that I believe was in compliment to English taste.

The first thing to mention at Baden is the "Conversation House." You approach it by well-kept gravel walks that wind through a shrubbery along the Oelbach. The principal part of the building consists of a lofty saloon, one hundred feet long and forty in width, containing a roulette table at each end. The entrance to it is under a magnificent portico, supported by columns of the Corinthian order. Tables and chairs are placed under this portico, as well as on the *esplanade* in front of it, where the visitors come and sit, and enjoy the cool summer evening, sipping coffee and ices, and listening to the music of an excellent band. I think that, standing under that portico of a bright moonlight night, the view of the town, surrounded by the dense forests, through which you can scarcely distinguish the well-known "felsen" with the Mercuriesberg threatening in the distance, surpassed any piece of scenery I ever witnessed in Europe. But to return to the "Maison de Conversation." On the grand saloon is an elegantly furnished drawing-room, where half-dress balls are held twice or three times a week, to which you may subscribe by the month or week, or to which you may at any time be admitted by paying forty kreuzers, about one shilling and a penny. The ladies just walk in, in their bonnets, dance a waltz or a gallop, and go out again, without the least fuss or ceremony whatever. On the other side of the saloon is perhaps the most *serious* place of amusement in Baden: I mean the "Rouge et Noir" room.

No regular gambler plays at Roulette, for he knows how perfectly hopeless it is to think of gaining. But at Rouge et Noir the case is different; the table or "La Banque," as it is called, has but the chance of an après of thirty-one coming up, which by connoisseurs is calculated at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., so that the game being *fairly* played, as it is at Baden, you certainly may calculate on winning *some* times. On the other hand, if you go on playing day after day, hour after hour, night after night, as you see hundreds and hundreds doing at Baden, and at the other watering places in Germany, it stands to reason, that in the long run (laying aside all the chances in favour of the table, produced by *capital coolness*, at least 100 per cent.), you must lose. I once saw the Elector of Hesse, one of the most constant Rouge et Noir players at Baden win 10,000 frs. (400*l.*); but of what use?—the next day it was all lost again. It is quite extraordinary how men can come in, coolly hang up their hat and stick to a peg, call for a "carte et épingle," and set pricking the winning colour for hours together, sometimes even without staking a shilling. As Mrs. Trollope says, "What can equal in dulness the whining, languid repetition of the croupier's cry, 'Faites votre jeu, messieurs. Le jeu est fait. Jeu est fait. Le rouge perd, la couleur gagne;' and then again, 'Faites le jeu; le jeu est fait: rouge gage, et couleur.'" I am quite ready to agree with Mrs. Trollope as to the heinousness of gambling, but I think our authoress exaggerates the state of play at Baden, at least amongst the fairer portion of the sex. Having read her book, I paid particular attention to the *number* and to the *quality* of the women that played. Now as to the number, there were but a noted few whom I saw play at all regularly, and those with *very* few exceptions belonged to a class we should hardly call *ladies*. It is true I have occasionally seen real ladies, and even two or three of our own country women, throw down a small piece, perhaps half-a-crown (the lowest sum played), but then it was merely as a joke, just to say that they had done so, and with the most innocent intention possible. The regular players always *sit* at the table, and I certainly never saw an English woman *sitting down* at the table all the time I was there. I have dwelt, perhaps, rather fully on this point; but I cannot bear to hear my countrymen, much less my countrywomen, accused of excesses (especially in a foreign land) when they do not deserve it. One word more about gambling and I have done. There is one individual who comes to Baden every year, and in the course of two or three months, I understand, manages to win enough to live on well all the year round. Every one who has been at Baden in 1836 will remember a stout little man, dressed in nankeen trousers and a blue coat, a hat well brushed, and shoes equally well polished, and carrying a brown silk umbrella in his hand. This gentleman was Mr. L'A. . . . so celebrated in the French Revolution.

People of all ages and from all nations, to the amount of seven or eight hundred, were assembled at Baden: of course I mean visitors, for the population of the residents amounts to about four thousand.\*

\* Sometimes, I understand, there are as many as two or three thousand visitors, but we were rather late in the season.

There were, first of all, about twenty or thirty Russians, including the Princess Lieven, the wife of the late ambassador at our court, and no less than four other princesses, whose names I heard, but if I even could pronounce them, I certainly could not spell them now. Poles there were without end. One, a beautiful girl, with black eyes and black hair, excited universal admiration. About fifty or sixty, or perhaps a hundred Germans of the different nations, dutchies, margravates, electorates,—were it not treason I should be almost inclined to say *provinces* of the Germanic Confederation. There were several Frenchmen, many of them of the ancient régime; a son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, a very gentlemanly young man; Louis Buonaparte, the hero of the recent events at Strasburg; Mr. L'A——, whom I have before mentioned, and many others. Of French women I scarcely saw any, with the exception of three or four “dames de compagnie” from Frescati’s. Added to all these, about five hundred Englishmen: our countrymen mustering about double the number of all the other countries put together. Naturally out of the five hundred there were some, nay, perhaps many, who were not quite the *élite* of this country—a few perhaps who came from behind the counter for the first time in their lives, might give themselves certain airs; but I must say I saw very little of that sort of thing either at Baden or at other places I visited in the course of the summer. John Bull is gaining experience, and is now perfectly aware that, at the same time that he is generally liked and respected on the continent, he is not to ride rough-shod over all the natives of foreign parts. The author of “Richelieu” says that an Englishman, under all circumstances, keeps the distance of two yards between him and a stranger; but, notwithstanding this, we became acquainted, and, for the time being *at least*, one might almost say intimately acquainted, with many of our compatriots, of our own as well as of the fairer sex, without any further introduction than that of being shut up together in a dungeon, of being wetted by the spray of the same waterfall, of contemplating the same scenes from the top of a tower, or of being boxed up for eight-and-forty hours together in a small steam-boat.

Baden, not satisfied with its own intrinsic resources to gratify its visitors, has a number of delightful environs wherewith to amuse them; and parties, varying in number from two or three to fifteen or twenty, are daily formed to explore their beauties. But before I speak of them, I must give a short description of the town itself. The very name of the place obliges us, in the first instance, to speak of the springs; but really, were it not for that name, a person who is not an invalid might almost forget that such is the *nominal* magnet that annually attracts thousands to Baden. Mr. P——, an Englishman, who had been there a week when I arrived, and was going to leave the next day, had never seen or even heard of the Roman bath, or place where invalids go to drink the waters. You enter into a small but lofty room, open on the side of the street and supported by pillars, having to all intents and purposes the appearance of a small chapel. This is called “Hell,” whether from the heat of the subterraneous strata, or from whatever cause, I know not. Once safely landed in this pandemonium, some saltish water, hotter than

you can at first swallow, is presented to you, and you are expected to toss off four or five large tumblers full—certainly about as *infernal* a pastime as one can well imagine. Opposite the “Hell” is a covered arcade, where the “patients” go and walk up and down, at least so I understood, for the poor things perform this penance at five o’clock in the morning, when we happy mortals were safe in bed. There are no less than seventeen springs, which all flow down from the hill at the back of the town. The water is impregnated with alum, salt, and sulphur, and is always beautifully clear. The temperature of the various springs differs from thirty-seven to fifty-four degrees of Reaumur, which is equivalent to from a hundred and fifteen to a hundred and fifty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Great quantities of the waters are bottled off and exported to all parts of the world. It is said that the discharge amounts to eleven millions four hundred and twenty thousand gallons per annum. There are a great number of baths in different parts of the town. In fact you find them at nearly all the first hotels; but those of the Zœringen are considered the best. They consist of about twenty nice little rooms, each containing a marble bath, a table, chair, slippers, footboard, and looking-glass. A certain quantity of water is always kept ready cooled in large reservoirs, so that you can have a bath at a moment’s notice. The price is forty kreuzers (about thirteen pence). I forgot to mention that at the “hell” the vapour is collected by some physical process, and used in the shape of vapour baths.

Not far from the mouth of the springs is the church, built on the site of some Roman ruins, probably baths. It contains no object of importance, except the tombs of the margraves of Baden. Turning to the right, on leaving the church, you ascend a steep winding hill, and if you are enterprising enough to go on, you may pass a pump, coast a long high wall, and immediately on your right you behold the “new castle,” so called in opposition to the “Alt Schloss,” or old castle, which towers above it. The new castle is the Baden residence of the grand-dukes; and from its name, one might be led to expect that it was quite a modern erection; but this juvenile building was erected in 1479 by the Margrave Christopher, who, according to Schoepflinus, “after the peace of Worms, left the strong holds his ancestors had inhabited for upwards of four hundred years, and built a new palace at the foot of the hill, near the baths.” Its great attractions are the subterranean apartments, supposed to be the council-rooms and prisons of the “Heilige Vehme,” or secret tribunal. These vaults have been so often and so fully described, that it would be in vain for me to try to add any thing on that subject. Suffice it to say, that we were escorted to the “Oubliette,” “la chambre de la question,” and “la salle du conseil,” by a black-eyed girl, so graphically described by Mrs. Trollope; and that, in addition to this, we had to thank the dreary dungeons of the “new Schloss” for the acquaintance of a fair countrywoman, whose black eyes and raven locks far surpassed those of the lively Alsatian.

I must now, Mr. Editor, bid you adieu for the present; but should you think this wandering epistle worthy of insertion in your excellent Magazine, which no doubt finds its way even to Baden, I shall be happy, on another occasion, to conclude my “attempt” to describe that enchanting spot.

Yours, &c.

VIATOR.





*De Berengere*

*London, March, 1<sup>re</sup> 1837.*

## DE BÉRANGER.

THE name of no living author has been, perhaps, more extensively known, than that of this celebrated *chansonnier*. His popularity, strictly speaking, is all but universal in France; and though literary reputation cannot justly be considered as permanently fixed, 'till Time has set his seal thereon, it may without much hazard be predicted, that the works of De Béranger have assured for themselves a very distinguished place in their peculiar department.

It is not our object to institute a comparison (a proceeding almost always invidious) between this lyric poet and others who have trodden a similar path; neither is it our wish to deny or palliate his demerits, whatever they may be. Doubtless, they have, according to the regular and laudable practice, been duly magnified; certainly, they have not escaped severe judicial visitation. The punishment of fine and imprisonment, (however ineffective such kind of correction has always proved in similar cases, either to amend the delinquent or to deter others,) has been abundantly administered. The usual consequences have followed: the infliction is submitted to with the proud feelings of a martyr, and the victim's influence thereby incalculably increased in every direction.

In calling the attention of our readers to the *chansons* of De Béranger, we shall decline entering upon a detailed or critical examination of them. We purpose merely, in the course of a brief outline of events in the life of the author, to make some extracts from his songs, by which an opinion may be formed of their claims to that high degree of admiration for pathos, wit and patriotism, which his countrymen have so enthusiastically bestowed. We shall here only remark, that the versification is learned, graceful and flowing, and the general character essentially and pre-eminently French.

Peter John De Béranger was of humble origin, and born in Paris, August 19th, 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a tailor, in the Rue Mont-Orgeuil. He has recorded, with much feeling, in one of his best known effusions, "Le Tailleur et la Fée," some circumstances of his early life, and a summary estimate of the tendency of his writings.

## LA TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.

1822.

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,  
 En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,  
 Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand père,  
 Moi nouveau-né, sachez ce qui m'advint.  
 Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée  
 A mon berceau, qui n'était pas de fleurs:  
 Mais mon grand-père, accourant à mes pleurs,  
 Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée;  
 Et cette fée, avec de gais refrains,  
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

MARCH, 1837.

R

Le bon vieillard lui dit, l'ame inquiète :  
 "A cet enfant quel destin est promis?"  
 Elle répond : "Vois-le, sous ma baguette,  
 Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur et commis.  
 Un coup de foudre ajoute à mes présages :  
 Ton fils atteint va périr consumé ;  
 Dieu le regarde, et l'oiseau ranimé  
 Vole en chantant braver d'autres orages."  
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,  
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

"Tous les plaisirs, sylphes de la jeunesse,  
 Eveilleront sa lyre au sein des nuits,  
 Au toit du pauvre il répand l'allégresse ;  
 A l'opulence il sauve des ennuis.  
 Mais quel spectacle attriste son langage ?  
 Tout s'engloutit, et gloire et liberté :  
 Comme un pêcheur qui rentre épouvanté,  
 Il vient au port raconter leur naufrage."  
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,  
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

Le vieux tailleur s'écrie : "Eh quoi ! ma fille  
 Ne m'a donné qu'un faiseur de chansons !  
 Mieux jour et nuit vaudrait tenir l'aiguille  
 Que, faible écho, mourir en de vains sons."  
 "Va," dit la fée, "à tort tu t'en alarmes ;  
 De grands talents ont de moins beaux succès.  
 Ses chants légers seront chers aux Français,  
 Et du proscrit adouciront les larmes."  
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,  
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

Amis, hier j'étais faible et morose,  
 L'aimable fée apparaît à mes yeux.  
 Ses doigts distraits effeuillent une rose ;  
 Elle me dit : "Tu te vois déjà vieux.  
 Tel qu'aux déserts parfois brille un mirage,†  
 Aux cœurs vieillis s'offre un doux souvenir.  
 Pour te fêter tes amis vont s'unir :  
 Long temps près d'eux revis dans un autre âge."  
 Et puis la fée, avec ses gais refrains,  
 Comme autrefois dissipa mes chagrins.

Remaining in Paris until he was nine years old, he witnessed what may be called the first overt act of the revolution—the destruction of the Bastille, of which, forty years after, he noted the exciting recollections while undergoing his sentence of nine months' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs,‡ for the libellous and immoral character attributed to his songs, "Le Sacre de Charles le Simple ;" "L'Ange Gardien ;" and "Les Infiniments Petits." We extract the last-named.

\* L'auteur fut frappé de la foudre dans sa jeunesse.

† Les effets fantastiques du mirage trompent les yeux du voyageur jusque dans les sables du désert ; il croit voir devant lui des forêts, des lacs, des ruisseaux, etc.

‡ The fine was paid by a subscription of Béranger's friends and admirers.

## LES INFINIMENT PETITS, OU LA GÉRONTOCRATIE.

J'ai foi dans la sorcellerie.  
 Or un grand sorcier l'autre soir,  
 M'a fait voir de notre patrie  
 Tout l'avenir dans un miroir.  
 Quelle image désespérante !  
 Je vois Paris et ses fauxbourgs :  
 Nous sommes en dix-neuf cent trente,  
 Et les barbons règnent toujours.

Un peuple de nains nous remplace ;  
 Nos petits-fils sont si petits,  
 Qu'avec peine dans cette glace,  
 Sous leurs toits je les vois blottis.  
 La France est l'ombre du fantôme  
 De la France de mes beaux jours,  
 Ce n'est qu'un tout petit royaume ;  
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Combien d'imperceptibles êtres !  
 De petits jésuites bilieux !  
 De milliers d'autres petits prêtres  
 Qui portent de petits bons dieux !  
 Béni par eux, tout dégénère ;  
 Par eux la plus vieille des cours  
 N'est plus qu'un petit séminaire ;  
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Tout est petit, palais, usines,  
 Sciences, commerce, beaux-arts.  
 De bonnes petites famines  
 Désolent de petits remparts.  
 Sur la frontière mal fermée,  
 Marche, au bruit de petits tambours,  
 Une pauvre petite armée ;  
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Enfin le miroir prophétique,  
 Complétant ce triste avenir ;  
 Me montre un géant hérétique  
 Qu'un monde a peine à contenir.  
 Du peuple pygmée il s'approche,  
 Et, bravant de petits discours,  
 Met le royaume dans sa poche ;  
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

In the year 1790 he quitted Paris for Peronne, where he was confided to the care of his father's sister, who at the time kept an *auberge* in the suburbs. This worthy creature (now more than eighty years of age) has a right to some share in that celebrity of her nephew, which she is still able to appreciate. It was to the excellent advice of this kind and pious relation, that he was mainly indebted for his early instruction and first acquaintance with books. Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, the naturally free and satirical disposition of the boy manifested itself in various involuntary out-breaks. Thus, when at twelve years old he was unfortunately struck by lightning, by which his life was endangered, and his sight nearly destroyed, the first words he uttered

when recovering from the shock were: "What was the use now of all your holy water?" the good woman having, at the commencement of the thunder-storm, profusely sprinkled every part of the house.

About this time the heart-stirring stanzas of the *Marseillaise*, and the cannon from the ramparts of Peronne, announcing the deliverance of Toulon from the English, aroused the patriotic sympathies of young Béranger. He had already entered as an apprentice, when about fourteen, at the printing establishment of M. Laisné, where he began to acquire the first rules of grammar and orthography; but his real instruction, that which most of all contributed to the development of his intelligence and moral sentiments, was the primary school founded by M. Bellanglise, a former member of the Legislative Assembly, who in his enthusiasm for Jean Jacques Rousseau, had fancied an institute for children on the principles of that citizen-philosopher. This seminary united the functions of a Jacobin club and a federal camp. The lads were attired in something like a military uniform; and on all public occasions they made speeches, appointed deputations, voted addresses, and wrote despatches to citizen Robespierre or citizen Tallien. Young Béranger was the most influential orator, and the regular state secretary in the composition of protocols. These exercises, while they stimulated his taste, formed his style, and enlarged his knowledge of history and geography, had also the effect of leading his mind to the early consideration of national affairs, and, in a manner, of allying his youthful feelings to the interests of his country. But in this truly republican education the learned languages were not taught; and of course De Béranger did not acquire them.

At the age of seventeen he returned to his father at Paris, with a tolerable ground-work of information, and the excellent moral lessons of his kind-hearted aunt. About a year afterwards, it would seem that the idea of becoming a poet had first glanced through his mind; suggested, no doubt, by his having attended some theatrical performances; and in consequence his first literary dream was to write a play. He sketched out the plan of a comedy, that he named the "Hermaphrodites," in which he proposed to satirize frivolity and effeminacy in men, and the ambition and intrigue of women; but after having read, with profound attention, the inimitable works of Molière, he relinquished, from respect for that great master, an attempt of such overpowering difficulty. Molière, as well as La Fontaine, were, however, always his favourite authors: he deeply studied their style, their verse, and their most minute details of observation. It was by such means, that he was enabled to discover, to feel, and to estimate, his own degree of acquirement.

These unsuccessful essays were, however, not without their use, if, as we may fairly suppose, his songs have thence derived that dramatic cast which constitutes one of their greatest charms. Amidst such profusion and such excellence, it is difficult to make a selection that shall be within reasonable limits; but the following may be safely quoted, as combining several of the various qualities that distinguish this eminent man's productions, and affording at the same time ample proof of the versatility of his genius:—

## LE VIEUX CAPORAL.

1829.

En avant ! partez camarades ;  
L'arme au bras, le fusil chargé,  
J'ai ma pipe et vos embrassades ;  
Venez me donner mon congé.  
J'eus tort de vieillir au service ;  
Mais pour vous tous, jeunes soldats,  
J'étais un père à l'exercise.

Conserits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Un morveux d'officier m'outrage ;  
Je lui fends ! il vient d'en guérir,  
On me condamne, c'est l'usage :  
Le vieux caporal doit mourir ;  
Poussé d'humeur et de rogomme,  
Rien n'a pu retenir mon bras.  
Puis, moi, j'ai servi le grand homme.

Conscrits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Conscrits vous ne troquerez guères  
Bras ou jambe contre une croix,  
J'ai gagné la mienne à ces guerres  
Ou nous bousculions tous les rois.  
Chacun de vous payait à boire  
Quand je racontais nos combats.  
Ce que c'est pourtant que la gloire !

Conscrits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Robert, enfant de mon village,  
Retourne garder tes moutons.  
Tiens, de ces jardins vois l'ombrage :  
Avril fleurit mieux nos cantons.  
Dans nos bois, souvent dès l'aurore  
J'ai déniché de frais appas.  
Bon Dieu ! ma mère existe encore !

Conscrits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Qui là bas sanglotte et regarde ?  
Eh ! c'est la veuve du tambour.  
Eu Russie, à l'arrière-garde,  
J'ai porté son fiis nuit et jour  
Comme le père, enfant et femme  
Sans moi restaient sous les frimas.  
Elle va prier pour mon aïe.

Conscrits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Morbleu ! ma pipe s'est éteinte,  
Non pas encore. Allons, tant mieux !  
Nous allons entrer dans l'enceinte ;  
Cà, ne me bandez pas les yeux.  
Mes amis, fâché de la peine.  
Surtout ne tirez pas trop bas ;  
Et qu'au pays Dieu vous ramène !

Conscrits, au pas ;  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas ;  
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

It would be difficult to find in any author, more vivid and graphic description, more characteristic feeling, or more energetic expression in the short compass of a song, than are here displayed in that of the veteran corporal, on the eve of military execution. The ballad of "Jacques" is scarcely less powerful in its interest, though constructed of very different materials.

## JACQUES.

Jacque, il me faut troubler ton somme,  
Dans le village, un gros huissier  
Rôle et court, suivi du messier.  
C'est pour l'impôt, las ! mon pauvre  
homme.

Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Regarde : le jour vient d'éclorre ;  
Jamais si tard tu n'as dormi,  
Pour vendre, chez le vieux Remi,  
On saisissait avant l'aurore.  
Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Pas un sou ! Dieu ! je crois l'entendre.  
 Ecoute les chiens aboyer.  
 Demande un mois pour tout payer.  
 Ah ! si le roi pouvait attendre !  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Pauvres gens ! l'impôt nous dépouille !  
 Nous n'avons, accablés de maux,  
 Pour nous, ton père et six marmots,  
 Rien que ta bêche et ma quenouille.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

On conte, avec cette mesure,  
 Un quart d'arpent, cher affermé.  
 Par la misère il est fermé ;  
 Il est moissonné par l'usure.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Beaucoup de peine et peu de lucre.  
 Quand d'un porc aurons-nous la chair ?  
 Tout ce qui nourrit est si cher !  
 Et le sel aussi, notre sucre !  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Du vin soutiendrait ton courage ;  
 Mais les droits l'ont bien renchéri !  
 Pour en boire un peu, mon chéri,  
 Vends mon anneau de mariage.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Rêverais-tu que ton bon ange  
 Te donne richesse et repos ?  
 Que sont aux riches les impôts ?  
 Quelques rats de plus dans leur grange.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Il entre ! ô ciel ! que dois-je craindre ?  
 Tu ne dis mot ; quelle pâleur !  
 Hier tu t'es plaint de ta douleur,  
 Toi qui souffres tant sans te plaindre.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici monsieur l'huissier du roi.

Elle appelle en vain ; il rend l'ame.  
 Pour qui s'épuise à travailler  
 La mort est un doux oreiller,  
 Bonnes gens, priez pour sa femme.  
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;  
 Voici monsieur l'huissier du roi.

In both this and the "Vieux Caporal" a clue is given to the bias of Béranger's political notions. The subject in each is the final result of laws, military and civil, broken or unfulfilled. Assuredly there was no desire on the part of the author, to neutralize or conceal his detestation of such severities. These latter quotations are of a melancholy,—a painful cast. Before we resume our crude notices of Béranger's career, we shall, for our own sakes, endeavour to smooth the reader's brow, by setting before him one of a very different description, not less vivid or less graphic than the preceding, and of a playfulness of satire equally national. The songs of this class are very numerous in the collection.

### LE SÉNATEUR.

1813.

Mon épouse fait ma gloire :  
 Rose a de si jolis yeux !  
 Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire,  
 Un ami bien précieux.  
 Le jour où j'obtins sa foi,  
 Un sénateur vint chez moi.  
 Quel honneur !  
 Quel bonheur !  
 Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
 Je suis votre humble serviteur.

De ses faits je tiens registre :  
 C'est un homme sans égal.  
 L'autre hiver, chez un ministre,  
 Il mena ma femme au bal.  
 S'il me trouve en son chemin,  
 Il me frappe dans la main.  
 Quel honneur !  
 Quel bonheur !  
 Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
 Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Près de Rose il n'est point fade,  
Et n'a rien de freluquet,  
Lorsque ma femme est malade,  
Il fait mon cent de piquet.  
Il m'embrasse au jour de l'an ;  
Il me fête à la Saint Jean.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Chez moi qu'un temps effroyable  
Me retienne après dîner,  
Il me dit d'un air aimable :  
" Allez donc vous promener ;  
Mon cher, ne vous gênez pas,  
Mon équipage est là bas."

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Certain soir à sa campagne  
Il nous mena par hasard ;  
Il m'enivra de champagne,  
Et Rose fit lit à part ;  
Mais de la maison, ma foi,  
Le plus beau lit fut pour moi.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

A l'enfant que Dieu m'envoie  
Pour parrain je l'ai donné,  
C'est presque en pleurant de joie  
Qu'il baise le nouveau-né ;  
Et mon fils, dès ce moment,  
Est mis sur son testament.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Having abandoned all views in regard to the theatre, he resolved, for the purpose of satisfying his lofty aspirations for poetical distinction, to undertake the composition of an *epic* poem. Clovis was the hero he chose. The care of preparing the materials, the study of the character of the principal personages, the harmonizing of the different combinations, was to occupy several years : as to the execution, properly so called, he deferred *that* till he had attained his thirtieth year !

But, alas ! our poet's actual situation contrasted bitterly with these magnificent day-dreams. Eighteen months of comparative comfort and prosperity were followed by years of severe suffering ; and our unhappy young man was almost overwhelmed by poverty and destitution. He was driven of necessity to seek some means of existence, and turned his thoughts to an expatriation to Egypt, at that time in the power of the French army. A member of the grand expedition, who had returned to France (completely disenchanted by his adventures in the East), at once, by his advice, put an end to this brilliant enterprise of our poet.

Youth, with its powerful illusions and natural gaiety,—hope, confidence, self good-opinion,—those internal resources which seldom fail with the young, enabled De Béranger to triumph over adversity, and even in the midst of his most straitened circumstances to discover new sources of enjoyment. It was at this period that he became more intimately acquainted with all classes and conditions of what may be emphatically called the *people* ; and throwing off the artificial and the conventional of *society*, he set narrow bounds to his desires, still finding ample space for simple and unsophisticated pleasures. This was, in fact, the time of his boon companions and congenial amusements, which he describes with such truth and force of delineation, and with so much feeling of regret, in the following verses :—

## LE GRENIER.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse  
 De la misère a subi les leçons.  
 J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,  
 De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.  
 Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,  
 Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,  
 Leste et joyeux je montais six étages,  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier, point ne veut qu'on l'ignore.  
 Là fut mon lit bien chétif et bien dur ;  
 Là fut ma table, et je retrouve encore  
 Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.  
 Apparaissent, plaisirs de mon bel âge,  
 Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le Temps,  
 Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage,  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,  
 Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau :  
 Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre  
 Suspend son schall en guise de rideau.  
 Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette ;  
 Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants,  
 J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,  
 De mes amis les voix brillaient en cœur,  
 Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse :  
 A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !  
 Le canon gronde ; un autre chant commence ;  
 Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatants.  
 Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France,  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.  
 Oh ! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !  
 J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre  
 Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.  
 Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,  
 Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instant,  
 D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans

“ I was so poor at this time,” he states in a letter to a friend, “ that a little party of pleasure compelled me to live for a week on gruel that I used to make for myself, all the while piling rhyme upon rhyme, and still full of ambitious hopes of future glory. My eyes involuntarily fill with tears at the recollection of this joyous epoch of my life, when without a certainty even of my daily bread, with but little knowledge, and destitute of every thing like patronage, I still could indulge in gay visions of future times without neglecting the enjoyments of the present.”

Nevertheless this continual struggle with poverty and all the evils

attendant upon it, was succeeded by a depression and hopelessness from which our poet was happily relieved by the benevolence, equally noble and unexpected, of Lucien Bonaparte, whose generous protection Béranger gratefully records in the dedication of his last series of "Chansons." In this dedication, which equally does honour to both parties, it appears that Lucien strongly urges his *protégé* to pursue those higher walks of poetry which he had formerly contemplated, &c., &c. Literary glory was the constant object of Béranger's ardent imagination, and the influence of M. de Chateaubriand's works on our young aspirant had been sudden and powerful. His youthful patriotism had not abandoned him; but it was with reserve and hesitation that his feelings turned towards Napoleon, who had now grasped the empire. His admiration of Chateaubriand suffered no change; and the religious inspirations of that impassioned genius revived in De Béranger some of the feelings of which his good aunt of Peronne had sown the seeds. The author of the "Génie du Christianisme" made our young poet acquainted with the simple and severe grandeur of the antique taste and the sublime beauties of the Bible. Forty Alexandrine verses, entitled "Méditation," which our author composed in 1802, are marked by a strong religious impression, and with great pleasure we cite, in proof, a short extract from them.

## MEDITATION.

1802.

Nos grandeurs, nos revers ne sont point notre ouvrage,  
 Dieu seul mène à son gré notre aveugle courage,  
 Sans honte succombez, triomphez sans orgueil,  
 Vous, mortels qu'il plaça sur un pompeux écueil.  
 Des hommes étaient nés pour le trône du monde,  
 Huit siècles l'assuraient à leur race féconde :  
 Dieu dit; soudain aux yeux de son peuples surpris  
 Et ce trône et ces rois confondent leurs débris ;  
 Les uns sont égorgés, les autres en partage  
 Portent au lieu de sceptre un bâton de voyage,  
 Exilés, et contraints, sous le poids des rebuts,  
 D'errer dans l'univers qui ne les connaît plus. &c.

The taste of De Béranger for truth and simplicity, was farther displayed in a short poem of four parts, called "Le Pèlerinage," in which he endeavours to unite pastoral manners with Christian principles and morals. The epoch chosen was the sixteenth century, and all mythological imagery is carefully excluded. Without affirming that the author has succeeded in producing a work of much novelty or interest, we cannot but do justice to his general intention, and to the successful manner in which the details are occasionally wrought out. We may be permitted to quote some lines from the concluding part, in which the expression is at least just and poetical. The feeling of regret which De Béranger has suffered to escape, is simple and affecting. The poet, who at twenty-two years of age has so much distrust of his own powers, and so happily expresses that sentiment, need not surely despair of the future.

Pourquoi faut-il, dans un siècle de gloire,  
 Mes vers et moi, que nous mourrions obscurs.  
 Jamais, hélas ! d'une noble harmonie,  
 L'antiquité ne m'apprit les secrets.  
 L'instruction, nourrice du génie,  
 De son lait pur ne m'abreuva jamais.  
 Que demander à qui n'eut point de maître ?  
 Du malheur seul les leçons m'ont formé,  
 Et ces épis que mon printemps vit naître  
 Sont ceux d'un champ où ne fut rien semé.

Addressing himself at another part of the poem to M. Lucien Bonaparte, then an exile at Rome, he thus concludes :—

Vous qui vivez dans le séjour antique  
 Où triomphaient les rois de l'univers ;  
 Que reste-t-il de leur pompe héroïque ?  
 De vains débris et des tombeaux déserts.  
 Là, pour les grands quelle leçon profonde !  
 Ah ! puissiez-vous, attentif à ma voix,  
 Plein des vertus que le calme féconde,  
 Aimer les champs, la retraite et les bois !  
 Oui, fier du sort dont vous avez fait choix,  
 Restez, restez, malgré les vœux du monde,  
 Libre de l'or qui pèse au front des rois.

An academician, a poet, to whom Béranger (then quite unknown to the public) was one day talking of his *Idylles*, and of the pains he had taken to speak of every object by its name, without having the least recourse to fable or circumlocution, was astonished at his hardihood. "How would you, for instance," said the academician, "how would you deal with the *sea*—the *sea*?" "I would," answered Béranger, "call it simply and plainly the *sea*." "And Neptune, Tethys, Amphitrite, Nereus,—you would, without the least compunction, lop off all that at a blow?" "The whole of it." The academician was astonished. How, indeed, could an *academician* admit that it would be possible to compose a modern epic without the conventional machinery of the Heathen Deities!

About this time, having been recommended to Landon, the editor of the "*Annales du Musée*," Béranger was employed during a year or two (1805-1806) in the preparation of the literary part of that publication. The articles he contributed are distinguished by a picturesque accuracy of description, by a just feeling and appreciation of the natural beauty and simplicity of the paintings, and above all by the pains taken to bring forward the moral views, the profound thoughts, and the emotions of sensibility which inspired the great artists whose works he was reviewing.

By the friendly assistance of M. Arnault,\* Béranger was admitted as a copying-clerk into the office of the university; a place he re-

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\* Antoine Arnault, Member of the Institute, a distinguished writer of the time, and author of the tragedies of "*Marius*," "*The Venetians*," a *Collection of Fables*, &c., &c.; he was exiled by the Bourbons on their restoration. Béranger was greatly attached to him.

tained for twelve years. His annual salary never exceeded 2000 francs; but this, small as it was, sufficed for his moderate desires, and he never solicited for an advance. Reserving to himself his own thoughts and his own principles, he gave to his employers his time and his hand—not unlike Jean Jacques Rousseau, when that extraordinary genius engaged in copying music for a subsistence. Béranger did not lose this place till the year 1821. On the publication of his first collection of *chansons*, he had been fore-warned by the authorities to be careful, as they might find themselves, another time, under the necessity of sacrificing (however unwillingly) some few of his lighter pieces to university decorum. This warning would even then perhaps have been acted upon, but that the author of “Le Roi d’Yvetot” was thought to be entitled to some indulgence for his loyalty.

## LE ROI D’YVETOT.

1813.

Il était un roi d’Yvetot  
 Peu connu dans l’histoire;  
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,  
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,  
 Et couronné par Jeanneton  
 D’un simple bonnet de coton,  
 Dit-on.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas  
 Dans son palais de chaume,  
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
 Parcourait son royaume.  
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,  
 Pour toute garde il n’avait rien  
 Qu’un chien.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la.

Il n’avait de goût onéreux  
 Qu’une soif un peu vive;  
 Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,  
 Il faut bien qu’un roi vive.  
 Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,  
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
 D’impôt.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la,

Aux filles de bonnes maisons  
 Comme il avait su plaire,  
 Ses sujets avaient cent raisons  
 De le nommer leur père:  
 D’ailleurs il ne levait de ban  
 Que pour tirer quatre fois l’an  
 Au blanc.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la.

Il n’agrandit point ses états,  
 Fut un voisin commode,  
 Et, modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code.  
 Ce n’est que lorsqu’il expira  
 Que le peuple qui l’enterra  
 Pleura.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait  
 De ce digne et bon prince;  
 C’est l’enseigne d’un cabaret  
 Fameux dans la province.  
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
 La foule s’écrie en buvant  
 Devant:  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là!  
 La, la.

When De Béranger openly avowed opposition politics in 1821, he did not forget the former ministerial hint, and from the day of publication of his second collection, he absented himself from his office, and the administration immediately made known to him his dismissal. From 1809 to 1814, he continued his silent and quiet studies, and

once more turned his attention to the theatre; but it was no longer with the same eagerness as in past times; the pleasure he found in freely expressing his thoughts in *chansons*, prevailed over every other scheme that occasionally suggested itself. The writing of his songs was always an enjoyment to him, and at this period they were produced almost without an effort; though this extreme facility failed him latterly: or, perhaps it might be said, that less negligence and a higher degree of finish, more than supplied its place. At all events, his lively imagination, his picturesque style, his deep-studied versification, and rich phraseology, were more and more displayed as he proceeded.

His political songs are numerous, and, with a people so excitable as the French, must have been highly influential. He was twice prosecuted by the government of the day, and twice suffered imprisonment: once for three months in St. Pélagie in 1822; and for nine months in La Force, as previously stated. The Vaudeville and the Chanson may be said to be truly indigenous in France; and although with us in England the fine sea-songs of Dibdin were extensively and justly popular, they were so, chiefly, from their relation to a favourite service, and were free from all party spirit. With our lively neighbours, their extreme susceptibility, co-operating with their universal passion for their own national music, and the wide range of subject to which the stimulus of sparkling wit and the keenest satire was applied, rendered such a man as De Béranger a most formidable opponent to any administration. His patriotism was never questioned: indeed, a truer Frenchman did not exist; and his political independence was not to be shaken. During the hundred days, the lucrative office of censor of the press was proposed to him, which he at once refused. The same feeling of self-respect and consistency had induced him as resolutely to decline a situation in the *bureaux* of M. Lafitte, a seat in the academy, an invitation to court, &c. He perfectly understood his position as the national minstrel, and adhered to it. De Béranger's songs were heard in the workshops, in the fields, in the cabarets, in the guingettes; in short, every where: he was essentially the poet of the people. It will be seen from the following selections from what he produced while within the walls of St. Pélagie and La Force, that his spirit was not dismayed under the privation of his liberty.

#### LA LIBERTE'.

*Première Chanson faite a Sainte Pélagie.*

1822.

D'un petit bout de chaîne  
Depuis que j'ai tâté,  
Mon cœur en belle haine  
A pris la liberté.  
Fi de la liberté!  
A bas la liberté!

Marchangy, ce vrai sage,  
M'a fait par charité  
Sentir de l'esclavage  
La légitimité.  
Fi de la liberté!  
A bas la liberté!

Plus de vaines louanges  
 Pour cette déité,  
 Qui laisse en de vieux langes  
 Le monde emmailloté !  
 Fi de la liberté !  
 A bas la liberté !

De son arbre civique  
 Que nous est-il resté ?  
 Un bâton despotique,  
 Sceptre sans majesté.  
 Fi de la liberté !  
 A bas la liberté !

Interrogeons le Tibre ;  
 Lui seul a bien goûté  
 Sueur de peuple libre,

Crasse de papauté.  
 Fi de la liberté !  
 A bas la liberté !

Dù bon sens qui nous gagne  
 Quand l'homme est infecté,  
 Il n'est plus dans son baigne  
 Qu'un forçat révolté.  
 Fi de la liberté !  
 A bas la liberté !

Bons porte-clefs que j'aime,  
 Géôliers pleins de gaité,  
 Par vous au Louvre même  
 Que ce vœu soit porté :  
 Fi de la liberté !  
 A bas la liberté !

### LES DIX MILLE FRANCS.

#### *La Force.*

1829.

Dix mille francs, dix mille francs d'amende !  
 Dieu ! quel loyer pour neuf mois de prison !  
 Le pain est cher et la misère est grande,  
 Et pour long-temps je dine à la maison.  
 Cher président n'en peut-on rien rabattre ?  
 " Non ! non ! jeûnez et vous et vos parents.  
 Pour fait d'outrage aux enfants d'Henri quatre,  
 De par le roi, payez dix mille francs."

Je paierai donc ; mais, las ! que va-t-on faire.  
 De cet argent que si bien j'emploierais ?  
 D'un substitut sera-t-il le salaire ?  
 D'un conseiller paiera-t-il les arrêts ?  
 Déjà s'avance une main longue et safe :  
 C'est la police et ses comptes courants.  
 Quand sur ma muse on venge la morale,  
 Pour les mouchards comptons deux mille francs.

Moi-même ainsi partageant ma dépouille,  
 Sur mon budget portons les affamés.  
 Au pied du trône une harpe se rouille :  
 Bardes du sacre, êtes-vous enrhumés ?  
 Chantez, messieurs, faites pondre la poule ;  
 Envahissez croix, titres, biens et rangs.  
 Dût on encor briser la sainte Ampoule ;  
 Pour les flatteurs comptons deux mille francs.

Que de géants là bas je vois paraître !  
 Vieux ou nouveaux, tous nobles à cordons.  
 Fiers de servir, ils font au gré du maître  
 Signes de croix, saluts ou rigodons.  
 A tout gâteau leur main fait large entaille ;  
 Car ils sont grands, même infiniment grands.  
 Ils nous feront une France à leur taille,  
 Pour ces laquais comptons trois mille francs.

Je vois briller chapes, mitres et crosses,  
 Chapeaux pourprés, vases d'argent et d'or ;  
 Couvents, hôtels, valets, blasons, carosses.  
 Ah ! saint Ignace a pillé le trésor.  
 De mes refrains l'un des siens qui le venge,  
 Promet mon ame aux gouffres dévorants.  
 Déjà le diable a plumé mon bon ange,  
 Pour le clergé comptons trois mille francs.

Vérifions, la somme en vaut la peine :  
 Deux et deux quatre ; et trois, sept ; et trois, dix.  
 C'est bien leur compte. Ah ! du moins La Fontaine,  
 Sans rien payer, fut exilé jadis.  
 Le fier Louis eût biffé la sentence  
 Qui m'appauvrit pour quelques vers trop francs.  
 Monsieur Loyal, délivrez-moi quittance ;  
 Vive le roi ! voilà dix mille francs.

De Béranger's works have been brought out successively in five divisions ; the first at the end of the year 1815 ; the second at the end of 1821 ; the third in 1825 ; the fourth in 1828 ; and the fifth in 1833. The publication of 1821 caused him his first imprisonment, and that of 1828 his second and more severe one. While the poet himself was fast secured behind the iron bars of a prison, his popularity was extending its range to every town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom : thus deeply mortifying the susceptibilities of power, and making known to the people at the same time, that it was not in palaces or mansions only, that their truest and most disinterested defenders were to be found.

In a very able and spirited address prefixed to his last series, he takes his final leave of the public as a *chansonnier*. Though this address, from its nature, must necessarily be egotistical, yet the vanity of the author—and who of the “*genus irritabile vatum*” is without it?—the vanity of the author is rendered, perhaps, more conspicuous by the assumption of that most transparent of all coverings (except to the individual himself), a veil of extreme modesty and self-disqualification. It has, however, considerable interest, notwithstanding this trifling drawback, if indeed it be one at all. The public are given to understand that they have received the last of his *chansons*, though he does not intend to abandon his literary labours altogether. He hints, indeed, at the possibility of his occupying himself in his retreat, by marking down his recollections and experiences of the distinguished men of his time—a sort of biographical *catalogue raisonné* of eminent persons—which should at least have truth, impartiality, and plain sense to recommend it. De Béranger has retired to Passy, in the neighbourhood of Paris, upon a small competence—we believe a very small one—but sufficient for his moderate wants, and which, we sincerely hope, he may live many years to enjoy, in comfort and tranquillity.

We began our extracts with a *chanson*, in which his good fairy forms one of the dramatis personæ ; we close them with his last one, in which this kind protectress re-appears ; and with a few lines that he addresses to his present retreat, we take our leave of De Béranger.

## ADIEU, CHANSONS!

Pour rajeunir les fleurs de mon trophée,  
 Naguère encor, tendre, docte ou railleur,  
 J'allais chanter, quand m'apparut la fée  
 Qui me berça chez le bon vieux tailleur.  
 "L'hiver," dit-elle, "a soufflé sur ta tête :  
 Cherche un abri pour tes soirs longs et froids.  
 Vingt ans du lutte ont épuisé ta voix,  
 Qui n'a chanté qu'au bruit de la tempête."  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Ces jours sont loin, poursuit-elle, où ton ame  
 Comme un clavier modulait tous les airs ;  
 Où la gaité, vive et rapide flamme,  
 Au ciel obscur prodiguait ses éclairs.  
 Plus rétréci, l'horizon reste sombre,  
 Des gais amis le long rire a cessé.  
 Combien là bas déjà t'ont devancé !  
 Lisette même, hélas ! n'est plus qu'une ombre."  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Bénis ton sort. Par toi la poésie  
 A d'un grand peuple ému les derniers rangs.  
 Le chant qui vole à l'oreille saisie,  
 Souffla tes vers, même aux plus ignorants.  
 Vos orateurs parlent à qui sait lire ;  
 Toi, conspirant tout haut contre les rois,  
 Tu marias, pour ameuter les voix,  
 Des airs de vieille aux accents de la lyre."  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Tes traits aigus lancés au trône même,  
 En retombant aussitôt ramassés,  
 De près, de loin, par le peuple qui t'aime,  
 Volaient en chœur jusqu'au but relancés.  
 Puis quand ce trône ose brandir son foudre,  
 De vieux fusils l'abattent en trois jours.  
 Pour tous les coups tirés dans son velours,  
 Combien ta muse a fabriqué de poudre !"  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Ta part est belle à ces grandes journées,  
 Où du butin tu detournas les yeux.  
 Leur souvenir, couronnant tes années,  
 Te suffira, si tu sais être vieux.  
 Aux jeunes gens racontes-en l'histoire ;  
 Guide leur nef ; instruis-les de l'écueil ;  
 Et de la France, un jour, font-ils l'orgueil,  
 Va réchauffer ta vieillesse à leur gloire."  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

Ma bonne fée, au seuil du pauvre barde,  
 Oui, vous sonnez la retraite à propos.  
 Pour compagnon, bientôt dans ma mansarde,  
 J'aurai l'oubli, père et fils du repos.  
 Mais à ma mort, temoins de notre lutte,  
 De vieux Français se diront, l'œil mouillé :  
 Au ciel, un soir, cette étoile a brillé ;  
 Dieu l'éteignit long-temps avant sa chute.  
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,  
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

## PASSY.

Paris, adieu ; je sors de tes murailles.  
 J'ai dans Passy trouvé gîte et repos.  
 Ton fils t'enlève un droit de funérailles,  
 Et sa piquette échappe à tes impôts.  
 Puissé-je ici vieillir exempt d'orage,  
 Et, de l'oubli près de subir le poids,  
 Comme l'oiseau, dormir dans le feuillage,  
 Au bruit mourant des échos de ma voix !

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF IDIOM—SCOTLAND.

## FROM "THE LAIRD OF LOGAN."

AS LICHT A GREEN.—A saying current in the district of Menteith, Perthshire ; meaning, " I have seen as unlikely a thing happen."

Will Shore, a person of disordered intellect, who wandered in the strath of Menteith, from Ben-Lomond to Kippen, and who only died in the beginning of the present year, though of a robust form, was lazy, and when labour was imposed on him always contrived to make his escape as soon as possible. Will had quartered at a farm-house, in the winter, for the night ; and the servant, resolved to have his assistance in thrashing out some oats, to make the morning as long as possible, started him at a very early hour, when they commenced handling the flail. Every now and then, Will went to the door to see if daylight was making its appearance. The strokes from the flail became more frequent as Will appeared to tire. At last, he went and looked over the half-door ;—still dark—no streak of light to be seen. " Preserve us a'!" quoth Will, " I hae seen as licht a green as it wad ne'er be day-licht."

BROD, *n.*—The plate set on a stool at the entrance to the church, in which the gifts of charity to the poor are deposited, and on which one of the office-bearers of the church attends.

An elder, who had just been promoted to official honours, took his son with him, to assist in superintending the gifts. The boy, who wanted to make himself as useful as possible, noticed some passing into the church without putting any thing into the treasury, and called to his father, " Father, thae folks are gaun bye the *brod* without payin'."

One of the heritors in the parish of Old Monkland was appointed, on the occasion of a collection for repairs requiring to be made on the church, to superintend the deposits. A wealthy heritor and his guidwife passing, threw in a paltry sum. " Come back, laird," quoth the superintendent, " ye maun do mair for the *brod*, I'll no tak that aff your hand."

**CLANJAMFRIE, n.**—The Scotch synonyme for the “tag-rag-and-bobtail,” or dregs of the people.

Jaffrey’s Close enters from the Goosedubbs, and contains a very considerable number of inhabitants, many of whom are of questionable character. The waggish gentleman from whom the said close derives its patronymic, was once in company with a Highlandman of the name of Campbell, who was lording it over some of the Macs, &c., in the company, and boasting of the antiquity, great names, and numbers belonging to his clan. Mr. Jaffrey at once offered to take a bet with the Celt, that the clan to which *he* belonged was more numerous than his. “Your clan! *your* clan! who ever heard before now of the Clan-Jaffrey?” “Donald, I’ll let your friends here be the judge.” “Very well, then, five pounds to a shilling.” “I belong to the Clan-Jamfrie, so down wi’ your dust.”

**EXAMIN, n.**—An examination by a clergyman of the theological knowledge of his parishioners.

It is principally applied to the practice of the clergy, who appoint that those of their hearers residing in a certain locality, shall attend at a given place, generally a school-house, or barn of some farmer, to answer such questions regarding their knowledge, “life, and conversation,” as the minister may think proper to test their knowledge and practice.

Mr. Fullarton had advertised from his pulpit that he was to have a diet of examination in a certain district of his parish, Dalry; and on meeting Will Speir gathering eggs, he inquired at him why he never compared at the diets of examination? Quoth Will, “Ye dinna gie fair play.” “Why?” said the minister. “Ye should gie question about,” answered Will. This point was settled by the parties, and Will appeared. Fullarton—“How many Gods are there, William?” Will—“There is but one only, the living and true God.” Mr. F. was proceeding with the second question, “How many persons?” &c. when he was interrupted by Will—“Na, na; a bargain’s a bargain: How many devils are there?” Fullarton—“I cannot tell.” “Is that the gate o’ ye already?” said Will; and made off with himself as quickly as possible.

**FORGATHER, v.**—To meet, to fall in with.

A certain shopkeeper in Beith had been indebted to the father of Will Speir, and Will, wisely for himself, thought that he should claim on the estate of his son; but the claim was not sustained. “So, your father is dead, Will?” said the person applied to. “Ay, ’deed is he.” “Well, Will, so is mine; and the twa can settle their accounts whan they *forgather*.”

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF GREGORY GREATHEAD, ESQ.

IN offering the following extracts to his readers, the editor holds himself perfectly absolved from the imputation of all irreverent desire to unveil the secret self-communion of the illustrious defunct, inasmuch as, from the peculiar style in which those extracts were written, it was evidently the intention of the gifted individual whose name they bear, at some period or other, to give them to the world. A sufficient reason for their not having been so made public during his life-time, will easily suggest itself to those who were familiar with his modest and retiring disposition, and indeed to all who call

to mind the aversion which ever distinguishes the minds of truly great men—witness Byron, Rousseau, Galt, Sir Egerton Brydges, and others—to lay themselves open to the charge of vanity or egotism.

Doubtless, however, the indulgence with which the labours of autobiographers have been received by the world, encouraged Mr. Greathead to persevere in his projected work, and in presenting it to the public, the editor feels assured that its playful minuteness, and still more, the affectionate fondness with which the author dwells upon the pleasant reminiscences of his boyish days, will be sufficient to command both admiration and respect.

#### CHOICE OF A SCHOOL.

“THAT boy has a head,” said my father, who had sat some time leaning his own upon his hand, and now looked up with the satisfied air of a man who has made a sudden and important discovery.

“So I have often told you, Mr. G.,” calmly replied my mother, whose feminine quickness of observation had, it seems, hitherto failed to convince that male injustice which sometimes wilfully blinds itself to an object merely because it is not the first to perceive it.

“There is something in it too,” continued my father in a musing tone.

“So I have often told you, Mr. G.”

“Have you, my dear? and when?”

“Often—often—Mr. G., and surely you must have observed, yourself, that not a week has passed since Gregory’s last birth-day (he was seven, you know) without some proof of his active and enquiring disposition. Don’t you recollect his letting out Amy’s pet bullfinch, which she had had two years, to see if it would at once acquire its old habits of wildness? Don’t you remember his experiment with the cat and the parachute, and the train of gunpowder he had laid under the door of his aunt’s dressing-room when she had a dreadful headache, thinking that the sudden fright *might* do her good? Don’t you recollect—”

“Well—well—my dear, the hereditary ingenuity of the Great-heads will lose nothing in him; but still—care is needed—youthful talents must not run to waste; time is short, Gregory is seven, he must go to school.”

“School!” screamed my mother, “when—where—why—how?”

“Immediately, wherever we can find a fit place, because he is too clever for home, in a post-chaise,” replied my father, categorically.

“But, my dear,” remonstrated my mother—

At this inauspicious moment was I—the unconscious subject of debate—revealed in one of the distant garden walks, indulging my fancy for experimental philosophy, by attaching a small cracker to the gown of the nursery-maid, who was attending my little sister Amy, the unlucky owner of the emancipated bullfinch. The cracker, partaking of my impatience, exploded somewhat unadvisedly, burned my fingers severely, and frightened poor Amy out of her wits. There is a tide in the affairs of boys as well as men, and this ill-timed experiment gave a new and decided turn to the discussion in the drawing-room.

"I think you are right," said my mother, throwing up her brief, like the wise advocate of a worthless client; "he is really too rough a companion for Amy; I will have his things got ready directly; but where is he to go?"

"Why that is the question. My friend L—— once spoke of Mr. Wilkins' academy at S——; his three sons are there."

"At S——: oh too far," ejaculated my mother. "Colds—accidents—out of reach—Why not send him to Mr. Sweetman's, at Elvington?"

"Too near—half-holidays—sweetmeats—idleness. Mr. Coleman's at B—— would be better; a good middle distance, fine air, large play-ground, flogs occasionally. What is your objection *there*, Mrs. G.?"

"Why, my dear, only that the terms are so low; and that my grocer's son went to school there. Surely Mr. Everett's would be more eligible, his terms are——"

"A d—d deal too high, Mrs. G.," said my father, rather quickly. "His boys use silver forks, and drink wine at dinner. Why should I pay 300 guineas a year that Gregory may play trap-ball with the young marquis of P——, or Lord M——? But we shall never agree at this rate, I know of but one more, and that is my old friend Mr. Oldstyle—will that suit you?"

"Why, I think,—ahem—yes—But don't you think he is *rather* too—too—"

"He has sent out some excellent scholars," rejoined my father, slightly elevating his head. "Several distinguished men have been his pupils. Let me see; first there's Tom Dashwood, who entered the Spanish service, and rose to command a regiment."

"Dashwood," repeated my mother, thoughtfully, "Dashwood,—Was he not hanged, as a spy?"

"Hem—yes—in the execution of his duty, ventured too far into the enemy's lines: always a fearless rogue. Well, there is Billy Skipkins, most clever fellow, he who got the patent, you remember, for fire-proof hats, and waterproof hearth-rugs. Then, let me see, Matthew Meddleby, he was in the first class; we all knew *he* would cut a figure: he wrote a pamphlet, dedicated to Joseph Hume, a plan for paying off the National Debt by a penny subscription, together with a system for making ship biscuits from Canada timber, in which he gave the ministers such a dressing, that——"

"He was sent to Newgate, and fined 500*L.*," quietly observed my mother.

"The very best compliment they could have paid him, and, no doubt highly gratifying to his feelings as a patriot, as I remember telling him, when I paid him a visit of congratulation in prison. Poor fellow! he did not look altogether so pleased as might have been expected, perhaps owing to poor Mrs. Meddleby being dangerously ill, anxiety, and so forth, besides some little difficulty about raising the fine—never had a farthing to spare. Well then, my dear, look at Lord W—nt—n, never very clever at his books to be sure, but *now*, the first, aye, I may say the *very* first cricketer in Europe. Who else? oh, Harry Lovington, one of the first families in ——shire: he

ran away (by my assistance and advice) with Miss M——, the great Wiltshire heiress, and made his for——”

“Her father’s bank failed last month. did it not?” asked my mother, “the great Baulkington estate is for sale, I see in this paper.”

“Ah yes, sad thing, every thing gone. I saw poor Harry in town three days ago, looking like a ghost; I called to him, but he only smiled grimly, shook his empty purse at me, and walked on. I *did* hear he was in the rules. Well, then comes Sam Trimwell, whose talents got him returned to parliament—”

“Was not that about the time his father bought the estate and borough of Little Smugglesby?”

“Yes, yes, probably. By the bye, Sam sent me his speech on the Peddlesworth road-bill, twelve written pages. Now, strangely enough, the papers one and all omitted it entirely, in their notice of that debate. The ‘*Courier*’ merely says the Bill was ‘agreed to,’ and the ‘*Standard*’ talks of ‘a desultory conversation of no importance or interest.’ Odd ideas of importance and interest have these gentlemen of the press! Well, Mrs. G., another of my old friend’s pupils was Bob——”

“Enough, enough, my dear,” said my mother, with a benevolent smile. “Six such instances as you have so happily quoted, besides one which you are too modest to mention, are quite sufficient to establish Mr. Oldstyle’s fame. Gregory can go next week.”

Accordingly, on that very day week, a large trunk lettered G. G.— and a little boy (*unlettered*) were deposited at the gate of Trainemwell House Academy, the former to be delivered to the present care of the mistress, the latter to that of the master of the mansion. Now, though my excellent mother had so peaceably yielded the point in dispute, her own private opinion respecting my future preceptor, may be gathered from the following somewhat unusual letter of introduction which I took from my pocket (considerably crushed and crumpled), and presented with a confident air, and my mother’s compliments, to that worthy man himself. First, however, let me be permitted to hint that Mr. Oldstyle was a man who had seen some sixty summers, and of course the proportionate allowance of winters; the latter seasons having apparently, as poets say, ‘shed their snows’ pretty liberally upon his head. His countenance had been very handsome, and the profile, especially the upper portion of it, displayed a remarkably fine outline and expression. One slight peculiarity which immediately attracted my notice, was a small but deep dent on the bridge of the nose, just below the eyes, which appeared to have been either formed by nature for, or actually worn by the spectacles which never left his brow. With Mr. Oldstyle’s mental endowments it will be hereafter my pleasing duty to make the reader acquainted: it will be perhaps sufficient to mention, that on the present occasion Mr. O.’s outward man was cased in such habiliments as the following:—A black broad-skirted coat of the workmanship of neither Stulz nor Nugee, containing pockets in whose almost unfathomable depths he was wont to deposit, during the current week, all stray articles and confiscated toys, until a general gaol-delivery on Saturday reduced them to a

state of convenient collapse ; a long waistcoat with flaps, an heir-loom I believe ; black knee-breeches, rather threadbare ; grey worsted stockings, and most creaking and sensible shoes. A cane, the symbol of dignity only, for never, in the memory of the "oldest" boy, had it visited the shoulders of any recreant,—his better hand adorned, but was quickly laid aside to welcome his new pupil. Moreover the features of this truly excellent man underwent no change, while he perused the letter which I have kept too long from my impatient readers.

Greathead Hall, April 1st.

My dear Friend,

You will not, I think, be sorry to hear that our little riotous boy is gone to school. His talents, young as he is (just seven, you know), really develope themselves so rapidly, that his father and I have agreed upon the necessity of giving them some proper channel in which to expand themselves. He is gone—where do you think? to Mr. Oldstyle, his father's old tutor, a gentleman whose ideas, like the cut of his coat, made a stand some half-century back, and have not since moved an inch in the direction the world is taking. He is literally a most bigoted member of that wise *clique* yeleft the "old school." Still, as he is an excellent man, most careful of his boys, and much respected by William, he will do, at least for the present, *faute de mieux*.

Thank you for the delicious cream-cheeses. Kindest love to your dear girls.

Yours affectionately,

CECILIA GREATHEAD.

P. S. The sweet bonnet you wore on Sunday! was it from 'Le Magasin?' I could not get near enough after service to ask you ; it was raining, and Mr. G. hurried me away to the carriage, lest the horses or myself (I don't know which he most dreaded) should take cold.

Worthy Mr. Oldstyle bore this little *contretems* with great equanimity ; not so my mother, who was dreadfully shocked at the solecism she had committed, and made a stern resolution never again to write two letters together without directing the first before she folded the second.

The excellent pedagogue was indeed all she had painted him. Innovation was his bugbear : change, the demon against which he was always prepared to contend, and without an equal or superior in his own little sphere, except indeed his wife (and who doth not cheerfully admit such gentle exception?) Mr. Oldstyle, like the mad-cap prince of Wales, and his companions, though not precisely in the same fashion—

"doffed the world aside,

And bid it pass."

"Abroad" the schoolmaster might be as much as he pleased, but Mr Oldstyle was determined that he should also be *at home*.

W. H. S.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

## PART THE FIRST. CHALCROFT.

*(Concluded from page 185.)*

## CHAPTER V.

IT was the close of autumn, and seven years subsequent to the scene with which this narrative opens, that a gentleman became the occupant of part of a cottage in the environs of Brighton. He had but recently returned to England after a sojourn of some years in Germany; this he had himself announced when he became a temporary resident, and his appointments bespoke an abode in foreign countries. The weather at the time of his arrival was lovely, but he seldom profited by it. His occupation confined him to the house almost entirely. One servant, who had been engaged since his return, and who knew no more of his master than his name, and a little favourite terrier, whose attachment proclaimed a more lengthened acquaintance, constituted his establishment. A very short period enabled the inmates of the cottage to discover that his pursuits were literary, that in fact he was occupied in writing, either as an amateur or professionally. Equally evident was it, that whatever his present position might be, the sphere of its action was by no means that in which he had been accustomed to move. Still he seemed tranquil, if not happy: he lived exclusively to himself, appearing to shun the chance of being known: his walks, when he did indulge in them, were taken either in the twilight or at a later hour during the moonlight. His manner of living was plain, to homeliness: he drank no wine, his favourite beverage being coffee accompanied by a cigar: his habits were strictly regular, his bearing courteous, but reserved.

Such was Chalcroft! not from eccentricity, neither from choice, but from obligation. The death of his father had disclosed to him the real situation of his prospects, of which he had been kept in profound ignorance. He succeeded to an income nominally good, but burdened with many charges which the indolence of that father had permitted fearfully to accumulate. Some of these he was peremptorily called upon to discharge; renewed securities and premiums were to be given for the others; all his affairs were at sea, and they were in the hands of an inexperienced pilot. Upon the death of his mother, the only bar to a sale of his estate was removed; his patrimony was forthwith turned into cash; he lived, as we have seen him, upon the principal; he became, that which we now find him, a beggar! With the loss of fortune, however, did not come indigence. Slender as his stock of worldly wisdom was, his talents were of a far different calibre. Neither had his reading, or the cultivation of his mind, been lost sight of in the hours of his wildest extravagance. There might have been traced a method pervading his course of reckless prodigality, utterly at issue with the insanity by which he

appeared to court his ruin. Perhaps it was the most hopeless feature in the case.

Pursuing a career of tranquil industry and peaceful privacy, what had become of the thoughtless reveller of former years? Had his very nature changed—had his system been physically revolutionized—had the fire consumed itself, or did it but smoulder to burn yet the more fiercely for its suppression? Is there indeed such a thing as chance? or is the horoscope of all defined from the beginning?

The year drew towards its close, and brought with its approaching conclusion the season of kindly offices and social festivity. The cottage of which thus he had become the chance occupant was an abode of no pretension; yet as time made him more familiar with its arrangements, he could perceive an evident disparity between the house itself and the character of its domestic equipage. There was an air of elegance and costliness that pervaded all the social economy quite opposed to the homely appearance of the humble tenement. With its inhabitants he had held no intercourse, scarcely indeed had he seen any of them. His apartments were taken for him by the people of the hotel where he had put up on his arrival; they were in conformity with the description he had given of the residence he required—one of entire privacy; and for the rest, the pecuniary part of it, was transacted through his servant. Still there seemed to be an eye that watched over his comforts, a hand that supplied his wants ere they were expressed, and a taste that regulated and adorned his lowly home, not found by those who are destined to seek their place of rest among strangers. His meals, though simple, were always accompanied by some evidence that it was not the hand of a menial that had prepared or spread them: though it was winter, his breakfast-table was never without a bouquet such as the season afforded; all by which he was surrounded, whether seen or felt, was testimony of a solicitude and refined attention, that experience had taught him was not characteristic of ordinary practice.

The new year opened with a bright sunny morning, and, accompanied by his little terrier, Chalcroft at an early hour set forward on a ramble along that bold line of cliff, that, trending to the southward and eastward, stretches from the centre of Brighton to Beachey-head. This was his favourite walk, and having learnt that the day was to be a scene of a domestic merry-making, he went abroad with the intention of spending it from home, that his presence might not interfere with the social festival. A path of more interest for a mind influenced and occupied as his cannot be imagined, than that which, winding along the snowy, beetling precipices, leads the wanderer over downs of velvet, by the little hamlet of Rottingdean to the small neat seaport at Newhaven. Though lying within the very circle of courtly splendour and occupancy, the district is wild and desert as the border lands of Cumberland. From Rottingdean to Newhaven, a distance of almost six miles, there is not a habitation of any kind, save the solitary block-house of the coast-guard; its sole tenant the lonely patrole, who night and day is kept on the active look-out, from the facility which the peculiar nature of the coast and its proximity to the French main offers to the contraband trader. An employment of

more utter loneliness than that which these men follow cannot be imagined; and to the gloom which attaches to it by day, is added that of great peril during those hours when darkness and tempest destroy all trace of the faint, ill-defined track which marks the line of their walk close to the edge of the cliff. To reduce, if not obviate, the danger of this precarious path, small heaps of lime are placed at intervals along it, which, thrown into relief by the dark green sward, serve as signals to guide the wayfarer of the night. Notwithstanding this precaution, no winter passes without contributing its victim to the ghastly mutilated catalogue that this hazardous service annually furnishes. It is during the moonless nights of winter that the smuggler exercises with double boldness and activity his daring traffic. At such a season, when the snow obliterates all existence of those marks, and the obscurity of the grave clothes the scene of his watch, the danger to which the coast-guard man is exposed is fearful. His wily foe is fully aware of the odds thus thrown in his favour; the consequences often involving a fate that humanity recoils from.

A strong breeze tossed the breakers in snow heaps at the foot of the cliffs along which Chalcroft pursued his morning ramble. Perhaps there is no condition of human nature so desperate, in which it becomes utterly insensible to all external influences. He who now breasted the glad wind, and cast his eyes over the billows dancing in sun-light and glory, felt his spirit acknowledge the power that thus cheered and exhilarated all creation. How lately, with a throbbing temple and sickness of heart, had he risen from a couch whose slumbers were scared by many a bitter recollection, to mingle with an universe of gladness, in which all the sons of God are singing for joy! How beautiful and how true is the strain of the minstrel of the harp of Sion, who telleth that "heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning!"

It was already some hours in the night before he turned to retrace his way homewards from the little village at which his solitary dinner had been eaten. The day which had begun in brightness had closed with sleet and storm; it was a wild way that led to the point he sought, whatever path he might select, and it was a welcome sight the first glimpse that told his humble roof was at length before him. It was late, as, tempest-worn and drenched with rain and sleet, he entered his little parlour; a cheerful fire blazed in the hearth, all its appendages bespoke comfort, he felt for the first time for years the most affecting of all sensibilities, the heart's fondest cherished emotion, the greeting of home! All was still within, the mirth and festivity to which the day had been devoted had yielded to silence and repose; not a sound was heard save the wind which howled and raged without. As he stood for a moment listening to the elemental strife, he thought he distinguished something strike the door of his apartment. He listened, and the sound was repeated: it was of some one seeking admission, and presently the door opened. The intruder of so unseasonable an hour bore a small salver, upon which was a glass containing some description of liqueur; this she placed upon the table, and as she passed again towards the door, said, in a

voice whose tone seemed to express a doubt as to the reception the offering might meet, "I have ventured to bring this glass of cordial as a preventive to the consequences of exposure to such a night—may I trust that you will pardon the liberty, and extend it also to a request that you will not again unnecessarily venture abroad in such weather or at such hours?" No reply was waited for—with the last words she had left the room. There was little discernment requisite to detect, in the agent of this kind consideration, the source whence the daily attentions of which he was the object proceeded. Although Chalcroft had seen her before, their acquaintance had never exceeded a passing bow, and its slight acknowledgment; it was the first time they had ever spoken. The master of the house he had never met, and to the report of his servant alone he owed the knowledge of the existence of such a person. He learnt merely that once or twice a week, at a late hour, that individual used to arrive, and depart again in the morning as soon as it was light. It was understood that he was in business in an adjoining town; still there appeared something obscure about him. He usually spent his Sundays with the family, but rarely, if ever, upon those days was he known to leave the house. The servant who furnished this account would have enlarged upon it, had he received encouragement—he did allude to an evident want of cordiality that awaited him on his arrivals—to an unsatisfied manner upon his part—upon hers a disposition to avoid and retire from his reception, when the progress of his communication was abruptly put a stop to.

The succeeding morning brought a hope "that the severe night to which he had been exposed had not produced any bad consequences to Mr. Leslie," the name which Chalcroft had assumed when he quitted England on the total wreck of his fortune. The acquaintance thus begun advanced with a rapid course; from cordiality the step was short to esteem—to intimacy—to a reciprocity of regard whose progress bade defiance to limit—to an attachment whose career was brief as its catastrophe was disastrous.

## CHAPTER VI.

A very concise allusion to one, whose story will develop itself in the action of the narrative, will be sufficient in this place. Little more than a month had elapsed since the commencement of a connexion into which the very soul of Chalcroft had thrown itself. The energies which had slept for years had been awakened to a new and intense existence. His life assumed a force and spirit of which till now it had seemed incapable. Fate, chance, or destiny, had effected that moral revolution which one, whom I am proud to write my friend, has typified in her powerful allegory of "Frankenstein." Being had been given to a spirit which once called from "the vasty deep" of human passion, like the monster-labour of the German philosopher, laughed to scorn the power of the charmer by whom it had been summoned! We have seen how little suited he was, whose fortunes this sketch would portray, to resist the allurements whose appeals were only to the senses; how much the less fitted then would

he be to strive against a sentiment whose flood of softness gushes from the life-spring of all mortal feeling.

I have said that the dwelling of which he had become the occupant accorded but little with the style of its appointments, still less did she, who appeared in character of its domestic directress, harmonize with her vocation. In stature she was above the common standard, her figure exquisitely moulded, her manner timid and retired. The fashion of her costume bespoke a faultless taste; her habits and pursuits were refined, every expression was eloquent of a cultivated vocabulary; in courtesy of mien, and elegance of deportment, you had the assurance of a polished and finished education. Such was the woman with whom accident had brought Chalcroft in contact; enacting a part clearly opposed to her inclination, and for which she was utterly unsuited. Such was the being with whom, in utter ignorance and carelessness of all, save the love with which he worshipped her, he had united himself by an obligation which society does not recognise: surrendering to a passion whose earliest victim bartered a human immortality for reproach, and shame, and death.

The first fruits of bitterness, which were the produce of this ill-omened connexion, were the domestic bickerings to which, in its stage of suspicion, it gave rise. It was impossible that it could long be concealed: from the first Chalcroft was opposed to any thing like a tortuous course, yielding his own stern sense of single-minded integrity only to the energetic eloquence with which she besought that the disclosure might be divested of the sharpness of abrupt revelation. As usual, these precautions were worse than useless. A very short period intervened between the first dawning of doubt, till mistrust settled into conviction. To the coldest, most blunted sensibilities, it is an ordeal of no ordinary difficulty to confront a man upon whom the outrage has been perpetrated that they commit who separate a husband from his wife. To one of the acute feeling and quick nature of Chalcroft, it was the most severe moral trial to which he could be exposed. It was not, however, to be avoided, and for the first time he found himself with him whom he had thus injured. Nature had made Chalcroft of cool and deliberate courage, his profession established a fearless, perhaps a haughty superstructure, upon the foundation. Thus constituted, though he did not seek, he certainly did not attempt to shrink from the interview. The first moments of that meeting served to divest it of all the perplexity with which he had invested it. The person, whom he pictured to himself as bowed down beneath the burden of bereavement, broken and prostrate in spirit, stood before him in the broad glaring relief of unmitigated ruffianism. His figure was short, muscular, and brawny; his features were regular, his appearance such as might be termed well-looking, but the expression of the whole was singularly unfavourable. His countenance, the cast of which in its best mood was sinister and repulsive, bore as he abruptly entered the apartment the stamp of a demon; in a moment his grasp was upon Chalcroft's throat, in another he lay extended at his feet. "You brought it upon yourself," said Chalcroft, as he stood over the fallen man, from a wound in whose temple the blood was gushing, "you should have

kept your hands off me—I would not injure you more than I have done—I am sorry that I struck you: the blow was instinctive—had you left me the power to think, it had not been given.”

The die had been thrown, the hazard decided; within an hour the irrevocable step was taken, and two more were added to the fatal list, whereon are written the names of all who have passed that social pale within which there is no return. Situated as they were, it was immaterial whither they went, and the carriage had entered Worthing almost before they were conscious that their journey had begun. “Leslie,” said his companion, whose wan look bore testimony that she spoke truly, “let us remain here, at least for a short space—I am weary, ill: beside I have much to say that will regulate the future.” “Be it so, Jane, dearest,” was the reply; “so that you are with me all places are alike—paradise!”

An untasted dinner had been removed, and they sat together at a window as the last tint of sunset lingered upon the waters. The moon was already up: it was winter, but the queen of night had risen in radiance, while the silver veil that ever and anon threw its folds around her, showed, as it was gracefully withdrawn, earth, heaven, and sea gemmed with her light and glory! It was an hour for the soul to open itself: in such an one could two beings so placed have kept a thought untold? “You do not, you cannot love that man, my Jane,” said Chalcroft, as he gazed upon the fair and gentle creature at his side: “oh, would that you were free—that you would be mine—I too have much to tell you—but were it possible, say that you would be mine own in the sight of Heaven, even as you are in my heart’s idolatry.” “Oh, Leslie,” was her answer, as the rain of bitterness fell fast and scalding, “even that blessing is within my reach, but it kills me to know that it may not, must not be—do not question me now, all shall be told you to-night—now we return home—nay, do not start, you will find none there that you would avoid. I have cared for that—yes, Leslie, I *am* free! and though it be denied me ever to be yours, it is at least spared me to feel the passing wretchedness of being *his* wife!”

As they prepared for their return the moon shone out in lustrous effulgence, the clear frosty sky glittered with its countless gems: it was a night of loveliness. “Come, dearest,” said Chalcroft, approaching the sofa on which his gentle associate was at the moment occupied with an open volume, “come, it is time that we should go; let me put your cloak around you.” She arose, and pointed to the page she had been reading. “Love,” she said, “did I ever tell you that beside your favourite Jane that too was my name?” He looked—it was JEMIMA. Chalcroft shuddered, with an unsteady hand he placed her cloak upon her shoulders, and drew its folds together. A mirror, placed so as to reflect the view from the ample window, stood in front of them as they turned to leave the room. He raised his eyes to it, paused, gazed again, essayed to move, he was as a form of stone: his sight grew dim—a rushing as of mighty waters filled his hearing—the icy dew of the grave stood upon his brow—“the fire that never quencheth” had entered into his soul.

It was some hours before they left Worthing. The wind had risen, and howled wildly over the dark and heaving billows that came slowly rolling in from the southward, and broke sullenly upon the beach. The snow, which at first fell but lightly, was now whirled in wreaths around them, and their carriage passed silently over the surface upon which it already lay in sufficient quantities to cover all traces of the road. Of all without its tenants took little heed. They were each occupied by feelings which filled all thought and sensation: there was no room for other concern, where the breath that took the form of language was drawn from anguish, and spoke despair. No sound interrupted one syllable of the tale that froze his blood, or cheated the ear of Chalcroft of one articulation of agony. "It must be said," were the first words that convulsively escaped her who lay at his side bowed down by the prostration of bitterness; "all, all shall be told, though it kill me. Oh! too happy consummation were I but fit to die! Leslie, you will hate me—but better that for that which I am, than you should love me as that which I am not. I have been guilty, am degraded, debased; but, oh Father Eternal, if the world refuse it, thou wilt think upon mercy, when thou seest at thy judgment-seat one who in her weakness went forth upon her pilgrimage without guide to direct or friend to aid. I had indeed one who might have saved; but it was otherwise decreed. The early part of my life, dear Leslie, is to me a blank; the first of my recollection reaches to a school, whence I was removed while yet a little girl to the home of a near relative. That is the sole oasis of my existence to which memory can look back and smile. My uncle was a cold, reserved man, of whom I saw but little: my aunt was not a person to be loved; but they had a son, a boy rather younger than I was, the gentlest and kindest of all beings! You must not chide me when I confess to you how dear he was to me, while yet my affection was not a thing to spurn—God be praised that he at least knows it not even now. For some years after I was sent from my uncle's I was *en pension* at a convent at Montpelier. My aunt, to whom I always looked in the place of a parent, used occasionally to correspond with me. A gentleman, who was proceeding into Switzerland, was the bearer of a letter from her; he made Montpelier his way in returning—ostensibly for the purpose of receiving an answer, he visited me again. We had many interviews. I was induced to leave with him for England clandestinely; he was a villain, and in a short time I was deserted. I was in London alone, without friends. I did not dare reveal to my aunt my position: the sequel of my story is that of which there are so many thousand broken-hearted parallels. This is spoken calmly, my friend, yet do I feel that the revelation will shorten my life. You are cold, dearest, your brow is damp—ah, those tears too! oh, you indeed pity me—let me kiss them from your cheek—why do you turn from me? you do not hate me, Leslie! oh God, say you do not hate me!"

The drifting snow made the night as dark as if it had been moonless: it was a welcome veil that hid the pangs by which the miserable Chalcroft was torn. With an effort of desperation he gained

enough of power to say some words to re-assure her—he pressed the hand, which she had grasped, with wild tenderness—she felt his meaning, and continued her narrative.

“Through all the bitter vicissitudes of my fortune one hope alone supported me. You cannot know how madly I clung to it. I lived alone upon the strength with which the yearning of that desire supplied me—once again to feel that I was not a castaway, I struggled on with an existence that my soul turned from with unutterable loathing. Chance had led me to Brighton, where began my acquaintance with the individual with whom you found me. He represented himself as being under a temporary embarrassment, which he urged as a cause for delaying our union. Fate seemed to pursue me without pity; I had felt that from my first appearance in Brighton I was constantly watched by an old man: I could hardly endure his gaze, it was so intense, and its expression so mysterious. At the close of the first year of my residence there, this old man called at my house, and, without enquiring for me by the name under which I passed, merely requested to deliver a parcel into the hands of the lady herself. That parcel I received from him; it was accompanied by the same strange regard that had so often before excited my surprise and inquietude. Its contents was a letter, addressed to me by the name I had borne in the days of my innocence, and was superscribed, ‘not to be delivered till after my death’—it was from my mother! The tale it unfolded was a brief one. No allusion was made to my father—I was the fruit of a connexion formed previous to her marriage, to her husband I was known as the daughter of a brother who had died abroad—she, whom I had believed so long to have been my aunt was the sole parent of whom I have ever had knowledge. From that hour I have never seen that strange old man—sometimes I feel as though in former years I had met a person bearing resemblance to him—still that may be but imagination. It is well for those who have never known sorrow to speak counsel to the sons and daughters of grief—another thing, were they so placed, for them to practise what they recommend. The mariners of summer seas and sunny skies little know how they would guide the bark in darkness, tempest, and despair. For years, Leslie, have I lived the slave of that base and selfish villain. For him I have done and suffered more than I could tell you, and hold my scanty stock of reason. My energies have failed me even as most I needed them. Upon the bitterly bought relics of past years I have dragged on a life of wretchedness, while he has revelled upon the soul-earned pittance. To eke out what still remained, he induced me to adopt the expedient by which you became an inmate of that house of mourning and remorse—my tale is said—the rest you know but too well.”

It was midnight when they reached the roof which they had left in the morning. What events had that division of time unfolded to him who now returned beneath it! All there was tranquil; together they entered that little parlour where Chalcroft had passed the few dreamless hours of a fitful repose. To what a reality had he been aroused! “Jane,” said he, and he pressed his cold lips to her fair forehead, “leave me for to-night; I want rest; pray for me when

you are upon your pillow—again should you awaken ere the morning repeat the supplication. I too will pray for you then, as now—God of mercy! thou that hast promised that the broken and contrite spirit shall not appeal in vain—Father of pity and lovingkindness! deal with thy servant according to thy will; but oh! protect, support, and bless this stricken flower! shield, shelter, and defend this stray sheep of thy flock, Almighty Shepherd of our souls, even as thou hast deigned to assure us that thou wilt temper the wind to the shorn lamb!”

His servant, who was shortly summoned, placed by his master's orders some brandy upon the table of his sleeping-room, and left him for the night. The two apartments which had been selected for Chalcroft's occupation were upon the ground-floor, separated by folding doors, and each opening into the little pleasure-ground by which the cottage was encircled. The morning that succeeded was bright and frosty, the earth in her mantle of driven whiteness, which the early sun spangled with a blaze of radiance, had decked herself in the one gay habit which alone winter's gloomy wardrobe comprises. Chalcroft's habits were early, so that it created no surprise when his servant, who had been to his room at his usual hour, found it untenanted. It was otherwise, however, when upon subsequently visiting it he discovered that the bed had not been lain in, and that the little favourite terrier, the constant companion of his master's walks, still slept in its accustomed spot close to the bed-side. The room was in perfect order, all his toilet equipage and clothes were arranged in their habitual regularity. In his sitting-room his books lay undisturbed: upon the table his desk stood open—it was empty. Its contents had been burnt, the hearth being strewed with ashes of papers which had been but recently consumed upon it. Not a fragment remained entire, not a vestige by which his story might be traced who had been the occupant of the chamber. While this melancholy search was made within, the bell of the cottage wicket rang, and a feeble old man entered; he enquired for no one by name, but asked in a faint and agitated tone to see the lady. That interview was private, but in a few moments after his arrival, he was seen crossing towards the range of downs in the direction of the sea, with all the speed of which his tottering limbs were capable, accompanied by a female figure closely wrapped in the folds of an ample cloak, at whose feet crept a little dog that seemed moved by the very spirit of the form upon which it attended. The silence of that walk was not broken, as following a trackless path they at length reached an opening formed by a water-course by which the shore might be gained. Upon the beach stood a small group in anxious discourse: it consisted of a few neighbouring fishermen, and the coast-guard patrol then upon duty. It needed but a glance at those who thus approached, to tell that theirs was no ordinary errand. The sympathy and respect which sorrow ever claims from the rudest natures, evinced itself in the mute reverence that marked their reception. While the old man questioned, the frail companion of his walk leant on him for support. There was not a heart among that rugged company but stirred with compassion to see the fair bough in the

prime of bloom and beauty seek succour from the seared and withered stem. From the answers it was gathered, that at the grey of dawn the patrol had observed from the cliff a dark mass upon the water. This he communicated to the first fishermen he met: their boats, however, were at a distance down the coast, and the flood tide that rose some fathoms against the front of the cliffs prevented all approach to the beach—with the ebb they had descended to the shore, but all trace of that which had been descried floating at the flood had disappeared. Lower down the ebb had left a hat upon the shingle. She who had listened to this tale almost with the stupor of a corse, started from her living death at sight of this test of hope or despair. It was crushed and torn beyond the possibility of recognition: some initials had been discovered within the lining—she turned to them wildly—*they were not those of Leslie.*

They who noticed closely that old man's mien during that examination, felt that he assumed an interest that was not real—an ignorance that but lamely belied the truth. They had left the shore, and ascended to the downs, the stragglers still loitering behind them. As they passed above that part of the beach which they had but just removed from, some one observed the little terrier stretch himself along the snow upon the very brink of the precipice. Caresses failed to move him, they threatened too, but it availed not. At length a fisherman returned to force him away. As he lifted him from the ground, a handkerchief, which from its resemblance to the snow had not before been observed, was found to cover the spot upon which the animal had laid himself. Again a link of the circumstantial chain was furnished; it was handed to her whose wild concern during this sad search too well vouched for the part she enacted in it. One look revealed all the fatal certainty—"It is Leslie's—and he is lost!" It was an awful tone in which these words were spoken—a sentence begun upon earth and ended in the tomb. From a soul gushing forth its mortal agony came the tones in which it was commenced: ere it terminated the speaker had ceased to feel and to suffer!

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### PRAYER.

HUMBLED, yet vain—Oh turn my heart to Thee,  
 Oh righteous Father! reconcile  
 My thoughts and feelings to Thy perfect way  
 Of peace and happiness. Oh deign to smile  
 Upon my truant steps, that long astray  
 Have wandered! Give me to see  
 The wondrous harmony that links  
 This desert world with glories yet to shine  
 In the clear heaven of light, when fearful sinks  
 The tide of time and death. Be it mine  
 To fear Thee, love Thee, and obey  
 Thy beauteous laws, while yet life's day  
 Earth and its thousand vanities ensway:—  
 Lead me to bliss and holiness divine.

E. W. G.

## PASSAGES FROM A MILITARY JOURNAL.

## ATTACK ON A SPANISH CONVENT.

"September 21st, 1812 : 9, P.M. Ordered at day-break to quit our position, giving place to a couple of troops of light dragoons—call in our patrols, and make for a convent some miles in advance. Building occupied by French infantry, who are fortifying its walls. Report goes they have several light pieces of artillery with them, and intend to make it a strong position. The French left, two or three leagues distant S. E. Directed, with the help of four companies of light infantry and two six-pounders, to beat them out, if possible, and establish our own soldiery within its gates."

ON a reference to my journal of the above date, I find the passage above ; and, as I perfectly remember the circumstances under which we were enabled to drive the French out of the position, will continue the narrative from memory. Some of the details may not prove uninteresting.

At day-break our trumpets broke upon our slumbers, if slumbers, indeed, we were enjoying, with the accustomed "boot and saddle." A few minutes served us all, I make no doubt, for donning our garments, accoutrements, and arms ; and, in two more, each man was at his horse's side, ready, at the word, to spring into the saddle.

"Mount !" was the word ; and, at the order, scabbards and sabretaches] clattering, we placed foot in stirrup, and were instantly on horseback.

"Captain H——," said our major, "follow Captain E—— : yours is the second troop."

The requisite order was immediately given to the men, who, wheeling round, cantered after the leading troop.

"Do we wait for our supporters, Major?" said I, as I reined in my curvetting Bucephalus. "Where are the light bobs and artillery?"

"Ahead ; some distance now upon their way—but we shall soon overtake them. You are aware the forcing of this building will fall principally to their account. We are to cover their flanks, protect their advance, and, if necessary, cover their retreat. If requisite, we shall also assist in storming all defences we may meet with, cut off stragglers, and, if taken, spread ourselves around the building. We must part ; the last troop is now wheeling into marching order."

"Very good," said I, freeing the reins, and letting my courser prance over the ground.

Our way for some time lay through a straggling woody ground, sloping off sometimes, and sometimes rising abruptly. The morning promised to be fine, and the sweet fresh air, impregnated with the clear and sparkling dew of the very early hour, was both invigorating and exhilarating. Just as we emerged from some groups of cork trees, the sun shot redly up over a line of distant mountains, and began to shed a pale lustre through the trunks of the trees over the verdant surface of the ground.

We had ridden two or three miles, when we discovered, some distance before us, the four companies of infantry, with the two pieces

of artillery on their flank, halting for us to come up. They were drawn up in open column, and carried their knapsacks. The artillery-men were quietly seated on the gun-carriages and tumbrils, and were patiently awaiting the approaching addition to their not very formidable force.

In a few minutes we had effected a junction, and our major cantered forward to receive the next commands of the officer entrusted with the direction of the service.

“Major, well met!” said he, “the convent is not more than a league before us. We must now commence our dispositions for attack. Do you advance with your three troops, and clear the ground of advanced parties or stragglers, if you should meet any. The infantry shall, meantime, advance in column, headed by the artillery. When we get near the object of our attack, the artillery shall file off to the right, and commence a fire on the building, while our bayoneteers push boldly forward and endeavour to carry the place by a *coup de main*. When you have beat the ground before us, gather your skirmishers together, and close in to our rear. For further movements I will give further orders.”

Our commanding officer pranced back without an answer, and gave the word, “Form into open order! Forward! March!” The clatter of our hoofs was the immediate answer to the mandate. The three gallant hussar troops whisked swiftly by the square of infantry, and were, in a few minutes, a hundred yards in advance of the whole body.

We continued, at a rapid pace, to sweep on for some time. At length, taking the word from the officer in command, the leading troop pranced off into skirmishing order, and, dispersing themselves over the ground, galloped hither and thither, though still in a forward direction.

Major B—— galloped up to my side. “What do you think, H——?” said he. “Did you observe a decent-looking old man, in the peasant’s usual garb, by the side of Colonel —— when I joined him to ask further directions?”

“I did not,” returned I. “I was in the rear of the first company of infantry. Besides, my men stood so close before me that I could only see those on horseback, and this man that you are speaking of, I presume, was on foot.”

“He was,” said B——. “Poor fellow! he has lost his daughter. She has been carried off by a villain of a French officer, and is now with the rascal in the convent we are going to attack. Four days since, the village to which the old man belongs was entered by a regiment of French infantry; they behaved in a most disgraceful manner, plundered the inhabitants of all they thought worth carrying away, and, among the rest, marched off with the old man’s daughter, an only child, not more than sixteen, and, as her father says, a miracle of beauty. For that, however, we can only take his word. Do you feel knight-errant enough to attempt the rescue of this damsel in distress? I confess I feel inclined myself to lend a helping hand. The old man is inconsolable, as may naturally be expected. He left his village, and betook himself to head-quarters, hearing that an at-

tack was meditated upon the building to which his daughter has been conveyed. Those to whom he addressed himself seemed interested in his distress, and turned him over to the colonel. He will, therefore, accompany us; and Colonel —— has kindly promised to do all he can towards the recovery of his daughter."

"I am glad to hear it," said I. "If we take the place, of course we shall be able to give his daughter up to him."

"Not altogether sure," returned Major B——. "We may beat them, indeed, out of the building, but they may be able to scrape clear, and carry off their plunder with them. But how the matter will end, remains to be seen. Disperse your troops, Captain, and beat the ground as if you expected to meet a power of game. Here comes the infantry! Adieu, Captain, for the present."

He galloped off, and I followed his example, together with my troop of hussars.

The ground was not over difficult. It was a kind of miniature plain, though not very flat; skirted with bushes, and a few groups of trees; a little broken, but covered with a luxuriant sward. On one side of us, however, was a deep pine-wood, almost forming a semi-circle around our *plateau*, and descending into a broad and beautiful valley, over which we could see the deep blue summits of a fine range of mountains basking in the radiance of a glorious Spanish sun. Pushing on a little further, the whole front of the ancient convent presented itself; its grey walls and pyramidal turrets beautifully contrasted with the trees which surrounded its rear and flanks. As yet we could not discover that it was a strong position; but we were soon undeceived.

On a nearer approach, the nature of the building became apparent. It was disposed in the form of a square, with old gothic turrets at the angles, rising in several stories, with battlemented parapets, bartizans, and little watch-towers. Each tower and turret was crowned with a cone-shaped tiled roof, and adorned with either brass weathercocks or crosses. Slips of windows studded these roofs, and the ancient grey walls were variegated with loop-holes, around which a number of creeping plants had gathered, giving a very pretty effect to the whole *contour* of this side of the building. The walls were high, and supported by a number of buttresses of various sizes and appearances. In the centre was an advanced tower, furnished with as many oddly-constructed appurtenances as other parts of the erection. A pair of huge gates led under this tower, strongly defended with iron work, and now blocked up with gabions. We could see that the walls were profusely pierced for musketry, and that several light pieces of artillery were mounted on them. How many were planted on other parts of the position we had no means of ascertaining.

But what tended to render the building a stronger situation was a deep, though not sudden descent on one side of the ground, and a proportionable rise upon that of the enemy. This *fossé* had, undoubtedly, once been supplied with water; but, to judge from appearances, it had been dry for some time. Under any circumstances it was an awkward feature, since the enemy could have all the ad-

vantage of firing upon us with impunity while we were descending one side and mounting the other. One consolation was, that the edge of a wood drew so close to the convent on the right, that some shelter could be afforded from their fire.

The skirmishers had now beat nearly up to the edge of this declivity, but had met no obstacle save those presented by the ground. But we were not permitted to career with impunity much longer before the bristling walls. Some musket-shots were fired, which were the prelude to a more regular discharge. All we could do was to return the defiance with our pistols.

The infantry was now coming up at a quick step, in column. I saw the two pieces of artillery rattled up to the wood on the right, and the artillery-men leap from the guns and tumbrils. The word to "draw up," "halt," and "unlimber," sent the horses and drivers cantering to the rear, and in a moment or two the sponges were unfastened and handed over, and the company of each gun in their appropriate places.

The order was now quickly given for our three troops to close together, and betake themselves for the present to the rear of the infantry. So said, so done. All the hussars dispersed about, cantered their chargers once more into rank, and drew up behind the infantry; who were now filing off into line.

While this last operation was being performed the first report of our artillery broke on the ring of the hoofs and the tramp of the soldiers' feet. It was responded to by the dropping fire of the first company, which was just opening.

Nor were they silent on the other side. A simultaneous discharge of musketry rattled along the face of the building, and the cloud of smoke which was its consequence came driving and rolling full in our faces. Directly after, I heard the reports of some pieces of cannon boom out of the smoke, which were quickly succeeded by the vivacious rattle of a successive fire; now swelling, now sinking; now ringing with impetuosity, and then dropping into separated shots. I looked out to see the effect of this discharge. Some branches were flying from their stems; leaves were scattering; and, in one or two instances, full in the rolling smoke, I could see the figures of our infantry tumbling heavily to the ground. So much for our reception.

The smoke cleared a little away, and the eddies began to course swiftly through the wood on our right. The artillery were still busily employed. I could see the men running up with the charges, thrusting them into the pieces, levelling the sponges, ramming in the loadings, momentarily withdrawing from before the guns, bringing down the fatal port-fire, firing, sponging again in a second, and reloading. Our two six-pounders were certainly doing full execution, and I was surprised at the manner in which they were able to keep up their fire.

The greater part of the infantry was now ordered to betake themselves to the cover of the trees. In obedience to this command they soon wheeled off, and began a desultory fire on the windows, loopholes, and parapets, and wherever they could see a chance of their shots taking effect.

When the smoke intermitted, I could see that the walls of the convent were crowded with French infantry soldiers. Their artillery was still keeping up a deadly fire, cutting down the branches, and, in some places, felling the trees. Leaves were flying about as if in a tempest; and cries and groans, issuing out of the smoke, plainly told that the discharges of the enemy were as well maintained as they were fatal.

A strong fire of musketry now commenced upon our left. We soon found that the ground on the right of the convent was occupied with a strong body of grenadiers, who, if their fire was successful, plainly intended to charge our left and drive it from the cover of the trees. Our course was plain, and quickly adopted. An officer galloped up to the head of our body of hussars and ordered the major to charge instantly with the whole of his three troops. At the same moment an aide shot by with directions for a battery of fresh guns to be instantly brought up from the advanced guard, and a request to the officer in command for immediate reinforcements.

Loosing the reins, all the hussars threw themselves into column, and, wheeling rapidly round the infantry, dashed into the smoke that was rolling between our line of musketeers and that of the enemy. The rattle of the small arms kept gloriously on, varied at intervals with the bangs of the artillery. Our trumpets were sounding the charge with a vivacity that had a strong effect upon our spirits. Sabres were flashing around me, feathers streaming, accoutrements clattering, and hoofs ringing. Oh, the excitement of a charge! Horses and horsemen sweeping on either side in all the pomp of military pride; plumes, pelisses, sabretaches, scabbards, embroidery, shakoes flitting through the smoke, glittering of steel, snorting of plunging chargers, the roll of the distant conflict, the thunder of cannon, clouds of snowy smoke, whiz of shot, and tumble of tough and splintered branch! There is a fierce and intense delight in such a scene as this that carries away all its horror, and stirs up the soul till it transforms us into heroes.

The smoke was driving so about us that we could hardly see our enemy, but the swiftness of our charge soon brought us to their faces. Our attack was so tempestuous, that they had not time to throw themselves into squares. Quick as lightning—thundering on with the rapidity of the whirlwind—we broke into their ranks, and were treading them down before we could scarcely see that we were intermixed, pell-mell, with them. Sabres were flashing over their heads, and a number were cut down before they could discharge their pieces, or plunge their bayonets into our chargers or ourselves. Some empty saddles, too, I could see around me. Here and there hussars were tumbling from their seats and adding to the number of masterless horses that I could see prancing and plunging, galloping and reeling through the *mêlée*. Pistols were cracking—bayonets glancing. But our charge had literally *ridden the enemy off*. The line had given way, and the greater part of the defeated soldiery were flying in the most glorious route towards the rear of the convent.

Having broken up this position, and thoroughly dispersed the

whole body of the imperial infantry, we drew swiftly off, and once more wheeled round our own gallant red-coats, who were now pushing forward from the trees, and peppering brilliantly upon the whole face of the already half-shattered building.

An interval of about twenty minutes.

From the now constant reports of the artillery on the other side, I knew that the new battery had arrived and were already in heat of action.

Orders were now issued along the line of British infantry to push on in column, descend the declivity, ascend the opposite side, under the shot of the enemy, and storm the centre tower, forcing the place by either blowing up the gates or scaling the walls in front; ladders for the purpose having been despatched from the main body.

An aide gave directions to the officer in command of the artillery to cease firing for a short time, in order to let the smoke clear partially away and enable the officers to see a little about them. The enemy's fire had intermitted for some minutes, and only a few dropping shots fell from the walls.

The three troops of hussars were directed to dismount, quit their horses, and follow in the rear of the four companies of infantry. In the event of a lodgement being effected, we were destined to follow up the blow, secure the breach, and cut off all straggling parties of the enemy.

The artillery were directed to reserve their fire until an order was sent to them to re-open. After a round had been fired, the whole corps of infantry was to descend the bank and storm the tower in the centre of the building. The hussars were to follow close, leaving their horses under the charge of a portion of their number.

An interval in the attack now took place. The officers in command were organizing the light-hobs for the grand attempt, and were preparing to put themselves at the head of the advance. The guns and musketry on both sides were silent, and the smoke had cleared quite away—only to sweep more strongly over the scene.

At length all the arrangements were complete. The officers in command galloped to the head of the column, and an aide dashed along the edge of the declivity with orders for the artillery to commence a hot and well-continued fire.

All was again bustle among the artillery;—sponges, charges, and port-fires again in active service. The bang of the first gun rung on the atmosphere, and the globe of smoke which shot from its mouth, expanding as it flew along the ground, rolled quickly out into wreathing clouds, and at each increasing circle obscured a greater space. The column began to move. They had orders to descend in companies, the rearmost keeping up a lively fusilade upon the walls until it came to their turn to descend. Our first gun was answered by the musketry of the enemy, which rattled from angle to angle with the most untiring ardour, and was succeeded by the louder reports of the ordnance. Clouds upon clouds of smoke were rolling, circling, and drifting to and fro, sweeping from the shattered walls towards our faces, and meeting those which poured continually from the wood on the right, where the artillery had now become invisible,

and the edge of the declivity now bristling with bayonets, and crowded with the British shakoes. Little, indeed, could those in the rear see of their companions in danger. Lines of caps and feathers, glancings of the bayonet, flashes of the muskets, and the ring of the ramrods were all that could be seen or heard.

The infantry were now fast descending the bank, and we began to advance towards the edge of the declivity. The rapid flashes which darted arrow-like out of the rolling smoke in the wood, indicated that all in that quarter were keeping up a brilliant fire. Balls were flying in every direction, and the shapes that I could see every where falling in the smoke, indicated that many were having their desired effect. The battle thundered on in the most invigorating style.

Bang!—bang! (the stunning reports of the artillery on either side)—crack!—crack!—crack!—crack!—rattle, rattle, rattle, (the lively roll of the heaviest fusilade I had yet been exposed to)—bang!—bang!—whiz!—(shots darting overhead, and singing the death song of many a brave fellow)—crash!—(a cannon ball tearing through the branches of a tree a little distance off, splintering some arms and sweeping off a quantity of others; blowing away their leaves in a shower, and pelting us with shattered twigs). Bang!—“Oh, my God!” “Are you hurt, Robinson?” “My wrist shattered with a musket ball, captain.” “Go to the rear: who is that just struck at your side?” “Milligan, your honour.” “Is he killed, O’Brien?” “Killed your honour, faith I don’t know. Is it killed you are, Milligan my boy?” A groan the only answer. “Carry him off to the rear. Forward, boys! the first company are forcing the tower!” (Two or three huzzas in the smoke rolling under the walls). Bang!—bang!—crack! crack! crack! rattle, rattle.

Shouts were ringing before us. We could scarcely bridle our impatience, and the sweeping pace at which we were advancing seemed hardly to satisfy our ardour. Little could be seen in the smoke. The dismounted hussars around, with their bared sabres, were, however, distinguishable enough. Their ranks displayed a quantity of intervals. A good many killed and wounded were extended or groaning on the sward. Blood was upon the grass; shakoes with torn and dusty plumes; embroidery defiled with gore; masterless sabres and swordless scabbards. As we swept on we strode over or stumbled at many of the light infantry soldiers, shot down in the ranks or torn with balls; abandoned muskets; officers pale as ashes; the scarlet of their uniforms yet redder; struggling to rise, or assisted to the rear by a few of their men. The rattle of the assault still kept on before us. I could hear the balls strike the walls in the smoke, and the tumbling or shattered bricks falling on the heads of the assailants, or ground to dust. Tiles were being struck off the roofs, rents made in the tottering walls, and large portions knocked off the buttresses, angles, and projections. The firing was very hot from right to left; but the speed with which the companies of infantry were advancing, and the consequent progress which we were enabled to make, was a cheering proof that some impression was being made ahead, on the defences of the enemy.

A heavy crash now shook the ground; part of the wall had fallen, and made the best breach one could desire. A shout came upon our ears out of the rolling clouds of smoke, towards which we were pressing. Crack!—crack!—rattle, rattle!—a destructive fusilade now commenced upon the whole front of the building, to clear the parapets of their defenders.

A few yards further and we were close upon the building. I looked back, but could see nothing of the declivity, and only a file of grim faces black with the smoke, and darting hasty glances on the walls above, the arrowy track of the balls and the falling forms of their crying comrades. Smoke was driving heavily out of the breach; but our musketeers were pressing through with the most glorious alacrity. The fusilade was still kept hard up upon the walls, and many bodies were tumbling down, pierced with balls or struck with the flying bricks and tiles. The British artillery now ceased their fire, through the fear of injuring their own men under the walls, and storming through the breach. The engineers at this moment came up and assailed the gates. After battering at them for a few minutes another method was adopted, and they were blown up! The infantry swept through, bayonets fixed, and in full cry. The hussars were now up both with the breach and gates, and dispersing themselves about, so as to secure the entrances, cut down a few stragglers who were under the walls, and firing now and then upon the storming party.

Our station was for the future to be the mouth of the breach, in which, however, there did not remain much more to effect. Gasping and wounded soldiers were lying about, some of whom I directed a portion of my men to raise and carry from the scene of carnage. The walls above us, as well as the angles of the building, were deserted, and the guns which had been mounted left standing. The moment we had forced the building, the first line of defences was abandoned by the enemy, who betook themselves to the rear of the convent, in hopes by keeping up a fire on us to effect a safe retreat, if they could not prevent the position falling into our hands. Shots and huzzas were still ringing within the area of the convent, and the smoke was rolling over its roofs. The artillery also recommenced a fire on both flanks of the edifice, where some straggling walls might have afforded shelter to the imperial infantry. The ground on each side was swept by the fire of the British artillery, so that a retreat could only be effected from the rear of the building itself.

After an interval of about twenty minutes, the firing dropped off into scattered and retiring shots; the smoke began to subside, and it was announced to me that the whole position was in the hands of his majesty's forces. Major B—— at this moment came up to the place where I was standing, and after directing the three troops of hussars to return to the opposite side of the *fossé*, enquired how we had fared in the assault.

“Not over well, I fear, Major,” said I, “but I shall know when our muster roll is called over. You are untouched, I see.”

“*Et vous, aussi, mon ami,*” he returned.

“Yes! under favour of Providence. You have beaten the French out.”

“The infantry have; and the cavalry which have just arrived from the advanced guard are ordered in pursuit. This building is to be made a temporary position. Have you forgotten our poor peasant’s daughter, and the giant of the romance in the shape of a French subaltern?”

“Have you rescued the poor girl, and given her up to her father?”

“The first is done, but the second is to do. The *inamorato* is our prisoner, and I have brought him along with me, together with the damsel; but under separate escorts. Campbell, seek the old man; you are acquainted with his person, and will easily find him: bring him here, and let him embrace his recovered daughter. I will take upon myself the introduction of the latter.”

Campbell was saved the trouble of seeking him, for the old man now came up, having heard of our success, accompanied by some of our officers. When he was within three or four steps of him, B—— made a sign to the detachment of hussars, which he had brought with him, and they, immediately opening, disclosed the fair form of the party in question. B—— took her hand, and led her to her father. She darted towards him and fell on his knees, weeping: the tears of sire and daughter mingled together, and the *tout ensemble*, with the stern soldiery looking on in silence, made up a *tableau* which would not have been unworthy the perpetuation of an artist. The scene was certainly affecting.

My expectations had been greatly surpassed; she was really and truly beautiful. Her complexion was brilliantly fair; her hair long, silken, and dark as a raven; her eyes large, brilliant, and as black as jet, shaded by long lashes of the same hue; and her figure that of a sylph or fairy. Our *belle paysanne* was indeed a paragon!

After having for some time given way to the impulses of affection, father and daughter prepared to depart. A bow to the circle of officers from the sire, and a *general* courtesy with downcast eyes from the daughter, were the signals they were upon the move. It was with considerable regret that we followed them with our eyes as they slowly retired towards the convent.

A pause ensued, broken by B——’s order for the men to retire from under the walls and fall into rank. As we descended I enquired how the Frenchman defended his conduct.

“Very well in his way,” said B——. “He did not see,” said he, “that his being made a prisoner could make him accountable for any prior action. What he had done he had done; nothing that had a right to fall under the *surveillance* of a British officer. After that he curled his *moustache* and held his peace.”

“The man must be a rogue,” said I.

“Very likely,” returned B——, and here the conversation ceased.

After mustering the men, we found less blanks than we had expected. We returned to the convent, where quarters had been assigned us. Before I finish, I may as well observe that many a bumper was that night drained in honour of our fair Spanish acquaintance.

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Late —— hussars.

## MAJOR ANDRÉ AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.

*(Continued from page 33.)*

A FEW months had rolled by since the day on which Arnold had, by the voice of his country, been declared unworthy to draw his sword in her defence, amongst her brave defenders. During that period the change which had taken place in his feelings had become more deeply rooted, and his hatred of the cause in which he had so frequently hazarded his life, more settled and dark. But as he knew well that the open demonstration of his traitorous dispositions would be the certain means of depriving him of the power to injure his former friends, he, by the profoundest dissimulation, preserved the semblance of a warm interest in the success of the American arms, while he was secretly holding communication with Sir Henry Clinton, the general of the English forces that then occupied the city of New York. Too wary and suspicious to commit himself to any of the numerous British emissaries that frequented his house, he opened his mind by letter to a man high in the confidence of the English commander. This was Charles Beverly Robinson, an American by birth, who held the post of a colonel in the British army, but whose whole property, being land, lay in the United States. To him Arnold first intimated the desire he felt to atone for his rebellious opposition to the arms of his rightful sovereign by returning to his allegiance, and, to make his conversion to loyalty more acceptable, he hinted that he had it in his power to render some signal service to the royal cause. This overture was favourably received by Sir Henry Clinton, and the price of his treachery having been arranged, it was agreed that Arnold should continue to dissemble with the utmost care his discontent, and seek every means to obtain from Washington a military command, which he was to direct in such a manner as would be best suited for the ulterior objects of his employers. From that moment Arnold lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the republican leaders; he seemed to have forgotten the affront of the reprimand, and to feel a stronger interest than ever in the cause of independence; and so well did he succeed, that he obtained the confidence of Livingston, then a member of congress, who believed that he had been an injured man, and offered to use his influence with Washington to obtain for him the chief command of the important fortress of West Point, which formed the key to the navigation of the Hudson, about twenty leagues above New York. To obtain possession of this post, which had, under the superintendance of the French engineers, been fortified with the utmost care, and was provided with all the necessary munitions and defended by four thousand men, became an object of paramount importance with the English general; he was not in a situation to carry the works by assault, and it was evident that if the river continued impassable to them so near to New York, he must either evacuate that city or

remain until Washington should arrive with his forces, and shut him up within his defences.

Arnold was conscious that the betrayal of this fortress would be the probable means of depriving the republican forces of its chief resources, for besides the immense stores which were deposited there, it contained the entire stock of ammunition destined for the entire army; he therefore spared no pains to obtain the command of the place, and to effect his design he wrote an humble letter to Washington, expressing his contrition for his past offences and entreating that he might be entrusted with the charge of West Point, in order, as he said, to prove to his country that his love for her glory could efface from his mind the injuries he had received at her hands. Washington was at first disinclined to employ Arnold, but the solicitations of General Schuyler and a letter from Livingston, who strongly recommended Arnold for the post, overcame his scruples; and, importuned by men for whose advice and opinion he felt the highest respect, he consented to give him a command, though, with a foreboding caution he added, "I know Arnold's talents, and if I consent to employ them I should wish it to be in attacking and not awaiting for the enemy. Let him appear before me and make other propositions. However, if he continues to prefer West Point he shall not experience a refusal."

It may be easily conceived that Arnold received this intelligence with secret pleasure, but he was too profound a dissimulator to permit his joy to be discovered by any outward manifestations. He proceeded to the camp and thanked his commander-in-chief for his returning confidence, but without betraying by his manner any exultation but what might have been supposed to arise from the pride of an honest heart. Washington received him with that mild smile of benevolence which a father might bestow upon his prodigal child reclaimed from his vicious courses and seeking forgiveness from an indulgent parent. "I wish," said Washington, extending his hand to Arnold with a frankness of manner which showed how sincerely his pardon had been accorded, "I wish, General Arnold, to place you in a situation which may afford you an opportunity of reinstating yourself in the good opinions of your fellow-citizens, and may at the same time be worthy of so brave an officer."

Arnold bowed.

"The British army in New York is weakened, a part of it has already embarked on another expedition; as soon as they sail I purpose to attack the city."

Arnold, by a hasty glance, scrutinized the commander's countenance, but it expressed no covert meaning.

"And I propose to you," continued he, "the command of the left wing of the army with which I shall advance."

The restored general heard this tempting offer so flattering to his courage with feelings it would be difficult to describe. At that moment he saw within his grasp a distinction which he had long sighed for, but a moment's reflection convinced him that he had gone too far with Sir Henry Clinton to recede, and he was compelled to relinquish an opportunity so tempting to a man greedy of fame, and

to plead to Washington, in excuse for his declining so high an honour, the state of his still unhealed wounds, which made him desirous of no other command than that of West Point, but that he hoped ere long to be able to enter the field and take his full share of the fatigues and dangers of his fellow-soldiers. Satisfied with this excuse, Washington acceded to Arnold's wishes, and consigned to the unworthy plotter against his country the most important stake she possessed, the command of that fortress.

While Arnold's schemes of treachery were thus budding into full hope in the attainment of this first great step of his dark policy, and while he contemplated with fiendish delight the destruction of the man whose hand had again raised him to the rank and honour he had forfeited by his own misconduct, his wife, the counsellor and machinator of his traitorous plots, remained in Philadelphia anxiously awaiting the result of her husband's interview with the commander-in-chief. A few days after Arnold's departure for the American camp, and while Mrs. Arnold, still uninformed of the almost unhopèd for success of his request, was with her sister Mary in the midst of a crowded assembly,—the latter delighting a circle of breathless auditors with a ballad, in which the poet "wedded to immortal verse" the deeds of some young hero who had shed his blood upon the battle field, fighting in defence of the rightful cause,—the ardent republicans applauded the song to the echo; they could fancy no cause opposed to that which they espoused could be right, while the flushed cheek and brightening eye of the singer and the look of mournful interest which overspread the fine features of Mrs. Arnold, as she leaned thoughtfully over the back of Mary's chair, told that the sentiment of the song had awakened feelings in both their bosoms of a very contrary nature to those it had called up in those of the hearers. The song had ceased, and while that deep silence which seems linked to the last notes of a sweet melody dwelt upon the assembly, a young officer, who had but a few minutes previously entered the room, enquired in an under-tone of a person near him who the enchanting songstress was?

"You must be a stranger in Philadelphia not to know the lovely Mary B——," replied the interrogator.

"I am hardly half an hour a sojourner in your city; it is little to be wondered at that I should be a stranger to its beauties," replied the officer.

"Ah! from the camp perhaps?" asked the Philadelphian, while Mrs. Arnold, within whose hearing the conversation was held, listened with emotions she could scarce conceal for some intelligence on the subject that lay nearest her heart.

"From the camp, of course; where else should a true-born American be found? galloped all the way here to-night with despatches—whiz—like a flash of lightning through an apple orchard."

"Have you any news stirring in the camp?"

"None, except that the General has taken that shave devil Arnold into favour again, and bestowed upon him the command of West Point."

A suppressed scream broke from Mrs. Arnold, and she sank back

pale and motionless into the arms of one of the guests. The terrified Mary flew to assist her, and in a few minutes succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. To an anxious inquiry from her terrified sister as to the cause of her sudden illness, Beatrice replied by a significant pressure of the hand, but attributed it to the oppressive heat of the room. The sisters soon after quitted the assembly, and it was then known that the emotions produced by the sudden intelligence of Arnold's good fortune had caused her to swoon; and her agitation was ascribed to the joy she experienced in the re-establishment of her husband in the confidence of Washington; but there was a more powerful reason for Mrs. Arnold's emotion than the restoration of her husband to favour—she saw in an instant that the point was gained which put America in his power—and that he could now, by one well-directed and bold effort, crush her struggling independence, and throw into the scale of the cause she revered, a preponderance which could not easily be counteracted. But for this incident, which was not remembered until after the discovery of Arnold's treachery, it would never have been known that he had disclosed his plans to his wife, so profound had been his dissimulation.

We will not pursue this debased man through the tortuous channels by which he brought his traitorous plots to the verge of accomplishment; a traitor to his own country he dared not trust those to whom he was about to sell himself, and in making the bargain for his treachery, though he haggled like a pedlar, and was anxious to receive the price of his ignominy in hand, the most he could obtain was the promise of thirty thousand pounds, and an assurance that he should obtain a similar rank in the British army to that he then held in the republican forces, that of brigadier general.

Such were the terms upon which Arnold agreed to surrender to the English army West Point and its subjacent ports, and to effect this it was agreed that he should deliver to Clinton plans of the forts, and instructions necessary for the safe guidance of the British troops when they should be sent to take possession of the fortress. Arnold consented to these arrangements, but he stipulated that Major John André, at that time an aide-de-camp to General Clinton, and his intimate friend, should be made the depositary of all the particulars of the enterprise he meditated. Arnold, who was privy to the attachment that subsisted between his sister-in-law and the young English soldier, and knew him to be possessed of courage and fidelity, selected him as the person with whom he might, with the greatest confidence entrust his secret, while Clinton, who esteemed his *protégé* for his noble disposition and prompt energy, gladly consented to commit to his young friend the management of this important business, which, if successful, would entitle him to the most distinguished honours his country could confer.

A correspondence was now opened between Arnold and André, under the fictitious names of *Gustavus* and *Anderson*. Mercantile transactions were the ostensible objects of the letters, but they were worded in such an ambiguous manner that they conveyed to the parties in the secret every necessary information on the subject of their deeper enterprise.

It was in the early part of September 1780 that a rumour began to spread that a large reinforcement of French troops had sailed for America, and that Washington only waited their arrival to commence the siege of New York. Clinton becoming alarmed at his situation, importuned Arnold not to delay further the execution of his plans, urging that if the allies were permitted to effect a junction, it might be no longer in his power to fulfil his intentions. To these representations Arnold replied in the language of commerce as concerted: "Our master goes away on the 17th of this month, he will be absent five or six days, let us avail ourselves of this interval to arrange our business. Come immediately and meet me within the lines, and we will settle definitively the risks and profits of the co-partnership. All will be ready."

Washington had in fact appointed to meet and confer with the French general Rochambeau at Hartford in Connecticut, but Arnold was deceived as to the period of his departure, which with his usual caution he had never communicated to any person, and this error into which Arnold fell was productive of the most important consequences.

On the receipt of Arnold's letter, André burned with impatience to seize the golden opportunity, which should give to his hand the honour of terminating the war at a single blow. The English general, however, saw more danger in the measure than his impetuous friend, and he hesitated before he would consent to expose a valuable officer to the risk of clandestinely passing the enemy's line, when the business to be transacted might with greater safety be committed to the agents who had hitherto conducted it so faithfully. But André, dazzled by the glory of the enterprise, would not permit himself to view the danger through the brilliancy which surrounded it, combated Clinton's foresight with all the energy of an ardent soldier thirsting for fame. He represented that as Arnold had not hitherto confided in any one but himself and Robinson, it was only natural that he should wish to entrust the maps of West Point into no hands but those of the person whom he had chosen to put his plans into execution. Persuaded, if not convinced by the earnestness of André, the English general consented to leave the management of the affair to him, exhorting him, however, to be guided rather by prudence than blind valour in the prosecution of his enterprise. Clinton then issued private orders to get the Vulture sloop-of-war in readiness to convey André up the Hudson, and it was calculated that by leaving New York on the 19th of September, he would reach the American forts in two days. In this romantic expedition he was accompanied by Beverly Robinson, the colonel through whom Arnold had made his first overture; this gentleman's prudence Clinton hoped would serve as a wholesome check upon the rash ardour of the young major.

Those alone who have experienced the tumultuous sensations hovering between anticipated success and dreaded defeat, which fill the mind of a man who feels that upon his exertions depends the fortunate issue of some great action, can form a perfect idea of the throng of busy thoughts that crowded upon his imagination, as with folded arms he leaned over the quarter-rail of the sloop, watching

the waters of the rapid Hudson curling past the polished sides of his vessel, and contrasting their headlong speed with the slow progress of his bark towards the goal of his hopes. He felt himself within a single step of the summit of his wishes, and, probably exulting in the prospect of the personal dangers he should encounter, and which would give lustre to the exploit, he overlooked the chances and despised the dangers that opposed themselves to his triumph.

The morning of the 20th September rose with unusual splendour over the dark pine woods that clothed the banks of the Hudson, whose broad waters were in those days rarely disturbed, save by the Indian's arrowy canoe, or the sluggish track of the heavy raft bearing its half-savage constructors and their forest spoils to the marts of more civilized regions. Gliding down the noble stream with his little stock of peltry, the sturdy backwoodsman, stretched beneath his pine-bark awning, smoked his pipe and gazed listlessly upon the trackless wilderness that lay upon either shore; the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will or the shrill cry of the alone broke the silence of the deep solitudes by which he was surrounded, and he whispered to himself, like the lonely island dweller in the pride of savage sovereignty—

“I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute.”

How would the presumptuous boast be checked, could he *now* behold those dusky and silent shores studded with cheerful villages and noble cities, and echoing to the ceaseless hum of busy industry.

But on the morning we allude to, an object of unusual interest excited the anxious curiosity of a knot of gazers, who had collected on the extremity of a low rocky point of land, on which a small redoubt had been erected, about five miles below West Point. That object was the Vulture sloop-of-war, which had got aground at low water about a mile distant, abreast of the point. There appeared no hostile demonstration on the part of the sloop, but the broad British ensign at her peak flouted the wanton air with saucy pride, and seemed to wave a scornful defiance of her enemies.

“This is pretty work, d—d extraordinary, I must say,” muttered an old hard-featured veteran, in the uniform of an American colonel, as he turned angrily away from the galling contemplation of a foe whose insults he had not the power to punish.

“Why, Colonel Livingston, you seem a little out of sorts, what's wrong now?” cried a young officer who had just joined the group.

“Wrong! Captain Bloxham, every thing is wrong, Sir; I'm an ass, and General Arnold is—a general, Sir. Look there, Sir,—do you see that, Sir?”

“Certainly, Colonel, the English sloop. We have been speculating all the morning as to what her designs may be. Many of us are of opinion that she meditated an attack upon some of the small forts, while others say that she is only the bearer of a flag of truce.”

“No matter, Sir, had I my will we should have known her intentions by this time. I would have presented my compliments to her

from the guns of the fort, but they are such miserable pop-guns that one of them would not carry half-way to her."

"Paltry affairs, indeed, Colonel."

"Well, Sir, I instantly sent an express to General Arnold, to West Point, requesting one or two heavy pieces of cannon, with which, Sir, I would have made smash of yonder saucy English sloop in ten minutes; and what, Sir, do you imagine was his reply?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Sir, he tells me to attend to my duty—the defence of the fort—and that he does not deem it expedient to send me the guns I required—to attend to my duty—those were the words, Captain." Well, well, 'tis my duty to obey. D——n it, I can't look upon those colours, they seem shaking them in our very teeth in defiance; the rascals, if I had my will I'd soon give them another game to play."

Thus saying, the indignant old colonel strode away to vent his chagrin where his eyes would not be offended with the sight of the hated object, while the other spectators indulged in various opinions on the designs of the English vessel that still lay aground in the river, without making any attempts at communicating with the shore, or showing any hostile disposition.

Thus far fortune seemed to have favoured the conspirators; the extreme caution of Arnold, who had hitherto confided his secret only to two persons, who were as deeply interested in the success of his plots as he could be himself, had nearly brought them to a prosperous termination. But at this juncture the fiend deserted him, and the first check he received in his villanous schemes was the unexpected delay of Washington, who did not leave West Point for three days after the time Arnold imagined he had fixed for his departure. The presence of the commander-in-chief was therefore a serious obstacle to the secret manœuvres of Arnold, who was afraid to hold any communication with the sloop until relieved of Washington's keen observance. Meantime, André and Robinson, not receiving any message from Arnold, began to grow uneasy,—traitors are obnoxious to suspicion by the very persons who benefit by their treachery,—and to fear from the unprincipled character of their accomplice that they had been betrayed into a snare. To ascertain the truth or injustice of their surmises, they put in execution a stratagem arranged beforehand with Arnold, to facilitate a rendezvous. Robinson sent under a flag of truce a letter to the American general Putman, on business relating to his property, and proposed an interview. In this letter was enclosed one to Arnold, soliciting a conference with him in case Putman should be absent, and as both were put under a cover directed to Arnold, the packet would be opened by him; but in case it should fall into other hands, the whole could be read without exciting any suspicion. It was on the very morning that Washington had fixed for his departure that Arnold received this letter. He had just reached the water's edge, where a large barge was waiting in which he was to convey the commander to the opposite bank of the river, when the packet was put into his hands, and he had scarcely time to ascertain its contents when Washington made his appearance, attended by a few officers of his staff. He

saluted Arnold briefly, and stepped into the barge. In crossing, he observed the sloop with the English flag, and taking a spy-glass from one of his aides-du-camp, he examined her attentively for some time, then turning to an attendant he gave, in a low voice, according to his usual manner, an order, probably of little consequence, but which Arnold's guilty fears construed into a proof that Washington had been acquainted with the circumstance of the flag of truce. In order, therefore, to lull his suspicions by a show of unreserved honesty, he produced the two letters he had received, and asked Washington's advice as to what course he should pursue respecting them. The general, in the presence of several persons, directed him to give for answer to Robinson that the business he had written upon was one solely for the consideration of the civil power, at the same time pointing out to him the impropriety of giving that officer an interview. The boat touched the shore as this conversation terminated, and Washington, whose cold recognition of Arnold on their meeting had been caused by the abstraction of his mind at the moment, pressed by a thousand distracting cares, now warily grasping his hand, mounted his horse and took his way to Hartford. Thus was the main obstacle to the prosecution of the plot removed, but Arnold's over cautious tactics had involved the conspirators in another unforeseen dilemma. The positive opinions uttered by Washington respecting the conference with Robinson had been overheard by too many officers for Arnold to attempt granting him an interview publicly, which he might otherwise have done under sanction of a flag of truce.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### SONNET.

O SHALL this dreaming never know an end,  
 This lingering over the uncancell'd past,  
 Will it for ever in this sick soul last?  
 Will that one colour never softly blend  
 Into the distance, while I onward wend  
 My solitary way? Must I still gaze  
 Through tears that robe all other things in haze,  
 While to these hours they do false beauty lend,  
 Making my soul sick with such longings wild,  
 As a lone mother hath toward her dead child?  
 Yes—I am mad to hope I may forget,  
 I must be calmer, and not turn away,  
 There is an ending to the longest day,  
 And on its brink I know my grave is set.

K.

## ABER-MERLYN.

BY CHARLES DIXON.

“ Eternal blessings crown my early friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend !  
 Blest be that spot ! where cheerful guests retire  
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;  
 Blest that abode ! where want and pain repair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chair.”—*Goldsmith.*

It was in a fine morning in the month of last June, that in company with a friend I started in a coach from London. We had determined on a pedestrian tour, and had marked out in our route some of the principal scenery in South Wales.

Our journey to Bristol was dull and monotonous, and only varied by one circumstance certainly rather ludicrous. When we stopped at Devizes to change horses, a fellow-traveller called for a glass of brandy and water, and paid the waiter at the time. Four minutes out of the five had already elapsed, before he made his appearance with it ; and then it was so hot that even Erebus itself was cool in comparison. Doubtless the waiter thought he should have it himself ; but for once he was outwitted. “ All right,” sung out the ostler,—“ Now, gentlemen,” said the coachman—crack went the whip and off they started. The waiter in vain asked for the glass ; my companion coolly gave him the spoon, and told him if he wanted the glass, he must come after it, for he certainly should not give it up until he had finished.

We had rather a rough passage to Swansea by the steamer, indeed so much so that the greater portion on board were “uncomfortably affected.” I would have defied the greatest stoic that ever existed to have refrained from laughing at the miserable and grotesque contortions of the sufferers. It was worthy the pencil of Hogarth himself, and could only be faintly imitated by Cruikshank or the lamented Seymour. The view of the town as we approached it from the Mumbles is very picturesque—the houses are all white and form a splendid contrast to the blue mountains that rear above their lofty heads ; and when the rays of the setting sun glanced upon the summits and were reflected back from the town, it presented a scene of richness and beauty. The harbour is exceedingly fine, and is the miniature of the bay of Naples. Our quarters at the inn were very comfortable, and at an early hour the next morning we left our pretty hostess, and, mounting our packs, bended on our weary way towards Caermarthen. We had letters of introduction to a family residing in that part of the country, and we thought we might as well deliver them at the commencement of our tour, as perhaps we might be guided to some more delightful scenery.

The sky was rather clouded and the sunbeams shone but scantily, yet we hoped it would clear up before mid-day—and, reader, if you

are a traveller, let me give you one word of advice,—Never start without your morning meal, with the intention, as we did, of breakfasting by the way, for you must not reckon upon it in Wales, especially on a market-day. We met the people going to Swansea, heavily laden with their produce. The dress of the native women is very picturesque, and their black eyes and raven hair are seen to much better advantage beneath the hat than the English bonnet—to me it was as pleasing as it was novel.

We passed through one village, Pont-y-dylais, but that was so near Swansea that we did not halt—happy for us if we had, for all the way from thence to within a mile of Caermarthen, we found every house closed and only inhabited by a few squalling brats and howling dogs, which sent up their discordant voice as we passed, like some Indian yell. So we were obliged to imitate our forefathers, and drink from the streams as they gushed down beside the road. What added very much to our discomfort was the heavy rain that fell towards the close of the day. However we toiled up some as steep hills as I ever remember on a high-way, and of which there seemed no end. There were no milestones to cheer us on the road, although many deny their comfort, for, say they, since one never sees them together in company, they are therefore dull and saddening. We often enquired the distance, yet we never found two agree on the point—one said it wanted ten, another six, and a third seven miles to the close of our journey; and when at last we came in view of the city, we felt like two pilgrims in sight of the Promised Land. For myself I could have almost gone on my knees and kissed the ground. Weary, wet through, hungry and thirsty, we crossed the bridge and entered Caermarthen; we put up at the first hotel, and but few minutes elapsed before we had changed our clothes, and sat down to a hearty meal. We ate voraciously, slept profoundly, and on the following morning set out for Merlyn's Grove.

We passed through Abergwili, a neat and ancient village, and celebrated for the palace of the Bishop of St. David's, which contains a garden like that of the Hesperides, so beautiful that no stranger is allowed to enter it. About two miles beyond, we came to the little village of White Mill, and within a short distance of this lay Merlyn's Grove, the residence of our friend Captain Molasses. We delivered our letters and were received with the utmost kindness and welcome. Captain Molasses is of an ancient family, indeed so ancient, as he one day told me, that he could trace his lineal descent from *Cain*!! He had been many years in the Indian army, but had long since retired from the service.

The Grove is situated in the bosom of a deep valley and overhung with mountains covered with perpetual verdure. It is of antique structure, and built somewhat in the gothic style long before Pepper and Jack-in-the-boxes came into fashion, or the regular double-winged edifices, as prim as any old maid of the seventeenth century, were in vogue. It is just such a spot as one could wish to live in—the angler can find amusement in the Towey, and the sportsman among the rich preserves of the surrounding country, while the naturalist and lover of nature can run wild and find occupation to the

end of their lives. It takes its name from the adjoining hill sacred to Merlyn the prophet, who, it is reported, dwelt upon its summit, and the chair is still to be seen where he sat and thundered forth to the amazed multitudes his awful denunciations. These are yet extant in manuscript, and are in the possession of the corporation of Caermarthen, but are about to be added, as I was informed, to the treasures of the British Museum.

Mrs. Molasses was a delightful woman, and a more kind-hearted creature I do not know to be in existence. She pressed us very much to spend a few weeks, which we firmly declined; but by degrees we found our courage desert us, for we were besieged by the solicitations of his two daughters. I will not enter into a long rhapsody about them, gentle reader; suffice it, they were pretty, accomplished, elegant, and full of spirits; in short, charming girls—against such powerful assailants we could hold out no longer, and were obliged to cry quarter.

Under their fair guidance we made excursions into the neighbouring country—we visited Carreg Cenner,—we explored the caves of Dreslwyn and witnessed the ravages of time upon the castle—we lingered over the mouldering fabric of Dynevor, hallowed by the pen of the Scottish minstrel, and shed a tear over his memory. The tower too erected by General Picton in honour of the immortal Nelson was not omitted by us—indeed almost every day, except when the weather proved unfavourable, we drove or walked out to some lovely scenery.

The captain was a great antiquary, and possessed many rare and valuable specimens of *virtu*. His rooms were all hung with helmets and shields, and two fine suits of armour of Henry the Eighth graced his library. Rapiers, swords with single and double handles, battle-axes, bilboes, shafts, were without number, and a fine cabinet of the Elizabethan age contained coins and medals in exquisite perfection from the earliest period of British history to the present time.

Among the helmets, however, I observed one that was brighter than its fellows, but, as I thought, of the age of the Commonwealth. Not being able to satisfy my mind as to the cause, I inquired of the captain. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he left home the preceding summer, the housekeeper had taken it down and made it look what she called *beautiful*. "This was the helmet worn," said he, "by my ancestor at the battle of Marston Moor. It has been in my family ever since the Restoration, and is more than worth its weight in gold. Here are the marks made by Cromwell himself, and there *were* drops of blood—but, alas! they *are* not. Oh, woman! woman!—" A flood of tears happily came to his relief.

Of manuscripts too he had a fine collection. The principal portion of them were oriental, but some few were English. All this was in harmony with my own taste, for I must plead guilty to a fondness for things of bygone days and relics of antiquity. We afterwards sat together and consumed the midnight oil in deciphering the almost illegible characters, and listened with delight to legends of romance and tales of olden time.

One day, after we had returned from a long ramble, the captain informed us he had something in store that he thought would be gratifying. A marquee had been erected on the brow of Merlyn's Hill, and there we all proceeded. To our surprise we found it furnished with chairs and sundry decanters and glasses. There we were to spend the night, and see the sunrise. The evening was as lovely as the view. At our feet lay the vale of Towey, through which the silent river meandered in its course; above towered the lofty mountains, whose distant heights were tipped with the rays of the setting sun, while their shadowy sides formed a beautiful relief. Above rose the Black Mountains and the Grongar Hills, and seemed, like fabled Atlas, to bear the heavens upon their summits. The sun's last lingering beam was resting on Carreg Cennen, and Golden Grove and Nelson's Tower stood out a monument of greatness,

“ While the fair clouds of feathery gold,  
Shaded with deepest purple, gleamed  
Like islands on a dark blue sea.”

Oh! it was a scene for the painter and the poet—one that he would love to dwell upon and revel in with delight—and though I myself am neither, yet could I have gazed upon it for ever, and each moment have discovered fresh beauty to admire. It may be that in the azure garment and vapoury mantle in which distance wraps all nature the wandering mind foresees hours happier than the past, and, soaring on Fancy's wing, rejoices to enter on new ways of life; or, perhaps, a tender chord is awakened, and vibrates at the touch. I felt myself carried back to days of infancy, and roved with childhood's light and buoyant step once again over my native hills; and although many many years have glided by, and time has touched me with his silvery hand, and though the roses of spring are faded and the merry song of youthfulness is silent, yet over these does memory linger and draw from the remembrance a fragrance redolent of the gathered flower.

As night crept on the mists rose thick and heavy from the valley. By degrees dark and massy clouds formed in powerful array, and spread themselves beneath us like a carpet, while we ourselves were only enveloped in a thin hazy fog. Soon after the rain fell in continued torrents, and the wind whistled with tremendous blast among the trees, and sounded like the breathing of the spirit of the tempest as he passed upon its wings. The lightnings flashed with forked windings amid the blackened clouds, and shone with awful splendour amid the gloom that gathered round, while the thunders roared in swift and deafening peals, making the whole range of mountains ring with ten thousand echoes, and mutter as it rolled along its deep diapason. I have seen many a storm, but never have witnessed one so grand, so majestic as was this. It is no matter of wonder that, superstitious as the Welsh are, they should have assigned this as the dwelling-place of their prophet, and have invested it with terrors of no common order. A little after midnight the moon rose with unclouded grandeur, like a maiden laughing from beneath her tears, while the countless stars studded the blue vault of heaven like gems of orient

splendour. But a few moments before all was dark and gloomy, and now nature was hushed in softness and repose. The transition had been rapid, but not more sudden than the frown that beauty sometimes wears ere it has softened to a smile.

About half-past three a faint tinge was visible above the horizon, as Aurora in her chariot ushered in the morn. Gradually the light spread far and wide, and put to flight the stars. The vast panorama grew upon you like some phantasmagoria, now slight and imperceptible, but as it approached every part stood out with life and colour. Mountain and crag sprang into existence, nature resumed her livery of green, and the birds chirruped among the branches and carolled forth their liveliest lays. Soon after the dews began to fall so heavily that we retired from our eminence and resigned ourselves to the soft nurse of nature.

When we came down to breakfast we were informed that the *Ladye of Aber-Merlyn* had appeared during the night. It was just after the rain had ceased that three men were returning from Caermarthen rather merry, having followed the good old practice of keeping their spirits up by pouring spirits down. As they passed through the village there suddenly appeared to them a figure veiled in white on the top of the hill. One, more valiant than his fellows, wagered he would go and speak to her, and forthwith mounted, muttering as he went all the incantations and exorcisms that he knew till he arrived within twenty yards, when he heard a low rumbling noise, like the hissing of a serpent. His courage failed him, and off he scampered as fast, nay, faster than his legs could carry him, for he lost his footing, and rolled down the bank into the stream that supplied the mill. He was picked up by his friends more dead than alive, and taken to an inn, where he was housed for the night. The intelligence spread like wildfire, and aroused the whole village to gaze upon the Ladye of the Hill. Soon after she disappeared, and they retired again to rest to dream of gholes and apparitions, and many a mother pressed her babe nearer to her breast as it started in its sleep, and breathed a prayer over its little head. In the morning it was the subject of universal conversation, each giving it a form and shape peculiar to their own fancy, and wondering what great event was about to happen. The reader need hardly be told that our tent was the dreadful spectre, and the rumbling noise but the snoring of our dog Smoke. Soon after we left the man-servant had taken it down, not wishing to have it wetted by the dew.

In the evening I drew myself nearer to the clay-ball fire,\* and the captain, agreeably to his promise, gave me to read the manuscript containing the legend of the *Ladye of Aber-Merlyn*. It was written in the ancient dialect, and though I have not the tale before me, yet I lay it before you, kind reader, as nearly as I remember it with the aid of notes that I made of the principal incidents.

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\* The coal of South Wales is chiefly what is called Stone Coal. The large coal of this quality is used for drying hops and malt; the small coal, called culm, for burning limestone. Culm is mixed with clay till it acquires the consistence of mortar, and is then formed into balls of a moderate size, which are piled in the grate and give out a strong and powerful heat. This forms the principal fuel of the southern district.

## THE LADYE OF ABER-MERLYN.

“A tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years.”—*Ossian*.

Not many years after the conquest of England by the Gauls, the great feudal lords whose possessions bordered upon the neighbouring territory made encroachments upon the principality of South Wales, and reduced it to the counties of Caermarthen and Cardigan, which, during the reign of Henry I., were long under the dominion of the English. A considerable portion, however, of the principality of Dynevor was given up by him to a Welsh prince whom he found himself unable to subdue. But if any credence be placed in the chronicles of olden time, he was rather a feudal subject of England than a prince of Wales. During the reign of Stephen and his successors the Cambrian princes sunk into the character of subjects, and their numerous contests with each other and struggles with the neighbouring Normans seemed rather for territory or pre-eminence than the resistance of one nation to the aggressions of another. In the long and continued wars between Henry III. and Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, Caermarthen became the scene of contest. A severe and bloody action was fought at Dynevor Castle, when the English, who were besieging it, were entirely routed by Llewelyn with the assistance of the native chieftains. Thus was South Wales for a time restored to tranquillity and peace.

It was in the year 1272 that Edward I. mounted upon the throne of his father. At his coronation, Alexander I. of Scotland was present, and did homage for his kingdom. Llewelyn had been likewise summoned, but in the reviving spirit of his ancestors he refused to appear. So enraged was Edward at this contempt and open defiance, that he gathered a strong force and marched into Wales. A fierce struggle took place at Aber-Honddu\* in which the Welsh were repulsed with great slaughter. When the king retired into England he left Hugh de Percy lord of the castle, to guard the English possessions and keep the natives in awe.

Urien Reged, the lord of Abergwili, was a descendant of the ancient kings of Cambria, and was one of the chief supporters of Llewelyn, during whose absence he was ever entrusted with the reins of government. In courage and daring none were more excellent, and against his uprightness and conduct not even his bitterest enemies could utter the slightest breath. In council too and policy he was pre-eminent, and it was through his superior guiding that the English were defeated when under Henry III. they laid siege to Dynevor. It was on that blood-stained field that his father had died fighting in defence of his country, and when Urien bent over the dying warrior to staunch his wound, he bequeathed as his last request his only son to his kinsman's protection. The voice of many years had passed away since that ever to be remembered battle, and Hywel had increased in strength and wisdom under the daily lessons of his uncle.

Urien Reged had an only daughter, rendered doubly dear to him,

\* Aber-Honddu—now called Brecon.

for her mother had been snatched away in her childhood, and the little Eva was left wholly to the direction of her father. Thus had she ever been a participator with her cousin in the instructions of her parent, and a companion with him in his excursions.

She was as lovely as the morning when it advances veiled with roses; her features, perfect in their outline, bore the stamp peculiar to her country; her eyes were of the blackest jet, beneath the shade of silken lashes; her lips, like the ruby, seemed to shed around but sweetness; and hair with raven tresses fell in graceful negligence over her snow-white bosom; which, like the fresh leaf of the rose, seemed all gentleness: yet within there slept the spirit of her ancestors, proud and lofty, and when once excited, when once the slumbering flame was kindled in her breast, her gentle form assumed a nobler air, stately and commanding; her features beamed with fire and animation, all bespeaking her high and ancient lineage; yet in her usual mood was she all gentleness, altogether lovely.

She was just entering on her eighteenth year—the beauty and admiration of the whole country. She was the theme of pöesy and song, and many a bard attuned his strings afresh to minstrel forth the praises of the beauteous Eva.

Many were the supplicants at the shrine of loveliness and wealth that tendered their homage, and many a scion of a noble house knelt at her feet; but she rejected all their temptations of rank and fortune, for she had already fixed her affections upon her orphan cousin.

Among the numerous suitors came the son of Hugh de Percy, confident of success; he had thought, with all the overweening pride of the English barons, that for him it sufficed to offer his hand and titles. He did not for one moment fancy that the daughter of a Cambrian lord would dare refuse, and when he saw all the others rejected, in the exulting vanity of his bosom he imagined that for him alone was reserved that lily hand. But when he had pressed his suit, and that with ardour, and was himself rejected, he returned home filled with indignation, “that he, the son of a lord of England, a noble of the realm, should be refused by a Welsh girl, the daughter of whom? no princely noble, no royal peer, but a rebel chieftain, a subject too of England, an outlawed bandit, whose only protection was his castle,—whose only safeguard were his walls.” He breathed ten thousand curses on his head, and vowed a deep and speedy revenge. The fourth day saw him at the head of a chosen force, his passion in no degree subsided; by quick and hasty marches he hoped to surprise the castle and carry off his prize.

The night was beautiful when Eva was walking with her cousin on the terrace of the castle,—not a breath of air disturbed the quiet of the scene, the heavens were studded with stars, attendants on the queen of light, who moved in rejoicing silence through the vast concave that—

“Seemed like a canopy which love had spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.”

Suddenly their attention was arrested by some object that appeared to move along the road; the distance, however, and the foliage of

the trees that lined it on either side, hindered them from perceiving what it was. Still they continued to gaze, and as the object of their attention approached, Eva drew herself unconsciously nearer to her cousin; Hymel wound his arm round her, and pressed her to his bosom.

“Nay, fear not, dearest, there is no reason for alarm.”

“Thou canst not persuade me, Hymel. Didst thou not mark his fierce and threatening looks of defiance as he quitted my father’s hall?”

“That was but the passion of the moment,” said her cousin, “that thus excited him. He would not, nay, he dare not, attempt aught against my kinsman. Are we but slaves, that we must do the bidding of our lords, and because, forsooth, we thwart them in their wishes, or comply not with their demands, must we be hunted like the beasts to death?”

“Nay, be not angry, Hymel; full well I know thy proud and noble temper would not bend beneath the frown of any lord save thine own prince. I know thee too well, methinks, to harbour such a thought, yet I do feel some load upon my breast, as though some heavy calamity were hanging o’er our house.”

“Banish these false fears, dearest Eva,” replied Hymel, and he drew her nearer to his bosom, “Heaven would not for thy sake send misery or misfortune.”

“But dost thou not call to mind the saying of the prophet?—

‘When Abergwili’s heir shall be the bride  
Of her own kinsman, ill shall then betide.’”

“’Tis but the prating of some idle priest—the raving of a maniac,” replied Hymel, “and yet, wouldst thou cease to love me, Eva, because some prophecy chanced partly to be fulfilled in my union with thee? Wouldst thou forbid me to gaze upon thy bright eyes, and kiss them, as heretofore, and now I do?”

“I meant not, Hymel, to reproach thee for thy affection; Heaven knows I love thee fondly, more dearly than mine own father. Are we not alone the remnant of an ancient family, one that has swayed the sovereign sceptre and ruled all Cambria? Are not we alone left to each other—and thinkest thou that I would wish to leave thee? No, thou wrongest me, Hymel; even in my woman’s veins the blood doth boil, when I consider the slavish misery of our country; then doth my nerveless arm long to wield the spear and strike the foe; and thinkest thou that I would leave thee, and wed some English peer? No, sooner would I die than unite my lot with that of Hugh de Percy, or any of his native lords, or any of my country chieftains, save thee.” As she spoke, she threw herself into the arms of her betrothed. It is indeed at such a moment, when we hold in our embrace one that we prize above all, nay more, one that is to us the whole universe combined, that woman is all but divine, that she stands on the verge of immortality, “unasked by heaven and unclaimed by earth;” and while Hymel gazed with fondness in her face, and pressed her to his bosom, he kissed the tear-drops from her eyes, and seemed to love mankind the more.

And now the sound of hoofs was heard, and they could descry a horseman riding at full speed and making for the castle. They descended from the terrace, and Hymel led Eva to her own apartment, bidding her dispel her gloomy dreams in sleep, while he himself hastened to the court-yard. When he arrived, he found a crowd gathered round the horsemen, but as soon as he approached they dispersed to their respective duties. He was immediately informed that the English forces were on their way to Abergwili, under the command of Hugh de Percy,—that they had ravaged the country and laid waste the villages through which they passed, and had pitched their tents at Gwenystrad, a few miles from Llandilo-vawr,—that a small detachment had been sent to that place, and strictly prohibited any from quitting the village. He, however, had eluded their vigilance, and had ridden over the mountains by the nearest passes to warn the castle, and put them on their guard. Immediately the whole castle was alive, and messengers were despatched to the surrounding villages to gather in the men; and the risen sun beheld the troops issuing from the castle, led by their gallant chief.

The two forces met at Gwenystrad and engaged. The battle raged long and fiercely, and victory hung doubtful over the conflicting armies; but a shaft from the bow of Hymel wounded the English leader and decided the contest. No sooner did the English see their commander fall than they took to flight. The greatest part escaped, carrying with them their wounded commander, but some were made prisoners.

The meeting between Hymel and his betrothed was tender and affectionate; the sadness that hung over her brow had altogether been dispersed, and the event of the encounter with the English had dissipated from her mind all its mournful thoughts, and brightened her countenance with smiles. There is no holier intercourse than the communion of blighted hearts,—it is one that ought never to be broken in upon or disturbed,—and since such was doubtless the opinion of the author of the manuscript, I must not, fair reader, intrude upon the lovers' privacy.

It was on the evening of the succeeding day that all the chieftains were assembled to celebrate the marriage of Eva with her cousin. The castle hall exhibited all the rude splendour and hospitality of the ancient Britons. Goat's and deer's flesh seethed in their very skins made the tables groan beneath their weight, while sheep and kine roasted whole sent up their savoury odours. Crw and hydromel were in abundance, and imparted their inspiring influence. It was a scene of joy and gladness, of feasting and merriment. The intercourse, however, that subsisted between them and their more civilized neighbours, had somewhat tamed the fierce and unruly revelings of the Welsh, and bridled them in a measure by the rules of good breeding imposed by the laws of chivalry.

And now the last of Cambria's boasted bards took the harp, and swept upon its strings a few wild and unconnected notes, and, raising his looks to heaven, he seemed as though awaiting the flow of poesy and indignation; and now his features beamed with fire and glowed

with animation ; and again he swept the strings in prelude, and burst forth into one of those delightful strains for which he had ever been so distinguished :—

“ Extol the men of Cattræth, who with the dawn went out with their victorious leader Urien, a renowned elder, the pillar of kings, of matchless valour, a chief of great power. The men of Britain came in a body to Gwen-y-strad to offer battle ; neither the fields nor the woods afforded protection to their enemies, when they came in their fury, like the roaring wave rushing in its might to cover the beach. I have seen brave men in the field, and after the battle, in the morning, the mangled flesh. I saw the place where the shout was given, and where three ranks of men fell ; and the crimson gore covered the ground ; in Gwenystrad was seen a fort, assailed by the laborious toil of warriors. In the pass of the fort have I seen men dyed with red \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* They jointly fell to the ground, where they lost the day ; their hands were on their crucifix, and horror was in the pale faces of the dead warriors. I have seen men \* \* \* \* \* and the blood entangled on their clothes, deal quick and furious thrusts in battle. Men bore patiently the warlike toil, and when there was no flying there they grew outrageous. I am astonished at the courage of Reged’s chief. I have seen Urien’s brow covered with rage when he furiously attacked the enemy by Lech Wen Galysten ; his anger was satisfied in dealing deadly blows amongst his foes, and his shield in time of need was heaved up to defend him. Euronwy, mayst thou grow desirous of conflict, and till I grow old, and must necessarily die, may I have no constant joy if I praise not Urien.”

It was in the year succeeding the events we have just related, that Edward the First called his high court of parliament ; all the tributary lords were summoned, but Llewelyn alone refused, and again the king assembled a new force and entered Wales. The brother of Llewelyn had been detained as hostage at the English court, and had ingratiated himself in the royal favour. And well he played his part, for no sooner were any new measures against his brother determined on than he despatched messengers to inform him. It was with surprise and anger that Edward found the Welsh prepared to resist his arms. A desperate battle ensued, in which the English were victorious. Engagement after engagement took place, and the Welsh were repulsed, and at last obliged to retire to their castles and mountain fastnesses.

Abergwili and Caermarthen were the only two that defeated all their efforts. Hugh de Percy laid siege to Abergwili, and weeks had elapsed, yet it still held out against all his attempts. It was in vain he tried to reduce it by famine, for their stores seemed either exhaustless or there was some secret communication with the castle, which with all his endeavours he was unable to discover. At last, when he was well-nigh weary of besieging it, the castle was betrayed into his hands.

The eminence on which the castle stood was protected partly by

natural defence; one side was so steep and rugged, that the besiegers looked on it as insurmountable, and therefore had placed no guard to watch it. It was in this side that a passage, excavated in the rock, led to the interior of the castle, and the entrance was so artfully concealed that it seemed itself a piece of nature's handiwork. This had always been resorted to in times of extreme peril, and through this had the besieged been able to obtain provisions and supplies, and doubtless they would have withstood all the enemy's attempts had it not been disclosed by treachery.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the distant hills when Eva was walking (as was her custom) with Hymel on the terrace. Every now and then they would stop and gaze for a time on the surrounding landscape. The river Towey meandered in its silent course, rich with the varied tintings of the western sky; the mountains lay hushed around, clad in an azure garment, and mellowed by the distance; the trees which were brightened to the view were saddened also to the fancy by the yellow hue of autumn. At the foot of the castle lay the camps of the enemy, from which uprose a confused murmur, and at times there flashed a gleam of splendour, as the helmet of the sentinel passing to and fro gave back the rays of the setting sun. For the last two days the enemy had been utterly inactive, and as night drew on the camps were hushed in silence and repose, which was only broken upon by the tramping of the guard as he walked his midnight round.

While they were surveying the scene below, they suddenly heard the clashing of weapons, and the loud and clamorous cries of soldiery: "Fear not, dearest Eva," said Hymel, "'tis but the rude brawling of some inebriate fellow, some sottish drunkard. I will but be absent from thee a few moments,"—and he pressed her to his bosom. That embrace was his last.

The enemy had gained admittance to the castle, and mastered the guards, and though the inhabitants made a fierce and resolute resistance, yet were they overpowered by the unexpected attack of their foes, who much exceeded them in numbers: still they fought like men, with no alternative save life and death before their eyes.

The castle was taken, but so desperate had been the conflict that England's king lost her gallant warrior, Hugh de Percy, and Cambria her chief stay and hope, Urien Reged. The bodies of Eva and Hymel and the younger Percy were no where to be found, and they were supposed to have perished with a portion of the castle that had been destroyed, and buried beneath the ruins. A rumour had, however, been spread, that she was seen carried away by fairies, and a tradition has since existed that she still watches over the place, and her appearance is always a presage of some good fortune.

It was in the year 1450 that two men were occupied in digging among the ruins of the castle, in hopes of treasures. Much of the castle had fallen to decay, and the sole existing turret was o'ergrown and mantled with the wild ivy, that made it look still cheerful though hallowed in its ruins. The owl and the bat were its only denizens,

and on its summit the eagle had built her nest, sole guardian as it were of England's fame—

“ Whose banner hung upon the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemed it  
A metaphor of peace.”

They had been for some time clearing away from what they supposed a door, and no sooner had they opened a passage, than with the aid of torches they entered upon a chamber; but instead of bags of wealth and heaps of treasure, they discovered three skeletons. Two were lying side by side, clasped in each other's embrace, whilst near them there leaned a figure upon its knees, with its arms still raised as in the attitude of prayer. Thus then was the mystery explained, Eva had been pursued by Percy, and had taken refuge in this chamber. Her cries had alarmed Hymel and attracted him there. A contest between the two took place, and each grasped in the other's hold had breathed his last. In the distraction of her mind Eva had bent over her dying husband, reason had forsaken her, and with her arms lifted up to heaven she had breathed her last. They no sooner saw this spectacle, than with horror and dismay they closed it up as they had previously found it, and the report that they spread, by no means diminished by their terror, hindered for ever the superstitious inhabitants from desecrating by their search for treasure the dwelling-places of the dead.

Gentles, my tale is finished: I have tried to discover, but in vain, at what time the ruins of the castle disappeared; no vestige of it now remains. The hill is covered with the greenest turf, and sheep now feed where once the turret stood. There is still a cave to be seen, leading as I was informed to the interior of the hill, and I proposed to explore it, but I found it so choaked with sand and dirt that I was unable to proceed. The side of the mountain is exceedingly steep, approaching almost the perpendicular; but it is now covered with aged forest trees of immense size, over whose heads some hundred years have passed.

Many a time since have I wandered upon the hill, and many a time has imagination raised the castled turret, and fancy pictured the beautiful Eva; but alas! reality has too soon dispelled these dreams, and brought me back to earth. Often now do I think upon the happy days I spent in that vicinity, and if ever, reader, whoever you be, your steps should lead you that way, I am certain you will meet with as hearty a welcome as I did from the kind inhabitants of **ABER-MERLYN.**

## HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. V.

*(Continued from page 68.)*

## SECOND PERIOD.

## PLATO.

THOUGH Socrates laid bare the errors of former systems, and showed how they might be avoided for the future, he erected no scheme of philosophy of his own. Contented with the successful event of his exertions in the cause of truth and morality, he left the development of the mysteries of nature to such of his successors as might be competent to build on the foundation he had laid. His immediate followers cautiously avoided entering on so vast an undertaking, and shrunk from a responsibility which their master had not been willing to encounter. Plato was the gifted mortal, for whom was reserved the honour of carrying into effect the ideas suggested by his great instructor, and we shall endeavour to set before our readers as clear an account of his philosophical principles as the brief space remaining to us will permit.

Plato states that his predecessors had sought to establish theories without knowing the nature of the science whose principles they attempt to lay down, and indulge in speculations on objects without inquiring into the qualities of that intelligence by which we are made aware of the existence of those objects. He, however, thinking that a workman should understand the nature of his tools before he begins to use them, commences by an examination into the faculties and operations of the mind. He separates the soul into two parts, the physical essence of life and muscular action which we have in common with brute animals, preserving the name of mind to that principle by means of which we perceive, think, reason—that faculty, in short, by the possession of which we are distinguished from other animals, and which renders the judgment of man superior to the instinct of beasts.

Taking this for a definition of the mind, we shall proceed with his chain of reasoning. The mind has two principal faculties, perception and thought, perception being the impression received from an external object, thought the operation of the mind on its ideas, by which it is enabled to examine, compare, and connect them in that harmonious form which may be termed judgment, and which is to ideas what language is to words, that is to say, a symmetrical union of the several members.

There appear to be three distinct operations of the mind; the first is perception. This exists from infancy, and resides in our senses, and may be termed the relation which exists between the object perceived and the individual perceiving. Our senses render us capable of seeing, feeling, and smelling; but we cannot exercise these faculties without there be some object to see, some matter to touch, some odour to smell. Perceptions then are the sensible effects

produced on the mind by external objects, and the traces of which are preserved by the memory. We now come to the next faculty, which consists in the power of comparing the divers classes of impressions stored up in the memory, and thence judging of the analogies or distinctions existing between them. An infant will cry because it cannot reach the moon—a mountaineer in a desert or a landsman at sea will form false estimates of distance. These errors of judgment can only be corrected by experience, that is, by collecting in the memory a series of examples of similar sensations, and by comparison judging of the due value to be allowed to each. This faculty we will name *understanding*. By it we are enabled to form notions of size and relation, and are able to *abstract* accidental circumstances of time and space from the images received by our senses. These present to us notions in a confused or *concrete* state, while by the understanding we are enabled to survey them in an *abstract* or clear and unencumbered state.

The combinations formed by the understanding enable us to form correct judgments of all things that exist, and will lead us to a just and extensive acquaintance with all the objects in the material world, or with those subjects which are treated of in what are commonly called the exact sciences. But these by no means form the limit of human intelligence. There is a sort of general notions not furnished by the perception of material objects, but derived from a totally different source. These Plato calls IDEAS, but the doctrine connected with them is so imperfectly developed in his writings, either from the difficulty of the subject or the wish to attach a mystery to the most abstruse portions of his science, that the greatest difficulty has been experienced by all (even the most competent) who have studied his philosophy in forming an intelligible explanation of his meaning.

IDEAS, he says, are the eternal and immutable forms, the nature, the essence of things. They have not been produced by impressions from external objects, and have therefore a peculiar existence and independent value. They are unlimited by any conditions of time, space, or form; they are general notions of the highest order. Not being derived like all other notions, they do not correspond with any form of matter, and are independent of experience, or *innate*. Through them we become acquainted with that which is *possible* or which *ought to exist*, as the lower faculties of mind enable us to form correct notions of *that which does exist*.

From this theory of IDEAS Plato derives natural theology, moral philosophy, metaphysics, and logic, and we shall perhaps best exemplify the meaning of his theory by a few specimens of his reasoning. "Nothing takes place without a cause. Now there are two kinds of causes, mechanical or *physical*, and *free* or intelligent. The first are subordinate and depend on other causes, which again must derive their power of action from some *absolute first cause*, which depends on no pre-existing condition, has nothing beyond it, cannot be produced and cannot disappear." This absolute first cause is the necessary being whose existence is forced upon our attention, by considerations independent of revealed religion, and whose power and goodness and glory were therefore intelligible to every philosophic

mind; but the definition that Plato has given of the Divinity is so Christian (if we may pardon such a use of the word), that we shall transcribe it:—"God is perception and supreme reason: legislator and judge, exempt from passions and from errors: source of goodness and truth, eternal and infinite, a star whose brightness and purity enlightens all intellectual beings: the model to which every creature endued with freedom of will and action should incessantly endeavour to assimilate itself." Though principally occupied with the science of mind, he has yet left some observations on matter, but which are imbued with the same philosophic spirit: as, for instance, "Extent in three dimensions constitutes body. Hence result figure and impenetrability. Bodies have two essential parts, *matter* and *form*—the first, inert and passive; the second, impressing on the first peculiar properties, and given to it by the Supreme Being."

Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemon, Crates, and Crantor, were the most celebrated disciples of Plato, who derived their knowledge from his oral instruction, and are the most distinguished members of that school of philosophy, which is usually denominated the First Academy.

#### ARISTOTLE.

Among the disciples of Plato none was more diligent in his attention to the oral instruction of that great philosopher than Aristotle. Endued himself with faculties of the highest order, having cultivated them with most assiduous perseverance, and neglected no opportunity of profiting by lessons of his master, we are not to be surprised either at the multitude of his various attainments or the soundness of his views, when compared with the limited number of observations which at that period were in the possession of those who wished to obtain the principles of science from the process of induction. Aristotle has made use of the errors of the system of Plato, as well as its excellencies, and in avoiding the one and building on the other, has started from an elevation which not a little aided the soaring ambition of his genius. Among the other advantages enjoyed by Aristotle, we must not forget the patronage and countenance of Philip of Macedon, and of Alexander the Great. The royal treasures placed such means within his reach as the private fortune of a student and philosopher rarely can compass, and the conquests of his pupil not only introduced him to the skilful in science of the East, but furnished him with geographical and historical data, which enabled him to acquire that extensive information which he has liberally and so skilfully imparted to the world in his celebrated treatises. The vast accumulation of knowledge which would have crushed or confounded an inferior genius, only aided the operations of his accurate and penetrating mind, and enabled him to treat with more confidence in his own ideas on each particular branch of science. When we consider the number and variety of the subjects he has handled, the comparative state of ignorance on each and all previous to his time; and the permanence of the greater part of his reasoning, we are lost in astonishment at the extent of his information and the brilliancy of his attainments.

Aristotle in many points differs from and combats the opinions of Plato, and in no case more pointedly than in the refutation of his doctrines of *innate ideas*. These, he says, cannot exist, but that the operations of the mind inferred in Plato's philosophy by that denomination are merely purer abstractions of Plato's second faculty, the *understanding*, and are produced by a continuation of the same process of induction that furnished us with the subordinate causes of mental or physical phenomena. We derive all knowledge from induction or demonstration. Demonstration is founded on general, induction on particular notions. Of these the former are necessarily a consequence of the latter. We obtain general principles by the comparison and examination of particular cases, and build the reasoning of our demonstration on the axioms thus obtained. This doctrine, though divested of the poetry of Plato's subtle and mystical IDEAS, is consonant to the strictest logic and intelligible to plain sense, and is therefore more fit to be cultivated than the romantic flights into the regions of the sublime which have rendered it doubtful whether the disciple of Socrates understood himself. Aristotle may be considered the head of the *empirical* school, Plato the chief of the *speculative* school of philosophers.

The regions of science had been gradually increasing in extent and richness for some time previous to the appearance of Aristotle, but it was reserved for him to make greater additions to each individual department than were to be found in the accumulated knowledge of his predecessors in each. We possess only a part of his labours, and these furnish materials for a cyclopædia. Natural history, the useful and liberal arts, speculative science, moral philosophy, are all particularly treated, and though there is no work actually on mathematics, he constantly employs the reasoning of this department of science. We shall best exhibit the services he has done to mankind by cursorily enumerating the subjects of some of his principal treatises. His "History of Animals" consists of a vast collection of interesting facts and examples in natural history, which still supplies much useful information to the student, notwithstanding the aids that have since been invented for the rendering observations more exact, and which the ancients did not enjoy. The unassisted faculties were the only instruments they were endowed with, and under such unfavourable circumstances Aristotle classified and systematized a world of facts which has provided future writers on the same subject with an inexhaustible fund, whence to derive examples and confirmations of their theories.

His books on "the Soul," "the Memory," "the Senses," "Sound," "Colour," "Dreams," &c., are equally valuable, but we must hurry forward in our brief analysis.

Under the term "Metaphysics," the stagyrite includes "the knowledge of first principles and final causes, in which consists wisdom. Among the principles he lays down and supports by long arguments may be stated the following: "No thing can *be* and *not be* at the same time." "A thing must *be* or *not be*." "Causes of causes cannot be assigned to infinity." From these principles he proceeds to demonstrate the existence of a divine power, and opposing Plato in

almost every other point, unites with him in worshipping the might and majesty of the divine essence, the efficient cause of all subordinate causes, whose eye sees all, whose hand reaches all, and whose power rules all.

The three principal branches of practical wisdom according to his nomenclature are ethics, policy, and economy. These three branches, however, shoot from the same trunk, and are closely allied to each other; for moral discipline renders each individual a serviceable member of the society of which he forms a part, the restraints of civilization are instituted for the sake of ensuring the highest degree of felicity to those who live within its pale, and private or public economy contributes to the means of enjoyment of the individual or the aggregate. *Right* is founded on equality: *justice* is the exact observation of the rights of all: *laws* are the definitions of the limits and boundaries of rights. The general good is the end of policy (or, as we say, of government), and to attain that the rights of each must be guarded faithfully, and the laws paramount. In treating on these subjects Aristotle especially displays the superiority of his genius: his knowledge of mankind, of the world, and of history, furnished him with abundant facts for his deductions, and he has made such a use of his materials as proves him a master even among skilful workmen. In his ethics he enumerates, defines, separates, and classifies all human virtues. In his politics he determines the three essential forms of government, the changes which they undergo, and the combinations that may take place among them.

We must here close our review of the Aristotelian philosophy, which did not at first obtain in Greece all the celebrity it deserved. It was too solid, too sound, to be readily understood or felt by the flighty imaginations of the Greeks, and the earlier followers of the sage of the Lyceum seem to have been incapable of disseminating his doctrines. We may, however, regret the loss of the writings of Theophrastus and Eudemus, which were devoted to the explanation of the obscurities which render the study of Aristotle so extremely difficult.

#### EPICURUS.

Four schools springing out from the seed sown by Plato and Aristotle, and which were nearly contemporaneous with each other, now appear; namely, the Epicureans, the Sceptics, the Stoics, and the New Platonists. We shall give a short account of the doctrine promulgated by the founder of each, commencing with Epicurus.

The common use of the word Epicurean to designate a person devoted to the satisfaction of every sensual appetite, has given rise to mistaken notions respecting the character and opinions of this philosopher, whose life was as free from imputations of immorality and sensuality as that of any of the most virtuous men of his time. The pursuit he followed was that of happiness, not of pleasure in its more ordinary signification, and we shall presently see the means by which he hoped to arrive at his end.

The doctrines of Plato and Aristotle were not adapted for vulgar minds. Common sense and ordinary abilities were not a sufficient preparation to master the difficulties. The one required an aptitude

for subtle metaphysical distinctions and disquisitions, the other a mind stored with the treasures of learning and familiar with the terms and reasonings of science. Nor must it be forgotten that when Epicurus flourished, the Macedonians had subjugated the degenerated Greeks, whose enfeebled minds still more broken by this last calamity had sunk into that unambitious state of resignation which renders slothful ease the most desirable blessing. To such a nation, so changed from what it had been in the fair days of Hellenic superiority, Epicurus addressed himself, and his precepts are suited to his scholars' circumstances of body and mind. His ideas of happiness seem not unlike those of the Indian philosophers, whose felicity consists in a state of perfect repose. Calm—perfect calm, a freedom from all the excitements of hope and fear, expectation or remembrance, a life without object, a death without regrets—such seem the points kept constantly in view. He avoids scepticism, for doubt is a principle of inquietude. He banishes superstition, for it is a source of terror. He recommends the practice of virtue, for without self-satisfaction you cannot enjoy repose. He even proposes an antidote for the fear of death, so wisely implanted in the human mind, by removing all hope for the future. "Good and evil cannot affect those who have no sensation, and with life all sensation expires. While we live, death is not yet; when we die, we are no longer any thing ourselves." Every thing is thus negative in the philosophy of Epicurus. If we escape pain or grief, it is by the sacrifice of what all mankind consider the most true enjoyments—we are indeed in repose, but it is the repose of the tomb.

The life of the philosopher was entirely conformable to his tenets. Though constantly suffering from a painful malady, his serenity and gentleness of spirit were never ruffled; his morals were pure, his frugality and moderation exemplary, and the agreeable intercourse which awaited his pupils, who were admitted to his table as well as to his lectures, drew round him crowds of admirers and followers, who on their part repaid his goodness with the most devoted, grateful affection. We are however anticipating our conclusion, for there still remain some points to be noticed with regard to his doctrine. We mean his attempted explanation of the universe and its phenomena by the properties of Atoms. The following is a brief statement of the principal points of his theory.

There are certain things which receive external impressions, others which enjoy a peculiar and inherent energy. The former are artificial productions, the latter natural beings. According to the different quantity or manner in which these latter are combined with each other, the apparent forms and tendencies of bodies are modified. These ultimate atoms are the primitive elements into which all things may be resolved.

We cannot better close our short account of this Materialist than by quoting two of his canons, which cannot be too strongly recommended to be practised. *When you speak, choose clear and generally understood expressions. When you listen, be careful to retain faithfully the sense attached to the terms employed.*

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

### HISTORY, POLITICS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

#### The Life of *ALCUIN*.—T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

THE secretary, favourite, and adviser of Charlemagne must have been no common person, and the details of his life both interesting and instructive. They are, however, but little known, and we are highly indebted to those who have first set before us in an English dress the work of the learned Dr. Lorenz. This history is the more interesting to us as it is that of an Englishman born and bred, and who, though residing in foreign courts, never forgot the land of his birth. As a specimen of the work we give an account of the state of civilisation in France towards the conclusion of the eighth century:—

“At the period of the conquest of Gaul by the Franks, the natives were far superior to their conquerors in intellectual cultivation. The permanent footing which the victors obtained had, however, no influence in refining their manners; and their adoption of the Christian religion contributed less to eradicate their barbarism than to increase their superstition. Instead of the new settlers acquiring a share of civilisation, the natives assimilated themselves to them more than the Romans had done to other tribes of Germany, by whom they had been subdued. In times when religion forms the sole subject of mental interest, we can judge of the general state of civilisation by the condition of the priests. From the moment that the Franks began to aspire to high dignities in the church, such a degeneracy of manners prevailed amongst the superior clergy, that we should scarcely credit the accounts of the ignorance and scandalous practices of many ecclesiastics, were they not recorded by Gregory himself. Intemperance in drinking, perjury, debauchery, adultery, and the most abominable cruelties were as common among the bishops as among the rest of the Franks. The contagion of their evil example spread among the inferior clergy; and had not some resisted the general depravity, and distinguished themselves by lives strict in proportion to the profligacy of the rest, or had not the ignorance and barbarism of the times been so great that the most absurd superstitions found a ready acceptance, it would be difficult for us to conceive how a religion could continue to be held in estimation, whose ministers surpassed other men not in virtue but in vice. The lives of the clergy being subject to no inspection, they sank still lower throughout the whole Christian world during the restless and warlike times when the sceptre was transferred from the enfeebled line of the Merovingian house to the more vigorous hand of the race of Charlemagne. A system, therefore, such as popery developed itself in its commencement, was a positive benefit to the middle ages. In the warmth with which popery is both attacked and defended, it is but too often overlooked, that there was a time when it was beneficial to mankind, as well as a time when it degenerated through the abuse of its power, and ripened for the destruction connected with the accomplishment of its objects. Every human expedient is the result only of peculiar exigencies; and no sooner does it cease to be necessary than it loses its importance, which no means, however artfully contrived, can restore. Were the Roman hierarchy now surrounded even by an army of Jesuits, we need not dread the thunders of the Vatican. The depravity of the clergy, however, proves how necessary it was in those days to create an authority distinct from

the temporal power to control their lives; and we shall see hereafter, that, in the thorough reform undertaken by Charlemagne, he was induced to favour the hierarchy from a conviction of its necessity.

"Charles Martel had imposed military service on the church, as well as on the other fiefs, and left it to the choice of the ecclesiastics either to resign their temporalities, or to perform the obligations under which they held them. The greater part preferred retaining them by this disgraceful tenure, to the alternative of being deprived of their possessions. Charles Martel even rewarded many of his adherents for their services in battle, with lands and offices belonging to the church, and appointed bishops who had neither capacity for their charge, nor any conception of its dignity."

Some Observations on the Present State of Ireland. By Sir FRANCIS WORKMAN MACNAGHTEN, Bart. of Bushmills House, in the County of Antrim. Ridgway.

A Voice from Ireland upon Matters of Present Concern, addressed to the Legislators and Ministers of State. By DANIEL O'ROURKE, Esq. Ridgway.

During the past month the Press has unceasingly teemed with dissertation<sup>s</sup> on Ireland, and these, among the number, are deserving of a passing notice. Sir Francis opens his Pamphlet with a very long and very unnecessary personal disquisition touching himself, and the disinterestedness of his views; but there is much in the latter that entitles him to that which a neutral on this question at least need not be very sanguine of obtaining—credit for the sincerity of his professions. But, on a subject such as he undertakes to handle, we require some originality of conception, or suggestion; and in these pages we look in vain for either. For instance, at page twelve, and subsequently, he gives utterance to a mass of contradictions; simply because he repeats the hacknied sophistries of Lord Mulgrave's eulogists and calumniators in a breath, because of his (Sir F.'s) great anxiety to be thought dispassionate. Then, the little he does say that is worth being told, is so studded with antique jokes and stale attempts at smartness, that one gets weary before the worthy Baronet well begins to explain himself. In fact, it is not very easy to discern what his leaning, if he have one, really is—he may be considered a sort of political phenomenon from the fact of his abstaining almost altogether from the mention of Mr. O'Connell's name; though he is certainly no admirer of that gentleman, as may be gathered from the following encomium of a very able man.

"It is impossible to speak of the General Association without reference to Mr. Sharman Crawford, and I hope he will pardon me for having introduced his name. I deprecate his conduct. In my humble judgment, it has been unwise—and I lament that, with a reputation which must protect him from the conviction of guilt, it should be necessary to have recourse to his character for acquittal. It has not been my fortune to become personally acquainted with him, but I have heard him spoken of in many respects with approbation. I believe him to be an honest and a single-minded man—an excellent landlord, and an estimable country gentleman. For his sake, I could wish he would keep better company; but for my own, I am not displeased to see him among his agitating associates, because he will not be voluntarily obedient to the mandates of any man, but be willing to insist upon his own co-ordinate authority. He has infinitely the advantage, in public estimation, over his competitor for fame. *Dolosus versatur in generalibus*, but he shows us the point at which he wishes to arrive. He will be no party to chicanery or imposture; he will not pretend to understand such jargon as 'peaceful agitation,'—an every thing and a nothing—a calm hurricane—and a horizontal cataract. But what can he *do*? His efforts may amount to what in the dialect of agitators

is called 'passive resistance.' No sane man would brave the perils of a victory. He can only be reluctantly submissive, but he must submit.

"Agitation can never relieve the wretched peasant from his burden, but it may deprive him of all hope of alleviation. It must exclude capital, and forbid the enterprise which would offer employment and wages to men who are unwilling to be idle, and who are perishing from want. Mr. Crawford is not the man to hold misery in derision, and to tell the poor creature who has not a morsel of bread, that some gentlemen in the Corn Exchange are fighting with shadows upon his behalf. He will not advise him to 'abide the pelting' of a tempest, because it may blow a feather for him to stick in his cap, or desire him, when jaded and exhausted with toil, and hunger, and sorrow, to run after bubbles by way of recreation.

"Mr. Crawford will not become a party to this cruel, to this wicked imposture. He is utterly disqualified for such work;—he has neither the heart nor the heartlessness to go through with it."

For those who object to wade through the political squabbles in the Daily Papers, this Pamphlet will not be uninteresting.

Daniel O'Rourke is by no means an ambiguous partisan, he goes to the full length of a determined hostility to the church establishment in Ireland as it has hitherto been preserved, and his opposition is not to be slighted. The truths in the subjoined extract have not often been so forcibly put:—

"There is no lack of venal and soft-headed persons to raise the hue and cry against honest men who prescribe a disagreeable remedy for national diseases. At one time, the church is said to be in danger; and the state being always secondary according to approved usage, is lost sight of in the greater calamity.\* To be sure, the notion is somewhat stale; yet having succeeded heretofore in catching so many fools, it is not surprising that knaves should still resort to it as a tempting bait for so useful a purpose. But men are grown somewhat wiser, so that it does not succeed quite so well as it did in the days of Sacheverell and Lord George Gordon. It is now found out, that the revenues of the clergy are not the church, that deans and chapters are not religion, and that the office of a Christian bishop is somewhat different from that of a Lord bishop. Those who have paid any attention to inquiries so foreign to the habits of statesmen need not to be informed that religion is wholly a concern between man and his Maker, that the administration of it is a matter of taste and convention regulated by the opinions of the parties, and that it can subsist by its own energies without the intervention of cunning men to prostitute it for their own temporal advantage. Those who represent the political establishment of Christianity as essential to its preservation, entertain very mean notions of the subject, as well as of the motives that actuate its teachers. If they believed themselves they might be sent to the college of fishermen to correct their opinions; but knowledge and experience are thrown away upon men who identify religion with worldly dignities, and consider it of no value when shorn of political influence."

"A system of religion adapted chiefly to courtiers and country gentlemen, for whose benefit it mainly exists, is undeserving the comprehensive character of a national establishment. Such persons are fully able to bear the expense of its maintenance without drawing upon funds that would be applied more appropriately in providing instruction for those who cannot afford to pay for

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\* At all public dinners given by a certain political party, the standing toast is "Church and King;" a somewhat curious reversal of the order of loyalty not quite in harmony with the law of the land. But when the fumes of intemperance take possession of the brain, our thorough-paced royalists are not always regardful of consequences. They may be excused, therefore, in such fits of absence for taking an excursion to the land of the Monikins where the *tail* is in greater request than the *head*, the post of honour being assigned to the former in exact proportion to the length and breadth thereof.

it. The spectral apparitions that pass before the eyes of certain politicians inducing an uneasy trembling for religion are nothing more than a hypocritical pretence for saving the pockets of the rich. That the support of Christianity depends not upon a well-paid army of ecclesiastics in the keeping of the state, is apparent from the successful exertions of the unpaid sects. It is true their clergy lay no claim to apostolical succession, nor do they pretend to extraordinary gifts; and they may be so far unfortunate. They are also less learned, less polite, and less burdened with wealth, than those within the pale; yet in spite of these disadvantages they are treading fast upon the heels of the establishment, and supplanting it in the affections of the common people. Whatever may be the quality of their teaching, their indefatigable labours betoken any thing but an indifference to Christianity, but their zeal for its diffusion will bear a safe comparison with that of the stipendiaries of the establishment. Should these therefore desert their posts, as seems to be apprehended, there need be no alarm for the fate of Christianity, which has so many to plead for it without their allurements. For some of the disadvantages experienced by the clergy of other sects, they are to be lightly reproached by their episcopal brethren, since it is to them that they are indebted for their inferiority. Not satisfied with a monopoly of ecclesiastical wealth, they have taken care to close the doors of education to all but their own party, so that if churchmen are better educated than other people, they owe it to exclusive privileges, unwisely conceded by the state. Perhaps the time is not far distant when so absurd a distinction between people dwelling in the same country, speaking the same language, and paying taxes to the same government, shall be thrown down. That it should have existed so long is a reproach to the nation, and a disadvantage to the state, whose clear interest it is to extend the benefits of education as widely as possible. Narrow-minded bigots seek only the aggrandisement of their own party, insensible to the ridicule and contempt which they draw upon themselves by their folly; but it is not thus that governments can afford to trifle with the prejudices of mankind or to alienate the affections of a people. Whatever pretensions may be advanced by interested narrow-minded persons in behalf of such a favouritism, their encouragement by the state is nothing less than political insanity."

Daniel's has been a very well-timed production, and in reading the three nights' orations which terminated on the 22nd ult. we fancy that we can select some of his commodity in the rhetorical displays of many after speakers.

**Observations on Railways, with reference to Utility, Profit, and the Obvious Necessity for a National System.** By RICHARD Z. MUDGE, F. R. S., F. G. S., &c. Gardner.

WE were about to bestow a very hearty commendation on this able Pamphlet, and, in the first place, to preface an encomium with a few remarks on the writer's claims to attention; but the latter point is so well expressed by himself, that we shall let him play his own herald to the reader:—

"The suspicion arising to the mind, on taking up a book or pamphlet on Railways, naturally occurs, that the writer, in some way or other, is an interested person; either a Railway speculator, an engineer, or a lawyer: in short, one who has a direct personal interest in some one of the many schemes which, having gone through all the stages of incubation, are now hatched, fledged, and, like the peacock with his spreading tail, exhibiting all their beauties and attractions to the admiring public.

"In the present case the author has, however, to claim for himself an exemption from this very reasonable inference. He has no interest, nor ever had, direct or indirect, in any railway; and, under the present unpromising aspect of the majority of them, as exhibited in a long narrow slip of paper printed every night, and published the following day,—a sort of speculator's gazette, termed 'The Share List,'—he may be credited, perhaps, for being

sincere, when he declares that he never will, at least until they shall be based on a better system than is unfortunately the case at the present moment.

“ It is his intention, therefore, to offer some preliminary observations on the utility of railways ; the probable profit of such as were approved by Parliament last session ; and, subsequently, to suggest the best means for securing to the public all the advantages that may be derived from this newly adopted mode of conveyance.”

This is very appropriately and judiciously said ; and of the value of his contributions to the general stock of knowledge on a most important subject, we can, for our own part, bear extensive testimony. As to the utility of railways, he despatches the matter in a few words, leaving trite matters of fact to common-place minds, and comes to the pith of his subject at once. This mode of dealing with it fully bears out the title of the pamphlet, and will repay an attentive perusal. We do not subscribe to all his doctrines, and have not room just now to give the reasons for our dissent ; but on the whole we think he has afforded a capital elucidation of a proposed improvement worthy of the most attentive consideration.

Let the projectors, rather than dupes, weigh well the lesson inculcated in the following :—

“ As a matter of profit, and to induce the public to come forward in support of these undertakings, in many cases the most fallacious statements were put forth, and some of them so absurd, that it implies an almost incredible degree of credulity in the parties deceived by them. One company, proposing to expend two or three millions on a railway, put forth, as one of the sources of profit, the conveyance of cherries and strawberries to the London market ! In short, so much nonsense was promulgated for the purpose of raising shares, that, had not the eyes of the multitude been blinded by desire of gain, the major part of the schemes would have been smothered in the birth.

“ The fact really is, with reference to profit, that a reasonable doubt is entertained by those best qualified to form a correct judgment, whether any thing more than a *very moderate* profit will ever be realized eventually by any of the railways from the enormous expenses to which they will be liable ; and a belief prevails that the chief part of those in contemplation, and for which bills have either passed, or are in progress of preparation to meet the ordeal of Parliament, should they commence tunnelling and cutting, according to the usual method, will be in the condition of the Thames Tunnel, with reference to the original capital, long before a very moderate proportion of the work shall be done.”

These are the words of one thoroughly conversant with what he writes about ; and he still more forcibly impresses the fruits of his knowledge to be unwary thus :—

“ There are railways projected which would not be completed in the present generation, and in parts of the country where they could have scarcely any other source of profit than passengers. In those cases all natural obstacles are lost sight of, and melt away before the sanguine expectations of the speculators ; mounds, banks, and tunnels, are contemplated, piercing through granite, slate, trap, quartz rock, and dolomite, hard or soft, no matter which, treating the whole family of primary rocks as if they were so much cheese ! Such schemes would never have grown into existence, had a tribunal been originally instituted, competent to try the truth of their statements, and the practicability of their undertakings.

“ It may naturally be asked, how can an engineer of reputation commit himself by engaging in an enterprise so little calculated to satisfy hereafter those who repose their trust in him ? To this it may be answered, that a company being formed, directors and secretaries nominated, and the next object being the appointment of an engineer, a popular one is applied to ; he has only time to give a hasty glance at the country, perhaps out of the windows of the mail, or a post-chaise ; pronounces a qualified opinion at the next

meeting of directors, and cannot pronounce *decidedly*, without a further survey; that examination having followed, he makes a tolerably candid statement of the nature of a doctor's reply to a sick patient, not cutting off hope entirely. The directors still continue resolved that they *will* have a railway; and, finding that a certain sum of money may be gained, and that if he does not get it somebody else will, he determines to unite himself to the company; and then seriously begins business, by ordering detail surveys to be made. In fact the cupidity of the public has thrown all sorts of temptations in the way of those who are led to consider any legitimate professional means of making money as perfectly fair and justifiable."

We recommend these "observations" to general perusal.

#### EDUCATION.

Wyse on Education Reform. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 553. Longman.

THE conductors of this Magazine have on many occasions expressed an opinion in favour of national education. It is delightful to find that this great cause has now such distinguished and able advocates as Mr. Wyse. As we shall have occasion in some future number to consider this work more at length, it will be sufficient for the present that we point out the general doctrines held and inculcated by the author.

The end of education cannot be happiness, for that is not a fixed quality, and it exists only by comparison; neither can it be confined within the narrow limits of human usefulness and expediency:—its end is higher,—it is no less than "the full *perfection* of our being in another world through the faithful discharge of *duty* here," and the means towards that end are "the full development of our double nature." Mr. Wyse divides education into two classes,—1st. Private or individual,—2nd. Public or national. It is of the latter branch that he treats exclusively.

In his preliminary observations he thus considers this great question, and at their close marks out the divisions under which he examines the whole *en détail*:—

"We live in an age and country in which the true principles of national glory and security are no longer questioned. We place them on the only basis capable of supporting them—on the national liberties and happiness: these, again, on the foundations of national intellect and virtue.

"No portion of the education of a country, on these principles, ought to be excluded; for there is no portion which does not exert some influence on the country. Private and public—individual and national—all are co-operating causes, of more or less weight, in the one common result.

"But peculiar obstacles may preclude the state from any immediate interference with private education. The sensitiveness of freedom, the fastidiousness of national habits, may shrink from such intrusion. Not so with public. It is, or ought to be, the immediate object of its solicitude; it belongs to all; it is, in the fullest sense, national. The nation ought to interfere in its establishment and management.

"But what are the considerations which such an interference implies? That the education should be perfectly well adapted to the important purposes for which it is intended. An education counteracting these purposes, or not in entire harmony with them, is an injurious or defective education. No state is called on to protect, no state should permanently permit, the existence of such an education. It would be a perpetual *contre-sens* on the largest scale. The admission of the utility of intellect, of the necessity of virtue, and perseverance in measures adapted only to discourage both, is at once an error in logic and morality.

"The goodness, then, of education, is the first object to be looked to. The diffusion of a bad system is the diffusion of an evil. Numbers here, so far

from being matters of congratulation, are matters of regret. When we are told there are 60, or 600, or 6000 schools, we are told nothing,—sometimes worse than nothing. We do not ask for buildings, we ask for education.

“But if the system be a *good* system,—if every day furnishes in the increased improvement of the moral and intellectual habits of the people—evidence positive and decisive of its goodness,—then, indeed, the question of extending such a blessing to all our population becomes an object of deep importance; and the adoption of every means which can accelerate its extension is a *duty*.

“But there is a third consideration, essential to the efficiency of the other two: the education may be the best; it may fully answer the high ends for which it is designed; it may have already produced a new race of men; it may have gone far to reform the morals and mind of the country. Again: these changes may be general; the spirit may have passed over every water, the light penetrated into every dwelling. Instruction may be found on every hill,—under every green tree! What secures the permanency of this blessing? where are its roots laid? on what does it live? Enthusiasm is a wayward nurse, and may desert its offspring at the very hour when its sustaining arm may be the most necessary. The contributions of charity are fluctuating—often fleeting; national grants are the instruments of parties; modern largesses often voted for the object of the hour,—sometimes proposed with little consideration, at others rejected with less. Are these to be the only assurances which a nation should have for the duration of its education; a blessing which ought to be bound up with the very existence of the nation itself? It is not sufficient that it be *good*, nor that it be *extended*; we must have pledges that it will *last*: in other words, there must be means, not for its establishment only, but for its continued support. To resume,—national education should, in the first place, be *good*; in the second, *universal*; and in the third, should be provided with *means* for its *permanent support*.”

It would be presumptuous within the short limits of a magazine notice to offer any analysis of the different chapters. Let it suffice for us to express an opinion not advanced without deliberation, that this great topic, which is now generally canvassed, has met with no advocate who unites to a very laudable zeal and earnestness in the cause a greater degree of knowledge and discretion than the honourable member for Waterford.

The Philosophy of Education. By J. SIMPSON, Advocate. 12mo. Black, Edinburgh. Second Edition.

THE most striking feature in the improvement of the educationists of this country is that their works are not as they used to be, abstruse and theoretical, involving the mysteries of metaphysics, but are become plain, practical, and sensible. The principles are correctly laid down and traced to their highest sources; but they are always seen in connexion with the practical, application. Mr. Simpson is well known in Scotland and in the north of England as a zealous and discreet advocate of national education, and he has for some years been an active patron of the great work of philanthropy which is doing in the north. We congratulate him on the solid marks of approval that his labours have met in different ways; and while we earnestly recommend to the perusal and study of our readers his small but concisely-written volume, we wish its author the enjoyment of a life which he has hitherto devoted, and we doubt not will still devote, to the furtherance of POPULAR EDUCATION.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

A Guide for Invalids to the Continental Watering Places. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THIS very excellent little book furnishes the sickly or unstable with an ex-

cellent manual to guide them in the search after health and fashion. We cannot explain better its objects, than by an extract from the preface, promising our readers that it amply fulfils the object of its profession :—

“Individuals anxious to visit, either from motives of health or pleasure, the Continental Watering-Places, are frequently at a loss where to bend their steps, owing to there being no published Guide directing to those places whose waters possess the most powerful medicinal virtues, or where there are other inducements, in many instances as attractive and efficacious as the waters themselves.

“There can be no doubt, that mineral waters produce very salutary effects in many cases of human infirmity ; but, perhaps, more than one half of the virtues they are said to possess may be ascribed to the relaxation, the temperance, and change of scene [and air, which patients enjoy at watering-places, and, above all, to the constantly varied and unfatiguing amusements, which, as it were, draw the valetudinarian from himself, and inspire livelier ideas than any he has been accustomed to indulge. It is on this principle that we may easily account for the numerous cures imputed to the waters. Many people have no other object than pleasure or pastime in frequenting them ; and such temporary retreats from business will enable them to return with fresh vigour of body and mind to the duties of their respective stations.

“The author, who has visited many, not only of the watering-places most frequented, but those little known to the world, has been induced to collect the opinions of the best writers on this subject, and arrange them with his own observations in such a manner that they may be understood by the public, omitting in general those analytic experiments, which are perfectly uninteresting to ordinary readers. This little work will answer the purpose the author had in view, if it should afford useful information to the different classes of persons for whom it was designed, whether they may have consulted it from motives of curiosity or health, or with the mixed desire of gratifying both.

“It may here be observed, that most of the watering-places in France have a resident medical inspector, appointed by government, whose duty it is to make himself fully acquainted with the properties and medicinal virtues of the waters at the respective stations—an arrangement which, in some places, is highly necessary for the safety of the invalids, who, in many cases, might employ them in diseases in which they were prejudicial, or use them in a manner inconsistent with their complaints. We now find a superintending physician at almost all the principal mineral sources in that country—men of good education, who form a useful and gentlemanlike addition to the society of the place, affording every information, not only to the invalid, but to the naturalist, who may be induced to visit any of these sequestered spots.”

### Conversations on Nature and Art. John Murray, Albemarle St.

A CHARMING little volume containing all the popular information on the mysteries of nature and science that may be conveniently communicated to the young or otherwise uninstructed, and which we strongly recommend to the use of parents and schoolmasters, as peculiarly adapted for the purposes of education, and eminently fitted for general instruction. It is not the least merit of this unpretending little work that it is given in the form of dialogue, a mode of writing which we perfectly well remember, from our own experience, has peculiar fascinations for the infant mind.

### Caracteres Phrenologiques et Physiognomiques des Contemporains les Plus Celebres. Par THEODORE PONPIN. 8vo. Baillière.

WE sit not down to weary our reader, with our own musings upon Phrenology, but to introduce to him the author of a most delightful book, interesting alike to the phrenologist and to the student of character. It is an

assemblage of masterly ideas, or as our author himself styles it, "a mixture of phrenology, philosophy, physiognomy, poetry, axioms, religion, drama, and even politics."

The work opens with several short but able chapters upon phrenology and physiognomy, their respective histories as a science, and their utility. Under the latter head, as applied to phrenology, we are induced to offer a quotation:

"The study of phrenology is useful both to the moralist and the physician.

"For the moralist, inasmuch as it enables him to discern that morality is indispensable to happiness. It assures him that moral laws are as inherent in human nature as the principles of arts and sciences, and the vegetative laws of organisation;—it shows him the difficulties of judging others with accuracy and justice, and the error that we constantly commit in assuming ourselves as the moral and standard of the human race, praising only what we admire, and blaming that which does not accord with our own manner of acting and of thinking. Phrenology, too, will explain to him the necessity for mutual charity in every thing that does not militate against the universal rules of reason and virtue.

"As moral causes frequently disturb the vegetative functions, phrenology becomes equally useful to the physician. Without phrenology the doctrines of mental alienation will be merely conjecture and empirical, for an accurate knowledge of the phenomena of the mind in a state of health will be absent. Conformably to this principle men had recourse, during the early ages, to exorcism, under the belief that the insane were possessed of evil spirits;—or they were abandoned to their fate and to nature, under the belief that the soul possessed an action uninfluenced by the body. Restored to the conviction by the aid of phrenology, that mental alienation depends upon corporeal causes, and that the immediate cause resides in the brain, the physician will treat the insane according to the principles of general disease.

"Phrenology is also useful to human happiness in pointing out the path to be pursued in the perfection of human nature.

"We therefore do not hesitate to affirm that, with time, phrenology will become, as it is already in Germany, the science of sciences; it will improve the condition of individuals, of families, of nations; it will rectify all philosophical systems, will establish a certain and unchanging psychology, and will serve as the foundation of all future social institutions."

M. Ponpin then deems it necessary to display, simply and distinctly, the anatomy of the brain and skull, in reference to the science; he concludes the chapter by saying:—

"All this is doubtless very tedious, and but little interesting; but this description is necessary to those who have never studied anatomy. The comprehension of the following pages depends upon the knowledge given in these preliminary chapters. Better is it that the first twelve pages should be tedious to the reader than that the successive chapters should remain unintelligible for want of this same anatomic chapter, for the which we most humbly crave the pardon of our readers."

A very necessary and important topic in the study of Phrenology,—The influence of the temperaments upon the affective and intellectual phenomena—is thus agreeably discussed in the eighth chapter; it is scenic and conversational. The patron of the work replies to the author:—

"According to your opinion then, Mirabeau and Burnani were indebted for the exercise of courage, eloquence, decision, and circumspection, to the possession of a bilious temperament?"

"Yes, and agreeably to my system, that persons of a sanguine temperament like yourself, my dear Jules, have generally a vivid perception, a faithful memory, and a fertile and lively imagination; that they are generous, satirical, and joyous, and born foes of indifferent cheer, picquet, and melancholy.

\* \* \* \* \*

— But the sanguine man is ordinarily fickle and inconstant —

— All phrenologists admit the influence of the temperaments and of the organic constitution of the brain upon the modification of the affective and intellectual phenomena in relation to their quality and quantity;—but they do not attribute to the temperaments any special quality. According to them the temperament gives more or less activity and perfection to the faculties with which all are endowed.

There are four principal temperaments, the lymphatic, sanguine, bilious, and nervous.

“The *lymphatic* is recognised by a pale countenance, thick skin, soft and compressible muscle, without elasticity, bloated face, thick dependent lips, half-opened mouth, blond and smooth hair and blue eyes. In such persons all the functions are slow, and the cerebral activity feeble.

“The *sanguine*, allied with a bulky body, possesses a high-coloured and flushed face, smooth firm skin, rounded limbs, elastic muscle, warmth of surface, active perspiration, vermilion lips, blue eyes, hair generally chestnut, and features expressive.

“The countenance of the *bilious* temperament is dark-coloured, the skin dry and compact, features prominent and hard, muscle firm, hair and eyes black, and a piercing, almost electric, glance.

“The *nervous* temperament is accompanied with a lean body, with little or no colour, skin thin and delicate, none or but little hair, great nervous susceptibility, and rapidly changing features.

“These temperaments are, however, but rarely simple and pure, but are generally more or less combined.”

Then follows a chapter upon phrenological classification, which is simply and clearly explained, and which closes what may be considered the elementary, though highly important portion of the book.

Our Author then engages upon the main intention of the work, which is explicitly expressed in the title which he has given to it. He explains the application of each of his organs by the head of a remarkable and celebrated individual whose portrait accompanies the sketch. We are thus introduced in succession to the most distinguished men in France, as, Gall, Casimir, Perier, Lafitte, Dupuytren, Talleyrand, Braussais, Beranger, La Martine, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Orfile, Arago, Cuvier, De la Meunais, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Scribe, and many of other countries, as Sir Walter Scott, Rossini, &c., in all thirty-seven, whose portraits, and good likenesses and well executed, illustrate the description.

Here the phrenologist in good truth put his science to the fairest test, while he compares the form of the developments with the well-known character and peculiarities of the individual. We have but one regret, which is that the volume is not English, and founded entirely upon English characters, which would be better appreciated. We wish this only for the mass of the world, for ourselves and for those who avail themselves of the abundant means of information daily presented to the public, the characters of all the personages are as familiar as that of our most popular statesmen or philosophers. We select one from among the characters so beautifully described in this book, and we sincerely regret that we cannot place more before our readers.

Sir Walter Scott is made the type of inhabitiveness, and the position of the organ, large in the head of the bard of the north, is pointed out.

“We have heard philosophy reproached with the crime of extinguishing in our hearts the love of country and of social home. Wretched and ridiculous accusation! When France shall be no longer beloved, Frenchmen will exist no more—there will remain no patriotism. Patriotism is the sacred fire that burns for ever—it is the blood of our veins—the pulse of our heart. La

patrie! la patrie! is the last word we should exclaim, were the entire world crumbled to dust.

“There are some men who regard love for one’s native place as a kind of fanaticism; mind how you speak before them of the village where your eyes first beheld light, of your attachment to the very earth, to the atmosphere, to the village bell, or to the gentle murmur of the passing stream. All this is impenetrable mystery to their cold and egotist souls—in such hearts self is the dominant power, such men love nought but themselves;—they possess not a single generous association; listening to them you might believe that they exist without having submitted to the weakness of infancy—that they are secure from the tomb.

“Delicious is the privilege to enjoy the remembrance of a spot upon the earth, where all our delightful dreams are assembled, our youthful loves and our parting hour! Delicious to picture a happy life in the little white cottage sheltered with rosy tiles, as did Rousseau. There are you known by the very trees that grace the hamlet—that crowing cock announced your birth, that wooden cross looked on whilst you received the name of Christian—that heavenly star rose through the ethereal arc to protect your life—the old church portals have creaked a kindly welcome to your repeated presence. There alone are you at home, and beside your family;—there rests your father, there sleeps your mother;—there were you a helpless babe;—there will you return in old age.

‘O village charmant, O riantes demeures,

\* \* \* \* \*

Il semble qu’une autre air parfume vos rivages,

Il semble que leur vue ait ranimé mes sens;

M’ait redonné la joie et rendu mon printemps.’

“‘I remember,’ says Bernadin de Saint Pierre, ‘that when I arrived in France on board a vessel from the East Indies, as soon as the seamen came in sight of the coast of their country, they became incapable of further labour. Some looked upon it without power to avert their eyes, others put on their best clothes, some whispered in the others’ ears, others wept. As we approached nearer, their emotion increased: they had been absent several years.’

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“There is a little Swiss air called the ‘Rang des Vaches.’ At one period it was not permitted to be played in France or Holland, for on hearing it the Swiss soldiers deserted by companies.

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“Sir Walter Scott’s exclusive love for Scotch subjects shows his attachment for Abbotsford and Scotland. Passionately attached to the ancient customs of his country, he solaced himself in his inability to follow them religiously, by his warm descriptions. His pious admiration of the national character induced us to choose him for our type, an admiration which compels Mr. Jedediah Cleichbottom to detail every point of character, even to the very faults.

“Addressing Washington Irving, in one of their walks from Abbotsford, Sir Walter exclaims, ‘Here, then, I have led you like the Pilgrim in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ to the summit of these delicious hills, that I might spread before your eyes all the beauties of our country. There is Lammermoor and Smailholme—there is Galashiels and Torwoodlee—there Gala Water;—and in this direction you see Tiviotdale and the Yarrow: and this silvery thread that winds beneath your eye is the limpid current of Ettrick that empties itself into the Tweed.’ He continued, passing in review all the celebrated names of the songs of Scotland, and which at the present day owe their lively interest solely to his pen.

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I looked around me for some time with mute surprise, I might say in mute

disappointment. A succession of gray hillocks, crowned by undulating and monotonous crests, extended one behind the other as far as the eye could reach. You could nearly have seen a large fly walking along their marginal profiles, so sterile and bare of vegetation were they.

“ ‘When I have passed some months in Edinburgh,’ said Sir Walter, ‘I wish myself at home amongst my honest, simple, gray-tinted hills. In truth, were I not to see our fogs at least once a year, I believe I should die.’

“ It is said the Lady Morgan rivals Sir Walter Scott. Truly she treats like him on national subjects, but there is in the writings of that lively lady, much more of love of approbation than of inhabitiveness. And we must confess (however ungallant and unworthy of a French pen) that Lady Morgan appears to be endowed with much less of national pride than of personal vanity. She speaks with pleasure of the Irish, but it is, says a contemporary, of an Irish girl, of whom she speaks particularly and constantly with enthusiasm: they add also, doubtless slanderously, that this Irish girl is herself! So that Miss O’Halloran in O’Donnell, and the attractive Lady Clarence in Florence M’Carthy, are simply full lengths of Lady Morgan, considerably embellished by the Author.

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The historical romances of Ireland are read, the romantic histories of Scotland arouse enthusiasm. Victor Hugo gives a reason for this fact.

“ ‘The reason,’ says he, ‘is simple. Lady Morgan possesses the tact to observe what she sees, memory to retain her observations, and management enough to relate at the best moment that which she has remembered; but her science goes no farther. Thus her characters, sometimes well traced, are not supported. Next to a trait which may strike you for its truth, because she has copied it from nature, you find another offensive for its falsity, because she has invented it. Walter Scott, on the contrary, conceives a character after having observed carefully a single indication; he sees it in a word and paints it the same; his excellent judgment prevents him from erring, and that which he creates is almost always as true as that which he observes. When talent is carried to this point, it is more than talent; we may therefore reduce the parallel to two words. Lady Morgan is a clever woman;—Walter Scott a man of genius.

We quit this work with sorrow, for it contains many admirable moral sentiments and interesting sketches. It is well fitted for a drawing-room, and deserves to be generally read and carefully studied.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

##### The Carthusian. Taylor.

THIS is the first number of a periodical apparently designed to afford a sort of antithetical satire on the cheap literature of the day. It consists of the effusions of the School Boys of Charterhouse, and is modestly charged half-a-crown, being about half the size of the Monthly. If there be reading fools enough to warrant the appearance of a second number, we are no prophets. The unflinching contributors evince a healthy viridity emblematic of extreme greenness in the world of letters. We recommend them to adhere to penny buns and gingerbread for another couple of years at least.

##### The Monk of Cimiés. Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

THIS story is written with a view to expose the miseries and mischiefs incident to the monastic state and the errors of Roman Catholicism. The exposure of these errors is effected in the course of the biography of a Mr. Hetherington, the second son of an Irish nobleman. He, though from his violent temper and profligate habits unfit for such a profession, is intended for the

church. He enters upon his sacred calling, which by sundry acts he disgraces, and is finally converted to Catholicism. He is convinced of his errors after having been for a short time behind the scenes of the farce of papistry, and returns to the bosom of the episcopal church. A love story of course is attached to the more important incidents of the tale, and some parts of the narrative are stuffed full of horrible crimes and narrow escapes. The hero but just slips through the hands of the Inquisition—is made aware of poisonings and assassinations through the medium of the confessional, and is himself as complete a scoundrel as one could well imagine. The story is well enough told, and some of the descriptions of scenery are sufficiently vivid, but the religious disquisitions are, we think, of too subtle a nature to be intelligible by those who have not especially devoted themselves to the study of such topics. We give a few extracts as specimens of the style:—

“The subterranean chapel was not now, as I had before seen it, partially illuminated by the flickering flame of a single torch, but blazing with many lighted tapers; there were six or eight upon the altar before the crucifix, bringing forward in strong relief not only the marble figure of the Dead Saviour, but that of a beautiful Magdalen weeping at the foot of the crucifix (a figure which I had not before observed), with an infinitude of rich marbles, gems, and emblazonments. In the centre of the hall was a bier covered with a black pall on which the beloved remains were laid out, having at the feet and head many burning tapers, a small cross in silver being placed upon the breast.

“The strong glare of these numerous lights had penetrated far into the deep and dismal recesses of this last receptacle of the household, filling up the shadowy outlines I had first seen within the mournful abode, and showing many old sarcophagi and mural niches, all of which had already, no doubt, received one or more tenants. The air of these subterraneous chambers was filled almost to suffocation with the odour of the frankincense which burned before the altar in a sort of brazier.

“I rushed forward until within one or two feet of the bier, and then came to a stand, fixed to the spot as if under the influence of some horrid spell. The figure which reposed on that cold bed was arrayed in the perfect costume of a novice, such as she appears in the day of her espousals, with a crown of roses on her veiled brow. The roses on the head of the poor corpse before me looked perfectly fresh,—I presume that they were as artificial as all else in the complicated system to which she had been made the sacrifice; the head of the corpse was slightly elevated by a cushion; the pale hands were brought before and united on the breast; the face was covered with white cere-cloth curiously cut in figures; the feet were concealed by the long black robe. And there she lay in total stillness—that fair creature, who but a short time since had opened all her heart to me, and told me the tale of her disastrous love, of which I was myself the miserable object—a love which, under the impressions I then had, I could hardly consider any thing else than adulterous; for had she not entered into the most solemn engagements, of a nature of which I cannot now speak without feeling that I am speaking blasphemy?”

“Were I to write volumes I could hardly explain all that passed in my mind in that dread hour, in that dread hall: at length, as making a desperate effort, I stepped near the bier and raised the covering from the face; but all that remained amid the ravages of death of what was formerly so exquisitely beautiful, but faintly brought back the memory of that lovely one. There were, indeed, the delicately formed lips, the lovely and pencilled eye-brow, but set and fixed in death, and a forehead white as marble of Carrara. I placed my hand upon the forehead; it was hardly cold, and yet the seal of death was so indelibly set on every feature, there could be no mistake; but I felt that in looking longer on those features, madness must ensue. I pressed my lips upon the polished brow, and rushed as hastily from the grottoes as I had entered into them.”

This is the body of his cousin, who has turned nun for love of him, when she

found herself for ever separated from the object of her love, by the impenetrable barrier of the convent. The following are descriptions of the scenery on the coast of the gulf of Genoa, in the neighbourhood of Cimiés, and of the monastery itself :—

“What in nature is more magnificent than this road which is designated the Corniche, and which, in my time, was little more than a ledge over the precipices for the foot of the goat or the mule? It is here that the Alps extend themselves to the sea, not coming down with gentle slopes, but boldly and abruptly, presenting to the mariner, precipices of granite, or perhaps marble, in some places of three or four or more thousands of feet; these rocks, extending themselves in lengthened promontories into the sea, forming beautiful small bays, and having for the most part some picturesque town of unknown antiquity fixed either at the end of each promontory, or the bottom of the bay. Add to these deep ravines, through which pour, or rather rush, copious mountain torrents,—woods of infinite depth and shade,—castles and convents scattered here and there,—and vestiges even of times before the Christian era; for it is on a point of one of these promontories, a culminating point which commands on one side the hills of France and the bay of Antibes, and old Vente Mighlia, Bordegherra, and Ezza, with many other cities of ancient Liguria on the other, that stands the Trophœa Augusta, still commanding though in ruin; and when these images are all brought together, what more can be contributed of beautiful and wonderful to form a series of scenes most astonishing to the eye?

“The site of the monastery of Cimiés is in the centre of that ancient Roman city, which was built on an eminence near where the Cemmenos Mountains, or Maritime Alps, are terminated by the sea. The original name of the town was Cimmelion,—a name compounded of Cemmenos and Ilion,—thus bringing together past and present ages in one point of view, for here was a comparatively modern Ilion, though now in ruins. To give an idea, to one who has never gone beyond the sea-girt borders of his native island, of the sort of country in which Cimiés is situated, would, I conceive, be almost impossible. Description is a poor thing, unless to restore that which has been seen, or something like it; nevertheless, I will do what in me lies to describe this place of severe and retributive suffering to me.

“The comparatively rude fabric of superstition in which I had taken refuge had been first raised in that place, on the ruins of the ancient Cimiés, as long back I apprehend as the Carlovingian era. The city had stood on a bold and broken ledge of rock, partially covered with soil, near where the Maritime Alps are washed by the Mediterranean; this ledge being separated on the east from other abrupt and rugged heights by the stony bed called Paglion, which is sometimes so dry as to be passed without the fear of wetting even the soles of a lady’s slipper, and again becomes the channel of a tide so fierce, rushing from the snowy mountains in the back ground, as to force back and to disturb the waters of the ocean.

“The comparatively modern town of Nice lies at the mouth of the Paglion; and a little to the left of Nice is the hill and fort of Montaulban, so often spoken of in the records of the dark ages.

“To the north and west of Cimiés are rugged heights, tumbled one upon another, in a manner to baffle the most skilful topographer, and intersected with deep ravines, of which some are so narrow as well to deserve the epithet of the dark valleys bestowed on them. The soil is every where rugged and stony; not a blade of grass is to be observed, but a number of beautiful saxifrages and flowering shrubs, the almond, the aloe, and the caroube being frequent. Here also are vast fields of olive trees, and not unseldom a country house, painted with some brilliant fresco, with overhanging roofs flanked with clumps of shapely cypress, and stiff gardens of orange and citron trees, is seen perched on heights which no vehicle, not having wings, could ever be expected to attain. The whole region is intersected by narrow lanes,

walled on each side, and crossing each other at various angles, each opening having a doorway and porch, of which the picturesque form brings to the mind some ancient representation of Italian scenery or some old Bible print. The whole extent of the hill, or of that portion of the mountain especially called Cimiés, was either scattered with ruins, or sprinkled with little shrines and chapels, amongst which such as were dedicated to St. Rosalie, who is represented with a bleeding heart in her hand, were by far the most numerous. Here is an ancient Roman theatre, of which much remains; baths and tombs, broken pillars, sarcophagi, and ruins of temples; but, inasmuch as the neighbouring town of Nice has attracted most of the inhabitants of Cimiés for ages past, there is now shed through this whole scene of ancient pomp, an air of gloom and desertion which I cannot describe, though it suited the diseased state of my mind at that time to explore these ruins, and to meditate amongst them on the vanity of present things."

We sincerely recommend this very useful work to the consideration of all such as have at heart the interests of Protestantism, and are desirous of encouraging so talented a lady as Mrs. Sherwood in her efforts to promote the good cause.

Mrs. Maberly, or the World as It Will Be. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Macrone.

THIS book has been most unmercifully abused by some of our contemporaries; and though we do not profess to take up the cudgels in defence of the author, we must say that such *violent* censure is not deserved. Leaving undiscussed propriety in the choice of the story, which is ridiculous enough, and not new,—inasmuch as the 'Mummy' had previously removed the veil from futurity, and indulged us to our hearts' content with absurdities of steam-judges, balloons, &c. &c.,—we must grant to the author a little tact in the management of his characters, and some knowledge of the conversational machinery of novel-writing.

With these short observations, we leave a very laughable book in the reader's hands. He must judge for himself.

Manuella, or the Executioner's Daughter. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

THE author of these volumes presents his readers with a Spanish romance drawn from its modern history; and certainly on such a subject he might, one would think, have fairly acquitted himself; but has decidedly failed, and failed owing to a mistake in the qualities of his own mind. If, instead of attempting what is utterly beyond his power—to weave a number of probable incidents into a connected and consistent story—he had confined himself to the humorous or grave description of the different scenes and events that he has witnessed, he would have been more useful and more entertaining. There can be little doubt that the writer has been in Spain for some time; his language is that of an eye-witness, and his familiarity with the manners of the people indicates a considerable length of residence. We would caution those, however, who are inclined to venture the task of reading "Manuella," against taking for granted the truth or probability of the thousand and one plots and intrigues recorded in its pages. The writer must have stood open-mouthed in the chief square of Madrid ready to devour all the rumours that passed on the wind, and then have transferred them to his paper as the illustrations of the troublous disasters of priest-ridden Spain.

We said before, that the author should have confined himself to the description of scenes and events. We may add that he is successful in hitting off character. The soldier Curé, we have little doubt, is the true portraiture of an abandoned priest, driven by desperate fortunes from the pursuit of saving souls, to the more congenial trade of murdering her Catholic Majesty's liege subjects. The gormandizing lily-livered Colonel with his *pâtés aux perigords* is also admirably drawn. Of the scenes—we like best the bull-fight, and the bolero. The latter is sprightly and in good taste. We shall be happy

to recognise the unsuccessful novelist in the more sober but better fitting dress of the anecdotist—the painter of men and manners.

Poems—Original and Translated, by C. P. WYATT, B.A. J. Fraser. IN the iron age of poetry, it is refreshing to find that the Muses have not entirely left their abode on earth. So seldom are we privileged to read a bit of true poetry from the pen of our contemporaries that we are quite out of practice in such criticism. It may be a blunder on our part; but we think that in the little volume before us there are some very pretty gems.

Let a few extracts decide the truth or falsehood of our judgment.

#### THE KNIGHT OF ARKENDALE.

THE valiant knight of Arkendale—from Holy Land he came,  
Where quailed the Saracen before the terror of his name;  
Now tired of siege and battle, for home his bosom burned,  
And to his native halls and lands content the chief returned.

What change comes o'er thy joyous brow, brave knight of Arkendale?  
Why pausest thou so suddenly? why doth thy cheek grow pale?  
Why look'st around bewildered? Perchance, there's one can say:  
This aged man that meets thee here upon thine homeward way.

“O what is this, thou aged man?” the knight in wonder cried;  
“Where be the towers that once stood upon that hill's brown side?  
Where be the huts and shepherds all down this pleasant vale?  
And where oh! where the lady of the knight of Arkendale?”

“Sir knight,” replied that aged man, “the lord of these domains  
Long time hath sought the distant wars on Syria's burning plains;  
His vassals deemed he bold, and his lady true and kind,  
And his towers strong! it irked him naught of danger left behind.

“Sir Mark of Hellbeck was his foe: scarce had a year gone o'er,  
Ere on the lands of Arkendale with fire and sword he bore;  
He came with all his warriors, and scoured the valley through,  
The shepherds fled, the armed fought—brave men, but ah! too few.

“He came with ladder and with torch, and hemmed the castle round,  
And the stately towers burned and blazed, and crumbled to the ground.”  
“Enough, good man!” exclaimed the knight; “despite this woful tale,  
Sir Mark of Hellbeck yet may know the knight of Arkendale.

“But, say, what of the lady that the knight had left behind?  
His faithful wife, where is she gone, that was so true and kind?”  
“O knight! the faithless lady!—not many moons had shone,  
Ere she her own knight had forgot, and with a stranger flown.

“A southern lord to Arkendale, while yet its castle stood,  
Came young and gay; his honied words the beauteous lady woo'd:  
Of plighted vow she recked not, nor of her marriage bed,  
But lightly with her paramour to other bowers fled.”

“And is it thus?” the knight exclaimed; and “dost thou tell me true?”  
“Now Heaven in anger grant,” he said, “that falsehood I may rue!”  
“Then is the fate too cruel,” the soul-struck warrior cried,  
“That not in Syria's battle I by Paynim steel had died!

“Enough, enough, thou aged man! My faithful vassals gone,  
My ravaged lands, my castle razed, fierce vengeance might atone;  
These had not bowed my spirit: though spent with years and toil,  
The knight of Arkendale had yet wreaked justice for the spoil.

“But she, for whom through every scene of glory I have mourned,  
 Reposing on whose love and truth with joy I home returned,—  
 The loved one of my bosom—what more can life avail?  
 Death is the only boon that waits the knight of Arkendale!”

A few brief days, and that old man the warrior's eyes hath closed,  
 And where he first had tasted love in death the chief reposed:  
 Below his mouldering castle, down in that lonely vale,  
 He lies. God rest thy weary soul, poor knight of Arkendale!

THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH.

On yon Sierra's loftiest hill,  
 That far and wide surveys,  
 A haggard crowd there stood and still,  
 In melancholy gaze;  
 There had they check'd their flight and stayed  
 To look on all behind them laid.

It was Granada's outcast race  
 That halted on that height,  
 Whence their fair city's minaret-blaze  
 Bounded the distant sight;  
 Silent they stood, nor strove to tell  
 The breakings of their hearts' farewell.

For when that hill above them lowers,  
 When crossed those mountains blue,  
 No more shall old Granada's towers  
 Greet the poor exiles' view;  
 Their latest look on all so dear,  
 Their latest sojourn—must be *here*.

They knew it well, they knew it well;  
 And full their bosoms grew,  
 As in that lingering farewell  
 Th' embitter'd soul they threw,  
 And mute and motionless stood there  
 With the fond firmness of despair.

They knew it well; and long they stood  
 In agony of love,  
 Yet from their eyes no tear there flowed,  
 Nor word for utterance strove;  
 For mightiest sorrow e'er appears  
 Too full for words, “too deep for tears.”

They knew it well. At length they turned,  
 Their eyes from gazing tore;  
 Yet still that wish their bosom burned,  
 “One look! oh, one look more!”  
 One look they gave ere on they passed  
 One soul-breath'd sigh—it was their last!

O sadly memorable place,  
 And melancholy hill!  
 In pity for that outcast race  
 The pilgrim's eyes will fill;  
 And his responsive breast heave high,  
 While gazing on “The Moor's Last Sigh.”

The Bridal of Naworth; a Poem in Three Cantos. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE story of this spirited poem is, as we learn from the preface, founded on events narrated in Nicholson's History of Cumberland. It is a wild and fanciful theme, filled with the material after olden romances, and is handled with much taste, feeling, and delicacy. The rhythm is for the most part excellent, and the characters, though only faintly portrayed, are touched in a masterly style. Since Scott's "Harold the Dauntless," we have seen nothing of the kind superior. This, though high praise in these days, will be found to be fully justified on a perusal of the volume itself. Here is an extract that will suffice to stamp its poetical merits much above mediocrity:—

“Maimed by oppression in each better part,  
Sensual by nature, brutalized by art,  
Savage and sullen, grov'ling as the earth,  
He trod in slav'ry from his hour of birth—  
The abject peasant clank'd his galling chain,  
And found in crime a recompence for pain.  
All fearful vices of that barb'rous age  
Could ease his labours, and his pains assuage;  
Revengeful, selfish (vices of the heart  
Which knows no kin, but ever broods apart),  
Prowling and daring, ignorant of law,  
What recked he for the bounds he never saw?  
Or what had recked all human ties beheld?  
His arm ne'er spared but where its force was quelled.  
The dark effect accorded with the cause—  
He found no justice, recognized no laws.  
Driven like a surly beast from stall to field,  
The goaded serf toiled on, by custom steeled.  
Spurned by his lord, as fellow to the brute,  
The mastiff licked, or snarled, or bit the foot,  
As strength or daring prompted—he but knew  
Such bonds as those his tyrants on him threw;  
And wilder, fiercer, from his spirit broke  
The smothered flame, when once escaped the yoke.  
Earth was to him as our first parents known;  
What yielded to his grasp became his own:  
And in the deep recesses of a breast  
So wholly lost, degraded, and oppressed,  
What marvel such an evil spirit grew  
As jars with nature, when thus shown to view?”

Of this Lord Ranulph the hero is the leader, and his deeds are narrated with graphic skill and distinctness. The Third Canto is a very powerful piece of dramatic composition, and indeed the whole framework of the tale evinces capability for that species of writing worth the highest praise. We trust that the author will speedily afford us another opportunity of welcoming him in print.

#### The Outcast.

Is a poem that affords a very healthy contrast to the majority of versified perpetrations in these days. Its merits are likely to be overlooked, from the fact of its coming before the public in sheets, and without a respectable exterior, but it is deserving of the attention of the patrons of light literature.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

OPERA BUFFA.—“Chiara di Rosenberg,” the opera from which Balfe is said to have derived the best part of his *Siege of Rochelle*, and from which at least the plot is taken, was presented to an English audience at the Lyceum on the 24th of January.

The story is somewhat as follows:—“Clara of Rosenberg” when about to marry the “Marquis of Valmore,” is suspected of destroying his infant son by a former marriage, whose claims might have interfered with her own prospects or those of her expected offspring. The real murderer is a person whom she supposes to be her father, and whose guilt she conceals through motives of filial piety. He aids her escape from prison, and at the commencement of the opera she is found residing with “Marcella,” the wife of “Michel,” a retainer of “Count Rosenberg.” The “Countess,” who long since lost a daughter, is inclined to adopt the amiable “Clara.” At this juncture the “Marquis of Valmore” arrives and denounces the supposed murderess, though he still retains much affection for her person. By the instrumentality of “Michel,” “Montalban,” the father of “Clara,” is proved to be the assassin, and as this discovery would leave the principal characters involved in much distress, a further discovery is made, namely, that “Clara” is the lost daughter of “Rosenberg.”

Such a farrago of nonsense is reasonably to be expected by every one acquainted with the usual run of Italian librettos; but of course the music is the principal attraction. We must do Mr. Balfe the justice to say that the resemblance of his opera to Ricci’s is principally in the story, though we do not think any of his works bear the stamp of originality. He is rather, we think, a man of talent than a man of genius. However, to return to our opera. The music throughout is agreeable, but we do not think in any part pre-eminently fine. As a whole the performance went off well, but no separate portion was particularly striking.

The part of “Clara” was supported by Blasis, who has not any of the natural attributes of a heroine, and though she acted very well throughout, burlesque notions were constantly excited either by association or by the intrinsic comicality of her style. Especially in her scenes with “Montalban,” played by Bellini, who is utterly unfit for any thing in the shape of tragedy, we were constantly reminded of the mock parting of Dido and Æneas in the “*Avventura di Scaramuccia*.” Let Blasis eschew the buskin and stick to the sock. In comedy she is excellent—in tragedy only endurable. We are much surprised that this part was not entrusted to Giannoni,\* who would

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\* We are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting particulars with regard to Giannoni. She was not originally brought up for the stage, but, residing at Naples, attracted the attention of a Spaniard, who was so ardent an admirer of the

have made it highly attractive, while in the hands of Blasis it lost much of its effect from the causes we have above stated.

Catone played the "Marquis," and sung, as he always does, with exquisite taste and sweetness. His song—

"Ove eredeà di porgere  
Conforto ai mali miei"—

gave the most unmixed delight to the audience, as also in the duet with Blasis,—

"Ma verra, verra il momento."

There is a simplicity and elegance about his style which is delicious to the ear after being accustomed to the over-wrought cadences of Rubini, which almost cloy with an excess of sweets. We long to hear him in Mozart. He would give

"Il mio tesoro"

to perfection.

Miss Fanny Wyndham appeared in petticoats as the old "Countess," and did what little she had to do exceedingly well, though a remarkably fine young woman is by no means a fitting representative in person of a motherly dame of fifty. The parts of "Rosenberg" and "Michel" were filled by Signors Torri and Ruggiero.

January 31st.—A comedietta, adapted from the French vaudeville of "Michel and Christine," with music by M. Benedict, was played in England for the first time on this night, and we are free to confess that we should have felt no regret had it never been played at all. With the plot no doubt many of our readers are familiar, but for the information of such as have not seen the French original we will detail the few incidents of the operetta. "Eliza's" old lover has left her for the army, promising to return in a year and a day to claim her hand. Meanwhile, with more than woman's fickleness she becomes attached to a handsome young peasant, and on the completion of the period of her probation, her warrior not having arrived, she joyfully consents to marry her new *inamorato*. The unexpected *entrée* of "Lorenzo" causes some confusion and distress to the silly couple, until, perceiving the state of her affections, he generously foregoes his right, presents them with all his fortune as a dowry, and returns to the perils and excitement of a soldier's life.

In the original piece the plot went for nothing; all depended on the acting and peculiar nature of the characters. A Frenchwoman has acquired by established custom the right to be fickle, and the French *militaire* is an animal as much *sui generis* as our English sailor. Then the parts of "Stanislas," the soldier, and "Michel," the country boy, were written for Gontier and Perlet, and those who have seen them at

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young songstress that, on her refusal to listen to his addresses, he tried to destroy himself. Moved by such a strong mark of devotion, she consented to an union; but marriage soon turned the honey into gall, and in a paroxysm of jealousy he attempted her life as he had before his own. This was a mode of displaying his affection by no means pleasant to the lady, who forthwith separated herself from the bed and board of so ferocious an admirer. Her income being considerably affected by this change, she found it necessary to adopt a profession of which we are confident she is destined to become one of the brightest ornaments.

the Gymnase or Theatre de Madame la Duchesse de Berri, as it was at that time called, will not readily forget the effect produced on a Parisian audience by their astonishing performance. We forget at present the name of the original representative of "Christine," but she was an actress of considerable note. The same piece was repeatedly played in London during the flourishing period of the French company while they occupied the little theatre in Tottenham Street, the parts being then filled by Pelissié, Laporte, and St. Ange, Laporte being at a somewhat later period replaced by Perlet, who took his original character. There was no more popular *vaudeville* in their catalogue; and the distress of the lovers and magnanimity of the rough soldier seldom failed to draw tears from the eyes of the fair audience. Now however attractive the dialogue in the original, in the Italian version it is guiltless of wit, *naïveté*, or effect; and as the music is by no means striking, the whole affair was uncommonly dull. Ronconi made nothing of his only song, "Al campo della gloria," nor do we think any thing can be made of so tame a piece of music; besides which, he looked not like a rough sergeant, but like a count in disguise. Giannoni had very little to do either as a songstress or actress, but did that little well. Miss Fanny Wyndham was encored in a song, "Pastorello pien d'amore," for the sake of a few notes of extraordinary power and depth at the conclusion. The air itself was by no means deserving of repetition, except inasmuch as it served as a vehicle for her singing. The somniferous qualities of this operetta were made the more apparent by comparison with the lively first act of "L'Elisir d'Amore," by which it had been preceded.

*February 11th.*—This night was appropriated to the second in rank of Mozart's operas, and though it is admitted on all hands by competent judges that the "Don Giovanni" is the most perfect dramatic composition of his or any other person's, it may be a matter of doubt whether the "Nozze di Figaro" is not, from the more agreeable and lively plot and lighter music, a still greater favourite with the public. At all events, after playing to empty benches for the whole of their brief season, on this occasion the house was crammed to suffocation. The stalls and private boxes have always been well filled, but as these may be considered the peculiar property of that class who go not where they are entertained, but where fashion calls them, they furnish no data by which to judge of the public taste. Now the price of admission to the boxes and pit being within the reach of all persons enjoying moderately good means, the number of visitors to those parts of the theatre form a very good criterion of the estimation in which the performances are held. As long as the light but lively operas of the new Italian school were the only food offered to the musical appetite few were present at the feast. As soon as the promised banquet is an opera by Mozart, the unopened doors are thronged with impatient crowds; and fortunate indeed are those who can procure reasonably good places in the small area allotted for the public.\* Hundreds were sent back from the doors. This is not a

\* Those who have not visited the Lyceum lately should be informed that the best half of the pit is divided into stalls according to the practice in foreign theatres. But mark!—at English prices.

bad hint for future speculators. Notwithstanding the imputed want of taste for music in the English, we believe that good operas, well sung, would never be in want of an audience; that the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cimarosa, Rossini, and, perhaps, we might add Auber and Mayerbeer, if properly and effectively represented, might be played night after night to crowded houses. We are not finding fault with the production of novelties, but we may reasonably object to the conductors of the Opera Buffa that they have too exclusively aimed at novelty, when they might have better satisfied their supporters and consulted their own interests by serving up some of the old standing dishes.

We suspect, however, that there were other good reasons why Mozart was not brought forward earlier. It must not be forgotten that the difficulty of executing his music is considerable; that it will not bear any unskilful handling, but at once betrays imperfections of voice, of science, of industry, and of musical feeling. The Italians are accustomed to hash up their songs and introduce such alterations as are adapted to bring forward the best qualities of their voices, or any peculiar powers they may possess; and it must be confessed that the music does not appear to suffer by these changes. Change a note of Mozart's, give it an undue value, or introduce a cadence out of place, and the same effect is produced as by altering Shakspeare—you cannot improve, and the chances are a thousand to one in favour of your spoiling. Mozart too requires intent study and frequent rehearsal—two points not very consonant with the impatient feelings engendered by the warm sun of Italy. His music is a touchstone of merit, and many have succeeded in the execution of inferior works who have utterly failed when tried by this test.

To cut short a dissertation which we fear has already extended to too great a length, we were not so well satisfied with our old favourites as we have been heretofore. Blasis sung the music properly belonging to her part with great archness and spirit, and acted the lively waiting woman as well as need be; but why did she seize upon the page's song? It is, we allow, generally sung by the "Countess," but an artiste should always consult her own capabilities before she undertakes a song so difficult as "*Voi che sapete*." It requires the deepest pathos of expression throughout, and Blasis has no more of that sort of thing about her than master John Reeve has. In fact, her singing that song was a failure.\* Ronconi, as the "Count," was chaste and elegant, but did not seem at home in the music, which indeed requires a much more powerful voice than his to give it due effect. Miss Fanny Wyndham too disappointed us; she has done very well in every thing else, but is not up to Mozart. Bellini stumbled through "*Figaro's*" part, and, we suppose for the sake of the orchestral accompaniments or because every one is familiar with the air, was encored in "*Non piu andrai*," which, however, he sang very indifferently.

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\* Many of our readers will recollect the intensely earnest feeling with which poor Malibran gave this exquisite aria. We are not much given to the melting mood, but we never heard her sing it with dry eyes.

By the way, we cannot conceive why "Figaro's" scena in the garden, under the influence of jealousy, which is one of the finest morceaux in the opera, is invariably omitted. Torri played "Don Bartolo," and sung the air, "La Vendetta," which is seldom introduced, very well. The insignificant part of "Don Basilio" gave Catone no opportunity of displaying his powers. We should like to hear him in "Don Octavio." Right sure are we he would do justice to "Il mio tesoro intante." Pass we on to Giannoni, who alone of the cast of the "Nozze di Figaro" added to her reputation by this night's performance. Young in years, and new to the stage, she has much experience to acquire, and that confidence which enables the actress to make full use of her powers, unfettered by any apprehensions of failure. But she possesses an intuitive genius for acting, and has a soul for music. She feels as well as sings, and enters so completely into the sentiment of her part as to identify herself with the character. Her "Porgi amor" was a beautiful specimen of unadorned pathos—not a note added to or taken from Mozart, and all given with an expression that charmed the delighted hearers. In "Dove sono" she was equally successful, and we need scarcely add was encored in both. We trust we shall see her on a stage which will give fuller scope to her abilities, which are of the very highest order. Rubbi, in "Antonio," played the drunken gardener to the life. No wonder! It is a part he has rehearsed daily for some years past. The orchestral department was admirable—and how could it be otherwise when every performer is a professor on his instrument—most of them unrivalled?

In closing our account of this performance we cannot say that it gave us the same unmixed satisfaction as the previous productions of the season. But it is only fair to state that when we last saw the "Nozze di Figaro" Sontag, Malibran, Donzelli, and Pellegrini played the "Countess," "Susanna," the "Count," and "Figaro;" and as it was natural to make that a standard of perfection it is not surprising that we should feel dissatisfied with the performance of any inferior artists, albeit skilful in their profession.

The "Nozze di Figaro" being announced as the last of the performances by the Italian Company at the Lyceum, we are now enabled to make a few observations on the nature and results of the experiment.

England is, we believe, the only country where the attractions of the *ballet* are united to those of the opera—at least it is not so in Italy or France. There the lovers of the higher class of dramatic music are enabled to indulge their inclinations without paying for an expensive *spectacle* they do not see, or staying to witness an exhibition which is neither very moral nor intellectual. We do not profess to be squeamish; we can and do admire the exquisite grace and finish of Taglioni, the elegance and beauty of Duvernay, and the neatness and precision of Fanny Elsler. But we would rather have some theatre specially appropriated for pantomime in all its forms, including *ballet*, and have the music-stage clear for the singers. Besides, if nothing is given but an opera, the entertainment is not protracted to such an unconscionably late hour as when dancing is superadded.

In the expectation that the town would entertain the same opinion

as ourselves, Mr. Mitchell embarked in this undertaking ; and if it has not met with all the success it deserves, the idea must be acknowledged to be good, and no one can find fault with the mode in which it was carried into effect. Six operas, new to an English audience, have been brought out, and the garland completed by Mozart's gem, which alone is worth the whole produce of the Italian school put together. Of these, three, the "Elisir d'Amore," "Un Avventura di Scaramuccia," and "Nina," have been eminently successful ; "Chiara di Rosenberg" was not without its admirers ; "Il Furioso" failed, we are inclined to think, owing to the failure of Signora Luini ; and "Un Anno ed un Giorno" we suppose was produced in compliment to M. Benedict. Besides bringing back to us so accomplished an *artiste* as Blasis, whose well-known abilities we need not here dilate on, we have had a soprano, a tenor, and a barytone introduced to us, who would otherwise, perchance, have never crossed our channel, and all of whom can boast of qualifications of the highest order ; and as they are all young, especially the two former, we trust their improvement will keep pace with their growing favour. The names of Giannoni, Catone, and Ronconi, will be ever remembered with delight by those who have visited the Opera Buffa ; nor must we forget Miss Fanny Wyndham, whose very successful *debut* was most highly creditable to the native school of song. The performances have taken place too in a *salle* of moderate dimensions, enabling every one to see and hear perfectly well without the aid of telescope and ear-trumpet, and without compelling the vocalists to strain their organs to a degree which is almost as painful to the spectator as to the actor. The houses have not generally been such as to ensure a proper remuneration to the speculators. We trust, however, they have not been losers by their enterprise, and that they will not be discouraged from presenting a fresh series of operas in the ensuing winter, we hope to a more numerous—we are sure to not better satisfied audiences.

#### ADELPHI.

*February 20th.*—A new melo-drama has been brought out at the Adelphi for the express purpose of introducing the Bedouin Arabs in a new form. Their performances have been with great ingenuity wrought into the piece, which, independently of its peculiar object, has considerable merits. Its title is, "The Yacho ; or the Arab's Leap"—the second part being an allusion to one of the incidents of the drama, one of those vaulters bounding over the lofty palisades of a fortress to the rescue of his chieftain's son with an activity which seems almost superhuman. Reeve had a part which suited him, and which he accordingly made exquisitely funny. The play was given out for repetition with great applause.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition in Pall Mall this year presents many objects of high interest and attraction, and is on the whole extremely satisfactory; but the Directors might have spared the expression of their regret at being obliged to "return several works of considerable merit"—a declaration which casts an imputation on their judgment or impartiality—for there are many detestable daubs, scarcely fit to be hung up on sign-posts, and which occupy a considerable space; these ought unquestionably to have given place to the "works of considerable merit," if the directors be impartial; and if they thought them good, and therefore give them room on the walls, Heaven help their judgment! However, our present object is to criticise the pictures (and there are many excellent ones), and so we will let the directors alone. To begin then from the first, we have,

No. 1. Zarah, by F. Grant. A work of considerable merit on a very grand scale. The figure is much larger than life, the attitude well chosen, and the costume picturesque.

No. 3. Pilot Boat, running into St. Peter's, Guernsey. No. 19. Rigging Hulk and Frigate, by E. W. Cooke. These little pictures are exquisitely wrought, and with a fidelity almost unknown to landscape painters of the present day, who for the most part sacrifice the view to the effect, to that degree that the spot they have depicted is seldom recognizable even by those best acquainted with it.

Nos. 40, 41, and 42, all by the same hand, are equally true to nature. We predict confidently that a very few years will see Mr. Cooke at the head of his profession.

No. 12. Scene on the Lynn, North Devon. J. B. Pyne. A very clever picture. It struck us as a remarkable defect, that the mountains were too blue or too near. Every one knows that the hills only acquire that atmospheric tint when seen from considerable distances, and in this case we think the colouring or the perspective or both are at fault. The water falling down the rock is beautifully clear and pellucid.

No. 16. Windsor from the Thames, by the same artist, deserves praise.

No. 26. The Twin Sisters. A charming little picture by Mrs. Carpenter of two very pretty children. This is one of the best works we have seen of this very talented lady, whose abilities have secured her a rank among artists alike honourable to herself, her sex, and her country.

No. 72. Piazzelu at Venice, by J. Inskipp. A very clever, very odd sketch, of a dark-eyed Italian Girl, with a few indications of figures in the back ground. The style is peculiar, perhaps we might call it eccentric; but the effect is very pleasing.

No. 112. Greenwich Pensioners, J. Burnet. There is much praise due to this picture, and it is also in some measure a matter to be astonished at, that an artist who has devoted himself principally

to another branch of his profession, should handle the pencil so skilfully. One serious objection, which however is not to be attributed to the painter, but the subject, is the mass of blue in the coats of the old pensioners. Another is that no one should have ventured to paint a *pendant* to Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners, but Wilkie himself, and least of all Mr. Burnet.

No. 138. Trial of Rebecca. H. Andrews Pretty—but the pencil of the limner is inadequate to represent the scenes imagined by Scott.

No. 143. Valley of the Lynn, North Devon. T. I. Soper. This we thought a better or at least a more faithful representation of the scene than No. 12.

No. 146. L'Infiolata. T. Uwins, A. R. A. A beautiful child crowned with luxuriant wreaths of flowers of those bright hues which are not known in our damp sunless climes. The flesh is warm and pulpy, the shadows strongly marked (though the picture is by no means dark) and the tout-ensemble so natural that it produces the effect of a living head when seen from a distance. This we consider the gem of the exhibition.

No. 234. An American Packet running for Swansea Harbour, G. Chambers. The vessel which is heeling to starboard under the influence of a strong gale, is illuminated by the sun from the windward. The back ground is enveloped in that gloom which is usually seen in a stormy horizon to leeward.

No. 261. The Bombardment of Algiers. G. Chambers. This as well as the last-named picture is replete with indications of talent, and deserves a distinguished place in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital, which it is destined to adorn. In the left hand corner is a boat with a carronade in the bow, full of men pulling for the batteries. The variety and energy of expression and attitude is admirable.

No. 298. Study from Nature. T. F. Hodgkins. We presume this is a portrait of the artist by himself.

No. 339. An Italian Peasant playing to his Virgin. Execrable plagiarism.—Did Mr. C. R. Bone hope to escape detection when copying a well-known picture of Wilkie's?

No. 375. The Battle of Trafalgar. W. J. Huggins. What an awful business is this! It may be like the real thing, but is the reverse of a flattering likeness.

No. 398. Venice. J. Holland. This painting has all the character of truth, and is, we doubt not, a faithful representation as far as it goes, though certainly not of the most favourable points in the City of Islands.

No. 420. Calisto. P. Rothwell. The flesh is very beautifully painted, but the subject is eminently indecent, and certainly far too much so to render it a fit subject for public exhibition.

No. 451. A Study from Nature, that is to say, a very clever portrait from the pencil of J. Wood, which has been smuggled in under that denomination,—portraits as such being inadmissible.

Our limited space prevents us entering into more detailed notices of this exhibition, which contains many very excellent pictures be-

sides those we have named. It contains also many which are execrably bad, as for instance Nos. 183, 195, 206, 288, 353, 354, 362, 364, &c. &c. There are some too which have appeared elsewhere, and which we have on that account designedly abstained from noticing. Some of them, as No. 36, by Uwins, and No. 120, by Turner, are well worth attentive examination—others, either from the nature of the subject portrayed, or the indifferent execution, or both causes combined, had better have been kept at home with their faces to the wall or used to paint over as a ground for some more successful composition.

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### PANORAMA OF MONT BLANC, LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE view is taken from the chalet of the Flégère, where is to be found the most extensive prospect of the gigantic mountain. The general features are well and accurately depicted, and on the whole it gives a very exact idea of the stupendous mass. The glaciers want that beautiful transparent hue which is so peculiarly their property and which we believe to be inimitable by the painter's art. But the clear sky, the strongly defined outlines and fleecy clouds tinged with the rich sun-beams, are all very like nature. The Mer de Glace is the least successful part of the picture, nor were we very well pleased with that portion of the valley which is given, with the Arve flowing through it. There is a life and motion about those rapid torrents even when seen from an elevation of four or five thousand feet, which is poorly delineated in the muddy kennel of the Panorama. On the whole much credit is due to Mr. Burford, and those who have not had an opportunity of seeing the original should hasten to enjoy his excellent copy, and those who have should go and revive the pleasurable sensations they felt in the valley of Chamonix.

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### PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

On the opening of the present session, M. Dumoutier read a paper before the society, for the purpose of showing that Buffon committed an error in supposing that man owed the superiority of his intelligence solely to the admirable perfection of his hand.

At a very early period, Aristotle sustained the opinion, that the inventions of art were referable to the workings of reason, and not to the hands, which were merely instruments. Buffon's opinion is contradicted by a multitude of facts, and particularly by the following case, which hardly admits of a doubt of the aptitude for exercising the art resulting from the influence on the mental manifestations.

M. Duconet, the subject of this sketch, is a clever painter, but without arms, and only three feet two inches high. His spine is much twisted, he is humpbacked, he has no thighs, and his feet are very short and incomplete, being furnished with only four toes. In spite of his deformity he is very active, and by his own exertions provides very comfortably for his family. He stands but little, and for two reasons,—first, because that position is fatiguing and painful, and, principally, lest he should injure his feet in their application to the office of hands.

His childhood was a continued series of distressing suffering, very much increased by an unceasing petulance, which required the kindest feelings on the part of his friends to render supportable. He played well with his battle-door, and could spin a top with as much dexterity as any of his playfellows.

At the age of seven he could write and began to draw; soon afterwards he was sent to school, where he became conspicuous for ability; and, on the completion of his collegiate education, he was admitted into the studio of several celebrated painters. Here he had an opportunity of displaying great amiability and affection of manners, with fine moral qualities, distinguished talent, and discriminating judgment.

His phrenological conformation corroborated his elevated qualities, and gave promise of considerable professional ability. His success has fully warranted the high expectations that were anticipated for him, for he is now a painter of great celebrity, and has founded a school for himself.

One anecdote connected with his painting is amusing. The painters who have seen his works and examined his style, agree in one expression with regard to them, that he displays 'trop de main.'

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

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**RATHER OMINOUS.**—Believe the Tories, and the year of our Lord 1837 is the commencement of their millennium. A remarkable nice year truly it has been so far as it has gone, and a precious sample of what we may expect when the sun of office shall have entered Taurus, and Knatchbull be in the ascendant. Here we are just commencing the second month, and a fearful mortality has in a measure desolated our highways. Such snow has fallen that the propagation of conservative falsehood has been impeded by it. Such fogs have obscured the atmosphere, that at a short distance the Marquis of Waterford was mistaken for a gentleman, and the Bishop of London for a primitive Christian. There have been such frosts that the vanity of the author of "Runymede's Letters" has been congealed for half a dozen hours—when he was asleep; and, anon, such heats that Lord Eldon was about to promise to commence a distribution of blankets. The capture of Bilboa has appalled the hearts of the Carlists, and the seizure of Lord Ranelagh's wigs made Truefit the envy of every Christian tonsor from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. A murder has been perpetrated upon a woman in the Edgware Road, the horrors of which altogether eclipse any orange fiction of a parson butchery in Ireland. A hoax has been played off on Sir Frederick Roe and the Home Office, enough to deprive the Minerva press romance-mongers of the poor praise of being imaginative. An omnibus cad has said that he took one of the new fourpennies instead of a sixpence, and more than that, some people have believed him. A Scotchman has offered to make affidavit that he preferred the Highlands to London; and a Tory has been heard to make use of the word patriotism, but, being asked what it meant, confessed he knew not. Wonderful! wonderful! *Etzub! Etzub!* as they say in Abyssinian—a language with which and the English some of our constitution orators are equally conversant. This promises to be a marvellous year. We have not seen our old friend Francis Moore, Physician, but we suppose we may take it for granted that he has predicted all manner of good things. Indeed we should imagine that, like the Tories, he has too much regard for his character to be inconsistent in his absurdities. As sticklers for the faith of their ancestors, the Tories are doubtless given to a credence in omens; and if so, we should fancy they must regard that preternatural state of things with dismay, notwithstanding all the vaunted reaction in their favour. The *Times* is out of joint (our

grammar is not like the morality of a certain journalist—beyond suspicion) and if the faction are about to grasp power again, nature gives warning of the guilty thing's approach. The advent of *Macbeth* to the consummation of his fell design was heralded by the tumbling down of chimney-pots; and if we judge of *his* iniquity by such portentous indications, what shall we say is intimated by the hurricane of lamp-posts tiles and sky-lights, coping-stones, window-sills and geranium-pots, umbrellas donkey-carts and weather-cocks, wherewith the metropolis, yea, Fulham, Mile-End, Camberwell, and the Lord knows where, were visited a few weeks ago!

SHAKSPEARE AND THE PARSONS.—Our readers are aware that a subscription has been some time on foot for the restoration of Shakspeare's Monument, and the general preservation of the church wherein his remains are deposited at Stratford-upon-Avon. Of the propriety of such subscription there can be but one opinion; and, in looking through the published lists, we were pleased to see the names of several clergymen in the immediate vicinity of the birth-place of the immortal bard down for sums of various amounts. So far so well. But, on the twenty-sixth ult., there was held, in the town already mentioned, a violent Tory meeting, followed by a dinner, wherewith were assembled no less than fifteen parsons, though there were only twenty-five guests present whose names were thought worthy of being mentioned at all. Of all places in the world the spot chosen for this demonstration of political acerbity and religious intolerance was Shakspeare's Hall; and therein these fifteen men of God waxed eloquent in denouncing the majority of their fellow-subjects as incendiaries and infidels. In Shakspeare's Hall, these meek and lowly followers of the Fisherman of Galilee rose reeking from their viands and strong drink, and protested in the name of the God of all charity, that it was impiety to resist the grasping avarice of churchmen, and treason to dispute the supremacy of Toryism. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Davenport, a man of exceedingly advanced years, and who has been mentioned respectfully in conjunction with Shakspeare's memory, mumbled out his scarcely audible antipathies to the growing spirit of the times, affording the awful spectacle of a man who has outlived the consciousness of his own imbecility, but whose unchristian spitefulness nor years nor infirmities can extinguish. Shakspeare and the Parsons—"such names mingled!" We wonder the sanctified wassailers did not drink to his deathless memory as a high church man. Why, if they were not blinded by their unholy fanaticism to all sense of decency or propriety, the mere thought of their being in a locality associated with his name, should have taught them that charity they were ordained and are paid to preach, but which they ridicule by their example and caricature by almost every act of their lives. Shakspeare wrote for the great family of mankind, and not to pander to the splenetic feelings of a faction that would usurp dominion over the whole human brotherhood. Shakspeare's admirers, his true admirers—those who have profited by the wondrous wisdom of his inculcations, are to be found in the English people at large, and not in a fraction thereof; and when the English people are called upon to subscribe to his monument will they the more readily respond because a congregation of "ungracious pastors" desecrate the sanctity of his temple, and stigmatize every man who does not believe as they do, as disloyal to the crown and offensive to God? There has been no ebullition of Tory animosity made within the last twelve months more vindictive and acrimonious than at this Stratford-upon-Avon exhibition, and it was not the less repugnant because of its extreme dulness and stupidity. Your most determined haters are invariably your piety-mongers. If their malevolence was equalled by their cunning—for wisdom they have none—we had better live in holes peopled by scorpions; but by a wise ordinance, their rancour not unfrequently recoils upon themselves, and in their fears good men find safety from their malice. But it is not the foolish because impotent chagrin of these fifteen anointed revilers of the tithe-paying people of the empire that annoys us. Had they croaked till doomsday, their auditors

would be the only persons entitled to complain, provided their croakings were confined to some congenial site. But when we find their splenetic fervour leading them to pollute a place hallowed above all others in the estimation of every lover of transcendent and unequalled genius, one's patience get the better of one's apathy respecting things contemptible in themselves, and only worthy of notice from their noxiousness. However, like the Agnewites and similarly absurd fanatics, in whom a lust for notoriety of any description predominates over all other feeling, we may be but ministering to the hankerings of these "churlish priests" in censuring them. Be it so; their ambition is unique, and its indulgence will beget the envy of few out of their own clique.

APROPOS.—Nearly every attack upon O'Connell made lately by the Tories has been prefaced or accompanied by some reproach for the continuance of his allusions to the Rathcormack butchery. Judging from the sensitiveness they display whenever the word is mentioned, we fancy *Wrath-cormack* would be the more suitable designation.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

A Work will shortly appear, bearing the rather eccentric title of 'Piso and the Præfect, or the Ancients off their Stilts.' In this production it has been the object of the author to exhibit the citizens of old Rome in a new point of view, and one too, which, if not particularly favourable, may be more consonant with truth and reality than the notions which we have imbibed from the writings of the commentators, or which have been *scourged* into us at an early period of existence by the pedagogue's rod.

The author of 'Jerningham' has just completed a new metaphysical romance, under the title of 'Doveton, or the Man of Many Impulses,' wherein he has attempted, under cover of a highly interesting narrative, to trace the development of the imaginative faculty.

We are glad to find Miss Stickney engaged on a third volume of her inimitable 'Pictures of Private Life,' and that she has chosen the fertile subject of Pretension for the exercise of her talented pen: If there be one prevailing annoyance greater than another, in every grade of society, it is that of Pretension; and we therefore anxiously hope that the present laudable endeavour of this popular writer to expose its folly, and check its many absurdities, will prove successful. The work will be published in a few days.

The first monthly part of a new and extended series of 'The Byron Gallery,' to be accompanied, for the first time, with historical and descriptive letter-press, will appear in a few days.

A new issue of 'The Library of Romance' is now preparing for publication, with splendid illustrations, engraved on steel, by the most eminent artists after drawings by the first masters of the day.

Mrs. Steward, the author of 'Prediction,' and other works of great merit, has just completed a second edition of 'The Mascarenhas, a Legend of the Portuguese in India.' The interest of the present edition of this extraordinary work is greatly enhanced by the addition of historical and descriptive notes illustrative of the narrative.

Just published, 'The Bridal of Naworth,' a poem in three cantos. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A new edition of Inglis's 'Spain,' with an introductory chapter, giving some account of the lamented author, and an outline of the proceedings in the Peninsula since his decease.

An elegantly written and highly instructive work for young people is now in the press, from the pen of Miss Caroline A. Halsted, Author of the 'Little Botanist,' &c., in which a general knowledge of various interesting topics connected with every day life, is presented to the youthful mind in an attractive and amusing form.

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No. 136.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SESSION.

THE Easter vacation has, at length, closed the Houses of Parliament, and sent forth the noble and learned legislators of this country to the enjoyment of a brief season of domestic ease and private pleasure. The first act of the annual political play being over, and the second not having yet begun, we may take advantage of the breathing-time thus allowed to the dramatis personæ to consider how the piece promises, how the plot develops itself, and with what degree of talent the different actors on the scene are enacting their rôle.

The most obvious remark to a regular visiter of Parliament with respect to the business of the House of Commons is the utter disorder that reigns throughout—a disorder so great, that neither the utmost personal vigilance nor the most diligent perusal of each day's newspaper can give any idea of any particular day's proceedings,—how many of the appointed motions or questions will come, or how many will be deferred to suit the convenience of Ministers, who assume to themselves the privilege of leading the business and taking the lion's share of precedence and convenience. It is, we think, rather disgraceful, that four entire sessions of a *reformed* Parliament should have passed away without the adoption of a single efficient measure for regulating the parliamentary business, either as concerns public or private bills, and we cannot avoid an expression of surprise that the downright business-transacting members have not urged the paramount necessity of this kind of *reform* on the Ministers of the day. If the time wasted in delays of business and in useless talking on extraneous subjects were to be reckoned up, it would undoubtedly be found—either that much more business might be done, or that the present business might be transacted—aye, and properly transacted, in a much shorter time. But from the order of the business we must now proceed to the business itself.

The bills which demand our attention before all others are those introduced by the King's ministers, and for the success of which they have more or less pledged themselves to the country. Eighteen public bills have been already brought forward by the government, of which only *two* have passed both Houses, while *three* others are still under the consideration of the Peers:—the remaining *thirteen* are still in the Lower house, either going through their various changes, or in abeyance—awaiting the convenience of their foster-fathers,—Lord Melbourne and Lord J. Russell.

To proceed with the government bills in chronological order,—the Scotch law bills brought in by the Lord Advocate (J. A. Murray, M.P. for Leith) on Feb. 3rd, are not yet in committee; the Attorney-

general's bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt (which has been twice strangled by Lord Lyndhurst), introduced on Feb. 6, is still in committee, and the same learned gentleman's Registration-of-Voters' bill, brought in at the same time, is not yet committed; the Irish corporation bill—the bill of the Melbourne ministry—which in the Commons has elicited more talent on both sides than any other question during the Session, has not yet been reported; the Prisons' regulation bill, introduced Feb. 12th, has been withdrawn; and the Irish poor-law bill of Feb. 14th has not yet been read a second time. Of bills subsequently introduced, it would be unfair to make mention; but surely the delay in passing *six* important ministerial bills (all of which must inevitably encounter a sturdy opposition in the Lords' House, and be discussed by hereditary wisdom at an almost interminable length), makes some complaint of their dilatoriness quite excusable. The country have no grounds for expressing want of confidence in the intentions of Ministers; but their friends may well be allowed to spur them on to exertion in the good cause, especially so far as regards one very much injured portion of his Majesty's Britannic subjects, the people of Ireland. The masterly historical development of government abuses in Ireland (which have existed ever since the treaty of Limerick in 1691, the *Magna Charta* of that country), with which Lord John Russell introduced the Irish municipal bill, will contribute greatly to his fame as a statesman; and Lord Morpeth's speeches display a great knowledge of the practical bearings of the question:—indeed by these two only, all the arguments of a very talented opposition, chiefly composed of Lord F. Egerton, Sir James Graham, Sir R. Peel, and Mr. Maclean, were at once refuted and exploded. The votes give every hope of success in the Commons:—let the Lords give their opinion warily and after mature reflection. The Poor-law bill for Ireland,—a country which, with all its distresses and amidst all its persecutions, has not yet possessed any code of poor-laws at all, and where no eleemosynary provision whatever is made for the suffering population,—ought likewise to be put forward with all decent dispatch, in order to prevent the fate which awaits many bills sent up to the Lords at a late period,—viz., a postponement *sine die*. A weekly contemporary has well said that the passing of this bill “concerns the physical existence of millions.” Those legislators who pride themselves on their support of a religion whose greatest feature is *mercy*, cannot consistently refuse demands grounded on common justice. The Church-rates bill involves the consideration of a subject in which the vested rights of the Church of England are said to be concerned; and we are not at all surprised that the sticklers for High-church Orthodoxy should have enlisted the largest possible number of supporters for the division on the 16th of March. The dissenters, however, who were so deeply injured—so foully wronged by the Act of Uniformity in 1662 and by the Test Act in 1673, are now become a very powerful body, and have so many supporters among the more liberal and justice-respecting Churchmen, that this bill, however strongly resisted for a time, must keep its ground and become eventually the law of the land. So much for the Government bills and our remarks thereon.

We shall now proceed to the motions and bills introduced by the

Radical section of the Ministerial side of the House. Out of about *twenty* of these, we may select *twelve*, as being of great public importance.

To begin with Mr. O'Connell's Law-of-Libel-Amendment bill, we find that the leave to bring in the bill, given on Feb. 14, was not taken advantage of till March 3; since which time, so far as we can discover, no steps in advance have been taken by the leader of the Irish reformers. Mr. Hume's two bills next demand our attention. His excellent bill for the regulation of county-rates was introduced and passed its first reading on Feb. 10th; since which time, as we believe, it has lain dormant. His other bill for regulating Election expenses is quite in abeyance—so far as we can find from the published authorities to which we owe our information. Of Mr. Ward's two motions,—the first, for the publication of divisions in Committees, has been carried,—the other is still pending, and awaiting the decision of the Irish poor-law question. Mr. Grote's ballot motion on March 7th was lost by a majority of 112 against it; but it must be gratifying to the supporters of that question to reflect, that *sixty* votes have been gained since the time when it was last brought forward. Sir W. Molesworth, although in reality not more successful, had less opposition to his Property-qualification-for-members bill, his minority being only twenty-nine. The honourable Baronet's illness prevents the bringing forward of his Peerage-reform motion. Mr. Clay's motion on the Corn-law question was lost on March 16th;—and we have as yet been unable to recognise any happy results from Mr. Roebuck's motion concerning the treaty of Adrianople as affected by the capture of the Vixen. Without going into further details, it will appear evident that the Radical section, with all their professions, have not been much more active than Ministers;—and their activity has been much less successful. The Reformers, notwithstanding, have “good men and true” in their ranks, and if they are sober and discreet, their cause must ultimately triumph:—but they must abide their time.

On the whole, from a review of the past eight weeks of the Session, it does not appear that the Liberals have much whereon to congratulate themselves. The professed policy of Ministers has been “to bombard the Lords with good measures:”—but they must at least allow that their eggs are long in hatching. We have not the slightest suspicion of their good intentions and desires; but recollecting a very old proverb, that “hell is paved with good intentions,” we prefer looking to things in *esse* rather than to those in *posse*. With respect to the event of any important constitutional measures brought forward either by Ministers or Radicals,—we know full well their ultimate fate. We have not the slightest expectation that any measure of public importance will pass during the present Session:—in other words, the Lords will successfully continue their present system of opposition. If the triumph of party were uppermost in our heart, we should instantly say—let the King once more make trial of those, who on so many previous occasions have shown their inefficiency, but are still so boastful in their pretensions, so obstinate in their opposition. But no:—the results to the money interests,—to the manufacturers and traders of this country, would be so injurious—nay, ruinous—that we dare not, however certain the triumph of

party, risk the safety of that public prosperity with which individual good is inseparably linked. A Tory government with the present House of Commons, or with any House of Commons that the Electors throughout Great Britain and Ireland would now send to represent them, could not exist three months:—and Sir Robert Peel has virtually acknowledged it more than once in his public speeches in the House. To those of our opponents, who are not historically acquainted with the government-abuses in Ireland, we recommend the perusal of an *impartial* history of that country during the last 150 years:—to such enquirers,—if they be fair-judging,—we confidently leave the conclusion. The time has passed, when church influence could carry every point by its own dictatorial authority. People,—now, thanks, *PARTLY to the Clergy*, being more educated than they had been twenty years ago, have begun to exercise that faculty, which distinguishes them from the brute creation;—they have set about thinking and forming an opinion of their own; they have, by means of the daily and weekly journals, received regular reports of parliamentary proceedings and of the opinions of the most influential men on both sides of the various political questions that agitate Parliament. We are very well aware, that proprietary influence may affect the opinions and votes of tenants in the agricultural districts; but the proprietors must bend to circumstances,—must allow for the general feeling that pervades the country, and must eventually coincide with measures, however unpalatable, that are absolutely necessary to their own security. The result is inevitable. D.

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## CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

### No. I.

#### MESSRS. STORKS, HOOKEM, & CO.

THE superscription I have assumed, and which I am fully entitled to adopt, must at once convince the gentle but sometimes incredulous reader that I am cognizant of many matters which do not often transpire west of Temple Bar.

The fruits of my experience have, indeed, been manifold; of divers hues, and of various and not seldom of opposite flavours; and it is my intention, in due time, to present to the public such satisfactory samples thereof as shall appear to myself most meet and fitting.

The things of this world are in their nature transitory, and are, or ought to be, well known to be so. Yet I confess my commercial memory does not at present furnish me with so striking an instance of the instability of human affairs as was exemplified in the firm (if firm it could be called which was most infirm) of Messrs. Storks, Hookem, and Co.

It may not be amiss if I supply such particulars as I happen to know of the early history of the two individuals composing this firm, the "Co." being, as in many similar cases, merely gentlemen of the fancy—*Messieurs de l'imagination*—airy nothings.

Mr. Storks, or rather Mr. Snooks, for that was his true patronymic, was a native of Manchester, and during his early years had gone through a course of blue worsted hose, yellow leather breeches,

pepper and salt coats, muffin caps and study, at a parish school. His education completed, a liberal patron of the industrious classes placed at his disposal the sum of one and sixpence per week, for polishing the boots and shoes, cleaning the knives and forks, running on errands, waiting at table, looking after the house-dog, and quarrelling with the cook. It were tedious, perhaps, to trace the gradations by which Mr. Snooks ascended from errand-boy to light porter—from light porter to junior clerk—and from junior clerk to book-keeper, in one of the first manufacturing houses of his native place. It may be permitted, however, to remark that these successive elevations supply the best evidence of his talent and acquirements.

Mr. Snooks had occupied his responsible situation for some years when a conspiracy was, it seems, set on foot against him by the partners. Who can successfully resist oppression when it is backed by wealth and power? The sensitive soul of Snooks did not feel itself equal to a moral set-to against such fearful odds: he abruptly left the place of his nativity. He departed from Manchester for ever, regretted by many of the inhabitants, whose pecuniary demands upon him, in the perturbation of his soul and in the hurry of his departure, he had omitted to satisfy, and arriving in London he changed his name to that of Storks, that he might baffle the pursuit of his unrelenting foes. And in this metropolis lived Mr. Storks in comparative peace for some years, until—but why anticipate?

Turn we, therefore, to Hookem. Mr. Hookem was the only son of a most worthy character, who had for half a century satisfactorily fulfilled the onerous duties of a messenger to the Navy Pay Office. The old gentleman lived just long enough to know that he had bestowed a good plain education upon his son, and to feel that he was comfortably settled at Salamanca House—the large linen-draper's in Oxford-street: and here, indeed, the sole surviving Hookem vegetated for a considerable period. His imposing head of hair—that unexceptionable abundance of whisker—the lightness of his finger—the rapidity of his movements, and the urbanity of his deportment, won and secured for him the esteem, admiration, and confidence of both sides of the counter.

Let us not call it an evil hour in which Mr. Hookem fixed his eyes and rivetted his affections upon Miss Sarah Sparks, a young lady who had at one time carried on business in the corset line, but who, in a fit of the tender passion, cut her stay-laces, and flung herself into the arms—or, to speak without excitement, accepted the hand—of the devoted linen-draper's factotum. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Hookem had been presented with many opportunities, in the course of her profession, of mixing with the best society; nor is it surprising that her naturally genteel soul should have imbibed the refined tastes and polite predilections of her truly respectable customers; so that, when Mr. Hookem obtained permission from his employers to live out of the house, and to occupy one portion of his own domestic hearth, a scale of expenses was offered to his inspection, which, making a rough estimate, seemed to be more than commensurate with his income. Mrs. H., too, had a passion for dressing, as she said, "like other people," and her perhaps too-indulgent consort wished to place her upon a level with society in general. And then she was so often "not fit to be seen," that Hookem was com-

pelled to do things that were not seen to be fit. Besides, those weekly relaxations at the "White Conduit" were, to say the least of them, expensive;—that day at Epsom Hookem himself declared to be a regular *mull*, and the week at Gravesend was ruinous.

I could wish, at this point in the life of Mr. Hookem, that I might introduce something, if only for the sake of variety and contrast, that might be considered a new feature. But truth compels me to state that, by a strange coincidence, the very calamity that had befallen Storks lighted on the head of Hookem. A conspiracy was got up against him also. It is to be feared that some skulking scoundrel, reputed honest, abstracted those various odd sums of money which Hookem, with unfeeling abruptness, was charged with purloining. No evidence of guilt betrayed itself upon the face of that much-injured man as he manfully denied the charge and offered to swear to the truth of his allegation. His sceptical employers, however, not for a moment reflecting how extremely improbable it was that any gentleman could voluntarily perjure himself in a case of mere paltry money, dismissed him from their business, and sent him about his own. Thenceforward Mr. Hookem conceived a rooted hatred of the retail business, abandoned all thought of returning to it, and was never known to refer any individual to his late employers for a character; which, had he done so, they might, he thought, be base enough to withhold.

It is a hard thing when a high-minded man is under the necessity of prowling about a vast metropolis like this with his hands, and nothing else, in his pockets; and if, under these untoward circumstances, Mr. Hookem *did* consent to undertake the office of decoy to a gaming-house in the Quadrant, let us charitably suppose that he was instigated thereto by a benevolent desire to exhibit to inexperienced youth the follies, the vices, and dangers that beset them, to the end that in their maturer years they might eschew such foibles.

It was by the merest chance that Mr. Hookem, while engaged in this employment, became possessed of a small capital. A too-troublesome police will sometimes make themselves impertinently curious respecting the domestic avocations of free-born Englishmen. These functionaries committed a burglary in the gaming-house one night, and suddenly burst into a spacious room where several gentlemen were invoking the aid, cursing the blindness, or deploring the instability, of Fortune. It may appear unaccountable that the partners in the concern, and the parties concerned, should have made so precipitate a retreat as they undoubtedly felt themselves under the necessity of doing. Mr. Hookem, however, with a presence of mind that cannot be sufficiently commended, succeeded in securing the bank and effecting his escape; and it is somewhat remarkable that he was never afterwards so fortunate as to be able to meet the owners, that he might have the pleasure of restoring the property.

Having thus afforded a brief sketch of the moral requisites of Messrs. Storks and Hookem, let me now proceed to narrate how the *firm* was called into existence; how for awhile it flourished; and how, at length, it was liquidated.

It was in a Ramsgate steamer on her voyage to London that Mr. Storks, for the first time in his life, directed his visual rays towards the open countenance and imposing person of Mr. Hookem, and that

Mr. Hookem precipitated his glance upon the minute features and slender outline of Mr. Storks. If it be really true (as I believe it is) that a certain sympathy attracts congenial spirits, no wonder that these two gentlemen felt magnetically drawn towards each other by a power as sudden as it was mysterious. Perhaps the interesting indisposition of Mrs. Hookem (for Storks was a man of true feeling and unquestioned gallantry) facilitated an introduction which otherwise might never have been effected. They slid into conversation insensibly—a conversation in the first instance devoted to topics of no exciting interest—such, for instance, as the state of the weather—the construction of the paddle-boxes—the civility of the captain—the attention of the steward—whether the water was brackish at Gravesend—what a romantic spectacle the little church of Erith presented—whether the malefactors at Execution Dock had been taken or blown down—and other matters of less moment. But, having retired to the best cabin, and each gentleman being promptly supplied with a glass of brandy-and-water, a colloquy of a more solid and instructive character succeeded.

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Storks, addressing his companion, “we shall soon find ourselves once more in the great city,—that vast mart of merchandise,—that emporium of the world.”

“Yes, we shall soon be there,” returned Hookem.

“A mighty place, London,” observed Storks; “a wonderful place—wonderful!”

“Isn’t it, Sir?” coincided the lady.

“I believe you,” said Hookem.

“Industry never flags there,” pursued Storks; “never lies dormant—never sleeps.”

“No, all wide awake there,” returned the other, with a wink.

“And yet, a good living *may* be picked up in London, even now,” suggested Storks.

“If you did but know where to look for it,” said his new companion.

“Excuse me, that isn’t it,” returned the other; “many people know where to look for it who can’t get it, you know.”

“The gentleman speaks true, H.,” remarked the wife of H.’s best and purest affections.

“Now, I know many ways,” continued Storks, “by which a fortune might even be made in this very town;—inevitably—certainly—”

“‘And no mistake?’ as my friend Downey says,” enquired Hookem.

“Strange!” exclaimed Storks, with animation; “did you say Downey? I know a gentleman of that name.”

“You do? what! a stout man, with a very red face?”

“Striped stock?”

“Brown coat, always close buttoned?”

“Yes.”

“And a mouth all on one side—so?” and Hookem, with exquisite mimicry, indicated the identity.

“The very man,” cried Storks.

“My dear Sir,” said Hookem, “I’m sure I’m very glad to make your acquaintance. Pray, Sir, is your name Wilkins?”

“No, Sir, my name is Storks—Mr. Ambrose Storks.”

“My dear,” said Hookem, addressing his wife in a tone of bland appeal, “how often have we heard Downey mention his friend Mr. Storks!”

“How often, indeed!” said the lady.

“And may I make so free,” said Storks, “as to request the favour of your name?”

“My name, Sir, is James Hookem—Jemmy Hookem, as Downey calls me.”

“My good Sir,” cried Storks with enthusiasm, “my friend Downey has spoken of you to me a thousand times.”

“Has he, though?—rum—” said Hookem.

“How very funny!” simpered his wife.

“Extraordinary circumstance!” cried Storks; and at this stage of our history an intinacy was at once cemented which, I doubt not, will last for life.

“My dear Sir,” said Hookem, when the excitement consequent upon the recent disclosure had in some measure abated, “you were saying that something might be done—that a fortune—”

“Great things might be done, Sir,” interrupted Storks, “great things might be done—with a small capital.”

“A hundred or two of much use, d’ye think—eh?” enquired Hookem.

Before, however, Storks could make answer to this interesting question, Mrs. Hookem gave her husband a confidential nudge, and requested his private ear for a moment, begging to assure Mr. Storks, at the same time, that it was “no secret,” and avowing her knowledge of the fact that whispering was very rude before company.”

“Now, don’t you go to make a fool of yourself, James Hookem,” said that prudent young person, “letting that fellow know what you’ve got: he’s a sharp’on, take my word for it.”

“All right,” said Hookem, shaking his head knowingly, “Jack’s as good as his master—no mistake about me,” and he turned towards Storks. “A hundred or two of any use, eh?”

“Why, the sum is small certainly,” replied Storks, who during this brief interchange had been looking with one eye at the steward, and with the other at his companions, “the sum is small certainly; but much might be done even with that. A sharp fellow with a clever partner—appearance is every thing.”

“Good,” said Hookem.

“Make a show, you know.”

“True.”

“The rest follows—don’t you see?”

“I do,” said Hookem,—“wide awake—uncommon.”

At this moment an intimation was made to the passengers below that the vessel had reached her destination, and the company prepared with all expedition to depart.

“Well, bye bye, old fellow,” cried Hookem, with that familiar cordiality which some few generous natures have always at command: “sorry we didn’t become acquainted earlier in the voyage, but never mind.”

“But we shall see Mr. Storks again, my dear, surely,” suggested Mrs. Hookem.

“Aye, by the bye, why not?” cried Hookem, and, as he lowered himself to a level with Storks, he took that individual with friendly

zeal by the collar—"now, say the word: why can't you come and take a snap with us, at eight o'clock tomorrow evening, 54, Beech-Row, Walworth? That's where we hang out,—and bring Downey with you,—will you?"

"I *will* come," said Storks, and he repeated the address,— "and I *will* bring Downey with me:" and after many fervent graspings of the hand on all sides, the two friends separated, each bent upon bringing to bear the project which had been so suddenly and faintly shadowed forth,—but which, as each walked homeward, as suddenly assumed (if I may be permitted the phrase) a mentally tangible shape.

Mr. Storks, being strictly a man of his word, and at the same time wanting a word with his man, made it his business, on the morrow, to seek after his friend Mr. Downey, whom, after much fruitless and previous search, he found in one of the many houses of call frequented by that gentleman.

Mr. Downey was one of those persons who contrive to exhibit a respectable appearance, without any apparent means of so doing, and who manage to get a good living without any ostensible avocation in life. In truth, the means of sustenance acquired by Mr. Downey were as mysteriously procured, as the sustenance which is always supposed to attend Knights-errant in the old Romances, there being, as we have said, no conceivable source from whence they could be imagined to flow. Mr. Downey, however, was one of those hearty and convivial souls who are always to be found in public-house parlours—who always drink spirits and water—who never leave the house without staying at the bar to toss with their companion, three out of five, who shall pay for another glass,—and who always discharge the reckoning out of a handful of silver, with an expression of firm belief that it will be "all the same a hundred years hence," or with the pertinent query, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

Mr. Downey was, of course, infinitely pleased, nay, delighted, when he was made acquainted with the extraordinary interference of chance which had brought into contact two such intimate and estimable friends as Mr. Storks and Mr. Hookem. It need scarcely be added, that he readily consented to accompany the former on his intended visit, and in the meanwhile the two gentlemen exchanged much confidential chat touching the probable practicability of a partnership transaction. This question having been duly raised, these amiable parties mounted a Walworth stage, and in due time were set down at No. 54, Beech Row, where they were received with all that unostentatious hospitality which, perhaps, peculiarly distinguishes the English character.

It was not long after their arrival, that the kettle was proclaimed to be about to favour the company with a song—that a bottle of whiskey was caused to emerge from the cupboard—that the tumblers were cleaned and set upon the table, and that Downey's cigar-case made its appearance from his side pocket. These preliminaries arranged, and each gentleman having been requested to mix for himself, business was entered upon without further ceremony.

"Never trust me," said Downey, biting off the end of his cigar, "if that wasn't a queer start, you two fellows meeting in the strange way you did,—but wonders will never cease, as the sweep said when he beggar kicked him."

"It was indeed," replied Hookem, "fortunate, I think."

"Decidedly so," said Storks, with an experimental glance towards the lady.

"Fort'nit," cried Mrs. Hookem.

"Well, then," said Downey, "why can't you two knock up a partnership between you? You're the likeliest chaps I know to make a good thing of it. Storks, my boy, I know Hookem there—don't take my word for it, but he is one of the rummiest—one of the deepest—one of the keenest old files *you* ever came across: and, Hookem, as for Storks here—talk to me of men of business after him! Why, he and another came over in three ships, and two of them were lost. He's a—never trust me if he isn't—he's a true Briton, that's what he is—and no mistake."

This eloquent eulogium could not fail to alarm the natural modesty of the two subjects of it, of which modesty the reader will doubtless believe each possessed a more than ordinary share. An exchange of bows took place alike flattering and honourable to both.

"Well, bang it," cried Hookem, after a pause, "what's the use of my talking? What do *you* say, Mr. Storks?"

"Why, the fact is," said Storks with a commercial air, "I am rather strangely circumstanced. I have excellent opportunities—excellent—but no capital."

"Capital opportunities—but no capital," elucidated Hookem.

"Just so," continued Storks. "Now, if I could get a start—something to begin with—to make a show."

"I've a hundred or two, you know," remarked Hookem.

"My dear Sir, that would just do—merely to be sunk for a fortnight—to be repaid out of the concern."

Men of business habits very soon understand one another, and a very short conversation sufficed to improve the project, which, on the previous night, had assumed a definite shape, into perfect symmetry.

"Now," said Downey, helping himself to another glass of whiskey and water, "you understand each other, don't you? Well, mark me: you two gents just toddle into Wood-street one of these mornings, and there you'll see one of the sweetest places you ever looked at: my wigs, such a front—premises running back into the next street."

"Just the thing for a Manchester Warehouse," said Storks, addressing his partner *in esse*.

"The ticket," said Hookem.

"There's a private gateway at the back, mind you," resumed Downey—"a private gateway."

"Nothing can be better," said Storks decisively.

"Why so?" enquired the unsophisticated Hookem.

"My dear fellow," said Storks, "can't you perceive? The goods come in at the front door, and go away at the back—private—secret, you know: who knows where they're taken, you know?"

"Don't you see?" vociferated Downey.

"Oh! you clever creatures you," cried the delighted Mrs Hookem, shaking her remarkably pretty small head, with a wicked pleasantness, at the men of business.

Mr. Storks acknowledged his moiety of the compliment by a self-complacent but deprecating bow.

"Do you see the joke, Sally?" cried Downey with a wink,—  
'd'ye twig, eh?—"

Here the company, with the exception of Mr. Storks, burst into uproarious and long continued merriment; outward mirth being an art which Mr. Storks had never studied.

“Well, but, now,” said Downey, when silence was once again restored, “I can let you into a good thing—won’t promise, though—can’t be sure till I’ve got him, as the devil said of Dr. Faustus; but I know a young fellow that’ll just suit you for a partner. I’ve met him several times at a house in the City. He’s got two or three thousand pounds which he doesn’t know what to do with, and I’m sure he wants to join some respectable house of business as a sleeping partner.”

Here a second burst of exhilarating merriment proceeded from the company.

“He’s the nephew,” continued Downey, “of an old fellow late of Well Street, who hopped the twig about a year back; and his name’s Brown. But, you understand, I shan’t come it strong to my gentleman till you’re regularly established—”

“About a week afterward, say?” enquired Hookem.

“Aye, that’s the time o’day; and mind ye, he’s to have a leg and a wing, and a piece of the breast off that goose,—no mistake about that, is it fair?”

“Quite,” said Hookem.

“Of course,” added Storks. “But,” he continued with an air of interest which, during Downey’s statement, had been gradually enlarging till it almost arrived at the dignity of excitement—“but, are you sure this young man has money?—two or three thousand, you said;—is it ready—tangible—down?”

“Down,”—cried Downey, striking the table with his hand; “what d’ye think of that now, eh, Master Innocence? won’t that do for you?” and here our commercial agent contrived an irresistible variation of visage that completely relaxed the muscles of his auditors. But the entrance of supper, which consisted of beef-steaks and onions and boiled potatoes, prevented for a while this agreeable species of relaxation.

It may safely be affirmed that no four estimable individuals ever sat down to this most pleasant of all meals with more true and unfeigned relish than did the four persons of whom we have been treating. After supper, the one grand topic and another bottle of whiskey were broached;—the enlivening song went round, or, rather, went three quarters round,—for Storks was no singer, and had a bad cold into the bargain—wit flew about which was not always caught—good humour prevailed which was not always prevalent, and, in a word, unbounded hilarity was the order, or perhaps the disorder of the night.

It was about a month after the meeting as here described that the “sweet place” in Wood Street was entered upon; that “STORKS, HOOKEM, & Co., MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN,” surmounted the warehouse windows, and adorned the doorposts of the concern, and that young Mr. Richard Miggle, the nephew of their friend Mr. Downey, for the first time occupied a stool in the counting-house. It were extravagant scepticism to doubt that to a respectable firm like the above, credit could for a moment be denied. When it is stated that the “small capital” of Mr. Hookem filled the warehouse to overflowing with bales whose contents it were impertinent too minutely to examine,—and that Mr. Storks regularly paid for the goods ordered, by bill at two months, drawn and accepted by that extensive Manchester branch of the London trade, and carrying on business under the firm of Catchflat, Rumrigg, & Co.”—when these facts, we say, are stated, and

puffing borne in mind, it cannot surely be wondered at that our new partners found that they had obtained as pretty a connexion in so short a space of time as could be, by moderate and sensible people like Storks and Hookem, desired. This was their mode of doing business, although singular, to be reflected upon without bestowing upon it a well-deserved commendation. Such was the briskness of trade, or such the assiduity and attention to business of the partners, that the goods which were purchased, were sold the instant they entered the warehouse; and although they were delivered at the front door, they invariably made their exit from the private gateway at the back of the premises with all the despatch consistent with caution; Mr. Storks being perfectly well aware that so active was competition in the London market, that were any of his neighbours in the same line to observe the address of his purchasers on the goods, his connexion would have been soon undermined and, perhaps, destroyed.

It may have been a fortnight after Messrs. Storks and Hookem had entered into copartnership, that Mr. Downey, accompanied by his friend Mr. Brown, called upon those gentlemen, and under the plea of particular business was admitted to a private interview. It will not be amiss that we tender a short notice of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Dunn Brown was a young gentleman who had been all his life until within the last year under the guardianship of his uncle, the late Mr. Softun, of Well Street. Mr. Dunn Brown had never been in the habit of attending to any thing in this life except his own comforts, and he was almost too lazy to do even this. It is sometimes a bad thing when fathers happen to die and leave their sons small independences, which enable them to keep moving in the pecuniary sense, without making any other movement whatever. Mr. Brown, accordingly, although possessed of very respectable talents, had hidden his light under a bushel, or we might more properly say, under a chaldron of indolence. And yet, in one or two matters he was not without industry.

He slept with uncommon energy and perseverance, he was impatient of the sluggish inactivity of the cook when she left him waiting for his dinner,—and he disposed of that, and indeed of his other repasts, with no ordinary vigour. It had, however, so frequently been urged upon him by his friend that he should turn his attention to business that Mr. Brown felt himself at length virtually compelled to look about him, or to prevail upon his acquaintance to look about for him, and leave his employment of Mr. Downey as an agent, when exertions promised so auspicious a termination.

But it was not until he had solicited and obtained the best advice that Mr. Brown proceeded to complete the negotiation then on foot. His aunt, the widow of his late guardian, was a lady universally acknowledged to possess an unusual share of common sense, and to her, therefore, did he apply, and by her was he prepared to be determined one way or the other. Mrs. Softun, when the matter was explained and fully laid before her, delivered herself of the following most just and sensible observation. “Why, my dear nephew, if these gentlemen are upright and honourable men, I would strongly advise you to become a partner in the business; if, on the contrary, they are no better than they should be, I would counsel you to have nothing to do with them.”

Fortified and strengthened by so golden a rule of conduct as this, Mr. Dunn Brown sought out his friend Downey. Why, Storks,

Hookem & Co. *were* upright and honourable men. Who could make that a question? What could be more natural, therefore, than that Mr. Dunn Brown should at once fairly and honourably place himself, without reserve, in the hands of Mr. Downey?

The interview that took place was perfectly satisfactory to all parties concerned. Nothing could be more fair, more honourable, more liberal than the conduct of Messrs. Storks and Hookem upon this occasion. They actually agreed, for the consideration of three thousand pounds, to be brought into the business by Mr. Brown, to allow him a third share in the profits of that flourishing concern! Upon every other point, also, they were most candid, most explicit; explicit to a fault, Mr. Brown thought at the time. They should, he conceived, have permitted him to learn such matters, if only to bring him into habits of business. But they were men of the world, and at the same time single minded as infants. In wit they were men, in simplicity children. They were, at all events, gentlemen every inch of them. Mr. Brown was fully aware of that.

In less than a month Mr. Dunn Brown produced his capital, which was forthwith entered to his credit in the journal by Mr. Miggle; his name was likewise added to the firm, which, if possible, was rendered still more respectable thereby, and things went on for a week in the most prosperous manner.

One evening, upon entering the counting house, which for one entire week Mr. Brown had managed to do rather punctually, he beheld Mr. Storks seated at his desk in a state of profound thought almost amounting to utter abstraction. Mr. Brown felt that it would not be proper at such a time to disturb his meditations, and remained silent. At length Mr. Storks recovered from his reverie, and perceiving his junior partner, came forward to salute him, which he did with an earnest but slightly-melancholy pressure of the hand. Seating himself by the fire, he was soon again absorbed in reflection.

"Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw," at length *went* Mr. Storks, making that not-to-be-written sound by which most people, at times, indicate vexation. "What a pity it is!" "May I ask what is a pity, Sir?" enquired Mr. Brown deferentially.

"Oh! my dear Sir," replied Storks with a faint and piteous smile, "this want of more enlarged capital is the very devil—prevents us from taking advantage of so many opportunities. Now, there's an opportunity has just presented itself by which we might clear *cent. per cent.*, at least: we may never get such another chance."

"That is indeed a pity," said Brown; "well, but, my three thousand pounds last week——"

"Oh, gone," cried Storks promptly—"gone,—stay, my good friend, be not alarmed—it is gone for good—much good; but our present operation is of a much more extensive character."

Mr. Brown began, as actively as he could, to think about something, although he did not precisely know what.

"My dear Mr. Brown," said Storks, after a long pause, "*do* you know any person who would be likely to lend us a few thousands for a couple of months? we wouldn't mind paying something handsome in addition to the interest, for the accommodation? the case, you perceive is urgent."

"I have an aunt," said Brown, with some hesitation, "who has a considerable sum in the funds, I know; but the old lady is remarkably particular—very cautious, and I fear——"

"A pity," interrupted Storks, "money in the funds! how sadly imprudent! why, my good Sir, if her money were invested with us, we could and would willingly allow her ten *per cent.* for the use of it."

"Could you, indeed?" said Brown in wonderment.

"Aye, could we," exclaimed Storks, and after a pause—"well."

"Well," said the partner, "I'll see if I can get four thousand for two months; I don't think I could get more."

"It might do," replied Storks, as though in mental calculation, "at all events, it will go part of the way towards it; Hookem and I will contrive the rest."

"Shall I go at once?" asked Downey, who began suddenly to pity the infatuation of his aunt, who permitted herself to be taken in by the government for a paltry consideration of 3 per cent., and the security not so very good after all.

"Aye, go—go at once," said Storks, "dispatch is the soul of business," and as playfully as it was in his nature to be, he pushed his partner out of the counting-house.

Mr. Brown was perfectly right when he designated his aunt a remarkably particular and very cautious old lady. It was not until he had placed the matter in every conceivable point of view, and had undergone a wearisome and harassing argument of three hours' duration, that he succeeded in obtaining from her a letter to Mr. Smale, her stock-broker, authorizing him to sell out the required sum, and to pay it to her nephew's order.

"Well, Smale," said Brown, when that gentleman had finished the perusal of the letter, "Sharp's the word, I must have this cash."

"I am very sorry for that," replied Smale, with great deliberation, "for you can't; consols are shut—the books are closed for the dividends for a fortnight."

"Vexatious!" said Brown. "You know Smale, I have just entered into partnership with a most extensive house; the cash is of the utmost consequence."

"Why, if that's the case," returned Smale, "I'll see if it can be got; you must pay me a small commission for it, and I'll hold your aunt's letter, and sell out when the stocks are open."

"Do," said Brown, "do—do, that's a good fellow."

"Call in half an hour then, and I'll let you know,"

"I will."

And Mr. Smale walked over to his friend close by, whilst Storks proceeded to an adjacent chop-house, to get a little bit of lunch.

Brown had just completed a sandwich, and was drinking a glass of stout, when the conversation of two gentlemen in the next box attracted his attention.

"By the bye," said one, "who are these people, Storks, Hookem, and Co., in Wood Street? are they known?"

"A bad lot, I'm afraid," replied the other; "some people say they're regular ———" (Brown couldn't catch the word. A pity, he thought, some gentlemen spoke in so low a tone.)

"Yes, they're doing every one, I hear, sweetly," continued the second speaker.

"They are, are they?"

"Yes, and they've got a partner, too; Brown, the nephew of old Softun, of Milk Street. They've stuck it into him before this, rely upon it. A respectable man, Brown.

"Ah! ha! ha!" laughed the first, "poor Brown!"

Here Mr. Dunn Brown groaned audibly.

"What's that in the next box?" enquired one,

"Can't say," replied the other. "Settling day, you know; a waddler, I suppose."

Brown did, indeed, appear a waddler, as, flinging down sixpence, he contrived to carry himself out of the coffee-room.

As our junior partner paused to take breath at the back of the Exchange, the thought suddenly struck him whether it would not be better, under all circumstances, to allow his aunt's money to fructify, however slowly and leisurely, in the 3 per cents.; he postponed, therefore calling upon Mr. Smale, and made the best of his way, with the best of his ability, to Wood Street, there to tell his tale of disappointment, and bank books closed for the dividend.

As he entered the premises, a rather unusual scene presented itself. His partner, Mr. Hookem, was engaged in high words with a stranger, and in another part of the warehouse a carman was struggling to obtain possession of two bales from their confidential porter, who made but a feeble resistance.

"I tell you, Sir," said the stranger, "these goods were sold for cash."

"For cash, certainly," replied Hookem. "Won't you walk into the counting-house, Mr. Brown?" But Brown stirred not.

"For cash, certainly," resumed Hookem, rubbing his whiskers,— "Cash in fourteen days—the prompt, you know,—the prompt"—

"Cash, on delivery," insisted the other, "Discount  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent."

"Well," said Hookem with pleasing affability, "Mr. Storks knows best. Leave the goods, and if it's all right, when my partner comes in, we'll send a cheque for the amount."

The stranger lifted his thumb and forefinger to his right eye, which he disturbed considerably. "Will you be so kind as to look here?"

"Well, Sir?"

"Do you see any thing *particularly* green there?" demanded the stranger. "Come, John, away with the goods, and in a moment the goods were hoisted into the cart, and the stranger had departed.

"Very extraordinary this," remarked Mr. Brown.

"Oh! my dear Sir, not at all," said Hookem carelessly, "these little things happen every day in business," and he led the way into the counting-house, where, to Mr. Brown's still greater astonishment, Mr. Storks (who had just been declared to be out) was calmly seated at his desk.

"Well, my good friend, and how have you succeeded with the lady?" demanded Storks.

Thereupon Mr. Brown detailed his non-success, and the cause of it. The partners looked not a little disappointed at this result. "It can't be helped," said Storks, musing—"a sad pity too. But, my dear Sir, you told me yesterday you were engaged this afternoon. We can dispense with your attendance for to-day. Nay, I insist,"—and in the kindest and most friendly manner imaginable Mr. Brown was ejected from the counting-house.

Mr. Dunn Brown was a gentleman who was a slow hand at suspicion, but a sure one when he once laid hold upon it. Some of my readers may be inclined to think that he had but slight reasons for his doubts, but he was not of that opinion. He returned, therefore, to Wood-street in about three hours. Where were Messrs. Storks and Hookem?

"They'll be back in half an hour," said the porter, "they told me to order half-a-dozen of wine from the Sun, and they're coming with Mr. Downey to drink it."

"Where is Mr. Miggle?"

"Oh! he's gone for good—he's packed off, I fancy; I heard 'em say they didn't want him any longer."

"Dick," said Mr. Brown, in a voice of strong emotion, "how long have you been here?"

"Why nearly two months," answered Dick, "and it's the queerest place I was ever at in all my born days. Somehow, I think, Mr. Brown, all's not right here."

"What do you mean, Dick?" faltered Brown.

"I mean as I think, they're rum ones, but you're a gentleman," said the porter.

"Here, take these two sovereigns, Dick," said Brown suddenly; "you must conceal me in the warehouse somewhere: I mean to see the end of this night's business. Why the warehouse is nearly empty."

"I believe you, it is," said the man grieved, "all but these blessed bales, full of sawdust, and old rags and such like."

Mounted, however, upon one of these inexplicable bales which commanded a view, through a ventilator, of the counting-house, sat Mr. Brown motionless, as though he had been stuck thereto with adhesive plaster, and awaiting the arrival of his respectable partners.

They came at last, accompanied by their friend Mr. Downey. "You may go, Dick," said Mr. Storks, "we shan't want you any more to-night;" and as Dick departed, and the gentlemen entered the counting house, Mr. Brown verily thought that his heart was bent upon breaking his ribs.

It was not long before these convivial souls were seated round a small table over a glass of wine.

"Well, these bills all fall due on the day after to-morrow," remarked Storks. "About six thousand odd, no trifle." "For Brown to take up," added Hookem.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Downey. "I think we have physicked him."

"I wish we could have drawn old mother Softun," said Hookem.

"That was unfortunate, certainly," said Storks, "but never mind, ten thousand is not so bad a haul."

"Where shall we be this time to-morrow night?" said Hookem.

"Why, I *rather* think, at Liverpool," replied Downey. "The vessel sails at 4 p. m."

Mr. Brown has since stated, that he never could precisely recollect how he left the warehouse on that evening,—and whether or no he took the shortest cut to the Mansion House. He, however, distinctly remembers his interview with the Lord Mayor, who, giving instructions, and a slip of paper to three respectable looking individuals, requested them to accompany him to Wood Street, Cheapside.

Messrs. Storks, Hookem, and Downey were taken into custody, and either being unable to explain the nature of their complicated mercantile transactions, or his lordship being too obtuse to comprehend such involved details of business, they were sent to prison, and in due time brought before a self-willed judge, and a pig-headed jury.

It is distressing to be compelled to state, in conclusion, that these highly respectable men were desired to embark immediately for the extremely fine and salubrious climate of New South Wales.





*Andrew Jackson.*  
*late President of the United States.*

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, LATE PRESIDENT OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OF the many extraordinary men who have arisen within the last three quarters of a century in the western hemisphere, probably not one has arisen to so great a celebrity amongst foreign nations as the present citizen and soldier who has just retired from the office of President of the United States.

The history of such a man is the property of the world. International prejudices are now so rapidly passing to oblivion, and so complete is the reconciliation between the elder and the junior branches of the family of England, that the enthusiastic respect entertained for this illustrious man is probably not less upon the eastern than on the western side of the Atlantic.

With these most cordial acknowledgments we proceed to examine the life of General Jackson, which has recently been published by Mr. Cobbett, being a compilation and *mutilation* from the work of Mr. Eaton, the brother-in-law and companion in arms of General Jackson. To serve the purpose of bolstering up his own ridiculous opinions upon the subject of paper-money, Mr. Cobbett has interpolated and engrafted a mass of absurdity and vulgarity upon the fair and gentlemanly work of Mr. Eaton, and this *mélange* he has dedicated, under pretence that General Jackson was an Irishman, to the people whose religious prejudices rendered them the purchasers of some hundreds of thousands of copies of his "History of the Protestant Reformation." We purpose, however, to separate the chaff from the wheat, and accordingly, passing over the preface of Mr. Cobbett and the dedication to his customers in Ireland, we come to the narrative of Mr. Eaton, which commences as follows:—

"Andrew Jackson was born on the 15th day of March, 1767. His father (Andrew), the youngest son of his family, emigrated to America from Ireland during the year 1765, bringing with him two sons, Hugh and Robert, both very young. Landing at Charleston, in South Carolina, he shortly afterwards purchased a tract of land, in what was then called the Waxsaw settlement, about forty-five miles above Camden, at which place the subject of this history was born. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving three sons to be provided for by their mother. She appears to have been an exemplary woman, and to have executed the arduous duties which had devolved on her with great faithfulness and with much success. To the lessons she inculcated on the youthful minds of her sons, was, no doubt, owing, in a great measure, that fixed opposition to British tyranny and oppression which afterwards so much distinguished them. Often would she spend the winter's evenings in recounting to them the sufferings of their grandfather at the siege of Carrickfergus, and the oppressions exercised by the nobility of Ireland over the labouring poor, impressing it upon them, as a first duty, to expend their lives,

if it should become necessary, in defending and supporting the natural rights of man.

“Inheriting but a small patrimony from their father, it was impossible that all the sons could receive an expensive education. The two eldest were therefore only taught the rudiments of their mother tongue at a common country school. But Andrew, being intended by his mother for the ministry, was sent to a flourishing academy at the Waxsaw meeting-house, superintended by Mr. Humphries. Here he was placed on the study of the dead languages, and continued, until the revolutionary war, extending its ravages into that section of South Carolina where he then was, rendered it necessary that every one should betake himself to the American standard, seek protection with the enemy, or flee his country. Therefore, at the tender age of fourteen, accompanied by his brother Robert, he hastened to the American camp, and engaged actively in the service of his country.

“At this time Lord Rawdon was in possession of all the lower parts of South Carolina, and after several unsuccessful skirmishes with detachments of the British troops, Andrew Jackson and his brother were made prisoners. Being placed under guard, Andrew was ordered in a very imperious tone, by a British officer, to clean his boots, which had become muddied in crossing the street. This order he positively and peremptorily refused to obey, alleging that he looked for such treatment as a prisoner of war had a right to expect. Incensed at his refusal, the officer aimed a blow at his head with a drawn sword, which would very probably have terminated his existence had he not parried its effects by throwing up his left hand, on which he received a severe wound, the mark of which he bears to this hour. His brother, at the same time, for a similar offence, received a deep cut on his head, which subsequently occasioned his death. They were both now taken to jail, where, separated and confined, they were treated with marked severity, until a few days after the battle before Camden, when, in consequence of a partial exchange, they were both released from confinement. Robert, during his confinement in prison, had suffered greatly; the wound on his head all this time having never been dressed, was followed by an inflammation of the brain, which, in a few days after his liberation, brought him to the grave. To add to the afflictions of Andrew, his mother, worn down by grief and her incessant exertions to provide clothing and other comforts for the suffering prisoners, who had been taken from her neighbourhood, expired in a few weeks after her son, near the lines of the enemy, in the vicinity of Charleston. Andrew, the last and only surviving child, confined to a bed of sickness, occasioned by the sufferings he had been compelled to undergo whilst a prisoner and by getting wet on his return from captivity, was thus left in the wide world without a human being with whom he could claim a near relationship. The small-pox about the same time having made its appearance upon him, had well-nigh terminated his sorrows and his existence.

“Having at length recovered from his complicated afflictions, he entered upon the enjoyment of his estate, which, although small,

would have been sufficient under prudent management to have completed his education on the liberal scale which his mother had designed."

In his eighteenth year, with diminished means, he turned his attention to the study of the law, repairing for that purpose in 1784 to Salisbury, in North Carolina. Here he remained until the winter of 1786, when he obtained a license from the judges to practise, and continued in the state of North Carolina till the spring of 1788.

At this period Jackson determined upon seeking his fortune in the new country of Tennessee, and the following is the account of his early career in that state as given by Mr. Eaton:—"The western parts of the state of Tennessee were about this time often spoken of as presenting flattering prospects to adventurers. He immediately determined to accompany Judge M'Nairy, who had been appointed and was going out to hold the first supreme court that had ever sat in the state. It had not been Jackson's intention certainly to make Tennessee the place of his future residence; his visit was merely experimental, and his stay remained to be determined by the advantages that might be disclosed; but finding soon after his arrival that a considerable opening was offered for the success of a young attorney, he determined to remain. To one of refined feelings the prospect before him was certainly not of an encouraging cast. As in all newly-settled countries must be the case, society was loosely formed, and united by few of those ties which have a tendency to enforce the performance of moral duty and the right execution of justice. The young men of the place, adventurers from different sections of the country, had become indebted to the merchants: there was but one lawyer in the country, and they had so contrived as to retain him in their business; the consequence was, that the merchants were entirely deprived of the means of enforcing against those gentlemen the execution of their contracts. In this state of things Jackson made his appearance at Nashville; and, while the creditor class looked to it with great satisfaction, the debtors were sorely displeased. Applications were immediately made to him for his professional services, and on the morning after his arrival he issued seventy writs. To those prodigal gentlemen it was an alarming circumstance; their former security was impaired; but that it might not wholly depart, they determined to force him in some way or other to leave the country, and to effect this, broils and quarrels with him were to be resorted to. This, however, they soon abandoned, satisfied by the first controversy in which they had involved him; and his decision and firmness were such as to leave no hope of effecting any thing through this channel. Disregarding the opposition raised to him, he continued with care and industry to press forward in his professional course, and his attention soon brought him forward and introduced him to a profitable practice. Shortly afterwards, he was elevated to the office of attorney-general of the state, in which capacity he continued for several years."

During this period his military talents were called into frequent service in the duty of repelling the incursions of the surrounding Indian tribes; and at length in 1796 his reputation was such that he

was appointed one of the commissioners for drawing up the constitution of the state of Tennessee. This instrument displayed his talent for legislation to such advantage, that in the same year he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in congress; and in the following year, though little more than thirty years old, he was elected to the high station of a senator from the state of Tennessee. It appears that Jackson was too inflexible and honourable a man to enter into the intrigues of the federal city, and finding himself in a perpetual minority in congress, and that the stern path of duty led to no advantages for his constituents or his country, he resigned in the following year a post which he declared would be better filled by those who understood the windings of intrigue. He was next appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of the state of Tennessee, an office which he accepted with reluctance, in distrust of his own acquirements in the law, and which he afterwards resigned, to retire, as he believed for ever, from all public life. Upon his farm, which is ten miles from Nashville, on the beautiful Cumberland river, he now resided for many years, possessed of health, comparative wealth, an amiable wife, and all the satisfactions of an upright and enlightened mind.

In the year 1812, when war had been declared between England and America, Jackson appeared again upon the stage. The country of the Mississippi being supposed to be in danger, Jackson descended to meet the invaders at the head of 2500 volunteers, arriving at Natchez in January 1813. This storm, however, disappeared, and all fear of an immediate landing of the enemy in Louisiana being at an end, Jackson returned with his troops to Tennessee in the month of May. In October of the same year commenced his famous Indian campaign. The necessity of passing on to events better known to the European world prevents us from giving more than a faint outline of his achievements in this celebrated war. In a wilderness country, without provisions, clothing, or ammunition, sometimes even from day to day, with raw and undisciplined levies, unaccustomed to privation, spirit-broken by hunger, and often mutinously marching homeward, yet did the unconquerable spirit of the general overcome all dangers from within and without, carry post after post, and finally annihilate the most formidable force ever brought into the field by the Indian tribes. The conduct of this man is indeed a study to those who aspire to that mastery over adverse circumstances which is the distinguishing mark of all great military men. His addresses to the troops in the course of this campaign are also remarkable for great animation. The following is a specimen:—

“ You have, fellow soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valour. Wise men do not expect, brave men will not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon our defenceless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disap-

pointed. If the enemy flee before us, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen. But it is not by boasting, that punishment is to be inflicted or victory obtained. The same resolution that prompted us to take up arms must inspire us in battle. Men thus animated, barbarians can never conquer. The reliance of our enemies will be upon the damage they can do whilst you are asleep; their hopes shall fail them in the hour of experiment. Soldiers who know their duty are not to be taken by surprise. Our sentinels will never sleep: yet, whilst it is enjoined upon the sentinels vigilantly to watch the approach of the foe, they are, at the same time, commanded not to fire at shadows. Imaginary danger must not deprive them of entire self-possession.

“Great reliance will be placed by the enemy on the consternation they may be able to spread through our ranks by the hideous yells with which they commence their battles; but brave men will laugh at such efforts to alarm them. It is not by bellowings and screams that the wounds of death are inflicted. You will teach these noisy assailants how weak are their weapons of warfare, by opposing them with the bayonet. What Indian ever withstood its charge? what army of any nation ever withstood it long?”

Peace being now concluded with the Indians, who were thus detached from their English alliance, Jackson, in the spring of 1814, was appointed to the protection of the lower country, against which a tremendous expedition was then in preparation. He reached the city of New Orleans on the 1st December, and the enemy landed on the 23rd; but the various skirmishes previous to the great battle fought on the 8th January, 1815, our limits will not permit us to describe. The English army was now within six miles of the city, upon an open plain on the margin of the Mississippi. The following is the account of Mr. Eaton of the position of the American army, and of the famous events of the 8th January, 1815:—“Our general had formed his line behind a deep ditch, that stretched to the swamp at right angles from the Mississippi river. There were two circumstances strongly recommending the importance of this place: the swamp, which from the high lands at Baton Rouge skirts the river at irregular distances, and in many places is almost impervious, had here approached within four hundred yards of the Mississippi, and hence, from the narrowness of the pass, was more easily to be defended; added to which there was a deep canal, whence the dirt being thrown on the upper side, already formed a tolerable work of defence. Behind this his troops were formed, and proper measures adopted for increasing its strength, with a determination never to abandon it, but there to resist to the last, and valiantly to defend those rights which were sought to be outraged and destroyed.

“The 8th of January at length arrived. The day dawned, and the signals intended to produce concert in the enemy’s movements were descried. On the left near the swamp a sky-rocket was perceived rising in the air, and presently another ascended from the right next the river. They were intended to announce that all was prepared and ready to proceed and carry by storm a defence which had twice

foiled their utmost efforts. Instantly the charge was made, and with such rapidity that our soldiers at the out-posts with difficulty fled in.

“The British batteries, which had been demolished on the 1st of the month, had been re-established during the preceding night, and heavy pieces of cannon mounted, to aid in their intended operations. These now opened, and showers of bombs and balls were poured upon our line, while the air was lighted with their congreve rockets. The two divisions, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham in person and supported by Generals Keane and Gibbs, pressed forward, the right against the centre of General Carroll’s command, the left against our redoubt on the levee. A thick fog that obscured the morning enabled them to approach within a short distance of our entrenchment before they were discovered. They were now perceived advancing with firm, quick, and steady pace, in column, with a front of sixty or seventy deep. Our troops, who had for some time been in readiness and waiting their appearance, gave three cheers, and instantly the whole line was lighted with the blaze of their fire. A burst of artillery and small arms, pouring with destructive aim upon them, mowed down their front and arrested their advance. In our musketry there was not a moment’s intermission: as one party discharged their pieces another succeeded; alternately loading and appearing, no pause could be perceived—it was one continued volley. The columns already perceived their dangerous and exposed situation. Notwithstanding the severity of our fire, which few troops could for a moment have withstood, some of those brave men pressed on, and succeeded in gaining the ditch in front of our works, where they remained during the action, and were afterwards made prisoners. The horror before them was too great to be withstood, and already were the British troops seen wavering in their determination, and receding from the conflict. At this moment, Sir Edward Pakenham, hastening to the front, endeavoured to encourage and inspire them with renewed zeal. His example was of short continuance: he soon fell mortally wounded in the arms of his aide-de camp, not far from our line. Generals Gibbs and Keane also fell, and were borne from the field dangerously wounded. At this moment General Lambert, who was advancing at a small distance in the rear with the reserve, met the columns precipitately retreating, and in great confusion. His efforts to stop them were unavailing, they continued retreating until they reached a ditch, at the distance of four hundred yards, where, a momentary safety being found, they were rallied and halted.

“The loss of the British in the main attack on the left bank has been at different times variously stated. The killed, wounded, and prisoners, ascertained on the next day after the battle by Colonel Hayne, the inspector-general, places it at twenty-six hundred. General Lambert’s report to Lord Bathurst makes it but two thousand and seventy. From prisoners, however, and information and circumstances derived through other sources, it must have been even greater than is stated by either. Among them was the commander-in-chief, and Major-General Gibbs, who died of his wounds the next day, besides many of their most valuable and distinguished officers, while

the loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was but *thirteen*. Our effective force at the line on the left bank was three thousand seven hundred; that of the enemy at least nine thousand. The force landed in Louisiana has been variously reported; the best information places it at about fourteen thousand. A part of this acted with Colonel Thornton; the climate had rendered many unfit for the duties of the field, while a considerable number had been killed and wounded in the different contests since their arrival. Their strength, therefore, may be fairly estimated on the 8th at the number we have stated; at any rate not less."

This description of a battle so glorious to the American general is certainly not told in a boasting or exaggerated strain. The writer of this notice has the advantage of a personal knowledge of the field and surrounding country, and can state that the exposition of the localities by Mr. Eaton is clear and graphic. The position of Jackson was one of the most judicious and impregnable ever taken up, and the assault by our troops was a most rash and senseless affair. No chance at any time existed of forcing a passage to the city through the American lines, unless when the moat should be bridged with the bodies of the dead. On the other hand, the defences on the right bank of the Mississippi were so slight, that Sir Edward Pakenham, by crossing the river in full force, might have sat down in front of New Orleans, and soon, by means of shells and hot shot, laid in ashes or reduced to capitulate a city lying on a plain with extensive ranges of wooden erections, and containing numbers of influential persons not disaffected to the English cause. It is apparent that Jackson was therefore favoured by the incapacity of the opposite commander; for Sir Edward Pakenham was possessed of no enlargement of mind, no genius for strategy, and scarcely any knowledge whatever of the art of war. His valour, however, cannot be denied, for he died whilst cheering on his men, and in the midst of the carnage of his own creation.

It is due to the memory of this unfortunate commander, and to the improving spirit which now exists between the people of England and America, that we should here notice the reflections in which Mr. Eaton indulges upon the reported promise of Sir Edward Pakenham to give up the city of New Orleans to be plundered by his troops. It has long been believed in the United States that "Beauty and Booty" were the words of the British commander at the commencement of the battle of the 8th January. Mr. Eaton indignantly exclaims:—"Let it be remembered of that gallant but misguided general, who has been so much deplored by the British nation, that, to the cupidity of his soldiers he promised the wealth of the city as a recompence for their gallantry and desperation; while, with brutal licentiousness, they were to revel in lawless indulgence, and triumph uncontrolled over female innocence." Now in this edition of the work of Mr. Eaton, published in March 1834, it is an unpardonable omission of Mr. Cobbett not to have inserted the following declaration made in 1833 by the distinguished officers whose names it bears. To repair the defalcation of Mr. Cobbett, and to do justice to all parties, we think it our duty to place this declaration in our pages:—

“Now we, the undersigned, serving in that army, and actually present, and through whom all orders to the troops were promulgated, do, in justice to the memory of that distinguished officer, who commanded and led the attack, the whole tenor of whose life was marked by manliness of purpose and integrity of view, most unequivocally deny that any such promise was ever held out to the army, or that the watchword asserted to have been given out was ever issued; and further, that such motives could never have actuated the man who, in the discharge of his duty to his king and country, so eminently upheld the character of a true British soldier.

“That a refutation of the above calumnies not having before appeared, is solely to be attributed to their not having come to the knowledge of the undersigned that they existed, until the work from which they are taken was given to the public in the present year, 1833.

“(Signed) JOHN LAMBERT, Lieut.-General.  
 JOHN KEANE, Lieut.-General.  
 W. THORNTON, Major-General.  
 EDW. BLAKENEY, Major-General.  
 ALEX. DICKSON, Colonel.  
 Deputy Adjt.-Gen. Royal Artillery.”

After the battle of the 8th January our troops were re-embarked without further molestation, and the campaign in the lower country being now at an end, the saviour of his country returned in the month of March to domestic life upon his farm in Tennessee.

In 1821, upon the purchase of the Floridas from the crown of Spain, Jackson was appointed governor of those provinces, and in 1828 he was elected President of the United States of America. His conduct in that great station on the questions of the Tariff, the Bank, and the Indian tribes, it comes not within our province to describe.

In person, General Jackson is tall and thin, whilst his manners are familiar and have nothing of the sternness which has sometimes been supposed. His wife has been dead for many years, and left him no issue, nor is it probable that his own constitution, exhausted by the toils of war and the fatigues of his political career, will endure to a very old age. It cannot be disputed that his history, when completed by his death, will be that of one of the most illustrious warriors and statesmen to be found in the annals of time.

Of relations, this distinguished personage has now absolutely none. His niece, an amiable lady, the wife of Mr. Donaldson, a gentleman in office at Washington, has died within the last six months, and the general is now entirely alone in the world. His own sojourn upon earth is supposed to be rapidly drawing to a close, for an habitual expectoration of blood has been thought to forbid the probability of his even surviving to the close of his presidential term of office, which expires in the spring of the present year.

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REFLECTIVE LINES ON THE GENIUS OF  
COLERIDGE.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Christabel! but chief  
Thy meek and timid innocence I love,  
The bending down of thy unconscious brow,  
The crossing of thy white arms o'er thy breast,  
When evil, like a harlot, at thy side—  
Her deadly hate envenom'd in the garb  
Of bland persuasion serpent-tongued and soft—  
Stands whispering! oh! must I love thee then!  
And my soul pants to bear thee eager aid,  
And my heart follows, where my eyes essay  
To find thee; and my arms are stretched out  
To clasp thee to thy home, my yearning breast,  
And thou art *gone!*

\* \* \* \*

Coleridge! in tenderness thou wert a dove:  
But thy deep heart had warmer strains within,  
And if its lesser notes might make the tribe  
Of forest-warblers burst their throats for spite,  
How proudly went its nobler utterings forth  
When patriotism struck the thrilling chords  
And burning indignation gave them tongue!  
Thou wert majestic then, yet simple too;  
Free without effort, eloquent with grace,  
Rising, retiring like some restless sea,  
The ripple of whose tiniest wave is harmony!

Yet pause not here! another charm was thine,  
A fairer charm than all, thou wondrous man!  
(For not a bard could ever give it voice,  
And it hath died with thee; but o'er thy grave  
I ween it flutters yet on airy wings!)  
The *magic* of the muse! the difficult art  
Of drawing feelings from forbidden things,  
Of grafting gentle sympathies upon  
Corruption's barren roots, and budless boughs!  
Of clothing fancy though a clay-cold corpse  
With such a hue and fragrantcy that time  
Can neither dim, nor cast away, nor quench,  
The beauty brightening o'er the brow of Death!

Oh wild, yet tender! sweet, yet sublime bard!  
Thy race is run on earth, thy lyre is mute!  
Those hands, that often from responsive strings  
Drew notes as sweet as angel-songs, are cold!  
Those lips, which never open'd but to breathe  
The dying thoughts that men still treasure up,  
Are breathless now! thy heart hath ceas'd to beat!

\* \* \* \*

## THE BARON COURT OF LITTLE BROUGHT-IN.

BY THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

## CHAP. I.—COMPOSITION OF THE COURT.

“ Let the devil upon the roof,  
 If the devil be thunder-proof,  
 With a poker fiery red,  
 Crack the stones and melt the lead,  
 And drive them down on every skull,  
 When the den of thieves is full.”

SWIFT, of the Manor Court of *Furyfield*.

THE many important questions which come on for discussion in full assemblage of the Baron Court of LITTLE BROUGHT-IN, and the opinions which are thereupon delivered by the several members, in language elsewhere unparalleled in the annals of public debating, ancient or modern, are above all admiration.

But before stating the nature and reporting the proceedings of these all-engrossing cases, it may be necessary to say something of the forms, functions, and functionaries, of the high and honourable assembly, who sit upon them with most maternal incubation. The Barony of Little Brought-in is composed of three distinct manors, *Hangfield*, *Heathfield*, and *Furyfield*. The first of these gets its name from a certain *gentle slope* on its surface, which, though occasionally a little disastrous to the unwary, is yet understood to be of great service in the way of drainage. The second is named simply after its physical aspect, which is, however, beautifully expressive in an intellectual and moral sense. The third is named from the peculiar fact, that in that manor friendship and fighting mean exactly the same thing. As illustrative of this it may be mentioned, that it requires nothing more than the display of a certain pocket-handkerchief to set all the clod-hoppers of the manor together by the ears. This pocket-handkerchief is called the “— and Blood Flag,” probably because it is orange on the one side and purple on the other, and it is inscribed in the church character “fear and fighting,” it being understood that the orange is symbolical of the effects of the first, and the purple of the effects of the second. So much for the three manors which compose the Barony of Little Brought-in, which also contains a few out-farms, but the folks upon these are never called upon to attend the Baron Court.

Next we must say a little of the persons of whom this court is made up. In the first place there is the Baron himself, who is always “*the Baron*,” whatever other title he may have, and he is not understood to take any part in the proceedings of the court, further than bidding the members *do as little as ever they can*, before they begin, and thanking them for their *perfect obedience* when all is over.

The members consist of persons from all the three manors, great part of whom are called “*delicates*”—no doubt from there being no

scandal in their scolding whatever words they may use. They are just such men as can be picked up about the farms and the hamlets, and the proscription hovels upon the commons; and some of them are from the church towns, and these are strongly suspected of being "resurrection-men," because they are always speaking about "ancestors." It would not be easy, neither would it perhaps be civil in all cases, to scrutinize too closely the means by which the members of this court are selected, and perhaps the most charitable construction is that the persons sent there are those who are of the least use at home; this being what is called "the principle of political economy" in Little Brought-in.

If these parties were at home in the manors, one forking dung, a second scouring a hedge, a third grubbing up thistles, and a fourth looking after the pigs, they would be all plain Jack, and Tom, and Bill, and Harry; but it is astonishing what names the fellows assume, and how they strut and show their *legs*, when once they come to the Baron Court. They are all mere clod-hoppers, with only half as many hands as an ape or legs as a donkey; and yet they call themselves knights, and lords, and dukes, and give themselves such fantastic airs of importance, that if all the world were to see and hear them, all the world would be perfectly astonished. Even if the "rat-catcher" were to get in there—and it is said that his services are often much wanted, he would huff and look big, and threaten you with the vengeance of the Baron Court if you did not call him "the *honourable gentleman*," and say "Yes, Sir," "No, Sir," at every word, just as though you were a lacquey speaking to "a person of quality."

The Baron is, generally speaking, a very good easy sort of man, and never needs take the trouble of breeding either pigs or poultry, unless for his private amusement. In consequence of his overlooking those little unintentional blunders which the members of the court will occasionally commit, they are careful to keep him in a warm kitchen, a good joint on the table, and a tankard of as capital stingo as all the three manors can afford. His saucepans too are all kept nice and clean, and his cooks and scullions have aprons as white as the driven snow. The Baron's Lady is dressed up like any duchess, and never puts her hand to an article except she takes a fancy to it. When there is an increase of the baron's family there is great rejoicing, and ringing of bells, and blowing of horns, and firing of squibs; and the court order a handsome caudle-cup and cover for the lady, and a pap-boat, cradle, and blanket for the young baron, together with a soft nightcap for the baron himself, in order that he may enjoy his rest after his labour. In short, there is no landlord more beloved or better served by his tenants than the baron of Little Brought-in, and there are few that deserve it half as much. His kitchen is known all the world over for the vast quantity of broken meat which is distributed to the poor, especially to those who have seen better days or who are longing to see them. It would do the heart of any Christian man, or woman either, good, to see such sights of beggars as crowd about the baron's kitchen, each with a dish bigger than another, and none of them sent empty away. In they go, men, women, and children, wearing all sorts of dresses, and speaking all sorts of lan-

guages. As they go in they all look as hungry as hawks, and as lank as weasels; but as they come out with their full dishes, and something to drink in their side-pockets, they appear the plumpest and happiest creatures upon earth, and conduct themselves as if their whole lives were spent in merry-making. The cooks and scullions take a pleasure in gratifying both the tastes and the appetites of these beggars, and are understood to have full license to give their own poor relations a share with the rest. The charity of the baron's kitchen is charity indeed, which "thinketh no evil," for many a one gets a good picking there that has been rejected by the parish on the score of illegitimacy; and it is understood that a great tub of pap or gruel, nicely sweetened, is always kept in readiness for the poor little things that have nobody to look after them. This does great credit to the feelings of the baron and those about him, and it holds the scales of justice so steadily even, that the weight of an elephant could not turn them a hair-breadth either way. The baron, it must be understood, is what is vernacularly termed "the *great Billydacus*," within all the three manors and their dependencies. In virtue of this he can, whenever he pleases, pardon one human being for putting another out of the world; and it would be strange indeed if he could not pardon another human being for helping to bring one in.

It would take a month to enumerate all the fineries and all the commendable things belonging to and growing out of the baron's establishment. There are such squads of lacqueys and such troops of horses always parading before his door; and he cannot so much as blow his nose without a dozen of ladies and as many gentlemen running up to him with the best bandanna handkerchiefs, spick-and-span new out of the shop. So great, indeed, is the expectation in the baron's establishment, and so vast the number of handkerchiefs thereby required, that the place where they are made is called "Spittle" fields, in honour of the use that is made of the handkerchiefs.

It would be delightful to enumerate all the fineries, the feastings, and the delicate enjoyments of the baron and his establishment, which make them the admiration and the envy of the whole world. But, in the mean time, we have to do with the court, and we must mention the way in which the members of it come by all the fine names that get them so much estimation in their own eyes. We have already noticed how *any* member of the court would huff, and bully, and threaten, if you did not call him an "honourable gentleman;" and if you should, which is not impossible, catch him with his hand in your pocket, or, which is more likely, with his hand in the pocket of every man not a member of the court, he would still be quite as honourable a gentleman as ever.

The next step above the honourable gentleman is the "*right honourable*," which does not at all imply that the former is a *wrong* honourable, but merely that it is a higher degree of honour. They have some very curious degrees of comparison, by the way, in the Baron Court. For instance, they have *right* simply, which is the same on both sides; *righter*; in which the side toward the party using

it is more right than the other side ; *rightest*, which means that the sides are still more unlike ; and *all right*, which means that all the right is on the one side. There are many more curious usages of language in the court, as, for instance, they call a man who says nothing a "speaker," and cry "hear, hear," always when they are resolved not to hear one word. But, in order to understand half the singular phrases that are used in the court, one would require to turn Lindley Murray inside out, just as is said to be sometimes done with the tongues of the members. But we must revert to the style of right honourable, which, being an addition, makes him who wears it something else than an honourable gentleman.

Well, there is a great euphony in the sound of "right honourable," and yet there is no addition acquired with less trouble ; in fact, it is often a relief for a man to get it. A member of the court has nothing else to do than, upon an occasion of pressing necessity, to get into the baron's privy-council ; and ever after he is "right honourable" all the days of his life. The baron of course laughs in his sleeve at this, but it flatters the vanity of the clod-hoppers, and makes them fag with the power and the patience of mules.

"Sir" is the next "grade" in the ascent, but it does not count in the court. The word is of doubtful origin, having, as it is said, been bestowed by a facetious Baron on a joint of beef—both "before" and "after," with the adjunct "loin" in the one case, and "*reverentia*" in the other. The mode of getting it is, however, a little curious. The person who wishes to have it goes to some of the cooks or scullions, who pin a three-cornered piece of an old apron like a bib under his chin, with the long corner hanging down his breast. Then they send him to a narrow gallery through which the baron is to pass, there to squelch down on his marrow-bones till the baron comes. If the baron comes hop-skip-and-jump, and goes clean over the expectant, then the latter gathers himself up, and sneaks off by the back-door as if his nose were bleeding. But, if the baron, who always carries a cudgel upon great occasions, gives him a bang on the rump with the cudgel, and says "Get up, *Sir*, out of my way," the man is "Sir" from that instant, and may say that he is so in the face of the assembled world.

More than this may be done, and made to last till doomsday. If the baron takes out his knife and whacks off the long corner of the bib, it is a special mark of favour, and the man with the cut bib is called a "*baronet*," which means a "little baron." If, farther than this, the baron gives him the cut end of the bib, and a leaf of the paper in common use there, and lets him into the privy-council, the man is entitled to the style of "right honourable baronet," which makes him *really something* in the eyes of the Baron Court.

The other names or additions, on account of which the wearers plume themselves so much in the court and all over the barony, are got nearly in the same ludicrous manner, and when the baron has lifted a batch of them "sky-high," he does so chuckle over it that nobody ever heard the like. And really it is a very amusing sight to see full-grown men, competent (if they had skill enough) to hold a plough

or swing a flail, strutting about with bibs, and favours, and brass buttons hung round their necks and upon the breasts of their jackets, by bits of red tape, and blue tape, and green tape, and some of them with every sort of strings they can get, looking like so many antics before a booth at a fair. But it all has a meaning: the simple folks of the three manors—at least such of them as *cannot read*—are quite delighted with these trappings, and believe that the wearers deserve all the fine names by which they call each other. This must arise in great part from the people being so much occupied upon their farms, and never attending the Baron Court, for there one never knows from what a member says whether he has or has not a bib or a brass button.

So much for the members of the court, at least some of them:—and now for a short notice of the court itself, previous to that of what goes on in it. The court used to meet in the old barn, which was rickety and full of rat-holes, as nobody can tell for how many generations the rats had infested it in great numbers. There were both the sorts of rats there, the black and the brown; and, as nobody can exactly tell in what country rats were first *invented*, an old rat-catcher, who used often to smoke his pipe of an evening over the way at the Chequers, used to give a knowing look and shake of the head whenever rats and the baron's old barn were mentioned in the same sentence, as much as to say, "I know when, where, and how they came."

These rats had always been troublesome inmates of the barn, and of late years they got to be perfect pests, the more so that they made their holes at the one side of the barn, and used their teeth against the other. They whisked about the benches upon which the members sat, and gnawed their buckskins in such a manner that every "seat of honour" in the court was in jeopardy. This got wind all over the barony, and the people often talked about coming against them in a body, but they were for the most part too busy, and they who would have come were so poor as not to be able to buy cudgels wherewith to maul the vermin.

Things got worse and worse every day, and many thought the old barn would come down "like a bagful of horns," and finish the court, and at the same time drive all the rats to the baron's kitchen, which last would have been a sad calamity to the poor beggars. At last the old barn was burnt, nobody could tell how, and some hoped that the rats had all perished in the flames, while others, who had got used to them and liked them, hoped not. Thus wise men will differ; and somebody says that "wisdom is nothing but a concatenation of differences," which is perhaps true.

The old barn could have been spared, and so some thought the rats might; but things would not "jump" at all without the court, and so a temporary shed was patched up until a new barn should be erected, one party insisting that it ought to be rat-proof, and another that it ought not. At all events, the court resolved to have some time and talk about it, and they accordingly met in the temporary shed, which they had no sooner entered, than,—lo and behold,—the

rats were just as numerous as ever they had been in the old barn. The reason of this will appear in good time, but we must take things in their proper order.

The Baron Court of Little Brought-in has two sides and an end. The benches on the one side were, at the time when many important questions came before the court, called the "Mutton-bottoms," and those on the other side the "Pork-bottoms;" but these names are not constant, as the members jig about and cross from the one to the other, at a certain air which the baron occasionally plays, sometimes on the *haut-bois*, and at other times on the *German-flute*, the latter being a very soft and sweet-toned instrument in the baron's hands. At times also, these parties would shift sides of the court from understandings among themselves. But change as they might, each party professed to adhere to the same notions of things, which they called *principles*, but there were some folks who said they were only *professions*, though this might be jealousy as they who said so were of neither party. At all events that is matter of opinion, and we wish to stick to matters of fact.

The Mutton-bottoms contended that every man who had a plough of his own ought to kill his own mutton, if so inclined; that every able-bodied cottager, whether handicraft or labourer, should, if he chose, keep a pig entirely for his own use; and that even a lone woman in a sufferance cabin might keep two or three fowls.

The Pork-bottoms, on the other hand, were furiously opposed to the Mutton-bottoms on all these three points. They contended that no man who put his hand to a plough, or any other implement of work, had any business to eat mutton, and that for cottagers to eat pork or have pigs *for themselves*, or for lone women to have fowls, was absolutely "flying in the face of heaven;" and they quoted a number of old statutes, whereby it was provided, that all the muttons, and the pigs, and the pullets, were vested in perpetuity, nine-tenths in the great farmers, to whom the bulk of themselves belonged, and the remaining tenth in the parsons, who were generally the younger branches of their families, or such as were not very fit for any thing else.

They came to issue on these points, the Muttons declaring roundly that "they who win have a right to wear," and the Porks as stoutly bawling out that that would upset "a something" which they called the "constitution." When pushed to tell what this constitution was, they hemmed and mumbled for a time, without being able to catch a definition by the tail; and then they took to their high horse, pleaded what they called their "privilege," and said that "a gentleman had no obligation to explain any thing,—a gentleman's word was enough, and they who would not believe that, might be —— in their unbelief," to which all their reverend approvers said "amen."

The barony was completely split into parties by these disputes of the Muttons and the Porks in the court. Those who did not understand either side, or even their own notions of things very clearly, sided with the Porks, judging that "the constitution" must be some wonderful thing as nobody appeared to understand anything about it. There was a pleasant story told of the principal overseer of a

large hamlet. He went with a friend to see the sights at a fair, and among the rest there was a "half-shaved bear," which the showman was describing as "Ha monstraceous uge hanimal from the banks of the Horinoccar hin the hinterior of the dessert of Sarah, in Hafricar, which no man had never seen hat no time, before nor hafter. The Horinoccar, Lays and Gemmen, swarms with Korkindales, has big has logs, and this here hanimal cracks 'em like shrimps." "My eyes," said the overseer, "I'm blest if that ar'nt the CONSTITUTION. Nobody has never set eyes on the constitution since Earl Badger and Lord Burkham knocked an eye-tooth out of its head years bygone, though Sir Tricksby made mouths and the Duke shook his fist in their faces all the time. Doctor Shearhog says to me, says he,—we were having a summat at the Hog and Hassock, to put all square about the young 'un—but mum as to that,—says he, "Muggins," says he, "You are a real out-and-out conservatory conservative," and I bobs down my head, till smack comes my conk on the oak table, and out comes the claret. "Bravo! Muggins," says the doctor, "shedding your blood in the good cause," and with that he whips out his handkercher, as bright as a sovereign. "That's the colour that pays for blood," says he, and sure enough my conk was staunch'd in a moment. "I takes courage," and says, "Doctor," says I, "what 's the constitution?" "I never saw it," says he, "it don't come out now, and so the Redcaps are running about gaping like Korkindales (I'm sure he said Korkindales), to swallow up the church and the baron's kitchen, steeples, spits, and all; but when the constitution had all its teeth, it cracked the Korkindales (I'm certain he said Korkindales again) like nuts." "Now though Dr. Shearhog said 'nuts,' and this here man says 'shrimps,' yet both on 'em say 'cracks,' and both on 'em say 'Korkindales,' and thus it is as plain as B, A, C, that this *is* the constitution. So I'll get the doctor to get Sir Tricksby 'Tailabout and Lord Lyeandareit, to see it with their own eyes; and then, think you they will not be down upon the Muttons like a pair of cleavers?" The friend nodded; but—*hiatus valde defendus*.

The overseers are not now so much to a man on the side of the Porks as they once were. After Lords Badger and Burkham had knocked out the eye-tooth of the constitution, the bite was all upon the one side; and the Muttons got the whip hand, and, as was supposed, the ear of the baron. Upon this, one of the scullions, by some means or other, got the use of the *flute*, and went siffling about the kitchen to scare the Muttons from the broken meat, and prevent them from injuring the *regular* beggars. But the Muttons did not seem to mind the broken meat *this time*, though one or two got bones, which had been pretty well picked before.

But the Muttons were "at their tricks" in another way. They got the Court to issue what they called a "new Parish pill." The "pills" of the Court were once *terribly drastic*; but they are milder now that the Gambouge—of which the Muttons don't like the colour, has been left out. This pill, all the wardens, overseers, vestrymen, and clerks were commanded to bolt forthwith; and, as the Baron Court will not be gainsaid, down it went. The wardens, and so on, turned as white as sheets; and the clerks retched and

coughed till they were heard all over the manor of Hangfield; and every body said that, to a certainty, they would belch up their bowels—if they had any.

The sufferings of the poor clerks soon came to the ears of Lord Lyeandareit, who had once been a clerk himself, and he resolved to do what he could for them. He had once been a Mutton, but had latterly turned Pork,—some say from suspicion that his wife was a Mutton, though that was mere tattle. At all events, he had gobbled up many things to bring him to the proper lard and bristle; and he was now a Pork of the foremost snout. He got one Sir Speechy Stormcock to help him; and the two had the clerks at the bar of the Court in a jiffy. But they retched and puked so piteously at the bar, and spread such an odour of *black bile* all over the place, that many of the very Porks themselves held *sal volatile* to their noses; and the buckskins of Sir Speechy slipt down, to be out of the way in case of a commotion in his inside. The clerks were therefore soon sent back, bidding the parish officers bear the pill as well as they could in the meantime; and the Porks would give them “conserve of *hips*” to comfort their stomachs, when they came their rounds.

But this was not the whole, or the worst of it; for the parish officers were put upon regimen, in order to render a second dose of the pill unnecessary. Among other things, they were strictly forbidden to run up scores at the alehouse and charge them in the parish accounts, even though the parson had his pipe and pot along with the rest. A sad “hullabaloo” was set up at this. It is a favourite argument among the Porks that “a parson is nothing without a pipe and pot; and a Church is nothing without a parson: *Ergo*, if the parson has no pipe and pot, there will be no Church; and if no Church, no religion; *Ergo*, again, if the parson has not his pipe and pot, the whole inhabitants of Little Brought-in, man, woman, and child, must become pagan heathens.” It was in vain that the Muttons and those who sided with them, said that the parsons could take their pipe and their pot at their own expense in their parsonages like independent family men; for the answer of the Porks invariably was,—“They *won't*. Love for the best interests of his flock will make a parson take a pipe and pot at the parish expense; but you have no hold on him whereby you can make him do the same at his own expense. In the one case, it is a public duty; in the other, it is a private affair with which nobody has any title to interfere.”

It is amazing how this doctrine took with every tail of the parsons'. They loved to spend an hour at the alehouse, where they were “cocks of the walk;” they loved the pipe and pot; and a very few had no objection to chuck the bar-maid under the chin, if she was pretty, which was generally the case in the alehouse “used” by the parish officers. So the parsons were up in arms, preaching against—not sins but Muttons; and really putting the Church in some danger by their zeal in declaring that it was so. The boards of more than fifty pulpits are said to have been cracked by the thumping the very first Sunday;—and it was whispered that

there were other cracks besides. The old women and all the idle fellows about the barony took up the echo of the cry, "The Church is in danger;" and the geese and pigs were often frightened by the noise.

The parish officers, in many instances, went off in a huff, and in others they were turned adrift by the people. New ones came in who were mostly for the Muttons, especially in the large parishes; and many thought that this would in time alter both the Baron Court and the pills,—for the Porks still lay on the catch to get gam-bouge into every pill if they could. Several of the Porks went to a good many places to administer the "consolve of hips," and some are said to have pawned their bibs, and brass buttons, and bits of tape, in order to raise the money; but the people generally took little interest in the matter, the ex-parish officers had the gripes as bad as ever, and the parsons, the old women, and the idle fellows redoubled their cry about the danger of the Church.

Among the great farmers, those who had lately risen from nothing, and those who were falling to nothing, were almost to a man on the side of the Porks. The latter, no doubt, had the broken meat of the baron's kitchen in their eye; and there were also "whys and wherefores" in the case of the former. A former baron took a perfect craze for *field* sports, both in his own barony and in all those about. He would have the game preserved in his way all over the world; and he never minded how many gamekeepers he employed, or at what expense. So he ran up scores for weasel-traps, and fox-traps, and man-traps, and all sorts of game-keepers' engines; and the folks he employed had many a hard bout with the poachers. The master-poacher was, however, "nabbed" at last by Lord Nostoppinghim Nosey, the baron's head game-keeper, and sent to quod. The nabbing of this poacher was a world's wonder, as nobody expected it; but some said it was because he had for some time taken to "coney-catching" upon the flats. However, there never was such fiddling and feasting upon earth as there was in Little Brought-in upon the occasion. But when the cost came to be counted, it was found that the baron was *minus* in a good many hundreds, while the kitchen was literally crammed with superannuated game-keepers, and the wives and families of those who had fallen in the scuffles with the poachers. The tradesmen who had supplied the traps and trappings had feathered their nests to some purpose, and many of them had got large farms and big names, and even been in the privy-council. Others pressed for their balances, and were put on the same footing. These were the characters that had lately got large farms, and many got them who had not breeding enough for behaving themselves like gentlemen. They of course went with the Porks.

Latterly, a good many lawyers, of whom there was of course no lack in the barony, had joined the Porks; and as they could say a great deal without being very particular as to the sense or truth of it, they were welcomed, and well feed for all that they said, which was, of course, their only object in being there. Those who pretended to see farther into futurity than their neighbours, augured

gloomily of the Porks from this. They said, "When carrion crows hover about the flocks and herds, it bodes mortality; and as lawyers are much after the nature of carrion crows, they must smell carrion in the cause of the Porks, otherwise so many of them would not hover about it." This might be nonsense; but certainly it looked very like truth.

The above enumeration will afford the reader some insight into the composition of the party of the Porks; and a very few words will suffice on that of the Muttons. Most of the great farmers of long standing were with them, and the hard-working part of the people were with them to a man—of all those who could stand straight on their own legs. As a party, therefore, the Muttons could snap their fingers at all the world; and they have little to dread, save a return of the mania about preserving the game on other baronies, and on this score there does not appear to be much to excite apprehension in the mean time.

The two parties of the Baron Court of Little Brought-in will, it is trusted, be tolerably well understood from the nature of their composition; and so we may return to the Court-House, where they are arranged on benches opposite to each other. All chance of personal collision in cases of more than ordinary warmth is, however, prevented by a long table in the middle of the floor, which the longest-armed man of either party cannot reach much more than half-way across. There is, therefore, no danger even in the greatest heats (which are sometimes more than natural), that they can come to fisty-cuffs without being seen by the Chairman, who is understood to keep a sharp eye upon any member who, in a state of great excitement, attempts to pass either by the nearer or the further end of the table. If the look of the Chairman does not awe them from this, then there sits at the further end of the room a man, with a spit stuck through a slit in the skirt of his coat, who holds them at bay until the door is shut; and, if necessary, another man without the bar fetches the hand-cuffs out of the coal-hole.

The table serves other useful purposes. A man, with a pen stuck behind his ear, sits at each of the near corners; and there are two great leaden inkstands, which serve either for dipping the pens in to take down useful hints, if any such should be thrown out, or for missiles, in cases of desperation, none of which have, however, occurred in recent times. The spelling-books, dictionaries, ready-reckoners, and all sorts of literary and arithmetical helps, which can be had in the shape of books, are also on the table; but there is no balance, no foot-rule, no compasses, or any thing of that kind, there all matters of quantity being taken by "word of mouth." The 'bacco-box stands on the table at one side, and the snuff-box at the other; but the pipes and the pots are up stairs in the cock-loft, to which all the members have access when they please. The pipes are forbidden, because the Court-House is usually murky enough without them, and the pots would be unhandy things in case of a warm debate; and, to see "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s Entire" spouting from the one side, and "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire" from the other, would be as unseemly as the display

made by the parish clerks at the bar. The boxes are quite safe, as they are screwed to the table. They are made of good cold iron, and the excited members often hammer out their excess of animation upon them; but they must not give the bangs too hard for fear of their knuckles. A brazen cudgel, with a head as big as a cabbage, also lies on the table. This belongs to the Chairman; and if there is any attempt to cross the cudgels while it lies there, the parties must come down on their marrow-bones, and confess that they are "no gentlemen," which is tantamount to turning them out of the Court.

The "end" of the Court-House is occupied by the Chairman only, though the members sometimes from the Muttons, and at other times from the Porks, come sidling up as if they meant to ear-wig him; but he looks as grave as a judge all the while, and when they move off, he casts a knowing look over both sides, as much as to say, "My good fellows, I know what's what."

One of the most curious things about the Court-House is a score or two of idlers, who are cocked up upon a little shelf at the one end. It is the positive order of the Court that they shall not be there, and in its estimation and belief as a Court they are not there; and yet they are there by the express orders of the individuals who compose the Court. Odd as this seems, it explains much more than one would suppose; for it clearly shows that the members may do one thing as members, and the very opposite in their individual characters as men. This is understood to be the great inducement which many of the members have to get there, and which makes them, especially the Porks (though it is not confined to them), to pay pounds and pounds for bottoms-breadths. They can talk about "patriotism" and "the public good," and a hundred other well-named imaginations, till they get the thoughtless by the ears like rabbits; and then they can dip their hands into other people's pockets without exciting the least suspicion.

Speaking of pockets,—one of the alleged reasons why they will let nobody into the Court-House without the order of a member, is their care to prevent the people from picking each other's pockets. Upon the first face of it this looks very kind and condescending on their part, but there is something deeper in it. They do not hesitate to put their hands into the pockets of the whole barony, only it is by an order of the Court, and thus a duty, not a misdemeanour; and of course they do not wish that a pocket should be picked by any body else, because, when their turn comes, they would find it empty. They do not admit any females,—some say, because they consider the whole sex as little better than pickpockets; though others, with apparently more reason on their side, say that the ladies would think the proceedings so funny, and tee-hee and titter at such a rate, that they would put the younger members clean out, and unsettle the centre of gravity in some of the veterans. These, however, are merely matters of conjecture, from which no positive conclusion can be safely drawn.

One thing wants a little more notice, and that is "the rats," which it seems impossible to burn out, or build out, in the case of the

Baron Court. Their chief resort is under the Pork bottoms, that is, below the seats of honour of the Porks; and the reason why they should chiefly be there, is a matter of grave and profound enquiry. The result of such enquiry seems to be, that the Porks are most about the Baron's kitchen; and as they are known to be sturdy trencher-men, who get very soon hollow in the stomach—the only part, by the way, in which they can *get* hollow,—they come to the Court with junkets of the broken meat in their pockets, especially slices of fat pork and bottoms of giblet-pies. These have a savoury *hugue* about them, and wonderfully attract the rats, which may be seen whisking about under the Pork bottoms, switching their tails like little devils, glancing their eyes like drops of melted pitch on the sunny side of a ship in the Greenland seas, and “setting up their pincers” across the Court at the Muttons, as though they could instantly cut up the whole, dead or alive. They sometimes gnaw the buckskins of the Porks, when these have wiped the lard or goose-grease on their buckskins; but they very seldom “cut in” so deep as the brawn, and, when they do, the member outsqueaks all the rats in Christendom, and bolts, neck and heels, clean over to the Muttons. They sneak through below the table much more frequently, and snap at the *calves* of the Muttons, which has taught many of these to wear spatterdashes lined and quilted with *alga marina*, in which the teeth of the rats merely “play buff,”—a trick to which they are said to have been put up by the baron himself, who muffles his German-flute with *alga marina* whenever it gets above concert pitch.

It is said that these rats often cause matters to be decided in a manner very different from what would be if there were no rats in the Court. Many of the members are apt to drop to sleep, some from cramming and infarcting themselves with the junkets, others from pulling too hard at the pots in the cock-loft, and others again from being up all the night before playing at “chuck-farthing,” or “hunt-the-slipper,” games of which *certain members* are monstrously fond. The noses and ears of these, especially those of them that are crammed with the junkets, smell of pork or goose from being wiped and rubbed with handkerchiefs out of the same pockets in which they keep the junkets; and so, when these are dead asleep, the rats will come and give them a tweak or a pinch, which makes them bolt to their feet, wide awake in an instant of time; and, strange to say, they give their opinions just the same as if they had heard all that passed while they were enjoying their snooze.

Many, however, are always wide awake themselves, though not unfrequently great promoters of the sleep of others. Among these there is one “Muddlesix”—so called, some say, because he can muddle the wits of any other half-dozen in the Court, if not put them dead asleep under the table, although others maintain that the true etymon of the name is “mud” *humus*; but be that as it may, there is no putting him to sleep. There is another sadly restless fellow, more recently admitted into the Court, who will never keep himself in a state of repose, either in the Court or any where else. His real name is “Derrinandan,” but folks often call him *Megalosaurus*, from the immense size of his tail. This “tail” is a marvellously

queer instrument, more so than the proboscis of the elephant, which an overseer of a northern parish supposed was a tail, and that the brute made use of it for cramming its stomach at the wrong end. This tail is a *prehensile* instrument certainly, and it is pretty generally believed to be of some service in feeding; but there never was any question raised about its being a nose or other than a real tail. It twines about like a boa constrictor; and the Porks are said to be more afraid of the tail of Derrinandan than of the horns of the whole array of the Muttons. It is said to consist of full forty vertebræ, all articulated with ball and socket joints, and so amply supplied with muscles that they can all work different ways at the pleasure of the wearer. It can also be shortened or lengthened as occasions require; and, as was the case with the tails of the cow-dealers of Heathfield in former times, it can be put on or off, so that the one day Derrinandan will look as if he were all tail, and the very next day he will seem to have no tail at all. Whether it is owing to the handiness of this tail or not, we cannot take upon us to say; but it is an established fact, that the owner of the tail never, upon any one occasion, "*turns tail*" himself. The curious manœuvres of which this organ is capable, have sometimes procured for the owner the name of *Paradoxurus*, or "*puzzle-tail*;" but he has not the exclusive right to that appellation.

The tail of Derrinandan is not the only cause of suspicion about him, especially to the Porks; for he holds out a threat about the "*re-peeling of an Onion*, which throws them into sad quandaries. The story of the Onion, or rather of the Onions, for there have been at least two notable ones in the barony, is worth telling, in order that one may have a proper understanding of the Baron Court, and of what is done there, and why it is done; and so it may be as well to say something about it.

Well, in former times, each of the three manors had its own Manor Court, and there was no Baron Court at all. In consequence of this the farmers and labouring people of Heathfield and Furyfield had kitchens of their own, not quite so well supplied or so abundant in broken victuals as that of the baron has been since all the three were lumped together, but still enough to do many a hungry stomach good; and Hangland was never a bit the richer that the other two manors settled their disputes upon their own ground. The cooks and scullions of the baron's kitchen had long wished to have the fat of all the three manors for their own grease-pots; and so, in the time of "*Goody Nan*," a *she*-baron, whose hot skin had made her stark mad after the parsons, it was resolved to swamp the Manor Court of Heathfield. This was effected by sending down an *Onion* to Heathfield, the smell of which soon put the folks there out of the Manor Court, though only a few of them came up to the Baron Court in Hangland; but "*Goody Nan*," and her cooks, scullions, serving-men, and parsons, only wanted to squabash their Manor Court, after which the Heathfield folks might hang themselves and nobody care three straws about the matter. *Goody Nan* went to her grave in peace; but in the days of her successor, Godfrey Gorach, who was called to be baron from a paltry little place

over the sea, some of the Heathfield men kicked up a rompus about the smell of the *Onion*, and kept it astir for about thirty years, till at last they got junkets and succumbed, and Heathfield became little better than an alms-dish for some of the most hungry beggars about the baron's kitchen; and so it continued for many days, till at last the Muttons, chiefly at the instance of one Serjeant Argyle, a Heathfield man of more than ordinary *nous*, sent down a pill, which physicked those who had over-eaten themselves, to some purpose both ways. Conveniences, for cases of this sort not being common in Heathfield, some of the parties upon whom the pill took most effect are said to have done every thing in each other's pockets among the bits of junkets—not wishing *what came up* to be seen in their *own* possession; and altogether there was a terrible mess.

It was curious to notice how differently this pill worked upon different constitutions. On those who took it willingly, it had no other effect than that of a gentle tonic, which made them all as merry as grigs; and they were the great bulk of the people. But if any *ugged*, and made faces at it, it griped them terribly; and it was heart-breaking to see them, some retching as if they were to turn inside out, and others quite in a *dead-thraw*, as powerless as dish-clouts. Our business in the mean time, however, is not with the pills but the onions, though the two are not so irrelevant to each other as some may think. The *Onion* which was sent to Heathfield was in the rind, and not in the least peeled, so that it had not a very offensive hugue to the bulk of the people even at the first; and in time they began to like it, and called it a *freet*, which is their way of pronouncing the name. In this they were not far wrong; for whether exactly a fruit or not, an onion is certainly not a root, for it is all on the *upper* side of the collet, which is not the case with any root upon earth, all roots and *Radicals* being restricted to the *under* side of the collet only.

Seeing that the *Onion* had fairly squabashed the Manor Court of Heathfield, it was determined to do the same with that of Furyfield. This was tried in the days when Gunpowder Gaffer was baron—the very same that had such a craze for employing game-keepers all over the world without any regard to the cost. The poachers had run him and his game-keepers rather hard; and some of them had been daring enough to come coney-catching to Furyfield, where they were sheltered by many of the small farmers, and some few of the large ones, especially such as lived on their farms and looked after them. It was even supposed that the Manor Court winked at, and rather encouraged these poachers; and this caused a dread, not on the part of Gaffer, for he was always in the clouds about the gamekeepers, but on that of Billy Dimple, who was the baron's head lacquey at the time. Billy was old enough to remember the tricks which had forced Gaffer to “cut his stick” in the great manor of Westfield, for his own father had fagged tooth and nail to prevent it; and he feared that the same would have to be done in Furyfield; and this made him resolve to send the *Onion*.

So Billy Dimple gets a monstrous big onion, not a mild one like those of the south, but a real Moscovy onion, which is known to be

ranker in the hugue than any other onion upon earth; and this he peeled and peeled, till his own eyes watered at the work, and the snout of him turned up to be out of the line of the *mephitis*,—as any one may see to this day on looking at his brazen effigies in Beggars' Close.

No sooner was this huge peeled onion landed in Furyfield, than all the members of the Manor Court rushed out, some holding handkerchiefs to their noses, and those who had no handkerchiefs holding them with their fingers, or *any thing they could get hold of*. A good many came over to Hangland, where Billy Dimple let them into the Baron Court, or made them free of the kitchen, or both. Very many of them left Furyfield for good; and, strange to say, the very tithe pigs found their way out of the place—when they came to the years of discretion. The parsons would have done the same to a man, had it not been for fear of losing their lien on the tithe pigs.

But the story is too long for telling just now. Suffice it to say, that when the men with the “—— and blood” handkerchiefs got drunk and ran about the manor, bawling out, “The tithe pigs are in peril!” Derrinandan taught the country-folks, first to put their finger in their cheek, and make it “play *bluck*,” and then to halloo and shout, “RE-PEEL THE ONION!” This cry came like a thunderbolt—no, *not* like a thunderbolt, but like something far worse, upon the whole band of the Porks, and the Parsons, and their abettors; and the poor fellows that had been bawling about the tithe pigs were like to belch up their insides to the very bottom. Corporal Slahem-sabre, who had been drummed out of more than one regiment for insolence to his commanding officers, was for crossing the cudgels at once, and Earl Soddenhead flared about his “—— and blood” handkerchief like the old “oriflamina” of a “red-wood” paynim. But the people again put their fingers in their cheeks, and made them play *bluck*, and tee-hee'd, and shouted “Re-peel the Onion! RE-peel the Onion!” faster than ever; while the baron's bailiff expressly forbade all cudgel-play.

Hitherto the Baron Court has been spoken of as only one; but when, like Derrinandan on field-days, it has all its tail on, it really consists of three: first, “the Baron,” who is always *I*, by himself, *I*; secondly, the members of the *Cushion* chamber, who are sometimes vulgarly, but very vulgarly, termed “the Luds Spoutfire and Terrible;” and thirdly, the common file of the court, who are vulgarly styled “the Comings,”—as some suppose because they are always making a show as if they were *coming* to something comprehensible and useful, but never *actually come* to it. These three are the *component* parts of the whole court. We cannot say that any of them are *constituent* parts; for the whole barony, court and all, are the *constituents* of the baron: the farmers and clod-hoppers are the *constituents* of the comings; and as for the luds, they have *no constituents* at all. At one time, indeed, they had, by hook and by crook, got hold of the constituting of the bulk of the comings, and at that time the comings were really but little better than an old tin kettle clattering at the tail of the luds, which increased the noise that the said luds made in the world, and enabled them to “do what they

linked with their own"—or with other folks's either. It only remains to say something of the luds, before we proceed to the doings of the court; but this is necessary, as nobody can rightly understand a history without some glimmering notions of the subjects of that history.

To define or describe the luds, is quite a poser, and it is rendered more difficult than it perhaps might have been, by some of those who have tried it blackening the one side, and others white-washing the other side, till between them they have made it look more two-faced than Janus; and thus it is precisely what any body, who can think, may think of it.

The luds Spoutfire are, especially, a puzzle upon earth; there being nothing in Little Brought-in, or out of it, with which they can be compared. They are luds in *life rent* not in *tail*, and thus they are incapable of continuing their species. Of course we do not mean that they are physically disqualified,—though there are some Spoutfires who are stated to be so, but these are not recognised as luds, or admitted into the cushion chamber. They arrive at their ludship by hopping twice,—*bis* hop as one would say; and the effects of their hops are curious. They cannot take the second hop without having taken the first one, and the effect of this first one is a total disqualification for the chamber of the comings, even though they substantiate the plea of being "good for nothing else," which many of them can do; and they thus, in a way, swear to a total abandonment of the affairs of this world. The second hop quite undoes all that is done by the first hop. The first is clean out of the world of *fleshes* into that of *spirits*; but the second is back to the *fleshes*, on which a lud Spoutfire may fatten like a porpess. Thus, though a lud Spoutfire may indulge in *ardent* spirits *ad nauseam*, he is as much a lud of the cushion chamber for all manner of worldly business as any other lud whatsoever; and a title to do worldly business in the cushion chamber gives license to do worldly business in any chamber within the three manors.

The luds Terrible stand upon rather a different footing; they are very old, it being maintained by some that "the giants before the flood," "the Anakims," and figuratively "the bulls of Bashan," were luds. A lud founded the largest village in Hangland, and must have been a terrible fellow, for the gallows is still kept up in a place called after "the Old Bully," near another called Lud. The ludship of these Terrible luds descends by a sort of equivocal generation, not in the blood, for the mother may be any body, and so may the father if a lud stands sponsor, and folly and fatuity are no disqualification for the chamber. Nobody can exactly tell in what ludship consists, but there is a power in it which can triumph over all the contingencies upon earth, and no deprivation or depravity can affect it, for the most arrant fool or the veriest rogue may be every inch a lud, as much as the most able and upright man under the moon—or in it. We must, however, let the court tell its own story, which we shall try to do in our next chapter. Wishing all understanding to the reader, we are

THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

## THE MISTAKE.

SCENE—A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. TIME—EVENING.

STRANGER AND SEXTON.

STRANGER.

'Tis well: I thank thee, friend. Now go thy way.  
 My brow is fevered, and this cool, soft air  
 Hath balm and healing—and a voice, beside,  
 Akin to that mild welcome which, to those  
 Poor in the world's false treasures, is most rare—  
 A true friend's greeting. I accept the sign,  
 Go—go—old man: the grave is *there*, you say?

SEXTON.

Yes, Sir; the nearest of those two which lie  
 Beneath the shadow of the dark old elm.  
*(Aside.)* One of the two I mean, but I'll be hanged  
 If I know which. I had the rheumatiz,  
 And my son Tom did those two jobs for me.  
 But mum—all dust's alike. *(Exit.)*

STRANGER.

Too long—too long  
 Away from thee! Exiled in foreign lands,  
 And stayed and fettered by the tyrannous wave  
 Jealous of this sad comfort, ah, too long  
 I knew we should not meet again, and yet  
 I would not weep for thee, for well I knew  
 The brightness that was planted on thy brow  
 Grew there but for a season. Fare thee well,  
 Mary, fit sound for angel-tongues to breathe,  
 In greeting their new sister—'twas a dream  
 Of heaven, to worship thee, when each fond act  
 In thy behalf affection prompted, seemed  
 A duty pleasant in the eye of Heaven.  
 How happy art thou! It is surely sweet  
 To leave behind us *one* fair memory—  
 One grateful thought for some lone act of peace,  
 One tear to hallow, though we feel it not,  
 One prayer to soothe our death-hour, one true voice  
 To shame the busy slander of this world.  
 This to the many; but to *thee*—to *thee*—  
 How many hearts that felt thy nobleness  
 Bewail the fate which gave the greedy tomb  
 So young a tenant! Wherefore art thou here?  
 Such sleep were grateful to the fall of years;  
 And helpless dotage, and pale idiotcy,  
 Drivel and gibber to th' undreaded grave,  
 And those who love them mourn not, for they know  
 It is their rest and remedy; and oft  
 The way-worn pilgrim of life's rougher paths  
 By the blest waters of eternity  
 Lays down his soul in joy: but what hadst *thou*

With death to do? Did sickness wait on thee?  
Pain fix its ghastly seal upon thy cheek?  
Did dangers lurk beneath thy trusting step,  
Or death's chief arrow—silent, but most sure—  
A broken heart—

COUNTRYMAN (*who has been standing by unobserved*).

Noa, Sur, 'twar indisgeshton,  
Some'at o' that 'ere sort the doctor said,  
He had been dining at the Swan, and ate  
A goose, and three black pud—

STRANGER.

Peasant, avault;  
Prate not of geese and puddings. Know, this dust,  
This hallowed dust, was—

COUNTRYMAN.

Old Tom Stubbs, the grocer,  
My feyther's uncle. Close old hunks he was,  
As ever lived. I'se glad yo' liked 'n so,  
For no one else did: thank ye koindly, Sur.

(*Exit STRANGER hastily.*)

W. H. S.

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## THE MISERIES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

BY ONE OF THE INITIATED.

It has always appeared to us that there are few professions carried on in this bustling metropolis, whose nature is so little known or so little understood as that of Portrait-painting: we shall here say a word or two on the matter. Of the name itself, it is very doubtful if we could find a single individual who has not heard something; yet of the profession, we shall probably find few who really know anything: and this is strange. A portrait, now-a-days, finds its way, as a matter of course, into every house that boasts of more than one story to it. There is not a person who is in possession of a clear, unencumbered revenue of one hundred pounds a-year (that modest, unpretending line, marking the first appearance of gentility), who does not at some time of his life "sit for his picture;" either to give to his relations who beg it of him, or to his family who tease him out of it. Call on business upon a man you never saw before in the suburbs of London, and the first thing that strikes your eye when you enter his parlour is a gilt frame of some two or three feet square hanging over the fire-place, covered with yellow gauze, and containing a portrait of a gentleman in a blue coat, generally looking reddish about the nose; or that of a lady in a large white odd-looking cap or turban, as generally looking rather large about the bust: "That is *Mrs. Smith*," will the gentleman say in a piano tone, in

answer to your obliging expression of anxiety to know who it represents. Go into a house in a fashionable street to see a man whose known wealth has prepared you to expect luxuries, and you find as the centre object of a string of pictures—Italian, Dutch, and English—a bright, half or whole-length frame, containing the portrait of a lady dressed in white muslin or satin, looking very graceful, hair rather blown about, with a blue sky, or a red curtain, or a green tree behind her; and you learn it is your hostess, Lady So-and-So, by Lawrence. Go into the country, fall ill by the way, take lodgings in some small bathing-place or village at Mr. or Mrs. Brown's; and in your bedroom you will find the black profile miniature of the late Mr. or Mrs. B., hanging in a small oval black frame over the chimney. Speak to any one of your friends, young or old, married or single, in London or out of London; and you will find that they have either sat for their portrait, do intend to sit, or know people who have sat. It has actually within the last half-century become part of the duty of our lives to expend a certain sum, at the first favourable opportunity, in the purchase of that amount of canvass and paint which may constitute a map of our face, and which we may leave behind us as an affidavit (very often a forged one) of what we have been. Napoleon called us "*une nation boutiquiere*;" the definition is incomplete; he forgot Portrait-painting.

Such is the degree of our familiarity with the subject of portraits. Now it is not a little odd that such mistakes should yet be made, with regard to the practice of the profession, as those we find current. We doubt if any could be pointed out of whose nature the public are more ignorant—we add contentedly ignorant—than that of Portrait-painting. We shall show some of the leading mistakes.

Portrait-painting is considered by many persons in the world as an occupation resolving itself into the empirical application of a certain quantity of flesh-coloured paint to a thing we call a canvass, so as to represent a human face to pattern: it is the mere covering, by recipe, a certain oval space or chalk-mark with patches of colour: any one may do it: there is no great difficulty in the matter: the "craft" demands no greater amount of study or ability than is required for, or is found in, house-painting or bricklaying. You take your brushes,—you lay on colour,—you make the face "like"—and the thing is done. Any difficulty you may experience in the application of the paint is removable by being shown previously the order in which you are to apply the tints. There are others, however, who do admit that the production of a portrait is not an easy matter; but here again we have a one-sided view. It is not the application of the colours which these persons consider difficult—*that* may be learnt,—it is the likeness which is the great mystery—it is the making a piece of canvass look like a man or woman we have seen alive and walking about, which is the surprising part of the business. "It is wonderful," said a lady one day to us, "how you can manage to get a likeness: I suppose it must be the same as poetry—born with one." Tell one of these wonderers that the likeness is by far the easiest part of a picture, and you will be set down as a person desirous of saying startling things for the sake of

effect : you will be risking your character for veracity : your hearer cannot produce a likeness himself, therefore it is difficult : he sees no other difficulty, therefore Portrait-painting is the art of producing a likeness. Try to disturb this chain of reasoning, and you will not be understood ; perhaps not believed.

Distinct from these two classes, who have in view the more or less of facility with which the profession is exercised, is a third set of opinions, commonly obtaining in a higher, or at least a more cultivated rank of society, and referring to the degree of pleasure or of gratification which the practice of Portrait-painting must necessarily afford to the artist. "How delightful it must be," they will say, "to have the variety of characters coming before one that a Portrait-painter meets with!—a succession of living pictures!—an endless change ! and then to think that it is nature seen in its best sides !—all smiles, and good-humour, and serenity ! No pouting, no negligence of costume, no slatternly appearances ! *Beauty* highly adorned, coming willingly before you ; seeking you out ; asking to be looked at ; submitting to your calmest examination ; beaming on you while you paint ; obeying all your suggestions ; anxiously calling up its best looks for you ; smiling the instant you desire it ; your intercourse at once placed on the most open footing ;—how delightful ! And then the praises you receive from the circle of friends and admirers who see the expression of the minute that has so often glanced on them, portrayed and detained on canvass ! The congratulations on your success ; the praises you obtain ; the rewards you get ; the patronage you receive ; the friends you make ;—how enviable ! *Old age*, venerable in its aspect, honourable in its character, dignified in its station, respectable in its bearing, intelligent in its experience, communicative in its disposition, kind in its manner, asking the aid of your skill to be enabled to live to the eyes of posterity, depending upon you for its chance of being transmitted to future ages,—how ennobling ! *Manhood* in its prime, full of health and energy, exciting your admiration by the strength of its intellect, instructing you by its knowledge of the business of life—coming to receive at your hands that re-creation which shall serve to gratify family affection and exercise many of the best feelings of our nature,—how enviable ! *Childhood*, all bloom and purity, light curly hair, blue eyes, red lips, brilliant teeth, and rosy cheeks : dimpling with pleasure, arch with mischief, or timid with innocence : every form rounded by health, every motion a display of grace : lisping, questioning ; unbound by formality, and seeking only for a smile—a being like this, brought to you to be portrayed—a mother gazing at your work till she feels her heart swell and her eyes fill with tears, at the long future her imagination runs over, with its myriads of chances and possibilities to the object of your skill, bad and good, inevitable or to be avoided—a father treasuring your work beyond many of his possessions, as the only means whereby he will hereafter be enabled to recal days which are running on in perhaps perfect happiness, but which he knows may be painfully contrasted by the anxieties and cares of coming years—to do this, to effect this—how gratifying ! And then the freedom of intercourse that is at once established with so many

persons you could not otherwise expect to know—the great by station, the noble by intellect! The mass of information thrown open to you by the opportunity of reading, in the abstract, the knowledge on every possible subject collected by the persons who come before you! The facility with which, by practice, you can do what is required of you, and gratify the world! The pleasure it must afford you to find you can give universal satisfaction! The honest pride you must feel in seeing your works sought after—known every where! ‘Surely a Portrait-painter,’ will they say, ‘must be one of the most favoured and happy of mortals—surely he must live in one round of gratifying excitement! Sorrow, and care, and anxiety cannot be for such a being as this: the business of life and the drudgery of the world are for others: *he* lives to be sought after, rewarded, instructed, and amused: he goes to rest happy and he rises to be again made as happy: one day is like another, and the revolving years only affect him favourably!’”

Such are the opinions of not an unimportant class of people with regard to the profession of Portrait-painting: such are the ideas they form, and the view they are pleased to take of it: most heartily do we pray these were just opinions. Alas! here is only the poetry of the profession: the plain prose no way resembles this description: it is the bright and dreamy side of the picture; the everyday reality is of a very different character: instead of pleasure, it is pain: instead of amusement, it is wearying toil. We who write repudiate this imaginative view: we are entitled to do so, for to our sorrow we have to say that we know the truth by experience—we are of the race. We claim for our much worried brethren of the brush a round robin of condolence from all who will read this, for the plagues, and the annoyances, and the miseries we assure them a Portrait-painter has to go through from morning to night, from day to day, and from year to year. We verily believe that they are a race set apart, by some unaccountable arrangement of nature, for the express purpose of showing how much vexation and annoyance it is possible to accumulate on a set of individuals without driving them crazy: we extend the right-hand of misery to all who are concerned. We wish not to be profane, but we cannot help summing up our opinions of the practice of Portrait-painting in a short reference to an idea of Paley’s as regards the nature of that place which is decided to be not nameable to ears polite. This able and unmitred writer, viewing the many *degrees* of evil and of good which exist, and considering that between the lowest good rewarded, and the least evil consigned to punishment, but a slight difference can obtain, expresses his willingness to admit the possibility of *degrees* of punishment and of reward. Accepting the Catholic *purgatory*, then, upon this authority, we are clear upon it, that one of the most severe punishments there set out must be the having to practise from morning to night as a Portrait-painter among the shades. It is an occupation which would be admirably adapted to the place; especially if the condemned can be made to have a keen perception of their own deficiencies and limited powers as Artists, and can be permitted to see what *ought* to be done, and what only they can do.

It is quite impossible that we can specify *all* the annoyances to which a Portrait-painter is subject; *nomen illis Legio*. All that we can do, or propose doing in this place, is to point out the sources whence they spring; and, touching only on the plagues which flow from *one* of these, leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, or to a future opportunity. We have three sources of difficulty:—the want of knowledge of the laws of nature; the almost impossibility of duly representing nature by means of art; and ignorance on the part of the public of what should be required in painting. The two first would be amply sufficient for a man to grapple with during a long life, but society is kind enough to superadd the last, and to distract our attention and call us from our object by the interposition of its own crude and superficial conceptions in the practice of our profession—conceptions to which, unfortunately, the professors of the fine arts must bend, since they exist and are remunerated by the public. It is the annoyances that flow from this last source which we here propose to consider.

From causes which we shall not on the present occasion attempt to trace out, the art and mystery of painting is at the present day as far removed from popular reach or comprehension as any lover of exclusiveness can possibly desire. Of the multitudes who possess pictures, few know any thing of the principles on which they were produced, or the laws of nature they were intended to illustrate. To the majority the works of able artists are so many square feet of ornament—nothing more. A picture is purchased because a wall looks bare;—the wall is never built for the picture. We fill our houses with old masters and with modern masters on much the same principle that we scatter flowers and plants about our tables and staircases—they look pretty to the eye. We should as soon think of sitting down to inquire why a picture is as we see it, as we should of puzzling our brains to know how and why a flower came to be as it is. To us it appears proving a truism to attempt to show that the fact is as we state it.

It is a consequence of this general want of knowledge of the true nature and object of painting that an artist is at all times subject to the most perplexing interferences as regards the practice of his profession. There is not a painter in London who has not his list of grievances ready for you, founded on circumstances of this kind which have occurred in the course of his career. There is not an artist in the metropolis who has not smarted and winced, and wished himself in the moon over and over again, from the unreasonableness of the persons who have graciously pleased to employ him, and to criticise his pictures or direct his labours. Some of these occurrences are fitted to make one smile after they have passed; but the major part render us for the moment very much of the opinion of the frog in the fable—that it is no joke to be pelted at. These annoyances are tolerably equally distributed, and we shall endeavour to show what their nature may be, and to what they often amount, by the help of an anecdote or two.

We ourselves, in our own proper person, were once taken to task by a lawyer, for whom and of whom we had finished a picture in a way, as we thought, to redound considerably to our credit, for no less

a fault than "having painted him in a seconds' cloth coat, not a superfine one;" he assuring us positively that he never wore any other kind than superfine. Puzzled at the aim of this communication, and distressed at the severe and injured look of our legal employer, we asked to revise the picture. We had it put in the light; we had it put back again; we considered it, and we reconsidered it; and, at last, were fairly compelled to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the offended party, and confess we could not find out what he meant. "Not know what I mean!" said he, in a surprised key, "only look close at the picture, and you will see on the sleeve and the collar the marks of the brushes you used. Why, I can see them quite plainly," said he, putting his spectacled face within a foot of the canvass: "here, take my glasses." We ventured to hint that a large picture was not to be looked at close, and that it was not always possible to obliterate the touches left by the brush; nay, that it was even sometimes desirable purposely to introduce them in order to gain texture, and that the brush marks in the present instance were not seen at the distance of three or four feet; but we might as well have talked to him of the temple at Tenderah. Our conversation was closed by his drily and briefly telling us, "Well, all I can say is, that I have no such marks on my coat." He was to have recommended us. He never did.

We remember once receiving a note from a gentleman whose son's portrait we had painted, requesting "to see us any day this week with respect to it." We went. Our friend received us courteously, but gravely. We saw that something was wrong. After a brief exordium, he told us that, having had occasion to pass his finger over the face a few days before, to remove some particles of dust sticking to the canvass, he had detected in both the eyes a something so unaccountable that he had thought it better at once to send for us to look at it. "If," said he, "you will pass your finger over the eyes, you will find in the centre of each pupil a small lump or prominence, which I am sure you could not have intended." We did as we were desired; and, stifling any desire to laugh, we explained to him that the only means painters had to represent the vivid sparkle of light which is seen in the eye, is by touching the pupil in the picture with a sharp-pointed brush dipped in white paint; a dot or minute projection of paint is thereby left behind, which, catching the light, serves to produce the effect desired. He coughed; looked grave; went to the glass and looked at himself; came back; felt again; and then conciliatingly telling us "he dar'd to say we were right as to the sparkle in the eye," begged as a favour we would indulge him by "removing the projection of paint, as he was quite sure his son had no such lump in his eye." What was to be done? Nothing, of course, but comply. We accordingly had the picture returned to us, scraped the high light down so as to be impalpable, and sent it home again; looking of necessity dim-sighted, but perfectly satisfactory to the touch of the owner.

The reader will say these are gross absurdities, and not such as are likely to be committed by the generality of persons. We assure him that in the last particular he is wrong. All may not be of this imme-

diately evident character, but a very large proportion are to the full as outré when the outside covering of language is removed. There are few artists who do not know what it is to be asked gravely, and as though it were the most natural thing in the world, to perform or produce what are of necessity moral or practical impossibilities in their pictures, and to be sufferers for not having in the respects required met the ideas of their employers. Expressions are to be combined which never can co-exist; alterations are to be made with a view to gain an end which it is in the nature of these alterations not to attain; emendations are suggested which are incompatible with the body of the work; shapes are to be added which ought not to be admitted; lines are to be altered which would be destructive of the composition; colours are to be thrown in which would put the whole picture out of keeping. And with all this, no argument on the part of the artist is of avail. The purchaser of the picture does not see that he is in the wrong; that he is as competent to construct an Esquimaux grammar—therefore he perseveres, and the artist has only the choice of submitting or affronting his employer. He may adopt which course he likes; but the alternative is agreeable. We had occasion, years ago, to consult an artist of high ability and reputation, now dead—Nollekens—on this subject, with a view to learn the mode which he in his long practice had found most efficacious in warding off the observations of ignorance. Nollekens was as blunt as old age, native temper, success, and wealth could make a man; and his advice was briefly as follows:—“What you complain of is the old story; you must make up your mind to it. The only thing you have to do is *never to give in*. Tell the people either that you won't alter it, or that they may do it themselves if they know so much about the matter. I have always done so. But I forgot,” he added; after a moment's pause, “that you have to make your way first: I mean act so after you have become known; you will be thought better of, for the arts are only a matter of opinion in England, not of knowledge.” Sir Joshua Reynolds's plan, the reader will recollect, was different from this. He only took down his trumpet; and, as he was deaf, he could not be expected to hear. Whatever plan, however, is pursued, we are to bear in mind that we run the risk of forfeiting the patronage of the sitter—no unimportant consideration. There is no profession which, in respect of patronage, at all resembles Portrait-painting. A physician of merit who gets a patient, in all probability secures a continuance of attendance. The person he has cured once may become ill again, and will again apply to him. A lawyer of ability who gets a client, in all probability secures him for a long while;—in any future legal proceedings the client will go to the person who has already been made acquainted with his affairs. An author of talent who gets a reader, will in all probability continue to have this reader's support as long as he publishes. A tradesman who supplies a family with goods, in all probability secures a lengthened custom;—the matter is not terminated in one dealing, but may be spread over a series of years. Now this is not so with the portrait-painter; and it is not so with him alone. A man who sits once, never sits again; the matter is closed in one dealing: no further be-

nefit can accrue to the artist in this quarter—he must look out for a new sitter. All his dependence is on the favour of his sitter for the time being, that he may be recommended to some other client or patient. For this he must sacrifice every thing; he must never hesitate to alter and change,—spoil, if necessary, the picture that the sitter is paying for, and therefore conceives ought to be as he likes. Let the reader only suppose the caprice of people as exhibited in the common accidents of life applied ten-fold to the subject of pictures, and he will have some idea of the situation of a portrait-painter under this unceasing necessity of acquiring new patronage.

When we come to compare Portrait-painting with other departments of art, we shall perceive that the professors of the first are singularly placed as regards their openness to attack. In no class of art is *identity* in face, figure, costume, and ornament, of such paramount importance as in portraits. The historical and landscape painters luxuriate in a comparative freedom from attack. If they are not much patronised, neither are they much criticised; for the objects of their skill are not sufficiently known to the world to be brought to bear upon the imitations. The landscape-painter may paint a tree awry, or a cloud topsy-turvy, and no one will challenge his work. The historical painter may insert a drapery or ornament of the colour or shape he pleases just where he likes; he may put in figures, or he may put them out, at his own free will; he may paint faces like somebody or like no one in particular, at his option; he may do, in short, as he thinks fit, without let or hinderance from the world. Now the portrait-painter works under no such freedom from control; he is placed in a totally different situation. He has to represent the men and women with whom we are in daily communication, and with whose individuality of face and figure and costume we are perfectly familiar. He exercises his profession with his hands tied. Let him only paint Miss A.'s mouth an idea on one side, or omit or change some of Mrs. B.'s curls or ornaments, or represent Mr. C.'s eyes looking slightly crooked, or his figure not perfectly correct, and he is at once found out. The sitter becomes extremely distressed at the discovery, and there is immediately an abundant outcry among the friends; no quarter is given, and the artist is by common consent offered up as a sacrifice to the offended pride of the person who was to have been correctly handed down to posterity. What portrait-painter does not know the plagues that arise from the uncompromising importance attached by sitters (dare we say female sitters in especial) to the article of dress? If a sleeve do not exactly follow the fashion—that is to say, the milliner's idea—or a skirt (we speak learnedly) have not the exact degree of fulness or of length, or the exact amount and kind of ornament, even sometimes to the pattern of the lace set out for him, woe betide the unhappy painter; his omission or commission is somehow sure to be discovered, and then he may consider himself a lost man. The good-natured observations of the circle of acquaintances are sure to chime in with the sitter's indignation, and the artist has nothing left for it but to hide his diminished head, and grieve that he does not understand lace-making, and that he is not able to shut his eyes to the absurdities milliners and tailors seem in a league to commit.

It is singular that same kindness of by-standers with regard to the more or less of success with which an artist has represented their friend Miss A. or Mr. B. Unfortunately, it appears inseparable from human nature that each individual should entertain in the privacy of his own breast ideas of self not exactly tallying with those entertained by the world. We are apt to think the opinions of our acquaintances as regards ourselves any thing but formed in a fair and just spirit; we rate our qualifications, mind and body, at a somewhat higher value than does the world. In Portrait-painting this feeling is roused into sensitive activity. Sitters look on with an ill-disguised anxiety throughout the progress of the work to see how they appear to others. Painters know well what feeling is in question, and this imposes on them a line of conduct of considerable risk—they *must flatter*. But here arise a Scylla and Charybdis. *If they flatter too much*, many are the confidential whisperings among the sitter's acquaintances and behind his back as regards the excess of beauty or intelligence thrown into the picture. "Yes, it *is* like," they say, "but then it is *so* flattered; I wonder Miss A. or Mr. B. does not see it; I should not like to be represented in that way." And then they speak slightly of the artist to the sitter. *If Painters do not flatter enough*, the sitter is not excited to admiration by the work; he coldly approves, and takes the first opportunity of asking some friend or friends confidentially what they think of it. Nine times out of ten the referee traces dissatisfaction in the tone of the sitter; or, if he does not see this, he thinks it incumbent on him to pay a compliment; and he answers, "The picture *is* like, but then really it is a—(and here comes a sort of friendly hesitation)—it is, in fact, too old for you. Besides, I think there is a heavy look about the eyes which you have not got: and indeed, I should say, that altogether it is not so happy a representation as I should have expected." This is enough; the train is fired; the sitter's smothered indignation is stirred up; he questions somebody else, telling the new referee what the last said, which is, in truth, calling for a confirmation. His idea is confirmed; for no visitor can think of telling his host that he, the said host, has over-estimated his personal appearance or his intellectuality of look; and the consequence is, that a week or two afterwards the painter has the pleasure of hearing that all Miss A. or Mr. B.'s friends disapprove of the picture. Many a portrait has come back upon a painter's hands of whose condemnation this is the true history. Sir Thomas Lawrence left between four and five hundred unclaimed pictures behind him, finished and unfinished. A large proportion of these were very probably returned or neglected under the above circumstances.

We shall here bring our notice of Portrait-painting to a close, more with the view of sparing the patience of the reader than under any inability to extend the catalogue of annoyances. A spirit of impartiality, however, requires us to add that it has not been here intended to shield in any degree the real faults and deficiencies of portrait-painters from blame. These faults and deficiencies have only been kept separate from the present subject matter. They may, perhaps, receive a subsequent examination.

H. F. G.

## SCENES IN SPAIN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

## No. II.

MIRANDA DEL EBRO is a town of considerable importance, situated on both banks of the river Ebro. During the present struggle it has always been occupied by a large body of troops, as, from its position, commanding a passage of that river, and being the key to the large towns southward, it would be a serious blow to the Queen's cause were it to fall into the possession of the Carlists. Here it was, that on the last day of November the legion arrived, full of bright anticipations, for the close of the following day would see us in that El Dorado of our imaginations, Vittoria. Since we had left Bilboa, a month previous, we had endured many hardships, we had experienced not a few of the actual rubs incident to a soldier's life on active service. We had frequently to put up with very indifferent rations, to march from thirty to forty miles a day, and afterwards to repose for the night under the canopy of heaven, or, worse than that, to find ourselves doomed, fatigued and knocked up, to pass the night *on picket*. We were, likewise, one month in arrears of pay; but the remembrance of all these vanished at the prospect of reaching Vittoria. In the larger towns in which we had hitherto been quartered, such as San Sebastian, Santander, and Bilboa, we had been received with kindness and hospitality. Balls and fêtes had welcomed our arrival, and our duties being light, our pay regular, and billets excellent in each of these, our pleasant prognostications on the present occasion are not to be wondered at. The men, although many were ragged and shoeless, were healthy and in good spirits.

Miranda on that day presented the appearance of a perfect Babel. Crammed with Spanish and English troops, and fresh regiments continually arriving, the tumult and confusion were beyond description. The narrow streets were absolutely impassable, mules laden with the baggage and ammunition of the army, whole regiments of cavalry and infantry intermixed with them, soldiers vainly attempting to regain their regiments, the imprecations and curses, both in Spanish and English, of the assembled multitude, and the efforts of the officers to restore some degree of order, made the scene complete. My billet ticket was given me, and after struggling for two hours through the crowd, I had the satisfaction of finding that the house had been previously occupied by seven officers and about seventy men. Spanish houses are seldom superabundantly provided with furniture, but this one was completely gutted from top to bottom. Happy enough was I, however, to get under any roof on this occasion, and after a slight repast, consisting merely of a few small cakes of chocolate boiled to the consistency of a jelly, which served me for breakfast, dinner, and supper, I joined my companions in the balcony, who were amusing themselves in surveying the ludicrous scenes occurring in the streets

below, and enjoying the dilemmas of some of our less fortunate acquaintances, as we occasionally caught sight of them,

“Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

It was late on the following day when we entered Vittoria by the Castille gate. The entrance by that side of the town is highly imposing; two magnificent ranges of newly-built massive stone houses form the wide and noble street of Santa Clara, leading directly to the Plaza Nueva. On the present occasion the balconies of these houses were crowded with ladies, and the streets were lined by regiments of Spanish troops drawn up to receive us. The splendid music of the Spanish regimental bands and the rapturous *vivas* of the inhabitants greeted our arrival in their city.

Vittoria stands on a slight elevation in a plain of great extent. Its immense height above the level of the sea completely neutralizes the effect of its southern latitude, and in winter it is intensely cold. With the exception of the Plaza and the Calle Santa Clara before mentioned, the streets are generally narrow, dirty, and confined. The Plaza of Vittoria is the most beautiful and regular square I have ever seen. It is surrounded in the interior with a colonnade, under which on high days and holidays the ladies of Vittoria take their *paseo* or promenade. On these occasions benches and chairs are placed for their accommodation. In the centre of the square a kind of market is held for the sale of milk, bread, and fruits, &c.

All operations in the field were at this time, from the severity of the weather, necessarily suspended, and consequently an immense body of troops were congregated in Vittoria. Our bright anticipations were soon doomed to disappointment. Our men were quartered in damp, unwholesome convents, without beds or fires; the rations were insufficient in quantity and bad in quality; the wine especially, that was issued as rations, was so hurtful that it sent numbers into the hospitals with diarrhœas and dysenteries.

Nor were the officers better off, at least the junior ones: some were ordered to remain in the convents with their men, and no billets issued out to them. In such cases misery could extend no further. Without pay, without clothing (for all the baggage was at this time at Santander), almost without food, and perishing from cold, from which they had no remedy,—without a stick of furniture to cover the bare walls of their cells, and without the commonest utensils to cook their wretched food, their situation was truly deplorable. In other cases billets were allowed, then they had the accommodation of a bed, but of little else; the inhabitants were inhospitable and churlish, and generally found means to render them as uncomfortable as possible. In my own billet, for example, I was allotted a room with stone floor, and without glass to the windows, the only furniture consisting of a bed, a chair, and a small table; in this miserable place it was my lot to pass one of the severest of winters. It was my practice immediately after coming from drill, which, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was rigorously enforced, to undress and go to bed, being the only way to preserve animal heat. My dinner was brought me in this state, and at night I would dress and repair to

the café, where numbers of officers would flock from the same motives. Here it soon became the custom to remain till a late hour, and I have known officers pass the whole night in the café rather than quit it for their own desolate quarters. Unfortunately, too, the congregation of so many young men under such circumstances produced excesses that brought disgrace on the legion, and punishment and ruin on the individuals concerned.

Such a state of things produced the results that might have been expected. In less than three weeks after our arrival a pestilential fever broke out among the English, attended with peculiar and dreadful symptoms. Sweeping over the legion like a destroying angel, it carried off officers and men with fearful rapidity. The city was continually traversed by funeral parties in every direction, coffins could not be made quickly enough, and soon were dispensed with altogether. Whole regiments were destroyed by the pestilence, and the strongest were unable to muster more than a fifth part of their original number. Vittoria resembled a huge charnel-house, a perfect city of the plague.

Meanwhile the disease was not confined to the men, the officers were attacked in even greater proportion. Many of the latter were young men of good family and prospects, and had joined the expedition, not from any expectation of gain, but from a chivalrous feeling, desirous of attaining distinction in the cause. Others, brought up in the bosom of their family, and accustomed to the attention and solicitude of a home, were totally unable to withstand the bitter neglect and misery of their present situation. Their minds enfeebled by disease, they recalled to memory the comforts and luxury of the homes they had abandoned, and died in all the bitterness of despair, cursing the hour they had left their country.

At this time there appeared every prospect of the legions dying a natural death by remaining at Vittoria, and with a view to stop the mortality we were soon afterwards removed into cantonments among the adjoining villages. Here, as we were no better off with respect to food, clothing, &c., no improvement took place in the health of the troops; indeed, for some time, the fever raged with still greater violence than when in the city.

At Trevino, where part of us were stationed, we were employed for some time in fortifying the hill at the foot of which the town is situated. Trevino itself is small, but of some importance from its situation, and capable of being made a place of some strength; it consists of two or three straggling streets, running parallel with each other, round the base of the hill, and confined on the other side by the river, over which there is a neat stone bridge. From the time it was taken by Zumalacarreguy, about a year previously, it had been deserted by the major part of the inhabitants, and it was in a state of dilapidation and decay, from which it is probable it never will again recover. The neighbourhood was infested by strong parties of the enemy, and the expectation of an attack, and indeed the skirmishes that daily took place between them and our own forage parties, served to animate our minds, and break the dull monotony of our situation.

One night, about a week after our arrival, I was aroused from sleep by the report of fire-arms immediately under my window. The house in which I slept was the last one in the place, and looked upon the space which the gate of the town once occupied, and where the inlying picket was stationed round a large fire. On hearing the noise I sprang out of bed, and, thrusting open the shutter of the unglazed window, a single glance sufficed to make me acquainted with the cause of the disturbance. A party of the enemy had pushed on undiscovered into the very town, and, springing upon the unprepared picket, speedily put them to flight. Their principal object being plunder, they immediately commenced effecting an entry into the nearest houses by battering down the doors, and it was with feelings of small satisfaction that I heard their repeated and vigorous thumps at the frail door of my abode. Jumping into my breeches, and seizing my pistols and sword, I aroused my servant who was sleeping on the ground beside my bed, and in few words informed him of the state of the case. Taking his musket with bayonet fixed, which lay at hand for the emergency, we descended the ladder that formed the only descent to the lower part of the house, the whole of which, as is usual in Spanish villages, formed the stabling of the house. No sooner had we alighted, than I beheld, to my horror, the *patron* or master of the house (whom I had always suspected of being a Carlist at heart), with a lamp in his hand, hurriedly attempting to push back the bar of the door, the only hinderance to the admission of the unwelcome intruders. I called out to him in no very measured language to desist, "Espera, traidor! ladron! Carajo!" but in vain. My expostulation only seemed to expedite his proceedings, and as he gave the final push, and the door flew half open, with correct aim I discharged my pistol at him, and the shot taking effect in his shoulder he fell instantaneously, by his fall serving for a moment to impede the full opening of the door. With a rush forward, my servant and myself managed to secure it for a few moments longer, until a volley and a charge from the main guard, which suddenly made its appearance, dispersed the hostile visitors; who, carrying off a few wounded men with them, made their retreat with little benefit from their experiment. The next morning I gave my host a severe lecture upon his disloyalty, but on account of his wound, which was not however very serious, I let him off all other consequences.

With the exception of incidents such as these, our existence in the villages was monotonous in the extreme, and we ardently longed to exchange it for one of more active service. Our wish was not long delayed, for the fever ceasing, more from want of victims than any other cause, at the latter end of April we had intimation of our approaching departure for San Sebastian. We marched through Vittoria for the last time, rejoiced at the prospect of quitting that inhospitable and fatal town. We had entered it but a few months before in health and spirits; we quitted it a broken and debilitated army of skeletons, destined within a few days to fight a battle the most severe and best contested of the present war.

(To be continued.)

## THE MINISTRY MOLE-GUIZOT,

OR LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES IN THE  
FRENCH CHAMBERS.

SINCE the 18th of September, 1830, when for the first time Louis Philippe showed in public his naturally tyrannical disposition, by taking the personal command, his purposely intoxicated satellites of the line, and in ordering them to clear his royal palace of the Parisians at the point of the bayonet, exclaimed,—“*Allons, mes braves, eventrez moi ces groupes de canaille,*” every thinking mind in France foresaw with dismay, that the cunning and double-minded Duke of Orleans, having swindled the crown like a fox, wished to keep it like a lion, and that his mock citizen majesty aimed not only at reigning shrewdly, but intended to govern France with as much despotism as ever Napoleon displayed during his glorious imperial sway.

However, when the too liberal Laffitte, and the unflinching, upright, patriot Dupont de l’Eure, disgusted with the perfidious and treacherous conduct of their master, resigned their high ministerial posts, and when the well-meaning but too easily duped Lafayette, not choosing to participate any longer to forward the hypocritical projects of a monster whom he had made a king, gave up the commander-in chief of the National Guards of France, Louis Philippe thence forward, became the object of general distrust, and was abandoned by all those who had really at heart the welfare of their country and the prosperity of mankind at large.

But the “best of republics” having succeeded in framing the *famous cabinet of the 13th March*, 1831, and the apostate Casimir Perier and Co., having basely undertaken to become the *constitutional tools* of the son of Egalité, it was now evident that the king of the barricadoes had determined in his *pensée immuable* to exercise despotism over the French nation under the shield of a nominal ministerial responsibility, and that in all domestic and foreign politics he would make use of that maxim of the tyrant—

“*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.*”

In fact, from that eventful epoch all became mysterious and doubtful in his council; the system of *juste-milieu* and *resistance* paralyzed the progress of liberty and improvement at home, and so much changed the foreign policy of France, that the brave and unfortunate Polish and Italian patriots were all of a sudden abandoned to the tender mercy of their conquerors and natural despots. In the mean time domiciliary visits and political inquisition began to make the tour of France, and soon after led the way to the dreadful insurrections, bombardments, and sieges of Paris and Lyons; caused the slaughters of Toulouse, Marsailles, Grenoble, and St. Etienne, and engendered the abolition of all political associations and discussions. As the public press dared to remonstrate against such tyrannical acts, and as it even insinuated that those measures

were the emanation of the "*pensée immuable*," its conductors were of course revengefully prosecuted *ex officio*, tried, fined, and imprisoned. But as these severe means did not sufficiently silence the press, and as the jury were thought too liberal and too merciful, Louis Philippe demanded and obtained those exceptional laws by which the liberty of the press has been totally extinguished, and the independence and utility of the jury almost annihilated. Thus Louis Philippe and his tools have become less exposed to be publicly and openly opposed in their endeavours to arrive at absolute despotism.

Such is the source of the numerous secret conspiracies which are daily discovered in France; hence the great dissatisfaction of the French nation at large; hence the plots and repeated attempts against the life of the present king or tyrant of France, and the partial disorganization and discontent of the army and of the national guards; hence, finally, the present turbulent and unsettled state which threatens at no distant period another revolutionary eruption in that country.

However, until the 11th of January last,—although even then every intelligent being was convinced of the existence of the despotic dictatorship of the mock citizen king of the French, there was not yet any positive proof of his being the only real cause of all the evil that is perpetrated in that country under the sanction of the ministry. At length the late president of the council, and minister for foreign affairs, the once favourite champion and supporter of the modern Dionysius of Europe, the little Mr. Thiers, having been impeached for arbitrary, perfidious, and unconstitutional acts against Switzerland, which had taken place during his administration, has disclosed some secret, and has declared in plain language, and in the presence of the deputies of France and of the whole world, that Louis Philippe reigns entirely uncontrolled, and that his ministers are his constitutional tools, enjoying nearly the same independence that the members of the Ottoman Divan enjoy. His words are truly deserving to be engraven on the memory of all those who wish to have some idea of the present state of France: "*As president of the council and minister for foreign affairs*," said Mr. Thiers forcibly, "*I should have known all;—but I knew nothing.*" Such is the real character, such is the honest constitutional conduct of the present brutal despot of France, who has been so much puffed as the elected of the nation, while in truth he was only chosen by the Doctrinaires, and a few misguided patriots, and some bribed heroes of July. The worst and most dangerous maxims of the Machiavellian policy are indeed honourable and praiseworthy axioms when compared with the villainous and cunning mal-practices of the present government of France.

We beg to be allowed to remark here, as a singular and curious fact, that the apostate ex-carbonaro Thiers, in order to fulfil the dictates of his *then* patron, Laffitte, and to forward his own private interest and elevation, on the 29th July, 1830, was the *first* who dared to speak in favour of the *until then* abhorred Duke of Orleans, and certainly his eulogiums of the republican general of Gemappes and

Valmy were of great use to Louis Philippe, and that now this very turn-coat Thiers, in behalf again of his own private interest, has been also the *first* who has officially denounced to the world the citizen king as the absolute Mahmoud of the French nation.

After this unpleasant and distressing preamble, we shall now come to the subject of this article, by showing impartially how the present French ministry, or rather, how Louis Philippe is placed with regard to the French chambers, and how he intends to manage them in order to continue in his anti-national system.

It is more than probable that the ministry Molé-Guizot, still a *pure incarnation of the pensée immuable* of the French Mahmoud, has been framed in accordance with the wishes of Nesselrode, Metternich, and Ancillon, in order to paralyze any possible good results which might arise from the quadruple treaty, and to prevent the final establishment of a constitutional government both in Spain and in Portugal. Certain it is, that as soon as the present French ministry came into office, all the stipulations of that treaty have almost become a dead letter with the king of the barricades, who, notwithstanding in his late speech from the throne, has had the impudence to assure his hearers that he is still faithful to that document. For what regards the future internal government of France it is evident, that the ministry Molé-Guizot are to forward with zeal and activity the system of *resistance, restriction, and oppression*, and that new measures are to be resorted to, which will greatly surpass even the existing exceptional Fieschi laws, and already two projects have been presented to the chambers, which are subversive not only of the charter, but of the first bonds of human society. But will these tyrannical projects of the French perjured king have any final success? Will the chambers of France permit the total enslavement of their country? or will the French nation consent to lose at once the fruit of all the hardships which it has endured during the last fifty years in order to obtain its present *fettered* liberty and its *compromised* independence? No, this seems to be almost impossible, and consequently, Louis Philippe and his *immuable pensée* of duplicity and perfidy must shortly terminate, either by a total change of system or by his overthrow.

With regard to the chamber of the present *elective peers* of France, we shall not detain long the attention of our readers, because it must be well known to them that those hirelings of the son of Egalité are a real disgrace, not only to their country but to Europe at large, by their servility to the dictates of the court of the Tuilleries. We may assert without the least fear of being *reasonably* contradicted, that were the reigning French Mahmoud to choose for his prime minister the priest-ridden, anti-liberal, but honest, and consistent Prince Polignac, the recently liberated ex-premier of Charles X., he would certainly meet with the approbation and support of the majority of those *elective noble stragmen* of Louis Philippe, because, with the exception of a few enlightened and independent members, and of about a dozen of stubborn and fanatic Carlists, that branch of the French constitution would sanction any arbitrary act or project of the living despot of France. Therefore the citizen king has nothing to appre-

hend from that quarter, and the present ministry will be as successful there, as those of Perier, Soult, Gérard, Broglie, and Thiers, have hitherto been.

But with regard to the chamber of deputies we shall be compelled to be rather prolix, in order to impart to our readers what we think to be a just estimate of that assembly, which is composed of 459 members, chosen for five years by the comparatively small number of 184,754 electors, out of a population of above 33,000,000 of souls. We must also add here, that more than a half of these electors are either directly or indirectly under the control of the existing government. However, in order to rule over the deputies, Louis Philippe is obliged to make use of all his cunning duplicity and intrigues, of all his means of corruption, bribery, and intimidation, and, nevertheless, it is with great difficulty that he has till now succeeded in obtaining a majority in favour of his mysterious and bastard policy. That assembly may be divided into four sections, which are separated from each other on general administrative and political questions, but on particular matters they often lend their support to their opponents, in order to forward their own projects and purposes by their unpopularity.

The *Orleanist* section is composed of the *Doctrinaires* and of all *Placemen* under the immediate influence of the crown, because their welfare depends entirely on the stability and existence of the present dynasty. Guizot, Royer-Collard, Giraud de l'Ain, Remusat, Sebastiani, Jacqueminot, Salvandy, and all the ministers of the day are at their head. This party is supported from without by the "Moniteur," the "Journal des Débats," the "Estafette," the "Impartial," the "Presse," the "Chronique de Paris," by a budget of nearly a milliard of francs and by *five hundred thousand bayonets*.

The *Liberal* section, or, as it is commonly styled, *the party of the movement*, is formed, 1st, by the greatest part of those who were the chief promoters of the *three glorious days of July*, and who were the most active instruments of the inthronization of the present French Mahmoud; 2nd, by all the admirers of the constitution of the United States of North America; and lastly, by the representatives of the most liberal departments of France, where the corruption and the intrigues of the patriot king have not yet won the support of the majority of the electors. The most distinguished members of this section are Laffitte, Odilon-Barrot, Mauguin, Salvete, Audry de Puyraveau, Cormenin, George Lafayette, De Tracy, Clausel, Bignon, Garnier-Pagès, and their politics are advocated by the "National," "Courier Français," the "Tribune Politique," the "Bon Sens," and by all the instructed and intelligent portion of the French nation.

Next comes the section of the *Tiers-party*, which represents a political mass of *would-be ministers* and of *place-hunters*, floating between the *doctrine*, the *movement*, and the *Carlists*, belonging to none of them, but, according to their own interest, lending to any of them their support. The personal friend of Louis Philippe, his *homme de loi* during the last twenty years, the present president of the chamber of deputies, M. Dupin, may be considered the leader of this floating section, and Etienne and Jay its spokesmen and organs. The *Tiers-party* is supported from without by the "Constitutionnel,"

“Le Temps,” the “Journal du Commerce,” the *turn-about* “Journal de Paris,” by the “Messager des Chambres,” and by a great number of ignorant shop-keepers.

The *Carlist*, or the *Legitimist* party, which for a length of time was scarcely able to be represented in the chamber of deputies by a *single member*, in consequence of the perfidy and mal-practices of the French Mahmoud, has at present its regular section there, and its leader, M. Berruyer, confident of his integrity and private virtues, emboldened by his extraordinary power as an orator and a politician, and profiting of the inconsistency and of the revolting conduct of the present government, is often the open denunciator of the hypocrisy of Louis Philippe and of his ministerial tools, and not seldom is the chief instrument of the defeat of the Philippist projects in that house. The Carlists are supported in their views from without by the “Quotidienne,” the “Gazette de France,” the “Courier de l’Europe,” “La France,” “Le Reformateur,” by the ancient aristocracy, by the priesthood, and by the majority of the inhabitants of the south and west of France.

As for *little Thiers*, since he began his career of a national representative, he has already served under the standard of three different parties, and hitherto his parliamentary conduct has not had any fixed principle with regard to either domestic or foreign policy. He was admitted into the house through the interest of Laffitte, and of the *movement*; two months had scarcely elapsed from his entering as a *Liberal*, when he suddenly turned in favour of the *Doctrinaires* against his former patrons and colleagues, and during *four Doctrinaire administrations* he was always their spokesman and champion against all the other sections. But during his short-lived premiership *little Thiers* became the *man of all parties*, and by coalescing with the *Tiers-party* and the *Legitimists* he succeeded in obtaining a floating majority in the chamber of deputies. It may be now asserted, that in consequence of his frequent changes, and of his political apostacy and turpitude, Thiers is heartily despised by all parties, but in the meanwhile he may probably be still courted apparently by each party, in order to make use of his abilities against the existing administration, and as he has already opened once the mysterious bag of the French Mahmoud, and has let loose an *Orleanist cat*, it is more than probable that shortly in one of his angry moments he may let escape from the same bag some larger and more dangerous cat, which, by his appearance, might create a great sensation within and without the house.

Such is the exact state of parties of the present chamber of deputies; but from what has already taken place during the debates and amendments upon the address in answer to the speech from the throne, from the patriotic result of the verdict of the Alsatian jurors, and from the late unexpected overthrow of the Philippist Law of Disjunction, we may safely predict that a crisis is at hand in that assembly and in France, and that there is a great probability, that if Louis Philippe were obliged to dissolve the house, the liberal party will be greatly augmented at the expense of the Orleanists and Tiers-party. The Carlists, however, may obtain from the south and from the west a few more representatives; but their efforts can not oppose any effective barrier to the progress of necessary and indispensable ameli-

orations, and to that broad share of liberty which the French nation has the right of demanding and of obtaining through its representatives; and let the government be either in the perfidious hands of the present Mahmoud or of any other despot of his bastard race, the liberal party,—the party of civil and religious liberty, the party of equal justice and equal rights, the party of economy, civilization, and national glory and independence,—must ultimately triumph in that country.

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### THE MAIDEN'S DEATH.

It was a calm and a tranquil night  
Of the early summer time;  
The sky ne'er smil'd on a fairer eve  
Since the hours of Earth's first prime.  
The sun had set, and the last faint streak  
Had pass'd from the heavens away,  
And the evening-star, like a spirit of love,  
Walk'd on her radiant way.  
Now dropt the dew on the flowers of night  
That ope when the day is done;  
And send forth the sweets when the moonbeams play,  
In place of the burning sun.  
The maiden roam'd where the river flows  
In its silver course along;  
And murmurs on through the quiet vale  
With a sound like a low sweet song.  
Her soft blue eye and her raven hair  
Seem'd scarce of earth below,  
But as though she came from a higher sphere,  
And long'd to her home to go.  
She sat by the side of the whisp'ring stream,  
And watch'd the ripples dance;  
And her own light form seem'd floating down  
The wave in the moonbeam's glance.  
And the angels deem'd her all too pure  
For the shadows of earth to hide;  
And they thought of the shadowless dome of heaven  
Where the holy ones abide.  
And death came down in the evening dew,  
And he wrapped his mantle round her;  
And linger'd, ere he left the spot  
Where his icy hand had bound her.  
She saw the sun in his bright array  
Sink down the purple west;  
And had gazed on the stars as they crested the night  
In their glorious orbits blest.  
And then on the wing of the midnight gale,  
As it sigh'd o'er the quiet river,  
She was borne through the regions of ether far  
To the realms of day for ever.

## ASMODEUS AND THE INCOGNITO.

"I am a spirit of no common rate;  
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
 And I do love thee; therefore go with me.

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And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."—*Shakspeare.*

"WHO are you?" cried I, hastily raising my head from the pillow at the sudden appearance of a handsome and fashionable gentleman by the side of my bed.

"Asmodeus," replied the stranger. "Asmodeus!" resumed I, much surprised, "is that possible?" "It is," responded the devil. "*Ma foi!* if it be so, you are indeed most wonderfully changed," quoth I. "I am not," said Asmodeus, pertly. "What! are you not changed?" rejoined I; "but where are your famous crutches? where your ugly crooked limbs?"

"Why," resumed my visitor, "my crutches I have given to Dr. Pompous. With regard to my limbs you ought to have learned ere this, that we devils go always with the *times*, and that the garb and principle that best suit our purposes and interest we readily assume. When I chose for my travelling companion Don Cleofas Tuxillo I was a cripple, because at that epoch all was in a crooked state in your world; but now that—thanks to the progress of civilization, to the success of the patriotic efforts of Washington and to the overthrow of the Parisian bastille—things are going on in a better train—I have become what you see me; for a comely aspect and a fashionable exterior are at present almost indispensable to a man who wishes to *appear* a perfect gentleman. However, let us not waste our time; get up and dress yourself, because I intend to travel with you in search of amusement and information."

"Asmodeus," answered I, "you speak indeed like a devil; 'tis easy for you to say, 'dress yourself, let us go,' but it is not so with me. You have just remarked that in order to imitate the *times*, you have become a fashionable: well, as in consequence of the perfidy of the *times* I cannot do as much, I must decline your kind offer."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the devil, leering at me and laughing very heartily, "if that is all, I will soon render you as fashionable as ever Count d'Orsay was in his life."

In fact, having furnished me with all that I wanted to *appear* a perfect gentleman, Asmodeus very kindly officiated as my valet. When the toilette was over, consulting the looking-glass, I could scarcely believe my own eyes in observing the infernal change that had taken place both in my dress and appearance. Greatly pleased with my extraordinary elegance, I thanked the devil, and said, "I am now at your service."

“But where shall we direct our course?” asked Asmodeus.

“Wherever you like,” replied I, “provided we avoid all places where either the cholera or the influenza are raging, because I have a mortal dread of the doctors, who, in my opinion, are almost as dangerous as—”

“Hush, hush!” interrupted Asmodeus, “I know that you are no great friend of the medical faculty; in fact, you are not wrong. Individually the doctors envy, undermine, and hate each other; but, as a body, they generally combine all their influence in order to crush any man who openly dares either to impugn the respectability, or to unmask the baseness of even the worst of their profession. Do you know the difference between a doctor and an assassin?”

“I do not,” said I.

“Well, learn it from me,” quoth Asmodeus. “The assassin first murders a man, and then strips him of all he possesses. The doctor first plunders his patient, and then kills him with perfect impunity, while the assassin often loses his life for his horrible deed. In my company, however, don’t apprehend any harm whatsoever either from the doctors or their nostrums. Take this box of lozenges, they possess the power which Morison’s pills are puffed off for; they really cure all diseases, and are a certain preventive against every infection.”

“If I can rely on your word,” quoth I.”

“What? what?” said Asmodeus rather angrily. “Do you doubt my word? Have you taken me for a diplomatist, or a parliamentary candidate? Do you think I am a mortal?”

“I beg your pardon,” resumed I very humbly, but I have been so often deceived and deceived by false premises, that, at present, I suspect—”

“Suspect a fiddlestick,” interrupted Asmodeus. “I know that you have met with ungrateful and deceitful beings; but you have been a great fool in trusting to them: are you still such a simpleton as to forget that you mortals are continually deceiving each other? But, notwithstanding that his very name means *deceiver*, a devil is an honourable being, and always fulfils his promises. Those who styled us *deceivers*, were interested impostors, and have succeeded in rendering a great portion of mankind ignorant, superstitious, and their slaves. Once for ever I tell you, that I am and will be your friend; let us therefore begin our excursion;” and, in saying so, Asmodeus opened the window, whistled, and, behold, instantaneously a conico-cylindrical boat, of the most pellucid crystal, was ready to receive us; it was supported by four winged monsters with enormous tails. Asmodeus stepped in first, and bade me follow. I did so, but not without much apprehension. Asmodeus, perceiving my agitation, said, “Must I get truly angry with you? Fear not, trust me, and you shall sail through the skies, and travel in the middle of cities without the least danger. Nay, from this instant you may at your option be *visible* or *invisible* to the rest of the world; take this telescope, by means of which you will be able to see through clouds and fogs, and even through the thickest walls of kingly and princely palaces.”

Emboldened by this address, I took my seat on the right of Asmodeus, who having made a sign to our conductors, in a moment we ascended at an immense elevation. I was highly delighted at the prospect which now presented itself before my eyes, and as we were over London Asmodeus called my attention on what was beneath us. With the naked eye I thought it a beautiful panorama, but in making use of the telescope I was almost horror-struck by the striking contrast of luxury and wretchedness, of industry and slothfulness, I beheld. I could easily see some of the *privileged few* lying still in their splendid downy beds, while others of the same cast were preparing for their sumptuous breakfast. On the other hand, crowds of the *unfortunate many*, exposed to the inclemency of the season, were working very hard for their scanty pittance, while their families had not the common necessities of life at their miserable abodes. Here fearful misers were counting and idolizing their treasures. There heartless usurers were bargaining with the needy and improvident in order to assist them in their distress by exacting the moderate interest of 200 per cent. on the money they kindly supplied them with. I recognised several preachers of morality and continence in places of infamy and debauch. Many profligate noble and fashionable gamblers had not yet gone to bed, and appeared in a state of mind bordering on desperation in consequence of the losses they had sustained during the night. The debtors' prisons were crammed with inmates of both sexes, apparently thoughtless of their dreadful and degrading situation, because they were cheerfully conversing, breakfasting, laughing, and smoking. The roads of the environs leading to London seemed like streams pouring their waters into the great ocean of the metropolis, whose streets were crowded with persons running in all directions, while omnibuses, stage-coaches, hackney-coaches, and cabs of all shapes and sizes were driving at a furious rate without the least consideration for the lives of their fellow-creatures. Thousands of English and foreign vessels sailed up and down the wealthy Thames, while the counting-houses of the City began their business. In the inns of courts all was on the move. Clerks filling their bags with briefs and pleas ready to start for the hall; briefless barristers, cursing their stars, hastened towards the same place in the hope of obtaining a small fee for a motion of some undefended cause; solicitors were treating and drilling the witnesses that must appear in court in behalf of their clients. Plaintiffs, defendants, and their attorneys were in deep consultation with their counsel, who, notwithstanding the large fees endorsed on the briefs, had not yet opened them. While I was thus occupied, Asmodeus interrupted my reflections by asking, "What do you think of all that?"

"Wonderful and appalling!" rejoined I.

"Appalling, indeed, but not wonderful," said Asmodeus. "However, as you cannot understand many of the scenes you have contemplated from hence, I will explain to you a few of them. Look there," continued he, pointing to me a diminutive, black-haired individual, engaged in earnest conversation with two other persons in a back-parlour near Bloomsbury Square.

"Who are they?" asked I.

"The little man," resumed Asmodeus, "is an attorney, renowned for his shrewdness and *savoir-faire*. That short, thick, and bald epicurean-looking fellow is an Abbruzzese, whose deity *venter est*, and who, for a few shillings, would not scruple to swear the life of his own father. The tall, pale, thin, horse-faced being is an ignorant Calabrian. During many years he was a highwayman of the purest water. In 1814, to save himself from the gallows, he became a chief of Sbirri, and engaged to place in the hands of government his former comrades; but, as the salary he received was not sufficient for the carrying on his vicious habits, he premeditatedly murdered and robbed a rich old clergyman. Having soon been discovered, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and now drags on his existence by undertaking any dirty job. Both of them have just been bribed by the attorney, and have promised to swear black white, and white black in favour of his client."

"Oh, the monsters!" said I. "Pray, Asmodeus, let us go, because I am already sick of my existence; but if you continue such exposure I shall be tempted to throw myself overboard, and thus at once make my exit out of the world."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Asmodeus, laughing at my threat; "you will not commit such a blunder. Nay, if you did, then you would indeed give manifest proofs of your *insanity*. But to efface the disgusting sensation which the sight of those three brutes has excited in your mind, I will now show you two philanthropists. Do you see," added he, pointing to a private apartment near St. James's, "do you see that tall, handsome, and fair gentleman speaking very kindly with that grey-headed person?"

"Yes, I do," answered I.

"Well," said Asmodeus, "he is a generous, noble-hearted being; one of the few who do not either discard or stick to the wall their former friends because they are persecuted and in need. Poverty is a very great crime in your fashionable world; nay, the word *poor* is far more disagreeable to a fashionable ear than those of *swindler* and *rogue*. Look! look! he has now fetched a complete suit of his own clothes, and has requested the unfortunate man to try if they fit him. Remark how overjoyed he appears because his poor friend is again comfortably dressed. There, there, he is now giving him some cash, and, in parting, has said, 'Tirons la vie, mon ami viens me voir, et n'oubliez pas que sur cette terre—esperance—confiance—c'est le refrain—du Pèlerin.'

"Bless him! bless him!" exclaimed I, "and may he never experience a cloudy day."

"Bah!" interrupted Asmodeus, "another blunder. You wish him what is impossible. Like yourself, he is a mortal, and must meet with the destiny allotted to all your race. Now, turn this way, and look at that venerable stout gentleman who has just entered into the debtors' prison. See how politely he is entreating that tall man to accept a *séours* which he has brought him. Remark how he is displeased because the debtor will not receive the gift unless the donor makes himself known to him. He has, however, said that he belongs to the bar; that he has by mere chance been informed of the misfortune of the prisoner, and has begged him to comply with his request,

assuring him that no living being should ever know that he had visited him. See, the poor man has taken the gift, and you may easily perceive that the benefactor's countenance openly reveals the joy he has felt in having performed another charitable action. Well, what do you think of him?"

"What I think?" replied I, with tears twinkling in my eyes. "I think that such a man ought to live for ever happy. What a sin that he is a barrister!"

"'Tis true," subjoined the devil; "because, generally speaking, the extreme selfishness of those learned wearers of tailed-wigs and long black gowns blunts in them all their better feelings and makes them think only of their own welfare; but the gentleman you have seen is the Phoenix of the bar, and not a Scotch barrister. We will now hasten our course," added Asmodeus, and the rapidity with which we began to fly was so great that I could scarcely discern the places over which we sailed. After a very short time France was beneath us, and Asmodeus having asked whether I should like to breakfast in Paris, "With all my heart," answered I, and in about twenty minutes we alighted in the Tuilleries, where the boat and its conductors disappeared.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and that enchanting garden was almost deserted by fashionable visitors; and I, having perceived around us numerous strange and hideous figures, inquired of Asmodeus what it meant, and who they were.

"My friend," replied the devil, "thank your stars and myself for being in your present privileged condition and invisible, because Paris is now become a very dangerous city, but especially the spot where we now are. The approaches of the person and palace of the citizen-king are at present under the most strict surveillance of the police; and as Louis Philippe beholds a regicide in every being who, either from curiosity or by mere chance happens to turn his head towards him, M. Delessert, the prefet of police, has encamped here all his best and most experienced Arguses, who, having received from him *carte-blanche*, may arrest on suspicion the most inoffensive man. Few persons, of course, choose to place themselves in so dreadful a situation, and therefore don't be surprised at what you see."

This disclosure caused in my mind a painful sensation, and having cast my eyes towards the apartment inhabited by Louis Philippe through the telescope, I saw that he was dressing. I particularly remarked that the queen was fastening on his royal person a *double patent steel waistcoat*, which of late he is compelled to wear even in his own palace. "But why does the queen perform that office?" asked I.

"Why," quoth Asmodeus, "for two strong reasons. First, because Louis Philippe don't like that it should be known as a *fact* that he constantly wears such a *kingly life-preserver*. Secondly, because at present, with the exception of his consort, he cannot trust his life into the hands of any body else.

"What a horrible existence!" observed I. "His royalty is not worth a straw. Indeed, my humble lodging in London is infinitely preferable to his palace, and the few shillings I obtain by honourable industry are well worth all his ill-acquired treasures."

“Bravo! bravo!” said Asmodeus, sarcastically. “What a philosopher you are. But we will leave Louis Philippe to take care of himself, if he can, and in the mean time we will go to breakfast *chez les frères provençaux.*”

I nodded assent, because the extraordinary voyage I had just performed had rendered me rather hungry. In passing through Rue de Rivoli and the passage Delorme a number of *Philippist life-preservers* were to be easily recognised; but as I was happily out of their reach, I looked at them with contempt. As we entered the Palais Royal by the Gallerie Vitree I perceived a very tall, athletic man, with a long bushy beard, habited in rags, and wearing a hat in tatters; and, instead of boots or shoes, pieces of old cloth, fastened with cords around his feet. “Who is he?” asked I.

“He is the greatest living philosopher of France,” replied Asmodeus; “he is a truly eccentric and extraordinary man. His name is Shoudruk Duclos. If you like I will introduce you to him, and I am sure you will find him worth your acquaintance.”

I answered in the affirmative; and Asmodeus having overtaken Duclos and shaken hands with him, I was soon after formally introduced to the *man à la longue barbe*, well known to all those who have visited Paris. As we were going *chez les frères provençaux* we crossed the garden of the Palais Royal—at that hour generally crowded with persons who assemble there either to read the periodicals or to meet their friends. Those idlers, having observed Duclos apparently speaking to somebody whom they could not perceive, began to laugh and stare at him, and some of them dared also to hiss; but as soon as *l’homme à la longue barbe* turned his fierce countenance towards them, their laughter, staring, and hissing ceased immediately.

“Will you join us at breakfast?” said Asmodeus to Duclos, as we approached the *frères provençaux*. “Excusez, Monsieur, je ne puis pas,” answered Duclos, “D’ailleurs si j’allais avec vous, on vous y recevrait mal; je vous attendrai ici.” “But,” observed Asmodeus, “let us go to breakfast together to your own house.” “Avec plaisir,” replied Duclos, “je serais charmé de vous y voir.”

This proposal pleased me very much, for I was anxiously wishing to know what sort of abode could be inhabited by so distressed a being. Without much ceremony, *l’homme à la longue barbe* having placed himself between Asmodeus and myself, we proceeded through Rue Vivienne and along the Boulevards as far as Faubourg du Temple; there we entered into a narrow street, and, about two or three doors from Rue Mesley, we traversed a passage which led to an almost deserted spot, where only one house, surrounded by a high wall, was to be seen. Here Duclos drew a key from his pocket, and having opened a small gate, admitted us into his garden, and said, “Messieurs, attendez ici je serai à vous dans l’instant.” During his absence Asmodeus and myself walked around the garden, which was well-stocked with shrubs, fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables; and while we were again approaching to the habitation *l’homme à la longue barbe* presented himself to us, elegantly dressed, and with that politeness which is so familiar to Frenchmen, engaged us to enter into his front parlour.

I was truly surprised in finding that apartment comfortable in all respects ; and much more so when a clean and handsome girl, attired in the Norman fashion, came in to prepare the table for our breakfast. "Je ne ferai point de ceremonies, Messieurs," said our host ; "vous accepterez ce que j'ai dans la maison. Souhaitez vous un morceau de paté de Strasbourg ou une volaille froide ? Prenez vous du café ou du chocolat ? Annette apporte du champagne et du chablis et six douzaines d'huîtres vertes."

"Stop ! stop !" said Asmodeus to Duclos. "Do you mean to kill my friend with your kind hospitality ? He is not a gourmand ; his bitterest enemies admit that. He is come to your house, not to feast on your viands and wine, but to enjoy your society." "En verité," subjoined I ; "acceptez, Monsieur, mes sincères remerciements for all you wish to treat me with ; mais je vous assure that since I have been in your company I feel no other appetite but that of hearing from your lips some particulars of your life, and the reason you may have in choosing to appear in public so dreadfully distressed, while at home you certainly enjoy every comfort." "Bien, bien," replied Duclos. "After breakfast your curiosity shall be satisfied, but on condition that at the first opportunity you will also recount to me some of your adventures." "Point de doute que je le ferai," answered I, "if Asmodeus will deign to conduct me here again." The devil was swallowing a glass of champaign while I spoke, and in endeavouring to say *yes*, was almost choked. Having cheerfully breakfasted, we ended our repast with an excellent cup of coffee, and then Shoudruk began his narration in the following manner :—

"I am a native of the South of France, or to speak plainly, 'un vrai Guascon.' My father was a wealthy, respectable, and respected clerk of the parliament, and from my very infancy placed me under the care of a worthy and well-informed curate of Avignon, who was my uncle ; from him I acquired much instruction, and learned the duties which a Christian owes to his God and his king." Asmodeus startled at this period, but Shoudruk continued. "In 1793, having scarcely accomplished my sixteenth year, I was unfortunately deprived both of my parents and my instructor, for they were all three brutally beheaded at Avignon by order of the bloody committee of public safety in consequence of their attachment to their religion and their king. From that event I was left alone in this world of deceit and selfishness without experience and without a guide. I followed, however, my studies ; but my mind was continually distracted by the appalling recollection of the past. In 1796 I inherited indirectly a large property. J'ai dit indirectment, parce que tout ce que mon père et mon oncle possédaient, devint propriété nationale du jour où ils furent guillotinisés. Having increased my financial resources I began to nourish a hope of avenging the blood of my parents, and having placed myself at the head of the *Verdets*\* of my province I harassed and destroyed many republican *sansculottes*, who had come from Paris to perpetrate all sorts of depreda-

\* The Royalists of the south of France who formed themselves in bands against the Republicans were dressed in *green*, and consequently were called *Verdets*, or *Green Men*.

tions and cruelty in our districts. But when Napoleon annihilated the convention, and erected the triumviral consulate, I emigrated to Italy in order to avoid further persecution. There I spent four years, travelling and enjoying all that a young and independent mortal can enjoy in that paradise of Europe. At last, when Napoleon permitted all the emigrants to return to their country, I settled at Marseilles, where I became much renowned in consequence of my personal attractions, of my extraordinary skill and good luck in duelling, and of my natural eccentricity. Messieurs, j'ai été toujours amoureux du beau sexe, mais à cette époque j'en étais fou, et jaloux, and being naturally too selfish on that score when I was opposed in my ardent desire, I generally made my rivals in love pay with their lives for having dared to vie with me in the way of pleasure. Would to God that it were in my power to recal from the grave my unfortunate antagonists; it should be done with all my heart. At Marseilles I became acquainted with a smart young advocate, who was also a favourite of the fair sex, a good duellist, and a perfect *Bon-vivant*. His name was Peyronnet. With him during many years I shared both pleasures and pains;—my purse was always at his disposal, and more than once I put my own existence in jeopardy to save his life and reputation. Je vous le jure, Messieurs, qu' alors Peyronnet et moi nous ne representations qu'un seul individu. In 1815, after the restoration of our legitimate king, Peyronnet hastened to Paris, in hope of obtaining some preferment at the bar, having been well recommended by M. Ravez to the then all-powerful Abbé Montesquieu; and I lost sight of him. Comme il est aussi, "Un vrai Guascon" il joua si bien ses cartes qu'en 1820, il avait déjà obtenu le Portefeuille de la justice avec le titre de Comte de Peyronnet. As soon as I was informed of his good fortune I addressed to him from Marseilles a letter of congratulation, and begged of him to remember me, car mes amours, et mes duels avaient prequ' aneanti mes finances. Having received no answer I wrote again, but with no better success. Then I determined to repair to Paris, in order to see whether my personal application to my old friend Peyronnet would meet with the same reception from Count de Peyronnet, Minister of Justice. In short I came to Paris, called at the Hotel of the Minister, gave my card to the usher, and requested him to inform me when the Count would deign to receive me. J'attendis envain une reponse pendant quelques jours. At last I called again, and was informed by the usher that His Excellency could not see me, but that if I had any important business to communicate to him, I was to address myself to his secretary. Dieu de Dieu! This message struck me to the quick, I felt so much offended by the want of gratitude of Peyronnet, que s'il eût été alors devant moi je l'aurais certainement assommé. However, having with great difficulty stifled my anger, I left the Hotel with the intention of endeavouring to speak to him. In fact a few days after I posted myself at the gate of his Hotel, and when, at his return from the court, Peyronnet descended from his carriage, I politely addressed him in my usual way.—He stared at me, as if he wished to

recollect me, and then said—*que me voulez vous? je ne vous connais pas.*

Here Shoudruk suddenly stopped, apparently much excited by narrating the unworthy, and ungrateful conduct of Peyronnet; and after having remained with his eyes shut for a minute or two, he resumed by saying—*je vous demande pardon, Messieurs, I have been in some measure absent from you, because with my thought I have paid a short visit to my former acquaintance Peyronnet, I will not call him a friend, because friendship is indeed a rara avis in our days; nay, from what Cicero has written on it in his Lælius, it must have been almost the same with our ancestors. But to return to my narration. To the few words addressed to me by the brutal Minister I answered not; but my looks, having spoken volumes to him, caused his hasty disappearance. I returned to my apartment with feelings indescribable. Ingratitude is perhaps the worst and most common vice of mankind; but it always retains its contemptible ugliness. D'abord je voulus le tuer, et me suicider ensuite; but afterwards I changed my mind, because I was unable to conquer my innate aversion to suicide. To challenge a Minister of the Crown was also impossible without incurring first an imprisonment, and afterwards a strict surveillance of the Police. To abuse him by letter I thought mean and degrading. Consequently I determined to expose his conduct towards me through the press, and having done so, I caused a great uproar against his Excellency; and the satirical little journals of Paris, having soon taken hold of my exposure, ridiculed for years the ungrateful Guascon, and at his expense amused their readers. Then to cast a greater shame on Peyronnet (whether I acted right or wrong it is not for me to judge), I became in public "*L'homme à la longue barbe;*" and during ten years it has been my greatest delight to pass several times every day before the Hotel of the Minister in the distressed state in which you have already seen me. When in 1830 the proud Peyronnet was unexpectedly overthrown from his grandeur, and was even deprived of his civil rights, I truly pitied my former acquaintance, and I assure you that I am very glad that he has been again restored to liberty and civil life. Now I will briefly tell you why since 1830 I have not changed my conduct with regard to my dress in public. Every man has his foible, and habit, once deeply rooted in us, is very difficult to eradicate. My shabby and disgusting appearance has been for years my pride, because I thought that the public remarked in me a living monument of the ingratitude of the human heart. Therefore I shall end my days in the same accoutrement. With regard to my finances I have an annuity sufficient to my wants: besides I obtain some additional comforts from literary, and political articles which I furnish to the Royalist Journals; and here let me candidly acknowledge that I respect all political tenets, but that I am still a staunch Royalist, not only because I was brought up so, but because all those who were most dear to me in this valley of tears and darkness have been sacrificed for the same cause. But enough of myself for the present, perhaps when we meet again I may recount to you some of my*

amorous anecdotes; for Love and Politics have been my youth's and manhood's plagues. I most sincerely thanked Shoudruk, and Asmodeus having intimated that we were to resume our aerial excursion, we walked all three into the garden. The devil whistled, our boat was again in readiness. Duclos shook hands with both of us, wished us bon voyage; and away we went flying through the skies. After a short silence on both sides Asmodeus said, "Well, what did you think of Duclos?" "He is indeed a true philosopher, answered I, and certainly very few would imagine that he is endowed with such feelings and good sense. Here the devil gave me a friendly lecture about my own *foibles*, during which my spirits became much depressed." Asmodeus perceiving it cried "Hallo! hallo! let us be merry again, take the telescope and look beneath you." "What a majestic panorama!" observed I. "Those are the Alps," resumed Asmodeus.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A GERMAN ROMANCE,

SUNG BY MADAME CARADORI ALLAN.

Ist es wahr? Ist es wahr?  
 Dass du stets dort in dem Laubgang  
 An der Weinwand meiner harrst?  
 Und den Mondschein und die Sternlein  
 Auch nach mir befragst?

Ist es wahr? Sprich! . . . .  
 Was ich fühle, das begreift  
 Nur die esmit fühlt,  
 Und die treu mir ewig bleibt.

### TRANSLATION.

Is it true?—Is it true?  
 That thy gentle heart for mine is yearning,  
 When through the vine arcades thou rovest?  
 That the silent moon and planets burning,  
 Still hear thee ask for him thou lovest?

Is it true?—Dearest, say!—  
 None my feelings can divine,  
 Save her alone,—who feels with me,  
 Save her alone whose love is mine.

J. S. C.

## A REVERIE IN REGENT-STREET.

"That sigh  
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain :  
 Creatures of light we never see again."

MOORE—LALLA ROOKH.

ONE gloriously fine day in "the season" I was lounging about the west end of the town, wondering what could induce people to smoke and dust themselves amidst the mephitic vapours of a town, when they might be revelling in the pure breezes of the country. For myself, I was unhappily chained to London by business of importance; otherwise the glades of Devon, the mountains of Cumberland, or the downs of sweet Sussex, would assuredly have been my sojourn at the time of which I am writing. I strolled into St. James's Park, where the bit of green and the patches of vegetation were refreshing to the eye, and amused myself for half an hour by looking at the pretty nursery-maids who went there to be looked at. I quitted the park through the gate by the Duke of York's column, and remembered the squib which was let off by one of the radical prints at the time the statue was "by merit raised to that bad eminence;" which squib was, I suspect, manufactured and ignited by Leigh Hunt. Here it is—

"See, see the good duke perched as high as a steeple,  
 His face to the guards, his back to the people.  
 Well, his *creds* must confess 'twas consistently done,  
 They petitioned for bread, and were answered with stone."

By the way, the said statue is, very properly no doubt, elevated far above all human criticism on its sculpture. The artist, with a noble contempt for the opinions of mere men, has submitted his achievement to the judgment of the angels. 'Tis pity the same plan was not adopted with regard to Canning's effigy, the green monster in Palace Yard, the beauties of which are undoubtedly beyond the genius of mortals to discover.

I continued my lounge through the Opera colonnade, the Haymarket, and the Quadrant. On arriving in Regent-street I sauntered still slower, the more conveniently to speculate upon the varied and lively scene. Carriages of all sizes and shapes, coroneted and uncoroneted, from the ponderous family tub, large enough to accommodate eight people and a week's provisions, to the slight and elegant landau;—phaetons, pony-chairs, and dark-coloured mysterious-looking cabs, were dashing and whirling about, to the delight of their drivers and the terror of all pedestrians not suicidically disposed. There was seen a lumbering, antique, worn-out old hackney coach, with a ducal coronet and huge heraldic emblazonments on its ample pannels, sneaking along among the dashing modern equipages

as if ashamed of its present appearance, and thinking on days of former splendour—days of hoops, link-boys, and running footmen, unlike these degenerate times—when it was foremost in the press, and listened complacently to the stentorian roar of “The Duke of ——’s carriage stops the way.”

“Oh! times admired and mourned!”

The poor old coach looked as uncomfortable as we might imagine a decayed gentleman would feel on suddenly encountering a party of fashionables with whom he had formerly been intimate, and being conscious of a fracture in the elbow of his vesture.

I was beginning to moralize upon the crazy vehicle, and the jaded cattle that with hanging heads were tugging it along, and was complacently drawing a vastly original parallel between them and the decay of human grandeur, and the consequent futility of human pride, when my attention was attracted by a very different object.

Opposite to the door of a shop was drawn up a barouche, in which was seated the fairest creature my eye e’er dwelt upon,—a being such as those that visit us in dreams, and leave us in despair that earth’s mould can produce aught lovely enough to vie in its reality with the uncorporeal images of imagination. I was entranced in the bright apparition of beauty; my senses were rapt in the one ecstasy of gazing; and I became insensible to all objects save that which had rivetted my attention. I passed and re-passed as if waiting, but was careful that the point of attraction should not be perceivable. The lady held a volume, the leaves of which she turned over with her right hand, ungloved, and of such marble whiteness! Occasionally her eye stole from the page towards the shop window, with an expression slightly approaching to impatience. “Excellent,” thought I; “her mind is as rich and cultivated as her person is beautiful. She disdains the petty trifling of shopping, and prefers the charms of literature to lace and laventines.” I then observed that her broad high forehead presented, phrenologically, a remarkable developement of the intellectual and perceptive faculties. The bonnet unfortunately prevented me from speculating on the posterior half of her skull. “And she must be amiable,” I argued, “for with what sweet resignation she waits the convenience of her friends.” As I contemplated her in the pride of her glorious beauty, I almost sorrowed that the visions of mythology had been dispersed, and I wished myself a pagan that I might believe her to be a goddess. But the silk bonnet with blonde edging, the rich lavender-coloured dress, were sad hinderances to these classic fancies. One cannot well associate the idea of a goddess with a fashionably-trimmed gown and Mrs. Bell’s corsets, nor imagine a veritable feminine angel in shoulder-of-mutton sleeves. Virgil tells us that Venus herself got rid of all superfluous clothing, even though the costume of a nymph, before she was fully apparent as divine—

“—— pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
Et vera incessu patuit Dea,”

Perhaps it is some consideration of this kind which causes modern fashionable belles to be emulous of the nudity of antiquity.

I had been absorbed in contemplating secretly and undisturbed for about a quarter of an hour when the lady signed to her footman, who let down the steps of the carriage. She alighted, and vanished within the shop where I imagined were her friends. I concluded she had gone for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of their delay. "More excellent still," I soliloquized; "her exalted mind cannot comprehend that intelligent beings should trifle away their precious moments over toys and baubles!" This, I thought, was an opportunity not to be neglected. I determined to go also into the shop and purchase something. I should then hear the sweet tones of her voice—I might chance to catch some sentiment as it fell from the lips of beauty. *Mais Helas!* I was doomed to be disappointed. A single glance at the shop window showed me, that its owner did not deal in a single article which could by any possibility be required by a creature of the masculine gender:—not a knife, ring, buckle, glove, nor even a ribbon, offered the shadow of an excuse for entrance. Nothing appeared in the window but Brobdignagian balls of cotton and colossal skeins of thread, with a notification in stained glass to the following effect—"EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE WORK TABLE." I never saw a shop so exclusively feminine. Had it been even a milliner's, one might have bought a ribbon for one's eye-glass, or some yards of white satin for favours; but what the devil could a man want with thread, cotton, and thimbles? I was brought to a dead halt. To effect an entrance seemed impossible, unless by sheer audacity, which might possibly terminate in summary ejection, or other disagreeable adventures. So I was compelled to wait with patience the re-appearance of the fair vision, consoling myself with the reflection that a nearer contact might, after all, break the spell of enchantment in which I was bound. The voice might not be so melodious, the expressions might be frivolous or meaningless, or I might detect some excrescence or defect destructive of the poetry of perfect beauty with which my soul was filled. Altogether, I resolved (perforce) to e'en let her dwell as she was, like a half-defined dream of rapture, the more delicious from its indistinctness, and leave imagination to fill up the sketch. I remembered the curious metaphysical conceit wherewith Cowley addressed a young lady,—

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand  
Than women can be placed by Nature's hand;  
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,  
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee."

At the moment I was repeating these verses to myself I saw my friend Tom Tivett advancing. I took his proffered hand, exclaiming, "The very man I want. You know every body, and can no doubt tell me who a lady is that I expect every moment will emerge from yonder shop."

"Can't stop an instant, my good fellow," said Tom. "I am going down to Frank Redmond's: he is breeding a bull-dog for me,—such a creature! the genuine breed. It would throw you into ecstasies only to look at his muzzle. You never saw such a perfect picture!"

"Zounds and the devil!" I exclaimed; "you are enough to drive

a man mad—raving about your cursed bull-dog's muzzle just after I have been contemplating the divinest woman earth affords! Well, *Chacun a son gout.*"

"Oh! I can't afford the time to be sentimental in town. I doff the heroics with my shooting-jacket and leathern gaiters. Nevertheless, it is worth while to see 'the divinest woman earth affords,' so I'll give you five minutes. Is that the carriage of your incognita?" I assented. "I do not know the arms," continued Tom, "I dare say, after all, she is nobody."

"Hush!" I interrupted—"she comes."

"Which?—the lady with blonde edging to her bonnet?"

"The same. Who is she, in Jove's name?"

"Bless my soul, don't you know?—I thought every body knew Mrs. H——."

"I almost screamed as I echoed his last words. "Mrs. H——!" I exclaimed—"Is she then married?"

"To be sure she is," replied Tom, with a coolness for which I could have cut his throat. "Her husband is a rich old fellow between sixty and seventy: she married him for his yellow boys, and he spliced her for her beauty. She don't know B from a bull's foot. Her mother was a washerwoman."

"The fiend seize you for a merciless destroyer of the most beautiful day-dream I ever enjoyed. But surely you must be joking."

"Not I. She is veritably married to an old Cræsus of a sugar baker, and consoles herself for being tied to a piece of antiquity by making amorous advances to the brandy-bottle. She tipples cogniac famously. But come, do walk down and see my bull-dog, there's a good fellow."

I could no longer endure this horrible transition from the poetry of beauty to brandy and bull-dogs. I darted away, leaving Tom staring after me in surprise. Despite, however, of his malicious insinuations—and I never knew a creature who so gloried in destroying poetry and romance—I was in love, if I remember rightly, for very nearly three days.

CAIUS.

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### LINES TO ANNA.

OH! for a strain of Orpheus' lyre,  
 A spark of godlike Homer's fire,  
 For Flaccus' wit, or Maro's lays,  
 To tell her worth and sing her praise.  
 Fair of her stature, fair of face,  
 In every feature dwells a grace.  
 A swan-like neck, and polished brow,  
 More white to look upon than snow.  
 Bewitching eyes, of melting blue,  
 And lips that mock the coral's hue.  
 Methinks some nymph of Fairy land,  
 An exile from Titania's band,  
 Has flown for refuge to our isle,  
 And ta'en my Anna's form the while.

## PAUL DE WALBERG.

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“ ..... Truth is strange,  
Stranger than fiction.”

BYRON.

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It was in the early part of the autumn of 1786 that I arrived a stranger in P——. Business, not necessary to my narrative, had obliged me to pay it a visit, though it was not of a nature likely to render my stay considerable. P—— lay cut of the way of all my connexions, and, destitute of introduction to the residents, my time, for the most part, lay at my own disposal. There are few things so uncheering as a constrained sojourn in a large town, where one is without acquaintance, and obliged to depend for amusement solely upon one's own resources. When the occupations of the day were over, I was fain to wander about in a melancholy manner, eyeing the dingy streets, and forming one of the crowd, without the benefit of their daily communion. A stroll, too, into the country in the vicinity would sometimes form my evening's relaxation; but I set out without a companion, traversed the places I visited with much indeed to see, but little to interest, and returned without greeting or notice to my melancholy lodgings. I will not say that I did not experience much civility and attention from the people to whom the house belonged in which I had located myself, but such distant attentions little compensated for the kindnesses of acquaintanceship.

In this stagnation of hospitable intercourse, it was by mere accident that I fell into the company of Paul de Walberg. The *table d'hôte* I was in the habit of frequenting was visited by a number of respectable persons; but among the variety of countenances I was consequently beholding, there was not one who seemed inclined to court the society of an unintroduced stranger. Walberg was, however, an exception. To a prepossessing exterior he united the most gentlemanly manners; and, after a few common-place civilities had passed, he seemed to think no formal introduction was necessary for our better acquaintance. Business sufficiently employing both during the middle of the day, we did not frequently meet until the approach of evening. But our friendship ripened daily, and, understanding that I had not yet become acquainted with the objects worthy the attention of visitors, he kindly undertook to become my *cicerone*. I found him a person of much information, and to his observations many of the things of which he had volunteered the exhibition owed a double relish. Thus the tedium of my stay was considerably lightened, and I found myself gradually acquiring even something like a partiality for the city. The abstract attractions of the place, however, could not take the credit of this, for I was very well convinced it lay in the influence and attentions of Walberg. Time seemed to fly lighter with me, and I became reconciled to my situation.

We had been companions some time before I became aware that he had any relation resident in P——, or that he maintained any recognised establishment. I was, however, agreeably undeceived. One evening, when our communications were sufficiently intimate to turn upon personal matters, he satisfied me upon both points. "I am somewhat particular," said he,"—made so by circumstances—in my male acquaintance, which will account for my not having earlier introduced you to my only surviving relation. She is my sister, and at present resident in P——. I shall have the pleasure this evening, if agreeable, of introducing her to you. I think you will be pleased by her society. You will, at once, be able to perceive my motives for not, in the first instance, having made you acquainted. It is not every person with whom I associate that I would be solicitous of presenting to her. We are, sometimes, excusably delicate on these points; are we not?"

"We are; and it adds to my esteem to find you so."

"We have passed," said he, "the bounds of mere acquaintanceship, and I trust that our ripening friendship will, contrary to what is ordinarily the case, be enduring. Attracted first to your society by the dictates of courtesy, I regard it now as a thing to be coveted. I am not wont to flatter, and therefore my assertions are more worthy of credibility. I trust that we shall be able to lighten the tedium of your stay in P——. You do not, I believe, contemplate long remaining?"

"I do not," said I. "Matters may' by a possibility, take a contrary turn and lengthen the duration of my visit: but if things fall out as I anticipated before my arrival, I shall, in a few days, receive directions to move to another part of the country."

The evening had deepened into twilight ere we arrived at Walberg's house. I was surprised at its good appearance. I had looked upon him, certainly, as a person of consideration, but was not prepared for the very great superiority of his abode. I had, indeed, detected in his air and address the insinuating *politesse* of the higher class; but he was wholly free from the *hauteur* which too usually accompanies it. His dress was handsome, but unpretending, and his conversation was remarkable for being indifferent to the "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" of fashion and distinction. I set him down in my own mind for a *gentleman*—a character too often associated with appearances and pretension. There was little, indeed, of the latter in the composition of Walberg. He appeared to despise ceremony as a base coin generally substituted for the sterling ore of civility, and seemed to look with an eye of elevated contempt upon the frivolous barriers with which dignity seeks to fortify its exclusiveness.

Walberg's house was situated in one of the best of the retired streets. It was old-fashioned, though handsome and spacious balustrades ran along the front, antique pilasters supported the upper cornice, moulded architraves edged the windows, and the door was approached by a handsome flight of stone steps. Approaching his house, Walberg quitted my arm and motioned me to precede him.

I did so, and, mounting the steps, we entered a roomy hall, abounding in architectural decoration. Lights were about the house, and we were received by several domestics in substantial-looking liveries. I had not much time for observation, for my conductor led the way quickly to the upper story, and, throwing open a door, ushered me into an apartment, richly, even splendidly, furnished.

The room was illuminated, as if for company; and, advancing to a lady seated on a sofa at the other end of the room, Walberg introduced me to his sister. His easy and polished address soon made the conversation general, and my host, his sister, and myself, were, in a short time, on excellent terms with each other. I found her a person of much information, evidently one who had mixed with the world, and possessed of the same prepossessing manners as her brother. Her age I took to be about two and twenty; and to a beautiful face and slender figure she added the graces of good nature. Without affectation, her appearance was calculated to make a decided impression; and, had I not, at that time, been travelling fast on towards forty, might have stood some risk from her fascinations. My character had, however, been always particularly sedate and unromantic; and, even in youth, I think I could have gone through the ordeal uninfluenced.

As I had anticipated, company was expected. This, I learnt, was the case nearly every evening. While resident in P——, they were accustomed to mix much with society; but on retiring to a country residence, some forty or fifty miles from town, which had been in their family for years, their visits to which were long and frequent, they were in the habit of living, by choice, entirely secluded. The number of those expected was, however, somewhat limited; and the evening was passing off agreeably enough. Conversation, cards, and music, supplied sufficient amusement; and a small though splendid banquet wound up the entertainments of the evening. The company, however, retired early, and by one o'clock I was at home and in bed.

Short as I had anticipated my stay was now doomed to be, that of Walberg at his town residence was still shorter. His removals were frequently capricious; but, on this occasion, business of some importance required his presence in the country. I was soon informed of the journey and its cause, accompanied with pressing invitations, if the place to which they were going lay at all in my way, that I would, on leaving P——, pay them a friendly visit, and remain as long as might be compatible with my current avocations. Their behaviour was so extremely friendly, and their request, seemingly, so very sincere, that it was with great reluctance I declined the invitation. Inadvertently, however, I happened to mention the towns I was appointed to take in my route after leaving the city; and, seizing the opportunity, they declared the variation of distance would be nothing, and insisted that I should take their residence in my way. After some difficulty, I found myself obliged to comply. To tell the truth, this arrangement was the reverse of disagreeable, for I had become attached to Walberg's society, and fancied I should find in his place of residence a gratifying relief from the uniformity of

inn accommodation. They therefore departed with my promise of speedily seeing them again.

The objects for which I was located in P—— having been brought to a satisfactory termination, I only awaited further directions, to at once begin my southern journey. Completing the necessary arrangements for my expected emigration sufficiently employed my attention for some time. I gave notice to my landlord, and began to pack my *portmanteau*, rejoicing in the anticipation of seeing at least a little variety. My liberation at length came in the shape of hints for my further movements; and it was with gayer feelings than I had for some time experienced that I made my final preparations for departure. I was debating in my own mind—for since Walberg's removal I had few confidants—whether to take the Diligence or hire a horse would be most answerable both for purse and conveniency. I decided for the latter, and provided myself with an excellent roadster, well calculated to bear the fatigues of a long and cross-country journey.

Having settled all preliminaries to satisfaction, I set out from P——, my *portmanteau*—one made for the purpose—tightly strapped upon the back of my steed. My route was condemned to be rather circuitous, for I had to go out of my direct way to Walberg's part of the country, to visit the city of——. I had never been here before, and the one night I spent in it passed away agreeably enough.

Anxious to do all which I was appointed, in as short a space as possible, I hurried away, and took the road which would introduce me to the division of country in which lay several of the places at which I was expected to touch. I found my horse very serviceable, and my journey was, altogether, particularly exhilarating. The effect of fine country upon the mind, revelling in all the brilliancy of summer sunshine, is intrinsically great; and, unwearied with uniformity, fresh and varying objects of beauty were being daily presented. I was ever a lover of fine scenery, and fully appreciated the superiority of that through which I passed. I was also fortunate in the season; for it was the commencement of summer, and the country had all the advantages of a fine light and intrinsic floridity. The trees were clothed with leaves, the woods were massive with verdure, and the grass was of the richest green. These, added to a rich blue sky and agreeable temperature, were calculated to convey the *beau ideal* of rustic splendour.

After a route of considerable length, I turned towards Walberg's part of the country, and took the road towards the town beyond which, as I was informed, lay his estate. I set out early in the morning, and expected to reach the latter place ere night. My horse had had the benefit of some day's rest, and was therefore in very good condition. His capabilities of supporting fatigue were, however, put to a good test as the day advanced. I was, after mid-day, no longer able to prosecute the public road that led to G——; for I found, to reach Walberg's place of residence, I had to cross a wide tract of secluded country. It was with feelings of regret, that I turned short off into a narrow bridle-road, that seemed to go winding down amongst a mass of woods, and threatened, as I advanced

to become very rough. This part of the country seemed to be very thinly inhabited, and it was only here and there that I could, perhaps, perceive in the distance the brown roof of a lone and ruinous-looking cottage. To add to my vexation, I found, owing to the increasing difficulty of the way, that I was making little progress, and that the afternoon was waning fast into obscurity.

Such was the uncheering nature of my prospects, when I found myself entering a straggling tract of forest-land, darkened in some places by the thickness of the foliage, and the anticipated shadows of evening opening, in others, to display fresh perspectives of wood and eminence. Evening was gradually advancing, and the distance began to sink into obscurity. The silent and mysterious uniformity of the road, too, was very melancholy. The sun was fast descending, and some dark clouds were gathering over the west. The sunshine had, however, not yet waned away, and a deep red flush dwelt on the distant wood summits; and as I rode along, and the forest opened, sometimes streamed richly, though solitarily, across my path. I travelled in this way for some miles, without seeing a soul, or desecrating a habitation, or any thing that told of inhabitants, in the distance.

To tell the precise truth, the forest had a banditti air, and it was with some alarm that I made my horse increase his speed. Sometimes a rook would come lazily and unexpectedly winging its way right across my road, and break upon the utter stillness of the unmoving landscape with an unearthly-sounding and monotonous caw!

My direction to Walberg's house had been pretty good, and, though surprised at the great loneliness of the district in which it lay, I had strong hopes of readily finding it. Indeed, had my instructions been uncertain, there could not have been much difficulty in the latter respect, for wherever it lay I was very well convinced it must be the only abode for many miles.

Fast as I now travelled, I found that the daylight would not last me much longer. The road became more narrow, and the trees, as heretofore, sometimes breaking off into distance, and standing in groups of eight or ten, in some places actually threw their branches over my path. Besides I saw deep places, shelving off to a considerable extent, on my right and left, and was sometimes so enclosed with the forest giants that I could see nothing beyond. I had now the last of twilight, and the scene appeared to wax gloomier and gloomier. I now, however, advanced more quickly, and was certain that I could not be far from the object of my journey.

As I had anticipated, so it proved. On a sudden break in the rough and narrow bridle road, I perceived, some distance in advance, the gate and walls of an ancient building. On a nearer approach I found it had the same air of silence, neglect, and desolation, which the country in which it was situated so decidedly possessed. It seemed as if those who had been its inhabitants were in their tombs. Its ancient gate-way was crumbling into ruin; the few windows were mere loopholes, and darkened with heavy wood mouldings; its walls were fantastically edged out with old red bricks, and its gables abounding in eccentric zig-zags, corners, and parapets, overgrown with moss.

“Can this,” I said to myself, “be the residence of Walberg?” Not more astonished was I at the appearance of the antique building, than at the sound of the sullen gate-bell, which I pulled with a hesitating hand. It was as hollow as that of a convent, and broke strangely and mournfully upon the silence around. It had an uncomfortable effect upon the nerves, as if it had no business to disturb the general solemnity. After its last long vibration had ceased, and the landscape was restored to its pristine quietude, I turned round and took a hasty view of what was around me. The house was shut in by gloomy woods, rising sometimes one above another, sometimes descending into miniature glens, and here and there drawing off into vistas, the profundity of whose colouring a *Salvator Rosa* might have envied. Over a distant glimpse of elevated woodland a full and yellow moon was majestically rising, mingling its faint and spirit-like beams with the last blue of the retiring twilight. Turning again to the gate, I caught a glance of a suspicious-looking face, eyeing me from a slit in the wall. It was immediately withdrawn, and after a tedious interval the gate was unbarred and cautiously unclosed. A tall tolerably-dressed porter stood at the entrance, the innate grinness of whose physiognomy struck me forcibly. However, he tried to look respectful; and, making known my business, I was conducted across a small court, sadly neglected, into the interior of the building.

Having ushered me into a spacious oak chamber, the servant left me, promising to make Walberg acquainted with my arrival. I was left a long time to my own reflections, which somehow or other happened to be not of a very exhilarating character. The neglected appearance of the house, and the secluded place in which it lay, much surprised me. At length Walberg entered the room, and I eagerly advanced to greet him. He received me kindly, though I thought there was something strangely wayward in his address. The smile with which he used to meet me was wanting, and in its place was something like a smirk of affected good-nature. His eyes too, when they fell upon me, had something disagreeable; and it was as much to escape from an embarrassment which I felt gaining ground over me, as for any other reason, that I eagerly enquired after his sister. Satisfying me regarding my enquiry, he rose and offered to conduct me to the apartment in which she was.

Mounting a wide flight of gusty stairs, we passed through a dimly lighted gallery, and, on reaching its farther end, entered an old-fashioned chamber, scantily furnished, and looking not over-comfortable. I found Agatha Walberg seated in the window. She rose as I entered, and expressed her pleasure at my presence. My diffidence of the sincerity of their welcome gradually evaporated, and the same confidential hilarity worked itself into our conversation which had so agreeably characterized our intercourse in town. There was something so particularly easy and good-natured in the disposition of Walberg's sister, that I was inclined to envy him the enjoyment which her society afforded. “Blessed with such amiable companionship,” said I to him, “you cannot find your residence so dispiriting and monotonous as I at first imagined it to be.” Further conversation was suspended at the instance of Walberg, who insisted that I

must needs be in want of refreshment, and proposed that I should visit my apartment while what fare the house afforded was being prepared to lay before me. I acquiesced in both propositions, and was conducted by a domestic to an old-fashioned sleeping-room, that looked upon a half-ruined terrace.

Having disencumbered myself of the paraphernalia of travelling, and completed my ablutions, I descended to the lower story; but inust, among the dimly lighted passages and puzzling corners, have lost my direct way, for apparently I had approached the sitting chamber in which I had found Agatha Walberg, by a disused means of communication. I did not even perceive my mistake till I was stopped by a sash door, the glass of which was, on the other side, veiled by curtains, and was startled by the neighbourhood of voices. I was immediately about to retire, when my attention was arrested by the mention of my own name—curiosity made me linger. The speakers were Walberg and his sister, and they almost spoke in whispers. This apparent caution surprised me, and I felt no longer inclined to doubt the propriety of my situation. It was with some difficulty that I could catch the purport of what they were saying. I heard Agatha Walberg enquire if I had come with the intention of long remaining. “He has not,” said Walberg, “and if he had, that is little to the purpose. I have no doubt, close as he is, that the fellow’s rich. At all events, I am pretty sure he has now with him money belonging to those for whom he travels, to a considerable amount.” Here he named several of the towns I had visited, and seemed familiar with the purposes of my route. “Our game,” continued Walberg, “has lately been very scanty; my men are beginning to murmur; and I know if something is not soon done, they will break out into insubordination. His coming is opportune, for I scarcely expected him. We need debate no longer—the die is cast, and this night he will sleep with his fathers.”

The reader can better imagine than I can describe my feelings at this moment; I was astounded. I was, for the moment, incapable of either thinking or retreating. I had heard that my death was decreed by the very man whom I had looked upon as my friend. The very hopelessness of my situation smote me with a terror that incapacitated me for even debating on the means or chance of extrication. However, I had enough presence of mind left me to be convinced that the only course to be pursued was to act and look entirely as if nothing had happened. I thought of escaping at the moment; but reason suggested its impossibility. The forest extended, without a habitation, for many miles. I was enclosed by high walls, and my escape must be almost immediately detected. Dreading that my presence might be missed, I hurried back, and took the direct way to Walberg’s apartment.

Neither were in the slightest degree discomposed at my entrance. They were precisely the same as I had left them; and I asked myself how such consummate dissimulation could be acquired. Their behaviour was extremely friendly, and I was determined to keep as strong a guard over myself as possible. Convinced that my only chance of escape lay in letting them imagine I had not the slightest

diffidence of their hospitality, I forced myself to fall in with the prevailing spirit, and succeeded better than I could have anticipated. About eleven o'clock a domestic, as he was called, but one whom I now set down as one of the gang, was desired to conduct me to my apartment. They bade me "good night," and I retired. The words fell like ice upon my heart. As the door closed behind me, "Thank God," cried I mentally, "I am now left to myself." Summoning all my courage to my aid, I compressed my lips, and determined to act as coolly and determinedly as possible. The servant left me at the door of my apartment, and, with the lamp which he had carried in my hand, I entered that which Walberg had determined should be my grave!

Having closed and locked the door, I sat down and began to think of what had best be done: "My death," said I, "decreed by the man who was most forward in protestation, whose conduct has been uniformly generous and free-hearted; to whom *appearances* bore the highest testimony! His sister too, educated, amiable, and fascinating, a partner in his guilt. His residence, doubtless, the strong hold of banditti; and himself, evidently their chief. These things sound strange, and actual conviction could alone have satisfied me of their truth. Could I have detected it? could I have suspected it? There is even some consolation in knowing that no foresight, no caution, no suspicion, could have enabled me to avoid my present situation. The determination to avoid my fate, if earthly means would permit me,—or, at the worst, to sell my life at as dear a rate as possible, gave me an artificial self-possession. This feeling may have partaken of the calmness of mere desperation; but it enabled me to have all my senses alive to the slenderest chance of extrication, and gave me a clear and calculating judgment. Had there been something like a promising hope of escape, I should have been flattered; but, knowing there was the merest possibility, I found I could face the thoughts of death with a substantial courage.

At this moment the clock struck the half-hour after eleven—all was quiet within and without the house. The night was rather dark, though now and then the moon would faintly struggle out of the masses of cloud, and stream indecisively across the forest. The wind, too, I found was rising; and I could hear, at a great distance, the reverberating roll of thunder. I rose, went to my *portmanteau*, and drew out my pistols. The two barrels of each had before been doubly loaded; and, as I grasped them, a relieving sensation of possessing protection stole over me. I examined the window to see if I could manage an escape through it; but this I found extremely problematical, owing to the height. The terrace, however, extended below me; and I determined, if no other means presented, to have recourse to these

Having fully satisfied myself that there were no trap-doors or sliding panels, at least, such as were at all cognizable, I took the money which I had carried, out of my *portmanteau*, and, putting it into a small leather case, disposed of it about my person. The door afforded the most likely means of escape; for, till I could find an egress, I might, perhaps, remain in the dark passages undiscovered

Having extinguished my lamp, I cautiously unclosed the door, locking it again on the outside, that no pursuer from my bed-room—which would be, of course, their first object—might be able to follow. I did not then doubt that there must be some secret means of obtaining access to it. What these means might be, not even the very rigorous examination I had made enabled me to discover; and I had no reason to suppose I had missed any thing in the natural hurry and unavoidable disturbance of my spirits. At any rate, I was quite clear that I should have remained undisturbed for two or three hours, in which time, had no suspicion been awakened, I should have been both a-bed and fast asleep. My blood ran cold even at the bare idea of being thus murdered in my slumbers! As matters stood, there was one great advantage in this politic delay;—thinking me equally quiet and unsuspecting, I had the chance of turning this interval to the very best account. Certain that I had not given the slightest reason for any misgiving of my intentions, I was, comparatively speaking easy on the subject of there being any immediate stir against me. The old mansion, too, was so bewildering and extensive in its dispositions, that although, in one particular, it militated against my chances of escape, any slight noise could not be heard below, or would be attributed by any one, not apprehensive of an immediate escape, to the many strange echoes and whisperings which are invariably to be met with in places of the description. In their confidence of my total want of suspicion, indeed, rested my security.

With these conclusions, my shoes having been put off before I left the room, I groped my way forwards, in almost total darkness. I pursued, as nearly as I was able to guess, the contrary way to that by which I had arrived at my apartment, and at the end of the passage had the satisfaction of finding a narrow, winding staircase, that led me to the lower story. The place was so dark, and I made so little noise, that I was pretty certain my descent would not be detected. If my escape would not be discovered till midnight, I had strong hopes of being able to get away altogether. I felt as one in a dream endeavouring to make an escape, as in fact I literally was, from some imminent and fearful danger, and experienced that terrible shrinking of the heart and mind, which seems actually to deny that power to our will and limbs necessary to carrying ourselves beyond its reach, as I descended with the utmost possible caution every succeeding step. At length my heart was cheered by seeing a watery glimpse of moon-light, streaming from an old sash-window, which, to my great joy, entered upon the extremity of the before-mentioned terrace.

I paused a moment, in the most intense and painful anxiety, to listen if I could hear any footstep or noise behind me. How the shutting or opening of a distant door would, in that terrible moment, have alarmed me! All was, however, still, except a rush of the wind, that I could distinguish sweeping through the ancient galleries of the mansion. I turned quickly to the terrace-window. The fastenings were sufficiently unserviceable to yield to a moderate degree of force, only; and it was with a beating heart that I succeeded in

unclosing the latticed leaves. The creak which they sent forth went to my very soul: but it was with no ordinary speed that I darted across the terrace, and sought means of descending to the ground beneath. I was now in the open air, and seemed to feel that half of my escape was accomplished. A large tree, the branches of which partly swept the place on which I stood—fortunately by no means elevated—enabled me to swing securely down; and I now could pursue my way through the darkness without material interruption.

I darted forward, imagining that if even immediately pursued, the thickets would sufficiently conceal me. What assistance would my faithful steed have been at this moment, could I have found the rough and meagre road by which I had come! such ruminations were idle; he was secure enough in the stable. To my inexpressible satisfaction, the thunder which I had before heard was the precursor of a violent storm. The wind had risen fast, and brought the clouds over the horizon. The rain fell in torrents, pattering among the leaves with a noise that sufficiently convinced me my route could not be traced by ear; the wind thundered loudly through the forest, in alternations so capricious that any pursuer would be misled; and the lightning, that quivered generally at long intervals, served only to disclose the beating hail and the waving foliage. Meantime, I ran on as fast as was practicable, quite in a random direction, thinking to get sooner into the open country, than by the deserted way I came. The storm, after continuing with its pristine vigour for about an hour, gradually declined; and when morning broke, I had, as nearly as I could guess, advanced about five or six miles.

Satisfied that I had now carried myself beyond the reach of any immediate danger, I began to breathe more freely, and look about me, in order to ascertain if I could recognise any of the objects which had guided me on the preceding evening. Taking a survey of what was in my neighbourhood, I had the pleasure of perceiving a small hamlet, to which I immediately directed my steps. I soon found a wretched alehouse, which I entered, with the intention of seeking some little refreshment. I was received by the landlord and his wife, very mean in their appearance, but not otherwise suspicious. I did not know how far these people might be connected or acquainted with Walberg and his gang, and, therefore, was extremely guarded in my communications. I suppressed altogether an account of what had befallen me, and merely declared that I had lost my way in the forest, in the darkness of the night; and that my horse, frightened at the lightning, had refused to proceed; that, startled by a heavy clap of thunder, just as I had dismounted, he slipped the reins from my hand, and broke wildly away; and that I had worked my way through the storm, hoping to find some shelter, and a knowledge of where I had strayed, till the light of morning disclosed the hamlet, and directed me to the *auberge*. I finished by requesting the loan of a horse, engaging to leave it at the next post town, and offering to place in their hands its value as a deposit.

My last argument was an effectual one; and the landlord proposed that I should take an animal of his own, which, on production, certainly did little credit to his eulogies. Naming a price, which was considerably above its value, and which I immediately put into his

hand, I mounted what was more likely to prove a purchase than a loan, and, instituting proper enquiries respecting the road, soon left the hamlet behind me.

To shorten my story, travelling with no small expedition, I reached the post town named, if I recollect rightly, Oüenstein, and leaving my hackney, with proper directions as to the return of my deposit, three fourth of which I expected to be deducted for the hire, engaged a conveyance to carry me to the city of B——, where I had friends. About the middle of the following day, I arrived at the last mentioned place, and made known all the casualties to which I had been subjected.

My story made a considerable stir in the district, and the police received immediate orders to take all the parties criminated into custody. When, however, they proceeded to Walberg's country residence, they found the house empty, and all readily portable effects of its late inmates removed. A search was commenced throughout the province, which for some time was industriously carried on; but no clue was found to their place of concealment. They had conducted their operations so ingeniously, that, although many instances were recollected, no decisive proof could be adduced of their frequent robberies, and deeper acts of guilt.

At P——, the exposure of Walberg's criminality created much astonishment: his way of life was of course utterly unsuspected; and the respectable style in which he lived, the apparent high character of his establishment, and its principal members, had induced many of the residents to form so high an opinion of the whole, as to seek the companionship of himself and sister, in preference even to that of others of their acquaintance. The effect upon myself was less active; as it only served to increase my habitual caution, and add to my constitutional distrust of appearances, even after the prepossession of others would have ripened into entire satisfaction.

The house in P——, to which I had been first introduced, remained uninhabited for some time; but, at last—according to accounts received afterwards—for some short time subsequent to the events detailed, business recalled me to England—the only existing, tangible *memento* of Paul de Walberg passed into fresh and less exceptionable hands.

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

#### SONNET.—THE SOLACE.

I SAW the band of sweet Spring flowers they wove  
 On a sunny morning down the grassy lea,  
 I heard a whispered word of given love,  
 And I gave heaven thanks such joy should be;  
 I saw the band of sweet Spring flowers broken  
 In the wind of Autumn down the darkling wold,  
 I heard the moan of all that had been spoken,  
 Of one was left there, lonely, in the cold;  
 And I had mourned, but even from the ghost  
 Of joy departed there arose a voice  
 Which, 'mid the mourning of the loved and lost,  
 Had under music that yet bid rejoice,  
 And then I knew that beauty could not die  
 While love yet minglcth with our memory.

R.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

## HISTORY, POLITICS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Napoleon in Council. Translated from the French of M. Pelet de Lozère. By Capt. Basil Hall. Cadell. Edinburgh.

WHEN a man of Captain Basil Hall's distinguished literary reputation condescends to become a translator, and that too of a French work, we naturally enquire the cause of such a proceeding, and the equally natural answer is, that the original work is of such high interest, as to justify him in taking on himself an office which is most commonly assigned to the mere drudges in literature. We confess therefore, we were much disappointed after the perusal of the volume now before us, to find that it consisted of the recollections of the "Great Man," as our neighbours call him, which dwelt on the mind of M. Pelet de la Lozère, which are neither remarkable for interest, vivacity, nor novelty. One thing however adds much to the pleasure, such as it is, which is to be derived from the perusal of this volume; namely, that as Captain Hall vouches for its authenticity, we may feel assured, that all that we do read is genuine, and not made up after that fashion so prevalent at present in the book-making coteries of Paris, where, with the aid of certain individuals well skilled in building great houses on slight foundations, the slender MS. notes of some Lady or Lord of the Bonaparte creation are swelled out into eight or ten thick octavo volumes, to read through which would tire the patience of a second Griselda, were such a one to be found. However, to return to the charge, we have a moderately sized octavo volume, which the translator assures us "is the real grit;" and as our readers are all no doubt well acquainted with the vivacious style of that gentleman, we need not assure them, that if the matter were equal to the manner, a perusal of the volume would exorcise the blue devils that haunt the imagination of the most inveterate hypochondriac in a foggy November.—Yet we are free to confess, that we fell fairly asleep before we had half read the book, not to mention sundry yawns and gapes which interrupted our progress before our senses were consigned to the oblivion of slumber. However, duties must be done, and we waded through our task, certainly not *con amore*;—and here are the results.

Monsieur Pelet's means of observation of the character of Napoleon arose from his having been a councillor of state under him, and having married the daughter of Monsieur Otto, one of the most able diplomatists who sprung from the Revolution, by which means he obtained possession of several valuable documents. Half of the volume is occupied in recapitulating the circumstances of Napoleon's career. In this section there is nothing very new; but the observations made in full council by this favourite of fortune are worthy of record.

"All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year."

Another of the great man's opinions respecting females, we quote at the risk of the heavy imputation of want of gallantry, being as we are, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the views he entertained of the subject.

"I do not think we need trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females; they cannot be better brought up than by their mothers.

Public education is not suitable for them, because they are never called upon to act in public. Manners are all in all to them, and marriage is all they look to."

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the notes of M. Pelet on the discussions of certain important principles or measures.

The general tendency is to exhibit Napoleon in a much more amiable light than he has hitherto appeared on the stage of history, and leads us to suppose that previous biographers have divested him of the attributes of humanity, with a false idea of elevating him above his fellow-mortals, to a higher degree than his natural qualifications permitted. And as these were amply sufficient to command the highest respect and admiration that can be paid to human genius, we think that previous writers have been doing both injustice and injury to his memory, even in their attempts to exalt his character.

Spain. By H. D. INGLIS. 2 Vols. Second Edition, with a political Introduction. Whittaker.

MR. INGLIS, by the various books of travel which he at different times sent forth to the world, proved most satisfactorily that he travelled with his wits about him, having an acute perception of the characteristic features of national manners, and that he was able, beyond most of his contemporaries, to give a sober and impartial account of his views and impressions. His works on "Spain" and "Ireland" were mentioned with honour in parliament and appealed to as a species of authority. The volumes on "Spain," the second edition of which revives in us many pleasant recollections of a former perusal, are the most elaborately composed, and deserve a more diligent reading than can be claimed for most books of travel. We not only recommend the original work, but this edition of it, which, besides the late author's chapter on the "politics of Spain," contains a kind of supplementary chapter by way of introduction, in which the many changes that have occurred in the political relations of Spain since 1831, are very happily described by an *incognito* friend of the late author.

We wish every success to a book that seems well calculated to give the English public just views of the real condition of a country, which, possessing every physical capability of becoming the finest and most highly cultivated in the world, is still kept in a degraded state of semi-barbarism by tyranny, superstition, and ignorance. How long this will continue, we know not:—our eyes cannot discover any sunlight breaking through the gloom that hangs over that unfortunate country.

Second Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners. 8vo. pp. 639.  
Printed by W. Clowes.

SCARCELY any measure of the Whig government has met with more opposition, both from the Opposition-party within the House or the Press out of it, as the new Poor-Law Bill; and yet in the event no measure, for a long time past, has worked so well, or produced so good an impression on the character of the people. Under the old system a premium was offered to pauperism, and its advantages were embraced by the peasantry without hesitation, and without the slightest feeling of disgrace:—in fact, the out-door relief system made the old poor-law an evil and a nuisance instead of a blessing to the country. The new law has reformed these and other abuses; and it has also the merit of being economical—of lightening the burden imposed on the respectable part of society by the aged and infirm,—the unfortunate and the vicious. The rate of decreased expense, taking an average of 173 unions in the central and southern counties, is 41 per cent. The bastardy-clause, so much railed at—as unjust and unmanly—has at any rate produced its desired effect of diminishing the number of pauper-bastardies,—the decrease of such affiliations being at the rate of 38 per cent. We could, if time allowed us,

refer to many other points of improvement that speak volumes in favour not only of the bill, but of the commissioners appointed under it to watch and superintend its operation. The book before us is full of valuable and highly practical details, and shows that its editors are labouring with most laudable diligence in furtherance of the objects contemplated by the King's present government.

Report of the Cambridgeshire Farmers on the State of Agriculture.  
Feb. 20, 1837. Hall. Cambridge.

THIS report professes to be an examination of the evidence given before the Agricultural Committee of the Commons in 1836; and it is drawn up by the Committee of the Cambridge Farmers' Association. We know not whether the farmers of other counties are to be measured by the standard of Cambridge: but we *do* know that some of the latter are very shrewdly-thinking and clever men,—as their Report indubitably proves. The Committee found all their conclusions on extensive statistical calculations selected chiefly from the Evidence, but in part also from other sources,—private as well as public. The chief evil complained of, as unfavourably affecting Agriculture by causing a fluctuation in prices so great as to render the accurate calculation of profits and losses absolutely impracticable,—is the fluctuating value of the Monetary standard. Our readers will recollect, that in the last number we very briefly stated our own views with respect to the consequences of Peel's bill; and as those views coincide in the main points with the conclusions of the Report, we are of course inclined to speak in its favour. We regret, however, that it does not go far enough,—does not at once take the bull by the horns and show the *progressively* ruinous system on which we have been proceeding for the last eighteen years. Mr. Clay may try—as he did the other night in his speech on the Corn Laws—to prove the fallacy of the arguments of paper-currency advocates, by combating their notion that prices should be advanced so as to make them—what they are not now—fair taxation prices over and above the expense of production. Of the injustice that was done to the agricultural interest by depressing the price of corn much lower than the corresponding decrease of taxation since the peace, it would be useless to say one word to Mr. Clay:—but we do hope that he is not blind to the troubles and vexations brought on all classes—manufacturers, traders, and agriculturists—by the continuance of a fluctuating standard of value; and he cannot be quite ignorant of a fact, that has been more than once satisfactorily established,—namely, that according to the present system, all our foreign transactions—to which the political economists appeal so triumphantly—are performed without gain—at a loss of some *twenty millions* per annum.

The Cambridgeshire farmers will do well to prosecute their labours and proceed to the proof of what the economists are not very willing to be convinced,—that without a *regular* supply of circulating medium, in quantity sufficient to facilitate that rise in prices which is necessary for the support of the producer, it is impossible that affairs can go on and prosper.

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#### FICTION AND POETRY.

Crichton. By W. H. AINSWORTH. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE "Quarterly" has said of its author,—“We expect much from this writer. He evidently possesses, in no slight degree, the materials of success—a fresh and stirring fancy. His story is one that never flags.” Now we certainly think that no opinion respecting a romancist was ever more ill-starred, more incorrect.

“Rookwood,” it is true, was a strange book,—most strange; but surely no man out of Bedlam could attribute to its author the high eulogium above recorded, with such a proof of talent before him. The blinded eyes of friendship have, we doubt not, skipped over the pages more unfavourable to the author’s reputation and taken a very favourable sample as a fair specimen of the whole. The Quarterly reviewer of “Rookwood” is bound to laud “Crichton;” for the latter shows precisely the same degree of “fresh and stirring fancy,”—racy humour,—and continuous interest that so especially distinguish the former work.

The admirable Crichton,—the wonder of the sixteenth century, not only for intellectual endowments, but for bodily vigour and fashionable accomplishments,—is the subject of the story;—and we only do the author justice by saying,—that, as respects the incidents of Crichton’s life and his general character, he has given a fair portrait of him, and not flattered beyond a limner’s license. We have no objection either to a moderate departure from truth in scenery,—in order that the various adventures of this renowned *charlatan* may be brought within the rules of dramatic unity. As an instance,—for Padua read Paris,—and so of the rest. This is endurable:—But when we find this stalking-horse of Scotch pedantry stuck up as a kind of peg whereon to hang a goodly quantity of the apocryphal court-history of Catherine of Medicis and Henry of Navarre, with which Crichton had far less to do than the author of “Rookwood” with the review of it in the “Quarterly,”—our patience is exhausted, our notions of romance-writing are unpardonably offended. But no more of that. Turn we now to the execution of the masterpiece of the man of “fresh and stirring fancy.” The perfection of art is to counterfeit nature; and no one succeeded so admirably in this respect as Sir Walter Scott. Unrivalled as an Antiquarian, he knew precisely what prominence might be given to antiquarian researches in romance. All is fresh, vigorous, and perfectly natural. Still the learned student may be traced—not by his obtrusive forwardness, but by incidental traits,—and that too far more effectively and reputably to himself than by the laboured effusions of a less skilful, less learned, but more boastful connoisseur. The author of “Crichton” is a very dull, matter-of-fact gentleman after-all,—an unsuccessful aspirant for the honours of the historical romance; and we think that he has adopted as a model Mr. James,—a person of whom we think highly as an historian, but who has not imagination sufficient to qualify him for romance. But Mr. James is very superior to the author of “Crichton,”—“Hyperion to a Satyr.” The book before us reminds us of a certain old gentleman that we once knew, who, for many years, had indulged the habit of paying an annual visit of four months to some part of the continent,—wherever the best libraries and rarest books were to be found. Copies of illuminations, drawings of costume, plans of beleagured castles filled his portefeuilles;—seals, cameos, chains, buckles, and many other nicknackeries filled his cabinets, which scarcely contained his gradually increasing treasure; while note-books innumerable were filled with copies *verbatim et literatim* of legends, romaunts, songs, and twenty other kinds of extracts,—all and each of which articles in portefeuille, cabinet, and note-book are now in course of being compressed—by a stational process that is expected to enlighten the ingenious Bramah—within the moderate compass of three volumes, hot-pressed post octavo—dedicated to the learned Dr. Mopstick, F.R.S. & A.S.S. Some such ingenious process of combining the most different materials gathered with unceasing industry but little talent for selection is apparent in “Crichton.” If the writer had contented himself with the business of an Antiquarian, had stuck to facts, and eschewed invention, we should have been well pleased. In attempting the portraiture of the human character, he has done what he can never hope to succeed in. The very dark lines of Catherine’s character, the easiest, because the most strongly marked, are very feebly drawn; and Ruggieri, her tool, who in better hands

night have been a very potent astrologer, is a mere driveller. Esclairmonde s as namby-pamby as heroines generally are, or are made to appear, and seems to us to have little of the attractions so coveted by the free-and-easy laughter-loving Henri III. Of the other characters, except Crichton and Marguerite de Valois, we need scarcely say a word, unless it be in praise of the episodic portrait of Blount and his bull-dog, which is excellent, and to the life.

The character of Crichton,—the bold, unflinching and highly principled Scot,—and of Marguerite, the lively, joyeuse, but inconstant consort of Henri of Bourbon, are, we think, the best in the book; but in these, even, a certain inelasticity and *wooden-ness* is discoverable, that greatly diminishes the pleasure of perusal. We extract for our readers' perusal the first chapter in which Marguerite de Valois appears with Crichton, whose favourable regards she is represented as most anxious to obtain.

'Marguerite de Valois, consort of Henri of Navarre, afterwards Henri IV. of France, was, at the period of our narrative, in the full éclat of her almost unrivalled beauty. Smitten by her nascent charms, Ronsard proclaimed her, in her fifteenth spring, *La belle Charité Pasithée*. Nor was the appellation unmerited. Chiselled by the Apollonian sculptor, Aglaia never rose upon the view more surpassingly lovely. Some of her after-admirers—(we will not say flatterers, for with Marguerite truth itself took the language of flattery)—distinguished her by the title of Venus Urania; and we might have followed in their steps, had we not been forewarned that such description—high-flown as it appears—was wholly inadequate to her matchless attractions.

'Of the grace and elegance of Marguerite de Valois in the dance, Brantôme has left us the most rapturous particulars. With lover-like enthusiasm he dilates upon her majestic carriage, and indescribable fascinations; and the vivid portrait he has taken of the lovely queen (sketched at some such scene as that we are now attempting to describe) blooms, breathes, and stands before us in all its original beauty and freshness—a splendid "phantom of delight," sparkling within that gallery of high-born dames and gallant cavaliers which he has preserved for the gaze of the world.

'With Crichton's supremacy in the somewhat trifling, but then highly estimated art which

Teacheth lavoltas high, and swift corantos,

with his perfect mastership of all its difficulties—(for in those days, when Italy, Spain, and Germany, and almost each province of France contributed their quota of figures and national peculiarities, the dance *had* its difficulties)—with his unequalled possession of all its graces, the reader—aware of the universal scope of his accomplishments—must be already acquainted. He was accounted the most finished proficient in the dance at a court, each member of which would probably have been considered in the same important light in any other in Europe. Henry III. was passionately fond of the amusement, and largely indulged in it. In earlier days, Catherine de Medicis had been no less partial to the dance, and Marguerite de Valois, as we know, held it in high esteem. All the courtiers, therefore, emulous of distinction in their sovereign's eyes, bestowed unremitting attention upon this accomplishment, and it was no slight merit to eclipse in skill performers of such consummate ability. As in the hall of arms—as in the arena of learning—as in the tourney, the chase, or other exercises in which strength or dexterity is concerned—so in the ball-room Crichton outstripped all competitors. From the inimitable "constitution of his leg," it would seem, "that he was born under the star of a galliard." Terpsichore might have presided at his nativity.

'It was Crichton's remarkable spirit, displayed in one of the wild and national dances of his own country, then little known, or regarded as semi-barbarian in the polite court of France, and perhaps seen there for the first time when he undertook it, that first attracted the attention of the queen of Navarre towards him, and afterwards riveted her regards. With Crichton, it

was indeed that poetry of motion, that inspiration of look and gesture (terms idly applied in these later days to the performances of the hired artist), called into play by the agency of the dance, and giving to that light and graceful pastime its highest and most imaginative character. In him the dance was not a medium for the display of brilliant and faultless execution of paces, and flourishing of limb. His action, his *impersonation*, we might almost say, of the melody by which his movements were guided, was fanciful, inspiring, harmonious, as the melody itself. We question whether the pyrrhic, or eoplian dance of old, or hyporchematic measure (that exquisite admixture of motion and music, of lute and footstep) was ever executed with more fervour and inspiration, or produced more thrilling effects upon the beholders, than Crichton's performances. The same ease, the same unconscious grace, which accompanied his demeanour on the parade, followed him in the volte, the bransle, or the pazzameno. In each, were the various involutions required preserved; but, change the figure as often as he might, one *expression* pervaded all—in that expression, unattainable by other aspirants, resided his superiority.

Whether upon the present occasion Crichton felt inspired by the presence and acclamations of the vast assemblage, the gaze of which he felt was fixed upon his efforts, or whether he was resolved to show how inexhaustible were his energies, we know not; but he appeared to surpass himself. Such was the springy lightness with which he bounded through the rapid Navarraise (a species of waltz peculiar to the pleasant land from which it derived its name), that his foot scarcely seemed to touch the floor, or, if it did alight upon it, it was only as Antæus acquired fresh vigour from his mother earth, to gain elasticity from the momentary contact. A movement so rapid and whirling as to have turned the heads of any less practised than the admirable Scot and his royal partner, brought the dance to a spirited and striking conclusion.

All etiquette was forgotten. An irrepressible excitement took possession of the spectators, *vivats* and *bravos* resounded on all sides, the burnished roof of the grand saloon re-echoed with the plaudits; and the effect produced upon the courtly throng by the brilliant achievements of the distinguished couple, seemed to be precisely similar to that which results from the most electrifying effects of the divinities of the ballet.

Never had Marguerite appeared so animated; even her dames of honour were surprised at her unusual elation.

"Mon-dieu! I have never seen her majesty execute that dance with so much spirit since I first beheld it," said La Fosseuse, "when her partner was Henri of Navarre, and the occasion her own espousal."

"Her majesty has all the air of a bride now," returned La Rebours, pensively. This fair demoiselle, whom Marguerite in her memoirs terms "*une fille malicieuse, qui ne m'aimoit pas*," became shortly afterwards the chief favourite of Henri of Navarre. It might be presentiment.

"Poh!" replied La Torigni, "I remember the night La Fosseuse speaks of well; by my reputation I have reason to do so. Henri of Navarre was a mere lump of rusty armour compared with the chevalier Crichton, who vaults in the dance as if he had stolen the wings of Icarus. Nor does Madame Marguerite appear insensible to the change. *She* look like a bride! ma foi, you ought to know better, Demoiselle Rebours: even if she have it not, your bride is sure to affect a bashfulness, and you cannot lay any excess of that sort to Madame Marguerite's charge at the present moment."

"Why no," replied La Rebours, "not exactly; but Henri makes a charming partner."

"As to the spirit with which she dances," continued the sprightly Torigni, "her nuptial ball was nothing to it. But what say you? *you* recollect that night, I dare say, Seigneur Abbé de Brantôme."

"Perfectly," replied Brantôme, with a significant glance, "*then* it was Mars, *now* Apollo and Venus are in conjunction."

'While Marguerite de Valois remained panting within Crichton's arms, with one hand retained within his own, and her waist still encircled by the other, with her eyes, to the neglect of all observers, passionately fixed upon his gaze, a masked cavalier, enveloped in a black domino, and wearing a hat surmounted with sable plumes, accompanied by a dame, whose features were concealed by a violet-coloured vizard, took up a position opposite to them.

"Do you note their looks? Do you mark their caressing hands?" asked the cavalier of his companion.

"I do—I do," was her reply.

"Look again."

"My eyes dazzle—I can see no longer."

"You are satisfied, then?"

"Satisfied! oh, my head burns, my heart throbs almost to bursting, horrible emotions possess me. Heaven give me strength to conquer them—prove—prove him false—prove *that*—and—"

"Have I *not* proved it? No matter; you shall hear him avow his perfidy with his own lips, shall behold him seal it with his kisses. Will that content you?"

'The maiden's reply, if her agitation permitted her to make any, was unheard in the din of a fresh burst of music, which struck up in answer to a wave of Du Halde's wand. The grave and somewhat grandiose character of the strain, announced an accompaniment to the Pavanne d'Espagne, a dance not inaptly named after the strutting bird of Juno, which had been recently introduced from the court of Madrid into that of Paris, by the ambassadors of Philip II., and which, in consequence of the preference entertained for it by Marguerite de Valois, was, notwithstanding that its solemn and stately pace harmonized more completely with the haughty carriage of the grandees of Spain than with the livelier bearing of the French noblesse, now greatly in vogue amongst the latter.

'La Pavanne d'Espagne, which had some of the stiffness with more than the grace of the old *minuet de la cour* (the delight of our grand-dames) presented a singular contrast to the national dance which preceded it. In the one, all was whirl, velocity, abandonment; in the other, dignity, formality, gravity. The first was calculated to display the spirit and energy of the performers; the second, to exhibit such graces of person and majesty of deportment as they might chance to possess. In both was Crichton seen to advantage: in the latter eminently so.

'As, in accordance with the haughty prelude to the figure, a slow martial strain, breathing of the proud minstrelsy of Old Castile, interrupted at intervals by the hollow roll of the Moorish atabal, he drew his lofty person to its utmost height, his eyes the while blazing with chivalrous fire, awakened by the vaunting melody, and his noble features lighted up with a kindred expression, the beholder might well have imagined that in him he beheld some glorious descendant of the Cid, or mighty inheritor of the honours of the renowned Pelayo.

'Advancing towards the queen of Navarre with a grave and profound salutation, he appeared to solicit the honour of her hand, to which courteous request Marguerite, who, for the nonce, assumed all the hauteur and august coquetry of an infanta of the blood royal, disdainfully answered by conceding him the tips of those lovely fingers which Ronsard had likened, as the reader knows, to the rosy digits of the daughter of the dawn. Here began that slow and stately procession from which the dance obtained its designation, and in which its chief grace consisted. Hand in hand they sailed down the saloon

Like two companion barks on Cydnus' wave,

a prouder couple never graced those festal halls. With a pace majestic as that of a king about to receive the crown of his ancestry did Crichton pursue his course. Murmurs of admiration marked his steps.

'Nor was Marguerite de Valois without her share of admiration, though our gallantry may be called into question if we confess that the meed of applause was chiefly bestowed on Crichton. With the fair queen of Navarre, we have observed, this dance was an especial favourite; and justly so, for it was the one in which she most excelled. In its slow measure, the spectator had full leisure to contemplate the gorgeous majesty and resplendent loveliness of her person; in its pauses, her surpassing dignity and queenly grace were brought into play; in its gayer passages, for even this grave dance had a pleasant admixture of spirit (the sunshine stolen from its clime), her animation and fire were shown; while in its haughtier movements was manifested the fine disdain she knew so well how to express.

"By Apollo!" exclaimed Ronsard, as soon as the vivats which followed the conclusion of the Pavanne had died away, "the whole scene we have just witnessed reminds me of one of those old and golden legends wherein we read how valour is assailed by sorcery, and how the good knight is for a time spell-bound by the enthralling enchantress."

"Certes, la bella Alcina was but a prototype of Marguerite," said Brantôme.

"And Orlando of Crichton," added La Torigni.

"Or Rinaldo," continued La Fosseuse. "He is the very mirror of chivalry."

"He must have more skill than Ulysses to break the snares of his Circe," whispered Ronsard.

"True," replied Brantôme, in the same tone. "It was not without good reason that Don Juan of Austria said to me when he first beheld her peerless charms:—'Inasmuch as your queen's beauty is more divine than human, by so much is she the more likely to drag men to perdition than to save them!'" Turning then to the maids of honour the Abbé added aloud, "The mistake in all matters of enchantment appears to be, that your knight-errant should ever desire to burst such agreeable bondage. To me it would be like awakening from a pleasant dream. Ah! were there some good fairy left who would tempt me, you should see whether I would resist, or seek to be disenchanted!"

"Well, of all agreeable divertisements commend me to the bransle," said La Torigni, as that figure was struck up.

"Apropos of temptation, I suppose," said Brantôme; "for *you* never look so captivating as when engaged in it, Signora Torigni. For my part I envy the chevalier Crichton his success in the dance more than his *bonnes fortunes*. I never could accomplish a *pas*."

"A *faux pas* I suppose you mean, Abbé," whispered Ronsard.

"Indeed!" returned La Torigni. "Suppose you take a lesson now. What say you to a turn in the bransle? That is the easiest figure of all. Our royal mistress has disappeared with her all-accomplished Scot, so my attendance will be dispensed with for the present. We shall be free from interruption. Never mind your being a little lame, the bransle is the best specific in the world for the rheumatism. Come along. Monsieur de Ronsard; your gout I know will not permit you, or I would bid you give your hand to La Fosseuse; but you can at least amuse her with a *mot*, or perhaps improvise a sonnet for her entertainment, upon the pretty sight we have just witnessed; and the more you stuff it with loves and doves, kisses and blisses, gods, goddesses, and heroes, till like a cup of hydromel it overflows with sweetness, the better she will like it. Your hand, Seigneur l'Abbé—"

'And, despite his remonstrances, the laughing Florentine dragged the reluctant Brantôme to the bransle.

'Slowly, meanwhile, glided along Crichton and the queen of Navarre. Neither spoke, neither regarded the other, the bosoms of both were too full;—Marguerite's of intense passion; Crichton's of what emotion it boots not to conjecture. He felt the pressure of her arm upon his own, he felt the throbbing of her breast against his elbow, but he returned not the pressure, neither

did his heart respond to those ardent pulsations. A sudden sadness seemed to overspread his features; and thus in silence did they wander along, inhaling new clouds of flattering incense from each worshipping group they passed.

Their steps were followed at a wary distance by three other masks, but this circumstance escaped their notice. Marguerite thought of nothing save her lover, and Crichton's mind was otherwise occupied.

Anon they entered a small antechamber opening from the vestibule of the hall of entrance.

This room, which was filled with the choicest exotics, and hung around with cages containing squirrels, parrots and other gaily plumaged birds (of which Henri was immoderately fond), was for the moment deserted, even of the customary lacqueys in attendance and loiterers about such places.

Marguerite glanced cautiously around her, and, seeing the room vacant, applied a small golden key, which she took from her girdle, to a concealed door in the side wall. The valve yielded to the touch, thick tapestry then appeared, which being raised, the pair found themselves within a dim-lighted chamber, the atmosphere of which struck upon their senses, as they entered, warmly and odoriferously.

A prie-dieu, cushioned with velvet, stood at the further end of the apartment. Before it was placed a golden crucifix. Over the crucifix hung a Madonna, by Raphael; the glowing colouring of which divine picture was scarcely discernible by the faint light of the two perfume-distilling lamps suspended on either side. This room was the oratory of the queen of Navarre.

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We beg it to be observed, that no personal feeling whatever against Mr. Ainsworth has dictated the above remarks. He has evidently a more than ordinary knowledge of French history and manners during the period of which he writes; and his work will be consulted by many for its accessories of dress, song, and manners, when the main object of the work, as a romance, shall have been found to be unanswered. We shall be happy to see him dressed in the more sober habiliments of the historian.

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Jack Brag.—by the Author of "Sayings and Doings." 3 vols. post 8vo. R. Bentley.

THERE is no doubt that "Jack Brag" will be a very popular novel. There is a kind of vulgar and superficial wit and humour that pervades it, from which the *profanum vulgus* will derive much amusement and edification,—a happy pot-house-delighting, flash-men-enchancing talent, that will make the book highly instructive to those persons in the incipient stages of dissipation, who are desirous of getting their first experience from letters, and not from life. We do not mean to say that the character of Brag is not painted to the life, the very life;—we do not mean to say that all or any of his adventures are improbable or inconsistent;—we do not mean to deny to its author a quick perception of the humorous and the broadly-farcical in a certain and rather questionable class of society in this country:—but after all what is the value of such praise, when it is put side by side with the just censure that the favourable exhibition of the most hideous vice demands for the perpetrator? The opinion that is now advanced respecting the author's principles as a novelist is not a new one engendered by the reading of "Jack Brag" only. The same spirit runs through all his writings, and in all must be more or less offensive to those who in their criticisms pay any attention to moral tendency. To represent odious vice in a pleasing light is bad enough at all times; but common dramatic justice requires a more equitable *dénouement* at any rate than that which closes the book now before us. The favourable reception of such a work—no matter who its author—augurs ill for the moral destinies of the literary section of the British population. The above remarks have not been made in ill humour, or to gratify spleen. Mr. Hook has talents of the very highest order as an humorous

painter of manners in certain classes,—the middling and lower classes of English society; and it is a matter for regret that his tales do not give point to a better moral.

The best scenes in the book are those in which Brag plays and exposes himself. His scene at the inn with the *incognito* Lord Ilfracomb,—his interview with this husband-by-advertisement-hunting mother on Waterloo Bridge,—his dinner with Stiffkey interrupted so mal-à-propos by the dear mamma and her darling J. S.,—and the mental and bodily sufferings of poor Brag on board the yacht—his yacht—are inimitably told. The author is far less successful in the genteel and sentimental parts of his work. The episode of Ann Brown and the physician is poor at best,—even if it bore no marks of plagiarism;—and the worthy couples, Sir C. Lydiard and Mrs. Dallington,—Mr. Rushton and Blanche Englefield,—are the most namby-pamby pasteboard-and-buckram characters that have been inflicted on us for many a day.

We might give many extracts; but our contemporaries have already so copiously deluged the public, that our trouble and space is saved.

**The State Prisoner.** 2 vols. post 8vo. By Miss M. L. BOYLE. Saunders and Otley.

THE story of these volumes—by a lady who now makes her first appearance as an authoress—is founded on the history of Dumont, the mysterious State prisoner, in the time of the Orleans Regency. Clifford, the hero of the tale, obtains the privilege of visiting this prisoner through the influence of De Brissac the governor. Acquaintance warms into friendship;—and friendship prompts a young and ardent mind to aid the emancipation of the captive. Destruction impends over the generous preserver from the myrmidons of the government; and he is only saved from perdition by the intercession of the fascinating and lively Mirabel de Bernay, whose love for the already pre-engaged Clifford urges her to procure his pardon from her former, unsuccessful lover, the Regent duke of Orleans. The fair baronne accompanies her *ought-to-be* lover to England disguised as his page:—and what is her motive? Most strange,—with the view of beholding Blanche Courtney, her more successful rival. An opportune shipwreck occurs which destroys the baronne, and Clifford soon after,—the lady's father's opposition being withdrawn,—gains a wife and gets his forfeited estates restored to him through the agency of the same strange and mysterious being whom he had before aided in escaping from the Fort du Ha.

The style of writing gives promise for the excellence of the fair debutante's future works. The characters are, however, too heroic and have too little of human weakness in them to allow the idea of their being natural. There is somewhat of *gêne* and formality in the composition; but practice will soon work an improvement in this particular. We hope to see more of her works.

**Marcus Manlius.** In Five Acts. By D. E. COLOMBINE. Bentley. 8vo. fine paper. pp. 112.

BRITISH dramatic literature is much obliged to the author of "Manlius" for his attempt. Would that it had been more successful in some of the higher requirements! We have perused the whole of the play with much attention, and with feelings rather favourably inclined towards the author, who would seem to be a very amiable man:—and not in vain. We must speak truth. The play is mechanically correct; and the spirit, feeling, and poetry are not altogether wanting. It will, no doubt, prove to be a good acting play.

The printer has done his part of the work quite à merveille. Vizetelly and Branston have produced a model of elegant typography.

WALKER'S County Atlas,—being a Series of Forty-Six Maps of the different Counties of England and Wales. Imperial Quarto. T. and W. Walker:—and Longman.

SEVERAL months ago, when this work was in progress, we took occasion to speak favourably of its merits. We did so from the conviction, with which we are still very strongly impressed, that these maps are a very valuable accession to our geographical literature. Before this work,—of which we now announce the completion,—appeared, no County Atlas of any value could be procured for less than *seven or eight* pounds at least; and such maps were, of course, quite out of the reach of all persons of moderate income. The maps now before us may be had for one-fourth that sum; and, in point of correctness, we can conscientiously recommend them; as we have ourselves employed them in minute geographical studies, that must have proved their errors if there had been any at all appreciable. The Messrs. Walker deserve the thanks of the public for the handsome and cheap work which they have placed at the command of the well-educated and respectable classes of the community.

Edinburgh New General Atlas:—56 Maps Imperial. 14 numbers.  
Edinburgh. Johnston.

A work of such size,—produced by publishers, whose other works have won the good opinion of such men as Archdeacon Williams and Professor Dunbar,—readily impressed us with anticipatory impressions in its favour. In short notices, such as are appended to Magazines, laudatory articles are often given to works of very little or no real merit. Our principle has always been to temper justice with mercy,—to do all in our power to encourage the aspirants to the honours of literature,—but, nevertheless, not to neglect the interests of truth.

The first examination of these maps quite convinced us of their value; but, as we thought that a further enquiry would be necessary, we applied ourselves with a good-natured diligence to find out the good points that we might find in the *six-guinea* Atlas before us.

There are two points, that we regard to be quite indispensable to the good qualities of a map or set of maps;—namely,—correctness of delineation and neatness of execution. This at least is not unreasonable:—for a map can certainly be of no use to any one, if it does not supply the information that is desired, respecting the position of the places searched after by the enquirer; and if its execution, in point of neatness and clearness, does not forward the enquiries of the student, we may conclude that maps so deficient can be consulted with no real advantage.

The Editor of this Atlas may find, perhaps, that he has met with rather a severe judge;—but, as the individual who writes this notice has devoted six or seven years of uninterrupted labour to the study of geography as a science,—he expresses his opinion without hesitation, that the Edinburgh Atlas is not in any way calculated to advance the knowledge of geography.

We commence with map No. 1, which is merely Mercator's projection;—we may observe, that the positions of important places are most scandalously incorrect. Oporto is placed at a very considerable distance from the river, to which it owes its entire importance. Warsaw (in order to throw a doubt on the veracity of all the accounts hitherto received concerning it), is placed on the *east* side of the river, so as to render the affair of Praga of no avail whatever. So likewise of many other things—unpardonable faults, even in a general way—we might, if it so pleased us, extend our strictures to twenty pages instead of thirty lines. But we refrain. We have looked at and examined the other maps that have been submitted to our consideration;—but we have no reason to alter the opinion that we have already given respecting

the general map.\* Carelessness and the utmost incorrectness in delineation are the only features that can be recognised in these maps; and the work of the engraver is executed no less badly. Let any one compare these sheets with any *respectable* maps produced in London. What good can result to the proprietors?

#### PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Application of Steam-power to Civil and Military Purposes:—by Sir C. DANCE. p.p. 26. Ridgeway.

THE work before us has little or no reference to military engineering. The Duke of Wellington has pronounced steam-carriages, and steam-guns too, to be utterly inefficient, as regards the requirements of war:—and so with the *ipse-dixit* of the greatest general of the age against them, they cannot be expected to have even a fair trial,—should, even, our ill-luck drive us into a war.

Sir Charles Dance, a gentleman with a good deal of ingenuity and yet more of money, did, it appears, some few years ago unite himself in partnership with an adventurous and adventuring, but yet clever engineer, yclept Gurney, who invented the tubular boilers and, we believe, the rocking cylinder. The application of these new engines to locomotives on turnpike-roads has occupied the attention of the partners most particularly; and we must say, that their success has been such, that we are surprised that the matter has not been taken up by persons, whose pecuniary resources enable them,—with due regard to their own profit,—to forward such undertakings. We ought, however, to recollect that the conflicting interests of railroad engineers and general civil engineers are ever likely to be at variance; and we have reason, besides, to doubt the sincerity of the most eminent engineers when giving their evidence and sentiments on the comparative merits of railroad and turnpike-road locomotives.

We have not ventured these few remarks without some knowledge of the subject. Mr. Gurney's late establishment has been often visited by us; and we have had opportunities of seeing Mr. Hancock's and Mr. Ogle's machines in detail, in various stages of completion, and in actual motion. The knowledge, which circumstances of a private nature have forced upon the writer of these remarks, convinces him that, however favourable *railroad* speculations may appear *primâ facie*, they will not be found to return a dividend at all commensurate with the outlay of capital. Indeed, if the four great *arterial* railroads will be found to return an adequate profit, it may be matter of congratulation to the Shareholders.—But what do we see?—railroads set on foot for every petty watering-place, market-town, or third-rate harbour in the country,—made, forsooth, for the purpose of getting up a trade, where no trade existed before,—as if a little iron, grease, and hot water would of themselves create a home or foreign demand. Of the forty or fifty railroad bills now before Parliament—the greater part of whose sections (many of which are, *we know*, rather apocryphal) have been examined and duly valued, we certainly cannot approve of six—even on the common principles that a very slender knowledge of dynamic science impresses upon us,—as at all desirable for the investment of speculators.—But yet,—they do speculate!!!

The turnpike-road locomotives would do well, we are certain,—were it not for an oppressive measure of Parliament that acts virtually—as a bar upon their introduction into the country. Select Committees—(too frequently composed of men equally incompetent to judge respecting the merits of a railroad to the Moon, or of a railroad to Dover, or of a steam locomotive that would go to Birmingham,—or of a more *mercurial* one, that would conjure one

\* If the publisher desires it, we shall be most happy to forward him, *gratis*, a copious list of the grossest errors that have disgraced modern geography.—Ed.

to Jupiter without tube, steam, mercury, or *sal-volatile* at all—have in their reports uttered much nonsense. It would be well, if their nonsense had been harmless; but, unfortunately, it too often happens that men in temporary office, such as the Commons' Committee men are,—a fig for their privilege,—swayed] from a just decision by the overbalancing influence of rich proprietors, rich speculators, &c. &c.; and we have strong reasons to suspect, that the railroad transactions, generally speaking, are not what they ought to have been,---*commonly honest*. Time will prove.

Our opinion is most decidedly, that the men who have ventured so much in the cause of locomotive steam application as Messrs. Dance, Ogle, Hancock, &c., ought to be duly---nay, handsomely rewarded; and we do not think that a parliamentary grant, say 20,000*l.* to be divided between the three parties that we have above mentioned, would be more than justice requires from England to her enterprising children.

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#### NOTICE TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

SEVERAL publications having reached us rather later than usual, we are compelled to defer our notice of them till the ensuing month. Lockhart's Life of the late Sir William Scott is the subject of a general article, for which we have been unable to find space in the present number; and several novels and romances demand a more detailed account than our present time and room will allow them. We have not forgotten them.

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#### THEATRICAL REVIEW.

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##### ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

ON Saturday, the 25th of February, the Opera House opened, the promised performances being *Norma*, and a new Ballet on the subject of the Opera of *Fra Diavolo*. In *Norma*, Giannoni was advertised to perform the part of *Adalgisa*, but *indisposition* of some kind or other prevented her appearance. The consequence was, that more than half of the music was omitted, including every portion, without exception, which is in itself pleasing, independently of the accessory circumstances of the drama. No effort was made to supply the vacant place, or to substitute another opera. Truly, as a French lady near us observed, *les Anglais sont trop bons*, which softened expression might be less ceremoniously and more faithfully turned, *les Anglais sont trop bêtes*, for John Bull not only courts a foreign mistress (a very attractive one we allow) instead of a legitimate English wife, but suffers himself to be most woefully henpecked by the aforesaid stranger. If, however, the audience at the opera, notwithstanding its deterioration of late years, is still too genteel to express disapprobation, these gross impositions will continue to be practised on the public to the end of the chapter, and so we take our leave of them. To return to the mutilated opera, Blasis filled the part of *Norma*, which was written expressly for the display of *Pasta's* peculiar powers, and, as in every point, except the shortness of her person, Blasis is essentially different from her greater proto-

type, it may be readily conceived that the part is not suited to her. Blasis has a very sweet voice, the upper notes becoming sweeter instead of harsher as is usually the case, the higher she ascends in the scale,—her execution and intonation are very perfect, and she has a considerable fund of comic humour. These qualifications at once point out the line of characters for which nature has adapted her powers, and to these she should cleave, for in the proud declamation and unwomanlike severity of Norma, she excites laughter rather than horror—contempt rather than pity. In short, it is a practical exemplification of Napoleon's favourite apophthegm,—*From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step.* We trust we shall soon see her in a part more suited to her, and in which she will deserve that meed of praise we are always desirous of bestowing on the exertions of those who toil for the public entertainment. Catone played the Proconsul, Pollio, and had very little to do, the principal part of his music being in concert with Adalgisa, and of course omitted. He is not yet accustomed to the house, and strained his voice far more than was necessary, which gave a harshness to it, especially in falsetto, which detracted much from the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from hearing him. Bellini got through Aroviso very creditably—much more so than any of the others: but Lablache played the stern Druid last year to Grisi's Norma, and, as he always does, made his part the first in the opera, and however ungracious it may be, the comparison is forced so strongly on the imagination, that an allusion to the superiority of a great artist over a singer and actor of moderate pretensions, cannot be avoided. We must defer any decided opinion on the comparative merits of the Lyceum Italian Company, as heard on that stage and in the great theatre in the Haymarket, until they have appeared to greater advantage, and especially till Giannoni, the gem of them all, recovers from her real or pretended sickness.

The new Ballet differs slightly in plot from the opera in the concluding scene,—the robbers carrying off the village maiden to their strong hold, as well as the property of the travelling nobleman, whence they are both rescued by the military, and the leader of the band shot, as he endeavours to escape over the mountains, in passing a narrow bridge over a waterfall, down which he tumbles, to the great edification of the spectators. Duvernay played the girl of the inn very well, and danced as well as she played; particularly in the bed-room scene, where she coquettes before the looking-glass. We ought not to neglect paying a just tribute to the invariable good taste she displays in her dresses, which are always elegant and never fine, gay but not gaudy, neat but not precise; and if report speak truth, she has the additional merit of being her own milliner. Two first appearances were very successful, Herminie Elsler and M. Mabile—the former a cousin of the Elslers, the latter we believe a young Spaniard. Both are quite new to our stage. Mademoiselle Elsler is a very fine young woman, a very fine dancer, very graceful, very active, and very luxuriant. M. Mabile is youthful and good-looking; possessing in an eminent degree the same qualifications as Perrot, and we think, as far as we can judge from a single

appearance, quite capable of supplying his place. The Ballet on the whole went off better than the opera, and may serve as a stop-gap till after Easter.

#### DRURY LANE.

*February 28th.*—The opera of Fair Rosamond was produced on this evening at old Drury. Having succeeded in raising the expectations of the public to a high pitch by his opera of the Mountain Sylph, Barnett forthwith proceeded to make another effort to place himself high on the list of musical geniuses, and adapted melodies and harmonies to the greater part of the words of a libretto, which tells at greater length the following silly tale.

Henry the Second, in the disguise of a Troubadour and under the name of Edgar, having obtained admission to the castle of Lord Clifford, woos and wins the heart of Rosamond the Baron's daughter, whose hand however has been promised to Alberic de Vere. At a banquet in the castle, Henry or Edgar quarrels with de Vere and then walks off with his mistress, unnoticed though certainly not unseen. The lovers retire to a hut in a forest, and are there surprised very mal-a-propos by the enraged father and the jilted suitor. The Queen too, by a dramatic juggle which we could not fathom, is also present on this occasion, and (we suppose to save himself a severe and well-deserved matrimonial lecture) the king gives up his *ladye-love* rather than unveil his incognito. In the next phase of the story we are present at the coronation of Henry and Eleanor, and so is Rosamond, and, what is worse, she is so surprised at the discovery of the rank of her quondam *inamorato*, that she screams her recognition and betrays to the jealous consort of her lover the whole unwelcome truth. The next important point is a private conversation between the king and his confidant, overheard by the queen and her confidant—the subject of course being the fair flower of the world (Rosamundi, rose of the world, Rosamond) and her place of concealment. The queen by this conversation is made aware of the entrance to the bower at Woodstock, and, as tradition tells, having penetrated its recesses, offers the agreeable alternative of a sharp poniard or deadly poison to the hated object of her husband's affections. Opportunely the king, the father, and the forlorn bridegroom, rush in at the critical moment, and all matters are comfortably settled by the consent of the monarch to give up the spotless maiden to her enamoured swain.

Such is a brief outline of the exceedingly foolish plot. What silly individual perpetrated the vile trash we know not, but a more unpromising framework was perhaps never used on which to hang crotchets and quavers. The prose is execrably written, the rhymes much worse than the prose. And even if the style had been as pure, the wit as sparkling, the pathos as touching, the poetry as refined as the best in the language, they would not redeem from condemnation the gross violation of historical truth and traditionary lore which mars the play. Who has not in imagination sorrowed over the fair Rosamond as she drained the death-bearing cup, shrinking from the

stern aspect of the wronged and vindictive Eleanor? Who has not pictured to himself the anguish of the first Plantagenet as he hung over the cold remains of his beloved and lovely paramour? And who would not be disappointed and vexed, if, by any unforeseen event, documents should come to light that would prove the whole story a fabrication? And yet for the sake of a happy marriage at the end (*à la Colburn and Bentley novel school*), the plot has been deprived of its climax, the story of its interest, and the romance of its truth.\* Another serious fault is the great length of the opera, which took more than four hours to perform, that is, it being in four acts, nearly an hour to each, exclusive of intervals. We think too, that it has been overloaded with recitatives, which are not consonant to the genius of our language except for highly impassioned passages, and even in such case should only be used to introduce an air. We have yet to speak of the merits of the composition, the exertions of the performers, and the beauty and splendour of the scenery and decorations.

The music as a whole is heavy and even dull, but has redeeming qualities. But little of it is adapted for private performance, and that little does not include the best compositions, which are a canon in the first scene of the fourth act and a madrigal in Rosamond's Bower. The canon is in four parts, and commences with the subject sung by Phillips:—

“Tell her that words have no power

“A passion like mine to declare.”

This is a charming piece, and well repays the listener for the tedium so lavishly spread over the first three acts. In the bower at Woodstock, a crowd of “*ladyes faire and gentles gaye*,” hail the fair Rosamond as Beauty's queen in a madrigal, which is as delightful as any thing we have ever heard, though introduced somewhat *mal-a-propos* in a place of concealment, such as that in which it takes place. This composition has, besides, the peculiar merit of being not only a madrigal in name, but in fact, most modern pretenders to that title being glees sung by a multitude of voices. There are besides two ballads, one sung by Phillips, disguised as the Troubadour in the castle of Clifford, and the other by Miss Poole as a page; both of which are pretty, but we think rather common-place. The recitatives and some of the concerted music, especially a sestet in the first act, were very effective, but mostly rather too long and too ponderous. However on the whole the music is highly creditable to Mr. Barnett, and deserves to the full that success which it met with.

The exertions of the singers were very praiseworthy. Phillips as the king, Giubilei as Lord de Clifford, and Miss Poole as the page, sang their parts as nicely as we could have wished, and Wilson did what little he had to do equally well; but though constantly on the stage, and constantly singing, the tenor part is, we think, what is

\* The play-wright might have remembered, that Henry had two fair sons by his mistress, who firmly maintained and upheld the power of their father, when his legitimate offspring rebelled against his authority, and at once failed in their duty as children, and their allegiance as subjects.

called in the profession *unprofitable*. Miss Betts sang the music allotted to the queen in a style which showed her to be the mistress of her art, and surprised us by her acting, which was far superior to what is usually met with in singers. We are sorry that we cannot give the same praise to Miss Romer, whose powers are not of a class to enable her to compete with the difficulties of such a part as *Rosalind*. To give full effect to it, such a singer as poor *Malibran* should have been its representative: however, to regret her loss is unavailing, and we must content ourselves with the remembrance of what she was—too vivid an image to be readily effaced.

The dancers in the ballet of the seasons did their best. *Madame Giubilei* made a most liberal display of her personal beauties, *Miss Ballin* attempted and failed in an imitation of *Herminie Elsler*, and *Mr. Gilbert* frisked and twisted till we were giddy with looking at his evolutions.

The scenery is very magnificent—especially the coronation in *Westminster Abbey*, and the bower at *Woodstock*, with the diorama of the seasons. The dresses and decorations were splendid, and the whole getting up highly creditable to the skill of the parties employed, and the enterprise of *Mr. Bunn*, who we hope will be rewarded by a full attendance at his house, and ample receipts in his treasury.

The early part of the past month has not teemed with novelties, or at least not with those of a very interesting character. A burletta at the *Olympic*, of very moderate pretensions, written for the purpose of exhibiting *C. Mathews* in a drunken soldier, a character which he personated with much skill and fidelity—a melodrama at the *Adelphi*, translated from the French of course, and equally of course successful; and the *Postillion* at the *St. James's Theatre*, also translated from the French, and with French music, make up the sum of productions which require even the most cursory mention. We suppose the managers were all gathering their strength and working themselves up for a desperate struggle at Easter. Indeed it was high time they should, for in addition to the places of entertainment heretofore open, *Braham* and *Madame Vestris* have received permission to extend their season two months.

Our theatrical notice has already run out to so great length, that we are compelled to pass over the Easter pieces for the present with a mere mention. '*Valentine and Orson*,' at *Drury Lane*, revives the recollection of boyish days and *Joe Grimaldi*; '*Noureddin*' at *Covent Garden*, is an excellent piece for those who love to have their eyes feasted on splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses; at the *Adelphi*, *John Reeve*, *Buckstone*, and *Mrs. Honey*, have opportunity for displaying their several abilities in the '*King of the Danube* and the *Water Lily*';—while *Ducrow* treats his juvenile patrons to '*Ivanhoe*,' a spectacle got up in the usual *Astley's*, and *Madame Vestris* produces a truly classical piece—'*The Rape of the Lock*,' with her usual success. To several of these we may return in our next, when we shall have to notice *Belisarius* and the new ballet at the *Grand Opera*.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

BEFORE entering into a critical examination of the merits or demerits of this or any other exhibition, it is but fair to inquire into its pretensions, for modest mediocrity certainly does not require the same severe castigation as self-sufficient incapacity. We will then briefly premise, that the Society of British Artists is made up of certain disappointed painters, who, finding the doors of the Academy shut against them, united to form a club who should put to shame the close corporation at Somerset House, by exhibiting to the world the injustice and jealousy of its members—injustice in refusing to dub them with the honours of those talismanic letters, R. A.; and jealousy in ousting their pictures lest comparison should be injurious to their own. Now we are no admirers of the Academic body or their acts, far from it—and we should be heartily glad to see a thorough reformation in the house; but in this particular case or cases, as it may be, a visit to the gallery in Suffolk Street will satisfy the most indifferent judge, that however many undeserving members the Academy may contain, and however many eminent artists are excluded from its members, the Society here named does not contain a single individual who has the remotest shadow of a right to complain of the hardship of non-election. There are however some pictures of ability, though produced by artists who are not members of the Society. We shall proceed to mention a few of the most noticeable.

No. 7. Boys of Terra Genesco, in the Abruzzi. F. Y. Hurlstone. This picture has something agreeable in its subjects, and especially the expressions of the countenances of the players at “Il Giuoco di Morra” are good. But as a whole it scarcely can be said to rise above mediocrity, a character which will apply equally well to No. 243, the Italian Shepherd Boy and his Wolf Dog, by the same artist. There are eleven more pictures by Mr. Hurlstone, of different degrees of badness, all bearing marks of haste in the execution.

No. 21. A very fine Portrait of Mr. Carew the Sculptor, by Clint. The composition and the colouring are good, and it has all the appearance of a strong likeness; though, not being acquainted with Mr. Carew’s person, we are not able to give an infallible judgment on that point.

No. 31. The Camilies, West Indiaman, by G. Chambers. Though this and two other pictures by this very talented artist are not, we think, very good specimens of what he *can* do, yet if not considered with reference to others of his own production, their merits will be admitted to be of a very high order.

No. 34. Portrait of Edwin Forrest, Esq., Tragedian. I. G. Middleton. We believe this to be a mis-nomer, at least we could not trace the resemblance.

No. 73. Two to One. W. Kidd. A very pretty little picture about three inches by two, of two countrymen playing at draughts, one being deprived of one eye. The expressions of the countenances are very good.

No. 99. Another of the results of Mr. Pyne’s visit to N. Devon. Pretty but not striking.

No. 132. The Valley of Mexico. D. T. Egerton. This picture has one essential excellence—novelty. The plains of Mexico have not yet been visited by travelling artists in search of the picturesque, though the specimens brought back by Mr. Egerton, of its capabilities, will probably send others to explore its mines of wealth, though not for precious metals, at least directly. The scenery and general aspect of the physical features are highly interesting, and the view very well chosen for its comprehensive character.

No. 158. A Scene on the Tiber, by W. Linton. A *glaring* imitation of all that is not good in Turner, or, at all events, is only good in the hands of such a master of the pencil.

No. 168. Landscape. E. P. Owen, M. A. Judging from the qualities of

the picture, M. A. stands here for "middling artist," and a very middling one he is.

No. 164. An Indian Page. W. Kidd. A good-looking black boy in gorgeous apparel.

No. 249. Sea Reach. W. Butland. Waves of putty and clouds of wool.

No. 261. Hungarian Ford at Perth. Highly romantic, and quite new. The face of the brawny Hungarian in the fore-ground is full of expression, and the whole scene spirited and interesting.

No. 309. Portrait of Mrs. Honey as Lilio. No. 441. Portrait of Miss Murray, as Susannah. T. M. Joy. Outrageous, and what we are sure the ladies will not thank him for,—the very reverse of flattering likenesses.

No. 444. Venice. J. Holland. We have already had occasion to make favourable mention of Mr. Holland, and we are happy to be able to continue our praise. His colouring is very agreeable to the eye, and even showy, without, however, degenerating into gaudiness, and what he does bears the internal stamp of fidelity; you feel that it is a portraiture of the place you are viewing, and not a fanciful composition of the artist, in which truth and resemblance are sacrificed for effect.

No. 456. Mr. Vandenhoff. R. W. Buss. Very strikingly like, and, what is more, a pleasant likeness.

No. 616. Model of a Fountain. E. W. Wyon. This is a clever production, and does great credit to the artist.

No. 618. A Nymph. J. Ternouth. A very beautiful naked figure reclining asleep. Why it is called a nymph we know not, but perchance it is want of another name equally poetical.

No. 621. Model of a Chariot Race. E. H. Corbould. This is an admirable design. The horses are struggling for the foremost place, and the charioteers lean forward, eagerly pressing them onwards. All the figures seem starting into life.

No. 743. Portrait of J. Audubon. No. 803. Portrait of Victor Audubon, F. Cruikshank. Both excellent.

No. 859. Othello relating his adventures to Desdemona. C. Martin. A very well conceived and executed drawing. The lady does "most seriously incline," to hear the tale of her swarthy lover.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

CONSOLATION FOR THE CALUMNIATED.—The great event of January was the gambling transaction—*De Roos v. Cumming*. All our matutinal and hebdomadal contemporaries have descanted thereupon in all possible ways, and great has been the expenditure of virtuous regret and indignation. Now we, who look at all things, not with the jaundiced optics of cynicism, but with the eye philanthropic, see great good in this much denounced affair. In the first place, think of the names of the parties—*De Roos* and *Cumming*. Is't not there something uncommonly grateful to the auricular appendages of the multitude in the smack of the defendant's patronymic, particularly when prefaced by the euphonious compound wherein his antagonist rejoiceth? Why men who cannot trace their progenitors anterior to the Deluge or the Norman conquest may have such a name as *Cumming*, and yet be deemed meet rivals of people who claim to be representatives of all the worthies of the primeval world. Therefore let the *Cummings* clap their hands and be glad, because of their exaltation.

But the measure of our joy for the upraising of plebeian surnames is not yet half filled. It is a fact (although the *Times* stated it) that one of *Cumming's*

witnesses, in a court studded with the Corinthian pillars of the land, gave testimony against Lord De Roos, though even from his childhood he never had a name but Higgins; and, for any thing he knew to the contrary, might have actually been christened Higgins! Higgins—yes; pronounced simply as it is spelt—Higgins. But for that name Young D’Israeli would never have thought himself a wit—for what else could Young Dukes sneer at but animals called Higgins? Mr. Colburn has published novels before now in three volumes 8vo., the only incident of which consisted in the fact that some such person as Mrs. Colonel Frederick Wentworth Effingham Fitzwilliam sneezed with laughter, because she saw in the *Court Journal* that Sir Henry Halford attended a Mrs. Higgins. We have heard of people in Mayfair believing that some people east of Charing Cross never die, simply because they are called Higgins. Higgins and hypochondria are manifestly incompatible. It was said that, when the King appointed Huggins royal marine painter, a general gloom pervaded the court; and hence, as the story goes, the cloudy condition of the gentleman’s pictures. But what could be expected from Huggins? There is something murky in the very word itself. Higgins, on the contrary, is so curt, interesting, and, oh la! so funny. It is the principal stock in trade of Hook and the fashionable satirists of the lower orders; or rather, we should say it has been, for it certainly won’t do for the future to ridicule names that have appeared in juxtaposition with the very adroit gentry who belie the fallacy of the schoolmen’s axiom, *ex nihilo nihil fit*—Captain Alexander to wit, who possesses the pleasing faculty and benevolent propensity of making some thousands per annum—in jest.

English generosity has been famed in all ages, whether manifested by individuals, associations, or the country at large. Look at the York Column, to go no farther (than Pall Mall), emblematic of a nation’s admiration for the man who eclipsed the glories of Cressy and Agincourt—at Dunkirk; and paid his creditors to the last farthing—in promises. There’s a whole menagerie of griffins and tom-tits capering—in marble—all over the kingdom, to the honour of people whose only claims to such distinction are based on their having invented new modes of taking pepper with one’s soup, or adjusting a cravat. What then should await Messrs. Cumming and Higgins who have ennobled not simply their namesakes of the present day—great though that achievement be—but the countless Cummings’ and Higgins’ of all time. Well, we shall look to the Gazette to see how their glorious example has been pursued. Hitherto people could not afford to become insolvent from the circumstance of their names being Cumming or Higgins. Let the tribe of Levi and the living body-snatchers rejoice;—the disclosures in the Court of King’s Bench have “reformed *that* indifferently.”

Yet after all it may be questioned if we are not in some measure Neroising, while Rome burns. What is the jubilation of Cumming and Higgins, when contrasted with the despondency of Smith—immutable, eternal, universal Smith? Can it be that Graham’s is the only body in the world without its Smith, Smyth, or Smythe? Lord de Roos has obtained the sympathy of many, because it is said that he has been made the victim of a conspiracy. But why did not his opponents deprive him of the pretext, by compelling him to bring his action against Smith? All England—and the Isle of Man—would have proclaimed the justice of Smith’s cause. *De Roos v. Smith!* The realization of all Mr. Owen’s Utopian dreams would not have diffused half the rapture through the empire, as those two names figuring for two mortal days in the newspapers. Such a chance never did, it may be doubted if such ever *can* occur, for the glorification of Smithised Britain. People have called themselves Aristides Smith—but no one thought it a just appellation: and Cato Smith—but every one turned Censor of the folly. Howard *de* Howard Smith has been tried without the experimentalist obtaining the credit of philanthropy for his motives; and any one dubbing himself Percy (Piercie) Smith, would hardly be considered a very Chivalric, or even a very Sharp fellow.

We never hear of such combination as Smith Fleming, or Smith Burdett, or in fact Smith Anything—Smith is invariably at the bottom of every thing in this country. It is one of the most emphatic in pronunciation, and certainly the most important in consequence of any monosyllable in the language. Yet some how or other a Smith would be any thing but Smith. Smith-phobia would depopulate the land, if the malady had not an antidote in Smith-mania, or Philo Smithism. Smith and vulgarity are the antipodes of each other, a sort of practical antithesis; but Smith and gentility are synonymous: and hence, we repeat, that Lord de Roos' case should not have been tinkered without a regular Smith. Tom Smith's return (the story in the papers headed the "Long-lost Heir,") delighted every individual family from the Grampian Hills to the Eddystone Lighthouse. But that is no reason why a Higgins should have monopolized the glory of figuring in the same paragraph with the Premier Baron of England.

One hope remains. It is rumoured that Lord de Roos intends bringing separate actions against the three colleagues of Mr. Cumming—viz. Mr. Brook Greville, Mr. George Payne, and Lord Henry Bentinck. Now let one of the trio obtain his Majesty's royal letters patent, to add Smith to his name—not as the penultimate, or ante-penultimate, but as the climax, the wind-up, the energetic, irrevocable, and emphatic clencher to all his other cognomens, and immortality awaits him, and general gladness will be diffused throughout the world. The sun sets not upon the regions peopled by the Smiths!

**MORE PROVINCIAL PROFUNDITY.**—The histrionic Longinus of the *Tyne Mercury* and the Thespians of the Theatre Royal Newcastle are blessed in each other. Only such a critic could comprehend and expound the infinitesimally little and transcendently great points of attraction in such performers. This unparalleled dramatic censor prefaces a recent dissertation on the stage-doings of the company by expressing his regret that attendance at the literary institutions of the town prevented him from witnessing "Richard III." and "Hamlet." "We almost wish," says he, "that a similar cause had hindered us from seeing 'Rob Roy' on Wednesday evening." Wednesday evening; ah prophetic heaven! that Wednesday evening. Day sacred to the direful sisterhood who spin and nip short the thread of our frail existence. *Something* always happens on that day. We always said something would happen—and, lo! the confirmation of our fears. "For assuredly," continues he of Newcastle, "there was some halo of melancholy, some deep dark cloud of despondency over the performance, or [mark the distinction] indeed over the whole house!" There! You perceive it was either a halo or a cloud. Take your choice (but if you prefer the cloud, mind it is deep *and* dark) of despondency which enveloped not simply the performance, but absolutely the whole house. Now clouds of despondency are very unnecessary stage accessories in the performance of "Rob Roy;" a halo of melancholy may be tolerated occasionally, but clouds of despondency, more particularly deep and dark, are extremely reprehensible, and are enough to provoke the ire of any critic. But we appeal to our readers, we appeal to the people of Great Britain, to the entire human fraternity, even to the seven millions of "Aliens" the other side of St. George's Channel, whether it is to be endured that a halo of melancholy or a cloud of deep and dark despondency shall encircle *the whole* of the Newcastle Theatre. At all events we cannot wonder that the *Mercury* should not bear such things without conveying his sense of the grievance in some shape or other. And thus he does it:—"Mr. R. Younge was powerful in the scenes of the 'MacGregor' where effect was to be produced. Miss Penley was effective in the few scenes of Helen which well display that character. [God bless us! Scenes of 'Helen' and *the* 'MacGregor.' There is a Novel written by a person called Scott, in which mention is made of a MacGregor; but it would appear there are plenty with that cognomen in "Rob Roy" as played at Newcastle.] Mr. Griffiths, as 'Rashleigh Osbaldiston' was energetic *and* able

beyond our expectations. [And beyond ours also.] Mr. Corrie made a good 'Owen.' And what does he play ill? [Aye, what does Mr. Corrie play ill?—or well either, we may ask for information's sake.] And Mr. Lacey was a surprising 'Dougal' [quite surprising we'll lay any odds.] But with these exceptions, *and* the singing of Mr. Yarnold and Miss Atkinson, how dull and flat was the performance!"

Now if it had not been for those confounded halos and clouds a 'Rob Roy' might be endured in which there were "powerful," "effective," "energetic and able," "good," and "surprising" acting, and singing not to be sneezed at, to say the least of it. But what is a Rob Roy at the Theatre Royal Newcastle with a halo of melancholy or a deep dark cloud of despondency over it? Aye, it may be, gracious powers! over the *whole house*. What signify "these exceptions" of surprising acting and uncensured singing? And listen to what's coming:—"Mr. Ray's 'Bailey Nicol Jarvie' *might* have been respectable if it had not been for the awful Scotch, and Mr. Silver looked 'Major Galbraith' infinitely better than he played it." The least we can say of Mr. Silver is that he must have had a great deal of brass to attempt to look the Major *better* than he played it. Had he looked it merely as well, we might have passed over his delinquency with silent contempt: but better—such assurance is intolerable.

But oh, for a seventy-seven donkey or a fifty-four elephant power of words to express our indignant abhorrence of Mr. Ray. Woe, woe! Talk of the drama being deteriorated by the conversion of our theatres into show-houses! Stuff! Turn the whole Zoological Gardens—fish and fowl, pigs, dromedaries, and boa-constrictors, apes, zebras, and Colonel Sibthorpe, upon the stage, and what is it compared to 'Bailey Nicol Jarvie' speaking *Scotch*! A Baily who will discourse you in plain Sanscrit, Japanese, or Abyssinian, is all very well for those who are not fastidious, and do not insist upon the characters being supported in the original and unadulterated Chaldee vernacular. For our own part we would in case of emergency put up with a Baily who could only give us *pure* Coptic—for we are rather fastidious on the score of its purity; or for the matter of that we might be induced to stomach a Baily who would render us the part in the dialect of Thibet, Wapping, or the Ladrone or Dogs' Islands. We'll even go so far as to say that sooner than have the character omitted we would take it in hieroglyphics—provided the prompter were not *too* audible—we need not say *why* he ought to be *mum*. But Baily Nicol Jarvie talking *Scotch*! Well does the Newcastle critic say, "awful Scotch!" Awful indeed. This *is* criticism.

Nonsense apart. After going on at a similar rate for the better part of a mortal column, this intensely sublimated jackass suddenly abbreviates one of his most astounding brays for the purpose of lecturing one of the unfortunate objects of his remorseless donkeyism—a Miss Noel—on her departure from her text, thus:—"We would advise Miss N. to attend rather closer to her author. We noticed some ungrammatical use of singular verbs to plural nouns—*does* instead of *do*, and so forth—which sound strangely on the boards of a Theatre Royal." When we came to this our love for the absurd gave place to a keen desire to kick the nineteen times stultified booby as long as we could stand over him. Singular verbs! Gad, the inclination is on us still; and we hereby offer a yearly volume of the *Monthly* handsomely bound, a bottle of Stephens's Writing Fluid, and a card of double patent Perryans—side spring, or under, triple-pointed or oblique slit—to any person who, within six months from the date hereof, shall satisfy us that he has bestowed one dozen vigorous and emphatic admonitions of the nature hereinbefore specified on the aforesaid woode-nheaded caitiff's antithesis of the os frontis.

## JOURNAL OF FACTS.

*Catching Quails in Cerigo.*—The flocks of quail which appear here in spring and autumn are considerably reduced by various destructive means of the inhabitants; but the most singular is that of finding them by dogs, something similar to a lurcher, and then catching them with hand-nets. Two, or a party of three, go sporting in this way; each net has a mouth somewhat oval, stiffened by a rim of wood two or three feet long, attached to which is a net of a proportionate bulk; to this border is fastened at one end a pole, ten to fourteen feet long, and with such a weapon a party of three will secure twenty or thirty couples during the day in the following manner. When the dog makes a point, the party comes up towards the spot in different directions, holding their nets by the ends of the poles, and if the quails lie so close, as they do in bushes, as to allow the party to touch each other's nets, then the dog is driven in to put them up. On rising, each man strikes at a bird which his extended oval-mouthed net, twisting it in the air to entangle his game, and, when expert, seldom misses.—*Jameson's Edinburgh Journal.*

*Employment of the Population of Great Britain.*—Mr. Marshall, in his highly laboured digest of National Statistics, thus analyzes the occupations of the inhabitants of our island:—

Agricultural occupiers (1831)	1,500,000
Do. labourers .....	4,800,000
Miners .....	600,000
Preparers of food, bakers, butchers, &c. ....	900,000
Builders of all kinds .....	650,000
Clothiers of all kinds .....	1,088,000
Manufacturers .....	2,400,000
Shopkeepers .....	2,100,000
Seamen and soldiers .....	831,000
Clergy, lawyers, doctors, &c.	450,000
Paupers and vagrants .....	110,000
Independent gentry, &c. (non- productive) .....	1,116,400

Total .... 16,537,400

*Pauper Emigration.*—It appears from the lately published Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, that between June 1835 and July 1836, the number of pauper emigrants was 5141,—the expense of whose removal was £28,414. The destination of a very large majority of them was Upper or Lower Canada. Many emigrated to the United States;—a few only to Australia.

*Vital Statistics of Northern and Central Europe:*

	Ann. deaths to Pop.	Ann. births to Pop.	Leg.to illeg. child.
England & Wales	1 in 59	1 in 33½	19 to 1
Sweden and Den- mark .....	1 in 48	1 in 31	16 to 1
Prussia .....	1 in 36	1 in 28	17 to 1
Belgium .....	1 in 43	1 in 30	21 to 1
France .....	1 in 40	1 in 32½	13 to 1

*Population of Ireland.*—The increase of the Irish population is, strange to say, most rapid in the less improved districts of the country. In Leinster between 1821—1831, the increase was only 9 per cent; while in Munster it was 14, and in Connaught 22 per cent. The density of the population is also very remarkable. The number of acres in Ireland is about 20 millions, of which 1,600,000 are bogland:—the population is 8,500,000, or one individual to 25 acres. In England with all its improvements, the population is to its extent in acres as 1 to 2.66; while in Scotland, it is as 1 to 8.

*Increase of the British Merchant-shipping.*—The following data will show the increase of the Merchant service during the present century. In the year 1800 the registered shipping of the Empire amounted to 17,885, with a tonnage of 1,855,879,—employing 138,721 men. In the last year, the number of British vessels was 25,511, with a tonnage of 2,783,761,—employing 171,020 men.

*Live-stock of Great Britain:*

Horses No.	1,500,000	Val.	22,500,000 <i>l.</i>
Cattle -	5,300,000	-	24,500,000
Sheep -	39,648,000	-	62,300,000
Hogs (?)	19,420,000		18,552,000

*Light Houses of the British Islands.*—There are altogether 133 light-houses along our coasts; of which 65 belong to England,—29 to Scotland,—and 36 to Ireland. Of these, 15 are floating lights, which all give a continuous light. Of the land-lights, 31 are intermittent. The highest lantern measured from the sea-level is Clare-island light in Ireland,—487 feet. The highest in England is the Needles-light,—469 feet. The loftiest *building* from its base is the Kinnaird's Head light,—120 feet; but the Leasowe light near the Mersey-mouth is 118 feet high.

*Birmingham Railway.*—Mr. Stephenson, the engineer of this great undertaking, is of opinion that all the works may be

completed in the summer of 1838, and that the whole line may then be opened. The engineer has, it seems, been rather out of his reckoning as respects the costs of the railroad. The original capital has been all expended except 215,000*l.*; and it now appears that at least two millions more will be required to complete the works. The directors are certainly possessed of some assurance to acknowledge that their Par-

liamentary estimate was too low by 1,600,000*l.* Their apologies cannot palliate their transgression of common honesty and fair dealing. Mr. Stephenson, we recollect, served the good people of Liverpool and Manchester, a similar trick. That railroad, estimated at 500,000*l.*, cost 1,200,000*l.* So much for estimates. Shareholders, beware!

Coal entered at the Port of London in 1833--4--5.

Ships.			Ports whence shipped.	Tons.		
1833	1834	1835		1833	1834	1835
3,387	3,625	3,900	From Newcastle . . .	1,060,839	1,142,903	1,266,755
2,369	2,036	2,182	- Sunderland . . .	666,787	559,105	629,554
773	1,007	966	- Stockton . . .	170,690	221,971	230,174
178	248	251	- Blythe and Sleaton Sluice . . . . .	48,689	64,268	65,046
67	176	249	From Scotland . . .	15,138	39,487	40,955
130	135	153	From Wales . . . . .	32,156	33,200	38,567
173	177	257	From Yorkshire . . .	16,110	17,751	27,761
			Quantity which passed the Boundary Stones on the Grand Junction Can- nal, and on the River Thames . . . . .	4,395½	1,862	1,004½
7,077	7,404	7,958	Total . . . . .	2,014,804½	2,080,547	2,299,816½

*Greenwich Railway.*—The greatest amount taken in one day, during December and January, was 135*l.*; the greatest in the present month exceeds 200*l.*, which is at the rate of 73,000*l.* per annum, or above 12 per cent. on the capital, supposing it 600,000*l.* And if one-third (which is more than it can be for a mere passenger traffic) was taken for wear and tear and other expenses, it would leave 8 per cent. profit.

*Ceremony of opening a Russian Railway.*—A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 21st of November, says:—"The first iron railroad in Russia was opened on the 18th. The travelling steam-engine, built by M. Hackworth of New Shildon, having got finished, was prepared for the occasion, but was not permitted to commence until religiously consecrated. At eleven o'clock, A.M., a friar with his attendants made their appearance at the station from which the train was to start, bringing with them a table, three wax candles, a dish full of holy water, and a golden cross. After being clothed with their priestly garments, they began to chant, and the priests crossed themselves and various parts of the engine, then took the birch and threw the holy water on the engine and the crowd of spectators which had assembled to witness the scene. The chief priest then

prayed that the Emperor and family might be preserved, and that the engine might be fortunate and do much good; this, after pronouncing the benediction, concluded the ceremony, which lasted about three quarters of an hour. The candles were then removed, and the engine commenced with a train of carriages, and proceeded from Paulowsko to Kowzmino and back, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, and the Grand Duke, who rode on the train during the journey. The Emperor's attention was attracted by the magnificent appearance of the iron horse. He, addressing himself in English, said, 'It is the finest I ever saw.' The Emperor appeared much gratified with the success which had attended their first attempt at this new mode of conveyance."

*New Uses of Slate.*—Slate has lately been employed for purposes to which it was before deemed wholly unfit. The billiard-table makes finds no material so well adapted to his purpose as the combination of four slate slabs of about 6 by 3 feet. Such a table-top (of which more than 500 have now been made) costs about 13*l.* The upholsterer has also begun to use it as a cheap and good substitute for marble in wash-stands and other bed-room articles. Slate is likely to become generally useful, also, as an economical substitute for the stone-blocks on

railways. A slate 2½ inches thick is found to be as strong as a stone 1 foot thick. A slate of greater thickness is found by experiment to be less strong.

*Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama.*—The company of Shareholders, at the head of which is Mr. Beddle, a United States man, and M. Azuero, a Columbian, having lodged the necessary securities, and perfected their guarantees with the Government of New Grenada for the making of a railroad, as conceded to them by a decree of the 6th of June last, and rendering navigable a stream which goes the remainder of the way across the isthmus, which separates the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the grant was finally perfected on the 26th of August, and the works are to be commenced without delay.—*Columbian Paper.*

*Ease of Draught on Railways.*—Two horses drew the immense load of two hundred and sixty-three quarters of grain from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway, a distance of six miles. The weight of grain was about forty-four tons, and the weight of the waggon ten tons, making a gross weight of fifty-four tons!—*Keen's Bath Journal.*

*Rail-road from Paris to St. Germain.*—The projected rail-road from Paris to St. Germain is to commence near the Church de la Madeleine on the Boulevards, and afterwards pass through a tunnel under the Commune of Les Batignolles Monceaux. This tunnel will be 907 yards in length. There are to be three stations for receiving and delivering luggage. The number of bridges or viaducts to be erected over streets and roads, between the point of departure and the Seine, will

be twelve. It is expected that the steam carriages on this road will be able to travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and, according to this calculation, the distance between Paris and St. Germain will be performed in twenty-four minutes. It now occupies one hour and forty minutes.

*Spots on Marble.*—Housekeepers may perhaps like to know that all the red spots which are to be found in marble, are not ineffaceable. Those proceeding from iron always remain, but those which are caused by a vegetable substance, or cryptogamous plant, may be removed by a camel-hair brush and a little water. They are often to be seen in the marble of Saravezza, and are identical with those fungi which impart the red colour to snow.

*Paper.*—A new species of paper has been invented by a Mons. Masard, a French paper-manufacturer, which, according to report, is likely to prove of great benefit to commerce. From this paper it is impossible to obliterate any thing which has been written, without its exhibiting some mark, and losing its original whiteness; it will resist every chemical agent; and can be manufactured of the best quality at a very moderate price. Some eminent scientific men have given their opinion that full confidence may be placed in the alleged qualities of this paper.

*The Royal Library at Paris.*—From an inspection recently made at the Royal Library in Paris, it appears that it now contains 800,000 printed volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and 1,000,000 historical documents. Taking the average, 15,000 volumes are annually added, exclusive of pamphlets.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century" has in the press "Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education," being a supplement to the former work.

Mr. Sharpe is preparing a fifth edition of 'Old Friends in a New Dress, or Select Fables in Verse,' which will be illustrated, for the first time, with a great variety of beautifully finished and appropriate embellishments.

An interesting and useful work for young people is now in the press, written by the talented author of 'The Annals of my Village,' &c., to appear in a few weeks, under the title of 'The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth.' This excellent work will be beautifully illustrated.

### *Works in the Press.*

The first publication of the Central Society of Education, consisting of Papers by the following gentlemen:—Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P.; C. Baker, Esq.; B. Hawes, jun. Esq. M.P.; A. De Morgan, Esq.; A. Allen, Esq.; W. Wittich, Esq.; G. R. Porter, Esq.; B. F. Duppa, Esq.; together with the Statistical Enquiries of the Society. 1 vol. 12mo. (To appear in April.)

A New edition of Guesses at Truth. . By Two Brothers. In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

A New edition, being the third, of Niebuhr's History of Rome. vol. 1. Translated by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall.

Lessons on Form, as given at a Pestalozzian School, Cheam, Surrey. By C. Reiner, Esq. author of Lessons on number. 12mo., with 260 woodcuts.

Muller's Physiology of Man. Translated from the German by W. Baly, M.D., Graduate of the University of Berlin. 8vo. (*Preparing.*)

New edition of an Essay on a System of Classical Instruction; combining the methods of Locke, Ascham, Milton, and Colet: the whole series being designed to exhibit a restoration of the primitive mode of scholastic tuition in England, disembarassed of its modern abuses. 12mo.

Elements of Trigonometry. By Augustus de Morgan, professor of mathematics in University College, London. Royal 12mo.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. The first complete and genuine edition, revised and amended, with many additional pieces never before collected, or now first published. In 10 monthly volumes, with frontispiece and vignette titles.

Sketches in the Pyrenees. 2 vols. post 8vo. By the author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," "The Gossip's Week," &c. &c. (*Nearly Ready.*)

Visit to the Great Oasis; with an account ancient and modern, of the Oasis of Amun, and the other Oases of the Libyan desert now under the dominion of the Pasha of Egypt. With a map and twenty plates. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. author of "Travels in Ethiopia."

The Curate of Steinholt. A tale of Iceland. 2 vols. 12mo.

Conversations in Mineralogy. A new edition, with additions and corrections, and plates by Mr. and Miss Lowry. 2 vols 12mo.

A third and concluding volume of Sharon Turner's Sacred History of the World.

The Cultivation of the Grape Vine on Open Walls. By Clement Hoare. 8vo. New edition, with additions,

Fauna Borealis Americana, vol. 4 and last, containing the "Insects." By the Rev. W. Kirby, F.R.S. &c. Author of "The Introduction to Entomology."

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament. By E. Robinson, D.D. late professor of sacred literature in the Theological Seminary, Andover, North America. Edited with careful revision, corrections, occasional additions, and a preface. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.S.A.

"This is a book which ought to be in the hands of every theological student."—*Congregational Magazine*, March 1, 1837.

A Popular Law Dictionary. By T. E. Tomlins. With new tables of descent and consanguinity. 1 vol. 8vo.

A History of English Literature, critical, philosophical, and bibliographical. By J. D'Israeli, Esq. 8vo.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq. author of "Granby," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. With portrait.

The Young Scholar's Latin-English Dictionary; being an abridgment of the complete Latin-English Dictionary. By the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A., of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

The New Botanist's Guide. Vol. 2. Comprehending Scotland and adjacent Isles. With a copious supplement to England and Wales. By Hewett C. Watson. *Just Published.*

Greek Testament, from the text of Griesbach; with the various readings of Mill and others, marginal references, and chronological arrangements. 1 small vol. foolscap 8vo.

Shakspeare's Gallery, No. VIII.

History of British Quadrupeds, No. VIII.

Agricultural Magazine, No. XXXVII.

Arboretum et Fracticum Britannicum, No. XXXIII, XXXIV, & XXXV.

The Churches of London, No. III.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE POET AND THE NOVELIST.

AMONG the different high and illustrious names that distinguish our literary history during the first third of the nineteenth century, none stands higher than that of Sir Walter Scott;—and yet if we analyze the nature of his claims to so glorious a reputation, we shall find some difficulty in establishing them on the ground of just and impartial criticism. None of his works exhibit the traces of profound thought or indicate his possession of the ability to investigate the moral and intellectual workings of the human individual or of society:—in fact, he was totally deficient in that mental element which is essential to the philosophical historian, and hence we may account for his wretched failure, when he attempted his ponderous abortion of Napoleon's life. Neither was the more practical portion of his mind—that which Dugald Stewart would denominate its 'active and moral feelings,' of more solid structure than his speculative faculty. His political notions, if indeed he may be said to have had any of his own, were little better than pure prejudices imbibed from his parents and from his own peculiar studies:—he had not a mind that could entertain a great question in all its length and breadth, with a view to the good of society in general. He lived among 'Barons and mighty men of old,' not in his imagination only; but he carried their proud bearing and aristocratic contempt of the lower classes into his consideration of present times:—indeed he presented, as a political character, the pitiable picture of a resuscitated Cavalier—a twaddling *laudator temporis acti*—living in an age of improved feeling for the general good, an age in which things are estimated not by prescriptive right, but by real worth, an age in which talent and industry are as sure a road to wealth and distinction as the headship of a barbarian clan or a barony of a thousand years' standing. His political biasses are very obvious and often unpleasantly prominent throughout his writings; and whenever an opportunity occurred for the public expression of his feelings, we have always found him the zealous advocate of principles, that the good-sense of all judicious men of all parties has long abandoned as untenable and injurious. *Au reste*, of his vanity we need only the proof furnished by *his own* favourable review of *one of his own* books in the Quarterly; and of his lamentable infirmity of moral purpose, the chain of events that first embarked him in trade

and at last involved him in ruin:—but delicacy requires that we should throw a veil over so painful a subject. Scott began by being a poet,—and a very popular poet he was; but whether his stores were exhausted and the freshness and vigour of his imagination faded, or whether the public taste had changed, his latter poems met not with that encouragement which his former productions easily commanded. The true reasons of this failure we suspect to be the structure of the author's mind. He had many of the accidental qualities, that aid in the constitution of a *real* poet; but he was deficient in the essential feature—a *poetically*-creative imagination. We have said *poetically*-creative,—because, if we denied his possession of imagination altogether, we should at once convict ourselves of folly. He could create, and did create, resemblances to living characters; he endued with life and breathed emotions into them, and he made them act on the scene in harmony with their own character and their own times;—he had besides a fresh and lively fancy, by which he was enabled to adorn his works with fragrant beauties charming both to eye and ear:—but still he possessed not the *poetic* imagination—the power, as we would define it, not only of producing a striking resemblance to living nature, but of giving to it a certain spirituality and ætheriality that is rather a *beau idéal* than a reality of human nature, and an intensity of feeling that extraordinary circumstances alone can elicit,—and he had no idea whatever of that grandeur of conception both in scenery and in character that is essentially requisite to form the genuine poet,—for, be it observed, we quite agree with Mæcenæ's very clever toady, who once said—*mediocribus esse poetis—Non Di—non homines, non concessere columnæ.*\* To illustrate what we mean by a reference to the sister art, we would not deny the possession of imagination to Hogarth or Wilkie—one the moralist—the other the simple por-trayer of domestic and low life, nor to Gainsborough and Constable the first of modern landscape painters; but we would not dream of giving them a place by the side of those who of yore wrought the Apollo and the Dying Gladiator, or in more modern day, produced the Transfiguration, the Last Supper, the Infant Jupiter, and the Illustrations of Milton.† Hogarth would sink before Raffaele—the subjects only, and not the artists being considered; and Constable, as a poet, would bear no comparison with Claude Lorraine—or even with Turner, though the latter's style be not a little meretricious. The author of 'Marmion' would be equally wrongly placed, if we were to give him rank by the side of those who imagined Hamlet and Satan.—Christabel and Endymion,—the two first sublimely grand,—the two last touchingly intense in emotion. In a word, it

\* *Non concessere columnæ*, i. e. the booksellers will not buy their works: Messrs. Colburn and Bentley pay for sad trash at present,—and at a very high price. The booksellers in Augustus's time were not such fools. Oh,—for this too liberal age!

† Let not the reader suppose that we consider Martin on a level with the old masters or with Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he is mentioned in their company. We consider that his conceptions are sublimely grand—unequaled by those of any modern artist; and we on that account the more regret the very incorrect drawing to be seen in all his pictures. More care and more elaboration would not take away from the merit of the composition.

appears quite certain, that, if Scott the poet had never changed his *métier* and become the prolific parent of some twenty or thirty highly popular romances, his name would long ere this have been consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, and his memory would be preserved only in the pages of the old Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. But Scott has lived and will live; and the sun of his glory as a writer of fiction has reflected its rays on his poems—the less brilliant and less successful labours of his youth. Some of our readers may be inclined to dissent from the opinion that we have just advanced and to charge us with illiberality in thus unfavourably criticising the illustrious dead:—but truth must be told, and we fearlessly appeal to the candid and competent for the confirmation of our allegations. The more pleasant task remains of speaking to his excellencies as the first of modern romancers—the father of a school peculiar and distinct in its character—a pattern for the imitation of a host of more humble and less talented aspirants.

It would require far greater space and a more laborious reading of Sir Walter Scott's prose works than we can give or would wish to give, to analyze very minutely his qualifications for the station that he undoubtedly holds. The works on which his fame chiefly rests—are *Waverly*, the *Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob-Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Kenilworth*;—and to these exclusively shall we refer for illustrations in proof of what we may advance concerning the intellectual qualities of their author.

Sir Walter Scott could have done nothing, if he had trusted solely to his own mental resources—to his own powers of penetrating character. He has written an admirable eulogy of Richardson; but if he had taken the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* for his pattern, he would have failed most miserably,—for he would then have brought his own superficiality into immediate contact with the keen, masterly, and philosophical penetration of human character, which none possessed, to an equal degree, with the greatest novelist of the last century. The author of '*Waverly*' was conscious of his own intellectual defects and weaknesses, and needed no ill-natured reviewer to point them out to him. The paths of Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage, and Richardson had been so often trodden, and with such success, that at best he could hope only to be a happy imitator. He, therefore, very wisely struck out a new path for himself, and resolved, if possible, to be the SUN of a new system. The result has been the most triumphant success. We shall endeavour to trace the causes of his prosperity.

Sir Walter Scott—as we believe, from his earliest youth down to his latest days,—was a diligent student of Scottish and British archæology; and if Froissart or De Brantôme had lived until the present day, they would have hailed Scott as one of themselves and well worthy of their most intimate fellowship:—but he was more. In the earlier years of his life he gave up much of his time to the study of the national character in all its various phases, and in the subsequent and more fully occupied periods of his career he omitted no opportunity afforded by a temporary repose for increasing the accumulated stores, which his wonderfully retentive memory placed fully

at his command. That the author of 'Waverly' understood the Scottish [character thoroughly, no one can doubt; and we boldly prophesy,—though there is little boldness, inasmuch as the notes, that have already appeared in the cheap editions, disclose a great deal of the secret history of the novels,—that all, or nearly all of his native characters—especially in low, middling, or mercantile life—are drawn from portraits. In stating this, nothing is intended in disparagement of the author's talents or of his imaginative powers:—it would be as absurd to suppose Raffaele to be a mere copyist, because he used his beautiful mistress as the model of his female figures. What we have already said amounts simply to this,—that Scott was very profoundly acquainted with national archæology and that he had a disposition for such studies that gave him great facilities in pushing them still further. What we mean to say in addition, is, that from his observation of society—and not a small circle of it,—he acquired a knowledge of the workings, that is, of the more superficial workings of the human feelings; and his retentive memory was so deeply impressed with them, that he was enabled to transfer them to paper with a vivacity and power that give the characters in which he embodies these borrowed conceptions the stamp of the highest genius and originality. Yet, it would be difficult to imagine that the Overreach of Massinger or the Shylock of Shakspeare,—terrible as they are,—were drawn without hints from actual originals. Away then with the objections of those, who deny the meed of poetical originality to characters, the *first* idea of which is conceived from nature herself. Whether Scott conceived more than the first idea from real characters, we have not the means of ascertaining. But, besides his love of becoming acquainted with individual character, Scott possessed a fund of humour, which enabled him to infuse drollery into some of his representations of character. Monkbarns, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie,—not here cited as the best of his comic characters, could not have been portrayed by a writer devoid of natural humour. 'They live, move, and have their being.' He was, besides, particularly fortunate in his description of scenery. Now, to assert that much of the scenery that is depicted in the Waverly Novels, came under the author's own eyes at different times during his rambles, would be nothing extravagant—nothing more than true. This would in the eye of some prove him to be a copyist,—just as much and no more than Constable (alas, now gone and without a survivor worthy of him)—the first of *aerial* and *climatic* landscape poets—could be said to be the servile copyist of a passing shower in April or of a sultry day in July. The charge is absurd. But Walter Scott was not the mere describer of inanimate nature. He could infuse life into his scenery and fill it with bustle and agitation:—in short he was thoroughly acquainted with what may be termed the melodramatic department of romance. Witness in proof of this ability—Waverly's interview with Flora Mac-Ivor at the cataract of Glennaquoich,—the rescue of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter from drowning by Lovel and Ochiltree,—the approach and departure of Claverton's troops to and from the Castle of Tillietudlem,—the capture of the saturnine enthusiast Balfour in his rocky fastness,

—the storming of the Tolbooth by the Porteous mob,—the destruction of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle,—the revels at Kenilworth, and many other scenes scarcely inferior to those that have been just mentioned.

In addition to his other abilities, he possessed one which heightened the charm of all the rest: we mean his admirable skill in interweaving and disentangling the plots of his stories. In some, it is true, he has not been so happy as in others; but in his best productions we cannot but admire the masterly facility with which he blends and harmonizes the lighter and more sombre parts of his pictures—the gayer and graver scenes in his bustling dramas, and the thorough command of his resources evinced by the style in which he conducts all the actors both of the plot and bye-plot to their proper place in the catastrophe. The dry humour of Monkbarne and the sly but good-natured cunning of Ochiltree in the “Antiquary,” afford a pleasing relief to the sadness of Sir Arthur Wardour and the still darker episode of Lord Genallan's history; and the old beggarman, whom the author employs throughout to move the machinery and to connect all its parts, arranges all the characters at the close with the skill of a fugleman, and in such a way too, as to show satisfactorily, that no single character has been introduced that is not necessary to the catastrophe. We might extend our remarks on this head to others of the Waverly novels; but a single instance will illustrate our meaning as well as twenty.

We have thus allowed to Sir Walter Scott the possession of many valuable requisites for the successful writer of romance; and we may here say, that he possessed these requisites to a greater extent than any of his followers. His antiquarian research was not superficial, but profound; his observation of national character and individual peculiarities was not the employment of his leisure hours only, but a habit of which he could not divest himself; the dry and facetious humour which gives piquancy to his comic characters was essentially his own, and adorned his private fire-side at Abbotsford as well as the books issued to the British public: his graphic powers as a painter of scenery and of animated nature were so great, as to raise a general impression that he was the first in rank since the days of Froissart; and his talent in the composition of his various materials—perhaps the most astonishing of all his excellencies—was without its match in the previous history of romance, and has not yet met with its equal. In conceding thus much of praise to Sir Walter Scott, we have cheerfully done an act of justice; but the current of popular prejudice cannot so far carry us away as to compel us to give praise—even to a Scott—where praise is not due. As in his poetry, so in his prose, he is deficient in what comes under the cognisance of the *poetic* imagination: and for this very reason he always fails in his attempts to dramatize the intense passions of the human soul and to represent the nobler part of our moral composition. In a word, the essence of tragedy had no existence in Walter Scott. He who wrote the poems might have written the Waverly novels; but had they been different persons, we may fairly infer that neither could have written tragedy. Scott showed his wisdom by not attempting it. To allude merely to Flora MacIvor, Diana Vernon, and Rebecca, the best, undoubtedly,

among his female characters, is quite sufficient to prove the author's knowledge of the deep and secret workings of the female heart very imperfect and unsatisfactory. It is not denied that the characters are well drawn and give a stirring interest to the tales to which they severally belong; but they act not as women, whose mighty and absorbing passion is love, which, indeed, may struggle for a while with contending emotions, but is always in the end victorious; they are cold and harsh, altogether deficient in that softness, delicacy, and warmth, which are inseparable from the female character. Of his heroes and heroines, generally, we need not say a single word; for every reader of the novels knows as well as ourselves that they are as uninteresting as a very mediocre talent could have made them. Of another order of personages,—whom Scott frequently makes the arbiters on whom the destiny of his tales depends,—we mean the witches and gipsy-impostors, such as Meg-Merrilies, Norna of the Fitful Head, Fenella, and the White Lady of Avenel,—the importance given to these characters in the working-out of the different stories to which they belong, plainly indicates the existence of a superstitious feeling, from which many men, as clever as himself, have not been exempt,—although, doubtless, such beings once *really* exercised a great influence in an age marked by ignorance and credulity. These characters are sketched with great power; and although we should be unable to discover their prototypes in real life, they give such an intensesness of interest to the events which they seem to controul, that,—however much in strict justice we might object to them,—we should under existing circumstances regret their removal. His best characters, it must be acknowledged after all, are those historical personages for whose portraiture we have the best authority from old documents. Claverhouse, Balfour, Rob Roy, and the Duke of Leicester,—characters widely differing from each other,—are depicted with a vividness and strength not to be found in any of his *merely imaginative* male characters.

The opinions, that have thus been given very freely and in the face of a nation who blindly adore Walter Scott as the most splendid genius of the nineteenth century, have not been advanced without much consideration; and as these observations are written only for the purpose of exciting a spirit of enquiry into the *sterling* excellencies of this great man, their writer is not anxious that his readers should fall in with his own opinions on a question which may be viewed in so many ways, and which after all discussion will finally be resolved into a question of taste.

Such have been the meditations, which the appearance of Mr. Lockhart's book drew from us—not from its own contents, but indirectly, from the train of thought which it suggested. We have been guilty of *truisms* without end, perhaps; but no matter, if we have told the *truth*; and so, without more ado,—*in res medias*.

The life of a man, like Walter Scott, drawn from original documents and edited by his literary executor and son-in-law, must possess a very high interest, inasmuch as it is the faithful picture of a great man's mind. The first volume is in some respects the most interesting of all, because it describes the events of Scott's early life,—told in his own words and in the choicest style of biography,—

and shows the gradual steps, by which that mental character was formed, which made him eventually the wonder and delight of his contemporaries.

Sir Walter Scott, the happy owner of a pedigree in common with most Scotsmen, was the son of one Walter Scott, a writer to the Signet, and he was born in the College Wynd of Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. Of his earliest years the autobiographer gives us many amusing anecdotes. We content ourselves with citing his own account of his school-boy days; and we shall subsequently accompany this celebrated man through the various circumstances of his life, endeavouring, as we proceed, to deduce some conclusions that may aid psychologists in the philosophical analysis of his character.

Sir Walter Scott thus speaks of his school-boy days:—

“In 1779 I was sent to the second class of the Grammar School, or High School of Edinburgh, then taught by Mr. Luke Fraser, a good Latin scholar and a very worthy man. Though I had received, with my brothers, in private, lessons of Latin from Mr. James French, now a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, I was nevertheless rather behind the class in which I was placed, both in years and in progress. This was a real disadvantage, and one to which a boy of lively temper and talents ought to be as little exposed as one who might be less expected to make up his lee-way, as it is called. The situation has the unfortunate effect of reconciling a boy of the former character (which in a posthumous work I may claim for my own), to holding a subordinate station among his class-fellows—to which he would otherwise affix disgrace. There is also, from the constitution of the High School, a certain danger not sufficiently attended to. The boys take precedence in their *places*, as they are called, according to their merit, and it requires a long while, in general, before even a clever boy, if he falls behind the class; or is put into one for which he is not quite ready, can force his way to the situation which his abilities really entitle him to hold. It was probably owing to this circumstance, that, although at a more advanced period of life I have enjoyed considerable facility in acquiring languages, I did not make any great figure at the High School—or, at least, any exertions which I made were desultory and little to be depended on.

“Our class contained some very excellent scholars. The first *Dux* was James Buchan, who retained his honoured place, almost without a day's interval, all the while we were at the High School. He was afterwards at the head of the medical staff in Egypt, and in exposing himself to the plague infection by attending the hospitals there, displayed the same well-regulated and gentle, yet determined perseverance, which placed him most worthily at the head of his school-fellows, while many lads of livelier parts and dispositions held an inferior station. The next best scholars (*sed longo intervallo*) were my friend David Douglas, the heir and *élève* of the celebrated Adam Smith, and James Hope, now a Writer to the Signet, both since well known and distinguished in their departments of the law. As for myself, I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity, as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions, my good-nature and a flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favour; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Luckie Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the *yards*, than in the *class*.”

(To be continued.)

## CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

## No. II.

## THE MATRIMONIAL SPECULATOR.

WHY should I break into the family vault of the Cobbs? Will it not be sufficient to state in solemn whisper that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Cobb, who, some years ago, was kicked into eternity by a cow-heel, to which he was, perhaps, too weakly attached,—and who still lies (it is to be hoped so) on the east side of St. Magnus' church?

Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was a tobacconist and snuff manufacturer, occupying a house in a street appertaining to the parish of St. Magnus, who by dint of scraping, and screwing, and pinching, had contrived to amass—the word is too majestic for the purpose—had managed to huddle together as much property as justifies a respectable man in slightly elevating his eyebrows when he condescends to look upon his less fortunate neighbours.

It may readily be believed that Mr. Cobb had his faults. Some few human errors had, indeed, fallen to his share. His chief foible, however, was an insatiate thirst for specie, an ungovernable passion for the precious metals. To the attainment of riches Mr. Cobb sacrificed his time, his talents, his health, and, at last, himself into the bargain; and a bad one he made of it, after all.

It was a mistake, when Mr. Drinkwater Cobb invited to the pectoral department,—in plain language, when he took to his bosom Mrs. Martha Murgatroyd. The woman had a look of stability certainly; there was a solvent, nay, an accumulative appearance about the widow, that augured well of present assets, if not of contingent remainders. It is painful, however, to be compelled to observe, that Mr. Cobb was, upon this occasion, quite out of his reckoning; and that, beyond a four-post bedstead, an impracticable clothes-press too large for the doorway, and a drug in the upholstery market, several bandboxes of various hues and sizes, two or three walking-sticks, the property of the late Mr. Murgatroyd, and a portrait of one Mr. Hodgkinson, there was nothing (except the lady herself) on which Mr. Cobb could justly or conscientiously pride himself.

This was a legitimate cause of irritation, a justifiable source of discontent to the tobacconist. It is indisputable that there should be money on both sides, that the lady should possess a snug annuity or a good round instantaneously available sum: and Mr. Cobb was perfectly right, when he was overheard, in agony of spirit, making this communication to himself, “Dash my wig, if this isn't a dead take in.”

But much, and naturally, as the reader may be disposed to sympathize with Mr. Drinkwater Cobb, it must, nevertheless, be remarked, however startling in these times and in this metropolis the observa-

tion may appear,) that the attainment of capital was not originally contemplated as the end and aim of marriage. Are the cardinal virtues to go for nothing? are the domestic qualities at a discount? What puppy shall tell me that all sentiment is gone to the dogs? What periwig-pated fellow shall presume to doubt the existence of ties? Who has not heard of—

“A heart richer than Plutus' mine,  
Dearer than gold?”

Why, therefore, should rhino be potential—wherefore bullion paramount?

Unfortunately, however (and this was the blighting part of the business), the newly-created Mrs. Cobb was no better provided for on the mental, moral, and amiable score than she was furnished with the secular; and hence her temper and her temporalities were equally despicable. To say that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was hen-pecked were to go to the poultry-yard for an illustration, which might be more fitly sought in a menagerie. He was vulture-torn; he was condor-clawed. St. George had an easy task cut out for him; he had only a dragon to deal with, and it was most probably a green one. Mrs. Cobb was nothing like that colour; it was he, alas! who had been green.

That Mr. Drinkwater Cobb survived this calamity is only another evidence of the partial and unfair dealing, which has been so often attributed to the “grim feature.” He wanted very much to be off to that bourne from whence no traveller returns; but death would not book his inside place. What was life henceforth to him? He would not have given a pinch of his own snuff for it. His comforts had been long ago frightfully abridged. The cheerful glass and the nocturnal pipe were withdrawn. He neither soaked nor smoked his clay. What pleasure could he derive from the domestic hearth, when the house was too hot to hold him? What happiness from a better half, from whom he could obtain no quarter? Is it a wonder, then, that he would rather have been under the ribs of death than under his own living rib? I should think not.

Must it be inferred that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb bore this heavy affliction with patience? No, that were a wrong inference. Sometimes, indeed, he asked himself a few questions, which he could by no means satisfactorily answer. For example: why should he, figuratively to speak, be under the thumb of a woman whom he could twist round his little finger? Why should the expenses of his wardrobe be audited with so strict a regard to the economical principle, at the same time that his wife was “titivated” out in the first style of fashion? Wherefore must he be always on the domestic side of the street-door, and she so frequently (but he did not complain of that) “traipsing” about the metropolis? And lastly, why should he be made an honorary member of the Temperance Society, whilst Mrs. Cobb had the spasms every day after dinner?

Mrs. Cobb, doubtless, had been no gainer by the practical resolutions of these questions, but for one circumstance. The physical would afford no aid to the mental Cobb. He possessed energy of

purpose, but he lacked action. As it was, however, how he turned the tables upon her, in spirit! how he hauled her over the coals, in thought! how he mentally wreaked his vengeance upon her! In these, his wolfish moods, he perfectly scouted the prescribed thickness of a cudgel with which a man may legally visit the shoulders of his helpmate. It was a perfect delight to him (a luxury which a peep into the street sometimes afforded him) to behold the generous indignation of Punch, when, hugging one end of a sensible staff to his bosom, he applied the other to the ligneous pericranium of the "cantankerous" Judith. With what incredulity he perused police cases, which occasionally appeared in the newspapers headed "Brutal Conduct of a Husband," or "Savage Assault on a Wife." He smiled at these fictions; the thing could not be; it was impossible; but who believed any thing that appeared in the newspapers? He thought the celebrated "sarve her right" jury the most rational and clear-headed body of men it had ever been his fortune to read of. It is astonishing, also, how often he beheld himself, with his mind's eye, clothed in black, with a white cambric handkerchief at his nose, stepping sedately into what has been sarcastically termed a *mourning* coach.

Three years rolled, or, rather, grovelled on under the weight of Cobb and his afflictions, when an event fell out which had taken precedence of all others in the breast, and bosom, and heart, and soul of the tobacconist. Mrs. Cobb had been long ailing—became unwell—sent for the doctor—grew worse—and then was no better—and then was pretty much the same—until, to adopt, with a slight alteration, the poetical pathos of the stone-cutter,—

"Till Death did please,  
Her for to seize,  
And ease *him* of his pain (or bane)."

It is but justice to state, that Mr. Cobb bore his bereavement with extraordinary equanimity. He neither laughed nor cried, lest the world should ascribe his laughter to phrenzy or the tears to mirth. He only said that it was "a happy release," and people believed him.

It is not my province to account for, or philosophically to analyze the respective humours or dispositions of men; it is my business with a feeble, and sometimes with a trembling pen, to record them. It is well that a man should overlook his destiny from as elevated a position as possible,—that he should, as it were,

"See, as from a tower, the end of all,"—

that he should take a bird's eye view of his own prospects; but it is not so well, that the bird taking such survey should be a goose. Whether it was that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb argued, on the doctrine of chances, that he must necessarily have better luck next time,—whether he held it to be impossible that there could be worse than the worst, or that there was in the lowest deep a lower deep,—or whether he thought, since too negatives make an affirmative, two bad wives would form one good one, cannot be ascertained; but, it is certain, that very soon after the death of his first, Mr. Cobb began

to apply to the search after a second wife. I fear the truth after all is this, that pounds, shillings, and pence, were the three witches that stultified his fortune.

Mr. Griskin, the pork butcher, lived in the next street, just round the corner. Griskin was one of those plain, straightforward gentlemen of the old school who gloried in being an Englishman, and did not care who knew it, or knew any thing else for that matter, since that could not interfere with him. Had hogs been erudition, Griskin had been a most learned man; as it was, he was content to slaughter and sell pigs enough to make a Jew stare or a Christian happy; and he was, or appeared to be so; for after business he regularly took three glasses of grog, smoked several pipes of tobacco purchased at Cobb's counter, and had his nap in the arm-chair.

Griskin had one daughter, his only child, who, ensconced in a kind of sentry box in the shop, received and disbursed such sums, as the complicated nature of her father's swinish transactions might render necessary. Some have given it as their opinion that she was not beautiful. Beauty is only skin deep, to be sure; and yet I have known many fastidious judges, who do not admire a skin the more for being whitey-brown, with a slight tinge of yellow ochre for its complexion. The devastations of small-pox are thought, by a few, to detract from loveliness, although they may impart expression. It is frequently considered, that two eyes should concur to the distinctness of one glance, and there is a prejudice (it cannot be denied) against a too pointed nose. But these are merely matters of taste, which love cannot and must not recognize. Besides, the passion of Drink-water Cobb was for booty, not beauty.

It was ostensibly to cheapen a sucking pig, but in reality to ascertain the value of Miss Betsy Griskin, that the tobacconist, one day, looked in upon the pork butcher. He found him in conversible cue, and quite prepared to go into matters at large, and to enter upon affairs in general. But, touching the one point, although Cobb glanced at it in the most salient manner, although he hopped about it, advanced towards it, receded from it, with a most diplomatic finesse, he found the parent of his prey close—plaguy close; indeed, he afterwards said, "d——d close." He was a cunning old rascal, that Griskin; a sly old fox, with lots of money, no doubt; but he did not wish all the world to know it. And he was right; perfectly right.

But Cobb, nevertheless, took something by his motion—he received an invitation to come frequently of an evening and take a glass of grog. That was a point gained at all events. It was a clear case too. Griskin wanted to entrap him into the match; Cobb could not help smiling at that, he who had prepared such a spring for Miss Betsy. It was ridiculous, certainly. He had his eyes open now. He should like to catch any one catching him. No more Cobb-webs for him. And then, Griskin, of all men! He was decidedly monied. Why, the hoarding old sinner! but then he wanted to see his daughter respectably settled. That was judicious. He was a good, sensible, honest fellow. It showed a fatherly feeling.

Impressed by these convictions, Mr. Cobb renewed his ancient intimacy with Griskin. During his visits, which soon became pretty

frequent, the tobacconist observed so much, and to such good purpose, saw so much to approve and so little to condemn, was altogether so satisfied as to essentials, and so tolerant of minor objections, that (Griskin being by this time ripe for such communication) he took the liberty one night of opening the question after the hypothetical method.

"Suppose the case, that a gentleman should take a fancy to Miss Betsy, and should propose marriage, and suppose he should prove agreeable both to father and daughter—what then?"

Griskin did not appear to be taken by surprise. His reply was very nearly in these words.

"Why, you know, I should be sorry to lose the girl:—you know she's my only chick and child, you understand; but if any respectable man should take a fancy to her, then of course you know—"

Cobb was glad to hear this; not that he had any doubt of Griskin's paternity, or soleness of chick, but it was pleasing to dwell upon the fact.

He pursued the subject something to this effect. "But then, marriage is a serious matter. In an artificial state of society money was an object—a consideration. In case of death, therefore, his (Griskin's) death—how then?"

The swine-slayer looked rather blue at the contingency hinted at.

"Why, you know, in the event of death, what I have would go to her, you know,—of course."

"Good! What I have!" very well, but how much is that? thought Cobb.

"But then in these cases it was usual, very common indeed, on the day of marriage:—did Mr. Griskin perfectly apprehend his meaning?—it was usual, he said, that there should be a certain sum,—money down, eh? dowry, you see; it was called dowry."

Griskin laid down his pipe and gazed at his companion. The tenor of his reply was this.

Did Mr. Cobb consider him mad? Did he (Griskin) want his daughter to leave him? Was he going to give anything to a person for fetching her away? Could he entrust his money to a man, until he had experience of his worth? Not he. He didn't like that system; and when Cobb was about to argue the matter coolly, and to show how much better now was than then, he was cut short by the peremptory dissyllable "Gammon!"

Cobb pondered intensely upon the extractable matter to be gathered out of Griskin's discourse. One thing was at least certain; he could obtain the daughter, if he pleased. But the main point was still open. The old gentleman might come round. He tried him again, therefore, and often; but the old gentleman, perhaps because pigs were the staple of his thoughts, had become pig-headed, and would not listen to reason, or to what Mr. Drinkwater Cobb believed to be so. "The fact is," thought the tobacconist, "these wealthy people [will have everything their own way;—they must not be thwarted or crossed," and, taking a sober and sedate view of the question, he decided upon submitting himself and his pretensions for

Griskin's acceptance forthwith. He did so, and was referred in due form to the daughter.

It cannot for a moment be imagined, that Cobb entered upon this business with any sentimental palpitations. He did not *pop* the question. That vile phrase will not apply to his mode of conducting the affair. He was no pop-gun, he was a long rifle, and had, indeed, come forth upon a rifling expedition. Need I say that he was successful, or that his rapture was as genuine, although not perhaps quite so fervent, as the fantastic freaks of the most devoted lover? Cupidity is as powerful as Cupid.

This little matter settled, every thing went on smoothly enough; Mr. Drinkwater Cobb surveyed and estimated his wardrobe with a view to ascertain whether any, and what additions might be made thereto. A strange little woman, who seemed formed for the purpose, was engaged by Miss Griskin at so much a day and her meals to complete the wedding paraphernalia; and ladies elbowed each other at church, when Cobb appeared,—some thinking how funny, others how strange, and others again how unfortunate, that he should have made such a choice.

Nothing daunted, however, by these ordinary manifestations of an interest which people *will* take in other people's affairs, Cobb sallied forth one morning for the purpose of fixing the precise day of his nuptials. As he approached the house of his intended, he beheld Chitterling on the door-step, communicating a vital heat to his frame by practising the double-shuffle in a pair of wooden shoes. Chitterling acted in the capacity of foreman to Mr. Griskin; he was, in fact, his lieutenant, and commanded the left wing of the establishment. Upon him also devolved the duty of cleaning the shop daily; of superintending the chopping-machine in the cellar, and twice a week of causing a certain number of pigs to squeak their *Nunc dimittis*. He had been so long in the employ of his master, that his subservience was merely tacitly understood, a perfect equality in all other respects subsisting between them.

With this burly and good-humoured person, accoutred in a red night-cap, a chocolate neckcloth with white spots, and a sausage-coloured jacket, did Drinkwater Cobb exchange the salutations of the morning.

"Good morning, Chitterling," said Cobb with a kind of frank condescension, "been busy, I suppose; your killing day, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Chitterling, "I've just done for a few innocent creturs in the back-yard, yonder. Won't you walk in? Griskin's not up yet, though."

"I'll call again presently then," and Cobb was about to retire.

"And so you're going to take away our young mistress, Mr. Cobb?" said Chitterling, looking down upon the tobacconist.

"I am so," replied Cobb.

"Well, all right: she's not much to my taste, though," and Chitterling began to whistle.

"Tastes will differ," suggested Cobb.

"Oh yes," replied the other, imitating the Yankee accent, "but she's a knowing 'un, mark me; shrewd, precious shrewd."

"Yes, sharp, clever, Chitterling."

"I believe you she is, you're just right there," replied the foreman nodding his head. "If you have any awkward customers in your shop at any time, Master Cobb, she's the one to tackle 'em."

"What do you mean?" enquired Cobb blandly.

"She'd snap their heads off in a jiffey," cried Chitterling. "She's too hasty sometimes, to my mind; out of all reason. I'll tell you how she served two fellows as came into the shop one day. They wanted a quarter's water-rate; well, she looks into the book, and finds as her father had paid it. She tells 'em so. No, they wouldn't have it at any price. She tells 'em again, 'It's paid,' says she. They denies it. She denies it. They denies it. At last they said they wouldn't go out of the shop until she forked it over. What does she do? she comes out of her box, she takes 'em one after the other—no ceremony, mind ye—no *parley voo*—by the skriff of the neck, and bundles 'em both out of doors."

At the termination of this speech, Chitterling, recognizing a friend on the other side of the street, lifted his wooden shoes and ran off to accost him.

But, had a physiognomist been at Cobb's elbow at this moment, had he marked the expression of his face, and watched the direction of his eye, he would have perceived at once, that the tobacconist would, not unwillingly, have been led into the back-yard, there to undergo the fate which had been dealt out to the "innocent creturs" referred to by Chitterling.

The anecdote reminded him so strongly of the late Mrs. Cobb! It was just what she would have done under the circumstances. A fearful corollary unwound itself out of an argument founded upon the recent disclosure. In a word, he feared that he had succeeded in obtaining a second edition of the "Miseries of Human Life," with additions!

It was with a sensible diminution of appetite that Cobb sat down to breakfast; and the minute observer might have detected a more than ordinary gravity of demeanour as he fulfilled the duties of the shop.

He had not been long engaged at his counter, when the entrance of Mr. Larkins into the shop, who came to have his box replenished, recalled his wandering thoughts into their most legitimate channel—business. Mr. Larkins was an old gentleman who had been for many years past stamped by the neighbourhood as the most inveterate newsmonger extant; and the wonder was, that he had not long ago been required to get himself stamped every morning at Somerset-house and to pay the duty. Upon this occasion, however, he had come to imbibe and not to convey intelligence.

"Well, going to be married again, Cobb?" said Larkins.

"I am about to be united, certainly," answered Cobb.

"To Miss Griskin?"

"To that lady."

"Ah! I wish you joy."

"Thank ye," said Cobb, but there was something which he could not but consider strange in the tone adopted by Larkins.

"Money in that quarter, I fancy; isn't there?" enquired Larkins.

"Why, yes—a little," replied the other.

"Ah! I wish you may get it," said Larkins.

"Eh?"

"I wish you may get it, I say; money is a scarce article—very scarce—I find it so."

"True—very true," said Cobb, somewhat relieved.

"Did you know the mother, eh?" enquired Larkins.

"I had not the pleasure of knowing the mother."

"She was a nice woman," said Larkins, "a very nice woman. Strange you don't find children take after their parents, sometimes. But tempers will vary. We are all frail creatures, Cobb. Pity you didn't know when you were well off. Good morning;" and, ere the tobacconist could arrest his retreating steps by speaking a word, the old gentleman had departed.

Shortly after this conversation, leaving the shop to the care of his assistant, Cobb retired to his parlour. Here was a terrible confirmation of the substance of Chitterling's heedless chat of the morning! Cobb loved money to be sure; but life was precious also, and to be saddled with, and bridled by, a second Martha Murgatroyd! But stop! After all, what was there in the water-rate incident? It served the fellows right. Were they to dispute the evidence of her father's books? It was an instance of filial affection. He didn't like a woman without spirit. It was requisite sometimes. And then what did Larkins mean? He was known to be one of the most calumniating old vagabonds in the parish. Oh! nothing could be more certain; the woman had been much wronged—shamefully so—shamefully.

His mind misgave him mightily, nevertheless, and in spite of those buttresses which he had suddenly raised for its support, when he went forth a second time to fix and to decide upon what is commonly termed the happy day. But he had not proceeded far—only to the corner of the street, when he chanced to run against a lady in a bonnet like an inverted black japanned coal-scuttle. It was Mrs. Draper!

"Ah! Mr. Cobb, is that you?" said the lady. "What d'ye think I heard just now? That you were going to be married to Griskin's girl. It can't be true?"

"My dear Madam," cried Cobb, "I'm in a great hurry, pray don't detain me now—particular business—"

"Well, good bye. But, mind, I never believed it. Why, don't you remember young Mangles?"

"Mangles! Mangles! no, I can't say I *do* remember young Mangles," said Cobb almost savagely.

"Don't you remember he was going to be married to her ten years ago?"

"To her? to whom? Miss Griskin?"

"Sure," said Mrs. Draper, "Lord! you must recollect it. Why the match was broken off. He wouldn't have her; a violent temper, you know."

"Violent temper!" said Cobb, vaguely.

"Bless you shocking. It's past all bearing. But I won't keep you

now. I thought it couldn't be true; good bye," and the lady went on her way, leaving Cobb paralyzed on the curb-stone.

"Thought it couldn't be true!" But it was true, fatally true! How had this tigress contrived to sheathe her talons for so long a period, and so effectually? And so he was about to be taken in once more, once more to sell himself to a devil. Cobb thought at that moment he would much rather have sold himself at once to the definite article; and he would not much have cared, if that personage had flown away with him out of hand, and no more bother.

He retraced his steps to his own home. As he entered the shop, the little negro on one side of the door seemed veritably to be leering maliciously at the little Highlander on the other; and when he retired to bed, the portrait of Mr. Hodgkinson, which had for some years officiated as a chimney board, appeared to wear a quizzical expression about the eyes which he had not heretofore remarked.

Next morning, Mr. Cobb walked to his small desk in his small counting-house, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote the following letter:—

"SIR,—An unforeseen distressing circumstance compels me to relinquish the hand of your amiable daughter. Be assured, I shall, during my existence, entertain a lively sense of her excellent qualities. I will explain more hereafter. Meanwhile, believe me to be, &c.

"Mr. Thomas Griskin.

DRINKWATER COBB."

Having despatched this laconic epistle, Cobb sat himself down prepared for the worst, that could befall on this side death or marriage: he thought so at least, and the more he thought of the proceeding he had adopted, the more did he applaud himself for having resorted to it. He was slightly startled, however, about an hour afterwards, by the appearance of Chitterling, bearing in his hand a reply, which ran as follows:—

"Mr. Drinkwater Cobb.

"SIR,—I thought as much, when you didn't come as you had promised yesterday. You want to edge off; but it won't do. You shan't play upon the girl's feelings in this here manner. I'll tell you what I mean to do; it's a thing I can't abear to do, but I must. I shall put it into the hands of Rackem and Wrench, and if they don't serve you out, my name's not

THOMAS GRISKIN."

"Any answer, master?" said Chitterling, when the other had finished the letter. "I'll look in presently," said Cobb in a faint voice.

"You must come soon then," replied Chitterling, "for Griskin's going out: to the lawyer's I think he said," and the foreman hastened from the premises.

Here was a precious go! Cobb said it advisedly; it was a precious go. What! to be plunged into a vortex of litigation—to lose his all, and to get nothing! That must not be. But how to escape? Cobb sorted together his multitudinous thoughts, and at length selected the following:—Griskin was rich. He (Cobb) therefore had a reversionary interest in Griskin. Griskin was more than sixty; was afflicted with an asthma; had a short neck, and was no bad subject for apoplexy. And then, Miss Griskin, was no chicken. She was delicate—very delicate—all along "of her sitting so

much in the sentry box." Now the late Mrs. Cobb was not delicate—far from it, and yet—. No actuary at a fire office could have withstood this reasoning. Cobb, therefore, put on his hat, and hastened towards the house of the pork-butcher.

He found that gentleman on the point of going out: "My dear Mr. Griskin," exclaimed Cobb, thrusting him into the back parlour, "hear me for one moment."

"I won't hear nothing, you know," said Griskin, "without a witness. Here, Chitterling!"

"My dear Sir, there is no occasion for the presence of Mr. Chitterling, I assure you," cried Cobb earnestly, "let me explain."

"Oh! you're not going to gammon me, you know; I know, without a witness," said the pork-butcher. "Here, Chitterling!"

Upon this second summons the foreman burst into the parlour in dishabille, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder-blade, and looked like a gymnast prepared for combat. And so, in fact, he was.

"Here, sit down there, Chitterling," said Griskin, pointing to a chair, "and listen to what this here gentleman has got to say."

Chitterling obeyed, and, flinging his brawny arms upon the table, leaned forward, and fixed his frightfully extended eyes upon the countenance of Cobb with a look of profound attention.

Cobb was now fain to state with artful solemnity that he had recently met with a severe pecuniary loss, which he thought might prevent him entering into a contract otherwise so highly desirable; but if Mr. Griskin was willing—

"And so it was nothing you heard about me?" enquired Griskin.

"My dear Sir, how could that be?" replied Cobb. "So respectable an inhabitant of this parish—"

"Well then," said Griskin, appeased, "enough of that, you know. But do you think I think worse of a man because he happens to be poor? I should be a despicable wretch if I did. Why, *you* don't, do you?"

"Not I," said Cobb, "far from it. But let me hope Miss Griskin has not been informed—"

"Not a word—all right—an't it, Chitterling?" said Griskin, and he shook Cobb's extended hand with great cordiality. And that business was settled.

And here I would willingly drop the pen, and leave it to the imagination of the reader to conceive what sort of a marriage (which, by the bye, Griskin urged on with strong rapidity) Mr. Drinkwater Cobb made of it. But it may be as well to say that Miss Griskin made him a much better wife than, from all he had heard of her, he expected, and, from what the reader has seen of him, he deserved.

And, perhaps, it is necessary, also, to mention this. On the very day week after his marriage, Mr. Drinkwater Cobb, taking up the newspaper, and casting his eyes casually on the columns, found his vision magnetically attracted by the following words, printed so plainly that the compositor must have selected new type for the occasion:—

"THOMAS GRISKIN, pork-butcher, 73 — Street. Official Assignee, Mr. Tucker. Solicitors, Messrs. Rackem and Wrench; and just above, in a bolder letter, 'LIST OF BANKRUPTS.'"

## THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PHILIPPE COUNT DE SEGUR.

THE history of Napoleon's Russian campaign, on which Count Ségur's literary reputation is chiefly founded, is rather an historical romance than a history; and it would be unjust to class it with such works as those of Barante, Thierry, Guizot and Sismondi. So strongly indeed does this work partake of the character of romance, that it needs only the interweaving of a love-story *à la Bulwer* or *à la Walter Scott* to give it a claim to a place beside the volumes of the author of *Waverley*. In the sequel we shall advance some reasons for the opinion which is here ventured concerning the literary merits of M. de Ségur. We shall premise a few brief details respecting his history.

The Counts de Ségur have maintained a certain celebrity in France during the two last centuries; so that it seems necessary to say something respecting them of the olden time, before we proceed to the subject of this Memoir. The first Ségur, whom history mentions with praise, lived in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.:—he was lieutenant-general in 1742, and distinguished himself in Germany. At the battle of Lawfeld, in 1747, in which the French under the command of Marshal Saxe gained a victory over the English, he was also fortunate in winning the eulogies of his comrades. His son, Philippe Henri, Marquis de Ségur and Marshal of France, achieved great things at Rocoux, where he was dangerously wounded, whilst leading on his men against the English. Although he was shot in the breast, and long in imminent danger, he recovered soon enough to be present the following year at Lawfeld, where he had his arm shattered in the commencement of the action:—notwithstanding his wound he remained in the field and greatly contributed by his gallant conduct to the success of the French in that battle which was so disastrous to the English. The king remarked on this occasion to his father:—'*Des hommes tels que lui devraient être invulnérables.*' Philippe de Ségur continued in active and successful service till 1781, when Louis XVI., by way of acknowledgment for the signal benefits that his military talents had conferred on France, appointed him Minister of War, in which situation he was enabled to serve his country by introducing a salutary reform, both as respects discipline and expenditure, into this branch of public administration. One act, however, sullied his glory:—he was the author of that fatal *ordonnance* which appropriated all military commissions to the nobility exclusively,—of that *ordonnance* which partly gave rise to the troubles of the revolution and produced the most dire consequences long after the commencement of the struggle. The nobles in command went over to the enemy and abandoned their troops, which, now without a leader, would have been scattered and annihilated by the enemies of the Republic, if there had not sprung, by magic as it were, from the ranks of the despised people a crowd of generals and officers, who showed the astonished chivalry of Europe, that they who directed a



*Le Comte de Sigur.*

*London May 1837.*



plough or handled a chisel and mallet could learn the arts of war as well as the affected courtiers of the Tuilleries. The author of the *Mémoires*, of which we shall speak presently, endeavours to exculpate his relative from the heavy charge brought against him by the assertion that he was dragged to the measure by the majority of the King's advisers,—a poor excuse for a man who ought rather to have given in his resignation than signed what he knew to be a measure fraught with evil. But he was a Ségur ;—and the whole family are well known, as having been led by the love of place to cry out, as the times required,—*Vive le Roi*,—*vive la ligue*: indeed their history would form a very pretty chapter in the biography of political renegades. The revolution, which stripped him of his property, saved his life ; and the generosity of Bonaparte when first consul supplied him with those aids that were necessary to soothe his declining years. He died at an advanced age in 1801. His two sons acquired some celebrity at Court and in the fashionable *salons* of the Capital,—the younger by many light writings now forgotten, but well relished by the superficial thinkers of his time, the elder partly by writings of the same kind, partly by those of a more serious and praiseworthy character, of which he must make some mention.

Count Louis Philippe de Ségur, a major-general and a peer of France, member of the French Academy, &c., son of Marshal Ségur, was born at Paris in 1753, where after a brilliant career as a student, he embraced the military profession. This, however, happened at a time of peace, when fawning courtiers gained promotion—not by valorous achievements, but by successful intrigue ; and thus there was no other proof of his courage practicable beyond what duelling could furnish. Of his different rencontres in duels he gives a most *piquant* account in his *Mémoires*. Without ever facing an enemy, the young soldier became a colonel in 1776 ; but this circumstance need not cause surprise, when the Count tells us in his *Mémoires* (p. 121) that there were colonels as young as *seven*,—fit leaders indeed for the whiskered veterans of the old army ! During his colonelcy of the *Régiment Soissonois* he served in two campaigns of the war of American Independence, where he ardently desired distinction in company with Lafayette ; but unfortunately he arrived only at the end of the war, shortly before Washington and Rochambeau closed the contest by obliging the English army to lay down their arms at New York. The first volume of his *Mémoires* contains an account of these events : but the brilliance of later writers on the same subject have thrown M. de Ségur quite into the shade. After his return to France in 1783, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Russia, where he discovered a diplomatic adroitness, which gained him praise at Versailles. His talents, however, were only tried on secondary projects ; for, luckily, the division of Poland had already taken place,—thanks to the folly of Louis XV.'s government and to the machiavellism and political cunning of Frederic the Great and Catherine of Russia. The narrative of Crimea with the Czarina forms a highly interesting portion of his *Mémoires*, which, although yet in an unfinished state, have acquired such popularity, as to have gone through three editions.

The earliest events of the French revolution recalled him to France; and he was then appointed ambassador to the Papal court; but the progress of political changes was so rapid that his destiny was changed:—he was despatched to Berlin, in order to try to prevent Prussia from a declaration of war against France; and his efforts met with a temporary success. On his return to Paris in 1792 he had the extraordinary good fortune of escaping the notice of the rabid terrorists; and he employed the leisure of his obscure station in the cultivation of literature.

When he declared himself a supporter of the first consul Bonaparte, fortune once more smiled on him. He was elected member of the National Institute; and in 1804 the Emperor Napoleon gave him the post of grand-master of the ceremonies. He subsequently became a senator and one of the most supple and obliging servants of the Imperial pleasure. Louis XVIII. who found Ségur not less zealous in his service than he had been in that of the enemy raised him to the peerage; and in 1815, on the return of the banished Emperor, he quietly resumed his post about his old master's person:—in short by his adroit suppleness in politics he forcibly reminds us of a very popular song—

“J’ai toujours dans ma poche  
L’aigle et la fleur de lis.”

The second restoration damaged him a little; but he contrived very soon to get again into favour, and in 1818 he resumed his seat among the peers—in that house which might be considered as a kind of hospital of political invalids, especially distinguished, as it was, for its readiness to reverse all their decrees passed during a previous government. In 1816 Ségur was enrolled as a member of the newly organized Institute, and in 1824 he came before the public as the author of the *Mémoires*, which already in 1827 had reached a fourth edition. His entire works are comprised in thirty-three volumes, 8vo. His *History of France*, of which *nine* volumes are published, is still incomplete as it closes with the reign of Louis XI.

His *Universal History* (ten volumes, 8vo., with an Atlas in 4to), is an abridgment of ancient history down to the times of the lower empire. His other works are less important; and their interest has ceased. In all his writings a correct and brilliant style is seen united with sound reasoning and a clear intelligence; but they have no right to a place by the side of the brilliant writers of the new school of historians in France, nor do they properly belong to the literature of the present century. They bear the stamp of the period, when Marmontel and La Harpe were the literary oracles of France.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the Ségur family, we proceed to notice some points in the life of him, who forms the proper subject of this memoir. GENERAL PHILIPPE COMTE DE SEGUR, author of the celebrated work on Napoleon's unfortunate Russian campaign, is the son of him last mentioned; and many points of his character bear a close resemblance to his father's. Like him he had sufficient tact to retain under Louis XVIII. the places and pensions which had been bestowed by the Emperor:—his military honours were, like his father's, won not in the camp but at court,—not by the

experience of battles lost and won but by the performance of civil functions which custom adorned with the gay dress of the military order. He was created an *adjutant du palais* in 1802: and in 1806 he became a *maréchal des logis*, the functions of which unwarlike office he exercised in the campaign of 1812. On his return in 1813 he was appointed to the office of *gouverneur des pages*, and in the following year was charged with the organisation of a regiment of guards. This corps, however, can scarcely be said to have entered active service: but still their commanding officer had the opportunity, which he eagerly embraced, of being able to offer their attachment to Prince Talleyrand and Marshal Marmont, who were then meditating not the defence of France against its enemies, but the surrender of it to the allied armies and the Bourbons. The following report from the *Moniteur* of April 11th, 1814, contains this consistent politician's act of devotion to the Bourbons.

“ J'offre aujourd'hui mes seize cents gardes et moi au successeur, au descendant des rois de mes pères. Je lui jure fidélité au nom de mes officiers, de tous mes gardes, et en mon nom qui répond de mes sentiments.”

“ PHILIPPE DE SÉGUR.”

He no doubt forgot at the time his trifling obligations to Napoleon on the score of 24,000 francs freely given to him, and of the scarcely less profitable posts which he owed to the Emperor's favour.

With respect to Philippe de Ségur, as the author of the Russian campaign,—we cannot admit his military qualities to be such as to fit him for being the writer of a work of this kind. His situation did not furnish him with the necessary information; and if he had consulted authorities more capable than himself, he would so have altered his work as to allow us little room for criticism. Those, besides, who are well acquainted with contemporary history will recognise in his writings a leaning to Russia rather than to France,—a prejudice not altogether unaccountable, when we recollect that his niece married the son of the celebrated Rostopchin. But we are surprised that M. de Ségur could have had the audacity to dedicate his *Philo-Russian* production—so falsely called a history—to the veterans who preferred death by cold and starvation to the alternative of surrendering themselves to the mercy of the Czar,—to men who would indignantly refuse all fellowship with the man whose sole apparent object was to blacken the character of Napoleon.

Two circumstances especially contributed to the success of the work,—the time at which it appeared and the style in which it is written. It was written at a time, when the abuse of Bonaparte was a sure road to court-favour and in a style distinguished for its preference of rhetorical embellishments to the sobriety of truth. Still it would be an act of injustice to deny that many passages throughout the work are worthy of the actors in this great and disastrous drama.

Our readers must not accuse us of presumption, if we endeavour to point out some parts of M. de Ségur's work, in which his par-

tiality for Russia has led him into error. In the opening chapter of the work, he asserts 'that the Emperor by the peace of Tilsit in 1807 compromised the honour and interest of Russia.' Now, if Napoleon erred in forming the articles of this treaty, it was in being too generous to Russia who had previously made no scruple of robbing her Austrian and Prussian allies in order to enlarge her own territory, and which in 1809, when she was in alliance with France had acted the dishonourable part of promising 100,000 men for the war against Austria and of sending only 30,000, who arrived too late to be of any service. Russia, indeed, needed not the conservative care of Napoleon, for no nation of Europe so well knew how to watch over its own interests, even to a degree that justice could not sanction. Enslaved Poland is a living proof of the delicate regard that the Czar pays to his interests and *his honour*.

But in the following chapter, the author says further:—'France alienated the feelings of the *masses* by its conquests and of *sovereigns* by its revolution and change of dynasty.' As for the feelings of the *masses*, the people generally, except in England, had a very small voice in determining the balance of international power:—and certainly the few gleams of liberal sentiment that flashed for a moment on the Continent are entirely attributable to the hints given by the *Code Napoleon*. As for the feelings of the European sovereigns,—they might have been unfavourable to the revolution; but it would have been an act of the greatest folly to repudiate the only man who could check the republican movement which made them totter on their thrones. In fact, those who attribute the gigantic wars of this period to a love of the Bourbons and to a personal hatred of Napoleon are entirely in error. The two real causes were as follows:—England asserted her entire sovereignty over the seas,—and France, against which all the ports of Europe were closed, strove to get some compensation by territorial acquisitions for the losses that it had sustained from the naval ambition of England. The advocates of the war between England and France were fond of justifying their own aggressions and of denying the right of the French to the possession of continental power at all:—but in the present day, when the interests of the two countries are firmly united and international policy is based on sound principles, such rabid anti-Gallicisms are only heard from the dotards of the olden time, who have lived long beyond their day, but have not the moral power to disabuse themselves of their ancient prejudices.

With respect to what M. de Ségur says, that the French were the aggressors in the war with Russia, we shall content ourselves with quoting the authority of M. Bouterlin; (aide-de camp of the Emperor Alexander), who states most distinctly that for two years previously secret but active preparations had been going on for this war. The embarrassment of Napoleon in Spain was seized on as a fit opportunity for overthrowing his power; and the military movements of Russia began in 1810.

Omitting all mention of the many blunders which the author makes in speaking of Austria, and of his still grosser mistakes respecting

Napoleon's treatment of Prussia and only slightly alluding to his happy confusion of ideas in mistaking the talented Mirza Rizza who came on an Embassy from *Persia* to the French camp in April 1807, for the *Turkish* Ambassador Emir-Wahib-Effendi who visited headquarters several weeks after, and to the astonishing facility with which he gives the minutiae of events that occurred during his incarceration in a Russian prison,—we pass at once to the third Book of M. de Ségur's work, which represents Napoleon at Dresden surrounded by a retinue of courtiers among which were most of the crowned heads of Europe. That the hero of Austerlitz could have been so puerile as to sit in triumph in the midst of such courtiers merely for the vain desire of glory, it is scarcely possible to believe; and still less so, that the army which boasted of such a commander could be, what M. de Ségur wishes us to think, a band of depredators without either discipline or restraint. Still notwithstanding the numerous mistakes, improbabilities and contradictions to be found in a few pages of this book,—the third chapter contains an admirable picture of Napoleon at a review; and with such spirit is it written, that it is scarcely possible to avoid expressing a regret that the same enthusiasm does not more frequently breathe life into the author's pages. We shall attempt a translation.

' Napoleon on the 9th of May, 1812, reviewed several sections of his army, addressing his men in a lively, frank and often in a blunt style; for he was well aware that with these simple and hardy men bluntness passes for openness,—rudeness for pithiness,—assurance for nobleness,—and that the accomplishments and graces of the drawing-room were to them weakness and pusillanimity,—a strange language which they understood not and the accents of which excited their ridicule.

' As was his custom, he walked before the ranks. He knew well what campaigns each regiment had made with him: and as he stopped near the veterans of each, he familiarly addressed them and reminded them,—some of Marengo, some of Austerlitz, some of the Pyramids, and so on. The happy old soldiers thus recognized by the Emperor thus became the pride of their regiments and the objects of emulation to their younger comrades.

' But Napoleon, as he walked on, forgot not to notice the younger soldiers:—he evinced liveliest interest in their welfare, knew all their wants and asked if they were supplied. Did their captain attend to them,—was their pay regularly given to them,—in short had they need of any thing whatever? At length, walking to the centre of the regiment, he inquired into the number of vacancies and asked aloud who were the fittest men to fill them up, called to him those mentioned and questioned them on the length of their service, their campaigns, battles, and wounds; and then he appointed them officers and himself presented them to their respective companies. All these little attentions won the hearts of the soldiers; and they said among themselves, that this mighty Emperor who was able to decide the fate of nations still condescended to busy himself with the minutest details of his army, which constituted his ancient and true family.

Thus did Napoleon at once cause war, glory, and himself to be the object of his soldiers' love.\*

The narrow space to which we must limit these remarks, compels us to pass over the contradictions and bombast which make up the contents of the fourth book; and so we pass on to the fifth, in which M. de Ségur tries hard to prove that the French army conquered the Russians in some encounters, only because those who had all the bravery on their side gave them permission. In what he says respecting Bonaparte's intentions to Poland, there is certainly a great mistake; for it is well known that he had taken all the measures necessary for the re-establishment of that kingdom, in case that his Russian campaign should be successful:—before the decision of that question he could take no active steps. In the sixth book, the author's account of the battle of Valontina convicts him at once of great partiality and of the grossest ignorance respecting the first principles of strategy; and in the seventh, which conducts the army from Smolensk to the neighbourhood of Moscow, where was fought the memorable action of Borodino, we find every thing except what we should expect,—namely, the noble and vivid picture of the disasters of a great and until then a conquering army.

Having gone so far, we have not patience to proceed; but enough has been adduced by way of refutation, to shew that M. de Ségur's work is neither to be depended on for its facts nor for its impartiality. The author, who has met with so many panegyrists both in this country and in his own, needs not our praise for the real merits of his production; and so we have preferred, by pointing out a few of its fallacies, to benefit the great cause of history,—the basis of all sound political philosophy. The writer of this memoir is a member of no public party: he lived not under the *ancien régime*, nor has he sworn to uphold that order of things to which France is fast approaching; and therefore he is perfectly free to speak the truth concerning Napoleon, inasmuch as he neither regrets his government nor desires its return. That he was a perfect character in any point of view, it cannot be said; and it would be unjust to deny that *some* of his acts were marked by rapacity and oppression; but, on the other hand it may be boldly affirmed, that he possessed many of those great and ennobling features which enter into the composition of those illustrious beings whom providence sends only at long intervals to infuse life and action into the scene of human existence.\*

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\* The authorities consulted in writing the above article are: 1. *La Campagne de 1812*,—par Bonterlin aide-de-camp de l'Empereur Alexandre. 2. *Examen critique de l'histoire de M. de Ségur*,—par le général Gourgaud, aide-de-camp de Napoleon. 3. *Biographie des Contemporains*. *Biographie Universelle*, &c.

## THE TAILOR OF BRUMMELTON.

A HAPPY man was Jenkin Slops when the grey towers of his native town greeted his travelled and somewhat sleepy eyes; when the broad arm of the sea, on the shores of which that town was built, once more shone in the distance, radiant with the rich tints of the setting sun, and he could see the wide-spread solar blaze piercing in a thousand forms and a thousand hues the woods that begirt the well-known spot. Not that Jenkin cared to the value of one button off his old snuff-coloured doublet, for grey towers, or for the wood burning with magic fires; but he could not but be glad in his heart to be once more home, safe, and in anticipation of a rich harvest of gain.

He was proceeding leisurely by the side of a wild common, his features, though totally unused to such contortion, wrung into a kind of smile, when a thought struck him. Muttering "the day sinks fast, now is the time to ascertain that my goods are unsoiled before the night," he pushed on a short distance off the road, and then threw the rein over the neck of his old pony. This was a signal for a steady pause well understood between the pair, and Jenkin then proceeded full leisurely to dismount, like a man stiff, perhaps, both with years and toil, while his rough steed stooped her head and snuffed at a tuft of dusty grass.

Having made his own footing sure, Slops next unfastened a large bundle that was strapped on behind his saddle; his private gear, in very minute compass, he carried in front. With twinkling eyes and trembling hands he opened this package, and drew forth its contents. First appeared a hat, in the handsomest fashion of the period; its feathers next; and, properly adjusted, they were placed on a neighbouring bush. Having taken the edge off his desire to see these treasures, Jenkin then produced a cloak, and next a vest—and then these and other matters each found a fitting site for display on some stunted tree or tall furze bush.

Jenkin Slops was both small and lean, and, though a caterer for the decoration of others, loved no manner of finery in his own proper person. He eschewed frill and collar as sheer debauchery, and body linen he held to be a privilege of his betters. His personals were compounded of leather and serge, fit materials both to form "sweet robes of durance;" and Jenkin gave to each ample opportunity to manifest its virtues. Over his shoulders on the present occasion hung, or rather floated at the fitful pleasure of the evening breeze, a very short cloak, worn by service to the consistency of a cobweb; and the general colour of his outer man in the mass was a dark yellow, a hue which aided the wing-like ornament of his shoulders in giving to the old creature the appearance of a half-fledged moth fluttering into life with the birth of night.

It had been all over with Jenkin Slops's reputation for sanity of mind had any person then passed by and seen the little grey-headed man running from bush to bush, that is to say, from doublet to cloak, and from cloak to hat, rubbing his long dry paws together, each fin-

ger embracing its cousin as it were in ecstasy, and hanging his head on this side and on that, trying the tints of his rich satins in the now faint beams of the departing day; himself the puritan, or impuritan, in garb already described.

This same evening Jenkin Slops sat within the shelter of his own roof, lifted his own bowl to a capacious mouth, grasped a familiar blade—a peaceful one, reader, and rejoiced to sup once more off his own trenchers. Jenkin was not sentimental; but one's own utensils come cheaper, and thence his gratification. The establishment of which Master Slops was the head attended on the old man,—a household consisting simply of his own daughter, and an old woman neither owned by him nor by any body else. Jenkin's loves in times gone by had been propitious, and Lucy, his only child, was as pretty a lass as any Brummelton could boast of. The old tailor was attached to her after a fashion, and it is due to him to record that his first proceeding on reaching his home had been tenderly to impress those rosy lips of hers with a kiss. It may be surmised, however, that any man having the privilege would have done as much. As for the old woman (the only other mortal item on the premises), she had from time immemorial swept up the crumbs from beneath Jenkin Slops's frugal board, and, moreover, done her best to live upon the said crumbs when so swept up; for Jenkin did not pride himself upon pampering his servants. The woman's appearance afforded *spare* but sufficient evidence of her sparrow-like rations.

Slops, conning over in his mind how best to make known his return home, and rejoicing in the golden harvest that must naturally reward his enterprise, was not in a talkative mood. His petticoated companions might have made ample amends for this silence, but they somehow felt abashed at the brevity of his replies, and nothing was heard in the little circle save the efforts of the old man to overcome a peculiarly hard crust. The sound of heavy knuckles at the door, however, broke in upon the silence of the scene. Jenkin was unnerved, and the hard crust found its destination without further trouble on either side. The woman made an effort to attend the summons; but Lucy, more brisk, and perhaps more interested, was half-way to the door before her elderly attendant had found her legs.

“It's clear enough who we have here,” said Jenkin.

Family experience had taught the old man what might be expected in cases where young women take a sudden fancy for answering doors, and flutter to meet new comers half-way. It was Lucy's ever welcome suitor, a late apprentice of her father's, who doffed his best hat on the occasion. Andrew Holecote was a tall, well-formed youth, whom, in Lucy's opinion, it would have been a credit to any woman to possess. He had long been accepted at the hands of papa, by tacit allowance at least, as a match for the pretty daughter, and he was recognised as such by that same pretty daughter without any reserve whatever.

Andrew was not received with any extraordinary degree of warmth by the old man, who was already somewhat blinded by his anticipated gains; but lovers, if they can but get a smile from their mistress, are marvellously careless about the looks of the rest of the

world; and so for some time Holecote amused himself very innocently with a large loaf, the castellated ruins of a cheese, and his Lucy, never heeding the eyes of wonder which the father seemed to cast on him in the meanwhile.

Newly returned from that great city where such weighty matters, with many others, are fully debated, and whence they derive their laws, it was no wonder that the old man could not but gaze at the strange equipment of Master Andrew; for in no one point was the outer Adam of that young gentleman in accordance with the dogmas of his revered master on this subject. For a tailor to aim at so much, and to be so much in fault, was grievous in the eyes of the old knight of the crossed-legs, so the latter forthwith attacked the youth on the matter.

“Andrew Holecote,” said he, “where got ye that skrimped, ill-favoured cloak, and those egregious breeches? Are ye mad, my man? Who ever saw the like?” The young man was petrified. “You returned from London, Master Slops, and not to know that these traps be the fashion!”

“The fashion of a hundred years ago, lad, you mean.”

“No, no, of the times, master! The mode of the day. There is nothing else worn in Brummelton, is there Lucy?” said Andrew, with full assurance of a corroborative reply.

“What! and that steeple hat?” demanded Slops.

“Call it what you will, that hat is in the newest style of the French capital,” contended the apprentice.

“And dost pretend to tell me this,” said Slops, beginning to fret; “me, who am just come home from our court itself? Know’st not where I have been?”

“Not exactly, Master Slops; I only know what has taken place in your absence. Never did such good luck fall out to any town as to ours!”

Thus spoke Andrew, whose opinion was an instance of the truth of the saying, that few find aught amiss with that stream which carries them on their own course. Andrew had benefited greatly by a recent occurrence, the events of which he, at Jenkin’s desire, immediately narrated. Better acquainted, however, with particulars, we shall prefer our own version of the story.

The greater number of the inhabitants of Brummelton were walking on the beach one evening soon after Jenkin’s departure from that town, refreshing themselves in the sea-breeze, and exerting their ingenuity in the endeavour to discover to what country the small vessel now making for their shores might belong; when, on a near approach, the uncommon “cut of her jib” (we presume the phrase is classically applied) and other tokens led the loungers to pay more particular attention to the stranger. Driving the dancing foam before her bows, the vessel neared. She entered the harbour, and for once the inhabitants of Brummelton had an incident whereon to ponder at their evening meal. The approach to the quay was attended with all the necessary bawling and disputing so much in vogue to the present day; the scene being seasoned with a few trifling oaths in a great many languages, much chucking of ropes from hand to hand,

and still more flinging of hard words from mouth to mouth ; and, after this, without further ceremony, two personages put themselves on shore.

The people of Brummelton were not in the habit of seeing passengers from beyond seas. So rare, indeed, was the occurrence, that many inhabitants, and those the eldest, and consequently the wiser, considered that the permission of the mayor should first have been obtained. But while this matter was debated, the said passengers, under the guidance of one of the crew, walked composedly across the broad quay, and, delving into some one of the narrow streets emerging therefrom, gradually disappeared.

While the safety of the commonweal had been the object of the anxious speculations of the older spectators, there were others, and not a few, whose imaginations were equally struck by the mere personal appearance of the visitors. Brummelton, like many other towns, piqued itself on the correctness of its costume ; that is to say, its members took an honest pride in the conformity between their habiliments and those most in vogue at the head-quarters of taste and fashion. Now, as the master of the *La Belle Gabrielle* came, or said that he came, from France, and moreover declared that his passengers were persons of distinction from the French capital, the Brummeltonian beaux were somewhat dismayed to find that their own "cut" was in a totally different style from that of these foreigners, who necessarily were in the right, being Frenchmen ; for Paris was even then rising, be it known, to her present pre-eminence in those *small arts*, of which she does well to make the most, and of which dress is one of the most eminent.

Andrew Holecote, who was but just out of his noviciate, was on the strand during this remarkable debarkation, and was one of the first to feel interest on the subject—we mean so far as his own profession was concerned. He remarked the impression that had been created, followed up a happy idea that arose in his mind, and pushed the matter so successfully, that before the next morning he became the happy possessor of the very garments which had attracted attention. These may appear trifling details, but they were not so to the men of Brummelton ; and this Holecote proved to his profit—for making the most of his acquisitions, and giving himself out as the only fashionable tailor in the town, he was already a flourishing man at the period, when, as we have seen, his old master, Jenkin Slops, returned home.

But there was this curious attendant circumstance, of which Holecote was by no means aware. The lugger, though of French build, and mostly manned from France, was in the Danish service, and the two persons who had landed were private envoys from their own to the court of St. James's ; though, for political reasons, they did not wish the truth to transpire. They accordingly announced themselves as Frenchmen, and left immediately for London :—the skipper stood to their story, of which few suspected the truth, and the members of the fashionable world of Brummelton casting away the graceful costume of the period (who cannot but admire the garb of the time of the second Charles?) hastened to equip their forms in the style of the Danish envoys. Unhappy hour ! Misguided dandies ! Fashions

travel northward, and Copenhagen, for its sins, then rejoiced in the grotesque costume affected by the Hollanders of half a century previously ; a style which naturally took its origin in the character and necessities of the country. The great object of a Dutchman was to keep his head above water in his all but submarine territory ; to float is the one thing needful, consequently he clothed himself into the closest approximation to the form of a *buoy*, prodigious about the centre of gravity, and tapering towards both ends. But when their life-preserving inexpressibles passed into Denmark, and from thence, as we have seen, came over even to Brummelton, the fashion had lost its utility, and consequently its *only* beauty. No wonder then that old Slops had been wonder-struck with the guise of his *ci devant* apprentice.

As Andrew told his story, Jenkin chuckled to think how soon he would set all this to rights, though his pleasure was somewhat embittered to think that so much lucrative business had been done without his participation. When the tale was ended, he gave manifest signs of being tired of his company ; so the young man took his hat and his leave.

“ Good night, Lucy. Father-in-law, a comfortable sleep to ye.” Jenkin shuffled after his apprentice into the street, and told him very coolly that, if they met again, he, Andrew, need not address him any more as father-in-law, for it was time that all that nonsense should be forgotten.

“ Surely, Master Slops, you would not forget old times,” stammered out poor Andrew, hardly comprehending the drift of the old man’s observation.

“ What are old times to me, Andrew, lad ? we are now independent of each other—so go, in the devil’s name, and make the most of your good fortune. As for Lucy, I have other views for her.”

Andrew raised his arm convulsively, with an action that threatened serious consequences had it been any other man who had spoken to the same effect ; and at the same moment, having said his say, the self-deceived little tailor closed the conference by pushing the door hard in his face.

Slops had what tradesmen call “ a front ” to his premises—albeit, not so broad and strong a “ front ” as is usually possessed by traders of the times present. Slops’s shop was for all the world like one of *our* cobbler’s stalls—broader, but not an inch higher ; two steps downwards brought visitors into the sanctuary. From the porch of the door sprouted forth a huge sign-board that swung, and wheezed, and chattered—attracted the attention, and knocked the heads of passers-by after a fashion, that even to imagine would edify the heart of a tradeless shopkeeper of the present day. Well, on the morning after his return, and betimes, the old tailor had displayed his finery in this same “ front,” and seating himself after the fashion of his tribe on a board erected behind a curtain in the immediate vicinity of the window, he set to work to watch for customers, darning up the gaps in the time by repairing certain other gaps wrought by travel in his own apparel. Never did old Izaak of the *Lea*, or the keenest sportsman of them all, taste of more exquisite excitement than fell to the

lot of our enterprising tailor as he eyed *his* baits. He could peer over and through his old green screen like an angler from the midst of flag or osier.

At an early hour things looked well ; poor working men, the humble gudgeons of society, swimming with the stream of the street, though too small (in purse) to think even of nibbling at what called for larger gills than their's, hung about, and admired with all their eyes. But Jenkin did not lay himself out for small fry like these, so no disappointment ensued, as, one after another, they all walked onwards. As the day advanced, however, Slops was surprised to find, that though many paused to criticise his goods, no one entered to order the like ; and among these passers-by the old man recognised no few of the greater folks of the town. " They will go home and think of it, and come to-morrow," said he. But to-morrow came, and not so his expected customers ; so Slops worked half the night with pen and with ink, with aching hand and tingling eyes, and on the third day appeared an announcement, in large letters and in small, full cunningly displayed, to the effect that he, Jenkin Slops, with the utmost deference to his worthy masters the nobility and gentry of Brummelton, prayed and beseeched such of them as might propose to avail themselves of the fashions which he, at enormous expense and great personal risk, had imported from London, to hasten and give their commands immediately, seeing that he, their humble servant to command, was already so overwhelmed with business that another day's delay might prove fatal. And hereto he added a postscript, setting forth, that having made recent and important additions to his establishment, he would be able to meet the wishes of any gentleman as to time. From this document it would appear that to this day we have made but little progress in the art of *puffing*. A broad hint at the beginning of Slops's memorial about the " Crisis," and a flourish at the end, touching a " dreadful sacrifice," would place it on a par with any similar effusion of the mercantile Muse of our own times.

" This will do the business, or the devil's in it!" said Jenkin. But the elderly gentleman alluded to *was* in it, in the shape of the Danish skipper, who had made believe that his Danebrog passengers were neither more nor less than French counts, or chevaliers at least ; and Slops had the mortification, from the 'vantage-ground where he sat, cross legged, and sufficiently cross-minded, behind the green veil, to hear sundry remarks which satisfied him that his fellow-townsmen of Brummelton affected to wonder at his impertinence. " Old Remnant," said they, " after hiding himself for half the summer, brings himself back, and tries to persuade us that *these* are the fashions of London. The old impostor! he is cutting the wrong way of the cloth now, however ; for every body knows that our ' cut' is already in the most approved style of the court of the Louvre." " Misguided wretches!" ejaculated Slops, as the men in blue stockings and close-laced boots went on their way, rejoicing in their erroneous full-bottomed yellow inexpressibles, peppered all over with buttons, their hungry-looking cloaks, and tall sugar-loaf hats.

That this sort of thing could not last for ever was the firm belief of Jenkin Slops. He held fast by faith in the influence of the true

fashion, and devoutly believed that good taste, like other elements, would ultimately find its proper level. But facts and events do not always conform themselves to people's belief and expectancies, and our unfortunate tailor found that day after day wore away without bringing any change for the better. Jenkin was a disappointed man. He had spent his little fund of cash in his speculative visit to the great city, and could not afford to live till people came to their senses—perhaps the most wearisome and laggard period for which a man can wait. As a death-blow to his hopes, it was evident that short cloaks and sugar-loaf hats were becoming more the rage every day, and from his lowly retreat he could see detestable long yellow legs crossing and recrossing each other every instant in the street. Men, too, began to say, that young Andrew Holecote, a general dealer in these, with other fashionable garments, was making a rapid fortune. This was a bitter reflection to Andrew's late master, and did but little to sweeten the poor food with which that person was now obliged to be daily satisfied at even-tide—an hour at which he would sit alone and think of the short time since, when, in his pride of heart and expectancy, he had rejected the young man from his doors. He at least from that time had heard no more of Holecote. Then, in his servile rage, would he curse the harsh crust which his parched jaws could barely moisten, and would fling it from him like a child, and weep.

Lucy was away from home, and was spared the desolation of her father's house. Desolate was it, indeed, and lonely. Jenkin could not feed the grey pony any longer, so the grey pony was sold to feed Jenkin. The old woman, formerly an apology for a human being on the premises, had disappeared. She could afford no further diminution in her rations, and vanished—perhaps to die in solitude, like the aged cat from a warm hearth—not that *her* hearth had ever been a sunny spot.

Slops was thus left alone in his misery. Times were not then as they are now; he knew full well, that he might wait long enough before any enlightenment of their error could break in upon his neighbours from the head-quarters of fashion—London. He must take a decisive part.

“Master,” said one of Holecote's apprentices to that flourishing young man one morning, “here's a new hand, though an old man, who has come asking for employment. I think I have seen his face before, but where I can't say”

Andrew wanted workmen. He laid down his shears, and went out to see the applicant. It was Jenkin Slops. Holecote received him civilly, though but few words passed between them, for Jenkin was not abject, and the interview ended in the master taking his station in proud humility in the service of his apprentice.

“Is it come to this, Master Slops?” said Holecote, when the day's labour was over, and, after hanging about with inquietude, Jenkin at last asked for payment of his few hours' industry. “Is it come to this, or has curiosity brought you hither?”

“No, not curiosity, Andrew—Master Holecote, I should say—but want—starvation! Yours is the good trade—mine is naught. Look at me. Do I not wear the appearance of a ruined man?”

There never had been any thing particularly thriving in the aspect of old Slops, so Andrew could have guessed but little from mere looks. He said nothing, therefore, in reply ; but counting down to the old man his day's wages, and the like sum for the morrow, to ensure, as he observed with a smile, his services for the next day, he bid Jenkin to cheer up, and wait the turning of the tide.

Slops was subdued by the money in advance. This was a kindness he could not comprehend. It was more than human. He was weak and ill, or he could have found in his heart playfully to chide at the young spendthrift. But he took up the money and his hat, and slowly moved towards the door.

"There is no small degree of malicious craft," says Sterne, "in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will: a word which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which with its own natural force would scarce have reached the object aimed at." Think not we have to record any such malicious craft on the part of Holecote. His willingness was this,—he chose his time when the "word," the "look" of kindness were likely to heal the wounds of a saddened spirit. He observed his old friend making for the door—so, springing towards him, and lifting to him the latch, observed, "Well, then, *father-in-law*, we shall meet again?"

"He calls me father-in-law still," thought Jenkin. He did not reply, however, but, laying his hands on Andrew's shoulder for half a minute, he acknowledged in silence this kind appeal on the part of his apprentice. Then putting his stick to the ground with a bolder stroke than usual, and pushing forwards with strides twice the length of his ordinary efforts, the reformed tailor reached home before he well knew where he was.

The sequel may easily be imagined. On Lucy's return home her marriage with Andrew Holecote met with no further obstacle from her father; and the same day that saw this union of affection witnessed an union of interests between old Jenkin Slops and the young bridegroom. They thenceforward traded under one firm, and though the old man was outwitted by the younger and more wealthy partner, he was no sufferer in the long run, for fashions change. By degrees the truth came out about the Danish deception, and then every body flocked to the true faith, for which the old man, as we have seen, had been a pilgrim to the metropolis. Lucy lost no time in bringing new partners into the house, to the rare delight of the "heads" of the same; and for many years the house of Slops and Holecote enjoyed a Stultzian fortune and reputation in all the country round.\*

EGOMET.

\* Should the reader entertain any doubts as to the truth of this little history, he may read the following *morceau* from Horace Walpole, which proves one of two things, either that that philosophical frippier must have been familiar with it, or that we borrowed the idea from him, *chose incroyable!* "Remember, every body that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France; and whatever they wear at their first appearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, O \* \* \* will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear."—*Letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

## LUCY AUSTIN.

TOWARDS the close of the autumn of 1825 I was solicited to officiate as bridesman at the marriage of Herman Leader, a quondam school-fellow, who had just returned to his seat near Southam in Warwickshire from a continental tour, in company with a young lady whom he had met abroad under singular circumstances, and was about to marry.

He received me at the lodge-gate, dressed in a shooting costume, having promised to accompany a friend over his grounds for an hour or two. By his side was a small pointer, named Whip, that had formerly belonged to me, but which I had presented to Leader immediately previous to his commencing his travels. It struck me as singular, that the animal did not instantly recognise me; and, stooping down to pat him on the back, I cried out, as one would address a dog, "What, Whip! mine ancient, forget your old master?" But Whip received my endearments with an attempt at a bite, which I was silly enough to resent by a somewhat vigorous kick that drove him growling behind Leader. As we proceeded to the house I observed Whip had lost all his former vivacity, and when I learned from my friend that symptoms of illness had been apparent in the dog's refusal of food for a couple of days back, I felt rather ashamed of my violence. As, however, he refused another proffered renewal of acquaintanceship, unequivocally as before, I took no further notice of him, but went to my chamber for the purpose of removing from my person the indications of a long night journey.

I soon rejoined Leader in the library, whither he had ordered refreshments to be conveyed, and where I likewise found Whip ensconced beneath the table. While I partook of some food, we talked over old matters, as friends usually do after a protracted separation, and presently came to the object of my visit. The details of his courtship would form a very singular episode, but would be much too lengthy for this brief narrative. Be it sufficient, therefore, to say, that Lucy Austin, the lady in question, and her mother, were then inmates of his house; and although the whole affair was characterized by more romance than is usually mixed up with love in the nineteenth century, it was altogether untinged with any thing the most fastidious could object to on the score of morality. Just as he had finished recounting the particulars, Lucy entered from the garden: Beauty, I had always set it down in my mind, should be a distinguished attribute in the wife of Leader; but for loveliness such as I now beheld I was altogether unprepared. To say she was the most beautiful being I ever saw would be to say much, for I have seen much beauty in England and elsewhere in my time; but so perfect an amalgamation of dignity and simplicity I never witnessed in any other woman. She approached noiselessly and gracefully, and acknowledged her intended husband's introduction of his oldest and most esteemed friend with all the warmth of sincere intimacy. In a short time we were on the best possible terms, engaged in discussing the proceedings of a celebrated countryman, with whom Leader had

an interview while in Italy. My friend was seated in the middle of a sofa, and I beside him, while, on the other side, Lucy, with her arm through his, occasionally participated in the conversation with a naïveté in exact accordance with the opinion I had formed of her from the first moment. As we were thus occupied, a small Italian greyhound belonging to Miss Austin came frisking into the room; but not succeeding in attracting its mistress's attention, it commenced a series of gambols round Whip, who still lay dozing under the table. The sportiveness of the intruder however was quickly moderated by receiving from Whip a nip in the face, from which the blood flowed rather copiously; and Lucy, distressed for her pet, left the room to procure the assistance of the servants. My former grudge towards the cause of the accident was revived; and I was about to punish him when a messenger announced that the gentleman with whom Leader had engaged to shoot was in attendance. "Presently," said he, taking his gun and whistling to Whip, who slowly obeyed the call. "Dinner at six, Ned; shall be back at five; Lucy, and your own ingenuity must find you amusement in the mean time;" and so saying he shook me by the hand, smiled, and left the room.

On his departure I felt a sort of melancholy excitement I could not account for. The day was oppressively hot—one of those gloomy sultry days indicative of thunder-storms, when all nature seems like a wearied man seeking in vain for repose. With an irksomeness befitting the occasion, I strolled into the garden, and thence into a small burial-ground attached to a diminutive church just by. Here I commenced a desultory perusal of the epitaphs of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." When I had thus consumed an hour or so, I seated myself on a tombstone, and began to admire the extreme beauty of the site of my friend's mansion, and of the little temple of God. The latter was situate upon a gentle acclivity, as most old country churches are, while the ground appropriated to the remains of the simple villagers ran quite down to the edge of a picturesque and at this place no inconsiderable stream. Willows, weeping-ash, and other trees of a larger growth were tastefully scattered over the ground, and by the water's side formed an avenue above all places I ever saw befitting "the luxury of woe." Rooks cawed ceaselessly from a neighbouring grove of giant elms. The scarce perceptible breath of heaven whispered moaningly through the profuse ivy with which the church was covered; and, added to the hoarse roar of two distant falls of the river over ledges of rock, and the drowsy hum of a flour mill, begat a feeling of luxurious lethargy deliciously congenial to the speculative mood in which I was. My reverie was somewhat abruptly disturbed by a light joyous laugh, such only as youth and innocence could give. I turned, and at about twenty yards from me saw Miss Austin standing on a rustic bridge of graceful and elegant proportions, that crossed the stream in a single span. On either side a hand-rail afforded the passenger a hold, and in the middle some two or three feet of the rail could be removed at pleasure, so as to admit of the bridge being swung round in half to allow of boats carrying sails to pass—boating by the way being one of Leader's favourite pastimes.

'Four o'clock, four o'clock, Mr. ——,' said the beauteous girl,

“and I have been looking for you since two. What will Herman say when he hears of my rudeness in neglecting you so?”

I stammered out something about my own forgetfulness and the heat of the day, and requested that I might be permitted to join her on the bridge, so as to avail myself of her experience in viewing the landscape. She assented, but pointed out what I had not before observed, that to reach the bridge it would be necessary to re-cross the burial-ground, garden, and library. She proposed, however, to meet me mid-way; but I, of course, objected. By this time we became aware, that for conversation our relative positions could not be improved; and so we continued talking for about twenty minutes. Availing herself of a pause in our colloquy, she turned towards the left, and after a moment's elapse exclaimed joyfully, “Oh, Herman! here's Herman!”

What in the name of all that is mysterious and inscrutable could have instigated me I know not; but hardly had the words of the fair speaker reached me when I cried out anxiously, “Is Whip with him?” By her manner, when she first spoke of Leader's coming, I knew that he must have been at some distance, and was therefore prepared for a brief delay in her answer; but it appeared to me hours of wretchedness before she replied, eagerly looking at me, “Why do you ask so?”

I heeded her not. A dreadful thought shot through my brain. A sun-stroke seemed to have smitten me, and the next instant I felt as if plunged into an ice-bath. Burying my face in my hands, as if to shut out the horrid phantasm I had conjured up, I remained absorbed in the hell of my too prophetic imagination, until the loud hilarious laugh of Leader, redolent of gaiety and enjoyment, rang on my ears like the welcomed reprieve to a felon at the gallows' foot. I looked up, and saw Leader on the opposite side of the water within about a hundred yards of the bridge. He was calling to Lucy, and playfully reproaching her with her inability to be audible at the distance he then was. When he saw me he inquired, if I were ill; but before I could answer he made some witty remark on a swan that was pursuing a goose, and laughed at his own smartness. Lucy looked upon him and laughed, because she saw him pleased; and I too would have laughed, but could not.

As his mirth subsided, a confused sound, as if of many voices shouting in the distance, became faintly audible. I shuddered, without being conscious of a reason for doing so. Again the sounds were borne more distinctly on the breeze, and I became faint with emotion.

“Hush!” said Lucy, at the instant affording a vivid tableau of Rebecca at the turret in the castle scene in *Ivanhoe*—one arm stretched towards me as if to arrest the observation she saw upon my lips, and the other extended in the direction of the noise.

“Hark!”—said Leader, dropping his fowling-piece from its rest upon his arm to the ground.

A few minutes' silence intervened, when Lucy, whose situation upon the bridge enabled her to see much farther than my friend or myself, again resumed,—“Why, they are hunting a poor dog!”

“Whip! Whip!” groaned I with all the vehemence of a dreamer who sees his vision realized.

“Whip, I’ll swear,” said Leader, preparing to rush to the rescue of his favourite.

“Leader, for God’s sake refrain :—you’re mad!” exclaimed I in despair; and hardly had he turned to learn the reason of so uncounted an appeal, when the cry of “Mad dog! Mad dog!” resounded on all sides. Right opposite to the spot in which I stood, and full in the view of Lucy and Leader, Whip, in all the frightful hideousness of canine madness, came rushing on, followed by some fifteen or twenty men and boys armed in divers manners, and all bellowing out the fearful cry. Whip took to the side of the river with much speed, and ran for the length of some two hundred paces; but suddenly he made directly to where Leader stood—all his late pursuers becoming the pursued the moment he turned. Leader seemed completely incapable of moving to the right or to the left as Whip raised his sluggish glazed eyes and foaming mouth within a dozen yards of him. For a moment the infuriated creature paused, probably instigated by a passing glimmering of recollection; and as he was about to bound forward I screamed out, half delirious with horror, “Fire, Leader—fire!”

He did so, and missed; but the flash and noise scared Whip, who betook himself for the bridge with redoubled speed. The moment Leader saw in which direction the danger lay all his apathy at once forsook him, and with amazing velocity he reached the object of his pursuit just time enough to strike him from the steps with a violent kick on the head. While stunned, he endeavoured to grasp him by the throat, but the maddened brute bit him. Had a musket bullet entered his heart he could not have been apparently more paralyzed, while Whip for an instant looked upon him as if touched with remorse and again attempted to regain the bridge. Again was every fibre in Leader’s frame strung with its former vigour, and he fled after the dog incredibly fast; but the cursed game outstripped the hunter. Already had the untired animal begun to ascend the steps connected with the bridge, in the middle of which Lucy continued to stand, as I first mentioned, but with the moveable portion of the rail swung from her. I thought she was beside herself with terror, for she had not attempted to escape, and escape was now out of the question. The conviction of my total impotency, from the position in which I was, rendered me almost frantic. Whip was not ten feet from her, and Leader was about as many yards from him, with his gun raised ready to strike if a chance offered. I had abandoned all hope. Nothing but a miracle could save her, when Leader screamed out in a voice almost unearthly from intense emotion, “Leap, Lucy, leap! For the love of heaven, leap!”

She seemed as if in readiness for the command, and in a second was in the stream, Whip and she reaching the water almost simultaneously. Now came the moment for me to exert myself. The imminence of her peril, and the consciousness that I might be of utility, completely restored my self-possession. Had I plunged in at the instant, I should have had to swim against the current, and

so perceiving that her garments would keep her from sinking for a brief interval, I waited until she was borne just opposite to where I stood, when, without much difficulty, I succeeded in conveying her to the shore.

The shouts of the men pursuing the dog had reached the house and attracted the domestics and Mrs. Austin, into whose care I resigned the lifeless form of her daughter. When I looked again upon the stream I saw the shattered remains of the cause of all the confusion floating past, having been dispatched with stones by his hunters. My eyes in vain sought Herman. I had expected that he would have plunged after Lucy, nor was I sure that he had not, only I did not recollect his having done so, while I remained on the bank; and if he did while I was in the water, I could not conceive what had become of him since. He surely could not have sunk, as there was abundant assistance within his immediate reach. I could not seek him on the opposite side of the stream without re-crossing the bridge (for which purpose I should have had to go through the house), or again swimming. The former I would not do on account of the time it would require, and the latter I dreaded owing to the exhaustion attendant on my late exertions. However, my fears for his safety quickly became as vivid as my feelings on the score of Lucy had been a few minutes before, and excitement banishing every thought of self-preservation, I rushed headlong into the river. Though a first-rate swimmer, I had hardly reached the surface, before I was convinced of the almost impossibility of gaining the other side. My feet had become swollen in my boots; my clothes, quite saturated, clung to my limbs, and my muscles were almost powerless as in infancy; nevertheless a thought never crossed my mind of returning. I struck out with all the vigour I could summon, but the distance between me and the opposite bank seemed to become no less. My God! thought I, surely my sight mocks my judgment; a hundred strokes should bring me across. I closed my eyes for a desperate effort, and resolved not to open them until I should have accomplished my purpose. Suddenly I became conscious of making way with much increased velocity. This urged me to put forth all my remaining strength, and I advanced with a rapidity that seemed to me almost incalculable. When I had made about fifty strokes, as accurately as I could guess, my breath failed; my feet appeared to be expanding to an enormous size, accompanied with intense heat in the soles and extreme pain as far as the instep. Still I kept my eyelids firmly compressed, and continued to strike out with desperation. The heat and pain in the feet now extended to my knees, and I was no longer capable of using my legs further. At this moment I opened my eyes, and the utter hopelessness of my situation burst upon me in a glance. I was not even in the middle of the stream. I had been swimming with the current, not across it. My brain grew dizzy; my sight failed; the noise of a thousand cataracts was in my ears; death knocked at my heart, and I felt as if mountains were piled on top of me. Still oblivion did not rob me of all conviction of existence. 'Twas as if I were contending with some horrid night-mare—*feeling* that I lived, and *thinking* I had no claims to vitality. How long this dreadful sensation continued, I

had no means of ascertaining, but I felt the dazzling light of day streaming into my eyes, as if it were molten gold; and the pain it gave me made me cry out, or at least attempt to do so, for I could not hear my own voice. But I soon heard my name pronounced in other accents, and, looking up, recognised Leader bending over me; and again my senses swam in confusion and all things became more indistinct than before.

When at length consciousness was fully restored, I learned that my unfortunate friend had swooned as soon as he saw Lucy spring from the bridge. The first conviction he had of his faculties returning was the hearing of cries of distress; when running to the water's edge he beheld me in the act of sinking. In a moment the dreadful thought that Lucy had perished smote him, nor was it until I had risen a second time to the surface that he had sufficient presence of mind to leap to my assistance. Fortunately I had imbibed so much water, and my strength was so utterly prostrated before I sunk, that I lay motionless in his hold, for had I sufficient power to grapple him, as drowning men do, both our lives had been lost, as he was barely enabled to support me to the shore. Having deposited me among some sedges, one of the men who had been pursuing Whip came up, and, procuring some of his companions, carried me into the house, where, on the usual restoratives being applied, I was not long in awaking to misery.

Ascertaining that Lucy was doing well, and leaving me to the care of an attendant, Leader went to change his dress. I expected him back in half an hour at farthest; but more than twice that time having elapsed without his return, I grew wretched with indefinable apprehensions of some impending calamity. Another half-hour passed, and I rose from bed determined to leave nothing undone to avert what I scarce dared trust myself with surmising. I almost fainted the instant my eyes rested on my figure in the looking-glass. Some half-dozen spots of blood were on my face, and how they came there I but too well guessed. Amidst all the confusion and danger consequent upon Lucy's preservation and my own subsequent peril, the fact of Leader having been bitten by Whip floated in my mind like the remembrance of a disagreeable dream; but the sight in the glass recalled the circumstances in all their fearful minuteness. Steadying my nerves (which were deplorably shattered) with a large draught of brandy, I despatched an express to Warwick for two surgeons, and proceeded to Leader's bed-room. I found him upon a sofa, absorbed in thought, his injured hand extended from him, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the floor. I affected to treat the matter lightly, assuring him, that if taken in time it would be attended with nothing serious; but he dissented from my observations abruptly. It appeared that an uncle of his had died from a similar accident, and to all my admonitions and suggestions his only answer was, "It's no use, Ned, no use; uncle Fred died of it." The idea possessed him that there was a fatality in the occurrence, and to that idea he adhered with all the pertinacity of a fatalist. An irresistible torpor overpowered his faculties, and though he made no effort to shake it off, it was to me but too evident that the attempt would have been useless. My perseverance,

however, was so far successful that he agreed to admit the surgeons when they arrived,—a proceeding to which he at first offered a determined opposition.

The wound was of a depth and extent all but incredible when the size of the dog was considered, and was among the tendons of the wrist, which prevented excision—a mode of treatment without which neither of the surgeons would guarantee his safety. Excision and amputation were synonymous in this case, though the former, being the milder phrase, was at first used, until Leader inquiring what was to become of his hand if the sinews of the wrist were to be cut away, they were obliged to admit that the arm should be removed from above the site of the injury. To be maimed for life was so repugnant to my unfortunate friend's feelings, that he vehemently protested against the adoption of any remedial measures whatever; and it was not, until I declared with all the violence I could command that I would have him tied down and treated as a lunatic, that he agreed to submit to any treatment—provided his arm was not destroyed. The wound was then subjected to ablution from a garden watering-pot, held at arm's length, and then cauterized as effectively as possible.

On the surgeons' departure Leader's melancholy grew deeper and deeper. All my efforts to imbue him with any thing like hope were unavailing. Reason and raillery were alike fruitless. "It's no use, Ned; uncle Fred died of it," was his eternal response to all my argumentation. To disabuse himself of the conviction that his days were numbered he declared his entire inability, and entreated me to forego any more remonstrance on that head. I then saw him to bed, and took my leave for the night.

When I reached my chamber I knew that sleep would not quickly visit my pillow; and, throwing open the window, I drew a chair and fell into a reverie on the occurrences of the day. The train of my reflections was abruptly disconnected by feeling something moving against my legs; and looking down I perceived Miss Austin's little hound, which had entered unobserved. It commenced gamboling about, and I unconsciously caressed it; until, encouraged by my familiarity, it emitted a sharp playful bark. The sound in an instant brought the circumstance in the library to my mind; and the poor little animal immediately became not only disagreeable, but positively frightful to my disordered imagination. Leaping on the chair, and grasping the candlestick, I hallooed out, and motioned to the dog to leave the room; but, thinking that I was merely continuing the sport in a different way, he became more boisterously frisky, barking and jumping as though he were possessed. My apprehensions now amounted to absolute horror; the diminutive thing appeared to have grown to the size of a calf, and its sportiveness was to me the ferocity of a tiger. I was on the point of precipitating myself from the window, when the hound jumped on the chair, which caused me to shift my position so suddenly that I lost my balance and fell heavily on the floor. This caused the dog to redouble its gaiety. It bounded again and again over my prostrate body, playing all manner of antics, and capering round the apartment, barking incessantly, while I struck out my legs to keep it from approaching me. Terror was fast un-

seating reason when the footman entered, and to him the object of my dread transferred its unwelcome mirthfulness while I rose from the ground. He had been an old domestic in the family of Leader's father, and knowing that I could rely upon his discretion I communicated to him the story of the calamity that had befallen his young master, and also the reason of my apprehension of Miss Austin's hound.

The result of this conversation was that Louis and myself set out with the dog in a basket for a small village about two miles distant. We there instituted inquiries respecting Whip, who had been with Leader in the morning, and ascertained that he was left in consequence of being unable to accompany his master home owing to a species of drowsiness that had seized him, and that after Leader's departure, Whip being teased by some urchins, ran out into the street, when the cry of "Mad dog" was raised, and the sequel has been already told. Louis's object in making these inquiries was to learn, if there were any real grounds for believing in Whip's madness, and from all we could collect there was but little reason for such supposition. However, I was by no means satisfied; for, from the appearance of Whip when making for the bridge, I felt persuaded that he was mad. I told Louis that such was my conviction, and we then proceeded to a dog-fancier named Jackson, who lived about half a mile the other side of the village, and to whom we gave the hound, with instructions to watch for any symptoms that might confirm my fears, and to bring me intelligence unknown to any person with the exception of Louis.

Being anxious to ascertain whether Lucy was aware of Leader's danger, and yet fearful of awakening her apprehensions if she were ignorant, I sent Louis to Mrs. Austin to beg that she would grant me an interview before she retired to rest. A few minutes convinced me that myself and Louis were alone cognizant of the melancholy secret. How to account for Lucy's not having seen the dog inflict the wound on Leader I know not; for she was nearer to him by several yards than I was. Indeed, she appeared to have so very indistinct a recollection of the whole transaction on the bridge that I could not conceive how she was enabled to comprehend Leader's exclamation to leap into the stream. Having acquainted Mrs. Austin that I had removed the hound to Jackson's for a few days, but without giving her the correct reason for so doing, I took my leave and proceeded to bed.

*(To be continued.)*

## SPECIMENS OF FRENCH POETRY.

## SONG.

GENIUS of France! If still thy wing  
 O'er Gallia's lands auspicious soar,  
 Peace to a wearied nation bring,  
 And let the war-note sound no more.  
 The boist'rous passions of the soul  
 Keep thou beneath a stern control,  
 And calm tranquillity restore;  
 Repel the surge of civil strife,  
 Stop the sad waste of human life,  
 And banish discord from thy shore.

Let not the great despise the low,  
 The sufferer be more opprest;  
 Bid monarchs spare their subjects woe,  
 Nor deeper wound the bleeding breast;  
 Cast down the gibbet, dry the tears  
 Of orphans, and in future years  
 Thy guardian bounty will be blest;  
 So that amid the dreams of night  
 No horrors fill us with affright,  
 Nor wake us from a tranquil rest.

VICTOR HUGO.

## HYMN.

AROUND the tombs of them that fell  
 Their country's rights to save,  
 The songs of crowds admiring swell  
 To eulogise the brave.  
 The patriot's fame will never die;  
 The land for which he bled  
 Shall cradle it eternally,  
 And venerate the dead.

## CHORUS.

Glory to thee, immortal France!  
 Hail! those who fell for her!  
 And welcome all that now advance  
 To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

The morning beams of Phœbus shine  
 Upon the lofty dome  
 That stands above the sacred shrine  
 Where heroes found a tomb.  
 Far o'er the city's turrets high  
 That glitt'ring dome appears;  
 Saint Genevieve unto the sky  
 Her tow'ring summit rears.

## CHORUS.

Glory to thee, eternal France!  
 Hail! those who fell for her!  
 And welcome all that now advance  
 To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

'Tis thus that those whose bones are laid  
 Within that sacred fane,  
 'Tis thus, in glorious garb array'd,  
 Their memories remain.  
 Each day with them will rise more bright,  
 Each day their deeds are told;  
 Their names amid the clouds of night  
 Can never be enrolled.

## CHORUS.

Glory to thee, immortal France!  
 Hail! those who fell for her!  
 And welcome all that now advance  
 To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

VICTOR HUGO.

## LINES.

ALONE, beneath the tower whence issue forth  
 The mandates of the tyrant of the north,  
 Poland's sad Genius sits, absorb'd in tears,  
 Her bosom heaving with a thousand fears;  
 Wearied, cast down, and shatter'd by distress,  
 The tomb alone can end her wretchedness.

Alas! the crucifix is all that's left  
 To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;  
 And on her training robe the marks are seen  
 Where Russian armies' scornful foot has been.  
 Anon she hears the sounds of clanking arms—  
 The foemen come once more to spread alarms;  
 And while she weeps against that fortress' wall,  
 And while fresh horrors ev'ry sense appal,  
 To France she slowly turns her glazing eye,  
 And humbly seeks for succour ere she die.

VICTOR HUGO.

## SONG.

WHEN the ray of morning beams  
 On the groves and on the streams,  
 Hasten, hasten, lovely maids,  
 To the deep and peaceful shades:  
 There desire your hearts to tell  
 If they still be sensible!  
 Then, as aspens round you quiver,  
 And as flows the rippling river,  
 Pour forth your souls in thankful prayer  
 To Nature, as ye linger there.

If the bosom of the grove,  
 Mystic grotto formed for love,  
 Fail to please your icy hearts,  
 Cease then your seductive arts!  
 If for you the evening fine  
 Boast no more a charm divine,  
 Charms that ravish me as yet,  
 Then the name of love forget;  
 Nor let your lips be ever heard  
 To utter that bewitching word!

AMABLE BOULANGER.

ODE,

*On the Execution of the Assassin Fieschi.*

THE dread assassin is no more,  
 His life has pass'd away,  
 And few his destiny deplore,  
 And none will shed a tear-drop o'er  
 His decomposing clay.  
 Fiend—from his breast were banished all  
 The pure ideas of heav'n;  
 And, to ensure the victim's fall,  
 The thoughts of hell were giv'n!  
 Strange sentiment of human pride,  
 That made the wretch a homicide!

Methought on earth was ne'er a bosom,  
 Where, 'midst its evil intertwined,  
 There bloom'd no one unsullied blossom,  
 No gentle feeling of the mind,  
 By which the passions are refin'd,  
 And robb'd of half their native wildness.  
 Through this one single gleam of mildness,  
 Thus sun-lights o'er a battle shed  
 Their rays to gild the carnage dread.  
 Where jealousy, ambition, guile,  
 Hate, envy, ruthlessness, are found,  
 Methought some gentle passion's smile  
 Could moderate their rage awhile,  
 And shine upon the clouds around.

But no! as when the shades of night  
 Upon the ocean rest,  
 Without a single star to light  
 Nor make one lonely billow bright,  
 So was the traitor's breast.  
 Foul mark for hist'ry's faithful page  
 Will be the name he bore;  
 Despised in every future age,  
 Contemn'd on every shore.  
 Meanest of all the human race,  
 How can he meet his Maker's face?

Gallia! to thee no common tie  
 Connects thy king with sacred band;  
 He and his blooming progeny  
 Were bless'd by Heaven's almighty hand,

And saved from death to rule the land  
 Whose sons will circle round the throne,  
 And make its interests all their own,  
 So that the star of France may gleam  
 On Orleans' house with fav'ring beam,  
 And her broad standard to the gale  
 Its triple dyes in glory show,  
 While music echoes from the vale,  
 And songs recite the welcome tale,  
 How Philip crushed his coward foe!

To join the happy throng,  
 Comes Peace with laughing eye,  
 And hails the monarch as her guardian true :  
 Britannia bears her flag along  
 Where Gallia's ensign flutters in the sky,  
 And Friendship twines a garland round the two !  
 In France henceforth may civil discord cease,  
 And shameless glory onward beckon those  
 Who feel ignoble in the days of peace,  
 To quench their thirst for blood with foreign foes.  
 No standard waves o'er traitors' graves,  
 No flow'rets deck their tomb ;  
 No moisten'd eye, no tender sigh,  
 Speak sorrow for their doom ;  
 But, undeplor'd, they lie beneath the sod,  
 Curs'd by their fellow-men—rejected by their God!

ANONYMOUS.

(Translated by PARISIANUS.)

(To be continued in our next.)

## CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

NO. I. MRS. SHERBORNE.

BY A SOLICITOR.

DOMESTIC life—that household word of England:—how many aching hearts may be found beneath its apparent calm! Often, oh! often would the sufferers have hid their miseries in the grave, but for the sacred duties of the Confessional, or the yearnings of a dying man for sympathy in his last hours. Scenes like these have a solemnity, a deep interest which softens the pain of disclosure:—but when a lawyer is consulted, when the secrets of the heart are laid bare before the cold eye of a professional man, there is nothing to soothe the mind under its task; and I have often wondered how those who came to me on matters of this sort *could* have summoned resolution for the effort. From a man of the world, immersed in business, and personally a stranger, what can be looked for beyond pity? and pity is not sympathy;—there is a wide difference between the benevolent regret that others should suffer, and the intuitive perception—the

full appreciation of what those sufferings are. The case about to be extracted from my journal was the one which interested me more than any others which occurred to me in practice.

MRS. SHERBORNE.

August 15. Went by appointment to — square:—shown into the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Sherborne not appearing immediately, looked for the twentieth time at her exquisite portrait over the mantelpiece. I wonder who drew that picture; it is one of the very few I ever coveted. She is seated at a round table in a sort of amber-coloured dress, with some lace-work in her hand; the pale face and high clear forehead are set in a frame of dark hair, and, from the way the eyes are fixed on vacancy, she seems to have just laid down her work and looked up for awhile to think. The lips are slightly parted;—there is even a smile about the mouth, and yet, I know not how, the general expression is indescribably mournful. It would be no likeness otherwise, for I never saw a more unhappy-looking woman. \* \* \*

Mem. Nearly caught soliloquizing by Mrs. S. Bad business I fear. Can her husband interfere with her property or prevent it going to her children? &c. Separation, I suppose, by-and-by. It was a *Gretna Green* trip, and, though that is the opposite way, it is frequently the shortest road to Doctors' Commons.

Aug. 27. Note from Mrs. S.:—in case of separation who do children go to? &c. Ah! it's a clear case. Best thing, I dare say. Mr. Sherborne is a regular gambler, constantly at the Hells—unlucky too;—so Brown says, and he ought to know, poor devil! What a wretched animal that Brown is;—“a youth of gaming, an old age of wine;” red nose, cheeks, and chin,—looks like a five of diamonds, or a parchment MS. with red ink alterations.

Sept. 10. Saw Mrs. Sherborne:—long conversation. Mr. S. always wanting money; has been pressing her for a long time to join him in raising some on her property; threatens to make her repent refusing; comes home intoxicated, and tries to frighten her; talks of taking away the children. No acts of personal violence; no reason to suspect him of infidelity, &c. It won't do; besides he may keep the children. Recommended separation by mutual consent.

Mem. Mrs. S. very interesting woman.

[I afterwards learned that she was a Miss Winston, and had married Mr. S. when very young, against the wishes of all her friends. He was a man of gentlemanly exterior and plausible manners, considerably older than herself, and a widower when the acquaintance began. No doubt her fortune was the main attraction; yet there must have been some mixture of better feelings, as they lived happily together for several years. His first wife, a Mrs. Clayton, survived the marriage for a few months only; he was at that time residing in the United States, chiefly at Philadelphia.]

Aug. 23. Feeling interested in Mrs. S., I told Brown to bring me any intelligence he could pick up of Mr. S.'s proceedings: so he came to dinner yesterday. It seems S. is a constant attendant at the Hell in — Street, and has graduated regularly in the gambling universities,—that is, entered as pigeon, passed his little-go with the

loss of half his fortune, and has now taken high honours in black-leggism, at the slight expense of health, character, and the remainder of his property. Of course he is a desperate man, and Mrs. S. will be hard pressed to give up her separate estate; but she must be firm, if it were only for the sake of her children. Mem. Brown is a beast. Four bottles of my best Port "opened the flood-gates of licentious mirth;" and such a display of grossness—of brutishness rather—I never before heard. There is a craving for excitement in some men, which drives them to wallow in the lowest excesses, as there are some diseases by which negroes are irresistibly impelled to eat dirt.

Aug. 29. Early this morning a note from Mrs. S., requesting an interview this day at twelve.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was punctual to a minute. She was greatly agitated, her eyes sparkled, and her usually pale cheeks were a bright hectic red. She spoke in a sharp, decided tone: "Mr. D., I wish immediately to apply for a separation. I have borne much from him,—threats, insults, and neglect for years;—but he never struck me—" and the blood rushed to her face as she uttered the degrading word. "Good heavens!" said I, "is it possible?" "You told me cruelty is a ground for separation. Last night he came home half intoxicated,—that was nothing uncommon. He called for brandy, and by the way he swallowed glass after glass of plain spirits. I knew what was coming; the bitter coward! he is afraid to face me, till he is mad with drinking. I went to my own room and prayed for a patient heart. It was useless to think of sleep while the hour of persecution was hanging over me, so I tried to pass the time in arranging my wardrobe, and putting up my hair; at last, there was nothing more to do but to sit and wait! How many times I started at the rattle of a window from the wind, thinking it was him. The watchman called two o'clock;—probably he had gone off in a doze, and the sound awoke him, for soon after I heard the table and glasses thrown down, and he came plunging and stumbling up the stairs. I thought I should have fainted."

She stopped for an instant, and looked so very pale that I handed her a bottle of volatile salts which lay on the table; but she declined it impatiently.

"I looked at him as he reeled in; his cheeks were swelled, and his eyes met mine with that stare of obstinate defiance which I know so well now. 'What, you're up, are you? So much the better,' he began in a rough coarse voice; and then came the demands for money, the threats, the horrible imprecations. He had lost every thing at the gaming-table; he told me so, and then wanted to force from me my children's bread to supply his riotous waste. I spoke to him quietly about the children, about old times, though my heart was bursting when I thought of them; but it only irritated him the more. 'Curse your flummery,' he said, catching me by the arm; 'give me the money, and you may preach to the devil and his imps.' I begged and prayed him to consider, not to make his children beggars, that it was for them I feared,—but, oh! Mr. D., it was all in vain. 'You think to get rid of me,' he retorted, 'to drive me to

cut my throat. Perhaps I may, but I'll not leave you behind; no, d—n me if I do.' I was dreadfully frightened; he saw it, and strode close to my chair. I rose in terror. 'Will you do it?' he said, and his face was black with rage; 'To-morrow,' I gasped out, 'to-morrow we will talk.' 'Will you do it?' he roared in a frenzy of passion. I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and my sight failed; but I had resolution enough to say, 'I cannot, indeed I cannot.' Before I could finish the sentence he uttered a fierce oath, and I felt myself dashed back on the chair. He struck me—he did indeed."

She leaned forward on the table, and buried her face in her hands. I observed that her neck was carefully muffled up in a shawl, and there was a lump on the left shoulder which I fancied was a poultice. In a minute or two she recovered herself.

"What happened afterwards I do not know. I recollect hearing his voice very loud, but not what he said: then every thing was quiet, and I think I was on my knees a long time trying to utter a prayer; but perhaps it was a dream. Oh! if all the rest were a dream too.

"I cannot live with him, Mr. D.," she resumed, concealing her face with her handkerchief; the law, I suppose, will allow me to separate, and I wish you to take the necessary steps immediately." I assented to this, but added that there were many points to be settled before commencing a suit, more particularly as to the children. "They go with me," said she hastily; "it is impossible to leave them with him." On this point I felt considerable doubt; but, seeing the state of excitement she was in, I merely engaged to take counsel's opinion on the whole case as soon as possible, and, if favourable, to commence proceedings forthwith. On going away, I met the nurse with the children; desired her to take them in to her mistress. Poor woman! they are her only consolation now.

Mem. What a strange thing it is after such a scene to put down in one's books,

"Sept. 29. Conversation with Mrs. S. - - - £0 13s. 4d.!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Sept. 30. Laid a case before Mr. M., who promises his opinion to-morrow. Dr. P—— would have been a month about it. Never go to a first-rate man if you are in a hurry.

Oct. 2. Mr. M.'s opinion came yesterday evening. Thinks the cruelty sufficient; as to children, very doubtful, unless father has taken them to a gaming-house, &c. &c.

Had a long conversation with Mrs. S. at her aunt's (Mrs. Winston). She went there immediately after my last visit, and took the children with her. The probability that they would be left entirely in their father's power shook her resolution; and I then suggested a compromise. See her again to-morrow.

Mem. Read old Winston's will in registry.

[Miss Winston was left £30,000 by her father as soon as she came of age, to be settled to her separate use if she married. On her elopement with Mr. S., the Court of Chancery considering his conduct disgraceful, deprived him even of his life-interest, directing it to be paid to her separate use, and the principal to descend to her

lawful issue, with remainders over; &c. Without her consent, therefore, and that of the trustees, the property could not be touched. Interest about £1200 per annum.]

Oct. 3. Found Mrs. S. with her two children. The boy is a bouncing fellow about four years old; but his sister, who is between five and six, is the sweetest little creature;—a flaxy-poll'd fair-haired thing with a cherub's look of grave simplicity. Mrs. D., Mrs. D., why do you not bring me such another?

A compromise is to be attempted. "I will make any sacrifice of income," said Mrs. S., if he will leave me enough to exist on, and not interfere with my children;" and she intrusted me with full powers to make the best bargain I can. "Is every thing arranged," she enquired at length, in a tone to which the fatigue of our long conference had given more than its usual gentleness; "is there any thing more you wish to settle?" "I believe there is nothing more," I replied, "but I will run over my memoranda and see whether the instructions are sufficiently full." A few minutes sufficed for this, and observing that she had thrown herself into a chair, and looked worn and abstracted, I hastened to take my leave. She rose and shook hands with me, but on attempting to speak her voice failed, she faltered for an instant, and then, falling back into the chair, she hid her face, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. I was quite taken aback: in fact, my brains were so full of business, I was so entirely the attorney just then, that I could not become a "Man of Feeling" at a moment's warning; and I fancy there was something awkward in my attentions, for she turned away impatiently, and gasped out as she drew her panting breath, "Go, go."—Ah! her thoughts had been wandering to "days o' lang syne."

Oct. 5. Have determined to see Mr. S. at the gambling-house; Brown says it is the only time he is in his senses. A little ready money advanced might do wonders. It seems that he has not a sixpence:—execution on furniture; keeps out of the way, &c.

Mem. Brown is to be pilot; and, as I want another witness, he says he will bring a friend of his, a very *gentlemanly* man according to his account. Dine with me to-morrow. Must stint them in wine. Do not half like going to a Hell with Brown and his gentlemanly friend;—a fellow probably with red mustaches, and a coat all frogged and braided. Bah!

Oct. 6. The two worthies are here punctual to the dinner hour. Really Brown was right: though his friend is a sharper and a gambler, and contemptible in every way, he has both the manners and appearance of a gentleman. Then his dress is an old black coat, a costume which always prejudices me in a man's favour; there is a business-like professional air about an old black coat. A well-shaped half bald head, good features, and an easy address,—'pon honour I see nothing of the Black-leg there except it be in the dull expression of the eyes, and the strongly-marked lines from the nose to the corner of the mouth. What a contrast with Brown's heavy bloated physiognomy.

Oct. 9. p. m. Have managed to keep them sober so far, and at ten we start. Brown advises alterations of costume, boots instead of

gaiters, black cravat, &c. Not likely to be known there; but perhaps it is as well.

Oct. 10. P. M. Allons, mes braves. In vino veritas; the respectable-looking gentleman can match Brown in licentiousness. "Go up, thou bald-head, go."

\* \* \* \* \*

Felt some trepidation on entering the Hell in — Street:—omne ignotum pro *horrifico*. Brown said it was but a second-rate place, yet every thing seemed done in good style; rooms large and well lighted, side-board loaded with plate, and tables with notes and gold. Mr. S. was not there.

On surveying the company I was surprised at the number with moustaches; some of them I thought looked very hard at me. Gaming is a monotonous affair to a spectator; Roulette and Hazard were played, and Brown's friend tried his luck at the former. Several of those who sat round the table seemed to do nothing but prick cards, which Brown said was to note the chances, in order to guess which way the tide of luck was setting; and then he explained to me his plan of staking. Whenever a colour or a number turned up twelve times consecutively, he betted on the opposite; and, if he lost, he went on doubling on the same colour or number as far as his purse would let him. He declares that a man must win who has the coolness never to play except under these circumstances. Unluckily he had not the requisite coolness, and his losses have reduced him almost to beggary; but he insisted on it that his plan was a good one.

Mr. S. now came in. Our meeting was stiff and cold; but he listened politely, while I opened the business; and his manner was so remarkably mild and easy that I could scarcely believe him guilty of the cruelty and violence laid to his charge. At first he declined entering into any compromise, declaring that Mrs. S. had left him without any cause except her unwillingness to share his embarrassments; but a hint of legal proceedings, and probably the firmness with which she had hitherto resisted his threats, brought him at length to terms; and he finally agreed to leave her undisturbed and the children with her, on receiving half her separate income (£600 a year). I produced a bond for his signature, and desired Brown and his friend to witness it. The latter came from the tables in his usual easy manner, apparently quite composed; but as I stood beside him, it struck me he was muttering to himself, and, on listening, I was horror-struck to hear him venting a string of fearful imprecations, like a maniac's incoherent curses.

Business being over, and all papers snug in my pocket-book, I got Brown to chaperone me round the saloon. I do not know whether it is fancy; but there seems to be something peculiar in a gamester's eyes,—a fixed opaque look, as if the back of them was silvered like a mirror, and reflected your glance instead of showing the owner's feelings. There that man stands, no doubt, still whispering curses just to lullaby the devil within; it is really horrible. A few pounds will not signify,—I must ask him to play for me. A bow and a smile, as if he were utterly indifferent! "If you put down on such a square, you win treble the stake: round the ball spins one way, and the

Roulette wheel twirls the other ; this time, at any rate, it has dropped into the right hole, and we have won." Tried it a second time,—luck again, but he does not change a muscle, nor seems to care which way it goes. Well, I hope he —

"Halloo, what is the matter, eh? Brown, my good fellow, there is something wrong, there will be a riot here :—let us be off immediately. Good gracious! the doors are shut, and we shall all be murdered. Call the police, some one,—Halloo there, Police, Police. What the devil brought me here? They will kill that man,—Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, keep the peace—Police there—keep off, you scoundrel, keep off—" \* \* \*

Soon after the above arrangement Mrs. S. retired into the country, and for some time enjoyed a quiet, if not a happy life in the society of her aunt and children. To the latter she was attached beyond expression ; their education engrossed her whole care ; and if her affection for them exceeded even the ordinary partiality of a mother's love, she had every excuse in the extreme beauty and gentle disposition of her little ones. Cornelia may have been prouder of her sons, but could not have loved them more. This feeling of exclusive attachment was increased by the loneliness of Mrs. Sherborne's situation ; her husband was a source of terror instead of support ; her parents had long been dead, and she was the only surviving child. One sister, many years older than herself, she remembered as the companion of her infancy ; but her, for a length of time, she had never seen, and all inquiry had been so carefully evaded, that it was only on her father's death that she became acquainted with her sister's fate. A clandestine marriage with one of low rank and doubtful character had occasioned the entire alienation of her family ; unable to dig and ashamed to beg, the unhappy couple had struggled with poverty in vain, and at length, as a last resource, had emigrated to America. From that time to the present, a period of more than fifteen years, no tidings of them had ever been received. Death or pride had sealed their lips ; either they lived in stern defiance of home and home feelings, or else, worn out with hardships and suffering, they had died in the Forest, and "made no sign" of reconciliation and forgiveness. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Sherborne, feeling herself thus alone in the world, should turn to her children with an all-absorbing interest. Like Andromache she felt that to her they were "father, mother, brother, husband,—all."

My connexion with her affairs, during this period, consisted chiefly in paying Mr. S. his stipulated allowance, and in occasional services, both friendly and professional, which I was enabled to render. But a year had scarcely elapsed, before I heard from her that Mr. S. had renewed his applications for money and his threats as to the children ; by which last she was so much alarmed, that the poor little things were only allowed to play on the lawn in sight of the windows. This went on for some time, and on Mr. S.'s part with increasing violence. Something was to be done ; the plan of buying off the enemy had failed ; perhaps, by throwing a sword into the scale, we might succeed better ; at all events it was worth the trial, and accordingly Mrs. S. determined, on my recommendation, to apply to

the courts for relief. From all the previous circumstances, and also from the notoriously bad character of S., who had latterly become more degraded than ever,—considerable hopes of success were entertained.

For the purposes of this suit, as well as to obtain more efficient protection from any forcible attempt that might be made, Mrs. Sherborne came up to town, and accepted an invitation to make my house her home. She soon found herself at ease in our little circle, and her two children were the admiration of the whole family. Mrs. D. was loud in praise of Ernest, a fine rosy-faced, jolly little man, all life and animation; while I was as loud, or nearly so, in behalf of Ella, whose childish beauty I still think the most perfect I ever saw. To see her listening with eager wonder to a fairy tale, or, with a look of simple seriousness, asking some strange question about the "better world,"—how it put to shame those libellers of heaven who make dumpling faces to represent the celestial cherubim, while this gross earth has beings of a beauty so far beyond.

Nov. 16. Every thing goes on well. We shall come on for hearing in about three months, and counsel are sanguine of success. Let us only get a decree that Mrs. S. is to be sole guardian of the children, and we can make our own terms with the scoundrel.

Dec. 5. Went to Reading on business with town-clerk.

Dec. 8. Letter from Mrs. D. Eh? what, "return instantly—Mrs. S. gone mad, or something dreadful happened." Good gracious! what does this mean? Mrs. D. must be mad herself;—"The children,"—S. has carried them off no doubt; eh, eh: no—"the children are quite well, but pray come home INSTANTLY,"—with three dashes. O! I must go of course. The mail passes at two in the morning; if there is room for one, I can be home by eight o'clock to-morrow. "Come home instantly."—What can it be?

Dec. 9. A bitter cold night:—I had to wait for a coach, and did not drive up to the door until past nine. Mrs. D. had some hot coffee ready, and while I took off my great-coat and comfortable, sipped my coffee, and got a warming by the fire, she began a history of what had happened. Mrs. D. is not a Tacitus in style, and before I had got much notion of the matter, peal went the bell, ring, ring, ring—Mrs. Sherborne wishes to see Mr. D. immediately. Confound the hot coffee, I have burned my throat in trying to swallow it down. What is the use of hurrying this way? Really women think there is nothing to do, but to follow their vagaries. \* \* \*

If I entered Mrs. Sherborne's room in bad humour, her appearance put an end to all selfish considerations. Her eyes were dry and blood-shot, and her look painfully eager, like that of a sick man trying to read his fate in the physician's features. She shut the door when I had entered, bolted it, and, without saying a word, put a letter into my hand. A glance round the room showed me both children in bed; there seemed nothing to account for this extreme agitation, and it was not without some misgivings that I sat down to read. She took a seat opposite, snuffed the candle, pushed it towards me, watched me take out my spectacles with evident impatience, and showed every symptom of ungovernable restlessness. With a

view of escaping her searching glance, and concealing the first impression a perusal might create, I managed to hold the letters between us as if to get a better light. I suppose she detected the manœuvre, for after a few minutes she started up and drew aside my screen. I was taken by surprise;—she read alarm and blank consternation in my look, and, turning away with a bitter smile, she walked straight to her children's bed, and buried her face in the pillow between them.

The letter was from an attorney. It announced with cold formality, that he was instructed by Mr. S. to commence proceedings in the ecclesiastical court for a divorce, upon the grounds specified in the statement enclosed; and then followed a most extraordinary narrative:—"That Mr. S.'s first wife, a Mrs. Clayton, to whom he had been married in Philadelphia, was in reality the widow of Thomas Hickson. A copy of Mr. Hickson's certificate of marriage was subjoined, from which it appeared that he was married about eighteen years ago to Caroline Winston, eldest daughter of John Winston, Esq., of — Hall, —shire,—that three years afterwards they had emigrated to America, and settled in Louisiana,—that Mr. Hickson's affairs had prospered greatly for some years, when he died, and his widow, after losing her only child and suffering greatly in her own health, finally disposed of the plantation, and removed to the northern states. At New York, where she resided some time, she had assumed the name of Clayton, probably with a view to prevent any possible recognition by her English relatives; and it was under this name, on her subsequently settling at Philadelphia, that Mr. S. became acquainted with and married her. Mrs. Sherborne was therefore sister to her husband's first wife, and the marriage being within the prohibited degrees of affinity, was consequently void."

Jan. 3. I have had a harassing month of it. What with journeys, and searches, and examinations of all sorts, mine has been any thing but a merry Christmas. All to no purpose too; every thing confirms the melancholy fact that Mrs. Clayton was really the sister who went to America.

Jan. 5. Saw Mr. S.'s attorney. Very civil indeed,—happy to show any letters or papers,—unfortunate business, suggests an arrangement, &c. The sharpening rascal! a partner, no doubt, in the conspiracy, and looks for a share in the plunder. "Those letters of Mrs. Clayton's," he says, "only came to Mr. S.'s knowledge lately, quite by accident. For the honour of human nature I hope this is true. If S. knew of the relation when he married, God forgive him!"

Jan. 12. Ever since this fatal disclosure poor Mrs. Sherborne is quite a different being. Thin and pale, she looks the ghost of her former self; her once easy manner is now either abrupt or absent, and her gentleness of temper has given way to a nervous sensibility. Even to her children she will sometimes speak so harshly, that the poor things colour up to the eyes and do not know what to make of their mamma; then again she will sit for hours watching them at their child's play in the drawing-room with the tears trembling on her dark eye-lashes. Mrs. D. told me that yesterday our Fanny, happen-

ing to throw down Ella at some game or other, Mrs. Sherborne ran to them in the greatest agitation, slapped poor Fanny smartly on the shoulder, and, hastily catching up her child, hurried to her room, where she gave way to a flood of tears. Mrs. D., though ready to make every allowance for her situation, was not pleased to see her children so treated; but her resentment quite vanished, when, about an hour after, my little favourite came down to Fanny with her best toy, and hoped the slap had not hurt much, and that she would kiss and be friends.

Jan. 25. The suit has actually been commenced, and it is absolutely necessary to decide on some plan, though what to advise I do not know. The object of course is to extort money, but no sacrifice on our part can afford the least security against further demands; the suit could be revived at any time as a pretence for fresh exertions.

Mem. I will lay the case before Mr. M., and see if he can suggest any thing.

Jan. 27. Called on S.'s attorney. Sounded him as to the terms expected. He told me broadly that a large sum of ready money would be a *sine quâ non*, and that mere income would not do. Here's another difficulty; the trustees will never give their consent, and without it not a penny can be had.

Jan. 28. Mr. M. has sent his opinion; thinks no real defence can be made, and recommends an arrangement, &c. Bah! he does not know the rascals we have to deal with.

Saw the trustees about advancing money to S.; they refused, of course, without an order from the chancellor. An order from the chancellor in such a business as this! how can they talk such nonsense?

Went again to S.'s attorney, and, on pressing for the exact terms on which the suit would be withdrawn, he had the conscience to demand £5000 for S., and £500 more to himself for law costs! "There had been heavy expenses incurred to procure evidence in America, &c. &c.; no bill would be given, but, on payment, a receipt in full and bond not to sue," &c. Just waste paper, and the fellow knows it.

Feb. 2. Have had repeated interviews both with S. himself and his rascally agent. The strange malignity with which the former regards his wife,—the certainty that he has her in his power,—his own desperate abandoned character,—and the unprincipled venality of his legal adviser,—all have convinced me that, even if the present claims were satisfied, only a temporary relief would be gained. Mrs. S., however, has not the means to satisfy them, if it were desirable to do so; and, under all the circumstances, I think it will be advisable for her to withdraw for the present either to the Continent or some distant part of the country, keeping her residence a profound secret, while I endeavour to create delay by technical forms, or to buy it by tempting S.'s gambling propensities with advances of ready money. To gain time is to gain many chances of safety.

Feb. 3. Long conversation with Mrs. S. I read to her Mr. M.'s opinion,—“that a marriage with the sister of a former wife was clearly within the prohibited degrees, and that length of cohabitation

was no bar to a suit for divorce and nullity of marriage,—that if sentence of divorce were obtained in the ecclesiastical court during the life-time of the parties, the issue of the marriage would be illegitimate; but in case of the death of either party before sentence, the marriage could not then be annulled nor the issue bastardized.” [Lord Lyndhurst, by a late act, has somewhat altered the law on this subject.]

I then detailed the result of my negotiation with her husband, the vindictive feelings he displayed, and the impossibility of effecting an arrangement, concluding with the advice before mentioned as to her keeping out of the way on the chance of relief from Mr. S.’s death or some other contingency. She listened with great emotion; one instant her face and neck were a bright scarlet, and the next white and bloodless as a shrouded corpse. After a while she asked in a low voice, whether, if a divorce were obtained, the property settled on her children would be affected. I answered that it certainly would; her own life-interest would remain; but there being in such case no *lawful* issue, the property after her death would go to those in remainder. “Thank you,” she replied, “thank you;” and the red flush rose once more to her temples. “Pray leave me the papers until to-morrow; my head is too dizzy to think now.”

I rose to go. “I am a great trouble to you,” she said, with a faint smile, and holding out her hand, “your kindness has indeed been extreme, and I feel that my children will ever find in you a friend and protector. Be kind to them,” she added, in a half-choked voice, clasping my hand in both hers, “be kind to them, if they should ever be left helpless and alone in the world.” To wring her hand was all I could reply. As I went down stairs, I heard her lock and double-lock the door of her room, nor was it opened again during the evening.

Feb. 4. Early this morning wrote to a Scotch cousin of Mrs D.’s, in ——shire, to know if she would receive Mrs. Sherborne as an inmate. The place is very retired, and by assuming another name there is little chance of her retreat being discovered.

Breakfast.—After kissing all the youngsters, cutting up my toast into parallelograms, and making a prodigious rustle with the just dried newspaper, I was getting deep into the leading article when Ella came into the room. “Ah! Ella, my child, how is mamma this morning?” “Mamma,” said the little girl, doing her best not to cry, “Mamma won’t kiss me, nor she won’t say any thing, though we called her very loud,—and brother is making such a noise for his breakfast.” “The Times” dropped from my hand; a horrible suspicion flashed on me, and I sat for a minute or two staring at the child in utter bewilderment. “What is the matter?” exclaimed Mrs. D., in a nervous fright at my strange appearance; but without replying I started from my seat and rushed up stairs. I drew the curtain—the first glance was enough—the poor persecuted mother!—they had hunted her to the grave.

A phial of laudanum stood on the table. Mr. M.’s opinion, all blistered with tears, and two letters addressed to me, lay there unsealed; one containing her last wishes, the other a heart-rending appeal.

“Do not, oh, do not blame me; it is for them—for my children.” But no—I cannot torture myself by reading again that mournful, miserable letter. It is enough to know that, worn out with long persecution, she had given way to despair, and seeing that her death before a divorce was obtained would secure her children from disgrace and poverty, she put an end to that life which was now an obstacle to their happiness. If to seethe a kid in the milk of its dam be forbidden, what must their guilt be who force a mother to suicide by the strong workings of a mother’s love!

About a year afterwards a coroner’s inquest was held on a man who had been thrown out of one of the low Hells in — street in the course of some ruffianly quarrel. I did not see the account until long after the occurrence, when, observing that one of the many aliases under which the deceased had gone was the name of Sherborne, I made inquiries on the subject, and from all I could learn it seemed highly probable that the unfortunate man was indeed Mrs. Sherborne’s guilty husband; and as neither Mrs. Winston nor myself have ever been disturbed in our guardianship over the children, it may be considered almost certain that the wretched gambler’s life was ended by a gambler’s death.

## THE ASTRONOMER.

BY ANDREW CROSSE, ESQ., OF BROOMFIELD.

THERE was a man who sent out bills  
Which told to all the neighbours,  
A wondrous sight they all might see,  
The produce of his labours.

The neighbours came accordingly  
(A long word fills my song),  
They blunder up the dusty stairs  
And in the passage throng.

They pop into a dismal room  
(It must be owned ’twas shocking),  
The light came from a pan of grease  
And twisted cotton stocking.

A scaffold rose at yonder end,  
Not much unlike a screen,  
’Twas full of holes, and there appeared  
Some feeble rays between.

A man—I judge so by his voice,  
His face I could not see—  
Now came in front and made a speech  
Uninterruptedly.

Uninterruptedly I say,  
For he was quite at home,  
He told us what the comets do,  
And where the planets roam.

He told us that the sun was round,  
 And made a monstrous blaze,  
 Whereat his hearers, all agog,  
 Sat speechless in amaze.

But when he said the moon had seas,  
 And many a hill and river,  
 They took him for a conjuror,  
 And their hair began to stiver.\*

A signal next the speaker made,  
 And up they drew a curtain,  
 It seemed a flannel petticoat,  
 But of this one can't be certain.

Oh what a grisly ring was there  
 Of brutes with aspect sour,  
 You would have thought the beasts had 'scaped  
 Their dungeons in the Tower.

The Ram was like a Guernsey cow,  
 Which the Bull came trotting after,  
 Driven by the Twins, two savage boys,  
 With roaring shouts of laughter.

Next crawled the Crab, a hideous thing,  
 Like Brobdignagian spider;  
 The Little Lion pranced behind  
 As though about to ride her.

The Virgin! oh, for shame, for shame,  
 A tawdry flaunting quean,  
 You would have sworn she was about  
 To make the signs thirteen.

As for the Scales of course 'tis right  
 To put them in the sky,  
 Since justice long from earth has fled  
 And sits up pretty high.

The Scorpion nervous seemed and vexed,  
 A stranger to repose,  
 So since no other he could sting,  
 He tickled his own nose.

The Archer, for a centaur meant,  
 Half man and half a bear,  
 Held firm his bow against his breast  
 To shoot against the air.

A thing came next, I know not what,  
 He said it was a goat,  
 Two horns it had like coiling ropes  
 That twisted round its throat.

Then followed a black bearded Jew,  
 Whose toil was somewhat vain,  
 He poured dry pebbles from a pot,  
 Which people said was rain.

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\* Stiver, to stand on end, a favourite term in the Somerset dialect.

Next swam in space, though not in sauce,  
Two vast outlandish Fishes ;  
'Twould pose a cook to tell their names  
Or clap them into dishes.

By this tremendous circle bound  
The solar system shone,—  
I should have said was meant to shine,  
The light was well nigh gone.

'Twas very sad to see the plight  
In which the planets lay,  
One scarce could tell the morn from eve,  
Nor yet the night from day.

The sun, by constant winding round,  
Had got a dismal fall,  
From which he wambled when he moved  
Or would not move at all.

Besides, some urchin with a stick  
Had poked him in the face,  
Through which a little candle shone  
Without much solar grace.

Mercury was little better off,  
Since truth we must declare,  
He might have once been meant for round,  
But now he was worn square.

Nor beauty much could Venus boast,  
She flopped all to and fro,  
With dirty patches on her face  
As black as any crow.

Next came the Earth, stuck on a skewer,  
The which around she spun ;  
Oh dear ! what creaking noise she made  
Whilst grinding round the sun.

The Moon, unlike the jolly face  
In learned Moore we find,  
Looked somewhat grim, and I've a thought  
One of her eyes was blind.

But be this as it may, the next  
Was Mars, in proper station,  
Who glowed red as an alderman  
In a city inflammation.

Poor Jupiter, in travelling on  
Too fast, his moons had lost ;  
They stuck against an ugly post  
Which had his passage cross'd.

I never knew he was a shot,  
Yet shot belt had he on ;  
But 'twas so worn and full of holes  
That all the shot were gone.

And next came Saturn, but his ring  
 Was all besmeared with black ;  
 I wonder if the cause is put  
 In any almanack ?

Then came the little Georgian star,  
 Like little Jacky Horner,  
 Who holding fast his Christmas pie  
 Sat snugly in the corner.

A comet must not be forgot,  
 Who left his tail behind,  
 Then stopped to look for what he'd lost,  
 But this he could not find.

Proud of the show, and ready primed  
 With poetry and prose,  
 The astronomer resumed his flight,  
 An owl amidst the crows.

He sang how first 'twas jumble all—  
 Earth, water, mixed together—  
 Spread out beneath the sun-like soup  
 Or a sea of fluid leather ;—

How from the mass round globes shot off  
 At once in wild commotion,  
 And light arose amidst the storm  
 And flashed upon the ocean ;

And those who had an eye might see  
 (If any then had eyes)  
 A thousand suns resplendent burn,  
 A thousand systems rise ;—

How nature was ashamed to show  
 Such wild organization,  
 And opened to the eye of day  
 A beauteous creation ;—

How earth was crusted o'er with good  
 Rich vales, stupendous mountains,  
 With birds to fill the air with song,  
 With groves to shade the fountains ;

With fish to wallow in the seas,  
 Insects to suck the flowers ;  
 With man, to tyrannize at will,  
 Endowed with godlike powers.

He sang that though the heavens are vast,  
 And awful to behold,  
 And though the arch above us gleams  
 With stars of living gold,

Yet still that equal wonder lies  
 In things minute on earth,  
 That nature teems with shapes of life  
 With scarce discovered birth ;—

That microscopic aid reveals  
 New worlds in every rose,  
 In every gem that studs the leaf,  
 In every flower that blows.

The mite is not so passing large,  
 His bristles somewhat small,  
 Yet when he scratches one of these  
 A hundred cities fall.

Earthquakes and mitequakes thus may be  
 Proportionably right,  
 One clears base vermin from the world,  
 The other from the mite.

He said—but here his strain was mixed  
 With visions swift that rose,  
 The drowsy hum-drum of the song  
 Had lulled me to repose.

I slept, how long I cannot tell,  
 But started at the sound  
 Of people struggling to get out  
 Through darkness most profound.

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## LONDON IN 1857,

OR A

### PROSPECTIVE PIECE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MUCH fatigued with business—for this month, June, was very busy to me—I returned late one evening home to my own snug house. Be it known to all the world that I am a bachelor, and that my prosperity increasing year by year in —, a most agreeable, I *was* going to say, but I amend my phrase by substituting the words—what *might have been*—a most agreeable ratio, I have not yet been induced to take a wife to myself, and struggle on with the world for some end and purpose. Wealth is but a cumbersome thing in some situations, and I know no situation so unenviable as that of the man who looks around him and sees an accumulation of that which will purchase all the good things of this life—life and health excepted—while the sad and dispiriting certainty that there is no one else in the world to enjoy it with him—no wife, no children, to share the blessing with its solitary possessor, and from whom he can derive happiness by imparting it—presses with sick and dreary heaviness upon his mind. But I am straying from my point. Where can be the benefit of moralizing, when I am almost clear that I am the only person of my own unfortunate nation that can now peruse these lines? It may then be asked of me why I write? My answer is, *that I cannot help it*. I try to drown my recollections in presenting them on paper for the satisfaction of my own mind, and to make the misery to which my

recollections point so familiar to my imagination that it may lose the horror of its strangeness.

On the 23rd day of June, 1857, late in the evening, I returned home. I flung myself on the sofa, quite worn out, and rang for my dinner. Up came my housekeeper with the chill and smokeless repast—it was intended to be hot—naturally spoilt by keeping. I was so drowsy that the vision of her entrance conveyed no definite impression to my senses, and it required a hearty shake or two to make me get up, and be sensible that the meal, such as it was, invited my kind attention. I rose and *swam* to the table; but it was long, owing to my indomitable sleepiness, before I could find any appetite. At last I shook off a little of the stupor which oppressed me, and began to address myself to that which had been placed before me. About an hour and a half elapsed before I had finished my repast, for I ate lazily, and even every now and then took a five minutes' consultation with myself, whether it was worth while to "lay knife aboard" again upon the joint, though the operation had for its end nothing more or less than the gratification of my own appetite. At last, however, I finished, sent away the paraphernalia, saw tumbler and rum placed upon the table, and moved myself to the fire, where slippers, dressing-gown, and easy-chair, kindly awaited me. Thus passed an hour or two:—first a reverie, then a mixture of the liquids that lay temptingly beside me, then a pause to let the tumbler cool, then a stir and pile up of the fire, then a few sips, with intervals of thought, then a half-doze, then a wake-up, reverie, and so on, "same as before," as the doctors say upon their villainous phials. At ten o'clock, or a little after, I rang for my chamber-candlestick, left the fastening up of the house, for the first time in my life, to my trusty Betty, and deliberately and philosophically

"Bedward plodded my weary way,"

leaving the house to darkness and my housekeeper.

I slept like a top, or a dead man, and at last started up surprised to see the sunshine look so glaring and *noon-like*. What a time I must have slept to be sure! I looked at my repeater, the hand pointed to half-past ten: twelve mortal hours had I been sleeping, as if I had been never going to awake again! No dreams—no partial waking up—no thought—nothing but a dead—dead void. I had never had such a sleep in my life, and I was as much surprised at it as I was displeased and discomforted at the lateness of the hour.

That traitorous Betty too! Why had I not been called? It was invariably my strictest order that seven A. M. should never be let pass without an unceremonious *rat tat* or *thump thump* at the door, with the accompanying intimation, "It's seven o'clock, Sir, and your water's getting stone cold." I jumped out of bed and began to dress myself in a terrible hurry, predetermined to have a good scold at my housekeeper the moment I was fit to be looked upon. What a satisfaction there is in these belligerent determinations! I positively felt all the less angry with her, because I was going to give her a very extraordinary rating! This complacency was like the oil thrown upon the fire, that *cools* while it *heightens the flame*. Dear me! half-

past ten! all my clerks expecting me (for no work is ever I believe *seriously* begun till the master is descried *looming* into the *office*), to set their quills in motion and their tongues at rest, and perhaps no end of people on business awaiting me in the antechamber of my counting-house.

I thought of little but my hurry and anger as I descended the stairs. All was silent below, so I stepped into the drawing-room and pulled the bell, determined to open my fire the moment the enemy should come within range. Betty, however, did not think proper to come up stairs—probably conscience-struck and consequently cautious. There is an instinct sometimes in these matters, but *n'importe*. I pulled a second time and had no better luck! "She must have fallen asleep," said I, "but it was not ill of her to do her work first. The fire is lighted, but looks as if it had long wanted looking after; the apartment is put in order, and the breakfast things are upon the table. However, I must have hot water and *she* must have her scolding."

After a few more ineffectual rings I walked down stairs to the kitchen, but found it vacant. Where could she be? where could she have got to? Her bedroom door was open. I looked in, but nobody was there. I re-ascended the stairs, rather more hurriedly than before, and with a vague feeling of alarm. She was neither in the parlours, drawing-rooms,—in short, in no part of the house! Quite amazed, and with a very anxious and cloudy brow, I walked to the drawing-room window. The odd, the utter silence of the street, populous enough all day yesterday, for the first time struck me. Not a person was in sight, though the shutters of the houses were open, and all looked as it ought to have done. Not a soul could I see, either up or down the pavement. Not a wheel could I hear, but the street in which I lived was dull, though a good many pedestrians were accustomed in the course of the day to pass through it, and so I did not so much wonder at the latter circumstance. I may as well mention to the reader that my street was the old one called Queen Anne Street, and that the house I inhabited, as well as the adjoining one, were erected in the room of a large one, the lease of which expired in the year 1839, and which being very old was pulled down, and the present brace of smaller, though more convenient, messuages raised up in its room.

With a strange and disagreeable feeling creeping over me I seized my hat, opened the street door, and sallied into the street. At the first turning I paused, and looked up and down the street which crossed mine, and which led, at no great distance, into Cavendish Square. I stared, as well I might: not a soul was to be seen! not a carriage was to be distinguished! I hurried along, crossed the square, turned down Princes Street, shot across Oxford Street, and arrived at the top of that usually crowded and justly celebrated thoroughfare along which so many are daily wont to pass—I mean Regent Street. It was here just the same. *Not a soul, however distant, was to be discerned; not a wheel broke upon the astounded ear, all was deathlike silence; the silence of the country, rather, for two crows came winging blackly along above me, and gave a fearful ca-aw as they looked down upon the empty, the utterly deserted streets!*

I was perfectly bewildered : words cannot express my astonishment. I stood petrified, doubting almost if I lived, and very much inclined to believe I was in some singular and horrible dream. Let the reader carefully consider my situation—I was alone, one solitary individual, in the very midst of London, in one of its most thickly populated streets, standing in the midst of four ways, and alternately looking down each, vainly expecting to see some person or some symptom of inhabitants. It was standing, truly, in the City of the Dead! Let the reader, with his knowledge of what London is every day, with his remembrances of crowded streets, bustling throngs, rattle and rumble of wheels heavy and light, chaos of carriages, oceans of people, the never-ceasing activity, the immense stir and agitation, the variety of objects and employments, the clash of conflicting interests and pursuits, the vast and apparently more than mortal turbulence of an overgrown metropolis like London, fancy himself standing, like me, alone—ALONE in its deserted streets, the only survivor of a general destruction ; the last man in a populous world, the only human being among the habitations of thousands, and scores of increasing thousands, the sole wretch existent from a universal wreck. And then the houses were so large, so proud, so towering, drawing sullenly away till lost in the dimness of perspective distance ; the pavements could now only echo back my single, solitary tread ; the roads, the files of lamps, the sea of streets were around me, and I was unconnected, cut off from my kind, with nothing but my single voice in this gigantic and awful solitude—a voice how soon lost amidst the myriads of buildings that shut me in their still and tomblike recesses! how feebly returned from the chill, repulsive architectural surfaces, which rose up sadly and freezingly before me. *All London was mine.* I was the possessor of countless treasures, of piles of wealth that would baffle the most exquisite resources of arithmetic! I could enter every shop and ransack its stores without word or molestation. For years could I employ myself in examining each house, and going from one to another, from street to street, from district to district, till, maddened by my unearthly solitude, my more than mortal torture, I seized a torch, sought one of the numberless repositories of combustibles that were scattered around me, and, firing the magazine, put an end to the horrors that silently stared me to death around, by burning the one mighty grave of humanity, witnessing, alone, the conflagration of the modern Babylon, and perishing in the flames of my colossal mausoleum!

Oh, what a sight I thought would such a scene be! what could be my sensations in witnessing, without a soul to share its terrible, its overwhelming grandeur, so splendid, yet so awful a catastrophe! What companion should I have, but that superhuman element which I should call into existence by my own weak hands, and which, mastering in the moment of its fearful creation the being that produced it, would soar above my puny reachings, tear down the authority that birthed it, laugh to scorn the powerless insect that accidentally broke the iron spell which bound its brazen, bursting limbs, and let the gigantic demon rush forth upon the earth, destruction in its flashing eye-balls and the red shafts of conflagration in its trem-

blingly eager hand—rush with the worm it rode over through the flame-undulating streets, and yell at last in exultation over the mighty destruction which it had effected, and the rash creature that in sacrificing himself to the scorching, devouring breath of the thing he had produced, fell a victim to that which he had himself brought into its terrible, its godlike existence. Fire I thought must be the issue. The city could *not* stand, I should go mad before I neared its boundaries; its churchyard silence seemed already to overpower my soul! I must destroy it. Fire and myself must be its kings, and we must expire together. Had there been but one being left to share the solitude with me, methinks I could have borne it. How did I know? there might be yet another solitary individual like myself at some extremity of the metropolis, who was making the same lamentations as I was making, and mourning his desolate condition, wandering the empty streets alone, perhaps, like myself. This thought operated like magic, it allayed the fire in my brain in a moment, and I gradually became more quiet in mind and composed in body.

Some time elapsed. I gasped less convulsively, and my pulses began to cease the fearful rapidity of their movements. I walked down the street, rounded the Quadrant, passed along the lower portion of the street, and found myself entering into Waterloo Place, where it widens towards the flight of steps, the Shakspeare\* column, the clubhouses, and the Park; still, still the same—silence, unbroken silence; a desert of buildings, a solitude more profound than that of the vastest desert, whose thousands of miles of parching sand reduce the solitary traveller to the insignificance of one of the very grains that is unperceivable in a foot square of the universal space, the sky-like blank around him. I could not induce myself to enter any of the houses, though all were open. Shops, doors of large buildings, stared me in the face in every direction, and smiled me almost into frenzy. I hurried on through the graves of universal mortality.

And how could I account for all this? There was the terrible certainty, however, before me. Where had the inhabitants fled to? Had they sunk into the earth? been wholly swept away by some invisible and inscrutable decree? and all in one night? London was itself but last night, and what is it now? I seek my bed with the world around, and wake its solitary tenant! By what strange and awful means had the people thus imperceptibly passed away—passed away like a fugitive thought, never to again exist; faded, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a trace behind? This suspense, this weight of hopeless speculation, was torturing. I could but ask the question. Where have they fled to? whither have they gone? and echo could only answer me in my own word—*where?*

I passed down Pall Mall and entered Trafalgar Square. How different from yesterday! where was the crowd pressing through the doors of the National Gallery? There were all inanimate objects, unconscious and unchanged; the naval monument of Nelson, with its

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\* This column was, I believe, twenty years ago called by another name, and dedicated to and surmounted by a statue of Frederic, Duke of York, brother of George IV.

fountains and *rostra*, the balustrades across the noble area, the equestrian statue of King Charles, the square itself, noiseless and deserted as the fearful Upas. All mocked me with its voiceless sameness. The sun was high and hot, the sky intensely blue, and the burning sunshine streaming down and gilding the monuments of the departed, the "whitened sepulchres," still, ghostlike, and untenanted.

I reached the Strand. The new rows of shops and houses on the north side of the thoroughfare looked just as usual. A labyrinth of empty streets extended round me; the silence of the charnel vault brooded over the roofs, the spires, the colossal magnificence of London!

The upper part of the Strand, and the new Triumphal Arch erected in the place of the old and dingy Temple Bar, now rose upon the sight. I increased my pace. Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, the Poultry, Lombard Street, Fenchurch Street, Thames Street, were successively passed through, and I walked along the Custom House Terrace, and, reaching the stairs, began to think of the desolation I had witnessed in my passage. Shops, warehouses, manufactories, public buildings, private houses, streets, lanes, courts, and alleys, had *shocked* me with their more than deathlike stillness. I was half stupified, and gazed vacantly upon the broad and silvery surface of the beautiful Thames, as it rippled gently up to my feet (the tide was up), and seemed to proclaim to me that it was the only thing gifted with motion within the monstrous circuit of our Titanian metropolis.

I leaped into a wherry and seized the oars, anxious to drift down the glittering river towards the country, and so escape the horrors that reigned in the City of the Dead. Here was fresh food for wonder. The tiers of shipping rose grimly before me, frowning like giants on the silent waters, and seeming to taunt me with my utter helplessness and insignificance, a forest of masts and I buried in the recesses. *I grew now frightened at the things around me.* The mighty vessels, with their high and jetty sides, the nets of labyrinthine cordage, the sea of tracery, the squared yards, the fluttering streamers,—the tiers of colliers and coasters, stretching out before me, till they were lost by distance and the turns of the river,—the river craft of all descriptions, the unwieldy steam-ships, with their stunted funnels, black hulls, and scarlet paddles,—these objects of life and use, ten thousand times more horrid in their present motionless abandonment and lumbering uselessness, with the one wide tomb, the spectral metropolis, on each side of me, with its hundred tapering spires, its sublimely-domed cathedral, its towered abbey, its ocean of wavy roofs (smokeless now, alas!), its splendid bridges, its wharfs, its magnificent public buildings, rose up in chaos around me, and seemed each, in its varying yet uniform individuality, to stamp madness on my brain, and drive me from the deadness encircling me to the death which had so momentarily swallowed up all the living population that had made London—London.

I looked up to the heavens; there all was still, and calm, and beautiful, and glorious:—the sun in fervid grandeur above me; the snow-heaped clouds sailing slowly through the blue profundity of the

sea of summer sky, and glassing back his glory in the scintillating face of the lovely river. Sunshine, rich June sunshine, was on all objects. A deliciously soft south-western wind blew gently in my face, and, as it swept calmly over its surface, slightly agitated the water. All was peace and beauty,—peace maddening in its intensity! beauty terrible in its solitude!

I could bear no more: all that I had gone through since the morning seemed to rush upon, at once, and overpower my soul. All familiar objects around me,—the ancient Tower, the Monument, London Bridge, the Southwark iron bridge, seen through its arches in noble perspective, St. Saviour's church, well-known building after building,—and yet, how strange, how changed, how desolate! I dropped the oars and buried my face in my hands. Oh! what joy it would have been to have heard, at ever so great a distance, the voice of some one shouting for companionship! Excited by the idea I started up and called out with my whole power of voice. I listened anxiously for an answer; all was vain. My shout echoed on the bank and expired among the buildings which crowded its ridge and the vessels made fast to its multitudinous wharfs. The disappointment completed the overthrow of my endurance. I pressed my hands against my eyes, and in a fit of frenzied agitation threw myself into the river. Downwards I shot, head foremost; the waters bubbled and rolled above me; I was strangling in the water, bursting for breath. My senses were sinking fast into oblivion; my last sensation was that of the tide splashing against my dripping body. Just as I had closed my eyes for the last time and composed myself to die, *I heard a voice shouting from the bank of the river.* New life rushed into my failing pulses; I listened in an intensity of eagerness. The cry was repeated. Again it smote upon my ear. Thank heaven! I am saved at last! At last I caught the words, "*It's eight o'clock, Sir, and the water's been waiting for you for a whole hour.*" I struggled hard with the blank that seemed to enclose me; bumped up against something that came floating towards me (the shock of which seemed to shatter my whole fabric), and—*woke.* I stared. I had rolled out of bed, upset the washhand-stand, tumbled over the ewer, the cold water of which had given me the sensations of my immersion in the river, and been restored to consciousness by the careful voice of my faithful housekeeper. Oh, the unspeakable joy of my discovery! Delight of delights! Glory of glories! *There were people in London besides myself,* and there were human creatures once more around me!

A dread, however, came over me in the moment of my exultation, excited by the dreadful vividness of my dream. Was not that dream "the denotement of a foregone conclusion?" *Would London ever be as I had seen it?* and was I ever fated to be the last of its inhabitants?

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

## ASMODEUS AND THE INCOGNITO.

*(Continued from page 407.)*

“ I am a spirit of no common rate ;  
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
 And I do love thee ; therefore go with me.

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And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.”—*Shakspeare.*

OUR crystal boat soon floated above the towers of Notre Dame, and drifted south-westward over Montargis, Auxerre and Chalons. Asmodeus, acting as Cicerone, said :—“ Those are the Alps, by which Italy is separated from the rest of Europe. Oh ! that the Italians knew how to make a good use of that formidable bulwark ! Their country is naturally rich, great and powerful by land and sea ; but by their indolence and disunion they have rendered it unhappy, insignificant, and weak. ’Tis true, that both the Carthaginian Napoleon of old, and the modern Hannibal of Corsica, were not stopped in their martial career by those almost unsurmountable mountains ; but posterity will probably never witness their equals. It is therefore actually the fault of the Italians, if their country is condemned,—

‘ A servir sempre o vincitrice, o vinta.’ ”

“ Well spoken,” said I, “ but pray, Asmodeus, let us alight on the summit of Mont Blanc, that I may contemplate for a short time nature’s wonders and beauties.” “ Be it so,” was his reply, and, behold, we soon were on *terra-firma*.

In getting out of the boat, having been suddenly seized by the intense cold, I began to tremble with all my limbs, and was nearly fainting, when Asmodeus advised me to take a lozenge. Having directly followed his suggestion I felt perfectly comfortable. To describe what is indescribable, being an impossibility, I cannot impart to the reader the delight, the admiration, and the pleasing and astonishing sensations, by which my mind was overpowered, while I stood at 15,780 feet above the surface of the ground on a pic of massive snow with a good devil at my elbow. Suffice for me to say, that the spectacle was wonderful in every direction. In the shade, even without the aid of the telescope, I could easily perceive the stars twinkling in the cloudless heavens. Under me I viewed with rapture the magical effect of numberless high pics covered with eternal snow, the clear lakes of Switzerland and Italy, and the azure waves both of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. On my left the picturesque aspect of the South of France presented a landscape, compared to which the finest specimens of Claude, Poussin, Albano, and Salvator Rosa would appear but failures. On my right, Italy appeared in all her charms, with her fertile plains, and highly cultivated hills and valleys, intersected by limpid rivers, and evergreen Appennines. Here my attention was attracted by foaming cascades, which afterwards transformed themselves into torrents and rivers. There crystalline glaciers,

reflecting, like mirrors, the scenery of the environs, dazzled my sight. Towards the south-west the Valtelline and the Grisons formed a prospect both attractive and romantic. As I continued attentively surveying the majesty of nature, Asmodeus said, "Well, I see that you would willingly remain much longer here, but as you have already sufficiently satisfied your wishes, I think we had better resume our voyage." "If it be your pleasure," answered I, "I am ready;" consequently we re-embarked and steered towards Italy.

While we were sailing over Turin, Charles Albert was just going out in state, preceded, surrounded, and followed by numerous horse-guards. I could easily see the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and even hear the cheers and hurrahs of the multitude through which his carriage passed. "Faith!" said I to Asmodeus, "'tis truly very strange. I see that his Sardinian Majesty is much applauded, how happens it then that he is generally represented as a tyrant hated by his subjects?" With a sardonic smile on his lips the devil replied, "Yes, the king of Sardinia is indeed a tyrant, and deserves the hatred of his people, but I am much surprised at finding that you have not yet learned why kings and princes are always well received in public in all countries where tyranny and despotism are their only support. Well, I will tell you by what means this mock popularity is obtained. The Sardinian minister of police, whenever his master goes out of his palace, or rather of *his royal prison*, stations all his secret paid spies and satellites in the streets, through which the king must pass; those hirelings, supporters, and slaves of absolutism, receive strict orders to cheer and hurrah the monarch with all their might; and as a great portion of the lower classes of Italy, I may also say of almost all countries, often act rather like monkeys than as reasoning and reflecting beings: when a man is cheered and applauded they cheer and applaud him; when he is hooted, hissed, and pelted, they also hoot, hiss, and pelt him, without considering whether he deserves it or not. However, the middle classes and all those who have had the good luck of acquiring some instruction, bear with indignation the Sardinian yoke, repeating within themselves that verse of Alfieri,

"Siam servi, si, ma servi ognor frementi."

"Ah! ah!" quoth I, "if that is the way that kings and princes are popular, I wish them joy, and especially to Charles Albert, whom I remember to have known at Rome in 1817, when H. R. H. the Prince of Carignano, openly professed very liberal opinions both on religious and political subjects, nay, he was there regarded as a republican and a carbonaro."

"And such has always been the cunning policy of all young princes who are to succeed to a throne," retorted Asmodeus; "they act so for two motives; 1st. by so doing they gain, during their youth, the approbation and esteem of the patriots; 2d. when they obtain the crown and power, they know how to deal with their former friends and partisans. Consult the annals of the world, and you will find that almost all those apparently liberal young princes have become, during their reign, greater tyrants than their predecessors were." While Asmodeus was thus instructing me, I perceived through the telescope in

the centre of a large city a noble and magnificent marble structure surrounded by gardens and almost besieged by horse and foot-guards. What place is that?" asked I of Asmodeus. "That is the residence of a despot," replied he; "that is the palace of a fiend, who, considering his limited means, greatly surpasses in cruelty and oppression all the Tiberii and Neros of old. There lives the Archduke Francis of Este, the present ruling tyrant of Modena. Do you see in that splendid apartment that pale, thin, and powdered individual in company with an elderly fat person and a young man?" "Yes," answered I, "and they seem busily engaged in reading some MSS. papers." "Well," resumed Asmodeus, "the powdered individual is the Duke; the elderly fat person is his Confessor and Prime-Minister, and the young man, a Jesuit by profession, is his private secretary; they are perusing some denunciations, which have been forwarded this morning against three gentlemen who are suspected of entertaining liberal opinions. The Monks, who really swarm in the Modenese, are the best spies of the Duke; and, as through interest or spite they often abuse their calling, many families are ruined in consequence of their denunciations. Asmodeus was still revealing the baseness of those dirty hypocrites, when the door of the apartment was opened; and a young lady, dressed in black and bathed in tears, quickly advancing, presented a petition to the Duke, and then threw herself at his feet. The Prince, however, directly destroyed the paper without looking at it: the young Jesuit rang the bell, and, behold, two guards took away through violence the fair supplicant from the arch-ducual presence. "Oh! the brute," cried I, with indignation; "pray, Asmodeus, explain to me the meaning of that distressing sight; tell me what was her request, and why it has not been granted?" "She is the wife of a young barrister," said the devil; "her husband generously, but foolishly, dared to become the advocate of the unfortunate Menotti, who was executed for high-treason in 1831. From that epoch he was of course placed under the surveillance both of the political and religious inquisition as a man of suspected liberal principles. Having afterwards been denounced to belong to the Carbonari of Central Italy, he has been condemned to be imprisoned for life. This is the sixth time that his disconsolate spouse has implored his pardon; but, as you have already witnessed, she has always been treated in the same manner."

"But, I suppose," observed I, "it has been proved that he was a Carbonaro?" "Proved!" retorted Asmodeus, peevishly,— "not at all. If the least proof had existed, he would have been soon dispatched on the gallows, his family exiled, and his property confiscated. In the States of Francis D' Este a single denunciation is quite sufficient to deprive a man of his liberty, and sometimes of his life." "And do his subjects bear such a tyrannical yoke?" quoth I. "Even they must," rejoined Asmodeus. "Look beneath you on every direction, and you will soon discover the cause of their forbearance." I obeyed his command, and saw with dismay that Austrian troops in great numbers were encamped almost all around the Modenese. I sighed, and then said, "Where are the state prisoners detained?" "There," answered Asmodeus, pointing to a subterraneous prison under the citadel of

Modena. I contemplated for a few instants that wretched abode, and was horror-stricken in seeing several human beings buried alive in small cells, separated from each other, and showing in their emaciated countenances striking marks of their mental and bodily sufferings. Those dungeons received a faint light by a little aperture guarded with strong iron grates, through which one of the nearest relations is allowed every three months to communicate with the prisoner in the presence of two policemen. "But that is worse than the famous Spanish Inquisition," observed I. "And so it ought to be," said Asmodeus, "since political inquisitors are a great deal worse than religious ones. Nay, I must also tell you, that those victims of absolutism are every month forced to make revelations of their supposed political accomplices, and, as they cannot make any, they are brutally tortured with the strappado.\* However, I am sure that I have shown to you enough of Modena to prevent you from ever coming to live in it during the present state of things. Now we will sail for Naples, where, if you like, we will take our dinner." On hearing this intimation, I was at first highly pleased, because I ardently wished to revisit a city where, in the spring of life, I had spent my happiest days; but, a few minutes after, the sweet recollection of the past and the bitter certainty of the present contrasted so much in my mind, that I became melancholy and thoughtful, and sunk into a profound desponding silence; I was however awakened from this short lethargy by Asmodeus, who, having rudely shaken me, said, "What is the matter with you now?" "Alas! Asmodeus," replied I, "pity my despondency, for I have experienced the truth of that beautiful sentence of the amorous Francesca di Rimini:—

"Nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria."

"Pish!" quoth my infernal friend, with a merry and encouraging look; "away with all dull cares! Follow my advice; think not of the past, because, as Terence justly says, 'factum infectum fieri nequit;' make the best use you can of the present, and don't be much perplexed about futurity, for 'what must happen will happen,' do what you may. Therefore, cheer up." "I admire the soundness of your counsel, but you know that I have not much of a philosopher in me," said I to Asmodeus. "Aye, aye, but you must be a philosopher," responded the devil, "if you wish to live at all comfortably amongst your fellow-creatures. Nay, you ought to imitate Democritus, and laugh at every thing. But now I engage you to contemplate the unrivalled view of the bay of Naples. Look down," continued Asmodeus; "that small island beneath us is Capri. There Tiberius spent the last seven years of his life in degrading voluptuousness and infamous cruelty. Now that city on your right hand, which forms the point of the bay, is Sorrento, justly renowned for having been the birth-place of the immortal Torquato Tasso,

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\* The Strappado is an instrument of punishment employed to extort from supposed offenders the confession of their crimes and associates. The hands of the offender are tied behind his back; he is raised into the air by means of a rope, and then is allowed to fall suddenly to the ground, which causes the dislocation of his shoulder bones, and a dreadful torment.

the most unfortunate of modern poets. Beyond Sorrento you see those magnificent villas and residences projecting on the shores. That is Castello à Mare, a most delightful and fashionable place during the summer season. A little further towards La Costa on the route to Pœstum, observe the half-burned Torre del Greco, and the venerable disinterred ruins of Pompeii and Stabiæ. The favourite, the splendid palace of Portici, and all those luxuriant villas which follow, are built on the site of ancient Herculaneum. Behind them you may easily discern Mount Vesuvius, which is darkening the atmosphere with the immense volumes of its greyish smoke. Santo Jorio, the Granatiello, and La Maddalena are the next ornaments of the bay. Now turn towards your left. Pozzuoli with its natural wonders and its stupendous remains of antiquity, begins the other side of the bay. Those evergreen hills, adorned with villas and palaces, are called La Spiaggia di Posilipo, and that useful new road which reaches as far as Chiaja, was projected and opened by the unfortunate Murat. Those charming gardens on the shore are La Villa Reale, which is almost united to the Chiatamone and Santa Lucia. Look beneath you towards the same side. Those two highly cultivated islands are Ischia and Procida, both celebrated for salubrity of climate, for their medicinal springs and baths, and for their delicious wines. Almost in the centre of this enchanting amphitheatre, you may now admire the luxurious and lovely Parthenope, proud of its natural charms and of its numerous works of art, guarded on the sea-side by the Fortino del Carmine, Castel Nuovo, Castel dell' Uovo, and by the fortifications of Posilipo. That strong and elevated fortress is Sant' Elmo; it commands the whole city on every direction, and defends it against all internal popular commotions. The harbour, as you see, is thinly stocked both with naval and commercial vessels because industry, and commerce are not only paralysed, but almost forbidden. The Mole was crammed with sailors, fishermen, and lazzaroni; and the Villa Reale and Strada Toledo were filled with fashionable visitors of all nations, it being nearly two o'clock and a most beautiful day. I am not surprised at the *dolce far niente* of the Neapolitans," said I to Asmodeus. "What! what!" hastily answered the devil with a frown; their *dolce far niente* is forced upon them by their ignorant and despotic government. As the same soil well cultivated always produces the same fruits, and even improves with time; thus a nation would always engender the same people, if those who direct its education were not selfish, superstitious, and slave-mongers." "But where will you alight," enquired my Cicerone?" I expressed my wish of visiting an old acquaintance of mine who lived at Copodimonte, because he, being an instructed man who had travelled over a great part of Europe, was more likely not to be scandalised by my being in company with a devil. My request was complied with, and we soon descended into his residence.

When I presented myself, astonished at my unexpected visit, my friend started from his seat, and said, "Perchè vieni da me? Vuoi rovinarmi? Va via." "Non temer, non temer," replied I, because nobody is acquainted with my being here." "Ma come sei venuto," observed he." Col Diavolo," quoth I." "Corbezzoli! Bravo, bravissimo," resumed my friend with animation. "Ora

sì che sei veramente perfetto. Non ti mancava che ciò. Dov' è il tuo diavolo?" "Eccomi, eccomi," cried Asmodeus, showing himself. "Ebbene," said the Neapolitan, "Signor Don Asmodeo, vi ringrazio di tutto cuore di avermi condotto il mio amico. For a long while I have been greatly annoyed by political and epidemic terrors. Oggî almeno pranzereno insieme, ed allegramente. But pray tell me how things go on in England," asked he. "So so," replied I. As usual, the Tories and the Whigs struggle for places and emoluments; the Radicals make great noise and do no good; and the people groan, murmur, and begin to lose their patience. "A-propos," said the Neapolitan, "how does Lord Brougham do? We have been told that he is quite undone both in health and influence." "Not at all," replied I; "in despite of his revilers and of the Tories, he is perfectly restored to health and vigour; I saw him the other day, and he truly looked twenty years younger." "I am very glad to hear it," quoth my friend, "because I have always considered him a great man." "And so he is," subjoined Asmodeus; "he has, however, committed a great fault, he ought never to have accepted the peerage. The House of Commons wanted his talents and his wonderful activity. As it is, he may still be of much utility to his nation in the Upper House, and I think he will." "Ma dimmi un poco," said I to my friend, "come vanno gli affari in Napoli." "Malissimo, peggio che mai," answered he. "We are oppressed by despotic laws, we are impoverished both by taxation and by the preventive system of commerce, the priests and monks have become more numerous and more powerful than ever, and the political inquisition is overbearing. However, the present state cannot last much longer." "How has the cholera treated you?" asked I. "Why, our physicians were more frightened of it than even our Lazzaroni, said he. I assure you that *la paura ha fatto più male* than the cholera, and the government, taking advantage of every misfortune, through its ecclesiastical supporters, has gained much in favour of its absolutism." "Now, will you inform me, what you think of the late fire of the Royal Palace," questioned I. "Non saprei che dirti di certo," rejoined he; "corre voce, che i Carbonari hanno voluto carbonizzare il Re e tutta la famiglia; but it appears that the mine failed, and the people will be obliged to pay a good deal more than it will cost to repair the damage done; for you know that the Bourbons are all infected with the disease of craftiness and avarice." While he was still speaking, a servant came in to announce that the dinner was on the table. "Andiamo," said the Neapolitan; "Con piacere," quoth I; "Con piacere," echoed Asmodeus.

After having partaken of an excellent dinner, and drank of the best *Lacrima-Christi* and *Montepulciano*; Asmodeus and I took leave of my friend, who, in shaking hands said to me, smiling, "Il Diavolo t'accompagni." "Grazie molte," replied I, "and, arm in arm with the Devil, we walked through Toledo to the Mole. There numberless Lazzaroni were assembled, listening to an old man who, standing on a bench, was reciting to them from the "Jerusalem" of Tasso, and then explained the finest passages which relate the exploits of Tancredi and Rinaldo. He must have

performed well his character, because not only he shed tears himself, but by his acting he excited so much the feelings of his hearers, that they also sobbed, sighed, and cried. While I was going to ask of Asmodeus what it meant, all of a sudden a great confusion took place amongst the Lazzaroni. At first they abused each other with stentorian voices and dreadful imprecations; then they began to fight both with their fists and feet, and lastly with pebbles and flint-stones, and consequently several of them were severely hurt and bruised. This Lazzaronian fray would probably have lasted much longer, had not a strong picket of soldiers been discovered marching towards the Mole, and, at its appearance, *scappa, scappa*, was the general cry of the combatants, and sooner than I can write it down, they were all out of sight.

Tranquillity having been restored, I enquired of a Neapolitan by-stander, "Cosa mai ha prodotto quella zuffa?" "Niente, niente, bagattelle, Signore," answered he, smiling. "I Tancredisti e i Rinaldisti hanno fatto a pugna, a calci e a pietre ed ora son forse tutti insieme a mangiar maccheroni. Ecco tutto." As I did not perfectly understand the exact meaning of this laconic reply, I requested an explanation; when he said—"Our Lazzaroni are indeed strange fellows; they are, however, greatly misrepresented and calumniated, for, although idle and superstitious, they are also very sober and honest on the whole. Their religious creed is extremely foolish, because, according to them, San Gennaro, the patron of Naples, is the greatest and most powerful in heaven. The Madonna del Carmine is next to him in power and goodness. Then they reverence Gesù Maria, Gesù Cristo, and Gesù Nazareno, who, in their opinion, are three sons of the Madonna, and after them St. Joseph, and God Almighty, but they very seldom, or never enter into a church. With regard to politics, they profess none, but are under the control of the *Capopopolo*, whom they choose from amongst themselves to represent Masaniello, to whose memory they pay the greatest respect. The *Capopopolo* is much esteemed by the government, and is even admitted at court on account of his extraordinary influence over his constituency. Nay, if this modern Masaniello were not on the spot no public execution or ceremony could take place without tumult. True Lazzaroni will denounce a thief and prevent a premeditated assault. Between themselves they get often into a great passion almost for nothing; quarrel, fight, but become friends again immediately. They are divided into two chivalrous sects; some admire Tancredi, and others idolize Rinaldo. The latter assert that without the great aid of their idol the Christian Crusaders must have been annihilated by the Turks, while the former pretend that their hero was the greatest and most useful warrior under Goffredo. On this subject, therefore, they come to blows almost every day. Ebbene," added he, "il lor poeta ha loro poco fà recitato la morte di Clorinda. The Rinaldisti have spoken against Tancredi for having slain that beautiful and valorous female warrior. The Tancredisti have of course strongly defended the conduct of their hero; the fight has begun, e voi ne avete già veduto il fine ridicolo."

Having thanked my kind informant, I said to Asmodeus "Now let us start again for London, because I wish to be there early to-morrow as

I must pay a small bill, and—" "And," interrupted the devil, making a sneering grimace, "you are of course afraid to dishonour it. Bravo! that is exactly as it ought to be. Faith, I will let you have a patent for punctuality, as at present it is out of fashion to pay debts." "It is nearly so," quoth I, "with regard to great folks, noble lords, and M.P.'s, but it is quite the reverse with little debtors, especially if they fall into the hands of some merciless lawyer. Nay, I know that not long ago a brutal and heartless Anglo-German attorney, by his writs, declarations, summonses, and tricks, very soon transformed 10*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* into a sum sufficient to empower him to arrest and plunge a man into a degrading prison, and thus dishonour him for life. Therefore I beg of you, let us go." "Well, well," replied Asmodeus, "don't fear of being arrested, if even your bill were in the possession of that legal Anglo-German beast, because we shall be in London before twelve o'clock to-night, although we will pay a short visit to Rome during our passage."

Highly pleased with the extreme kindness of my good devil, I accompanied him to the Meridian Coffee-house, at the corner of Toledo, between Piazza Reale and Piazza San Ferdinando, and after having taken some refreshments we resumed our voyage. In passing over the Pontine Marshes Asmodeus showed me a troop of banditti, who from the neighbourhood of Cisterna and Tretorri were transporting into the interior of the wood a great booty, which, during that day, they had taken from rich travellers. A little further, between Nepi and Genzano, he made me remark another band that conducted two Jesuits, and a lady and gentleman, all blind-folded. "Look there," observed Asmodeus, "They will be brought into the cavern of the banditti, there to remain until their friends shall have paid the ransom imposed upon them; and if what they demand is not paid within a fixed time, they must pay with their lives." "But what can they expect from the Jesuits?" inquired I. "What!" said Asmodeus, surprised at my question; "Those two Jesuits are the best hostages that the banditti could get, as they will produce to the band a greater and surer benefit than twenty secular prisoners would, because their convent will certainly pay any ransom; and, in order that the world should not know that they possess immense wealth and riches, nobody will be informed of it; on the other hand, when secular travellers pay a ransom for their liberty they almost always report it to the government, and thus expose the band to greater persecution." "And how do the banditti know, when rich travellers are to pass through the Marshes or are sporting in the environs of Rome?" "How, you ask?" answered Asmodeus; "Why, the very persons employed by the Roman and Neapolitan governments against them are their informants, and receive in exchange great sums of money for their services. Nay, I must also tell you, that some of the clerks of the principal bankers both of Rome and Naples are their correspondents, and furnish them with the names and wealth of those foreigners who travel between those capitals, in order that, if what they carry with them is not thought a sufficient booty, they may be ransomed accordingly." "Oh, what is this world!" muttered I. Asmodeus laughed at my exclamation, saying, "Look there, that is the once majestic *City of the Se-*

*ven Hills.* Behold the present *Roma la Santa*, peopled by priests and monks, who domineer despotically over the indolent, ignorant, and superstitious descendants of the ancient Romans."

"I wish I had been there during the Carnival," quoth I. "Pooh!" rejoined Asmodeus, "You would not have been amused, because it has been a very dull Carnival this year in consequence of the dread of the cholera and the extraordinary rigours of the police. *Entre nous*, the best and most interesting masquerade that appeared in the Corso during the late bacchanalia was his ex-most faithful Majesty Don Miguel of Portugal, with his faithful Dons, riding unmasked in splendid English equipages. But I will show you now a sight, which is worthy a thousand Carnivals;" in saying which, the devil directed my telescope towards a church near Piazza Navona, and added, "Do you see?" "Yes," answered I, "I see that it is crammed with people, but I do not perceive a single lady." "No lady," resumed Asmodeus, "is allowed to enter it on such an occasion as the present." "Why not?" questioned I. "Why?" replied the devil, "because this evening the lay brethren of the congregation *Della Madonna dei sette dolori*, to make amends for their trespasses of the Carnival, meet there to hear a sermon of their chaplain, who is a Jesuit, and then end the pious ceremony by inflicting on themselves a severe flagellation." "If so," observed I, "it must be a most capital sight. Let us go and witness such a performance." Asmodeus complied, and we soon placed ourselves under the pulpit, in front of the congregation. Unluckily for us, the chaplain preached for more than an hour on the certainty of death and on the uncertainty of its approach, during which time Asmodeus did nothing but yawn, and I fell almost asleep. When the sermon was over, the penitent brethren placed themselves in files in the middle of the church, all the lights were removed, and thus the whole congregation remained in perfect darkness. Then some of them twisted their handkerchiefs, others drew from their pockets small iron chains, and a great many armed their right hands with pieces of strong knotted ropes. The chaplain having at last begun to recite in Latin, and very slowly, the 51st Psalm of David, the general flagellation commenced with vigour and fervour. I could scarcely help laughing at such a ludicrous and hypocritical spectacle; but when Asmodeus made me remark that some of the brethren, instead of chastising their own shoulders, inflicted dreadful blows on the backs of those who were kneeling before them, I nearly fainted in consequence of a spasmodic fit of laughter. "Well," quoth Asmodeus, "did I not tell you that you would be greatly amused? but you have not yet seen the best of it. Be on your guard, and don't be frightened, because I am going to play them a trick, which will serve as a punishment to their folly and hypocrisy." In fact, when the flagellation ceased and just as the chaplain said *Oremus*, a sudden flash of lightning, accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder and followed by the appalling noise of broken glasses and falling stones, terrified the penitents so much, that, screaming aloud *Misericordia, Pietà*, the whole of them immediately took to a precipitate and confused flight, leaving behind their cloaks, hats, sticks, and umbrellas. The poor fat chaplain alone lay headlong and bleeding on the ground,

because when he endeavoured to imitate the example of his congregation the devil caught one of his legs, and caused him to have a heavy fall. As he seemed almost agonizing with fear, I said,

“ Sume animum, reverende pater, depone timorem ;  
 Doemonis arte, modo tonuit cum fulgure ; surge  
 Haud ruet hoc templum” \* \* \*

“*In nomine Jesu, abi Satana,*” exclaimed the Jesuit, suddenly crossing himself. However, not on account of his threatening conjuration, but of his own accord we left the church.

The panic-struck brethren tremblingly expected every instant to witness the ruin of their chapel, and were gazing on it from the Piazza Navona with amazement and anxiety, when Asmodeus poured towards them a torrent of bituminous inflamed smoke, which, increasing their terror, made them run again quicker than hunted stags. After this we resumed our aerial excursion London-wards.

The night was most beautiful, the atmosphere cloudless and serene, the stars twinkled admirably; the milky-way, with its numerous constellations, recalled to my mind those mythological subjects which in my youth had so much interested me, and the bright shining moon, illuminating with her silvery rays both the continent and the ocean, rendered visible to us all the places over which we travelled. During the voyage Asmodeus continued extremely merry, amusing, and instructive, and conversed very kindly with me on politics, literature, and arts; but just as I was going to ask him some advice the sound of a bell broke upon my ears. “Where are we now?” inquired I. “On Shooter’s Hill,” answered he, “it is striking eleven o’clock by St. Paul’s; so you see that I have fulfilled my promise. I shall soon deposit you in the very room, whence I took you away this morning; but within a few days I will pay you another visit, when I shall show you London by night, previous to our departure for Petersburg and Warsaw. While I was still thanking my good devil, the boat stopped before my window, I alighted; and Asmodeus, having most affectionately shaken hands with me, said “Good night,” and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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## A MAGGIO.

MAGGIO gentil, che vieni  
 A ornar di fior la terra  
 Apporta all’ Inghilterra  
 Ogni prosperità.

Negli ostinati seni  
 Dei Tori muta il core,  
 E desta in lor l’ amore  
 Di patria, e libertà.

## THE FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

THE "Quarterly Review" some time ago put forth a fulminating article against French novels. In this article the origin of political revolution in France was attributed to the depraved taste of the nation with regard to literature, a proposition no less ridiculous than unfounded. To suppose that the insurrection of 1830,—an insurrection having for its object the working of a great and glorious change in the liberties of a mighty people,—depended on the licentiousness of novels and dramas, is to believe that the heated imaginations of men were fired rather by the contents of a circulating library than influenced by a just sense of wrong and oppression: That certain political pamphlets or articles in liberal journals may more or less guide the public mind, and teach the indolent and careless to think for themselves, is certain; but that works abounding with voluptuousness and licentiousness can produce the same results is a speculation as palpably false, as it is adventurously put forward.

These preliminary remarks may seem to imply an acknowledgment on our parts, that the aspersion generally cast on French novels by the writer in the "Quarterly Review" is correct and well founded. Such acknowledgment, however, we do not mean to make unconditionally nor without qualification.

The writer in the "Quarterly" has a most marvellous facility of stringing together a variety of epithets, that we only expect to see in the police reports of the "Weekly Dispatch" or "Bell's Life in London." "A vulgar, stupid, and ugly maid-servant of an obscure house had attractions for Jean Jacques Rousseau;" and what then? Why, it follows that his taste was not the best in the world, and that this, as far as regarded himself, was a matter more to deplore than to condemn. "A baser, meaner, filthier scoundrel never polluted society than Rousseau." This is partially true: but does the fact depreciate the value of his excellent writings? Is it not the substance of the book we look at, and not the man who wrote it? Supposing it had been published anonymously, would the world have found its style more faultless, its argument more pointed, its elucidations more clear, and its exposition of tyranny and injustice more palpable than while it bore his name? And are the theories of the "Contrat Social" as vain, as absurd, and as fatal in their practice as the writer in the "Quarterly" would endeavour to make them appear? No—for the sovereignty of the people is indisputably the people's right; and no one can deny a nation's privilege to choose its own governors. As for Rousseau's works, in which he attacks the fundamental principles and the excellence of the doctrines of the Christian religion, who shall dare, in times of research and enterprise, to revile a man because, not having any power over volition, he differs in his sectarian principles from the rest of a small portion of the denizens of earth? It is only from the propagation of theories that correct systems arise. The diversified speculations of men afford grounds for the thinking

philosopher to arrive at axioms and to banish doubts. Had Tycho Br  h   never written, Copernicus would have remained silent: had not the industrious Newton investigated the errors of Descartes, the world might still have been in comparative darkness relative to many propositions now demonstrated.

But, according to the "Quarterly," had a revolution taken place in England some fifty or sixty years ago, it might have been attributed to the works of Fielding and Smollett; at least this is a parallel to the reasoning of the said "Quarterly." But we beg to inform our readers that *no* French novels contain such indecent pictures nor such gross language as are to be met with in the writings of those authors; and, to go back two centuries and a half, in no French dramas are there found scenes equal in licentiousness to those that the reader meets with in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Cymbeline," "Troilus and Cressida," &c., of Shakspeare.

After some rambling abuse, equally remarkable for its want of talent and of truth, the writer in the "Quarterly" commences his grand cannonade with a formidable attack on M. Charles Paul de Kock. We are far from quoting the works of this author as specimens of morality, but we mean to assert that the occasional scenes, where a certain looseness prevails, are not so essentially prejudicial to the cause of virtue and of temperance, nor painted in such glowing colours, as the critic in the "Quarterly" would seem to infer. As for any vulgarity of style, Paul de Kock's wit cannot be called vulgar nor low: but we strongly suspect that the said critic is not very familiar with the French language, and consequently is not aware of the exact meaning of certain words which he fancies to have certain parallels in his own tongue. We could give many instances of this nature, but prefer leaving our readers to the results of their own reflections. In "Le Barbier de Paris" there are many admirable touches of deep feeling; the whole is a true picture of human life in these ages of chivalry and barbarism in which the scene is laid; and if Walter Scott consecrated the actions of the savage and licentious ruffians of the olden time, who were called "gentle knights," P. de Kock has not at least been guilty of exaggeration in his delineation of the good and bad qualities of ancient characters, morals, and manners. But as de Kock is one of the most important and most celebrated of French novelists, we shall proceed to examine his principal works in detail.

The writings of Paul de Kock are numerous. Amongst his best are "Le Barbier de Paris," "S  ur Anne," "Jean," "M. Dupont," and "Le Cocu." The first of these here enumerated is a romance somewhat in the Radcliffe style;—the adoption, by a barber, of a girl whose father is unknown, a secret source of wealth which the barber possesses, then a marquis, to whose vicious pleasures the barber is a pander. That marquis falls in love with Blanche, the adopted girl, an *enl  vement* necessarily succeeds, and the *d  nouement* of the tale elucidates the mysteries in the regular German fashion. Touquet, the barber, has murdered the supposed father of Blanche, and Blanche is the marquis's daughter. The last chapter is peculiarly interesting. Blanche is immured in a chamber in the marquis's

country-house—the window of that chamber looks upon a lake ; she is resolved how to act, should the nobleman dare attempt to force the door of her apartment, and she expects the succour of her lover Urban, who is actually in the vicinity of the chateau. Presently the marquis approaches the door of her room ; but it is to embrace her whom he has only a few moments ago discovered to be his child. Blanche trembles, but she has decided in her own mind what step to take. She fancies the intended ravisher of innocence is near, and she leaps from the window ; the lake receives her beneath. Her lover, who is in the park, sees the fall and throws himself into the water. He succeeds in dragging her to the land ; and at that moment the marquis, who had followed his daughter, swam also on shore. They endeavoured to recover her ; the one implored her to open her eyes in the name of a parent, the other in that of a lover. But Blanche answered not—the vital spark had fled, and she remained a corpse between the two individuals who deplored her.

There is one very excellent character in the “ Barber of Paris ;” it is the Chevalier Chaudoreille, who never opens his lips but to tell a lie. He is employed by the barber in a variety of ways, and universally endeavours to pass himself off as a great man. “ Those women,” said he, “ those women, *cadédís!*” (his favourite oath) “ are ruinous ! *Sacredié!* were it not for them I should be rich ; but I ruin myself for their smiles. *Eh ! bien*—never mind : I have only to look kindly with my killing eyes upon some duchess or dowager, and I can be bravely clad in a minute.” This worthy gentleman is a native of Gascony, and of course as great a rogue as he is a liar. Paul de Kock is fond of lashing the failings of men through the *medium* of characters of this kind. He shows us the folly of assuming that which we are not entitled to ; he represents the inconsistency of affecting the rich and the valiant, the gallant and the gay, when both pocket and stomach are empty. Chaudoreille, who proclaims himself a very *raffiné d'honneur*, is the greatest coward in the world. Hence may we learn to mistrust the empty vaunts and superficial boastings of those individuals who “ have killed their man,” or who “ are ready to go out whenever they have an opportunity.”

“ *Sœur Anne*” is a most affecting tale. A poor dumb girl becomes the victim of the seducer’s desires. The son and heir of a rich nobleman succeeds in possessing himself of her person, and although he faithfully remains near her during the first few months of illicit pleasure, circumstances oblige him eventually to return home to the paternal dwelling. Time wears away ; he marries ; and “ *Sister Anne*” leaves her cottage, to go to Paris and seek her lover. A thousand perils is she obliged to encounter ; a hundred difficulties is she condemned to experience. Her lover’s wife is in the country ; she finds her way accidentally to the mansion of Celine, for that is the name of her successful rival, and by that rival she is received in friendship, in ignorance of who she is. Her lover is away from home ; he returns—then comes the sad *dénouement* of the tale. “ *Sister Anne*” has a child, the fruit of her illicit amour, and she and her infant sleep in a wing detached from the main body of the house. Her apartment catches fire—she is with her lover in the garden—the

sight of the devouring flames unties her tongue—and, as an accident originally struck her dumb, so now a similar occurrence restores her long-lost faculty of speech. “My child—my child—oh! save my child!” and the child is saved: but “Sœur Anne” lives not to see it grow, nor to hear the word “Mother” from its lisping tongue—she dies in early youth, broken-hearted, and only consoled by the assurance of a paternal home for her child.

Dubourg in “Sœur Anne” is the parallel to Chaudoreille in “Le Barbier de Paris;” but his character is, if any thing, more amusing; and the various shifts to which he and a poor tutor are reduced, in order to obtain wherewith to support life, the ridiculous impositions put upon that tutor (Ménard) by Dubourg, and the infamous lies he is the author of, added to the dilemmas into which he works himself and his companions by means of his falsehoods—these again point out useful lessons, afford good examples, and place the vices of the world forcibly in their proper light.

“Jean” is exquisitely witty. In few of his works has Paul de Kock displayed so much humour as in this. All the peculiarities of the French, youthful and aged, are brought to view. The first chapter is delicious; M. Durand, a herbalist, is called up in the middle of the night to fetch the doctor and the nurse for his wife, who is about to give birth to a child. M. Durand is not the bravest man in existence; and as he traverses one of the streets of Paris, he sees a drunken wretch reeling about in that glorious state which defies all control. The attenuated imagination of M. Durand instantly converts the drunkard into a thief, so that the poor herbalist takes to his heels, and hurries towards the street where the nurse lives. He forgets the number of the house, and, in his affright, he knocks at the doors of several, crying out “*La garde! la garde!*” (The nurse! the nurse!) which also means “The guard! the guard!” He arrives home without any accident, and gives his wife, and a neighbour who has kindly dropped in, a fine description of his walk, or rather run. Meantime the labour-pains increase: a loud knocking at the front door seems to promise the assistance of the nurse or the doctor; the door opens, and as Madame Durand gives birth to a son, who should enter the room but a corporal and four soldiers, crying in a terrible voice, “Where are the robbers?”

The fact was, that the neighbourhood, alarmed by the cries of Durand in the street, and hearing him hallooing after “*la garde!*” fancied he was summoning military assistance instead of a nurse; and up to the period when the history takes leave of her, the servant continually declared that Monsieur Durand had expressly called in a regiment of soldiers to see his wife brought to bed.

There are some admirable characters in “Jean.” Belle-queue the retired barber, Mistigris the dancing-master, and father Chopard, are exquisite. There is also Madame Ledoux, the widow of three husbands, and the mother of fourteen children. In conversation she universally alludes to the sheriffs-officer, the stationer, or the cabinet-maker, her departed lords; and she is continually making comparisons between other people’s children and her thirteenth, or ninth, or seventh child, she forgets which; but she declares in

Madame Durand's case that she has never known so military an *accouchement*. She had heard of military funerals, military weddings, but never of military births.

John, the hero of this novel, is at first a good-for-nothing fellow, who does nought but drink, smoke, play billiards, and spend money. He is moreover fond of all childish tricks, and swears most horribly. But love, all-powerful love, before whose darts fall vanquished kings, princes, and nobles—love,

Who rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above;  
For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love—

love makes him reflect, causes him to look into himself, shows him to himself in all his deformity of manners and habits, and obliges him to abandon his low-life pursuits: in fine, he becomes an altered man. The conclusion is easily divined. How should the novel end save in a marriage? The lady, Caroline Dorville, the object of Jean's attachment, becomes sensible of the youth's merits since his change of behaviour; she also entertains a reciprocal attachment, and, despite of the mean devices of their enemies, they are united in matrimonial bonds.

“Where is the moral,” the “Quarterly Review” may ask, “in this novel?” The moral is, that however bad our propensities may be, however degraded are our associates, however vicious our pursuits, repentance is seldom too late, and a joyous dawn may brighten on the clouds of an obscure night. Paul de Kock knows well how to keep up the interest of his tales till the last. In those where there are mysteries, few would guess the *dénouement*; and in those where there are not, the mind is never wearied of dwelling upon the work, although no elucidation of any thing as yet unaccounted for be anticipated at the end. We know but very few novels where there is no mystery, and only one where there is no heroine; this is “Caleb Williams,” for Miss Melville cannot be called the heroine of the tale; her history is merely an episode. We know many *books* written for amusement and not for instruction, where there is no heroine, but only that one *novel*.

Even to the events and the adventures of childhood M. de Kock gives an essential interest. The early years of Jean are the most amusing parts of the book. But let us say one word upon “M. Dupont.”

Monsieur Dupont is a grocer, and he falls in love, very naturally, with a beautiful girl, whose nomenclature is far from sentimental. “Miss Montounet”—atrocious appellation!—has, however, her own *cher ami*, Adolphe. Adolphe is the unsuccessful suitor—Dupont becomes the bridegroom. And here there are certain details of the marriage ceremony which decency obliges us to pass over: suffice it to say that M. Dupont insists upon having thistles tied to the horses' tails, and nosegays placed between their ears. The occasional remarks of an old clerk, Bidois, are particularly *piquant*. In this character Paul de Kock combines much of humour, honesty, and curiosity: Bidois has all the wit of Dubourg and Chaudoreille, without their viciousness; and his patience on many occasions is worthy of an imitator of the

ancient Job. Distress and sorrow on the part of Eugène, late Eugène Montounet, now Dupont, are the consequences of the marriage; and she dreams of nothing but Adolphe, whom poverty had rendered unsuccessful in his suit. She moreover bars her doors against Dupont, and the disconsolate husband in vain wishes for an heir to his wealth. Circumstances oblige Dupont to undertake a journey to a distant town; in the meantime Eugène has proofs of Adolphe's infidelity; she sees him with a mistress, and repents of her conduct towards her lawful husband. She therefore writes to Dupont, and tells him of her change of disposition in his favour. The enraptured Dupont hastens to return to his wife; his speed gives occasion for many pleasant remarks and many laughable occurrences on the road; and the publicity he gave to the object of his journey afforded much amusement to the innkeepers and servants whom he encountered at the various hotels. But, alas! Dupont never reached his home! By means of a power which authors have at their control, and which they can use at discretion to disembarass themselves of troublesome characters in their works, even as the immortal Shakspeare was fain to do with Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet;" by means of death, for an author's agency in such dilemmas is no other, Paul de Kock gets rid of Dupont, and concludes his tale with the happy reconciliation of Eugène and Adolphe (who is now a rich man through the decease of an uncle), and their speedy union. From this narrative parents may learn how useless and dangerous it is to thwart the inclinations of their children; and old men will see the folly of making young girls miserable by entangling them in a matrimonial web, which the unfortunate victims of hoary lust or paternal avarice regard as the fly does the dwelling of the spider, while the old husband is as obnoxious as the spider itself.

Having expended a considerable portion of his venom on Paul de Kock, the critic in the "Quarterly" proceeds to attack Victor Hugo, and asserts without advancing one iota of any kind of proof, without even quoting one passage from the book, that "'Notre Dame de Paris' is an imitation of Walter Scott, whom it resembles as much as Goose Gibbie in his helmet and buff coat might resemble the noble chivalry of Lord Evandale."\* We are therefore to suppose, *first*, that because the scenes of "Quentin Durward" and "Notre Dame de Paris" are laid in the time of Louis the Eleventh of France, and that "Quentin Durward" was written prior to the other work, "Notre Dame de Paris" is consequently an imitation of "Quentin Durward;" and *secondly*, because the critic declares the romance of Victor Hugo to be despicable when compared with the novel of Walter Scott, that we must believe him and allow his opinion to be infallible. But he has no right to make an assertion which illiberal prejudices occasioned, without advancing some argument to support it; for if he think that the mere fact of his article being in the "Quarterly" will consecrate misrepresentation, he is essentially mistaken.

The romantic genius of Victor Hugo is appalled by no literary undertaking, and shrinks from no labour, however difficult, however

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\* Old Mortality.

grand be the subject. We maintain that he has successfully competed with the great Northern writer now no more; we have seen him throw round a low girl—an obscure being—that halo of all-absorbing interest which hitherto had been attached to queens or princesses, and which never may be forgotten by him who has read “*Notre Dame de Paris*.” But the age of romance has yielded to a brighter one—when facts are less darkened by the shadows of gloom, of terror, and of mystery, which the votaries of the Maturin and the Radcliffe schools, following the example of their German predecessors, were delighted to mingle amongst the incidents of their tales. Victor Hugo attempted to revive in part that exploded style, and to introduce fresh horrors\* to the world instead of the light, the witty, and the captivating novels so successfully produced by some of his cotemporary countrymen. As well might he have endeavoured to propagate for any length of time the physics of Descartes or the theories of Leibnitz. He failed—and he stood, and he stands alone as the patron of a school whose decay is not to be deplored.

He has since flown to the other resources of his richly treasured mind, like the bee vacillating from flower to flower whence he collects the varied stores that are soon to become the delight of men. But if he have not been so eminent in tragedy as the strength of his former writings seemed to prognosticate, we may scarcely marvel; for there is that same vein of romance, that soul-harrowing interest, that “pleasing pain,” that love of aught terrible, pervading his plays, which originally marked his novels. Still the language of many passages in these plays is striking, powerful, affecting, or beautiful; let us quote an instance. The sentence we would cite is in “*Lucrece Borgia*”—it is addressed by a son to his mother—a son who is not aware that he is speaking to his mother:—

“I know that I have a mother, and that she is unhappy; and willingly would I lay down my present life to see her weep, and all my future hopes in another to see her smile.”

Sublimity, tenderness, hope, despair, passion, and energy, are all combined in these few words!

Victor Hugo’s last work is the “*Songs of Twilight*.” We have carefully perused this volume, and have reperused it with pleasure. But the object of its contents is not to be understood by a superficial reader, who, when he had arrived at the conclusion, would ask, “Wherefore are they called ‘*Chants du Crepuscule*?’” And many might ask the same question, for “*An Ode to the Heroes of the 29th of July*”—another “*To the Column in the Place Vendôme*”—another “*To the Duke of Orleans*,” and so on—these seem totally unconnected with the title of the book. But the title is explanatory of the nature of the songs; for their object is to show how the present age hovers so strangely between a state of barbarism and a state of civilization—how the mind of man and society in general are so enveloped in a species of enlightened gloom, doubt and conviction, hope and fear, dread and callousness, knowledge and ignorance, freedom and slavery, that the actual condition of the world resembles twilight.

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\* Witness “*Bug Jargal*” and “*Hans d’Island*.”

“Hence,” as the author says in his preface, “the reader may account for those tender couplets closed by others of complaint—that calmness touched with melancholy—those sighs of delight—that feebleness suddenly reviving—that resigned infelicity—those profound sorrows which excite the very surface of the sea of poetry—those political tumults contemplated with serenity—those holy wanderings from public to domestic matters—that dread of mundane affairs proceeding darkly, and then again those intervals of joyous and burning hope that the human species yet may flourish to excel.”—*Pref. p. 2.*

Hugo’s verses are harmonious; but his sentiments are occasionally common-place—his meaning is often obscure, his similes frequently feeble, and his satire robbed by mystification of half its point. On the other hand, a pure patriotic feeling of national pride, a just idea of political rights and liberties, a dread of absolute power, an admiration of all that is virtuous,—these are the principal merits of the author. The conversations in the “Songs of Twilight,” or “Chants du Crépuscule,”—conversations over which the scheme of poetic fiction, hyperbole, and amplification, throws an essential interest, although the realities of life and of mundane affairs be more attended to than the serene sympathy and unison of feeling existing between a lover and his mistress,—conversations, where the plenitude of deep thought is too frequently embarrassed with moralizing speculations and religious controversy but little suited to the schools of love; those conversations are replete with beautiful imagery and brilliant metaphor.

But we have already said sufficient on Victor Hugo’s last work: and now let us return to the abuse of the “Quarterly,” still following its criticisms on the same author. In that periodical we find “Le Dernier Jour d’un Condamné” vituperated: the reader will never guess wherefore,—simply because it is printed “in a diffuse style, divided into many chapters; and each chapter is so short and so carefully separated by blank leaves and open spaces, that of 312 pages, of which the volume consists, there are but 158, or about one-half, of letter-press.” Now as the article in the “Quarterly” is intended to be an attack on authors, and not on printers and publishers, we cannot conceive an imagination so depraved as one that can invent a sentence like that above quoted; as if Victor Hugo attended to the arrangements made by Monsieur Eugène Renduel, publisher, who purchased the copyright.

The fact is that “Le Dernier Jour d’un Condamné” is one of the most useful books\* lately published. Its principal aim is to deter men from committing crimes of so black a nature as to endanger their lives in the grasp of criminal justice, and by representing the tortures of a condemned malefactor’s mind as he draws nearer towards the fatal day, M. Hugo hoped to work a favourable impression on those individuals whose souls are deaf to the whisperings of virtue and callous to the stings of conscience. Moreover the language is fine, the ideas often grand in their conception, and the interest excited by the work unbroken, although there be no regularly connected tale.

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\* This novel was published about ten years ago.—ED.

With regard to "Notre Dame de Paris," much might be said in its favour; and we would rather consult its pages as authority relative to the court of Louis XI. than trust to the statements of "Quentin Durward." The character of Esmeralda is one of the brightest inventions, that ever gave lustre and interest to the work of a novelist; and certainly we must rather believe that in those times the knights and warriors were more like Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers than Quentin Durward. Quasimodo is inimitable, Claude Frolbo alone does infinite credit to the imaginative powers of any writer, and the *dénouement* is executed with extreme power and energy. The fifth edition of this work, consisting of *thirteen thousand copies*, is now nearly sold off. We were assured by Eugène Renduel himself, that he gave 60,000 francs, or 2,400*l.* sterling, for the copyright of this edition only.

Having thus far combated the false reasoning and rectified the misrepresentations in the "Quarterly," relative to French authors, we shall postpone the conclusion of our article to the next number of our Magazine, and shall then take an opportunity of examining the writings of Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, George Sand, and De Balzac.

PARISIANS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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### TO THE NIGHT WIND.

Launch'd 'neath the shadowy hues of heaven,  
 I hear thee rush—thou midnight wind!  
 To thee no resting-place is giv'n,—  
 Nor home, nor prison canst thou find;  
 The far wide earth is thine to roam,  
 Where desert sands, and forests wild,  
 Reign savagely alone! Thou stir'st the foam  
 Upon the deep, that as a happy child  
 Slept tranquilly—rousing to life-like pow'r  
 Strange harmonies, voiceful amid the scour  
 Of tempests—peopling the vexed air  
 With winged phantoms, horrible, or fair—  
 Sad—changeful as thy wind-blasts fly  
 Portentous through the starless sky!

E. W. G.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

### COLONIAL POLITICS.

1. Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. 2 vols. thick 8vo.—Vol. I. W. H. Allen.
2. Modern India. By H. H. SPRY, M. D. 2 vols. post 8vo. Whittaker.
3. First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan. By Lieutenant BACON. B.R.H.A. 2 vols. 8vo. plates. W. H. Allen.

THE formation of the Anglo-Indian Empire in the East has furnished one of the most curious and interesting chapters in the history of the world. That a company of merchants should in the course of two centuries have formed a mighty empire of 1,180,000 square miles in extent, inhabited by a population of 120 millions of natives and only 40,000 Europeans,—naturally excites astonishment and raises a suspicion that simple trading and the necessary provision for the protection of the factors and their goods could never have erected so extensive a power in the Indian peninsula. It is not for us, here, to dwell at any length either on the lighter or the darker passages in the history of British India; for most of our readers are conversant with Mill's excellent work,—and the facts carry with them their own comment. Without further allusion to the past, we may fairly allow to the company, as a legislative body, that praise which justice denies it as a commercial engine, namely, that as governors, they have generally exercised a wise discretion by enforcing economy in the administration, and by appointing the fittest men to posts of influence and emolument in that country. It is very doubtful whether the national government would have managed their patronage with half the honesty of the present rulers, notwithstanding the occasional outcries that have been raised against their corruption. As a direct source of revenue to the country, India cannot be said to be very profitable to us; for we never derive a net revenue from it of more than £50,000. Its distance is one great obstacle to economical government; and it cannot be doubted that the monopoly of trade possessed by the Company until 1834 prevented the extension of commerce, and made this vast district of less service to us than Germany or the United States. In half-a-dozen years we shall be able to estimate the amount of good consequent on the opening of the trade.

Having premised these few general remarks, we proceed to say a very few words on Mr. Auber's book,—the first volume of which—carrying the history down to the return of Warren Hastings in 1785—is all that has yet been published. That it has been written by a partizan of the Company no reader of a dozen pages of it can doubt; but he has nevertheless not so far—as a short examination enables us to judge—misstated nor warped facts: and every one is therefore at liberty to draw his own conclusions. The author differs in sentiment from the late Mr. Mill, and is more of a partizan; but, owing to the great quantity of new material that he has brought to bear on his subject, his work is indispensable to all those who wish to become acquainted with the history of his Majesty's Indian territories. The work, as

issuing from the late secretary to the Directors, may be considered as a semi-official document.

The two other works, whose titles we have placed at the head of this notice, are of a much lighter character than that of which mention has been already made, and have no companionship with Malcolm, Mill, or Auber. They both belong indeed to the class of Indian works, of which Heber, Hall, Skinner, Mrs. Graham, and Miss Roberts are the most successful authors:—but yet there is an essential difference in the characters of the two writers and of their writings.

Dr. Spry is a pleasant, easy gentleman—a shrewd observer and a very sensible man. More sober in his sketches of scenery and anecdotes than many of his contemporaries; he does not think it out of place to give *useful* information to the intelligent reader respecting the natural productions, climate, government, and statistics of the countries through which he travelled on his road to, and from Cawnpore. If the author had made his book somewhat more practical, it would have pleased us just as well; but no doubt he had to consider for *whom* the book was written. Lieutenant Bacon's "First Impressions" is a very different work. Its author would appear to be a smart, dashing soldier with about as much self-conceit and contempt of other people as to make him a very amusing, if not a very authentic writer. The naïveté with which he exposes himself by the relation of his odd scrapes and funny adventures is quite *impayable*, inasmuch as he so frequently makes us laugh at him instead of *with* him. His views of society, too, are most original, and must have excited many a stare from the well-bred of the society to which his uniform gave him admission. But Lieutenant Bacon is not without some talent. He has a keen eye for beauty in nature, and his skill as a draughtsman is just sufficient to enable him to transfer to paper the objects of his admiration:—he is very fond of the sports of India, and tells his adventures with a gaiety and a graphic power too, that make these portions of his works very interesting. If this merry son of Mars should ever be called on to reprint his "Impressions," he is recommended to eschew science and history, and to adhere simply to his own observation and experience—he must be less of an *auritus* and more of an *oculatus testis*. The Lieutenant's travels in Upper India were more extensive than Dr. Spry's; but the Doctor made a better use of his time. Neither of their works would be injured by compression; but Mr. Bacon's requires a very considerable abridgment and excision of many objectionable passages.

Transportation and Colonization, by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Lang. post 8vo. Valpy.

Felony of New South Wales, by JAMES MUDIE, 8vo. Whaley.

At the present day, when so many efforts are in course of being made by the government and their liberal supporters to reform the abuses which half a century of Tory domination has let creep into the church and state, the subject of colonial reform has very properly met with some attention from the present parliament. We are surprised that New South Wales should not have been treated with the same regard as our American colonies, and that the thousand ills that cry for redress, should have been passed over with scarcely a word of comment from the members of our legislature.

New South Wales is one of the finest countries in the world. Its climate seems to be especially well suited to the constitution of Englishmen; and its natural resources are so plentiful, that a proper employment of them cannot fail to make it the most prosperous of all our colonies—supporting a happy and wealthy population—proud of its parentage, and worthy of the parent country. Whether or not it was a fatal error on the part of our former government to make a penal settlement *at all* in a country blessed with the favoritism of nature, it is not needful here to discuss; nor are we more inclined to argue respecting the expediency or in expediency of transportation as a *for-*

midable and corrective punishment,—for that question has been canvassed by Archbishop Whately with a talent, to which we dare not even aspire. We shall therefore content ourselves with a very brief statement of the evils and abuses connected with that colony, and shall cite from the books under our consideration a few extracts in proof of those statements.

But we must premise a few historical statements respecting penal colonies in general. If we were to coincide with the superficial views of Filangieri, we should trace the punishment of transportation to a high antiquity; but that single statement is sufficient to convict that celebrated politician of very gross ignorance; for banishment in Greece is known by every school-boy of modern times to have been a mulct for political offences—not a visitation for moral delinquency. Under the Roman law, first of all, was banishment first regarded as a moral punishment, although then it was used rather for political offences; but from that time even to a very late period the business of transportation and the choice of abode were left to the criminal. The Portuguese, in modern times, were the first to establish final settlements in Western Africa and in the East Indies. The year 1596 is the earliest period in English history, to which we can trace the establishment of transportation as a punishment for “rogues and vagabonds.” Transportation to the American colonies continued from the reign of James I. to that of George III.; when the settlers, seeing the disadvantages resulting to the free settlers from the convict population, refused to admit any further increase of their numbers. This refusal obliged the home-government to look for some new place of consignment for the criminals; and their accumulation during the war became so frightful, that an immediate remedy became absolutely necessary. The penitentiary plan of Blackstone and Howard having been rejected, confinement in the hulks was first adopted; and subsequently a penal settlement was formed in 1788 at Port Jackson, and in two years the colony was peopled with 2,300 male and 120 female convicts—a very pretty proportion indeed in a settlement of such a nature!

The evils of which the American colonists complained were mere trifles when compared with those which form the subject of Australian grievances. In the former the convict population at the commencement of the American war was only 50,000,—the free settlers being 1,800,000; while in Australia the proportion of convicts to free settlers is about twenty-three to ten:—that is, in plain language, the profligate portion of the inhabitants were more than the double the ostensibly respectable part of the population. This is bad enough, and not very encouraging to free emigrants: but this is not all. The government so badly arranges matters, that transportation, so far from being formidable, acts as a premium on crime, and Sydney is looked on as a land of promise by the profligate members of the parent community. The disproportion between the virtuous free emigrant population, and “the scum of the people and wicked condemned men, presents great *primâ facie* difficulties to a proper arrangement of colonial affairs; but the facilities afforded to emancipated or ticket-of-lease convicts for evading penal discipline, and acquiring wealth and importance according to the present system, are, besides, so extraordinary and so discouraging to the better portion of the society, that we are not at all surprised at the loud complaints made by the authors of the books now before us. The plan of assigning convicts to the free colonists has altogether failed, and is now very generally regarded as the main cause of the evils that so much demand reform. The only discipline that individuals can exercise over such servants is quite insufficient to curb the rampant profligacy of Newgate; and the experience of forty years and upwards should have convinced the government that some reform was quite necessary in the method of employing convicts. It is quite absurd that a convict should, under the most favourable circumstances, be *ever* admitted to equal privileges with the honest settler:—yet such is the case. Transportation must be a *bonâ fide* punishment, if it is to be one at all. It must be “a terror to evil doers,”

and not an encourager of crime. Continual labour should be an invariable accompaniment of transportation; and every effort should be used to preserve the virtuous emigrants from the contamination of vice and felony. Dr Lang points out many ways in which the convicts may be profitably employed and in such a way as at once to terrify those at home and to correct themselves. The sound argumentative manner in which he treats his subject renders his book well worthy of public attention.

The other work by Mr. Mudie is written in a smart and dashing rather than in a ratiocinative style, and the author is occasionally so intemperate as to injure his cause. In fact—he shows a *soreness*, which altogether destroys his efficiency as a reformer. Still there are excellent passages in it; and he tells his story with a force and *naïveté* that make them highly interesting. The experience of fourteen years undoubtedly gives him a competency to throw light on the internal polity and management of the colony; and he certainly has laid bare the political sores of the settlement with an unsparing hand. We leave the author to decide, as pleases him best, the quarrel between Sir Ralph Darling the ex-governor, and Sir Richard Bourke the actual governor of Sydney:—both are bad enough. But we shall, perhaps, convey to our readers *some* idea of the morals of New South Wales, and especially of its convict population, from the following statements of Mr. Mudie.

“The British public can have no idea of the inequalities of the punishments which attend the sentence of transportation from this country. These inequalities are not, as it would be reasonable to suppose, proportioned to the different degrees of turpitude in the crimes for which the same sentence has originally been passed, nor even according to the former characters of the culprits. Quite the contrary. A common labourer, or industrious mechanic, whom want of work and distress may have driven into the temporary commission of crime, is as liable and as likely to be transported as the most expert thief and experienced depredator in London. Every convict ship takes out to the colony men of the above description, as well as desperate and practised burglars, habitual and experienced receivers of stolen goods, artful and designing swindlers, skilful forgers, robbers of banks and mail coaches, and a sprinkling of all sorts of the villains denominated the *swell mob*.

“On the arrival of this motley assemblage of criminals at the port of Sydney, lists of the convicts are made out,—applications for their assignment are put in by those of the settlers who are entitled to convict servants,—and in the course of about eight days the new comers are landed and assigned. The simple labourers and ordinary mechanics, having nothing to recommend them but their former industry,—the misfortunes which drove them to crime,—and perhaps a remaining disposition still to behave well, are sure to undergo the full measure of their sentence. They are at once assigned to agricultural settlers or other suitable masters; and, in proportion as they are well-behaved and industrious, they have not unfrequently the less chance of obtaining either tickets-of-leave or conditional pardons. They are of too ordinary a character and too common a class either to attract the notice or to excite the sympathy of the convict-loving philanthropists of Sydney. As for the masters to whom they are assigned, however humane and respectable they may be, it is of course natural that they should look for labour from men both able to labour, and sent to the colony for the purpose of being punished by labour. To labour, therefore, they are put. In proportion as they are laborious, it is not the interest of their assignee masters to facilitate their obtaining tickets-of-leave; nor are the convicts of this description likely themselves to obtain indulgences of that kind by stratagem and deceit. They usually, therefore, as has been stated, undergo the full measure of their sentences; or if, after the term of years prescribed as probationary, they at length obtain tickets-of-leave, they are obliged to continue still at labour somewhere, as a means of providing for their subsistence.

“On the other hand, those of the convicts who have something of the ‘look

of a gentleman,'—clerks, for example, such as Watt, who have robbed masters by whom they were confidentially trusted and liberally paid,—robbed them of large sums, not through want or necessity, but for the sake of gratifying their profligate tastes and depraved desires,—or swindlers who have for years preyed upon the public by obtaining all kinds of goods and money by every species of false pretences,—if they be *gentlemen* convicts, they are treated as gentlemen, and are either removed to the elysium of Port Macquarie, or assigned to masters whose employments for them and their accompanying treatment are redolent of ease and comfort instead of punishment. By some plausible tale they excite sympathy; and if for some time they take the trouble of acting a part, they soon get recommended for tickets-of-leave or conditional pardons, which, if they do not serve as passports to employment in the government offices, are sure to be followed by their obtaining comfortable berths of some kind, or getting into some way of dealing, by means of which, with a very small share of diligence and attention, and a large stock of roguery, they are sure to get on well,—to become rich and luxurious citizens,—and to hold up their heads with the best and proudest in the colony. Indeed, the more knowing ones,—that is, the very worst characters amongst the convicts,—seldom undergo any real punishment at all. Whether thieves, burglars, receivers, forgers, swindlers, or mail-coach robbers, if they are 'well up to the trick,' they bring out with them letters to some of the 'old hands' in the colony, so as to ensure their being applied for as assigned servants by persons of the *right sort*. If they have secured a portion of the plunder they had acquired in England, they easily make themselves comfortable; for in that case they enter into copartnery, under the rose, with some one or other of the emancipated felonry, who, being enabled by the funds of their convict partners to take houses or enter into business, apply to have their partners assigned to them as servants, and the *gentlemen* convicts fall upon a bed of roses at once!

"If a wife has been left in England with the charge of the spoil, she follows her husband in the first ship;—on her arrival she takes a house, and then petitions the governor to have her husband—the father of her children—assigned to her as her servant,—in which petition her husband of course joins. If she has no children of her own, three or four brats are easily borrowed in Sydney for the purpose of stage effect; and off she sets for government-house, where the sight of the afflicted *lady* and *her* little ones of course has a wonderful influence over the sympathetic Governor Bourke. In short, having brought with her a supply of the '*swag*,' as the convicts call their ill-gotten cash, a wife seldom fails of having her husband assigned to her, in which case the transported felon finds himself his own master, in possession of all the present wealth his past nefarious courses may have procured for him,—and on the road to future fortune.

"For the very worst characters who are transported, therefore, it appears that New South Wales is not any punishment at all, or at least that it is easy for them, owing to the careless laxity and childish leniency of the colonial authorities, to evade the punishment which their crimes have merited."

So much for the male convicts, and for the judicious distinction in portioning to them their allotted labour. The fairer and more delicate part of the convict population are not much more virtuous and respectable than the males, as the following will show most satisfactorily:—

"The assignment of the female convicts, like that of the males, usually takes place eight or ten days after their arrival in Sydney; and, when the applicants have been supplied, the remaining females (if any) are forwarded to what is called the *factory*, at Parramatta. The factory cannot properly be regarded as a place of punishment. The females are well fed, having, in addition to abundance of animal food, flour, bread, and vegetables, the indulgence of tea and sugar. They are not put to any labour; and though they are certainly and necessarily cut off from external intercourse, they have the

range of an extensive garden, in which they are permitted to walk. So agreeable a retreat, indeed, is the factory, that it is quite a common thing for females assigned servants to *demand* of their masters and mistresses to send them there, and flatly, and with fearful oaths, to disobey orders, for the purpose of securing the accomplishment of their wish! In the factory, too, there is a good chance of getting *married*; for the convict swains scattered amongst the settlers, when they obtain the consent of their masters, or choose, when they become free, to enter into the connubial state, usually apply for permission to go to the factory in quest of a fair helpmate, with the full knowledge that it is more likely to be for *worse* than for *better* that they make their election. On the arrival of one of these at the abode of the recluses, the unmarried frail ones are drawn up in line for the inspection of the amorous and adventurous votary, who, fixing his eye on a vestal to his taste, with his finger beckons her to step forth from the rank. If after a short conference they are mutually agreeable, the two are married in due time and form. If, on the contrary, either the *Macheath* or the *Polly* prove distasteful to the other, the resolute amateur continues his inspection along the line, till he hits upon a *Lucy* more complying, or more suitable to his mind!

“But to return to the system on which the female convicts are treated:—Nothing can be more impolitic, or more unlike punishment, from the first hour of their embarkation in England. Each convict ship carries out a herd of females of all ages, and of every gradation in vice, including a large proportion of prostitutes of all grades, from the veriest trull to the fine madam who displayed her attractions in the theatres. All who can, carry with them the whole paraphernalia of the toilette, with trunks and boxes stuffed with every kind of female dress and decoration they can come at. In the ship, they have unlimited freedom of intercourse amongst themselves, both in the prison-room, and during the day, on a prescribed portion of the deck, which completes the corruption of the younger and least profligate.

“The ship-surgeon is entrusted with the discipline of the female convicts on board ship. Though the regulations may sometimes prevent improper intercourse between the convicts and the crew, yet there are too many and almost always exceptions which ought not to take place.

“Those few of the females who are appointed nurses to the sick, have privileges; and it does happen that the surgeon sometimes appoints an attractive or favourite *lady* to the post. At other times he admits *ladies* on the sick list, and to the indulgences of the hospital.

“Things are very differently managed now, and, when a female transport-ship arrives at Sydney, all the madams on board occupy the few days which elapse before their landing, in preparing to produce the most dazzling effect at their *descent* upon the Australian shore. With rich silk dresses,—bonnets *a-la-mode*,—ear pendants three inches long, gorgeous shawls and splendid veils,—silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they disembark, and are assigned as *servants*, and distributed to the expectant settlers. On the very road to their respective places of assignment, the women are told of the easy retirement of the factory, and advised to get themselves sent there, where they will be allowed to marry, without having to obtain the consent of an assignee master. Offers of marriage are made to some of them from the waysides, and at their new habitations they are besieged by suitors.

“The hapless settler, who expected a *servant*, able, or at least willing, to act, perhaps, both as house and dairy-maid, finds he has received quite a *princess*! Her *highness*, with her gloved and delicate fingers, can do *no* sort of work! Attempts are made to break her in,—but in vain. ‘If you don’t like me, send me to the factory,’ is the constant retort; and the master, having no alternative, takes her before a bench of magistrates, by whom she is returned to government, and consigned to the factory accordingly.

“So much for the *fine-lady* convicts.

“As for the coarser portion of the sex, when equally depraved with their more showy companions, their language, manners, and conduct, are infinitely too dreadful for public description.

“Their language, disgusting when heard even by profligate men, would pollute the eyes cast upon it in writing. Their open and shameless vices would not be told. Their fierce and untameable audacity would not be believed. They are the pest and gangrene of the colonial society,—a reproach to human nature,—and, lower than the brutes, a disgrace to all animal existence.

“But enough.—Were the veil raised, and the appalling spectacle exhibited as it really is, the picture would be too horrid for affrighted humanity to look upon.”

Both the works before us are well worthy of a serious perusal, and with whatever partiality they may be written, they still allege facts that it would be very difficult to disprove, and which are very disgraceful to Lord Glenelg and his subordinates in the Colonial office.

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### FICTION AND POETRY.

The Clock-maker, or Adventures of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.  
1 vol. post 8vo. Bentley.

This is one of the strangest and most original books that we have set eyes on during this plentiful season of the London publishers. Our readers will suppose that a satire on the people of an obscure colony like Nova Scotia would not excite much interest in the minds of the people belonging to the old country;—but it is not so. The author, whoever he is (for one half of the work first appeared in the Nova Scotia newspapers), has managed, by a very clever combination of broad and cutting satire with useful advice and corrective hints, to form the whole into a very amusing volume. He is a person of considerable imagination, as his *rather* rude but striking sketch of the Yankee clockmaker abundantly testifies; and it is impossible to read half a dozen pages of the book without being amused with the rich fund of drollery and dry humour which he has perfectly at his command. The provincialisms and provincial allusions occasionally present difficulties to the unpractised reader; but on the whole the work may be recommended, as at once the most eccentric, most original, and most humorous little work of the present season.

The framework of this curious satire is extremely simple. The author—an English tourist in Nova Scotia—is overtaken by Samuel Slick, a true Yankee, with all the conceit and cunning belonging to the lower orders in the Northern States of America. With this travelling pedlar the tourist falls into conversation, and they feel so well pleased with each other that they mutually agree on the expediency of travelling in company. Mr. Slick's originality and shrewdness of criticism on the people about him, and on their various practices, as elicited by the little incidents of travel, form the chief and most amusing feature of the volume. Nova Scotia judicial abuses, the bad qualities of the Nova Scotians—railroad-schemes—Canada question,—and twenty other subjects are introduced and treated with admirable talent and humour. An extract or two is all that we have room for: but we must first thank the author for having given us a very great treat from the perusal of his book.

#### NOVA SCOTIA AND THE STATES.

“This lazy fellow, Pugnose, continued the Clockmaker, that keeps this inn, is going to sell off and go to the States. He says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there! I guess he'll find his mistake afore he's been there long. Why, our country aint to be compared to this, on no account whatever: our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made

the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnose, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold, thin soil of New England produce what it does? Why, Sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the king. We rise early, live frugally, and work late; what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence: a feller who finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to them, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your lordship, says I. There are no lords here says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn in two: I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal; and if it wasn't a hot day, my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back: says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry: with that says the overseer, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks board in one; and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain; and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up."

Samuel Slick's opinions on many other points of Colonial manners and legislation are very shrewd and ingenious; but the reader must peruse them in the book itself. The following are some of his views about Great Britain:—

#### THE IRISH AND THE ENGLISH.

"The Irish never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriestshavers I ever seed. Judge Beler, I dare say you have heard tell of him—he's a funny feller—he put a notice over his factory-gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I wont have no such inflamable and dangerous things about me on no account. When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin old John Adams say, we had ought to humour them; for, says he, they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shippin out the Irish. Says he, they work better and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The Blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t'other ones.

"The English are the boys for tradin with: they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin-floor; but they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempéred, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

"The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen, absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths, that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well-known and admitted by all mankind.

“There is no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to see one on ’em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, ‘Look here, Jonathan, here’s an Englishman; here’s a boy that’s got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one and a mouthful of t’other: beant he lovely?’ and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, ‘Say, boo to a goose if you dare.’”

Piso and the Præfect, or the Ancients off their Stilts.

3 vols. post 8vo. Smith and Elder.

WE opened these volumes with favourable anticipations. Enough has been handed down to us concerning the depraved manners and effeminate usages of the Romans during the empire; and a sufficient number of scandalous anecdotes has been preserved to render it quite possible to write a very interesting romance. The author of “Piso and the Præfect” has not succeeded in establishing a fair reputation in this line of writing. It would be unjust to deny his possession of a fair stock of antiquarian and historical knowledge; for the work bears evidence of a somewhat extensive reading of the authors of the *silver* and *brazen* age. The facts are stated,—the minutiae of detail unsparingly elaborated; but the work *smells too much of the lamp*, and is very deficient in that freshness and lively vigour, which are necessary to the illusion of romance. His writings give us the idea of a man keeping a common place-book for recording all national peculiarities and depravities,—all court intrigues and *scandales* contained in the writings of three centuries after Christ, and afterwards cutting up the same, and serving them with a few dashes of a love story by way of sauce. We should suppose the author to have made a first essay in these volumes. With such talent as he undoubtedly possesses, he may hope for more success from his future efforts,—especially if he be willing at first to confine himself to the embellishment of the thousand and one anecdotes of imperial depravity that pollute the writings of the silver age. It is indeed a delicate and difficult task to throw the veil of decency over obscene debauchery; but the author’s partial success in the closely-printed volumes before us induces us to hope, that this recommendation may not be altogether thrown away. It may be doubted, however, whether it be expedient *at all* to rake up the putrid ashes of ancient vices, which, even to speak mildly of them, are disgraceful to humanity.

Perhaps, however,—after all our grave and sententious discussions,—the author may be enjoying a laugh at our expense, and be wondering how any sage critic could so plainly write himself down an ass, as to mistake a broad satire and caricature for a serious romance. *Oh lepidum caput!* What a witty dog must the author be—to envelope his humour so completely that none but the select few can discover it! The Roman player Basilides is so absurd a character and so just a representative of a low-bred vernacular cockney debauchee, that he must have a modern prototype. Laurentia Ogulnia, too, is not without her match within our own times; and the Præfect himself might be construed as a libellous portrait of the modern Nero of England. Scribonius Mummus—to the unsophisticated reader, a very tawdry copy of Seneca,—may, to the initiated, appear a lively caricature of Coleridge or John Fearn. But enough of conjecture, which the author may, perhaps, misconstrue in his turn into a satire on his less than *semi-successful* production.

The feast at the Præfects’—the following scene classically illustrative of the Laræ and Lemures,—the visit to the theatre,—some melodramatic scenes

in the second volume, and the boudoir scene in which Basilides breaks in on Laurentia and Thusnelda to announce the rising against the Emperor Maximin and his representative, the Præfect—are the best in the book. The third volume is too full either of bombast and namby-pamby on the one hand, or of gross and puerile absurdity on the other, to allow of a favourable notice of that section of the work.

The Victims of Society. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.  
3 Vols. post 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

FROM the former writings of *la belle Comtesse* we could not have supposed that we should ever be able to assign her the highest honours of literature by the side of Richardson and Miss Edgeworth:—yet we must acknowledge that she has this time sent forth to the world a book of very extraordinary merit—*facile princeps* of all the domestic novels that have appeared of late years. We began the book under great disadvantages; for there is a certain reserve belonging to Englishmen,—a certain prudish sentiment respecting female propriety, of which they cannot divest themselves,—a feeling repudiated by *la jeune France* as utterly ridiculous. We have imbibed these notions, and hence with respect to the authoress and her book we were not favourably prejudiced. The talent, however, which is displayed throughout, the consummate skill with which the hidden springs of human action are laid bare, the sagacious and deeply scrutinizing ability with which the anatomy of French and English society is dissected, involuntarily call forth our admiration, and draw off our attention from the authoress to the book.

The tale (which is related in the epistolary form) is intended to show the difference between English and French morals—between the wholesome dread of female impurity prevalent in England and the licentious freedom permitted by the new philosophy of France. The whole, however, is touched off so happily and conveys so vivid a picture to the imagination, that we can scarcely find fault with its warmer tints. The story is very simple; for the talent lies not in the concatenation of circumstances, so much as in the true and lively style in which she draws the portraits of her characters—in the masterly skill with which she carries forward the action of the drama from the languid common-place of the opening chapters to the successive events which form a true *climax* in the latter volumes.

A young and sensitive girl—Lady Augusta Vernon—the idol of her parents and the admiration of the circle in which she moves,—is prevailed on by Lord Annandale—a sporting character and a *roué*—to become his bride. The lovely lady visits the fashionable circles of London, and becomes the victim of a hollow and heartless friend—or *fiend*, who, having a jaded reputation herself, and desiring that others should be as wretched as herself, omits no effort to undermine the character of the unsuspecting Lady Annandale. Miss Montessor is as clever, as she is unprincipled; and her letters from first to last betray a talent, which immediately dispels any doubt respecting the success of her evil machinations. Conceiving an unholy passion for the gay *nouveau marié*, she contrives to sow dissension between him and his wife; and the attentions of a Lord Nottingham, an intimate of Annandale's, to the gentle and pure-minded Lady, give her the means of carrying her diabolical projects into full effect. The end of the whole is,—that the maligned wife is obliged to leave her husband's house, and the unwitting lover is threatened with an action for *crim-con*:—she soon dies of a broken heart. Miss Montessor becomes the Countess of Annandale:—but rank and fortune cannot wash out the stains of a guilty conscience. Her former shame rankles in her mind; and the importunities of the seducer of her youth—a man formerly gay, heartless, and *de bon ton*, but now a low, brutalized black-leg, thief and assassin, who demands a maintenance as the price of secrecy, fills to the

brim the cup of poison. This scoundrel, Carency, takes foul advantage of the secret interviews to which fear drives Miss Montessor—to murder and rob her good aunt, to rob herself of the family jewels, and finally to kill Lord Annandale. True, however, is the adage,—*Raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit pede pœna claudo*. The crimes of Carency are brought to light one after another, and he meets the punishment due to his iniquities. The guilty and unhappy Lady Annandale goes mad and dies,—having found, alas, only too late, that “even in the accomplishment of her schemes, she found only the remorse and misery, that never fail, sooner or later, to await on crime.”

The letters of Miss Montessor constitute, as we have said before, by far the most interesting part of the work; but we would notice, as being worthy of especial praise, those addressed to the Marquise de Villeroy. From one of these we furnish an extract, that will show a part of the dénouement, as well as its own talent. The earlier letters are gay and thoughtless: those of later date are of a more serious and sombre cast.

“Lord Annandale dined with the ministers yesterday; and I was sitting in my boudoir, superintending the arrangement of some diamonds which my maid was attaching to my court-dress, when the groom of the chambers announced Le Chevalier Carency,—and that monster entered.

“The case of jewels I held in my hand fell to the ground, and I uttered a faint shriek; while Claudine, who, in the elegantly dressed man of fashion before her, did not recognise the mysterious visitant of Annandale Castle, respectfully retired. He approached me with alacrity, kissed my hand with easy politeness, and said that, having only that day arrived from Paris, he came to deliver a letter, and sundry messages, from our mutual friend, La Marquise de Villeroy. Though I dreaded finding myself alone with him, I dreaded still more the possibility of Claudine’s recognising him, if suffered to remain, or to be a witness to an interview in which I felt a presentiment that new demands would be made; so I was glad to see her withdraw. I then asked him why he stood before me?

—“The question is neither polite nor hospitable, *ma belle comtesse*,” replied he, with an air of the most insulting familiarity; *‘mais n’importe*. I am no longer the ruined mendicant you saw at Annandale Castle, and whose apparition seemed to give you so little pleasure. Your compulsory liberality has enabled me to reassume that place in society to which my birth entitles me: I flatter myself that my appearance would not discredit the most aristocratic *salon* in London;” and he looked in a large mirror with undisguised complacency. “But Fortune owes me a grudge, and pursues me with a *guignon*, as provoking as it is inconvenient. Last night I lost a considerable sum—the final remnant of your supply, and I am come to demand another. Seeing in the papers that *monsieur milord, votre mari*, was to dine with the ministers (for the English papers leave us ignorant of none of the engagements of *les messieurs et dames à la mode*), I determined on paying you a visit. Should *milord* arrive before I depart, you will, of course, present me to him as an old friend just arrived from Paris, and the bearer of a letter from your friend, la Marquise de Villeroy. *Sa seigneurie* will, of course, act *l’aimable*—I, *le gentil*: the acquaintance thus made, leave the rest to me: he shall present me to the persons I desire to know, and all will go off *à merveille*. I see that you disapprove this arrangement,” added he, with a look of perfect nonchalance; “but I have taken it into my head to enter into fashionable society in London, and your husband is the person I have selected as *chaperon*.”

“And you tell this to me,” said I, my blood boiling with indignation; “to me, who know you for a robber—for an assassin!”

“His countenance assumed a fearful expression of malice as he glanced at me, and replied,—

“Bah, bah! you still remember that little episode; but you appear to forget your own share in it. Who gave me ingress to the house, and who

secured my egress from it? Without your aid, I could not have effected the objects to which you refer. But let that pass; I am not here to listen to your tragical reminiscences. I am come for money, and *must* have it quickly.'

"I declared that he had taken all my funds at Annandale Castle, and that I had no more.

"'What! can you not ask your husband? He is still too short a time married to have ceased to be uxorious enough to be generous to you;' and he looked at me in a way that brought the blood to my cheeks.

"'But there is no occasion to have recourse to his liberality,' said he, 'while these baubles can be converted into money,' taking up the diamonds that lay scattered around; 'they will do quite as well.'

"'They must not—cannot be yours!' said I; 'they are the family jewels, in which I have only a life-interest.'

"'Bah, bah!' answered he, 'I stand on no such idle ceremony.'

"As he spoke, he gathered up the scattered diamonds, placed them in the case, and put it within his coat, which he buttoned over it. In vain I implored him not to take them, and promised to send him money the very next day. He was deaf to my entreaties; and, having said, that shortly he would call again, and be presented to *milord*, he rang the bell, and, when the domestic arrived, took a respectful leave of me, and departed.

"I am utterly confounded, and so agitated by contending emotions, that I am incapable of thinking. Though the jewels are of great value, my husband attaches even more importance to them from the number of years they have been in the family, than from their intrinsic worth. How shall I be able to conceal that I no longer possess them? How get off appearing at court to-morrow? I am all in a tremor! I must lie down, for my head swims, and I can scarcely support myself.

"Delphine, I would prefer death to seeing this wretch intrude himself into the presence of my husband, to remind me of a crime I would give worlds to forget, and the memory of which, ever since I became a wife, is more hateful to me than ever. Think of a miscreant, stained with theft—with murder—finding himself beneath the roof of an honourable man, and I tacitly sanctioning his monstrous effrontery by my silence! O God, have pity on me!

"Lord Annandale found me so ill when he returned, that he was the first to propose my abandoning all thought of going to the drawing-room to-day.

"This is a reprieve; but, alas! a brief one; for in ten days more there will be another, and I shall be expected to go. The kindness of my husband melts me to tears,—and this was the man I judged so harshly! How my heart reproaches me; and how I wish I were more worthy of his affection!

"When Claudine asked me last night for the diamonds to fasten on my dress, I felt my cheeks glow as I told her that I had locked them up.

"'Madame la comtesse's illness was very sudden,' observed she; 'for I thought I had not seen *sa seigneurie* so well for a long time as just before that gentleman arrived.'

"I was painfully conscious that I again changed countenance.

"'It was strange, *madame la comtesse*,' resumed she, 'that the tones of his voice, and the air of that gentleman quite startled me by reminding me of that terrible man who came to *le château d'Annandale*.'

"Think how I trembled!

"'One often does see such strange resemblances,' continued she. 'This gentleman is about the same height, but he has no whiskers; and then he has not a patch over his eye. *Enfin*, this is a *grand seigneur*, and the other was like a mendicant. Still one reminds me of the other.'

"How I writhed, while she spoke! I think I can perceive—but it may be only my timid sense of guilt that suggests the apprehension—that she already associates in her mind the visit of this man; my sudden indisposition, and the disappearance of the diamonds.

“ My position is a fearful one, and becomes every day more precarious. The state of incessant agitation and alarm in which this wretch plunges me has destroyed my health; and there are moments when I feel such a total prostration of physical as well as moral strength, that I am led to think I cannot long sustain this life of wretchedness. This man is my scourge—the avenger of all my sins. Oh! may the Almighty accept the pangs I now endure as some atonement for my transgressions, and limit my suffering to this life; permitting me to hope that, in the life to come, I may be pardoned.

“ Should my prophetic forebodings be realized—should death soon end the insupportable anguish I endure, I entreat—nay, more, I command you, Delphine, to make known to Lord and Lady Vernon, and Lord Annandale, the perfect innocence of the wronged Augusta.”

The Married Unmarried. By the Author of “Almack’s Revisited.”  
3 Vols. post 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

THIS tale, whose title seems to us singularly ill-chosen, inasmuch as we can find no sense in it till we arrive at the last chapter,—is the history of a young fellow of unknown parentage, who goes through a series of hardships and odd adventures, until at last he finds that he is the son of an admiral, and that his mother has unwittingly been guilty of bigamy. The whole seems to us to be a huge mass of improbability; and although there are passages in certain parts, which induce the belief that its author is not destitute of talent, we cannot give to it, as a whole, any thing beyond qualified praise. The motto is better chosen than the title, and pretty fairly characterizes the book.

“ Part good,—more bad,—some neither one nor t’other.”

Memoirs of a Peeress,—or, the Days of Fox. Edited by LADY  
CHARLOTTE BURY. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Colburn.

MR. HENRY COLBURN is one of the most polite and obliging of publishers, and, at the same time,—strange to say,—the most successful. His imprimatur at the bottom of the title is like the note of a bank of high credit:—worthless as the material is, it passes for an article of sterling value, for it has the assurance of its issuer’s respectability. Mr. Colburn’s respectability must stand high indeed;—nay, *caput inter nubila condit*, if we are to judge of it by the multitudinous trash to which he gives currency at least,—if not a good name. To deny the possession of excellence to all the works and all their authors that bask in the sunshine of the politest of biblioplists, would be going too far; but, from an examination of the Marlborough Street lists, we do not hesitate to set down two-thirds of their contents during the present season, as being so poor, washy, and uninteresting, that nothing but the Colburn influence and puffery could remove them from the shelves to which the printer delivered them. Let not our meaning be mistaken:—let it not be supposed that we attribute any fault to Mr. Colburn for doing what every trader has an undoubted right to do,—advancing his own interests by those means and connexions which he finds most desirable:—the fault lies with the public, and that part of it in particular, which, lapped in luxury, is too lazy to judge a work by its own merits, and is content to believe a book good, because it has a titled author or a good publisher.

Lady Charlotte Bury’s book, the title of which would induce the reader to anticipate a real memoir of a real personage and an account of some of the scenes in which Fox, Sheridan, and the Prince of Wales played so conspicuous a part, turns out, after all, to be nothing but a mere novel—and quite a second rate one too,—founded on the “Red-Book,” “Annual Register,” and newspapers of the day, and furnished with an obligato accompaniment of wit and vivacity by the lady who *edited* it. It may be, that we are mistaken in our view of the subject, and that a great part, at least, of these

memoirs are historic. Be it so :—we cease to think of the brilliant wits of fifty years ago, what more authentic memoirs have led us to suppose. They were, then, it seems, the stiff, unelastic, and formal gentlemen that they are represented in Lady Charlotte Bury's book. Faugh! we have done, and we will repent us of the unshackled mirth to which we have in times past abandoned ourselves. But to return to sober earnest,—the fair writer has taken up a most difficult subject, and she might as well hope to have passed the fiery ordeal unscathed as to have met with success in her lately-finished labours. It required a Sheridan or a Fox to paint their living portraits ; and the authoress is neither. The main facts of the story, which is as confused as any that we have attempted to read for some time, we will do our best to lay before the reader. The heroine, Eliza Mordaunt, is the daughter of a Leicestershire squire and of noble descent. She leaves the paternal roof and her fox-hunting suitors to visit a proud and poor widowed aunt, who hopes to get a match for her among the old fashioned frequenters of her *côterie*. Another aunt, a dashing heartless lady of more fashion than virtue, the Duchess of Rochester, contrives to withdraw the young lady—nothing loath from beneath the wings of her safer protector, and introduces her at court, and into all her fashionable parties. An opportunity is here afforded of bringing forward the political puppets to dance their short existence on the stage. Miss Mordaunt becomes the belle of the day, and is surrounded by a host of suitors. Instead, however, of looking after marriage settlements, she wastes her time in making conquests, and in dangling after her frail chaperone to the great risk of her reputation. She ends by marrying a moneyless *cadet*, who is an independent member of parliament. Disappointment and embarrassment undermine Mr. Fitzirnham's health, and he dies. The afflicted widow marries an earl, one of her former suitors ; and when become a dowager, she obligingly sits down and writes three volumes of autobiography. The best and chief personage is the Duchess of Rochester ; and her fate furnished the moral that points the tale.

The style of writing throughout is easy and unstudied, as it ought to be ; and the whole shows it to have proceeded from the pen of a person having more than common ability, and accustomed to move in the best ranks of English society.

Highland Rambles, by Sir T. D. LAUDER, Bart. 2 Vols. post 8vo.  
A. & C. Black.

SIR Thomas Dick Lauder is no new aspirant to literary honours. If none other of his works had gained for him a fair name as an author, at least, his "Accounts of the Moray Floods" would, in our opinion, have given him a fair claim to distinction. The work which is now before us confirms our previous opinion of the author's abilities. It is true, indeed, that the title, "Highland Rambles," is a misnomer ; for out of seven hundred and forty pages, only ninety pages are at all referable to the Rambles,—the remainder being made up of the "Long Legends to shorten the Way." It must not be supposed, however, that we are displeased at the insertion of the sundry legends that are interspersed in the work ; for there are many that are highly interesting and especially characteristic of the country, whose customs and peculiarities these anecdotes are intended to illustrate.

The work contains fourteen legends,—all of which we have looked over with the hope of being able to make certain extracts therefrom for the benefit of our readers :—but it is matter for regret that the stories are so connected as to make it impossible to insert any portion without destroying the integrity of the story.

The legends of John Mackay of Rossshire, and of Christy Ross are, perhaps, the best ; but where the spirit of the whole series is so well supported, it is difficult to make a favourable selection.

## EDUCATION.

Goldsmith's History of England,—with a Continuation. By BELL-CHAMBERS. 4 vols. 24mo. Allan Bell.

OF the merits and demerits of Goldsmith's compilation it would be needless to waste one word. The public voice has given it currency; and the critic may hold his tongue. The continuator has most amply performed his duty to the work:—indeed, we will make bold to say that his part of the book is the cream of the whole. The improved form in which Goldsmith now appears will, we hope, do good: and we trust that the publisher may find it to his account to produce a school copy in larger type,—and without illustrations. Mr. Bellchambers, meanwhile, may aim at higher quarry than correcting Goldsmith's blunders and verifying Horace's saying—*Purpureus—assuitur pannus*, &c. We especially recommend the fourth volume, as being on the whole the best part of the work. The printer and binder have done all that could have been hoped for, to render the work acceptable to its purchasers.

General Descriptive Atlas of the Earth. By W. M. HIGGINS, F. G. S. Royal 4to. Orr.

THESE maps have been examined with some care; and they may safely be pronounced free from such errors as would misguide the general student:—and be it observed, that for further study no faith can be placed on maps *five* times as expensive as these, unless they are produced by men, whose professional and scientific reputation is stated in their accuracy. In fact, the maps brought out at the present day are, with two or three exceptions, so bad, that we consider it no slight matter to give these maps a general praise. But let us say a few words which are perhaps somewhat to the point. This Atlas is the cheapest that we have yet met with:—*fifty-one* maps, and two pages of letter press, and well composed matter, too, accompanying each map, are not to be met with every day for *two guineas*. The writer of these remarks is rather chary in recommending geographical works—necessarily consisting of masses of facts, and he by no means answers for the correctness of *all* the statements; but from an experimental enquiry into the truth of some very important, he ventures a hope, that the work will be found tolerably correct.

Family Library,—No. 63. Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity.

THIS work—originally belonging to the aristocratic stores of the Albemarle Street biblioplist—has migrated eastward: but we do not think that the city air has spoiled the complexion of Mr. Murray's bantling. Although, perhaps, Mr. Tegg cannot muster so formidable an array of great names as the highly favoured publisher of the Quarterly, he has brought "good men and true" who give their honest labour, and produce what is well worthy of this periodical in its most high and palmy state. These sketches are not original of course; nor should we flatter the compiler's vanity by classing them with the "Demonology and Witchcraft" of Walter Scott, or the "Natural Magic" of Brewster:—still the unknown collector of these curious anecdotes has succeeded in drawing up a very interesting volume.

## MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Turnbull on Nervous Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

THERE appears to be a great deal of good sense and sound medical science in the volume before us. The application of *Veratria* and *Aconitine* in painful nervous affections though not unknown to the faculty, has never, we believe, been so successfully exhibited as in the numerous cases which have come under Dr. Turnbull's care. *Neuralgia* and painful diseases of the eye seem to have occupied much of the Doctor's attention. To the portion of the work which treats of them, we would direct the attention of such of our readers as may be interested in the subject.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

## ITALIAN OPERA.

*Saturday, April 1st.*—The *elite* company not having yet arrived, an attempt was made to get up a passable entertainment in their absence. We are sorry to say it was not successful, the music and singers being alike below the mark. Donizetti's "Belisario" is new to the English stage, though of some standing in Italy; and so common-place and inferior is it as a composition that we regret that it has been imported at all. As a composer, Donizetti seems to have exhausted himself in "Anna Bolena;" and though in his "Marino Faliero," and other operas not known to an English audience, there are many gleams of talent, he has written nothing except "Anna Bolena," which would not have sunk into early oblivion unless supported by the exertions of such singers as he has had the good fortune to meet with. Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache have been the mediums through which we have received his works—and what would not be satisfactory under their auspices. Only compare his advantages with those of Barnett. For instance, suppose that Grisi had replaced Miss Romer; Rubini and Lablache, Wilson and Guibilei, why "Fair Rosamond" would have caused as great a *furor* as the "Puritani" (of course we take for granted certain changes of style to correspond with the change of performers). Now we do not consider either the "Puritani" or "Fair Rosamond" superlatively good in themselves—far from it; but we think there is nearly as much merit in the one as in the other, and so we quit this part of criticism; adding, however, with respect to the case in point, that there is not a solo, duet, trio, quartet, or chorus in "Belisario" we ever wish to hear again.

The story is a *refacciamento* of the old French romance, and is of course equally veracious in point of history. It is divided into three periods:—The Triumph—The Exile—and The Death. In the first Belisarius returns victorious, bringing many prisoners, to all whom, by the emperor's permission, he gives their freedom. One, however, of the newly liberated captives, "Alamiro," refuses to quit him, and, dazzled by his warlike glory, wishes to become his friend—and they swear eternal friendship accordingly. It appears that "Antonina," the wife of "Belisarius," has been informed during his absence, that her infant son, who had been stolen, had been kidnapped and murdered by the commands of the father. This creates so strong a desire for revenge in her mind that, in order to gratify this passion, she interpolates certain treasonable passages in some of the general's letters to her. These are shown up to the Emperor; "Belisarius" is tried for his life, and "Antonina" appears as a witness against him. This produces an *éclaircissement*, in the course of which "Belisarius" confesses that he was urged to the sacrifice of his infant by a dream, which represented his son as the greatest enemy of his country, and which danger his patriotism induced him to avert at the expense of his paternal feelings. Here the first division ends amid the roar of

trumpets and rolling of drums, whose clang and thunder assist all the singers to express their horror.

In the second part "Belisarius" appears exiled, and deprived of sight, as a punishment for his offences. "Alamiro," his new friend, vows vengeance for his wrongs, and departs to execute it, while his daughter, "Irene," becomes the companion of his exile.

In the third act "Belisarius" recognises his son "Alexis" in "Alamiro," who is at the head of a horde of barbarians, and induces him to quit the command, and is shortly after himself slain by an arrow in the moment of a victory achieved by the magic of his redoubted name. His repentant wife loses her senses, and the opera closes.

Inchindi, who appeared as "Belisario," is a respectable bass singer, but without any extraordinary pretensions. In a duet with "Alamiro" he was encored, and we may here mention that this duet is either the parent or offspring of the famous duet in the "Puritani," or they are both sprung from the same source; at all events the resemblance was more striking than is usual, even in plagiarisms. The part of "Alamiro" was filled by Signor De Val, who assisted a few weeks since at the slaughter of Rossini's "Donna del Lago," which cruel massacre we spared ourselves the pain of criticising. He has, in his present part, preserved the high reputation for mediocrity he had previously acquired. Signora De Angioli as "Irene," looked well, and sung badly. She has been well-trained by her father, who, though an indifferent singer, is an excellent musician, and may by and by improve. Let her make less noise, fewer grimaces, and remember that the appearance of too much confidence in a young and fair debutante is as disagreeable as too great a want of it is painful. Gianoni played "Antonina," and exhibited the same judgment and taste she had previously displayed at the Lyceum; but her *timbre* is not on a sufficiently large scale for this great stage. No doubt the voice may be heard, for there is no theatre in London, be it ever so small, which is equally well adapted for the diffusion of musical sounds. But, though heard, it sounded small, and her delicate form and subdued action were lost in a great measure to those who were near, and we conceive those at a distance can have received very little gratification from her performance. When she becomes more accustomed to a large stage, or at all events in quiet parts, this defect will vanish; and, as it was, nothing could be better conceived than her part, though wanting vigour in its execution.

The first act of "Beniowsky" was the Ballet, and stale as it has become, it is not yet worn out. Duvernay and Mabile danced a *pas de deux* in the style of Taglioni and Perrot, in which the grace and elegance of the one, and the activity and neatness of the other, could scarcely be pronounced inferior to those of their prototypes, and would be equally meritorious were they equally original. Duvernay only wants a little more *à plomb* to make her as perfect as any thing we have yet seen. She afterwards swam through the delightful, though somewhat licentious, Cachoucha (a fault this, by the way, peculiar to Spanish dances), which seems to enjoy an unfading popularity. Erminie Elsler did not appear to so much advantage as heretofore. She does not grow upon us. Her activity and spirit are very

engaging, but there is a spice of vulgarity about her which is not pleasant to look upon.

*Saturday, April 8th.*—The Opera Company returned to the Haymarket on this night. They played the "Puritani," and of course there can be nothing to criticise, or at least no new criticisms to offer. Suffice it to say that Grisi was as charming as ever, Lablache as tremendous, and Rubini and Tamburini as delightful as heretofore. They met with the most enthusiastic reception, to which they responded by the utmost exertions to please. We long to see them in the new opera by Costa, or in some old one revived, which would be equally novel, and probably much better.

*Tuesday, April 18th.*—The "Cenerentola" was revived for the first appearance of Madame Albertazzi. Notwithstanding her foreign name, she is an Englishwoman, and married Signor Albertazzi, who was, we believe, employed as a chorus singer at the Opera at the time. During her absence from England she has devoted herself to the improvement of her musical abilities with great assiduity, and after having enjoyed most extraordinary success at Paris, returns to her native country to make an equally strong impression in her favour. Her voice is a contralto, with a considerable compass in the upper notes, and the whole of it under the most perfect command. The flexibility and delicacy of the upper notes is most remarkable, and told with great effect in the finale. If there be any defect in her organ or acting, it is want of richness and fire; but we must see her again ere we give a determinate opinion on this point.

Ivanoff and Tamburini filled the parts of the Prince and his Valet. Lablache was the "Don Magnifico." All three were excellent.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.

*April 3rd.*—The French Plays at the Lyceum this year are, we believe, a speculation of Mr. Bunn's, or jointly his with Madame Vertpré. The promised attractions are great. Vernet is to come, and Lafont is here. For the ladies we are promised Vertpré, Plessy, and Dejazet. Allan, whom some of our readers may remember thirteen years since in Tottenham Street, and his wife Madame Allan Despréaux, form a part of the company. Both are very clever, though perhaps not of the first class. There were four pieces given, all vaudevilles, and depending on the smartness of the dialogue and the vivacity of the actors for their success, and not on more solid dramatic qualities. This is probably one reason why translations from this class of entertainment are seldom successful, for it does not often happen that the point and wit of the language is transferred to the imitation. One of the pieces, "Un Mariage sans l'Empire," lately appeared at the Olympic in an English dress, but was soon laid aside. It turns on the peculiar manners of the French soldiery, a class of men as remarkable in their own way as our blue jackets are in theirs. "Victorin Geoffroy" a colonel in Buonaparte's army, is sent by him to marry a lady of noble family and great wealth. She not unnaturally objects to be wooed, wedded, and quitted, in twenty-four hours, especially to a soldier of fortune, whose birth and

fortune are immeasurably below her own. His handsome exterior and engaging manners overcome her objections, and she consents to the union, but is so overwhelmed with the caresses of her new connections, that she at last makes a positive stand and refuses to remain under the same roof with two of them who brought up Victorin from his boyhood. He leaves her in an ecstasy of disgust, and here ends the act. In the next, after an interval of two years, his death having been reported, he re-appears in the character of his brother to the supposed widow, and is so well convinced that he had formed too hasty a judgment of her character, that he owns himself to be the real Victorin Geoffray, and they are re-united with mutual satisfaction. There is an under-plot in which a young lawyer, failing to make himself agreeable to a young damsel who is in love with gold lace and gunpowder, turns soldier, and after an absence of two years, during which he has learned to smoke, swear, and ridicule *l'état civil*, finds on his return that his lady has changed her mind, and thinks happiness most likely to be found in the arms of what he contemptuously terms *un pequin*. Lafont, as the Colonel, was capital as he always is, and left nothing to be desired. The rest were respectable. A detailed notice of the other pieces would make our readers yawn as we did many a time before the curtain fell at one o'clock, and we spare them the affliction.

## ADELPHI.

*Easter Monday.*—Two new pieces were prepared for the hungry play-goers of the holidays.—The Daughter of the Danube and Ruth Tudor. The former is an adaptation from the French Ballet La Fille du Fleure, and is meant merely for scenic effect. The plot is very simple and soon told. The Deity of the Danube came on earth, and there for a time, in the semblance of a fisherman, married a wife. By her he had two children; one of them is missed, together with himself, and of course they are supposed drowned. The remaining daughter grows up to womanhood under the eye of the widow, who wishes her to marry an unwelcome suitor. The girl refuses and is surprised by the apparition of her papa, in full river-god costume, who persuades her to descend into his under-water mansions. Hither she is followed by her lover, and, after sundry trials of his constancy, they are united. John Reeve was introduced as a tyrannical old Baron, who wishes to take unto himself a fourth wife, having disposed of his three first in the depths of the Danube, and who selects Caralie (Mrs. Honey) to do the duty in this capacity, ousting a previous aspirant to the honour of her hand, who was not quite equally disagreeable to her, but incomparably less welcome than Franzel the Baron's page. As may be supposed, the dialogue is nonsensical enough, but Reeve looked comical, Mrs. Honey looked pretty, Mrs. Fitzwilliam arch, and Buckstone quaint, and that was enough for the occasion. The scenery is pretty, especially the grotto beneath the rolling waves of the mighty river. The whole went off very well, and we are not inclined to find fault except to observe, that it would have been as well if the author had not introduced

sharks, porpuses, lobsters, turbot, and other salt-water fish into a fresh-water stream, which does not even empty itself into the sea.

The second piece, "Ruth Tudor," is so disgracefully bad, that we scarcely could sit it out. Puns without point, witless jests, and situations without effect, make up the sum of this abortion. Mrs. Yates played one of the parts, and, though evidently labouring under indisposition, made the most of it as she always does. By the way, Mrs. Yates is a remarkable example of the disadvantages of our large theatres to actors and actresses whose physical powers do not equal their discrimination and abilities. We recollect her well in her first season at Covent Garden, when she played Lady Teazle to Farren's Sir Peter, Fawcett's Sir Oliver, Young and C. Kemble in the Joseph and Charles Surface, Jones as Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Gibbs as Mrs. Candour, and, we believe, her present husband in Moses. It could not be the want of support, for such a cast will not be soon met with again, but though graceful, elegant, and judicious, Miss Brunton produced no effect as Lady Teazle. Shortly afterwards, when her father was Lessee of the theatre in Tottenham Street, she appeared there, and soon drew respectable and numerous audiences to that not very fashionable theatre. Having united herself to Yates when he, in conjunction with Matthews, took the Adelphi, she made that stage her own, and is admitted to be unrivalled in domestic tragedy and natural pathos. Yet, lately, when she tried Drury Lane, her performances passed unnoticed. To what can this be attributed but the unhealthy magnitude of our theatres, which have outgrown the proper limits of their size, and in which all delicate intonations and fine shades of expression are utterly lost, and that only can be appreciated which is energetic and powerful? These last are certainly important qualities, but we most sincerely wish to see the national stage reduced to a size where all can see and hear and enjoy every species of ornament belonging to the histrionic art.

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### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis."—HORACE.

**PROFUSE PARSIMONY.**—We perceive by the Scotch papers, that the pedestal of a statue, intended to be erected in Edinburgh to the memory of the Duke of York, has arrived at its destination. This is peculiarly a-propos just now. The Scotch Highlanders are starving; the empire resounds with the echo of their woes, re-echoed in every newspaper, from every pulpit, and by every philanthropist in Great Britain. All our fiddlers have been rasping their catgut to beget compassion in human bowels for the sufferings of the kilted ones, and our singers have, in some instances, taken the rheumatics while ascending the chromatic scale in behalf of the denizens of Ben Nevis. The "Abbotsford Fund" is plethoric with evidences of English munificence, and the Sawnies cry out against the degeneracy of the age in permitting the bones of the author of "Waverly" to sleep in aught but porphyry or agate. All Scotland teems with substantial proofs of our proverbial generosity, exemplified in the most prodigal, profuse, and (in nine cases out of ten) most foolish fashion possible; and yet the expenditure of a shilling in such objects as

improving the navigation of the Shannon or forwarding the completion of the Plymouth Breakwater, exposes us to a tempest of North Tweed invective against extravagance. But yet who so animated in the race as a Scotchman, if a sinecure be the goal? Scotch thriftiness, however, disappears before the ennobling ambition of recording the glories of the hero of Dunkirk. The Highlanders may descend to the lowest depths of penury, but his Royal Highness shall balloon it to the acme of Scotch enthusiasm and a granite pillar. It's enough to make one sick to see the people who let Burns starve, thus shamelessly caricaturing themselves in seeking to do honour to a man whose friends, if he had any, should assiduously seek to enshroud his memory in the mists of obscurity. Of all fools your cunning ones are the most egregious, as they certainly are the most nauseating.

SOMETHING INCONGRUOUS.—The "Morning-Post" was at one time an infallible authority touching the much-mooted point of the texture of Lady A.'s pocket handkerchief, or the number of individual straight and curled hairs in the Marquis of B.'s sinister moustache. It was oracular respecting the gentility of eating lollipops in the morning, or sneezing before a certain hour in the afternoon; learned in the etiquette of the tea-table, and profound in the manipulation of muffins. Politics were in these days pronounced vulgar, and the "Post" was great. Its opinion relative to "Almack's" and the "Opera" was looked up to with deference, and justly so, for its competency to decide upon such matters was indisputable. But since it has taken to the discussion of serious pursuits it has degenerated into the merest twaddler, and is now the butt of butlers and ridicule of the servants' hall. The most deplorable part of the business however is, that with its modern inanity, shallowness, and vapid fooleries, it mixes all its quondam airs of assumption and disdain of the commonalty that used to distinguish it when it really knew something of what it prated about. Of all its nonsensical exhibitions, however, that have lately come within our knowledge, what it calls its musical critiques are the most astounding, more particularly those relative to the *debut* of the new singer Albertazzi. We should analyze one of those amusing *morceaux*, if space permitted; but we find a sledge-hammer notice in a weekly paper that, for its truth and applicability, will serve instead.

"We have seen the critiques on 'Albertazzi' in the 'Morning-Post,' and more deplorable perpetrations in the way of ignorant presumption, bad English and utter nonsense, we have never met. The musical notices in the 'Post' were once respectably done, indeed more so, on the whole, than in any of the other daily papers; but lately they seem to be composed with a view to show how a blockhead may chatter the gibberish of a professor without being able to distinguish a flageolet from a kettle-drum, or the soprano of Grisi from the grunt of a two-year-old porker. No wonder the aristocracy despise plebeians, when, in their own fashionable organ they find this stultified donkey prating about a subject with which he is as conversant as a grampus is with metaphysics, or the Duke of Buckingham with the Cachucha Dance."

CHARACTERISTIC.—A Tory journal reviewed Dr. Millingen's "Curiosities of Medical Experience" a short time since as the production of one Dr. Mulligan. The "Standard," in ridiculing a great anti-church-rate meeting held in Hanley, the principal town in the Staffordshire Potteries, speaks of the locality in true Vandal ignorance, as *Hunley*; and our recollection is plethoric of numerous similar instances on the part of the Conservatives. This is at least characteristic. *They* would turn reformers, forsooth, and nice emendators they would prove. Why, it is evident from the veriest trifles that when they attempt anything in the way of improvement they invariably "make a *mull* of it."

We see an advertisement in a northern paper headed "Coquetdale Agricultural Society;" no doubt one of those associations whose sole object is to keep

up the delusion about the corn monopoly being favourable to the general interests of Great Britain, and to the landed interest thereof in particular. This again is characteristic. Those associations do coquet a deal with the mole-blind farmers, who, like the dupe of other nymphs, insist upon being victimized, though all the world be laughing at them the while. However, we have hopes of the clodpoles yet, though they and common sense have so long been unknown that we might well be excused for our scepticism in the possibility of their political redemption. We understand that they are at length beginning to see through—and, by the way, no limited vision will suffice to see through that arch humbug, and most plausible, though empty noddled noodle—Lord Chandos. We have seen some Bucks' pastorals inscribed to him as Lord Sham'd-us. The poor Aylesbury £50 tenants can appreciate the applicability of the cognomen.

COURT CIRCULAR MYSTERIES.—Locke, Hobbes, and the philosophers must have been unaware of the existence of court newsmen when dissertations on innate ideas were the rage. We wish Bentham had given us a couple of tomes on the codification of the fashionable paragraphists, for in the high-life gossip columns of the diurnals, we occasionally meet with announcements "hovering on the verge of meaning" that ought to portend something, though, for the life of us, we can't make out what, through the want of some index to the ratiotination process prevalent among the gentry who deal in obfuscating the intellects of plebeians touching the mysticism of *ton*. For instance, in one of the matutinal organs of May fairish humanity the other day, we find the following:—"In consequence of Lady Bingham having been appointed one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen, Lord Bingham will retire from the command of the 17th Lancers on half-pay." Now, how her Ladyship's appointment to the inspectorship of royal bolster cases, and the adjustment of majestic counterpanes, &c. (if such be the duties of ladies of the bedchamber, though heaven knows we are blissfully ignorant thereof), how, we say, this can interfere with his Lordship's superintendence of the moustaches and drumsticks of the seventeenth we are regularly nonplused to find out. Is it that the fatigue of receiving his half-pay for doing nothing became too onerous to permit of his allowing her ladyship's doing less without his assistance when she had that important duty to discharge. We pause for a reply. Probably three vols. post 8vo., founded on this startling event, entitled the "Fatal Warmingpan, or Aristocratic Anomalies," will illuminate us before the summer is over.

Another worthy adjunct to the preceding, and also indicative of the extraordinary doings within the penetralia of the royal household, is to be found in the subjoined:—"We understand that the King, when informed of the present distress experienced by the silk manufactures in Spitalfields, was pleased to direct that a sufficient quantity of silk for fourteen dresses should be immediately completed and forwarded to his Majesty at Windsor Castle." The Oligarchs call us, unfortunate Liberals, discontented hounds, and talk of our treason and so on, because we say that petticoat influence *has been* in the ascendant at St. James's. Well, if truth be libellous, let us be impeached. Here we have it on unquestionable evidence that our august sovereign, William the Fourth, orders for *himself* no less than fourteen petticoats, at one and the same time, habilimented in which, for any thing we know to the contrary, he may dissolve parliament. Should the worst come to the worst, and this be the case, let Mr. Hume bear in mind one satisfactory reflection—the eight cream-coloured horses that demi-annually transport his Majesty when clothed in a simple pair of breeches and laced hat, from the bottom of Pall Mall to the end of Whitehall, will have no sinecure if he induct himself in fourteen silk dresses. Royal orthodoxy in matters of female ornament is sufficient guarantee that each dress will be duly furnished with the requisite number of furbelows and flounces, however multitudinous. We trust also, that the royal caput will be surmounted with fourteen head-tiers

with plumes and all the necessary et-ceteras to match; for it is only a matter of justice that those cream-coloured brutes should earn their barley, which it is barely possible they ever can do—much to the annoyance of the public pulse.

UNCOMMON FINE WRITING.—“As mad as a March hare” is a common adage, and by way of illustrating it we suppose, the editor of the *Liverpool Telegraph* thus acquainted the public with his appreciation of his own merits, and their beatitude in possessing such a Solon, in his publication of the 8th ult. :—“The *Liverpool Telegraph* is but, as it were [there may be a doubt about it then it seems], a new combatant in the field of politics; but the great encouragement and support which we have met with since we buckled on our armour, and entered the lists to contend for the rights and privileges of the people, induces (!) us again [a constant recreation, we may surmise, with the Liverpudlian Bobadil] to put forth our political creed, and to renew those vows and protestations of fidelity to the people’s cause, which have won for us the unexampled patronage which has been our portion during our hitherto short career. [A precious nincompoop for the *protégé* of the ‘Metropolis of the North.’] ‘FOR THE PEOPLE’ has been our motto from first to last. Under the same motto we shall continue the conflict. Our object will ever be to uphold the people’s rights, contend for their privileges, and to urge on the march of all those great measures which will tend to increase *their* [whose—are the measures in strait-waistcoats?] liberties, and promote their happiness and welfare. We are the advocates of principles, not of persons. We shall give our support to the Ministry whenever the Ministry act for the people; but as often as we see the slightest symptoms of trimming, or shuffling, or leaning towards the aristocracy at the people’s cost, we shall be amongst the first to denounce and expose them. So we have done in time past, so we shall do in time to come. As Reformers we must stand, or as Reformers we must fall.” [A subject of vast moment truly whether he do one or the other.] We won’t say with the spouse of Iago, that it would be proper to put a scourge into every honest hand to lash this gentleman through his syntax and prosody, for we think good whip-cord would be wasted if so applied; even though we are favourable to a repeal of the duty on hemp. But we fancy that the destitute Highlanders, about whom we heard so much at the Egyptian Hall the other day, might find plenty of occupation in cutting birch for the good of some of our best possible instructors, who go *Telegraphing* their inanities about, after the fashion of the foregoing worthy. He is one of those brilliants whose phoenix-like rise the Tories predicted from the extinction of the fourpenny stamp; and we must not blind ourselves to the mischievous effects of such rampant nonsense because a liberal happens to be the showman. The Slops of this order are becoming as plentiful as mushrooms, or rather we should say as toadstools, for the growth of such *fungi* is a melancholy matter. They are in the heroics upon all possible occasions. No wonder Russia should augment her forces by land, and America increase her marine, when people keep clamouring about buckling on armour and entering the lists at this rate. Why half-a-dozen of Burke’s departure-of-chivalry speeches were not near so martial as a newspaper leader is now-a-days. “Arms on armour clashing bray, horrible discord” perpetually. And though the arms and armour be neither helm or blade, nor even potstick or frying-pan, still the uproarious derangement of verbs, nouns, and participles (*vide* the extract) has a cursed alacrity in the production of the doldrums. We speak earnestly, because feelingly. It’s no joke to have the din of “guns, blunderbusses, trumpets, drums, and thunder,” resounding in one’s ears; and if there be one thing in the world that can add to our abhorrence of this species of annoyance, it is when the perpetrators thereof insist upon their hideous dissonance being regarded as “dulcet and harmonious breath.” If one of these Ossianic-soul’d gentry wishes to inform us of his determination of purpose, forthwith he treats us

to a flourish about having nailed his flag to the mast and going down with all sails set. But ask a metaphor-dabbler what he means by this jargon, and ten to one he can't tell you the difference between a top-gallant royal and the hatchway. Then for clouds horizons and breakers, gulphs surges and tornadoes, one may as well take up a treatise on navigation as encounter a newspaper paragraph about a squabble between a dog's-meat man and the proprietor of a Punch-and-Judy show, or any other penny-a-line catastrophe. Some time ago you couldn't learn that your friend had a cold without being treated to a croak from the Frogs of Aristophanes, or be told of the apprenticeship of a charity urchin without your informant pitching you an *Arma-virumque-cano* version of the affair, to the utter bewilderment of all common sense.

Now that *that* rage has gone by, we find that our mother tongue may be a very mysterious language without the "aid of foreign ornament," for our wise-ones of the press, the bar, and the senate, will not be simple. Is there no preventative against this mania for fine writing? The other day we saw an advertisement from a country gentleman desiring to participate in the *Times* at half-price. Participate in the *Times*! Cobbett proposed to keep a mallet with an attendant functionary in every parish church, to knock all phrase-mongering humbugs upon the head; but his big English heart led him to think too favourably of his countrymen, for he certainly did not mean iron mallets, and hence the inutility of his suggestion. "Too much water hast thou had, Ophelia," said Laertes to his drowned sister. Too much wood hast thou in thy headpiece, oh Borthwick! to profit by the prescription of the *athlete* of the gridiron. And yet who should know the ailments of the representative of Hamlet and Evesham, if not him of Oldham? Anomalous this of a verity, for like to like says the proverb—*gammon* says Peter (posturising after the Dying Gladiator) apple-pie all quince is too much of a good thing. What with Peter, Richards, and a few more in the Commons, Phillpotts in the "other place," and some of our hebdomadal and diurnal meteors, our pensive public are pretty well off in the commodity our intense neighbours call botheration.

**RATHER UNREASONABLE.**—They say that a certain literary M.P. is excessively dissatisfied at the reception of his first and last dramatic production. One of his grounds of complaint is, that certain members of the press who had hitherto played toadies to him on all occasions have, in the case alluded to, forgotten their quondam occupation, and barked at his heels in chorus with the pack of vilifiers by whom he had always been assailed. Dissatisfaction on this score is natural enough, and we can the more readily sympathise in his chagrin thereat from our having always abstained from absurd eulogies on the one hand, and malignant censure on the other. But it is also said, we know not how truly, that he finds fault with Macready because *he* boasts that his was the only part in the play in the least entitled to be considered a well-drawn or a powerfully sustained character. Now, if the honourable and learned gentleman really indulge in any splenetic grievings of this sort, we must consider him as peevishly vain as his traducers insist that he is. Whatever he himself now thinks, it is manifest that in the first instance he considered, the actor also considered, and lastly, the public, we imagine very justly, considered that Macready is entitled to *Brag-alone*.

**BLOWING HOT AND COLD IN THE SAME BREATH.**—On the appearance of the King's Speech the tory organs instantly pronounced it the most barren, meagre, and unmeaning document of the kind ever published. Next evening the *Standard*, which had joined in the cry of its anti-ministerial compatriots, contained the following:—

"Before the ministerial announcements had been three hours before the public a becoming resolve was taken, preparations were commenced, and Freemasons' Hall was engaged for a public meeting of the friends of the

Established Church, of which the announcement will appear in a few days."—Well, the friends of the church took a great deal of pains to little purpose if the Speech meant nothing, or at all events viewed its contents with very different eyes from the *Standard* and the rest of that tribe. This is tory unanimity, is it? Pulling together with a vengeance truly! But adherence to fanaticism and political rancour must naturally blind people to the commission of the most nonsensical absurdities. When they are so harmless as to afford us a laugh, as in the present instance, well and good; but malignant idiotcy is rarely passive.

## JOURNAL OF FACTS.

### Discoveries since 1766.—

The steam-engine improved .....	1769
Spinning by steam .....	1782
Air-balloons, four new planets recovering drowned persons ....	1792
Hydraulic press, and telegraphs..	1794
Perussion powder, Galvanism the names in chemistry .....	1803
The Argand lamp, boring for water, coal, &c. ....	1804
Roman cement, gas-light .....	181
Sugar cultivated in Louisiana ...	1801
Navigation by Steam .....	1811
Printing by steam-power, circular saws, sugar from the root of beet, lithographic impressions .....	1816
Musical boxes ....	1877
Safety lamps, chain cables .....	1820
Chronometers perfected, power looms for cloths, stockings, &c., the stomach pump .....	1828
Steam guns and carriages .....	1832
Gum elastic shoes and boots .....	1833

### —Mining Journal.

#### Plumbago and Black Lead Pencils.—

There is only one purpose to which this form of carbon is applied in the solid state, viz., for the manufacture of black lead pencils. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the plumbago is the mode in which it is sold. Once a year the mine at Borrowdale is opened, and a sufficient quantity of plumbago is extracted to supply the market during the ensuing year. It is then closed up, and the product is carried in small fragments to London, where it is exposed to sale, at the black lead market, which is held on the first Monday of every month, at a public-house in Essex-street, Strand. The buyers, who amount to about seven or eight, examine every piece with a sharp instrument to ascertain its hardness. The individual who has the first choice pays 45s. per pound; the other 30s. But as there is no addition made to the first quantity in the market during the course

of the year, the residual portions are examined over and over again, until they are exhausted. The annual amount of sale is about 3000*l*. There are three kinds of pencils—common, ever-pointed, and plummets. The latter are composed of one-third sulphuret of antimony and two-thirds plumbago. In Paris, when you buy a sheet of paper in a stationer's sho'd some of these pencils are added to the purchase. Now these are formed of a mixture of plumbago, fuller's earth, and vermicelli. Genuine cedar pencils must cost 6*d*. each. If they are sold at a lower price, they must be formed from a mixture, not from pure plumbago. Pencils are, however, sold as low as 4*d*. a dozen. —*Rec. of Gen. Sc.*

*Light.*—The Italian natural philosopher, Melloni, has recently invented a mode of depriving the rays of light of caloric, which seems to open the way to great discoveries respecting the nature of light, when thus insulated. He passes the sun's rays through a combination of transparent bodies (water, and a particular sort of glass coloured green with oxide of copper), which bodies absorb all the caloric, and but little of the light. The light thus separated from its caloric is very yellow, with a green tinge; and when so concentrated by lenses, as to be as bright as the direct ray, the most delicate thermometer does not show the smallest degree of warmth. It has long been known that the prism, besides dividing the ray into its several pencils of colours, separated at one end of the spectrum a pencil of heat-making rays, and at the other a pencil of chemically-acting rays, both perceptible only by their effect; but this mode of severing the heat from the light offered little means of experimenting upon the unadulterated light, of which Melloni's discovery seems to give the philosopher as complete command as he has of the gases, &c.

Places of Worship in England and Wales:—

Established Church . . . . .	11,825
Wesleyan Methodists . . . . .	2,820
Protestant Dissenters . . . . .	2,911
Baptists, Quakers, and others	1,580
Roman Catholics . . . . .	411

19,547

Of the London Catholic Chapels 6 out of 25 are attached to the Foreign embassies;—of 383 in the provinces only 16 are supported by subscription, the remainder belonging to the private seats of the Roman Catholic gentry, or to the colleges

and religious houses in different parts of the country.

*Animal Temperature.*—It is a curious fact that men of all nations and tribes, and of all climes, whether they feed on herbs, flesh, milk, or pulse, have very nearly the same bodily heat, that is, 37° 1 Centigrade or 99° Fahrenheit. This heat, however, is a trifle augmented when a man is transported to a cold, and on the contrary diminished when transported to a hot climate. Birds have the greatest bodily heat, mammiferous animals next, then man, amphibious animals, and some insects.

STATES.	No. of Miles.	Made.		In progress.		Projected.		Grand Total of Canals and Railroads, made, making, &c.	
		Miles.	Cost doll.	Miles.	Cost doll.	Miles.	Cost doll.		
Maine . . . . .	4	10	200,000	15	300,000	416	3,663,500	426	3,663,500
N. Hampshire . . . . .	1					400	4,000,000	15	300,000
Vermont . . . . .	4			205	6,150,000	183	3,920,000	400	4,000,000
Massachusetts . . . . .	16	117	4,401,454	40	1,200,000	10	300,000	604	15,999,454
Rhode Island . . . . .	2			90	2,700,000			77	1,990,000
Connecticut . . . . .	93	175	3,500,000	1,557	31,155,000	906	18,433,000	90	2,700,000
New York . . . . .	7	108	2,960,000	87	1,705,000	75	1,500,000	377 1/2	88,961,108
New Jersey . . . . .	43	451	13,874,068	817	15,235,000	1,178	22,085,000	442	11,725,000
Pennsylvania . . . . .								375 1/2	87,585,000
Delaware . . . . .	4	130	4,306,507	274	6,850,000	1,089	21,780,000	13 1/2	2,200,000
Maryland . . . . .	24	102	1,176,103	153	1,535,000	1,260	12,595,000	1844	43,366,507
Virginia . . . . .	5					1,008	15,120,000	2,058	22,628,929
North Carolina . . . . .	3	136	2,040,000	100	1,500,000	607	12,140,000	1,031	15,580,000
South Carolina . . . . .	7			429	5,435,000	308	3,570,000	843	15,680,000
Georgia . . . . .	8			46	690,000	985	16,075,000	313	10,970,000
Alabama . . . . .	4			178	1,320,000	51	765,000	1,084	18,655,000
Mississippi . . . . .	3	5	80,000	560	11,200,000	6	120,000	229	2,085,000
Louisiana . . . . .								566	11,320,000
Tennessee . . . . .	3			60	1,200,000	56	660,305	706	15,580,305
Kentucky . . . . .	41	30 1/2	920,000	289	4,739,000	2,380	27,005,000	3649	48,435,342
Ohio . . . . .	3					253	2,650,000	716	8,850,000
Indiana . . . . .	13			1760	17,250,000	1855	24,250,000	2,500,000	2,500,000
Illinois . . . . .	2			200	2,500,000	200	2,500,000	200	2,500,000
Missouri . . . . .									
D. of Columbia . . . . .									
Florida . . . . .									
Total	293	1,235	33,458,132	4,900	92,914,000	13,131	187,231,805	25,179	459,025,145

*Grass-Oil.*—This is a fine volatile oil from Calcutta; its colour is amber—its smell strongly resembling that of *Kayoo-pooti Oil*. It begins to boil at 120°, and the thermometer continues to rise above 370°, the oil boiling all the time. Sulphuric acid forms a fine crimson acid soap with it, which soon, however, becomes dark-coloured, and the oil remains. It burns readily, giving out much smoke. It is applied to various economical purposes in India.

*Great Western Railway.*—This railway (117½ m. long) commences near Tyburn turnpike, and, passing by Acton and Hanwell, crosses the Brent and passes 2½ m. to the south of Uxbridge. It thence passes through Slough Salt-hill and Maidenhead to Reading; from which place it inclines somewhat northward to a point 3 m. from Wallingford. The line then runs westward within 2 m. of Wantage to Levindon, where it is joined by the West-junction railway. Thence S.W. the line proceeds through Chippenham and Trowbridge to Bath—and thence to Bristol, when it ends in Temple meads. The summit level at Levindon, which is about 76 m. from London, is 275 feet above the Bristol end and 253 above that of London. The curves are slight and the gradients are moderate; but we strongly object to the inclined plains in Mr. Brunel's plans and to the Box tunnel, which, in our own opinion, from a view of the plans and sections, is so disadvantageous as seriously to affect the interests of the concern. There will most probably be about six tunnels on the line. Box tunnel is 1¾ m. long; and there is another between Bath and Bristol 1012 yards long. The other tunnels are of inconsiderable length. The persons engaged say that the line to Maidenhead will be completed by the close of this year, and that the whole will be finished before the end of 1839. We doubt it.—ED.

*Education in Paris.*—Rapid progress has been made during the last few years in the education of the lower classes. The principal object proposed to be attained in the infant asylums is to accustom the inmates to industry and obedience. There were not more than seven of these establishments in the year 1833, but at present there are nineteen of them, which are attended by 3500 children. The documents laid before the municipal council of Paris, give the subsequent view of the statistics of education in its public institutions for the year 1834, beginning with the lowest class, and closing with the colleges attached to the University of Paris:—

Asylums founded and supported by the administrators of the hospitals.....	19
Number of children received	3,500
Schools for children maintained by the city of Paris 49, and by the hospitals 71; total	120
Number of pupils.....	25,035
Adult schools maintained by the city of Paris, 19; by the hospitals 7—total.....	26
Number of pupils .....	1,898

Independently of these establishments, the authorities have founded twenty-nine schools of industry, in which 1595 girls, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, are taught to work at the needle. There are 7 colleges attended by 4932 pupils, of whom 1873 are boarded and lodged in the colleges, and 3059 are day-scholars. The whole number of these several establishments is 172, and that of the individuals attending them 37,960. Altogether, including the special schools (*instruction des degrés supérieurs et des écoles spéciale*) *academie universitaire*, the lowest number of persons educated in Paris in the public establishments is 75,000.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The "Old Sailor" has a new Naval Novel in progress, which will shortly be published under the title of "The Anchorite, or Ten Thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks."

### *In the Press.*

Some Account of the Lives of the Compilers of the Liturgy, collected and arranged from the best Authorities: with Notes and References. By the Rev. John A. Bolster, A.M., M.R.I.A. Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Cork and Cloyne

Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By James Gillman, Esq. Pickering. A New and Splendid Edition of Mr. Burke's work on the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, which has been many years out of print, will be published about the middle of May

## MEETINGS OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BODIES OF LONDON FOR 1837.

SOCIETIES.	Times of Meeting.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
Royal, Somerset House . . . . .	Thursday, 8½ P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 27	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Antiquaries, Do. . . . .	Thursday, 8 P. M.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 24*	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Geological, Do. . . . .	Wednesday, 8½ P. M.	4, 18	1, 17*, 22	8, 22	5, 19	3, 17, 31	14
Linnean, Soho Square . . . . .	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	2, 24*	6, 20
Horticultural, 21, Regent Street . . . . .	Tuesday, 3 P. M.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	1*, 2, 16	6, 20
Med. and Chirurgical, 53, Berners Street.	Jan. Feb. 2 P. M.						
Civil Engineers, 1, Cannon Row . . . . .	Tuesday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	.....
Society of Arts, Adelphi . . . . .	Tuesday, 8 P. M.	10, 17*, 24, 31	7, 14, 21, 28	7, 14, 21, 28	4, 11, 18, 25	2, 9, 16, 23, 30	.....
Graphic, Thatched House . . . . .	Wednesday, 7½ P. M.	11, 18, 25	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	5, 12, 19, 26	3, 10, 17, 24, 31	7, 14
Royal Soc. of Lit. St. Martin's Place . . . . .	Illustr. Tues. 8 P. M.	10	14	14	11	9	13
Zoological, 28, Leicester Square . . . . .	Wednes. 8 P. M.	11	8	8	12	10	14
Royal Institution, Albemarle Street . . . . .	Thursday, 4 P. M.	12, 26	9, 23	9, 23	13, 27*	11, 25	8, 22
Royal Asiatic, 14, Grafton Street . . . . .	Thursday, 8½ P. M.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	13, 27
Royal Geographical, 21, Regent Street . . . . .	Friday, 8½ P. M.	5	2	2	6, 29*	4	1
British Architects, 43, King St. Cov. Gar.	Saturday, 2 P. M.	20, 27	3, 10, 17, 24	3, 10, 17	7, 14, 21, 28	1*, 5, 12, 19, 26	2, 9
Entomological, 17, Old Bond Street . . . . .	Monday, 9 P. M.	7, 21	4, 18	4, 18	1, 15	6*	3, 17
Statistical, St. Martin's Place . . . . .	Monday, 8 P. M.	9, 23	13, 27	13	10, 24	8, 15*, 22	July 1, 15
Phrenological, 10, Pantion Square . . . . .	Monday, 8 P. M.	16, 30	13, 27	13, 27	3, 17	1*, 15, 29	12, 26
							12, 26
							July 10, 24
							5
							19
							5, 19

\* Those Meetings marked thus (\*) are Anniversaries.  
 The Meetings continue through the year on the first Monday of every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on January 23.  
 Royal Astronomical Society (Somerset House).—Meetings from November to June, on the second Friday in every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on February 10.  
 Statistical Society (4, St. Martin's Place).—Meet on the third Monday of every month from November to July. The anniversary will be on March 15.  
 Zoological Society.—The Meetings are continued throughout the year, on the first Thursday, and on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

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EDUCATION A NATIONAL CONCERN.\*

“Whatever may stimulate the powers of the understanding or may regale the appetite for speculation by even that glimmering and imperfect light which is made to play in a mechanic school among the mysteries of nature, or may unveil though but partially the great characteristics of wisdom and goodness that lie so profusely scattered over the face of visible things, or may both exalt and give a wider compass to the imagination, or may awaken a sense before dormant to the beauties of the Divine workmanship and to the charms of that argument or of that eloquence by which they are expounded,—*each and all of these* might be pressed into the service of forming to ourselves a loftier population.”—*Chalmers.*

NATIONAL EDUCATION based on reasonable principles and regulated by the State is a great and urgent necessity, that becomes every day more and more obvious to the thinking men of all parties. The people cry out for self-government, for the exercise of that power which their recognition as a free people has led them to consider as their right; but whether it be a just claim or not, it is so strongly enforced, that we dare not refuse to entertain the question of right that they urge upon us. Meanwhile we must provide, if merely out of regard for the safety of ourselves and our property, that these powers, whenever granted and to whatever degree, shall be properly exercised,—in short that they shall not be like edge-tools placed in children’s hands,—alike dangerous to themselves and all around them; and the only means by which the interests of society can be so secured is by giving to the masses of our population an education—religious, moral, and intellectual,—*religious*, that they may know their duty to God and the ultimate principles of moral obligation,—*moral*, that they may be able to trace in detail the various ramifications of the social duties,—and *intellectual*, that they may be able to exercise a mature judgment on the various matters domestic, social, and political, that come under their consideration. It must be acknowledged that this compulsory view of education is a very low one to take of so important a subject: but it is to be feared, that many who admit its necessity, defend it on no higher ground. That many persons, highly to their credit, have taken up the subject from the higher motives of religion and morality, and that their philanthropic activity has undoubtedly been productive of great national good, cannot be denied; but however much higher the ground which they take than that as-

\* Central Society of Education. First publication, 12mo. pp. 414. Taylor and Walton.

sumed by the first who look on the education of the masses as a species of necessary evil, it does not seem to us that in carrying out their plans they proceeded on right principles. If the distinctive character of man be the possession of a faculty or faculties, whereby he forms ideas, compares them with each other, and accumulates them, as it were, for future use,—if man according to the schoolmen be *animal sentiens*,—he should be treated as such; and every method of training man must be radically defective, that does not educate his mind. Education, in short, must be intellectual, or it is unworthy of the name:—it is a shadow without a substance,—a dead, unmeaning form. Intellectual education, till within a very few years, was unknown except to the Edgeworths, the Aikins, and the Pestalozzis, who conscious of the correctness of their own views were willing to endure the scoffs and sneers of those who called them dreamy and unpractical speculators. The clergy patronised, as indeed they still patronise, a system, whereby children were treated as the mere lifeless components of a machine—lifeless itself:—the chartered schools were confined to the teaching of the dead forms of grammar and a few words of ancient vocabularies:—and in the private schools, high or low, for poor or rich, left to the care of men responsible only to parents quite incompetent to give an opinion for or against—men, whose interest was to pay the smallest possible salaries to their ushers and to send in the largest possible bills to the parents—men who were as ignorant as idiots of the first principles of teaching and no less so of the first principles of knowledge, little or nothing was done to prepare children for the business of mature years. Education, indeed, began where it should have ended,—when the children left school and not when they entered it. Let any sensible person of any class—whether from national school, public school, or private school—answer this question whether he was ever asked or led to *think* of his lessons, to exercise his judgment on their meaning,—in short, actively to employ his mind. Ninety-nine out of every hundred will answer in the negative; and if any one should affirm, that under the formal, mechanical system, whose defects are now in course of developement, he did progress, did receive instruction mainly instrumental in making him an useful and distinguished member of his class, we answer that he became such, not through the means, but in spite of the hindrances of the system. However unfavourably such defects in the plans and conduct of education may have acted on society at large, it is on the poor, chiefly, that its most baneful influence is discernible and especially on those who live in the rural districts. The boy belonging to the higher or middle classes, when he returns from school, beholds around him those, whose experience or reading enables them to give him in a familiar way the instruction which his school furnishes not; and thus he is stimulated to think for himself and to begin the work of self-education. The child of the tradesman or the intelligent artisan, though not so favourably situated as the former, still has many opportunities placed in his way, which his young and active mind seizes, of getting instruction:—his book-lessons are formal and dull,—his lessons of life are vital and interesting, and they often decide his future pursuits. But when

the child belongs to ignorant parents who are able to impart nothing to their offspring except their own evil habits and narrow prejudices, and especially, when—as in the rural districts—his opportunities of observing character are confined within a scanty village, then his case is truly pitiable and requires that some means should be adopted, by which he may rise to his proper dignity as a human being. If education be good at all,—surely it is our duty to procure the best for those who most need its blessings; and we feel most strongly impressed with the conviction, that these blessings cannot be made either effectual or universal, until we rise, as a great nation, provide the means, and order the machinery that shall work this mighty reformation. The dame and the parish-schoolmaster have been tried and found wanting; and the clergy have too generally confined their instruction to sectarian dogmas for the most part unintelligible to children:—the field is yet open, and it remains for the Legislature to send labourers for its culture.

EDUCATION in all its branches and at all its periods—from the earliest years of the infant to the time when the full-grown man enters on his profession, is the subject which the Central Society of Education (whose general objects we gladly announced some months back, and whose first publication we now notice) desires to patronise and advance; and in the publications to which their name gives currency, there will constantly be found essays by practical men on the best methods of conducting the different branches of instruction, and much valuable information, besides, on the state and progress of education in this and other countries. We are most happy to perceive from Mr. Duppa's leading paper, that the feeling of the Central Society is so strong in favour of national education; and it is to be hoped that all opposition will soon yield to the calm but firm endeavours made for its establishment by the most enlightened men of the present day both in and out of Parliament. The Education Committees, Lord Brougham's Bill, the Statistical Societies in London and Manchester, the members of the British Association, and lastly, the Society of Education, are all strong agents in producing the end so much to be desired; and we are sure that we shall not have long to wait for the consummation of our wishes.

To proceed to describe this book a little *en détail*,—we have an essay by Mr. Wyse on the progress and prospects of education in the United Kingdom, distinguished by that power of thought and thorough knowledge of the subject so visible in his larger work. He gives a very brief but comprehensive view of the history and present state of education in the three kingdoms, from which he concludes that, though there be evils, great in magnitude as in number, yet that we ought not to sink in apathy or despondence. Improvements, however slight, have been real; there is ground for encouragement even in our past progress; and the future offers much more. His observations on the present state of education in England are as follow:—

“The limits of this paper preclude the possibility of going into much detail on the history or state of education in England. Here, as in Scotland, elementary education, whether in the hands of societies or individuals, is tolerably extended, but altogether incomplete; frequently miserable in amount,

still more wretched in quality. The Reports of the Statistical Society of Manchester present a painful and humiliating picture of the general mass of our so named, but misnamed, education; the mere material organization—school-houses, outfit, &c.—of the worst possible description; the intellectual and moral still worse. Bad sites, bad air, garrets and cellars for school-rooms,—every thing to produce both physical and mental injury,—are a few only of these features: a much more afflicting characteristic is the want of teachers, of books, and instruction; the very essentials, in fine, of education are wanting. They are mere lock-up houses to ease parents for a certain number of hours of their children. The great majority of the schools in the thriving towns of Manchester, Salford, Bury, Liverpool, are of this class; and there is no reason for supposing they do not present a pretty fair sample of what is usually to be met with in the great majority of our commercial cities. The country districts are secured indeed by their mere position from many of the physical evils; but from few, if any, of the mental. The Dame-schools are types of the greater part of these institutions: the simplicity of childhood is taught by ignorance, and often by imbecility. It is true, indeed, that these defects have long since attracted the attention of benevolent individuals and associations; and, amongst others, the National Society and the British and Foreign have become conspicuous. But neither appears to have remedied the evil, or indeed to have fully understood the true nature of the means by which it was to be remedied. Their whole system refers much more to a certain series of applications, than the being to which they are to be applied. It presupposes no knowledge, no study of the infant mind; it treats all with the same dose of words, and pulls all by the same wires to the same attitude. Scriptural teaching is a mere stringing together of half-understood or altogether misunderstood phrases. That it is well meant, I have no doubt; but that it is wisely done, is quite another question. In most of these elementary schools the instruction is reduced to its very simplest elements. It is often little more than reading; and though I have not heard that writing has generally been protested against, as in the case of some of the workhouse establishments, as little more than reading and writing as was at all possible has been conceded. That there are not exceptions to this character, it would be unjust to deny; but it must still be remembered they are exceptions. The British in some particulars maintain a considerable superiority over the National, and some schools in each over the other. Private schools, in many places, have rivalled the excellence of the best in Scotland or on the Continent. But private schools are often, after all, but proofs of the inefficiency of public ones, and of the necessity that exists of supplying their defects or their place. The more superior, the more clearly they mark the inferiority of their rivals,—the more forcibly they attest the immense space yet to pass before the public instruction can attain its just place. In no country is the strife between the new and old educations more vehement,—the education which deals with mind as spirit, and that which deals with it as matter. In no country are there greater anomalies,—greater differences, not merely on the means, but the ends of education. Nor is this discoverable in elementary only; it runs up through the entire system.

“If we find in the country and town schools little preparation for the occupations, still less for the duties of the future agriculturist or mechanic, we find in the Grammar schools much greater defects. The middle-class, in all its sections, except the mere learned professions, find no instruction which can suit their special middle-class wants. They are fed with the dry husks of ancient learning, when they should be taking sound and substantial food from the great treasury of modern discovery. The applications of chemical and mechanical science to every-day wants,—such a study of history as will show the progress of civilisation,—and such a knowledge of public economy, in the large sense of the term, as will guard them against the delusions of political fanatics and knaves, and lead to a due understanding of their posi-

tion in society, are all subjects worth as much labour and inquiry to that great body, as a little Latin learnt in a very imperfect manner, with some scraps of Greek to boot,—the usual stinted course of most of our grammar-schools. Ancient learning is a noble and beautiful temple, but which is not to be profaned by these rude and hasty intrusions. If antiquity is to be studied, let it be in the mind as well as in the words of antiquity. Nor is their religious training much better managed than in the elementary schools. The 'Alphabet learning' of the Sacred Writ, the superstitious preference of letter to spirit, continues to prevail. Of the discipline of some of the higher I forbear to speak. The discipline there pursued, which astonishes other nations, has at last roused ours. High-schools are beginning to appear beside our great public schools; not only pointing out the better way, but gradually winning to it, or forcing to it by competition, these public schools themselves. The London University, now University College School, the Proprietary College at Bristol, the High-school of the corporation of London, that about to be opened at Liverpool, with numerous other foundations emanating from the same desire, and the same just appreciation of true education, all intimate that the tide is far more advanced than we could calculate, from the old endowments of the country. Nor are these endowments themselves without feeling in some degree the same influences.

"We have no grounds to dread the future. It is impossible, in this great industrial community, with mind at work in all its modifications around us, that sooner or later every class should not require supply for its own especial necessities in education; and, having felt the desire, should not seek and soon find the best means which civilisation can furnish for its gratification.

"But the great defect of English education, to which most of its injurious and inefficient working may be traced, is the total want of a national organisation. There is not, as in all Continental countries, a Minister and Council of Instruction; nor, as in Scotland, a General Assembly; nor, as in Ireland, a Board of Education. It forms the one great exception to the entire civilised world. The result is not of such a nature as to make us much in love with the cause. It could easily be shown that the voluntary system of public instruction, with no central power to guide, aid, or control, has not only not worked well, but worked nearly as ill as any system well could. Every sort of antic has been played; all sorts of empiricism been permitted; immense waste of time, money, and labour,—often, too, of the most admirable zeal and the best intentions,—with the most miserable, if not injurious, results. It is not so much funds which are required as knowledge. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds distributed between rival societies will not perform the miracle. If the state is to touch our public schools at all, she must do it through a proper department. No more grants,—or a minister and council through which they are to come. But such has been the whole of our legislation. We give functions long before we dream of the organisation through which they are to be exercised; and for every act we start some petty expedient machinery for the day, the worst usually which could be devised. Not a step should be attempted before this be done. Once we have got good instruments to work with, we can work well. Normal schools, model schools, books, buildings, all should follow, not precede. System is nothing but simplifying the complicated,—rendering the difficult easy,—extending the restricted,—making what we give good, and making the good common to all. Why should it be rejected? Difficulties there may be, but none which good sense and strong will may not beat down. There is no possible reason why Government, in the case of England, should not act as in the case of Ireland. Is a Home Secretary here, of shorter arm and poorer courage than a Chief Secretary there? a 'Letter of Instructions' may fairly anticipate an 'Act of Parliament.' What we want is the organisation. We will take it even as an experiment, and for the legislative sanction consent to wait.

"A Board of Education for England, another for Scotland, a third for Ire-

land, all acting under the Minister of Public Instruction here, with large powers over new and old endowments, and with adequate funds, composed fairly, and acting under constant parliamentary and government inspection; but, above all, under the universal public eye: a wise share of co-operation granted, and required from the people, in parishes, towns, counties, and provinces, through the public bodies most appropriate in each,—this, I conceive, to be the first preliminary to all real reform of a general nature in our national education; the only reform indeed which can give it a national character, or leave us the hope that our posterity will enjoy a sound, universal, and permanent system.”

Passing over Dr. Reid’s little paper on Elementary Chemistry as a branch of general instruction, which is not altogether new to us who are well acquainted with his invaluable little manual,—we proceed to notice Mr. Baker’s excellent article on the Education of the Senses, as exhibited in the instruction of blind, deaf, and dumb persons. It is, as the writer of these remarks thinks, the most useful among the many useful articles that compose the book before him; and what is more, it indicates its author’s possession of an experience and thorough knowledge of *sensual* education, of which few besides himself can boast. With the recollection of one or two articles in the *Journal of Education* fresh upon us, and not forgetting two or three original works on the same subject, we do not hesitate to express our opinion most highly in favour of Mr. Baker’s talents.

Professor De Morgan’s observations on the value of mathematics in education are witty and satirical; but they are highly useful, inasmuch as they point out the real nature of the study and with what views it should be pursued. In point of cleverness and originality this paper bears the palm over every other in the book. It is much to be regretted that we have no room for an extract from this very ingenious and witty paper. The writer must be a good-natured, jocose companion, as well as a mere abstract philosopher. Mr. Wittich’s paper is a very modest, but extremely satisfactory exposition of the past and present condition of the elementary schools in Prussia. Beginning with 1770, when Frederick the Great took the first steps in improving the then wretched state of the schools throughout his territories, and after showing by what means the improvements in the higher classes of schools were effectuated at an earlier period than the rest, the author proceeds to explain the benefits derived from the benevolent and scientific exertions of Pestalozzi, who may truly be called the founder of the new system of education,—inasmuch as he was the first to raise teaching to an art based on the knowledge of human nature. This excellent man, although his principles admitted of universal application, adapted them only to the training of the lower classes; but fortunately enough of good was seen to flow out of his imperfectly developed plans to induce the Prussian government and several Germanic princes to transplant them into their own elementary schools and to carry out the system to a much greater extent than was practised by Pestalozzi. Since the period at which these plans were introduced into Germany, a progressive improvement has taken place, and although the schools are neither so numerous nor so well supplied with efficient teachers as might be wished, yet the continual exertions of the Prussian government furnish ground for the hope

that every defect will in time be supplied and the system be brought to perfection. The subjects taught in these elementary schools are six:—1. The native language (*Muttersprache*), not merely mechanical reading and writing, but the common-sense of grammar and instruction in the expression of ideas. 2. Mathematics (*Größenlehre*), that is, arithmetic and geometry, based on the knowledge of number and size furnished by surrounding objects and conducted throughout by constant appeals to the senses and the understanding. 3. Knowledge of the external world (*Weltkunde*), which comprehends all *objective* teaching, such as geography from that of the play-ground or village to that of the maps on the school walls, botany, mineralogy, history of animals, &c. &c., all based on actual observation either of specimens or representations. 4. Drawing, with the view of training the eye to correctness, and giving facility to the hand. 5. Religion. 6. Singing. We heartily recommend our readers to read attentively Mr. Wittich's paper, as containing hints by which teachers in this country may greatly profit.

From Mr. Duppa's paper on the "Industrial Schools for the Peasantry," which very clearly exhibits the imperfection of schools that confine their efforts to literary instruction and shows most satisfactorily the good that has already flowed from the occasional adoption of industrial schools, we hope to see many good results. That there are scattered through the length and breadth of our island persons fully able and well inclined to adopt every measure that may ensure for those around them the greatest possible measure of happiness, we cannot doubt; and surely nothing can promote it more than the formation of virtuous and industrious habits.\* We think, however, with Mr. Duppa, that the only way of ensuring the full benefits derivable from such a system among the mechanical and agricultural classes is to place it in the hands of Government. But let the author speak for himself.

"For the purposes of national education we must look for assistance greater and more uniform than individuals or societies can give.

"'Most governments,' says Xenophon, 'leaving the education of children to the discretion of parents, and the liberty of living as they please to those of mature age, then forbid theft, burglary, personal violence, adultery, disobedience to those entrusted with power, and other actions of a similar nature; and, in the instance of any of these injunctions being transgressed, punish the offenders. But the Persian laws, taking a higher ground, provide that their citizens shall not even desire to do that which is wicked or disgraceful.' He then proceeds to state how, by a careful education, it was provided in Persia that the youth should, from an early period, be obtaining a correct knowledge of the objects and character of human action, and acquiring habits of justice, temperance, and endurance. As did the governments which Xenophon thus reprobates, so does ours. The working population, which constitutes the great mass of society, have, from the necessity they are under of labouring continually for their bread, but little time for attending to the education of their children, even supposing them otherwise capacitated for so doing; while

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\* Would it not fall in with the views of this Society to publish this paper as a tract and diffuse it largely among the landed proprietors and the more intelligent clergy of England? The expense would be very small; the chances of good very great.

the schools, where there are any to which they can send their children, are for the most part of a character, which not only forbids hope of good, but even creates apprehension of evil.

“The labourers arrive at the age of manhood without any means being taken, which any reasonable person could consider as influencing them to act rightly, or even giving them a knowledge of what is right; and still, most absurdly, poor human nature is blamed for mistaking the way, and punishment dealt out to it with an unsparing hand. Most inconsiderately, indeed, does man deal with his fellow-man, and through sheer ignorance offer repeated insults to the humanity to which he himself belongs, by his treatment of his fellow-men,—forgetful that the undervaluing of humanity in others is a direct insult to himself. Let us for a moment consider the different lights in which different descriptions of persons will regard the same individual. The farmer considers himself as concerned in the bodies, the bones, and sinews,—the mechanical powers alone of his servants; the divine as only in the souls of his congregation; and the school-master as only in the intellect of his pupils. Each, therefore, has tasked that portion only of the being which he considered regarded him; neglecting the other portions, as though they were of no importance. But, as the Almighty has made man a compound of all three, the action of one is never healthful without the others are in harmony with it. The consequence of this has been, that the farmer, instead of gaining what he aims at—the greatest possible advantage from the labour of his men, obtains only such a small portion of it as is gained from the ill-directed and languid exertions of men who work without intelligence and a sense of moral obligation. The divine, instead of, by his exhortations, making good and happy men regardful of the rights of others, but too often makes bigots and enthusiasts ignorant of their duties, uncharitable to their neighbour, and despising the common occupations of life. While the school-master, instead of producing men trained in body, mind, and morals to make useful and intelligent members of society, sends forth beings undisciplined in morals, unacquainted with the use of knowledge, but armed with a weapon, of the power of which they have some indefinite notion, and from the possession of which they are as likely to derive and inflict injury as good. It is, however, a subject of congratulation, that these different persons cannot gain their respective ends in defiance of the constitution of man. What a hopeless state a large portion of mankind would be reduced to, if no inconvenience resulted from the gross absurdity of the farmer, for instance, in endeavouring to avail himself of a man’s physical powers, without taking into consideration the other portions of his being; if, for instance, the miserable, ignorant, and vicious peasant was, as a labourer, as diligent and as effective as one happy, intelligent, and moral,—there would be no hope; those who had the power would attain their respective ends; they would feel no inconvenience; and their peasants, like any other machinery on their farms that worked well, would continue without a thought being given as to the means of improving them; but such never was, and never will be the case. Inconvenience is felt, and the blame laid by the masters on all shoulders but the right ones—their own. Their men, they say, are not to be trusted—indolent and drunken; their women dawdles, and prostitutes. In many counties it is difficult to procure a servant who can wash, bake, sew, or manage a dairy. They all work for the time that hunger presses closely upon them; that removed, they remain in a state of listlessness. They know no games, they sing no songs, and have recourse to poaching, drinking, and debauchery, from sheer *ennui*.

But, looking at the little that individual exertion or influence ever has, or ever can effect,—the vastness of what is to be done,—the numerous and large districts where there is no education whatsoever, and the whole rural population that is without any worthy of the name,—the scattered manner in which people live in the country—the differing opinions which there exist respecting the propriety of giving any education at all,—the total impossibility of col-

lecting sufficient funds, except from the charity of some rich proprietor, who may or may not be resident,—who, if so, may, or may not, be disposed to come forward,—who may, or may not, sanction a good system being pursued;—again, looking at the difficulty, nay, impossibility, of procuring competent masters at the inadequate recompence which is held out to them, even if they could be found,—we are unable to anticipate the adoption of any measures which will be equal to the emergency of the case, unless the subject be taken up by his Majesty's government. Something societies and individuals may do in accumulating information respecting the actual state of the country in this particular,—something they may do in inquiring into what education should be,—something they may do in demonstrating the practicability of good systems, by establishing schools upon them; but other than as fore-runners of, and as hastening an all-embracing and sound system of education (in doing which they are most useful), we hold them, in a public point of view, as little worthy of consideration.

“‘Sovereigns and chiefs of nations!’ says De Fellenberg, in deep earnestness, ‘the fruitful source of sedition, of crime, of all the blood which flows upon the scaffold, is owing to the erroneous education of people. Landlords! it is here you must seek the cause of all those obstacles which the idleness and growing vices of the labouring classes oppose to the increase of the produce of your estates.’—‘By degrading the people we dry up the richest source of power, of wealth, and of happiness, which a state can possess.’”

We merely mention Mr. Baker's Statistical paper on Mechanics' Institutions and Libraries, for mere description would give the reader no idea of its contents, however valuable they really are; and for the same reason we are compelled to pass over Mr. Allen's plan of teaching Greek, which, though not original, but almost wholly borrowed from his own teachers, contains many important maxims. Mr. Hawes's paper on the treatment of juvenile offenders is too good, however, and the subject of it is too important, to allow of its being lightly passed over. If there be any one branch of judicial legislation that has met with less attention than the rest, it is the management of our prisons: indeed it is a shame and a reproach to us, that our misnamed penitentiaries and houses of correction are nurseries of crime and sinks of impurity and immorality, where the old and hardened criminal is allowed to corrupt and pollute even the youngest and most trifling offender. It is an imperative duty on the legislature to stay this moral plague; and nothing can effect this object unless it be a complete separation of juvenile offenders in a prison expressly adapted for their reformation and education. Mr. Hawes's plan for such a prison or penitentiary is as follows:—

“We should propose that Houses of Detention rather than prisons, should be established; that all acts of theft should be deemed misdemeanours, subjecting the party at once to a long period of detention,—perhaps even for as long a term as seven years,—for reasons which we will give, *subject to such mitigation* as a board established for that purpose, and under the authority of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, should determine, and which should be founded only upon the character of the offender, and the means of support and employment which parents could command. The ground of mitigation always to be recorded.

“That upon committal to any such House, and during a probationary period, which should be long or short at the discretion of the board, there should be no communication whatsoever with parents or friends; that the board should have the power, on the expiration of a *probationary* period, to

communicate with the parents as to their power to provide for the prisoner, and, upon their inability to do so, to lay the case before the next quarter-sessions held nearest to the residence of the parents, upon due notice to the parents, and call upon them to show why the child should not be apprenticed out, under the authority of the board, for such period as the court should sanction. In none of these cases should it be necessary to produce the prisoner in court, unless at the order of the court itself; being, as it appears to us, most undesirable that a young offender should ever be placed unnecessarily at the bar of a court of justice, and there be, as Mr. Alderman Harmer observes, the hero of the piece, with a sympathizing auditory around him.

“That the court should also have the power to make an order on the parent for such weekly allowance as his means should afford.

“That it should be in the power of the board to apprentice the children either at home or abroad, as they may see fit; and that for the purpose of having the requisite information at home, of the locality, nature, and extent of a demand for labour, the Boards of Guardians under the Poor Law Commissioners should be required to furnish returns from unions of parishes, showing whether there is any,—and what is the nature of the labour, in demand in the several parishes of every union.

“That cases which should be shown to be incorrigible, from frequent acts of insubordination during the confinement of the prisoner, by the board, should be presented as such to the quarter-sessions, and, upon the verdict of a jury, the culprit should be at the disposal of the board, under the secretary of state, and be subject to apprenticeship, at home or abroad, for such period as the board shall determine.

“It may be objectionable to give a further power of summary jurisdiction to our magistracy as at present constituted; but we can see no reasonable objection to giving such power to stipendiary magistrates in all our large towns. There courts might be provided wherever they do not already exist, to be presided over by a single justice, adequately paid and perfectly qualified for his office. By such means,—and by making all such courts, courts of record,—men of ability and standing at the Bar would be found willing to undertake the office.

“Here then are the outlines of the government, and of the penal conditions annexed to these Houses of Detention. The discipline we should form on a system very similar to that adopted by the Children’s Friend Society.

“We extract an account of this society, first established by the persevering benevolence of Captain Brenton, R.N., from a tract published by the society and written by the second master.

“The boys are classed according to their moral character, and not according to extent of acquirement. The classes are marked A, B, C. The A class has a subdivision; each class has a monitor, and the first boy in class A, is called a general monitor: in school they are placed according to their acquirements, as, Bible class, Testament class, monosyllable class, spelling class, writing class, and so on; and of course there are then some monitors who at other times cease to act in that capacity.

“The first division of class A, are boys who are able to read and write, and whose moral habits are so good as to fit them to be recommended to a situation, or to be apprenticed the first opportunity. The second division are those whose moral character is good, but whose acquirements are not sufficient for them to be placed out. Class B, are those who endeavour to do right generally, and whose faults proceed from carelessness rather than from any vicious propensity; and class C, consists of those who are still bad and seem determined to do wrong.

“When a boy is admitted, he is placed at the bottom of class B. A journal of conduct for every half-day is kept by the master, and the names are regulated every Tuesday; if a boy’s conduct is generally good, he gradually rises to class A; if bad, he sinks into class C. The boys composing this class are

always distinguished by sitting at the bottom of the table, and being allowed no privileges whatever: and such is the effect of this system of classification, that it rarely happens for a boy to remain in C class longer than a fortnight.

“The intention in establishing this society, now called the ‘Christian’s Friend Society,’ was originally to reclaim the neglected and destitute children that infest the streets of the metropolis, and to find employment for them after they had given proof of their reformation. Means of emigration to the Colonies were afforded; and comfortable situations, either as servants or apprentices, were there provided for them.

“The boys received into the Asylum may be divided into four classes, viz.—first class, boys of respectable parents who are reduced in circumstances, and orphans of ditto; second class, boys neglected and deserted by their parents, who have gained a living in the streets; third class, boys from work-houses, who, possessing an unsettled or enterprising spirit, have volunteered to emigrate; fourth, boys from the houses of correction, who, upon showing signs of penitence, have excited the sympathy of some persons, and these have exerted themselves to get them admitted into our Asylum on the expiration of their imprisonment.”

To detail further the contents of this little volume—the first, let us hope, of a large family, to which this Society may give birth,—would not only take up too much of our space, but might, perhaps, tire our variety-loving readers; but we cannot part from it without very respectfully offering one word of advice respecting these publications. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge tried by means of its *Journal of Education* to do precisely what the present Society contemplates—viz. “to inquire what is and what ought to be the education of both sexes of all classes;” and those efforts, we regret to say, were unavailing. The *Journal* was very ably conducted, and every number was replete with most important and valuable matter on Educational subjects; but, whether owing to a general indifference on the part of the public to the subject of teaching, or to the absence of lively and spirited writing on the part of the contributors,—in short, to whatever cause it might be attributed, this undertaking did not meet with that success which its unquestionable merits deserved, and after a fair trial of five years the work was discontinued very much to the sorrow of the writer of these observations. That a series of publications formed on the same plan as those which closed in 1835 will meet with more success at present we cannot think; and it is highly necessary that the Society should contrive some expedient by which they may insure for their books a greater popularity and wider sphere of usefulness than that attained by the *Journal of Education*. With this recommendation (which it is hoped will be taken in the same spirit in which it is given), we take our leave of the Society, fully convinced that, although great names are too often formal appendages to our national institutions, there are in the list of its members, names, whose owners—illustrious not merely by their own high endowments, but by their zeal for the moral and intellectual advancement of the species—will not allow themselves to be inactive spectators of the labours of benevolence which are going on around them, but will cordially give their powerful assistance to forward the education of ALL classes of a great and free people.

A TEACHER.

## CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

## NO. III.]

## THE MEETING OF CREDITORS.

IT was about eight o'clock in the evening of a miserably wet day that Mr. Walton, who during the preceding two hours had been seated alone, busily engaged in posting his ledger, slowly closed that ponderous and important volume, and placing it with its auxiliary books carefully away in an iron safe, locked his counting-house, and retired up stairs.

Mr. Walton, having so done, took his accustomed seat by the fire, complained of the chillness of the night, and presently sank into a state of profound abstraction. It was a long while before he shook himself out of the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Ellen," said he at length, addressing his wife, a pretty delicate little woman, who occupied the opposite side of the fire, "I have very unpleasant news to communicate to you. Now, pray do not alarm yourself, promise me that you will be composed, bear it like a woman, and I'll tell you."

"What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Walton, whom this very earnest exhortation to calmness and composure had, as is usually the case, contrived in no slight degree to agitate,—“what unpleasant news can you have to tell me?”

"I shall be compelled, I fear," said Mr. Walton mournfully, "to call my creditors together to-morrow, and I find, after taking every thing into account,—the debts due to me, the stock on hand, and my assets,—I find that I can only offer them a composition of seven and sixpence in the pound."

Mrs. Walton, it may be supposed, was exceedingly shocked at this unexpected announcement, but as it is my present business to state facts rather than to describe feelings, I forbear setting before the reader a domestic picture, however interesting to some the exhibition might appear.

"The creditor I have most reason to believe hostile to me," resumed Mr. Walton, "excuse me for saying so, my dear Ellen, is your father. You know the antipathy—I can call it nothing less—which he has for a long time past conceived against me; and the 500*l.* he lent me on our marriage, he has recently been very urgent to call back."

"I do not think you know him," said the wife, "if you suppose he would frustrate your efforts to settle your affairs. I will intercede with him; and I am sure, for the children's sake—"

Walton shook his head, "It will be to no purpose, I feel that,—my three principal creditors," he added, "will not stand in the way of an arrangement. Eager has always been extremely kind and

obliging: Grasp is one of the best friends I have; and as for Shark, I am sure of him."

The worthy couple having talked and retalked, and canvassed and argued the various matters connected with this unpleasant business, till the candles went into fits that threatened immediate dissolution, betook themselves to bed, there to renew the subject; but with no better success.

Mr. Walton was a Silkman and resided in Aldermanbury. On the death of his father he succeeded to a good business, and a few thousand pounds; and, about three years afterwards, contrived, but not without much difficulty, to acquire a wife,—Old Blunt, the father of the bride, having growled a very uncomplimentary consent to the match. The truth is, the old gentleman, amongst other partialities and prejudices which sometimes are discoverable in old gentlemen who can afford to do as they please, was extremely attached to his eldest daughter, and by no means so to the man whom she had selected for a husband. He thought him too young, too volatile, too gay; he wondered what could possess the coxcombs of the present day, to live at the rate they did;—and Walton was decidedly too expensive. These were serious charges, and old Blunt unfortunately had grounds for making them. Walton was at the period of his marriage very young and by no means averse from the pursuit of pleasure, and perhaps he did live in a style rather too expensive for his income. But when he took a house at Highbury and set up a gig, Blunt was inexorable. He refused to see his son-in-law, would never walk within a mile of the house at Highbury, and was completely upset by the gig.

Walton, it is true, in a short time perceived the folly of his proceedings. He gave up the house, sold the gig, and by assiduous attention to business endeavoured to keep together a connexion which the badness of trade caused by the recent panic had rendered rather insecure. But he was too proud to make advances to old Blunt, and the latter was too obstinate to meet him half-way, had he done so. At the time, then, of which we write, these two parties may be considered to have been on rather questionable terms; a constrained civility on one side, and a morose gruffness on the other.

It was with no slight degree of nervous trepidation that Walton wrote and despatched by the hand of his clerk, the several letters to his creditors conveying to them the unpleasant fact that he was about to call them together. How old Blunt would chuckle, would gloat, as it were, over his misfortunes was a conviction of painful certainty to him. Scarcely more pleasant was it to him to reflect on the probable behaviour of his friends Eager, Grasp, and Shark, upon this distressing occasion. He beheld Eager pressing his hand with sympathizing cordiality. He saw the big tear steal down the long face,—made longer than usual by this circumstance—of the worthy Grasp; he heard the tones of tender condolence which flowed, or would flow, from the tongue of the almost too sensitive and peculiarly amiable Shark. Walton was a man of a rather excitable temperament, and his heart was oppressed by a sense of pleasing pain when he recalled to mind the former conduct of his friends, which augured so nobly of their conduct to come.

The day at length arrived. A room had been engaged at the Baptist's Head in Cateaton Street—twelve o'clock was the hour appointed for the meeting; and Walton felt frightfully assured that some minutes before the clock struck, his several creditors, none of whom he had seen, since his stoppage, would be drawn up in awful array, prepared to receive him. With a pallid countenance, and a sinking of the spirits which, under the circumstances, he thought rather unaccountable, he ordered his porter to precede him with the books. Alas! he did not know until now, that conscious integrity which, the moralists tell us, is so serviceable a staff to support a man under his afflictions, is but a poor crutch to enable him to hobble into a meeting of creditors.

As he entered the room, and approached the table at which the gentlemen were seated, all eyes (and they none of them wore a too mild expression) were fixed upon him, as though anxious to discover through a physiognomical medium what composition the insolvent was likely to offer. The creditors at large received him with a variation of coldness or cordiality proportioned to their several claims upon him; but his friend Eager saluted him with, "Oh, here you are: you are rather behind time, Sir;" the worthy Grasp soothed him by, "Come at last, eh? you suit your own convenience, it seems, Mr. Walton;" whilst the too sensitive and amiable Shark was seized with a sudden cough, not unlike the bellowing of an ox, and entailed a glance upon him worthy of a cockatrice.

Mr. Shark, being the largest creditor, was forthwith inducted into the chair, and began to enter upon the matter in hand with much expedition.

"Where are the books, Mr. Walton?" said he, "it is necessary we should see them." The tone in which these words were spoken rather startled the debtor—it was so unlike the voice of Mr. Shark when he used to come and prevail upon him to take a parcel of goods. He produced his books, however, which were placed before the largest creditor with great solemnity.

"Have you prepared a balance sheet, Mr. Walton?" enquired Shark with some sharpness.

"I have, Sir."

"Hand it to me then: come—quick,—what's the man dreaming about? throw it over; there, that will do."

Mr. Shark examined the document with great care, and for a considerable period, furnished the creditors, as he proceeded, with such information as they could glean from certain dissatisfied grunts which escaped him at intervals.

He raised his eyes suddenly, and with his forefinger resting upon, or rather oppressing, a particular item in the balance sheet, thus addressed the pecuniary delinquent:—

"And now, Sir, what composition do you propose to offer us?"

"Why, Sir," said Walton humbly, "I cannot, as you will perceive, guarantee more than seven-and-sixpence in the pound."

"What!" thundered Shark with a savage glance, as though the debtor had proposed to receive that dividend out of, and not to pay it into, the pockets of his creditors.

"What!" he repeated, "seven-and-sixpence in the pound!" and he looked round upon the meeting—"do you hear that, gentlemen? do you hear that? *seventeen* and sixpence would be more likely, and bad enough then: *seven* and sixpence! ugh! won't do, Mr. Walton, won't do."

"If the creditors," cried Walton, with a half-warm earnestness, "will be so good as to look over the balance sheet, I am sure they will see that I *cannot* offer more."

Mr. Shark threw the paper from him with a look of supreme contempt.

Mr. Eager and Mr. Grasp were the first to explore the balance sheet. The former resigned it with an air of disappointed disgust, the latter thrust it away with a face of disgusted disappointment.

"I perfectly agree with Mr. Shark," said Grasp.

"And so do I," cried Eager.

And now the creditors by turns surveyed the document.

"It seems all fair," said one, appealing to his neighbour.

"Quite so."

"Poor Walton seems to have got into queer hands," whispered a third.

"Let them take care they don't get into the same hobble themselves," replied a fourth.

"Well, gentlemen, and what do *you* think of this precious business?" enquired Shark, when the gentlemen had completed their examination.

"Why, Sir," said the one who appeared to be more immediately addressed, "with great deference to you (for Shark was reputed *warm*), with great deference to you, we think we cannot do better than accept the composition Mr. Walton offers. It appears to us a perfectly straightforward and fair thing on his part. We think so."

Walton's eyes glistened as this first indication of human feeling met his ear.

"Oh! you think so, do you?" said Shark, with a sneer. "We shall soon see that. Be so kind as to hand that balance sheet to me once more."

"Here," he continued, suddenly lighting upon the item on which his forefinger had previously rested, "here, Mr. Walton, be so good as to explain this. I perceive you have set down Mr. Blunt as your creditor for £500. Mr. Blunt is your father-in-law, I believe?"

"He is, Sir," said Walton, and he lent me—"

"Do you see, gentlemen do you see?" interrupted Shark.

"And he lent you this money, did he?"

"He did, on my marriage."

"Lent it—on your marriage? ha! ha! very good," said Shark.

"I don't believe it," cried Grasp.

"Quite improbable," said Eager.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Walton with warmth, appealing to the three, "you know this to be true. You, in particular, Mr. Shark, have the best means of knowing this. You are acquainted with Mr. Blunt. He has told you so frequently, you know it, Sir."

"I know nothing," said Shark stiffly.

"Hear! hear! hear!" cried Messrs. Grasp and Eager.

"And pray, Sir," resumed Shark, "where is Mr. Blunt? why is he not here? he is a large creditor, you perceive, gentlemen."

"I cannot account for his absence," replied Walton; "he received a notice with the rest of the creditors, and I fully expected to see him here. But you know he was unfriendly to my marriage, and we have scarcely been on terms since. It is, I fear, with no kind feeling towards me that he absents himself from this meeting."

"A clear case of collusion," answered Mr. Shark, placing his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and tilting back his chair.

"Decided collusion," chimed Mr. Grasp.

"Collusion, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Eager.

"I beg your pardon, it is nothing of the sort," cried Walton, deeply mortified.—"Gentlemen, I am astonished at you. Mr. Blunt is no friend of mine—but he is an honourable man. He will satisfy you upon this point. He will say no more for me than he can; but he will say no less than the truth."

A dead silence succeeded of some moments' duration. Mr. Shark felt that he had gone too far, and the meeting, if they did not respect, were not inclined to disturb such feelings.

"Pray, Mr. Walton," said Shark, taking off his spectacles, and balancing them on the table,—"*did you not, some years ago, keep your country house at Highbury, and a gig—I think you kept a gig?*"

"You are correct, Sir," said Walton, "*it was some years ago. But I have parted with them these five years.*"

"And so you keep a mansion, and an elegant vehicle with our money, eh? do you?" said Eager.

"That I have not done so," answered Walton, "my books will show; for within the last twelvemonth I was perfectly solvent."

"Ho! ho!" cried Shark, "and how comes this?"

"Bad debts, which few have escaped during the last year."

"Bad debts! bad management, habits of expense, no doubt of that. I never make bad debts."

"You forget, Mr. Shark," said one of the creditors with a smile, "that you are the largest creditor on this occasion."

Mr. Shark cast a deprecating glance at the speaker.

"May I ask," said Eager with an ungainly grin,—"*may I ask at what rate you have been living during the last three years?*"

"I should think, Sir, my expenses have not averaged three hundred a year."

"I should think not, indeed," said Grasp.

"I have a wife and four children," said Walton.

"A wife and four children! what of that?" cried Eager,—"*I have no wife and children.*"

"Shocking imprudence!" mumbled Grasp. Grasp had recently married a second wife, and was furnished with eight of those interesting articles.

"Their education is expensive," suggested Walton.

"Oh! you have them educated," cried Eager with a sneer—"there was nothing of that sort in my time: for my part I can't see the use of such nonsense. I suppose they must be educated like gentlemen, Sir?"

"I could have wished to bestow upon them a good education, certainly," said Walton mournfully.

"Oh yes, make physicians of them, no doubt," pursued Eager, "or bring them up to the pulpit or the bar."

"The *bench* I should rather say," interrupted Grasp, "if they are to follow their father's steps."

"Well, gentlemen, upon what are we agreed?" cried Shark suddenly,— "if you are of my opinion, I should say we have great reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Walton's balance sheet. Suppose we adjourn this meeting for the present, and—shall we say to-morrow at this time? and then, perhaps, we may be able to decide one way or the other."

The motion was carried without a dissentient voice.

"You may go, Sir," resumed Shark, turning to Walton with a peremptory air, "and, mark you, be punctual to the moment. Twelve o'clock is *our* time."

Walton having made his bow, and followed by his porter with the books and balance-sheet, departed to his own house in a state of utter confusion, surprise, mortification, and despair. For the first time in his life he experienced the base, the dirty, the safe insults which gentlemen in the commercial world almost invariably cast upon those who are not in a situation to pay them "their due;" or, in other words, he was made to feel how effectually a man contrives to get out of people's books by getting into them. He was, most of all, astonished at the conduct of Eager, Grasp, and Shark. That they, of all others, should have treated him thus, was monstrous, was incredible!

He had been sitting in his counting-house during a space of three hours—his mind devoured by the corroding thoughts which the scene of the morning had engendered, when the opening of the door recalled him to himself. It was Mr. Eager. He had been thinking of him the moment before, and to think of the devil is more potential than talking of him.

"Pray keep your seat, Mr. Walton," said Eager with an assuaged aspect, and he himself took a chair, "I am come to talk over your affairs with you in a friendly way."

"Indeed!" said Walton, in surprise.

"Yes, indeed; I have been thinking over your affairs since the meeting this morning, and it strikes me that something may yet be done."

"I hope so," said Walton.

"Yes, yes," pursued Eager, musing, "something may yet be done. For instance, I will sign your composition."

"My dear Eager—"

"Upon one condition though," said Eager.

"Condition!" stammered Walton, "I am in no condition to make conditions."

"My dear Sir, you are. Walton," he continued, in a softly pleasing tone, "I have a friendship for you."

"I thought you had, until this morning," said Walton.

"It is as strong as ever," cried Eager—and here he probably spoke

the truth. "But," he added, "you are connected with Braybrook of Coventy—don't interrupt me. Now, Walton, it will be impossible for you to keep this connexion; it is valuable, I know, and I am aware that they respect you, and would continue to do business with you if they could; but, after what has happened—"

"They will still give me their business," interrupted Walton. "I know you are aware of their respect for me, Mr. Eager, for you have written them many times endeavouring to supplant me."

"In the way of business I have sent them a circular or two, certainly," admitted Mr. Eager, who was never known to blush but once, and that was inadvertently,—“But, my dear Walton, they will abandon you after this—I am sure of it. Now, if you will write them—I know your influence with them—and persuade them to transfer their business to me—”

"The best customers I have,—” cried Walton.

"—Then," continued Eager, "I will accept your composition."

"I couldn't do it—I can't think of such a thing," said Walton positively.

"You mean to tell me," said Eager, "you will not do me a trifling service like this, which cannot do you any injury"—and he arose—"Good day, Mr. Walton."

Mr. Eager took his hat, and proceeded to the door. "Eh?" said he, turning suddenly round, affecting to hear something which the other had not uttered.

"I said nothing, Sir," said Walton. "I repeat, however, that I could never think of such a thing."

"Oh! very well, Sir, very well,—you may repent this;" and Eager, with much apparent indignation, and much real discomfiture, retreated into the warehouse, casting a contemptuous glance at the unconscious porter, as he left the premises.

Walton was not suffered to remain for a very long space of time pondering over the modest and friendly proposition of Mr. Eager before a second opening of the door disturbed him. It was Mr. Grasp.

"Well, Walton," said he, with as good-humoured an aspect as it was in his power to muster, "you've got over the first meeting. I hope we shall succeed better to-morrow."

"I fear, Sir," said Walton seriously, "from the feeling against me which was manifested to-day, that I have small reason to be sanguine as to the result."

"Oh! we must be severe—we must appear to be very particular," said Grasp. "You don't suppose I was in earnest when I spoke to you as I did?"

"Were you not, indeed?" cried Walton. "My dear Sir, I am sorry I should have believed it for a moment."

"Nothing further from my thoughts, I assure you," cried Grasp, shaking him by the hand. "By the bye, Walton, you intend to go on, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Walton, "I must endeavour to support my family."

"Right—quite right," cried the other, "honourable and proper.

But now, Walton, my friend, you have dealt with me for some years, and I think we have been mutually satisfied."

"Quite so, on my part, I assure you."

"Well then, why couldn't you, my dear fellow, make up your mind to confine your business to me? I shall be happy to receive your orders, with proper security for the first three years, and after that time, you know, we could enter into another arrangement."

"My dear Sir, it is quite impossible," cried Walton, "it would be my ruin. You cannot supply many of the goods I require."

"But I could get them," insinuated Grasp.

"Not to answer my purpose," said Walton. "My dear Mr. Grasp, only reflect! Deal with nobody but yourself! Don't you see it would be quite out of the question?"

"Out of the question?" said Grasp, "do you say so, Mr. Walton?"

"I do, Sir, it is quite impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Impossible."

"Then d— me, Mr. Walton, if I ever agree to your composition," exclaimed Grasp in a rage, "and so good-bye to you. I thought I knew you better."

"You cannot, surely, expect me to sacrifice myself for you," said Walton, detaining him by the arm.

"Let me go, I'll not hear another word," and Grasp broke away from him. "Ungrateful wretch! but this comes of being a friend," and so saying, he rushed into the warehouse; but finding that nobody rushed after him, he stopped suddenly.

"Have you any thing further to say to me, Mr. Walton?" he said, more calmly, returning to the counting-house.

"Nothing whatever."

"Oh! I thought you had; it's of no consequence;" and Mr. Grasp made his way into the street, in a state of mind only to be conceived by those who have experienced so ungracious a reception of their good offices.

Walton felt a stupefaction, a kind of stultification of the faculties creeping gradually over him, shortly after Grasp had made his exit. It was clear that his two friends would never accept his composition, and he must be made a bankrupt. What was he to do? What was to become of him? Which way was he to turn? A knock at the counting-house soon partially resolved this last question. He did turn in that direction. It was Shark!

Mr. Shark marched into the counting-house with all that dignity for which, or let me say, *at* which he was so remarkable. He inclined his head with solemn condescension towards the insolvent, intending thereby to convey an assurance to the unhappy man that he might take a seat in his own counting-house.

"This is an awkward business, Mr. Walton," he began, "a very awkward business: I think I have just reason to complain of you. Why did you not give me a hint as to the state of your affairs some time since? I might then have been induced—"

"To strike a docket against me," thought Walton.

— “Induced to lend you a helping hand to bring you through.”

“My dear Sir,” said Walton, “you know that the late failure of Benfield’s house, so sudden,—so unexpected on my part, is the sole cause of my stoppage. But for that, I need not to have called my creditors together.”

“Well, well,” said Shark appeased, “what is done cannot be undone. But this composition of seven-and-sixpence in the pound—it is very small, Mr. Walton, very small. I am a great sufferer—the largest creditor—a hard case.”

“I am very sorry for it,” said Walton, “believe me, I am.”

Mr. Shark wooed silence for some time, indeed for so long a period that one might almost have thought that he had succeeded in making up the match between them. He, at length, delivered himself of these words :

“Come, look up your friends : they, I am sure, do not wish to see you reduced to commence the world again under such unfavourable circumstances. They will lend you money,—I know they will.”

“I hope to get a little money together, certainly,” said Walton, “otherwise I shall be unable to resume business. I have given up every thing to my creditors—every farthing.”

“Nay, I didn’t mean *that*,” cried Shark abruptly, “I mean that, unless you can offer more, I will never sign your composition.”

Walton was now well nigh reduced to despair.

“Good Heavens! Mr. Shark, do not say so.”

“Old Blunt will do something for you.”

“It is quite hopeless to expect it.”

“Recollect,” rejoined Shark, “you have treated me most shamefully.”

Walton did strive to recal that fact to memory, but could not succeed.

“Of the other creditors I say nothing,” continued Shark, “every thing is fair *there*—quite fair—but as for me—poor soft easy fool—”

“My dear Mr. Shark—”

“Walton,” cried the other, suddenly grasping him by the hand, “pay me in full, and I’ll sign your composition. I know you can : ha ! I know you can—,” and he winked his eye.

Walton burst into a laugh of the hysterical species.

“Yes, yes, all right,—I understand,” said Shark, “pay me the twelve-and-sixpence in the pound privately, and I’ll prevail upon the other creditors to take *six*-and-sixpence. I can tell them you ought to have something to go on with.”

“Good God ! Sir, what do you mean ? I cannot do it.”

“Eighteen shillings, then : say eighteen.

“I would die first,” exclaimed Walton passionately ; “what right have you to think me so base a villain ?”

“Very well, Sir, very well, Sir,”—fumed Shark with ill-suppressed rage,—“I’ll be the ruin of you ; that’s all—I’ll—I’ll—you don’t know me, Mr. Walton.”

“Oh yes, I do,—now” said Walton bitterly.

“No insolence, Sir,—you *are* a villain, Sir,” and, hurrying into the warehouse, Shark encountered Mr. Blunt.

"Well, where is this man?" demanded old Blunt.

"Oh! you'll find him in there, Sir, and a precious rascal he is," cried Shark.—"Good morning, Mr. Blunt."

"I was unable to attend your meeting to-day," said Blunt gruffly, how did it go off? but you need not tell me. Mr. Shark was there, I suppose."

"He was, Sir."

"Then what business has he here?"

Hereupon Walton, who felt at the moment that even old Blunt, as a confidant, would be a relief to his feelings, detailed the visits of his three creditors, and the conditions they had severally proposed to him.

"Um!—ah!" said Blunt, "wise men, you perceive, Mr. Walton, men of the world—men who look after their families. But where are your books? I mean to look over them strictly, I can promise you; so, if you have anywhere to go for a couple of hours, you may leave me here."

Walton, having laid before the old gentleman his books and balance sheet, left him to himself, and returned at the time specified.

Old Blunt had just closed the books, and was wiping his spectacles.

"I hope," said Walton, "you have found every thing satisfactory, considering the unfortunate position in which I am placed."

"Um—well, I don't know," returned Blunt with subdued gruffness, "I'll think about it. Where is your wife? is she up stairs? I'll just go and see her and the children. There,—now, you needn't move: I know the way."

In about an hour old Blunt again entered the counting-house.

"Well," said he, "I shall be at the meeting to-morrow morning without fail."

"I am glad of that," said Walton, and he mentioned the suspicion of collusion which had been thrown out.

"Collusion? not a very likely thing, Walton, eh? but come, good-bye, give us your hand; what are you loitering about? give us your hand,—there. Your dinner's ready up stairs; go and eat it, and keep up your spirits, good-bye;" and the old gentleman hobbled away, leaving Walton no less affected than surprised by the unwonted kindness of his father-in-law.

Punctual as Walton contrived to be on the following day, and as, in point of fact, he had been on the previous morning, he found his creditors in the great room at the Baptist's Head before him. A solemn stillness reigned for some time, a silence which was only broken by the abrupt entrance of old Blunt.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I perceive you have not yet commenced proceedings. I wish to say a few words, which I may as well say at once. Mr. Walton tells me that a hint was thrown out yesterday, that there was a collusion between him and myself."

"Something of the kind was dropt inadvertently, certainly, said one of the creditors, but we at this end of the room are quite satisfied that there is no foundation for it. We only hope there may be as little foundation for the fear expressed by Mr. Walton that you were unfriendly to him."

“Um,—he thought *that*, did he?” growled Blunt, “then he was a fool for his pains. Now, I’ll convince you of the contrary. His debts, I perceive, are something less than 2,500*l*.—he owes me 500*l*. There, take that amongst you, it will give you a composition of twelve-and-sixpence in the pound.”

Here a drumming on the table performed by the knuckles of the creditors at large saluted old Blunt, and they severally arose and shook hands with the insolvent. But Messrs. Eager, Grasp, and Shark, maintained a profound silence.

“What say *you*, gentlemen?” enquired Blunt.

Messrs. Eager and Grasp now arose; the former walking over to Walton to sound him once more touching the Coventry connexion, and the latter proceeding to insinuate to old Blunt the expediency of Walton’s exclusive preference of himself in his commercial transactions. These several conferences were of short duration. Mr. Blunt was overheard to say in answer to Grasp’s pleadings, “What the devil do you mean? sit down;” whilst a shake of the head on the part of Walton apprized the persevering Eager that his efforts were fruitless.

But Shark had not been idle. He was waiting in the immediate vicinity, and as soon as he saw that Walton had dismissed his man; he pounced upon the insolvent, and drew him to the window.

“Now, Walton, my good fellow, say the word: eighteen shillings in the pound, and I sign the composition.”

“I cannot think of it: I am already overwhelmed by Mr. Blunt’s goodness; but, if you like, I will communicate your proposition to the creditors.”

“Not for the world—not for the world,” cried Shark, slinking away.

“Gentlemen,” resumed Mr. Blunt, “I have great cause to be dissatisfied with Mr. Walton, but for nothing so much as for the confidence he has placed in these three individuals,” and he pointed to Eager, Grasp, and Shark.

“Would you believe it,” he continued, “that Mr. Eager required Walton, as a condition of his signing the composition, to relinquish his best customer at Coventry—that Mr. Grasp made it a *sine qua non* that Walton should deal exclusively with him, and that Mr. Shark could be satisfied with nothing less than eighteen shillings in the pound, to be paid privately, and out of your pockets?”

A great sensation pervaded the meeting upon this announcement. Mr. Shark, who looked like a tiger suddenly deprived of its prey, rushed from the room; Mr. Grasp, who seemed as though the floor were giving way from under him, melted from their presence, and Mr. Eager starting like a two-penny postman who discovers a letter in his hand addressed to himself, suddenly bethought himself of something, and vanished.

“And now, gentlemen,” once more spoke Mr. Blunt, turning to the body of creditors, “I am a man of few words. Come to me at my house to-morrow, and you shall be paid in full, and so shall the rascals who have just gone, although it’s more than they deserve,” and he lugged the bewildered Walton into the street.

“And now,” said he, addressing his son-in-law as they walked home,—“you shall not want money to go on with. You’re an honest fellow, and your wife tells me you’re a good fellow, and I believe her. You shall dine with me to-day, the children and all.”

And thus ended this eventful meeting of creditors.

It was about three years afterwards, that Mr. Eager was seated on the Highflyer fast coach to Manchester (whither he was going for the purpose of undermining another man’s connexion), when, just as he was about to enter the town of Macclesfield, the coach overturned, and the neck of Mr. Eager was unfortunately dislocated.

Mr. Grasp has since discovered that the state of trade renders a wife and eight children an inconvenient number to provide for; and although he does manage to totter on, it is not without requesting occasional credit from Mr. Walton.

And Shark, the other day, had some difficulty in persuading a body of gentlemen who met together, to accept the handsome and gratifying composition of five-pence-halfpenny in the pound.

As for Walton, when I last saw him, he was doing very well; indeed, I suspect him to be rather rich than otherwise.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE POET AND THE NOVELIST.

(Continued from page 455.)

IN the last number of this Magazine certain remarks were made on the character of the late illustrious Magician of the North, which, however severe they may appear to those, whom past gratification or party feeling have prejudiced in his favour, will undoubtedly appear quite just to those, who, throwing aside every thing except the sincere desire of ascertaining the truth, feel disposed to enter into the investigation of the facts on which the opinions that we have advanced are grounded. To comprise in one brief sentence what we before stated more at length, Sir Walter Scott was a profound antiquarian, an acute and retentive observer of national character and individual peculiarities, a dry and facetious humourist, a graphic describer both of still and animated scenery, and above all he was unequalled as a composer into one consistent whole of the various materials that came under his plastic hand:—in short one quality in addition would have made him perfect; but he possessed it not,—the poetic imagination. Leaving those who would further understand our meaning to consult our last number, we resume our account of Mr. Lockhart’s admirable biography,—keeping our intention continually in view of deducing some conclusions therefrom that shall serve as the basis for a philosophical analysis of Scott’s character.

The following extract from the Ashestiel memoir, in which Sir Walter Scott speaks of his tutor Mr. James Mitchell, a simple-hearted but amiable minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and subsequently one

of the Sabbatarian seceders from that establishment, who also gives his own account of his pupil in a subsequent chapter:—

“My father did not trust our education solely to our High School lessons. We had a tutor at home, a young man of an excellent disposition, and a laborious student. He was bred to the Kirk, but unfortunately took such a very strong turn to fanaticism, that he afterwards resigned an excellent living in a seaport town, merely because he could not persuade the mariners of the guilt of setting sail of a Sabbath,—in which, by the bye, he was less likely to be successful, as, *cæteris paribus*, sailors, from an opinion that it is a fortunate omen, always choose to weigh anchor on that day. The calibre of this young man’s understanding may be judged of by this anecdote; but in other respects, he was a faithful and active instructor; and from him chiefly I learned writing and arithmetic. I repeated to him my French lessons, and studied with him my themes in the classics, but not classically. I also acquired, by disputing with him, for this he readily permitted, some knowledge of school-divinity and church-history, and a great acquaintance in particular with the old books describing the early history of the church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the covenanters, and so forth, I, with a head on fire for chivalry, was a cavalier; my friend was a roundhead; I was a Tory and he was a Whig. I hated presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable. In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party; nor had my antagonist address enough to turn the debate on such topics. I took up my politics at that period as king Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two.”—Vol. i. p. 29—31.

Turning from the evidence thus furnished from his own lips of his very early prejudices in favour of rigid Toryism, and passing over his classical training, (for the formalities of which he had no great relish,) we shall venture to cite once more his own memoir, to show how his mind was gradually forming a taste for those studies, on which he afterwards built his reputation.

“In the meanwhile my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history, or poetry, or voyages and travels, as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, &c. These studied were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare, nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o’clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his

library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledeale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty:—'No, Sir,' answered the old borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, Sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it."—Vol. i. p. 35—37.

Scott does not appear to have distinguished himself much more at college than at school. Dunce he was, said Professor Dalzell, and dunc was to remain; but in that he was mistaken. It would be an act of injustice here not to allow his biographer to speak for him respecting his classical attainments, especially as the passage illustrates his early predilections.

"I shall only add to what he sets down on the subject of his early academical studies, that in this, as in almost every case, he appears to have underrated his own attainments. He had, indeed, no pretensions to the name of an extensive, far less of an accurate, Latin scholar; but he could read, I believe, any Latin author, of any age, so as to catch without difficulty his meaning; and although his favourite Latin poet, as well as historian, in later days, was Buchanan, he had preserved, or subsequently acquired, a strong relish for some others of more ancient date. I may mention, in particular, Lucan and Claudian. Of Greek, he does not exaggerate in saying that he had forgotten even the alphabet; for he was puzzled with the words *δοιδος* and *ποιητης*, which he had occasion to introduce, from some authority on his table, into his 'Introduction to Popular Poetry,' written in April 1830; and happening to be in the house with him at the time, he sent for me to insert them for him in his MS. Mr. Irving has informed us of the early period at which he enjoyed the real Tasso and Ariosto. I presume he had at least as soon as this enabled himself to read Gil Blas in the original; and, in all probability, we may refer to the same time of his life, or one not much later, his acquisition of as much Spanish as served for the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and, above all, *Don Quixote*. He read all these languages in after-life with about the same facility. Of all these, as of German somewhat later, he acquired as much as was needful for his own purposes, of which a critical study of any foreign language made at no time any part. In them he sought for incidents, and he found images; but for the treasures

of diction he was content to dig on British soil. He had all he wanted in the old wells of 'English undefiled,' and the still living, though fast shrinking, waters of that sister idiom which had not always, as he flattered himself, deserved the name of a dialect.

"As may be said, I believe, with perfect truth of every really great man, Scott was self-educated in every branch of knowledge which he ever turned to account in the works of his genius—and he has himself told us that his real studies were those lonely and desultory ones of which he has given a copy in the first chapter of *Waverley*, where the hero is represented as 'driving through the sea of books, like a vessel without pilot or rudder;' that is to say, obeying nothing but the strong breath of native inclination."—Vol. i. p. 129—131.

On the 15th of May, 1786, Walter Scott entered into his indentures with his father; and he does not appear to have discharged the routine business of the office with much more diligence than his college studies. It was during the first or second year of his professional training, that Walter Scott visited the Highlands for the first time; and, however copious our citations may appear, they scarcely need apology.

"If he is quite accurate in referring his first acquaintance with the Highlands to his fifteenth year, this incident also belongs to the first season of his apprenticeship. His father had, among a rather numerous list of Highland clients, Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, an enthusiastic Jacobite, who had survived to recount, in secure and vigorous old age, his active experiences in the insurrections both of 1715 and 1745. He had, it appears, attracted Walter's attention and admiration at a very early date; for he speaks of having 'seen him in arms' and heard him 'exult in the prospect of drawing his claymore once more before he died,' when Paul Jones threatened a descent on Edinburgh; which transaction occurred in September 1779. Invernahyle, as Scott adds, was the only person who seemed to have retained possession of his cool senses at the period of that disgraceful alarm, and offered the magistrates to collect as many Highlanders as would suffice for cutting off any part of the pirate's crew that might venture in quest of plunder into a city full of high houses and narrow lanes, and every way well calculated for defence. The eager delight with which the young apprentice now listened to the tales of this fine old man's early days produced an invitation to his residence among the mountains, and to this excursion he probably devoted the few weeks of an autumnal vacation—whether in 1786 or 1787, it is of no great consequence to ascertain.

"I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first visit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether he told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the Clan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case. On reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive tower and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three sons, and perhaps half-a-dozen attendant *gillies*, all stretched half-asleep in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady, and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their 'bowers,' and when they re-appeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds.

He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days. I must not forget his admiration at the principal article of this laird's first course; namely, a gigantic *haggis*, borne into the hall in a wicker basket by two half-naked Celts, while the piper strutted fiercely behind them, blowing a tempest of dissonance."—Vol. i. p. 139—142.

The winter of 1788 may be said to have decided Scott's future career, and to have paved the way for his desertion of a profession for which his own habits seemed never to have fitted him. In his attendance on the civil-law lectures in the university he became acquainted with many students of the higher ranks, to whom his powers of conversation, his literary predilections, and political opinions united him in the bands of fellowship; and he henceforward determined on pursuing the highest path of forensic exertions. That the future poet acquired the most regular habits from his connexion with his aristocratic friends, cannot be said; but whatever the effect of their company on his character may have been, his companions, one and all, were struck with wonder at the liveliness of his conversation, the variety of his knowledge, the portentous tenacity of his memory, and, scarcely less, at his feats of personal agility and prowess. About the end of June 1792 Scott passed his law examinations to the great satisfaction of his father (the prototype of Mr. Saunders Fairford in *Redgauntlet*), and then retired to spend a rural vacation amid the scenery afterwards so celebrated in his *Border Minstrelsy*.

During Scott's first year at the Scottish bar, having little employment except such as came from his father's office, he amused himself partly with the light-hearted mirth of himself and his companions and partly also with the graver study of the German language, which was then only beginning to be studied for its literature. The following summer was scarcely less important than the preceding, if at least his wanderings be considered with respect to their influence on his future works; for he at this time got the first sketch of his *Rob Roy's retreat* from the father of the present Lord Abercrombie—the scenery of *Tully Veolan* in *Waverly*; and he now for the first and only time saw Peter Patterson the *Old Mortality*. From this tour we must call our readers to refresh him with a rather *piquant* professional anecdote.

“Scott returned in time to attend the October assizes at Jedburgh, on which occasion he made his first appearance as counsel in a criminal court; and had the satisfaction of helping a veteran poacher and sheepstealer to escape through some of the meshes of the law. ‘You're a lucky scoundrel,’ Scott whispered to his client, when the verdict was pronounced. ‘I'm just o' your mind,’ quoth the desperado, ‘and I'll send ye a maukin (a hare) the morn, man.’ I am not sure whether it was at these assizes or the next in the same town that he had less success in the case of a certain notorious housebreaker. The man, however, was well aware that no skill could have baffled the clear evidence against him, and was, after his fashion, grateful for such exertions as had been made in his behalf. He requested the young advocate to visit him once more before he left the place. Scott's curiosity induced him to accept this invitation, and his friend, as soon as they were alone together in the *condemned cell*, said, ‘I am very sorry, sir, that I have no fee to offer you—so let me beg your acceptance of two bits of advice which may be useful

perhaps when you come to have a house of your own. I am done with practice, you see, and here is my legacy. Never keep a large watchdog out of doors—we can always silence them cheaply—indeed if it be a *dog* 'tis easier than whistling—but tie a little tight yelping terrier within; and secondly, put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks—the only thing that bothers us is a huge old heavy one, no matter how simple the construction,—and the ruder and rustier the key, so much the better for the housekeeper.' I remember hearing him tell this story some thirty years after at a Judges' dinner at Jedburgh, and he summed it up with a rhyme—'Ay, ay, my lord,' (I think he addressed his friend Lord Meadowbank)—

“ ‘Yelping terrier, rusty key,  
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.’ ”

—Vol. i. p. 213—214.

Hurrying over many a page of the memoirs and some years of Scott's life, regretting all the while that our space allows no longer details, and passing over in silence the adventurous publication of his translation of Bürger's *Lenore* and his military achievements in the Mid-Lothian volunteers, and omitting with great want of gallantry all beyond a bare mention of Lady Scott's love-letters, we most prosaically announce the fact, that Walter Scott was married to Miss Charlotte Carpenter or Charpentier, daughter of a royalist of Lyons, on the 24th of December, 1797. Soon after the appearance of what seems to us a very wretched production—his translation of “*Götz von Berlichingen*,” he and Mrs. Scott visited London, where by his acquaintance with Monk Lewis he gained the entrée of much literary society,—while led by his own predilections, he sought out the musty parchments of the Westminster chapter-house, the Tower, and the British Museum. From this visit the hand of death laid on his male parent speedily recalled him in 1799; and at the close of the same year he was appointed to the sheriffship of Selkirkshire,—an office, whose salary added very considerably to his resources and relieved him from the anxieties of an increasing anxiety.

The year 1800, if we may rest our evidence on Scott's letter to Ballantyne (dated Castle-street, April 22, 1800), was the period at which he first formed the idea of entering into those trading speculations which afterwards involved him in ruin. We have accused him of an infirmity of moral *purpose* (we should have said *judgment*) in these transactions:—others would make him the unconscious victim of daring speculators; but we think the result will show, that this was not the case. But we must not anticipate. The above letter will show that we are not very wrong in our suppositions.

Lockhart's account of James Hogg is extremely well told, and the subject is so well known and so justly celebrated, that we pass over the pages with a lingering regret; but we must proceed onwards with giant strides; for much is required of us, and our space is limited. The first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy* appeared in 1802:—the edition of 800 copies was exhausted in the course of the year, and the author's half-profits were only 7*l.* 10*s.*\* The

\* It may be said without exaggeration that 18,000 copies of the *Border Minstrelsy* have been sold either sooner or later, by itself or in connexion with his other poems.

following year occupied the new poet with the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*, the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, and the romance of *Sir Tristrem*. We have mentioned or rather hinted at Scott's intimacy with the *Ettrick Shepherd*. The following anecdote, which must be the last, is too *piquant* for us to pass it over. The affair happened not very long after Scott's first acquaintance with the "*Shepherd*."

"Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night '*Willie and Katie*,' and a few other ballads, already famous in the forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the '*Scots Magazine*,' which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the '*Minstrelsy*,' than he made up his mind that the editor's '*Imitations of the Ancients*' were by no means what they should have been. '*Immediately*,' he says, in one of his many memoirs of himself, '*I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself.*' These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle-street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, '*I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.*' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which an ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from '*Mr. Scott*,' he advanced to '*Sherra*,' and thence to '*Scott*,' '*Walter*,' and '*Wattie*,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as '*Charlotte*.'"—Vol. i. p. 407—409.

*Sir Tristrem* appeared in May 1804; but so little was the expected sale, that only 150 copies were printed! At the commencement of 1805 "*the Lay*" was published; and besides 11,000 copies in the collected edition of Scott's poetical works, upwards of 30,000 copies of the separate work have been sold. Scott's entire gains from this poem were 769*l.* 6*s.* We would willingly turn aside into the pleasant paths whither a criticism of the *Lay* would lead us, and in fact some analysis of Scott's poetic genius is obligatory on us; but we must defer it, until all his poems come under our review.

If, as documents prove, Sir Walter Scott had first entertained lite-

rary speculations in 1800, he certainly gave himself up to them in 1803, when, finding that his neglected profession neglected him, he entered into terms of partnership with Ballantyne,—a connexion, whose “influence on his literary exertions and worldly fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil.” The connexion, indeed, of these two individuals forms one of the most curious passages in the history of literature, creditable to neither party, but furnishing an useful lesson to posterity.

The letter which we extract as the last for our present number is, as we think, quite conclusive as to the extent to which the poet was embarked with the printer. The only objection that can reasonably be made to such a procedure is,—that it was kept a secret; and “wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong.” The sequel too fully verified the suspicion.\* But to the extract:—

“Dear Ballantyne,

“I have duly received your two favours—also Foster’s. He still howls about the expense of printing, but I think we shall finally settle. His argument is that you print too fine, *alias* too dear. I intend to stick to my answer, that I know nothing of the matter; but that settle it how you and he will, it must be printed by you, or can be no concern of mine. This gives you an advantage in driving the bargain. As to every thing else, I think we shall do, and I will endeavour to set a few volumes agoing on the plan you propose.

“I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British poets, ancient and modern? Johnson’s is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell’s, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson’s, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you! At least a hundred volumes, to be published at the rate of ten a-year. I cannot, however, be ready till midsummer. If the booksellers will give me a decent allowance per volume, say thirty guineas, I shall hold myself well paid on the *writing* hand. This is a dead secret.

“I think it quite right to let Doig have a share of Thomson; but he is hard and slippery, so settle your bargain fast and firm—no loop-holes! I am glad you have got some elbow-room at last. Cowan will come to, or we will find some fit place in time. If not we *must* build—necessity has no law. I see nothing to hinder you from doing Tacitus with your correctness of eye, and I congratulate you on the fair prospect before us. When you have time you will make out a list of the debts to be discharged at Whitsunday, that we may see what cash we shall have in bank. Our book-keeping may be very simple—an accurate cash book and ledger is all that is necessary; and I think I know enough of the matter to assist at making the balance sheet.

“In short, with the assistance of a little cash I have no doubt things will go on *à merveille*. If you could take a little pleasuring, I wish you could come here and see us in all the glories of a Scottish spring. Yours truly,

“W. SCOTT.”

—Vol. ii. p. 43—45.

(To be continued.)

\* We trust, that in the ensuing number we shall be able to afford room for those poetical criticisms, to which we feel ourselves pledged. The overwhelming quantity of biographical matter has entirely precluded the possibility of criticism.—ED.





*Madame Pastal.*

*London, Juvv, 1835.*

## MADAME PASTA.

THE arrival among us of one of the most gifted mistresses of song that ever crossed the Alps from sunny Italy is a season of pleasure and gratulation. We hail the advent of Madame Pasta as the return of an old, valued, and long-lost friend, whose name recalls to memory many of the most delightful and pleasurable moments of our existence; and in seizing the opportunity that now so kindly offers itself, of paying our tribute of admiration to her lofty endowments, we feel assured that we shall at once do an act of justice to that lady and awaken the pleasing recollections of our musical readers. The engraver deserves our best thanks for the excellent manner in which he has acquitted himself of his part of the work:—of the way in which our humble task shall have been performed, the reader will judge from the following remarks, which profess only to be *reminiscences of Pasta as the prima donna of the London opera.*

Madame Pasta made her first appearance, when about twenty, in the January of 1817, when she played Telemaco to the Penelope of Camporese in Cimarosa's opera of that name:—she personated the page in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," and other similar characters during the same season. We cannot ascertain, however, from the testimony of those who were conversant with the opera of twenty years ago, that her talents at that time gave promise of her subsequent greatness.

Immediately on her return to the Continent in the autumn of 1817, Madame Pasta devoted herself with unceasing diligence to the study of music and to the cultivation of her voice. Supported by the strong consciousness of her capability and by the determination not to be baffled in her pursuit of glory, she neglected nothing that could make her a great singer and a great actress:—her success, therefore, was certain. Her musical education being, at length, completed, she re-appeared on the boards of the *Academie* at Paris in the season of 1821; and a rich harvest of wealth and honour speedily rewarded her for all the toil and anxiety of cultivation. Surprising as it may appear, that the people who could admire the artificial and exaggerated style of acting adopted by Talma and Mademoiselle Georges, could so far forget their prejudices as to applaud the naïveté and apparent artlessness that are the great characteristics of Pasta's acting, it is no less true, that they received her with delight and enthusiasm:—she soon became the absorbing theme of conversation in the *salons*, and the object of an admiration almost amounting to idolatry:

Madame Pasta's high renown in Paris augured well for her reception by a London audience; and when at length in April, 1824, she revisited our opera-house, she claimed as a right the respect due to her now unquestioned genius and attainments. Her first appearance in the *Desdemona* of Rossini's "Otello" was an era of triumph as great as any that had ever been known in this country; and the most rigid critics of the music and drama were compelled to acknowledge, that the enthusiastic reports of her talents were not over-coloured nor exaggerated. Her acting was such as at once placed her in the same rank with Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill,—while her vocal powers were so great that she could utter—

" sounds that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death."

Pasta's personation of *Desdemona* is so well-known to all who visit the opera, that it would be almost an impertinence to give any detailed account of it. The most generally admired parts are the *scena* commencing with "*Desdemona infelice*" and concluding with the exquisite cavatina "*Oh quante lagrime*,"—the impassioned air "*Che smania! aimè, che affanno*" with its never-to-be-forgotten "dying, dying fall" at the close (in which Pasta never had an equal),—the plaintive, melancholy air "*Assisa a piè d'un salice*,"—and her prayer on retiring to rest "*Del calma, O ciel, nel sonno.*" Indeed her whole treatment of the last act was such as to place the character in a situation far more con-

spicuous and attractive than was ever intended by Rossini, who employed all his talents in giving power to the Otello of his opera.

Of the numerous parts in which Madame Pasta appeared during the different opera-seasons which brought her to our island, we cannot speak at length; but, as brief chroniclers of the past, we may be permitted to offer a few passing remarks. In Rossini's "Tancredi," (the chief male character of which Pasta assumed for the first time in England on the 18th of May, 1824,) the "*Tu che accendi*" and the "*Di tanti palpiti*," by which the million will best recollect her; but the deep yet subdued feeling of her acting and the chaste but emphatic expression, exquisite taste, and profound science of her singing throughout the opera were such, that the impression of them must be felt, in order to be properly comprehended. In the "Semiramide" of the same composer, she was perhaps more successful, on the whole, than in either of the pieces yet mentioned. The fascinating grace, majestic dignity, and deeply pathetic expression of Pasta's Queen of Babylon—even had it been merely acting—can never be forgotten; but, besides that, her singing is of the most exalted kind. We instance particularly two scenes, in which her talents are better displayed than in others,—her quarrel with Assur, in which that beautiful duet occurs—

*"Quella ricordate  
Natte di morte,"*

and that grand scena in which the ghost of Ninus appears. The Queen's offended and scornful dignity in the former scene, and the daughter's absorbing affection subdued by superstitious terror in the other, were portrayed with a force and truth that only another Pasta can exhibit.

Zingarelli's "Romeo è Giuletta" was chosen by Madame Pasta for her benefit at the close of her first season. The interest of the opera is condensed in two scenes,—that in which the lovers plight their vows, and the closing scene in the cemetery; and in both of these the representative of Romeo acts and sings with an intense and absorbing feeling, that none, besides Pasta has ever exhibited on the opera-stage. The deep tenderness of the lover in the scene, which contains the duet with Giuletta, "*Dunque, mio bene, tu mia sarai*," could scarcely be listened to with unmoistened eye, so touchingly tender was it in every respect; but her grandest achievement was, beyond all question, the "*Ombra adorata*" of the desperate and death-devoted Romeo over the tomb of his Juliet. The perfect abandonment of the grief-worn lover is portrayed in a way, that very few English representatives of the son of Montague have ever equalled.

Her "Nina" and "Medea" are the characters, by which Madame Pasta will live in the records of song; and to these characters we shall confine our few remaining observations. Paesiello's Nina is essentially a poetical opera,—one of the most imaginative productions, that has ever issued from the Italian school:—it is a great but only a just compliment to Pasta, to say that she did full justice to the composer's conceptions, which so much remind us of our own Ophelia. The mad and care-crazed wretchedness in the earlier parts of the play require a dramatic power that none in our time except Pasta, has been able to command; and on her return to reason, when she gives herself wholly to joy—unmingled, deep-drawn pleasure, the effect to well-constituted minds must be very striking. In short, if there is any character in which she has excelled, more than in any other, in the delineation of the more tender passions of female humanity, we should say, that Nina was her *ne plus ultra*.

The "Medea" is a very different character, and affords abundant scope for the exhibition of the darker passions of the female sex—jealousy and revenge. Her interview with Jason before his marriage,—her interruption of the nuptials of Jason and Creusa,—her incantation scene,—and her scene with Jason's children, have an appalling and terrific interest, that can never be effaced from the memory of any one who has once beheld her in this character.

We might extend our observations; but our space will not permit us. Long may Madame Pasta live to enjoy the fruits of her genius and enviable attainments.

## THE TRAVELS OF THE DOBSON FAMILY.

Who will venture to deny that the English are the most restless and sight-loving people of Europe? If we could trace this love of novelty—so analogous to the *ρί καινον* of the old Athenians,—to a rational and highly laudable desire of information, we should be the last to say a word in disparagement of so favourable a trait of national character; but when among the migratory thousands who steam their way from our shores as the summer fairly sets in, we find so many, who, instead of fairly throwing aside their nationality, and observing and falling in with the simple habits of the people whom they visit, carry all their prejudices, rife and rank, into the countries that they pass through, and excite a feeling of dislike against England, which even the long purse of John Bull cannot set aside,—what can we say? We stand excused. But we are not going to treat our readers to a moral disquisition. Our present aim is very humble,—but, we hope, not on that account, less instructive. We give from a diary, which a residence of more than two years' on the continent furnished us ample opportunities of filling with the *ἔπεα πτεροεντα* of the traveller, the *bonâ fide* history of a party, with whom it was our lot to fall in, as we were on our way to Rome two summers ago. Facts are facts; and we assure the reader that, however entertaining on the one hand,—or however dull and stupid the narrative may be, on the other,—we stand pledged for the historical truth—names excepted—of all that is here narrated. May our hopes be fulfilled, that by this good-natured ridicule, we may succeed in deterring the younger Dobsons from making such fools of themselves as their parents did before them. But we have tarried too long at the threshold:—we must address ourselves to our task.

Now, gentle reader, as the best method of getting fairly under way, is by introducing you to the principal personages with whom you will have to make this summer tour, without further preamble, we will, with your permission, step into a small parlour in a small house, in a small street, not more than a hundred miles from High Holborn; and in the aforesaid small parlour, we shall find a small group consisting of five individuals, to whom you, gentle reader, shall, in due order, be introduced. Jeremiah Dobson, Esq., the pater omnipotens of the family, is that short man sitting with his legs upon the fender. He is, as you perceive, a very English-looking person, rather corpulent than slim; he is half asleep, and only catches now and then a word or two of the conversation, which he breaks in upon, from time to time, with some such exclamations as “fudge!—pshaw!—nonsense!” Mr. Jeremiah Dobson is a retired ironmonger:—he is a good sort of man at bottom, but has somehow or other acquired a rather high idea of his own talent, and a not inconsiderable one of his importance to society in general. These notions he has most probably got from his wife, who pays the utmost deference to all the opinions and whims of her liege lord.

Mrs. Dobson, whom we next introduce, is a quiet, homely, stay-at-home sort of a body, who seems to have no tastes of her own, and

very few propensities, and who, as we have before said, is the most obedient of wives.

Miss Juliana Dobson is a tall sentimental-looking and rather pretty young lady with dark hair and eyes, the former of which she wears in long loose ringlets à la Juliet; while she rolls about the latter in the most romantic manner imaginable. She is a great reader of poems and novels, or rather romances, and is scarcely ever without a book in her hand, from which she occasionally favours her auditors with an extract, which, however, generally reminds them most forcibly of the *à-propos-des bottes*. Such is Miss Juliana Dobson, eldest daughter of Jeremiah Dobson, of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers, and Common Councilman for the City of London. Of Miss Emily, the younger daughter, very common character, very brief space, will suffice for describing. She had just left a third-rate boarding school, where she had learnt a smattering of French, to dance, to play upon the piano-forte; the former patronymic might, however, be well left out in Miss Emily's performances. I shall not attempt to describe in *words* the wonderful effect of Miss Emily's singing "Oh! leave me to my sorrows," to the appropriate tune of "The merry Swiss Boy." The reader must aid us. Miss Emily was a plump rosy girl of seventeen, and thought herself (would, reader, you thought as much of me, would I could even think as much of myself) the very acme of perfection. Unlike her sister, she had not the least romance, and never dreamed of love in a cottage:—she determined to marry an [earl at least, that is, if she could get one. She never doubted her ability to fascinate, but she has not yet succeeded; she is still unmarried, and might, I have some reason to think, be *now* persuaded to accept of a viscount.

The fifth personage of the group is a Polish refugee, the Count Vandeneski, who was, however, strange to say, born in the County of Galway, where he had lived to the mature age of five-and-twenty, and whence he had accompanied his master in the dignified situation of valet up the Rhine as far as Frankfort. On his return, passing through London, the success of a countryman who, giving himself out as a Polish nobleman, had married a rich cheesemonger's daughter, induced Dennis O'Sullivan to try his luck in the matrimonial lottery; and having picked up a smattering of German on the Rhine, he concluded that it would do quite as well as Polish, and up to the commencement of our story it certainly had. Here we have him in the back parlour of the Dobsons, having resolved to make one of the young ladies before introduced to the reader, a countess. This whiskered gentleman spoke with a dreadful brogue, which he passed off for a foreign accent, and interlarded his discourse pretty plentifully with the little German he knew, but not unfrequently he drew upon his imagination for the invention of words and phrases not to be found in the dictionary. He has just been describing the revolution of the Poles from imagination, shown a cut upon his forehead inflicted by some stone or shillalah at a Connamera fair-fight as the thrust of a Cossack lance, and is now describing the beauties of the Rhine to Juliana, who has got "Childe Harold" before her—"and the Castle Crag of Drachenfels?" asks Juliana. "*Musha*

the schönste gable ind of an ould house that ever ye set yer zwei augen on." Juliana looked a little puzzled, and then said, "It must be beautiful; are the German ladies, Count, very handsome?" The count replied, "Faix they wouldn't be any how, if you were among um." He had forgotten his German in his eagerness to pay a compliment. Emily simpered. "Talking of German, Count," interrupted Mr. Dobson, "my respected friend Mr. Higginsbottom is just come back from the Rhine, where he has been for nearly six weeks occupied in thoroughly investigating the state of the Germans, both morally and politically. He says they are a clever people, a very clever people in some respects; and he, Mr. Higginsbottom, is a man not likely to be deceived in those respects. He is, I think I may safely state, he is the head man of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers. You have, perhaps, heard of Mr. Higginsbottom?"

"*Ia wohl*,—to be sure; *Ich haben*."

"I have some idea of going to examine the matter myself," continued Mr. Dobson, "and if we were so very near, it would not matter very much just to take a trip to Rome." "How delightful," sighed Juliana, "it would be to stand beneath the Colosseum's wall." "Oh, and there are such very very nice balls at the Duke of Porlonia's," added Emily; "Mr. Jenks gave me such a description of them, and such numbers of dukes, counts, and marquisses, and—" "Nonsense," said Mr. Dobson, "but I really will think about it; and I hear, count, that you can nearly live for nothing there." The count was all this time looking very blank—he had completely overshoot himself, and he now perceived it; he was very near forgetting himself, but luckily did not. "*Nein; it is in Rome viel deurer als here*," was at length his reply. "Yes, so I imagined," said Mr. Dobson. The count looked perplexed. "You won't be able to travel at all at all under a couple of thousand a year." "Ah, yes," said Mr. Dobson, "a couple of thousand what-do-ye-call-ums—francs, and a franc, Mr. Higginsbottom tells me, is ten-pence British." The count saw that it was hopeless, and so rose to take his leave, making quite sure that when undeceived, he would give up the idea altogether; and resolving to come early on the morrow, he departed, and the family shortly after retired. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dobson were much given to dreaming:—the young ladies, however, dreamt—the one of the gay balls of Italy, and the conquests she was about to make; the other of being attacked by banditti and rescued by Count Vandeneski, who valiantly charges the whole band, mounted, in the most approved hero fashion, on a milk-white horse.

Night passed away, and morning dawned;—dawned, as it had dawned many hundred times before on the purlieus of Bloomsbury,—muddy, murky, and miserable. Flowers opened not their fragrance it is true, but dung heaps did, and scented sewers exhaled their sweets to the balmy air; while "the buzzy call of incense-breathing morn," if not announced by swallow "twittering from the straw-built shed," was not less effectively proclaimed by the sooty shivering sweep, and the more ambitious tintinnabulatory notes of the dust-man. But to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Dobsons were up early;—old Dobson went out to make his

arrangements, whilst at home the misses, so eager were they, set about packing up the thousand little things that are absolutely necessary to the existence of the greater portion of the fair sex, though Juliana, who was on her knees before a huge trunk as if in the very act of worshipping those modern penates, the toilet necessaries, has just said, "Man wants but little here below ;" and poor Mrs. Dobson below stairs, was bustling about, considering whether the Rhine could be much farther off than Richmond, and if so, whether it would be expedient to take the six large pots of raspberry and the four small, and the three pots of currant jelly, and the five bottles of walnut ketchup, and the pickles ; and, in short, thinking was not poor Mrs. Dobson's forte ; so, as she expressed it, she was soon completely bothered. The count, true to his intentions, called early, and was to his awful dismay informed, that Mr. Dobson was out, and the young ladies were packing up. Visions of landlords and tailors' bills rose like the witches in Macbeth before his mind's eye, arrayed in the most hideous colours, and with an oath of despair he turned from the door. There are, perhaps, few situations of more real downright misery than that of the speculator who, having placed his whole hopes of success and prospects in life on one bold chance, suddenly finds himself ruined, not only in prospects but in name. Such was the situation in which Dennis O'Sullivan found himself. The boat in which he had hoped to weather the wave-beaten point of poverty, and gain the safe harbour of affluence, was shattered on the breakers, and he was left without a shilling in his pocket, or the means of procuring one. He had hitherto got money from the Jews, at an enormous interest, to be paid on his marriage ; and now he was ruined. That very night he left London and has not since been heard of. To return, however, as Mr. Dobson did to the family. After holding a council of war, it was resolved that they should set out in a few days for Calais, armed with all the needful, in the shape of dresses, books, maps, &c. &c. We shall now take leave of them until on board the Calais packet.

*Les voilà en route* : the packet has just left the Tower :—away they go through the black dingy shipping. Julianna is determined, however, to admire every collier and lighter that with torn mainsail and yellow jib, is, as she says, "walking the water like a thing of life" at the rate of about half a mile an hour. The old gentleman (that is her Dobson) is reading the newspaper—Miss Emily is sitting with her veil drawn, looking over the side of the boat in order to conceal the half inch of Kalydor with which she has buttered her face,—as the advertisement has apprized her, that sea air is injurious to the complexion, and that the aforesaid Kalydor is a certain remedy. Mrs. Dobson is sitting with her hands before her, and her thoughts in the before-mentioned pots of jam.

They went rapidly down the river. Julianna was so delighted at the beauty of the scenery of the Corringham and Fobbing marshes, that one might have thought she had been a wild duck. As they drew near the mouth of the river there was an ugly cross sea running ; and the boat began to pitch violently. Most of the ladies went below. Not so Julianna : she was enchanted at being "o'er

the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"—and was, or appeared to be, quite wrapped up in a Byron she held in her hand:—at last turning to the helmsman, she asked him, pointing to a gull, if that was a wild sea mew.—“Lord! no, Miss,” said the seaman, “that is a chicken.” “A chicken!” said Julianna. “Yes,” Miss, “one of Mother Cary’s chickens.”

Julianna kept a journal, and duly recorded the fact of having seen several curious chickens belonging to a Mrs. Cary, far out at sea and apparently quite wild. But even Byron was at last obliged to seek her berth. After a rough passage the packet arrived safely at Calais, where they were assailed by a troop of porters, each insisting on taking the Dobsons and their luggage to his own particular Hotel.

Jeremiah Dobson, Esq., seemed totally at his wit’s end. He did not know a single word of French, and had never until now dreamt that he should find any difficulty in getting on, *as he* expressed it. But now the truth, the awful truth, flashed upon him. They did *not* speak English in France;—what was to be done? He was nearly distracted, and upon the point of going back to the boat, to wait till it returned, and then return with it, when the English waiter at Desseins came up to him, and Mr. Dobson placed himself entirely at the tender mercy of his countryman, who took him and his couple of dozen boxes and bandboxes, to that horrible of all horrible places, the Custom House; where the white satin dresses, and the raspberry-jam, and the pink satin slips, and the walnut ketchup, and the gauze sleeves, and the mixed pickles, were first tumbled out, and then in, without the least regard to the feelings of their distracted owners, who stood by, the very images of despair, with sea sickness written on each woe-begone feature.

At last they got to Dessein’s, where the first thing to do was to order dinner, having resolved that a beef steak would be the best thing and the soonest got. Emily went to look in the dictionary, where she found “*stake translated pieu.*”—She accordingly addressed the waiter on his entrance, with “*Pouvez vous nous donner un pieu de beef pour diner?*” “*Comment, Mademoiselle,*” said the fellow with a slight grin. Emily repeated her question. “*Excusez moi, Mademoiselle, mais vraiment je ne comprends pas.*” “You don’t understand,” said Emily in English, very angry,—then turning to her admiring mother, “The fellow really does not understand his own language,” with an air of ineffable disdain. “I think I could make him understand what a cutlet is,” said she;—“shall I order one?”

“T’will do just as well,” answered the bonpère, “only let it be of veal.” Emily asked the waiter if he had *des culottes de veau*. The fellow laughed out-right, and, saying he should send the English waiter, left the room. The Englishman apologized for the stupidity of the Frenchman; and they at last got a most excellent dinner— which they discussed with most excellent appetite. Every thing went on swimmingly until bed-time, when they were shown up to one of the very cleanest and best bedrooms in all France, in which were two French beds placed at opposite corners.—“Nice clean room this,” said Mr. Dobson; “Very, but,” continued Mrs. D., stop-

ping suddenly—"how the deuce are we both to sleep in one of these little beds?" "I'm sure I do not know, my dear," answered Mrs D. "It's quite out of the question to suppose such a thing," said Mr. Dobson: "better call the housemaid." "Housemaid," shouted Mr. Dobson over the bannisters—"housemaid!"—all the servants in the hotel, postillions and all came rushing up stairs to put out the fire as they interpreted "housemaid," all asking where it was, what it was; not a word of which of course was understood. "Curse their lungs," roared Mr. Dobson nearly maddened, and stamped and damned the Frenchmen to their hearts' content; but at last the Englishman made his appearance, and endeavoured to explain that it was not intended that they should *both* sleep in one of the aforementioned small beds, but one in each.—"Zounds!" shouted Mr. Dobson, "I sleep in one corner of the room and my wife in another! why we've slept in the same bed for thirty years, and do you think we are going to be separated now?"

Mrs. Dobson began to cry at the bare possibility of such an occurrence. The waiter did not know what to do, declared there was no larger bed in the hotel, and hoped that they would put up with the inconvenience for one night. The Dobsons would not hear of such a thing, for they were determined that separate they would not.—If they chose it, he, the waiter, would send into the town to try and procure one:—they consented, and a large old lumbering piece of furniture was with great difficulty procured, pulled up the staircase, and finally established in the Dobson's bed-room; in which the affectionate couple deposited themselves for the night.

Henceforward, misfortune seemed to have marked them for her own,—for in the sequel we shall be the chroniclers of woe without the slightest admixture of pleasure.

We shall in silence pass by the consternation of Mr. Dobson when he saw the amount of the bill, which, owing to the trouble he had given, was of course large. Ruin seemed staring him in the face. In fact, he had grievously blundered in his calculations; he had imagined that he should be able to travel with his whole family and their appurtenances, for half of what he lived for in Red Lion Street. We shall, with your permission, fair reader, with your permission, most beauteous reader, in silence pass over their journey to Brussels—merely stating that at Cassel, on the very first night of their journey, that affectionate couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, were, horrible to relate, obliged to sleep one in each corner of the room. We shall take them up again at Brussels, where they arrived safely, after a series of the most distressing adventures. Established at the Bellevue, they resolved to dine at the table d'Hôte, as Miss Emily had discovered that the society was quite *élite*, as there was a great number of counts (which title Count Vandeneski had told her was the same as earl) and viscounts, and barons, and generals, and colonels without end.

Emily was quite happy and could not sit still for five minutes, thinking which of her dresses would be most appropriate, and practising the most effective method of entering the *salle à manger*, and the most elegant method of quitting it. At last these weighty

matters being settled to her entire satisfaction,—and the white satin having after the most various consideration received the preference, and the long wished for hour for dressing having arrived,—behold Emily bending over a large black leather trunk with the rapturous gaze of a Persian Gheber at the setting sun, or a Roman pilgrim at St. Peter's brazen toe : but why that sudden start, that look of speechless woe ? Reader, have you ever seen the look of a cockney sportsman who, in pursuit of a tomtit which he thinks he has wounded, has hastily scrambled through a hedge, and perceives himself within five yards of a bull?—if so you may be able to form some sort of idea of Emily's look, when, pulling out the white satin dress, she saw the front and all the delicate blond tuckers blushing rosy red. The phenomenon is thus to be accounted for:—At the Calais Custom House a pot of the raspberry-jam had by the careless officers been placed in the trunk that held all the full dresses; and now behold the miserable consequences—dress after dress was now with a sort of frantic hope examined, alas, in vain; for on each and all was fixed the fell, the indelible stain that, like the brand upon the galley slave, must for ever exclude them from those bright scenes in which their owner fondly hoped to see them flourish.

Julianna was nearly as much grieved as her sister, though she affected not to be, and talked of “beauty unadorned.” To dine that day at the table d'Hôte was quite impossible. A milliner was sent for, to whom Emily detailed her grievances, and as it was a misfortune that appeals most powerfully to the sympathies of a Frenchwoman, after truly compassionating the sorrow of the weeping Emily, the little marchande faithfully promised that she should be fully equipped for the campaign before the table d'Hôte hour next day. The following day Mr. Dobson went out to buy a travelling carriage, which after a great deal of higgling he at last effected, and returned just before the dinner hour. The dresses had arrived previously; and Emily was endeavouring to pack herself into a remarkably low challie, which she had expressly ordered to be made considerably too tight.

They entered the *salle à manger*, and Emily saw a number of ill-dressed men so busily employed with the good things before them, that she received not a single glance of admiration. They seated themselves at table, and Julianna was placed next a stout red-faced hypochondriacal Englishman, who was travelling to cure himself of a whole hospital of diseases, which however he found to be increasing instead of diminishing upon him. Of course all Julianna's romance and quotations were entirely thrown away; he could talk of nothing but the respective merits of the English and German physicians,—to the latter of whom he gave a decided preference, and dilated at great length on the benefit he hoped to receive from the new homœopathic system. He detailed a great number of cures, declaring at the same time that he feared his case was hopeless, as all the physicians differed as to the nature of the disease. “That scoundrel Abernethy,” said he, “had once the impudence to insinuate that there was nothing the matter with me: indeed, I believe the fellow thought me a little mad. When I went to consult him, he asked me

abruptly what was the matter with me. I began to state my case with the opinions of about fifty medical men, and showed him their prescriptions; but he very coolly said, 'Tut, tut, Sir, do you think I have time to hear all this nonsense, or to read all that bad writing?' He then felt my pulse. 'Good pulse,' said he—'got a pain here, Sir?' hitting me on the back. 'Why no, not exactly at present, doctor,' said I; 'but I sometimes feel'—'Never mind how you sometimes feel, Sir. Pain here, Sir?' continued he—hitting me on the right side. 'No, not exactly doctor, but,—' 'Never mind, Sir,' continued the brute, hitting me on the left side; 'Nothing wrong here, Sir, sound as a drum, Sir;' but, doctor, I cannot be sound, not altogether sound.' 'Very likely not,' returned he, 'but, except I give you a fly as I have just given to a lady whom you might have met going down—I can do nothing for you.'

"'A fly, doctor!' said I, in astonishment. 'Cured the lady, Sir, at any rate: She came yesterday very bad; looking up, she had swallowed a spider three months ago, could not get him up, always felt him walking in her stomach. I told her to come again to-day; she came:—I had a fly and spider in a pill-box, told her I should put a fly in her mouth, perhaps the spider would come up to catch it.—She thought it very probable,—told her to open her mouth, threw them in, and then told her to spit into a basin. She did so, and found there a famous large spider. She declared he had grown—and went away quite well.' Did you ever hear of such impudence?—I left the house, and you may be sure never went near him again."

By the quantity of salt which this worthy hypochondriac devoured at table, it might seem that he had more faith in the muriate of soda than in Abernethy. He had indeed when at Venice, been cured by it of the cholera. "The physicians made me eat half-a-dozen pounds daily," said he, "and even injected it into my veins, till I was quite cured."

"Just like a herring,"—said an impudent young Englishman, sitting near Mr. Dobson. The grumbling response "Impudent puppy" was nearly drowned amid the loud and continued peals of laughter which followed the youngster's sally.

Emily meantime was listening to the glowing language of a young German artist just returned from Italy, whose mind was deeply imbued with that deep feeling of romance that ever characterizes the true disciple of the pencil; but all his eloquence, the unaffected eloquence of the admirer of nature, was thrown away upon her whose only idea of beauty was the round, plump, rosy face she saw reflected in her own looking-glass, and the only sensation conveyed to the mind of his auditor by his flowing descriptions of "nature in her loveliest garb" was when he spoke of mirrors of ice reflecting back the mountain tops with a thousand beautiful tints, continually varying, like the gem-built palace of a fairy tale:—it was one of wonder whether it would reflect her equally well. Mr. Dobson had got near a young Englishman, who amused himself by quizzing his countryman, of which pastime the English avail themselves on the continent whenever it is possible.

Mr. Dobson was very anxious to learn German, which he had no

doubt of being able to accomplish in a very few weeks; so he asked his countryman what was the best book to begin with, who recommended him Kant and some half-dozen of his commentators, together with a whole host of dictionaries, vocabularies, and grammars; and all other books generally used to mystify the student of a foreign language. All these, however, poor Mr. Dobson resolved to get before he left Brussels (which he was to do on the following day) for Cologne, or Cöln, as Mr. Dobson and the Germans call it. At last dinner was over: all things must have an end, even a table d'Hôte dinner at the Belle Vue, which is, except a French diligence and country quarters, the most tedious, dull, and apparently interminable affair that we at least or any of our *ten thousand friends* have had the good fortune to fall in with:—even this however was ended, and Mrs. Dobson rose to go, and apparently for the same purpose rose her two fair daughters; when, lamentable to relate, the dress which had been so hastily put together burst, and that too with a considerable explosion, and some half-dozen not over-clean pocket-handkerchiefs, which, in order to improve upon nature, had been stowed away in different parts, fell to the ground, and their discomfited owner rushed from the room. Julianna followed, but Mrs. Dobson quietly walked up to the half-dozen suspicious-looking articles that lay upon the floor, picked them up, and, holding them dangling from her hand, walked to the door, opened it, and then, turning round to the company, made them a low curtesy and disappeared. Mrs. Dobson has made her curtesy to the company, and so we shall with the reader's permission make him or her our very best bow, promising that we shall, should it please her or him, renew our acquaintance by again taking up our amiable and unfortunate travellers at Cologne, where they and their trunks and bandboxes safely arrived.

Now see them mounted once again, or rather dismounted, at the Rheinberg at Cologne, where they have arrived in the carriage which the reader may recollect Mr. Dobson bought at Brussels, and which resembled in no small degree that greatest of nuisances to all passengers on horseback and on foot,—a London Omnibus, which name we presume it has assumed because it drives indiscriminately over all his majesty's subjects. They have got safely out, which was no such easy matter as our readers might suppose if they have never seen the complicated machine that yonder quizzical fellow, the Brussels coachmaker, calls a travelling carriage. However, they are out, and having enjoyed the indispensable English luxury of first eating a hearty dinner, and then heartily abusing every article of which it was composed, Mr. Dobson set out to get the before-mentioned vehicle shipped on board the steamer in which they were to proceed up the Rhine early the following morning. This task was with considerable difficulty effected, though not until the carriage had been nearly precipitated into the "glassy stream," and Mr. Dobson, who insisted on directing the whole proceeding, of which he knew about as much as he did of flying, for which latter occupation nature could never have intended him, had actually met with a very sound ducking. Fortunately, there was help at hand, so he was soon fished out, with no other accident than a thorough wetting, and a fit of

hysterics from Julianna, and another of heroics as soon as he was safely deposited on shore, greatly to the edification of half a dozen German students, who stood quietly looking on, enjoying the double luxury of a *scene* and the fumes of their beloved Virginian weed. Mr. Dobson returned to the hotel, abusing every thing and every one who rejoices in the name of German,—simply because he had the awkwardness to fall over-board. He even went so far as to abuse the river for it, upon which Julianna defended the cause of the Rhine, and quoted that passage of “Childe Harold,” which begins, “The river nobly foams and flows!”—“Foams, indeed!” answered Mr. Dobson, who had no idea whatever of poetical license, “what do you call foaming?—surely, not that thick yellow mud that we saw running under those boats that they call a bridge. I know if Barclay, Perkins, & Co., did not foam a little better than that, I’d soon send it back to them, and Julianna’s damned castled crag of Drachenfels.”

Emily, as a matter of course, bought a considerable quantity of eau de Cologne, all of which, we may as well here state, was seized at the English Custom House on their return. The next morning at six they got on board the packet, amidst that Babel-like confusion that always attends on such an operation, and doubly so on these banks of Rhine, where the mixture of languages might well have puzzled even such a linguist as Sir William Jones; as one continually hears such sentences as this,—*Geben sie mir this sac de nuit und dieses large brown portmanteau.* The Dobsons were hurried on board without being allowed even a brief moment to look about them. Fiz, fiz, went the steam:—round went the paddles, and they were off in an instant. When they had proceeded a mile or two up the river, Mr. Dobson went forward to look at his carriage, in order to show the passengers that he had one, and consequently what an important personage he must be;—and so indeed he was in the opinion of himself and spouse.

He beheld a carriage truly; but, alas! it was not the property of Jeremiah Dobson, Esq. Poor man!—he was nearly frantic, and betook himself to the common practice on such occasions, crying out in English,—“Stop, stop;” but he might as well have asked the water rushing by them to perform the same operation. An explanation of course ensued and it appeared that Mr. Dobson, in his anxiety to have no confusion or mistake in the morning when his family were going on board, had shipped it on board the vessel bound for Holland, whence he was assured that both it and all his luggage would be safely forwarded to London by the first boat. This really was an unpleasant accident; but what was to be done? Poor Mr. Dobson was in a state of desperation, and Emily kept weeping bitterly, until, suddenly looking up, she perceived two very gentlemanly-looking young men close to her, conversing in English. My young lady immediately remembered that crying makes the eyes look red; so she thought, that she had better defer it to a more convenient opportunity.—Dinner was announced just as they got to the best part of the scenery: however, all the passengers seemed to consider the gratification of the palate of more importance than that of the eyes.

After dinner the conversation became general; and Emily discovered that the two Englishmen were studying at Bonn; and, moreover, that one of them had no objection to while away the tedium of the voyage by a flirtation; while the other was as romantic as Juliana could wish;—and she learned from him the legends attached to all the old castles they passed, of which we will give one as being a good specimen of the tragic and also of German legends in general.

#### THE CASTLE OF HOHENSTEIN.

The time at which my tale commenced was towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, when each baron ruled in his own strong hold with absolute sway, not only over his immediate vassals, but also over the peaceful traveller whom he stopped, robbed, or murdered, without being in dread of any other punishment than that inflicted by his own conscience, and which in general was easily appeased by a small present to his confessor, or the offering of a wax-candle or petticoat to the Virgin, who generally occupied a snug corner of his castle chapel. At this time, then, those old and scarcely perceptible ruins that you may perceive about half-way up the mountain, formed the magnificent castle of the proud baron of Hohenstein, who acknowledged no laws but the dictates of his own inclination; and those, if his vassals spoke true, were not always confined to the strict rule of right. He exacted strict obedience from every one around him, and those who had the hardihood to disobey him once seldom did so a second time.

The Baron had an only son, in every respect the opposite of his father. Ulric possessed a heart feelingly alive to all the gentle influences of humanity:—he was one of those who would turn aside to avoid injuring the worm that crawled in his path; yet differing as he did in almost every thing from his “inexorable sire,” the stern Baron loved him more than every thing else; but his love did not show itself in the usual way. To him the harsh command was addressed, as to others; but still there was an unconscious softening of the voice, and the stern brow was less contracted when he addressed his only son, the last of the long line of Hohenstein. The great hall of the castle was illuminated by a hundred lamps, hung around the walls in every variety of shape; and the shields of all the illustrious race of Hohenstein were each surrounded by a laurel wreath, in which the party-coloured lamps were placed; and here all the magnates of the land were gathered to behold the wedding of Ulric with the haughty daughter of the yet haughtier Baron Eichenherz. The goblet passes round, and all cares seem to be forgotten; and if the heart be sad, the face does not betray it.

There the gay dance of bounding beauty's train  
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.

Old Time, even, seemed to grow young again, as he fled with unnoticed wing. Yet, 'midst a lllthis joy, if the vassals spoke true, there was at least one heart that did not beat in time to that gay measure; and that was Ulric's, on whom his father's eye often turned with an inexplicable meaning.

Ulric left the hall with an expression of anguish on his pale hard some face:—he stood at the private postern gate, arrayed in his costly wedding dress, and gazed out into the night. The dark clouds were scudding along before the gale, which was whistling dismally through the battlements, forming a striking contrast to the scene within. “Yes, yes,” he muttered, “it must be done now or never,” and he then sprang hastily down the cliff and soon reached the bottom, where now you may perceive the ruins of rather a large village. The inhabitants were all at that late hour asleep, and Ulric passed on unseen, till he came to a small but neat cottage, which belonged to the widow of a distant relation of the Baron’s, whose husband had been executed for treason, and all his estates confiscated. This small cottage had been given to her and her only daughter by the Baron; and here Ulric, during his father’s absence at the chase or in the carousals at the neighbouring castles, spent the greater portion of his idle time. He knocked at a small latticed window:—the noise was probably drowned in the storm, for he received no answer; so putting his face to the casement, he said, “Lieba, dearest Lieba, it is I.” The casement was opened, and Ulric sprang into the room. “Are you ready, dearest?” he said; Lieba threw herself into his arms, and, hiding her weeping face on his shoulder, said, “Oh, Ulric, you must not indeed do this! I know your father never will forgive you; and how can you, Ulric, bear poverty, who have so long been accustomed to live in princely splendour, and to the gratification of every wish?—you will repent your hasty act, and—”

“Never, dearest, never,” interrupted Ulric; “you know that not many hours hence I must wed the haughty maiden of Eichenherz whom I can never love. No, Lieba, I would rather share poverty, sickness, death itself, with you, than a throne with the proud Christine. I will never return to my father’s hall, even should you not fly with me. I have bribed the boatman, and horses wait us at the other side of the river. Now, Lieba, will you come?”

She raised her head from his shoulder and looked out. “It is, in truth, a fearful night, and it seems as if heaven frowned on us:—yet I will go.”

They left the cottage, and a few moments brought them to the river, where was the boat; and in it sat the old boatman muffled in his large cloak.

“Now row us quickly across, good Fritz,” said Ulric as he placed himself in the boat.

Scarcely had the frail bark left the shore when a flash of lightning, so vivid as to light up the whole scene with a blinding refulgence, burst from the cloud immediately over their heads, followed by a clap of thunder so loud and long that it seemed as if the demons of the storm were engaged in the din of war, and in all the confusion of a first onset. This was followed by so quick a succession of flashes as to be nearly continuous. The troubled waters were fearfully distinct, and the whole river appeared one mass of white and sparkling foam. The strong oars bent like reeds from the vigorous strokes of the boatman, as, wrapping himself closer in his mantle, he pulled silently into the stream. When he had reached the middle

he laid in his oars, and throwing open his rough cloak, the lightning flashed upon his jewelled vest:—it was the BARON.—Lieba uttered a piercing shriek, and then threw herself upon Ulric's bosom, who, spell-bound sat, gazing at his father.

"Ah, ah, boy," shouted the Baron, "did you think to deceive me. Now say, will you give her up?"

"Never father, never," answered Ulric resolutely.

"Then she shall die," answered the Baron sternly; and holding back his son with one herculean arm, he with the other plunged the ill-fated girl into the whirling waters. She gave but one long piercing shriek as she was borne down by the eddying current.

"Father," said Ulric in a low deep tone, and the lightning fell upon his face, disclosing an unearthly fixedness of purpose,—“Father, you have destroyed your only son;”—and breaking with the strength of despair from the Baron's grasp, he plunged himself into the stream and instantly disappeared.

Long and wildly did the proud Baron watch for him to rise, in vain; he then threw himself into the bottom of the boat, and wept with agony:—and they were the first tears he had shed since childhood. At length he rose, and called wildly on his son; and then, with a wild demoniacal laugh, he shouted, “I have no son:—I had one once, but I murdered him; ah, ha, ha!” and the rocks rang with that unearthly laugh, and he sank insensible into the boat. Next morning he was found many miles down the stream, and was brought home; but his mind was gone, and some months after he died a madman. Even to this day the fishermen tell, that on the anniversary night of this wild deed, when the spirit of the storm is abroad, the scene is acted over again;—the maiden is dashed into the stream,—again her shriek is heard,—and again the Baron is seen whirling down the stream calling on his son,—and again once more the rocks reverberate with his wild unearthly laughter.

“How charming,” said Julianna, endeavouring to seem affected, for which, however, she was not allowed time, inasmuch as they reached Coblenz, and were assailed by the usual crowd of unsentimental porters, all asking leave to take their luggage, and enquiring where it was to be taken to. Their luggage, alas, was now in Rotterdam.—Yes, the raspberry-jam and the ball-dresses, the walnut ketchup, and the German grammars and dictionaries, all except half a dozen that Mr. Dobson always carried in his coat pocket, were all travelling a different route from their owners, who now betook themselves to the White Horse, where Mr. Dobson abused every thing not English, and Emily enjoyed the rest of her fit of crying, which had been interrupted by the appearance of the young Englishman, after which they went most unromantically to bed. Next morning they were on board the steamer: the young ladies looked wistfully about them; but the Englishmen were not there. They proceeded up the flat uninteresting Rhine as far as Mayence, where they that very evening held a council of war,—and what was the result of their sage cogitations? Readers, be not dumb-founded:—they actually determined next day to return to England, each rejoicing at the plan, though from different motives.—Mr. Dobson was anxious to get

back in order to detail his adventures to his untravellered friends ;— Mrs. Dobson, because the jam and pickles were already there ;— Julianna, because it was not half so romantic as she expected, since she had neither been attacked by banditti, nor rescued by Count Vandenesky on a white horse ;— Emily, because there were not half so many dukes, counts, and barons as she expected, and the few she did meet seemed totally blind to her charms,—an obscurity of vision which she set down to national bad taste. Next morning then they did embark ; nor did they stop, save to sleep, till they were again established in Red Lion Street, where they still remain.

Although this article may be considered by our readers as a caricature, we once more assure them that we have met with many Dobson families who have, like that which we have been describing, travelled without seeing any thing that was really worth seeing.— Thus, in the short trip that we have taken with this unique *côterie*, they have, as we see, stopped in Brussels without seeing the gallery, —left Belgium without going to Antwerp or Waterloo,—passed through Cologne without seeing its beautiful cathedral,—spent a day at Coblenz, and yet did not see its wonderful fortress Ehrenbretstein ; and they at last returned to England to abuse those things they did *not* see.

THE IRISHMAN IN ITALY.

## SPECIMENS OF FRENCH POETRY.

(Continued from our last.)

### SONG.

WHEN lately near thee seated in the bower,  
Too quickly fled the dissipating hour ;  
When, scarcely bold, my hand encounter'd thine,  
Or when thy tender glance reflected mine ;  
Or when, condemn'd to separate in sorrow,  
You fondly murmur'd, "Till to-morrow !"

When in the ball thou wouldst not join the dance,  
Your smiles appear'd to welcome my advance ;  
When on a flower your lips would leave a kiss,  
And whisper in my ear, "For me keep this !"  
Then if I seem'd to slight the token dear,  
Your cheek was moisten'd with a tear :—

Didst thou not then my fervent passion know ?  
Couldst thou not seal my bliss, or stamp my woe ?  
Was not thy glance, reciprocally fond,  
Enough to carry me the earth beyond,  
And bear me to Elysium ? For that glance  
Express'd not tenderness by chance !

Oh ! no—for now thy retrospective thought,  
Scanning the past, with bitterness is fraught ;  
And still Imagination must review  
Those joyous days when first my love was new :  
Still must you see me present as before,  
And all your faithlessness deplore !

Thou canst not have forgotten when thine ear  
 Harken'd the news of my departure near ;  
 When from thy damask cheek the roses fled,  
 And when mine arms receiv'd thee almost dead,  
 While from thy breathless mouth I stole a kiss,  
 That was indeed an hour of bliss.

If in thy garden now thou wand'rest—all  
 The flow'rs—the plants—the shrubs my name recal  
 Unto thy mind—as erst those flow'rs by thee  
 Were rear'd, with kind solicitude, for me :—  
 Oh! art thou reckless of their present bloom,  
 Indiff'rent to their sweet perfume ?

And has the reminiscence of the day  
 When first I told my passion, pass'd away—  
 When in mine own your trembling hand was placed,  
 When on your cheek the marks of tears were traced—  
 Those tears of bliss that fill'd my heart with joy ;  
 How couldst thou such fond hopes destroy ?

Reproach thyself—for I can pardon yet  
 The transient love which taught thee to forget :  
 And if I lov'd thee first, 'twas you that gave  
 The hopes now buried in Oblivion's wave ;  
 And if the crowd were jealous of my bliss,  
 It ne'er foresaw a change like this!

BARON COPPENS.

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#### NAPOLEON'S COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

ON the foundation that his glory laid,  
 With indestructible materials made,  
 Alike secure from ruin and from rust,  
 Before whose splendour others are but dust,  
 Th' eternal column, tow'ring far on high,  
 Presents Napoleon's throne unto the sky.

Well deem'd the hero, when his sov'reign hand,  
 Fatigued with war, the lasting trophy plann'd,  
 That civil discord would retire in shame  
 Before the vast memorial of his name,  
 And that the nation would forget to praise  
 The deeds of those who shone in ancient days.

Around the earth his vet'rans he had led,  
 O'er smoking fields encumber'd with the dead ;  
 And from the presence of that host so true  
 Armies and kings in wild confusion flew,  
 Leaving their pond'rous cannon on the plain,  
 A prey to him and his victorious train.

Then, when the fields of France again were trod  
 By him who came triumphant as a god,  
 Bearing the spoils of a defeated world—  
 He came, 'mid joyous cries, with flags unfurl'd,  
 Welcome as eagle to the famish'd brood  
 That waits on mountain-top its daily food.

But he, intent on his ambitious aims,  
 Straightway proceeds to where the furnace flames ;  
 And while his troops, with haste and zealous glow  
 The massive ordnance in the caldron throw,  
 He to the meanest artizan unfolds  
 His plans to fix the fashion of the moulds.

Then to the war he led his troops once more,  
 And from the foe the palm of conquest bore :  
 He drove th' opponent armies from the plain,  
 And seiz'd their dread artillery again,  
 As good materials for the column high,  
 Built to perpetuate his memory !

Such was his task ! The roaring culverin—  
 The spur, the sabre, and the mortar's din—  
 These were his earliest sports, till Egypt gave  
 Her ancient pyramids his smile to save ;  
 Then, when th' Imperial crown adorn'd his brow,  
 He rais'd the monument we rev'rence now.

He rais'd that monument ! The grandest age,  
 Which e'er th' historian's annals might engage,  
 Furnished the subject ; and the end of time  
 Shall boast that emblem of his course sublime,  
 Where Rhine and Tyber roll'd in crimson flood,  
 And the tall snow-capp'd Alps all trembling stood !

For even as the giant race of old  
 Ossa on Pelion—mount on mountain roll'd,  
 To scale high heaven's towers ; so he has made  
 His battles serve to help his escalade ;  
 And thus to gratify his fancy wild,  
 Wagram, Arcole, on Austerlitz were pil'd !

The sun unveil'd himself in beauty bright,  
 The eyes of all beam'd gladness and delight,  
 When, with unruffled visage, thou didst come,  
 Hero of France ! unto the Place Vendôme,  
 To mark thy column tow'ring from the ground,  
 And the four eagles rang'd the base around !

'Twas then, environ'd by thy warriors tried,  
 As erst the Romans flock'd to Æmilius' side ;  
 'Twas then each child—each infant, on whose head  
 Six summers scarcely had their radiance shed,  
 Murmur'd applause, and clapp'd his little hands,  
 And spied a father 'midst thy serried bands.

Oh ! when thou stoodst there, godlike, proud, and great,  
 Pond'ring on conquest, majesty, and state ;  
 Who would have thought that e'er the time should be  
 When a base senate could dishonour thee,  
 And cavil o'er thine ashes ?\* For Vendôme  
 At least is worthy to become thy tomb !

VICTOR HUGO.

*Translated by* PARISIANUS.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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\* The Chamber of Deputies, October 7, 1830.

## THE FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

(Concluded from page 532.)

WE now come to Alexandre Dumas. Speaking of the "Souvenirs d'Antony," the critic of the "Quarterly" says, "The scene of the first tale is Naples during its occupation by the French. A reward is offered for the head of a certain captain of banditti that infested the neighbourhood. Two peasant boys find him asleep, and recollecting, dear *children* (they are all along called *enfants*) how they had seen a sheep killed, cut his throat, &c." Now this sentence corroborates our assertion relative to the critic's ignorance of the French language. These two boys had numbered seventeen summers, and the French as often apply the word *enfant* as *garçon* to individuals of that age. Fathers of families call their sons *enfants* even when they are thirty or forty years old.

But to continue. We must inform the writer in the "Quarterly" that the two first and the last of M. Dumas' five tales are founded on facts, that he gathered those facts himself in Naples, and that all Frenchmen understand as much. We must moreover remind the same gentleman—for from his language we naturally suppose the author of the article entitled "French Novels" to be of the male sex—that there are two schools of novels, the romantic and the fashionable, and that M. Dumas' tales come under the former denomination. We may also add, that because the days of Ann Radcliffe, Maturin, Goethe, Schiller, Clara Reeve, Monk Lewis, &c. &c., are gone by, there is no reason wherefore M. Dumas should not choose to be their imitator, if his taste or his talent induce him to follow their footsteps, and to study in the halls which, when they retired, became, as it were, deserted.

Having lashed Dumas with as little ceremony and as little reason as the others who went before him, the critic turns his arms against De Balzac, and his comments upon this author are perhaps the only fair and unprejudiced portion of the whole article. Balzac is nevertheless a beautiful, though a dangerous writer, full of sentiment, of philosophy, of metaphysical reasoning, and of energy; but his works have certainly now and then an immoral tendency, although not to the extravagant extent described in the "Quarterly." As literary productions De Balzac's novels are the first in France; and if the descriptive portions of his works be occasionally wearisome and tedious, as in the "Lys de Vallée," and the "Peau de Chagrin," the elegance of the language and the vivacity of the ideas amply compensate for this fault. The critic in the "Quarterly" has a particular regard for the word *vulgar*, and applies it not only as frequently as opportunities occur, but also where it is an inappropriate, a false, and an unjust epithet. The coarse ribaldry of "Joseph Andrews" is not extenuated even by the admirable wit that abounds in its pages; but no one can truly say that De Balzac's works "are a series of unconnected tales of the vulgarest and most licentious character."

We, however, strongly suspect that the author of the article in the "Quarterly" is one of those Englishmen who have passed six weeks or two months in Paris, and have, from the reminiscences of their school education, retained a sufficient smattering of the French language just barely to skim over a few easy novels (with the indispensable aid of a Nugent's dictionary), and thence, on their return to England, imagine themselves capable of criticising and dissecting foreign institutions, customs, habits, morals, literature, and jurisprudence, while really their knowledge of those matters is too trivial even to allow them to discuss the subjects in common conversation. Of this an editor of the "Atlas" gave us a specimen about a year ago; when, in a long article intended to be a notice on the "Revue des deux Mondes," and the "Revue de Paris," he coolly tells us "that the French have no other literary periodical journals of any consequence, that their reviews of new books are always scanty and short, and that they pay but little attention to criticisms on recent publications." All this is entirely false. The Parisian press boasts of the "Chronique de Paris," the "Voleur," and the "Cabinet de Lecture," which are as large as the "Athenæum," which appear *six times a month*, and which invariably contain critical notices as elaborate as those of the English parallel papers. In addition to these, there are the "Revue des deux Mondes," the "Revue de Paris," "France Littéraire," and "Le Panorama de Londres," which are published every Sunday, and consist of from 150 to 200 closely-printed octavo pages each, the "Revue du Nord," the "Revue Britannique," and a variety of other magazines published monthly, and of the same size as their English cotemporaries. All these periodicals are more or less devoted to literary criticism; besides which, the French daily political newspapers (to the number of thirty-seven) all contain *feuilletons* where new works are reviewed with an impartiality that ought to put to shame the reckless profusion of praise, which English critics bestow on the most insignificant and contemptible books.

But let us return to our subject. The writer in the "Quarterly" has attacked the French novelists in a most savage manner: will he allow us to ask him if he has ever read any French poetry? and if he has not, we will introduce him to Lamartine, and say a few words with regard to "Jocelyn."

If the attractions of any art can cause the soul of man to feel itself suddenly lifted afar from the grosser joys of earth, and wrapped in a species of blissful delirium—it is poetry. If there be any author who has complete power over the minds of his readers, to enchain them in the mystic bonds that his effusions cast around them, and actually to implicate them and their feelings, their sympathies, and their passions, in the scenes that he depicts in glowing colours—it is the poet. He is like an enchanter, who, with a magic wand, can make works of imagination appear facts, and give reality to fables, so that the bewitching pleasure which the reader experiences rather resembles a long unwearied dream of delight than the effect of a certain operation premeditated, undertaken, and pursued when awake. And such a poet is De Lamartine.

We were in raptures with many passages in Victor Hugo's "Chants

du Crepuscule ;” we admired them for the novelty of the subject, the peculiarity of their style, the strange comminglings of bliss, hope, fear, sorrow, and doubt, that were their characteristics, and the pervading harmony of their versification ; but we can scarcely express our ecstasy at the perusal of “Jocelyn.” There is something so touching in the manner in which it is written, something so pleasing and yet so touching in the tale, and something so elevated in the thoughts, the metaphors, and the ideas which abound in brilliancy and number throughout the pages, that we with difficulty laid aside the book when once it was commenced. But let us be more special in our remarks.

“Jocelyn” is an episode—it is not an entire poem. Even if the work were completed, and if the fragment, as it now stands, were connected as two books with ten others in the same style, the whole would not be entitled to the name of an “Epic Poem.” We do not mean to say, that “Jocelyn,” on the ground of its own merits, is unworthy of being considered an epic composition ; for the word “epic” has a peculiar and singular meaning ; nor that De Lamartine is incapable of achieving that summit of all poetic emulation ; nor that he would be forced to remain on the sides of Mount Helicon or Parnassus, without ever arriving at the summit, even if he had tried thereto to climb. No ; but the style, the incidents, and the arrangements of this episode, totally preclude the possibility of coupling it with that word, whose definition is particular.

Lamartine informs us in his preface, that as he intended at the commencement of the book to extend it at some future period, and as that extension would embrace the incidents, the subjects, and the style of “Jocelyn,” he preferred sending forth this episode of his intended work at present, in order to prepare the way for the remainder, or to furnish materials for the lucubrations of some other poet, who might take upon himself the completion or an imitation of the original ideas. But no one was bold enough to publish, if he were to write, the remaining six books to be filled up of Spenser’s “Faerie Queene ;” and should M. de Lamartine be prevented from fulfilling his hopes and his anticipations in this work, we fear that it will for ever remain a fragment.

From the prologue we gather the origin of the tale. The author had a friend who lived in an enviable solitude, and who occupied his time chiefly in taking care of his flocks that wandered with him amongst the mountains. One morning the author ascended the hills, as was his wont, to visit his venerable acquaintance, and was surprised not to see him in his accustomed haunts—

“For, ’twas the hour, when, free from ev’ry care,  
 The holy hermit pour’d to heaven his prayer ;  
 And tow’rds the cottage as I nearer drew,  
 That, which was wonder first, to terror grew ;  
 For, from the chimney, curling to the sky,  
 No smoke, as usual, met my anxious eye ;  
 And then, while yet the sun had not repos’d  
 In Thetis’ lap, the lattices were closed.  
 A shudder came upon me, as the blast  
 A transient ruffling o’er the waves may cast ;  
 Still, without vainly yielding to my woe,  
 I hastened on with step no longer slow.”

(Page 23.)

The author entered the cottage, and encountered the old servant Martha in the little parlour. By her his fears were confirmed—his friend was no more. He ascended the stairs, and entered the chamber of death. On the bed was stretched the venerable deceased.

“Calm was his visage, placid was his mien,  
His cheek unruffled as it e'er had been ;  
And on his tranquil countenance was shed  
A ray that seemed to tell he was not dead ;  
And the faint smile, which curled his lip ere he  
Had left the earth to seek eternity,  
Still lingered—happy sign that envious death  
Used but small effort to withdraw his breath !”

(Page 26.)

When the funeral obsequies were completed, the author questioned the old servant as to the domestic habits of the deceased, and whether he ever amused himself with writing. A reply in the affirmative led to further interrogation, and at length a number of manuscripts were discovered in the loft. The contents of those papers formed the tale of “Jocelyn,” which Lamartine in his preface declares to be “almost a recital of facts, and not an ideal narrative accidentally entering into his thoughts.”

The tale opens with the noble sacrifice of a brother's worldly prospects to secure a happy marriage for his sister. The resignation of Jocelyn to the force of adverse circumstances compelling him, as the condition of his sister's felicity, to give up all claim to the estate their mother possesses, and reducing him to the necessity of seeking an asylum in a house whose inmates are dedicated to the service of their God—is admirably delineated and pourtrayed. But Jocelyn had the internal satisfaction which a good man feels when he has done a good action ; or, in his own words,—

“Heav'n has rewarded me ! 'Twas yesterday  
The happy Ernest bore his bride away.  
Flashed from her eyes the bliss her bosom knew,  
And to his own the warm transfusion flew.  
Before the sacred altar as they knelt,  
While both one sentiment of pleasure felt,  
'T would seem that fortune's choicest gifts were shed,  
And fav'ring genii hovered o'er their head,  
To promise future bounties, and ensure  
A long duration of that union pure !”

(Page 54.)

It was thus in witnessing the felicity of his sister that Jocelyn was amply rewarded for the noble sacrifice he had made. But the hour for parting with his mother was dreadful.

“‘Dear, tender parent, seek a calm repose ;’—  
’Twas thus I tried to soothe my mother's woes ;—  
‘Absorb the anguish of your deep distress,  
A few short hours, in sleep's forgetfulness :  
Pray for thy children, suffocate those sighs,  
And wipe the tear-drops from your streaming eyes,

So that amid the visions of to-night  
 No horrors break upon my mental sight.  
 Wherefore anticipate the hour when you  
 To him you reared must breathe a long adieu ?  
 Alas ! full soon, already far too near,  
 Will come that hour, despite of sigh and tear ;  
 And then may God support thee, then from heaven  
 May resignation to your soul be given ;  
 And thou shalt see me enter on the race  
 That God marks for me, with a smiling face.  
 Sleep ! and when morning beams on all around,  
 At your bed-side shall Jocelyn be found ;  
 And if one tear of bitterness betray  
 Our inward grief, Heaven wipe the drop away !”

(Page 61.)

And Jocelyn departed ; and as he turned away from the maternal mansion, his tears fell profusely. Thus concludes the diary of the first epoch.

The date at the commencement of the *second epoch*, and the introductory lines, inform us that six years have passed away since the era of Jocelyn's departure from the maternal dwelling. These six years have been spent in a religious seminary, in solitary tranquillity and sombre peace. The revolution now rages in all its fury, and the fertile plains of France are covered with blood. Jocelyn's mother and sister, and that fair sister's husband, quitted their disastrous country at the commencement of the civil tumult ; and Jocelyn himself is obliged to fly from the persecuting hand that has thus exiled his family, and seek shelter in Dauphiny. He falls in with an old hermit, who kindly takes compassion upon him, and conducts him to the "Eagle's Grotto," a cave situated amidst the almost impervious recesses of the windings of the Alps. It is surrounded by an immense gulf : the only communication with the main land, as it were, from this island, (for such appellations are appropriate to the localities M. de Lamartine beautifully describes,) is an immense arched bridge of ice, which frowns over the abyss beneath, and rears its lofty curve high in the air, so that none could possibly imagine its competency to afford so practicable a thoroughfare.

For some time Jocelyn lived contentedly in his forlorn retreat, without ever crossing the tremendous bridge of communication. At length one morning he ventured to *reconnoitre* the lands on the other side of the gulf. This is an era marked by a circumstance which formed an important feature in the life of Jocelyn, and gave him a companion in his exile.

An individual, outlawed by the government for political offences, had taken refuge amongst the Alps, and was pursued by two military emissaries sent in search of proscribed fugitives. The unfortunate individual was accompanied by his son, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, and as they ran along the edge of the gulf the soldiers prepared to fire. Jocelyn, on the cavern side of the abyss, unmindful of his own danger, made a sign to the fugitives, and pointed towards the bridge that might lead them to security. The outlaw and his son arrived at the middle of the curved mass of ice—Jocelyn received

the latter safely in his arms, but the former was mortally wounded; not, however, before he had dealt death to the two soldiers who pursued him.

Laurence, such was the boy's name, was delicately but beautifully formed. His countenance was fraught with feminine softness; his luxuriant hair fell in long ringlets over his well-shaped shoulders; his jacket was invariably buttoned up closely to his throat; and his slender waist was encircled by his neckerchief, when he and Jocelyn climbed the mountains to collect fruits, catch birds, &c. &c., for their daily food. Jocelyn soon became sincerely attached to Laurence, and Laurence manifested a reciprocal regard for his friend. But Jocelyn often felt himself embarrassed in the society of Laurence, and frequently cast down his eyes to avoid meeting the glance which that affectionate youth threw at him.

Time passed on; and, in Jocelyn's own words,—

“ Since griefs no longer his young heart oppress,  
How Laurence thrives in youthful loveliness!  
At times a heavenly radiance seems to shine  
Upon his brow; and as his eyes meet mine,  
I scarce can brook the magic of his charms,  
But feel my bosom ruffled with alarms,—  
The holy fears that erst those women knew,  
When tow'rd's their Saviour's sepulchre they drew,  
And when the angels' answer to their prayer  
Told them in solemn sounds, ‘ *He is not there!*’ ”

(Page 166.)

One morning Jocelyn ventured out at an early hour, and left Laurence asleep in the cave. Jocelyn crossed the bridge of ice which an avalanche had formed, and beneath which the waters dashed in roaring eddies, thundering onwards, and scattering the foam around. He amused himself for some time in the regions without the gulf, and then retraced his steps towards the bridge. But a terrible storm overtook him, the rage of elements resembled the combat of armed warriors in deadly strife, the earth shook, the lightning flashed, the sky was clouded over. Jocelyn hurried onwards, and was nearly separated from Laurence for ever; for the bridge gave way and mingled with the torrents beneath. Jocelyn's activity, however, saved him, and he thanked God that Laurence was not with him.

Arrived at the cavern once more, he sought for Laurence, but sought in vain. Overcome with terror and horrible apprehensions, he almost yielded to his despair, when a certain trace led him towards a part of the gulf. Amidst the crags, near the torrents, and covered with beating sleet, lay Laurence. Jocelyn sprang to the bottom, seized his friend in his arms, and hurried with him to the cave.

“ Long time I called him back to life in vain,  
My lips no breath to his could give again;  
Despairingly I placed him on my bed,  
And stanch'd the blood that his fair brow had shed.  
Still was he lifeless! From his bleeding breast,  
E'en with my teeth, I rent the gory vest;  
Great God! beneath that garment long concealed,  
A female's lovely bosom was revealed!”

(Page 304.)

Laurence recovered, and now that Jocelyn found he might love his companion without fear and without restraint, when the mystery so singularly developed was fully explained by the blushing maiden, and when she no longer experienced the necessity of withholding a secret from her preserver, their mutual joy knew no bounds. But, alas! that felicity was of short duration. A train of circumstances, which our limits will not permit us to relate, compelled Jocelyn to become a priest, and to bid an eternal farewell to the distracted girl, who was removed from the Eagle's Grotto to the protection of friends. No impure passion had sullied her innocence, and Jocelyn was again alone in the world.

Peace was restored to France, and in process of time we see Jocelyn installed in a humble curacy in the vicinity of his favourite Alps. One day he is sent for to a neighbouring town to shrive the soul of a lady at the point of death. He is the only pastor in the neighbourhood, and he hastens to obey the summons.

“ In the dull chamber sickly was the light,  
The dingy curtains hid her from my sight,  
Save when the slightest motion half-revealed  
A pallid brow, at other times concealed ;  
And on that brow, so paly, yet so fair,  
Were wildly scattered locks of auburn hair,  
That, amply clust'ring o'er her bosom's swell,  
Thence to the ground in rich profusion fell.

“ ‘ Father !’ she cried in accents scarce unknown.  
My soul was shaken by that dulcet tone ;  
I felt, while all my frame convuls'd with fear,  
A vague remembrance as it met my ear ;  
And scarcely, in that moment of distress,  
An exclamation could my lips suppress !”

(Page 178, vol. ii.)

The lady proceeded with her confession, and told Jocelyn that her first and only love had been blighted in its bud, that she had since married another, that her husband died shortly after their union, and that she had vainly mingled in the dissipation and gaiety of life and society to chase away the reminiscences of her primal passion. Pleasure had been no solace to her—

“ For still devoid of hope, alas ! each day  
In bitterness and anguish passed away ;  
And all the energies of life, declining,  
Seemed to be broken by a constant pining.  
Yet on her cheek remained the youthful bloom  
That half defied th' attraction of the tomb ;  
Thus a fair tree, with foliage ever green,  
Contains a worm which gnaws its core unseen.”

(Page 186, vol. ii.)

The lady pursued her confession in the same melancholy strain, composed half of bitterness and half of an unnatural joy that she was approaching her end, and concluded in the following manner :—

“ ‘ Oh ! in the hour when dissolution 's nigh,  
Could he but on me cast a tearful eye,

And could his voice but whisper in my ear,  
That tender voice, to me so soft, so dear,  
The tomb would lose its sting!

“No more restrained  
By fear, I cried, ‘Laurence, thy wish is gained!’  
The feeble lamp a sickly lustre shed,  
She rais’d herself with rapture in the bed,  
And gaz’d upon my features. ‘Yes—’tis he!’

“‘Laurence, ’t was God that sent me thus to thee,  
To grant you absolution, and ensure  
Peace to thy soul, no longer stained—but pure!’”

(Page 189, vol. ii.)

Laurence never rises from that bed, which was soon pressed by the cold corpse of one so lovely, so fascinating, and so unfortunate!

The remaining pages are uninteresting, save for their poetic beauty, and the proofs they afford of the originality of M. de Lamartine’s genius. And in these times when almost all are copyists, when our great predecessors have done so much, and have done that much so well, that we, their imitators, have little left to do save to embody their ideas in our own language, and then be at fault, the merit of originality is not only singular, but also one of the best recommendations for an author.

Having thus disposed of the greater portion of our pages in this article to the consideration of Lamartine, with a view of instructing the writer in the “Quarterly” and of edifying our readers in general, we will proceed in our refutation of the most glaring falsehoods and misrepresentations to be found in the critical notice of the above-mentioned Review that called forth this answer. Our limits prevent us from following the critic through his animadversions on Michel Masson and Georges Sand; suffice it to say, that they are couched in the same prejudiced style as the others, and are interlarded with the same abuse, indiscriminately distributed, and as equally unmerited as in the former instances. Let us pass on to the critic’s extraordinary argument to prove that immorality in France has arrived to such a dreadful extent, and so much preponderates over that of his own countrymen, “that no one can read the sketches he has given of French novels, and the instances he has produced of French morals, without seeing that they are not only of one country, but of one family; and that the novels, in fact, present upon the whole the less unfavourable view of the state of French society.”

Now it is perfectly true that French novels are generally founded on intrigues, &c. &c., and that English novels are totally different in this respect; but do intrigues, suicides, adulteries, and murders exist the less in England for that? The French novel, as it regards sketches of domestic manners, is only a picture of society in France; but as it regards tales of intrigue, illicit love, suicide, and murder, it is a picture of all the world, and is as applicable to England, Spain, Italy, and Germany, as to France alone. Moreover, because we read in a French novel a description of a wife’s infidelity, a husband’s vengeance, and a lover’s suicide, does the critic in the “Quarterly” mean to argue that *every wife* is unfaithful in France, that *every hus-*

*band* revenges his wrongs, and that *every lover* kills himself in despair? Are English women always pure? is vengeance unknown in Britain? and is *suicide* merely a name amongst our immaculate countrymen? No—we never take up a paper without reading a case of *crim. con.*; we see, alas! too often, terrible instances of the most deadly vengeance; and occurrences of suicide have lately been so frequent in England, that the very police-magistrates have assumed to themselves the right of punishing those who are detected and saved in an attempt at self-destruction. Yet the author of the article we are examining adduces a long list of cases where individuals in France have committed suicide on account of remorse, disappointed love, or even a trivial stroke of adversity, to prove that the immorality of the French is not confined to a few depraved beings, but that it is partaken of and shared amongst thirty-four millions of souls, without a single exception, they being all *one family* in vice.

Perhaps the critic, whose deplorable misrepresentations we have taken some pains to correct, is not aware that the average amount of crime in England preponderates slightly over that in France; and that there are more murders, more robberies, more infanticides, and more unnatural crimes registered in the annals of turpitude and delinquency in the former than there are in the latter country. An appeal to the "Newgate Calendar," and to a collection of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," will bear us out in our assertion.

The abuser of French novels now proceeds to favour us with some extracts from the said "Gazette des Tribunaux," relative to several horrible trials that have lately taken place in France. Amongst the hundreds that occur annually in that as well as in any other country, it is very easy to select half a dozen of the most dreadful, "in order to prove that the principles which pervade the novels appear to exhibit themselves elsewhere." In answer to this we declare that the same principles exhibit themselves also in England; particularly when Mrs. Brownrigg flogged her apprentices to death, and when Cooke at Leicester, about five years ago, murdered Mr. Paas with a log of wood, *and then burnt the body piecemeal on the fire to get rid of all traces that might lead to his discovery.* The late murder of Mrs. Brown by Greenacre was not attended with any dreadful circumstances, we suppose. Oh! no—in England murders are always committed *mercifully* and *humanely*, according to the inferences we naturally draw from the remarks of the critic in the "Quarterly;" whereas in France they are invariably attended with unusual circumstances of horror. To support this assertion he adduces the case of Dellacollonge, "who cut the body into pieces for the purpose of more easily disposing of it in ponds and ditches." Our worthy critic forgets the almost parallel conduct (above-mentioned) of Cooke, *who cut the body into pieces to burn it*; nor could he possibly foresee the monstrous deeds of Greenacre.

The verdict in Dellacollonge's case was as follows:—"As to the murder, the culprit is guilty of voluntary homicide, but without premeditation; and as to the robbery, he is guilty, but with extenuating circumstances."

Upon which the writer in the "Quarterly" says, "*Without preme-*

*ditation!* He had concealed the girl for some days in his house, till he could find an occasion of making away with her. And the *extenuating circumstances* were that to the robbery was superadded *sacrilege*, and that sacrilegious robbery was committed to enable a murderer to make his escape."

Now this is false and misrepresented; Dellacollonge did not even mean to murder the girl when he put his hand to her throat with severity, to give her an idea of the preliminary feelings of strangulation. A reference to the French journals of February, 1836, will establish the truth of this assertion. The misrepresentation is about the words "extenuating circumstances." In England life is often wasted for trivial crimes; in France it is always spared, that the culprit may have time to repent, when mercy can possibly be thus extended; and it was only a merciful and humane feeling that caused the addition of the words "extenuating circumstances" to be made to the jury's verdict; an addition that, without compromising their sincerity, did honour to the jurors' hearts.

The palpable object of the article under notice, and as the author himself *almost* confesses, is to show that "the July revolution has worked a great and sudden change" in the morality of the French. He says it has "emancipated the women from all *etiquette* and reserve; that is, in one word, *modesty!*" This is false and absurd, so absurd, indeed, that we are astonished to meet with so palpable a folly in the "Quarterly Review." A child could not be made to believe that the insurrection of a mighty people to displace a tyrant, and to elevate another man to the throne, could produce such baneful effects. A monarchical change cannot so essentially affect private morals. The predilections and passions of individuals are not subject to variation on account of the secession or expulsion of one dynasty and the succession of another. An extension of political liberty does not implicate a *decrease* of moral rectitude and social order; it rather encourages an *increase*. The example of a superstitious and encroaching despot could not benefit the morals of the French; but the example of a good husband, a good father, a good Christian, and a man who was a good son, certainly must be a beneficial one for the country.

PARISIANUS.

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A FRENCH SONG, WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.

AIR.

Oh ! l'amour, volupté suprême !  
 Se sentir deux dans un seul cœur !  
 Posséder la femme qu'on aime !  
 Être l'esclave et le vainqueur !  
 Avoir son âme ! avoir ses charmes !  
 Son chant qui sait vous apaiser !  
 Etses beaux yeux remplis de larmes  
 Qu'on essuie avec un baiser !

TRANSLATION.

Sweet passion,—when a gentle fire  
 (Two hearts in one) the bosom burns,  
 When love rewards intense desire,  
 And man is slave and lord, by turns !  
 To own such charms above their peers,  
 A voice diffusing airy bliss !  
 And glistening eyes o'erflowed with  
 tears,  
 To dry their moisture with a kiss.

E. F.

## THE PINACOTHECA OF MUNICH.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I beg to present to you a paper descriptive of a very celebrated picture gallery lately opened in the capital of Bavaria, and I shall feel myself amply repaid for the trouble of committing my observations to paper, if they shall be found interesting by even a few of your numerous readers. That they will interest some of them, I would fain think,—especially as they appear within one short month of the opening of our own National Gallery, and just at the season when the restless sight-seeing portion of our countrymen are busy dressing their wings for their summer migration.

With respect to what I have said of Mr. Wilkins, I am as ready as any one to give him the honour due to his unquestionable talent; but I cannot avoid the expression of my deep disappointment at his failure in Trafalgar Square. Either at Berlin or Munich he might, if he had so pleased, have acquired much valuable knowledge, that would have saved him from the *disgrace* of a failure and would have ensured for us the possession of a Gallery equally *creditable* to the architect and to the country.

I shall only add that my facts may be fully depended on, inasmuch as they are founded not only on personal observation, but are confirmed by the authority of the best native critics;—and I beg to subscribe myself,

Your's most faithfully,

May 20, 1837.

IL VIAGGIATORE.

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It is well known to all the lovers of the Fine Arts, that the royal family of Bavaria has been long distinguished in Europe for its enlightened love and patronage of art and of its professors and students. The galleries, which formerly gave celebrity to Dusseldorf, Mannheim, Deux-Ponts, Schleisheim, as well as the old Munich collection, owe their existence entirely to the reigning family. The Dusseldorf gallery was founded by the Elector-Palatine John William,—that of Mannheim by Charles Theodore, and that at Deux-Ponts by the Duke Charles. The collections in the Capital and at the superb palace of Schleisheim were created and gradually enlarged by the Dukes Albert V. and William V. and by the Electors Maximilian I. and Maximilian Emmanuel. It was at the commencement of the present century, that Maximilian Joseph, who united in his own person the two Electorates of Bavaria and the Palatinate together with the Duchy of Deux-Ponts and was afterwards raised by Napoleon to kingly power in compliance with the terms of the Peace of Presberg in 1805, conceived the notion of collecting within the precincts of the capital in one grand gallery the scattered wealth which the *virtù* and good taste of his ancestors had deposited in different parts of his kingdom. The number of these pictures, however, was found to be so great, that the

Munich Gallery and the Palace of Schleisheim were together insufficiently large to contain them. Provincial galleries have been therefore formed to admit the residue of these pictures:—Augsburg and Nuremberg already possess galleries; and measures are in course of being taken to establish galleries in other principal towns. It would be well, if England would imitate the bright example of Bavaria. But there is a fatal lethargy with respect to the arts too prevalent among the parties who ought to lead the national taste:—otherwise the National Gallery would not be confined to its wretched quota of *a hundred and twenty* pictures, while Munich has its *thirteen hundred*, the Louvre about *fourteen hundred*, and the Berlin gallery, (which began to be formed only in 1822,) possesses between *seven and eight hundred*. That England has the means of forming a splendid gallery merely by collecting into one body the *chefs d'œuvre* on the walls of the royal palaces, cannot be doubted: but has the learned Mr. Wilkins made room for them? We fear not;—but *revenons à nos moutons*.

The present king, Louis Charles, whose accession took place in 1825, was scarcely on the throne before he put in practice a plan that he had often meditated before—namely, of presenting Munich with a depository worthy of its splendid artistical riches. He laid the first stone of the PINACOTHECA, with his own hands on the 7th of April, 1826. This splendid edifice,—one monument only of the sovereign's good taste and patriotism among many others, such as the Glyptotheca, the Walhalla, and many other noble structures,—has at length been opened to the public; and our English travellers will be enabled to enjoy a treat, such as hitherto could not have been enjoyed out of Italy. To fill the spacious saloons of this gallery, a selection was made from several thousand pictures which had been accumulated at Munich, and many hundreds of which were given by the king himself:—and only those were picked out, which from their real excellence and their peculiar character might be considered as true types of individual genius and really characteristic of the school to which they respectively belong. *Thirteen hundred* of the most remarkable *chefs d'œuvre* of all the schools of Europe are now deposited in the Pinacotheca. The remainder have been hung in the gallery at Schleisheim or sent into the provincial towns.

A good light, a systematic arrangement, and facility for study, may be stated to be the indispensable requisites in the projection of a gallery of Arts. Without the first such a building would be entirely useless:—the classification into schools is universally acknowledged as indispensable to the progress of the student; and we may safely affirm that rooms set apart and adapted for study and copying are equally necessary,—if at least such a gallery be considered in any respect as a school of art. It is not at all too much to say, even in the face of Mr. Wilkins's professional disapproval, that Baron Von Klenze has perfectly accomplished all the real and essential objects that he contemplated as well as the merely adventitious points of architectural decoration.\* The Pinacotheca, which is intended to receive only

\* Baron Von Klenze, who, by the way, was the architect of the Glyptotheca as well as of the Pinacotheca, has proved himself to be a much more skilful manager of his re-

those objects of art that are represented on a flat ground, is divided into nine large saloons which communicate with twenty-three smaller apartments. The upper part of the building is exclusively devoted to paintings;—the lower floor, not yet completed, is to contain engravings, original drawings of the old masters, enamels, mosaics, &c. &c. The large saloons are lighted from above, while the smaller rooms, which contain the smaller pictures, have a side light from the north. The arrangement is entirely systematic; for not only does each school hold a particular locality, but the larger pictures are separated from the smaller, in order to prevent that distraction of the eye which makes it difficult to judge the merits of a smaller picture when in juxtaposition to one of much larger size:—the saloons hold the large paintings, the apartments that run out of them are the depositories of those of smaller dimensions. A corridor, extending the whole length of the building, communicates with the various saloons, which are each of them devoted to the productions of separate schools. This arrangement not only gives the student great facility in examining and comparing the different *chefs d'œuvre* of different schools; but it relieves the eye from that fatigue, which it necessarily encounters in surveying a long and uninterrupted suite of paintings.

The visitor enters the gallery by a spacious and lofty vestibule supported by marble columns, from which a double flight of steps conducts him to the upper floor. The first room that he enters is an antechamber richly decorated, but only with white and gold,—called the “Hall of the Founders:”—it is adorned with six large portraits of the princes whom we named at the commencement of this article, and with a frieze by the celebrated Bavarian sculptor Schwänenthaler illustrative of the national history. We now proceed to the collection itself, which is thus divided. Five saloons and seventeen smaller rooms hold the paintings of the German and Flemish schools: the schools of France and Spain are contained in a single room; and the five remaining saloons and their apartments are devoted to the Italian school. We shall name some of the more celebrated pictures that hang in the different departments of the gallery.

The first saloon of the GERMAN school contains the following pictures by Albert Durer, all highly characteristic of that eccentric master,—the Apostles, the Chevalier Götz of Berlinchingen, a Nativity, and an Interment of Christ. In a smaller room is a portrait of Durer by himself and another of Wohlgemuth his instructor, by

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sources than Mr. Wilkins. The latter gentleman will scarcely venture to say that his employers prevented him from making that provision which was necessary for the accommodation of such pictures as Raphael's Cartoons and Paul Veronese's Virgin and Christ receiving Adoration from John the Baptist. Surely when building a gallery that was to be a permanent repository of the property of a great nation, he might have contrived to make his walls more than twenty-two feet high. Why, the Munich walls are ten feet higher than ours, and the pictures for which they are required are not nearly so large as many which the English nation may justly expect to see in our gallery. Whether our honest old king did really say or not that “it was a poking little hole,” we know not; but assuredly there would have been much truth in the observation. Mr. Wilkins, ere he contemplates another folly in the way of a picture gallery, had better visit Munich and see the real galleries, and not again speak before the nation his crude ideas drawn from looking at the imperfect designs.

whom there are four pictures whose colours are almost as brilliant as painted glass:—they are the Agony in the Garden, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, and the Resurrection. Of the works of Durer's successors in this school, we may notice as specially worthy of attention two Scripture pieces by Schäufole, a St. John of Patmos by Burgmayer, four splendid pictures illustrative of the Life of the Virgin by Martin Schaffner, several studies of Saints and some Scripture compositions by the elder Holbein, and a Nativity by Van-Eyk. In the smaller apartments there are, among others, an Adoration of the Magi by Van-Eyk, a Death of Mary by Schorell, and a panel of Saints by Lucas of Leyden. In no other department of the Pinacotheca and certainly in no other collection that we have seen in Europe is there to be found that almost poetic harmony which subsists between all the parts constituting this division of the gallery. In the second saloon one may find several pictures of the old German school,—a Lucretia by Durer and another by Kranach, some portraits by the younger Holbein and the Money-changer of Messys; but the far greater number are by German artists of later date,—Rottenhammer, Lott, Roos, Mengs, Graff, and Kauffmann.

The third saloon,—the first of the FLEMISH school,—is filled with the chefs d'œuvre of Vandyck, Snyers, Pool, Vanderhelst, Champagne, &c.; and in one of its smaller rooms are to be seen some beautiful specimens of Rembrandt, some landscapes by Ruysdäl and Wanloo, and some animal paintings by Weenix and Wouvermans. The fourth saloon, however, is unquestionably the most attractive and the finest of the whole gallery:—it is entirely devoted to the works of RUBENS. The ninety pictures that hang on its walls may all be justly termed chefs d'œuvre of that extraordinary artist, who has never had a match in all that concerns freedom and roundness in drawing and a luxurious and highly ornamental style of colouring; and their effect is skilfully heightened by the substitution of a crimson silk ground for the green silk ground which covers the other walls of the gallery. Whether or not in this particular instance the adventitious aid thus called in has been judiciously used, we are not quite positive; but it is very certain, that continental connoisseurs understand the art of setting off their pictures and arranging them in company much better than the English. We should recommend Mr. Seguier and the hanging committee of the academy to visit not only the Pinacotheca but the Glyptotheca:—they may, perchance, pick up a few valuable hints. To return,—the most conspicuous stations are given to the Last Judgment, a Nativity, a Descent of the Holy Spirit, an Assumption of the Virgin, a Rape of the Sabines, a Battle of the Horatii and Curiatii, a Samson and Delilah, and a Battle of the Amazons. All these pictures are beautiful specimens of Rubens's characteristic genius; but the two latter are exquisite and equally inimitable for composition, drawing, and colouring. The Lion Hunt, the Bear Hunt, and the Massacre of the Innocents, all of which are full of energy and life and are highly dramatical, are surrounded by elegant groups of flower-bearing children and angels, and by some admirable portraits of Rubens and his wives. We could linger over this precious collection of Rubens', perhaps the finest in Europe.

But we aspire not to be critics. We are content to be humble narrators; and so we must e'en hasten onwards. The fifth saloon forms with the third a brilliant retinue, as it were, in attendance on the majestic Rubens. Noble portraits by Vandyck and Rembrandt, animal pieces by Snyers and Weenix, studies of light and shadow by Hoethorst, and landscapes by Everdingen, form its chief contents, which are not a little set off by the great Madonna of Gaspard Crayer and the Great Fair of Teniers. In the rooms adjoining are small pictures of interiors and of homely scenery by Teniers, Ostade, Brower, Gerard Dow, Miéris, and Wanderwerff,—some paintings of inanimate nature by Flemish artists, some Rusdäl landscapes, and animal pieces of Berghem. Before we leave these rooms, we ought to say in common justice, that the Pinacotheca contains not only the most numerous, but one of the finest collections of Flemish pictures that are to be found in Europe.

The FRENCH and SPANISH schools occupy the sixth saloon and its apartments. Here we have Murillo's Beggar Boys in all their varieties painted with a truth and winning simplicity scarcely equalled by the pictures of the same artist in Marshal Soult's collection:—and then we have the never-to-be-mistaken portraits of Velasquez, who with all his splendid talent is too *maniéré* to please a person of refined taste,—the inimitable landscapes of Claude Lorraine,—the marine pieces of Vernet, and the pictures of Spagnoletto, Lebrun, Lesueur, and Poussin. This department, however, may be enlarged with advantage.

The seventh saloon is the first of the ITALIAN school, and it contains the works of the latest masters of the Venetian, Bolognese, and Florentine schools. Here is a fine Madonna by Pontormo, there is a Holy Family by Vasari:—on one side is the history of Hercules by Dominichino, and on another a Magdalen of Tintoretto and a Crowning with Thorns by Guercino,—while in other parts we confront Tiarini's Tancredi in the Enchanted Wood, Canaletto's View of Munich, and several works of Titian and Carlo Dolci. In the eighth saloon are to be noticed more particularly Guido's Assumption of the Virgin—according to many the finest picture in the gallery—Dominichino's Susannah, Titian's portrait of himself and another of Charles V., and several portraits by Paul Veronese: but the ninth saloon, entirely filled with pictures presented by the munificence of the present king Louis Charles, is the true repository and sanctuary of Italian art. The Holy Family of Raffaelle (which we believe was purchased in England), the St. John and the Infant Saviour are especially remarkable as splendid monuments of this painter's genius, and they remind one involuntarily of the grandest works that were ever achieved either by him or by his master Pietro Perugino,—of whose works also there is here a fair sprinkling, all others being thrown into the shade by the brilliant talent displayed in his Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard—undoubtedly one of the most valuable treasures of the Bavarian gallery. The Madonna of Innocent de Imola and another of Corregio are totally inappreciable pictures and unique specimens of composition. The old Italian school is very sufficiently represented by Fra Filippo, Filippino, Ghirlandajo, Zingaro, and others:—but Raffaelle's Holy Family, Giorgione's portrait of himself, the Holy Families of

Andrea del Sarto, and the Monna Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, are unquestionably the chefs d'œuvre of this section of the Pinacotheca. In the smaller apartments the visitor will find many other beautiful works of the Italian masters,—among which may be noticed more particularly Raffaele's Madonna playing with the Infant Saviour (which was formerly in the Palazzo Tempi at Florence), and six other works of the same artist, some sketches from Andrea del Sarto's celebrated Fresco called the Madonna del Sacco, so much admired by Michael Angelo and Titian, a Virgin and Christ by Fra Filippo, and several compositions by Fiesole. We must not forget to mention that one of the apartments branching out of the last saloon contains some valuable specimens of the older schools of Florence and Sienna, from which, if we were to select any as the chef d'œuvre, it would be Taddeo Bartoli's unfinished Assumption.

Such, gentle reader, is a very brief sketch—somewhat *à la Mrs. Starke*—of the contents of the great Munich gallery. It would have been very easy to extend this notice by assuming the higher ground of professional criticism; but we have refrained, because our object in making the above remarks has not been to *satisfy* the idle curiosity of stay-at-home readers, but rather to *stimulate* the desires of those more active artists and connoisseurs with whom the certainty of the existence of such treasures is quite a sufficient inducement to send them forth on a pilgrimage to the land of promise. The season for our continental migration has now arrived; and it is to be hoped, that, among the thousands who leave our shores, many will be found who will visit the Pinacotheca of Munich,—a city which seems destined to become the focus of art in Germany. The gallery and its adjoining painting rooms are undoubtedly very potent instruments in accelerating the progress of the Fine Arts; and we must never forget that Munich can boast of a Cornelius, a Schnorr, and a Hess,—men fully competent to raise around them a body of artists that may one day rival the English school, which now proudly claims for itself the most exalted station in Europe. And here we cannot avoid expressing some little surprise, that, among the many pictures of the English school that are entitled to a continental fame, scarcely any should be seen in the galleries of Germany. In the Munich gallery we do not recollect to have seen one. That Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland, Fuseli, Lawrence, and Wilkie, have done very much to advance art in modern times cannot be denied; and it surely cannot be long, ere their finest performances will find their way into the most select depositories of classical art. At any rate, the English school has the start in the race; and it is to be hoped, that academic restrictions will not shackle the exertions of our native artists in seeking what should be the object of their ambition,—not merely an *English*, but an *European* reputation.

## THE BARON COURT OF LITTLE BROUGHT-IN.

CHAP. II.—FAMOUS PROJECT FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE  
HUMAN RACE.—  
“ Sic itur ad astra.”  
—

THE members of the Baron Court are the most generous and self-denying creatures that the world ever saw; and there is not a thing which they will not do, or leave undone, for THE PUBLIC GOOD. Business, family matters, and all sorts of personal occupations, observances, and enjoyments are forgotten, and the Luds Spoutfire even say their prayers by proxy, so that they may be punctual in their attendance in the court for the public good. This “public good” is a most universal sort of thing, and has a side toward any project or opinion that may be started in the court or out of it. In fact, it beats the famous old dial at the castle of Glammiss, which either was or was not invented by Macbeth, and which (when the sun is in a shining humour) shows the hours of the 365 days of the year by the shadows of 365 stiles upon the same number of faces. This, it may be supposed, is proof upon proof, beyond all parallel, as to how the world wags; but really, such is not the case, for, in heaping proof upon proof, and saying the same thing over and over again, the members of the Baron Court beat the Glammiss dial hollow. There is indeed one little matter, in which the dial appears to have some advantage: it has a very large colony of honey-bees in its inside, whereas it is said that the few bees which are found in and about the Baron Court are, in reality, nothing but drones. We do not, however, vouch for the truth of this; for, if not a law, it is a practice of this wicked world, that the great shall always be greatly slandered, upon the principle, or the practice rather, that those who cannot mount up themselves are constantly trying to pull others down.

The devotion of the members to this public good is at once the most exemplary and the most extraordinary that ever possessed any portion of the human race; for, in order to promote that, they care not what trouble they take, or in how ridiculous lights they place themselves. Often you will hear one of them deliver a good set speech of two or three hours, all for the public good, to show that black is white; and when he gets out of breath, up bolts another, and in an equally good set speech, occupies the same length of time in endeavouring to show that white is black;—and, after you have listened to them and a dozen more *pro* and *con*, you are quite bewildered, and forced to leave the court with your old impression that “black is black, and white is white,” the same as if nobody had said one word upon the subject.

Their most disinterested devotion to the public good carries them to even much greater lengths than this. There is generally no greater sacrifice that a very wise man can make than speaking nonsense; and so devoted are they to their darling object that not one of them cares a single straw how much or how great nonsense he shall speak, provided it is spoken, as all their speeches are sure to be spoken, for the public good. Nay, so thoroughly devoted are they to this object, that in saying they promote it, they do not care though they make themselves appear the greatest fools upon earth. But though they take these great liberties with their own understandings, they would be very much offended if any body else were to take the same liberty with them; and we confess that to do so would be very wicked, because men who devote themselves, skin and bone, to the public good, ought to be allowed to do it in any way that they themselves think best; and if it be for the public good that black should be white and white black at some times, there is really no reason why it should not be generally admitted to be so.

All, in fact, that the members of either chamber say or do, is always avowedly said or done for the public good, or for the advancement or the promotion of it. But this same public good must be a most stubborn and wayward thing; for, though they have been, time out of mind, labouring to *advance* it, it is always in exactly the same place where it was at the first. Then as to its promotion, though often spoken about, it somehow or other never takes place; for, whoever may happen to be in office, the public good never has the slightest chance of a government situation; and as for making it a bishop, or even a dean, the thing is altogether out of the question; for the public good never matriculated or even ate its terms at Oxford or Cambridge, and thus it is not at all qualified to take orders.

Notwithstanding that the public good seems thus to be in itself a perfect fixture, which all their labour can neither advance nor promote, yet that does not make them slacken a bit from working at it. They are always ready to listen to any story which any body may tell them, whether it be true or false; and hardly a thing can be done in any one part of the three manors without their having "a great deal to say" about it. Then they claim a privilege of understanding every thing better than any body else; and so they will always have it done *their way*. If it is but laying a plank across the gutter, or making a wheelbarrow road between the potatoe-house and the pig-stye, they will be as much in earnest, and talk as wisely about it, as if they were settling the affairs of the nation. Of late years they have taken the notion of encouraging the making of great gaps and gashes in the earth, no matter at how much expense, or who bears it, so that the gashes are big and ugly enough, and the rules of the Baron Court are duly observed,—the gist of which rules is, that as much money shall be paid down as shall enable the hangers-on about the court to get their fees for *persuading* the court to do what is wished to be done; and when the fees are once paid, the parties may do any thing they like in the matter, or nothing at all, if they like that better. There never were so many fees paid,

and so little done, as in the case of these gaps and gashes in the earth. And what d'ye think was the avowed purpose of all this? Why that saucepans, and haystacks, and deal-boards, and bags of nails, should be kept flying about all over the country, like swifts on their migration,—or, as some say, that smoking engines might be driven through all the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the country, to the utter destruction of caterpillars and *American blight*—the last of which has fallen terribly upon some parts of the country in this same year 1837. There has, as yet, been but little done in the actual infliction of these gashes upon the earth, for the projectors, or rather their dupes, have, in most cases, run themselves fairly to the “cheek door,” as they say in the north, by the paying of the fees, which is always seen after by the Court itself, and so there can be no mistake there. But the folks have got the Court's permission, and so they *may* set about the work whenever they are *able*. Thus, in time coming, somebody's grandchildren may live to see all the three manors seamed over with scars and gashes, just as if the Baron Court had ordered them all to be flogged with a *cat o'nine tails*. Then, in some time after this, when it is found that making saucepans and haystacks fly about the rate of a hundred miles an hour brings grist to nobody's mill, and new hooks have been baited for the court-fees, we shall have such sights of antiquarians all over the country, every one of them a genuine A S S, all occupied with spades and spectacles, proving to their own satisfaction, that the folks of our day have been fighting all over the country like d—ls, and delving ditches and casting up ramparts from one end of it to the other. And, there will be oceans of books written, with such beautiful and appropriate illustrations; and an Irish labourer's galligaskins, which in the course of nature, healed off, and a bricklayer's old apron, lost in the rubbish at the breaking down of a culvert, will be accurately displayed and beautifully illuminated, as being respectively the standards, under which the Muttons and the Porks carried on their civil wars ten times more furiously and more uncivilly than the Houses of York and Lancaster. It will thus be a delightful thing to live hereafter; and if a man could so negotiate matters as to effect an exchange with even an old woman of the thousandth generation of his own posterity, he would have a great chance of knowing something before he died a second time.

The means to which the members of the court have recourse in order to understand every matter better than anybody else are most extraordinary, but most wise and most successful. Every one knows, that when a man wishes to write a legible letter he always chooses paper on which there is no former writing, and when a book or a newspaper is printed, it is never done over the face of an old one, though in the case of most newspapers the readers would be very little balked in knowledge, though the same identical piece of paper were printed weekly or daily all the year round, while the country might be saved from the infection of continental diseases introduced by the importation of continental rags,

The members of the court are careful to follow exactly the same plan as is followed in the case of the letter, they make a perfect *tabula*

*rasa* of the subject, by effacing all former knowledge before they begin to work upon it. It often happens that they get hold of a subject which does not need the labour of this preparation, inasmuch as not one of them knows a single word about it, and then they are all in glee and glory and sure to cut a capital figure. After they have purged themselves of all former knowledge of the matter, by nearly the same kind of purgation which clears them of bribery and corruption, the next grand step in their proceeding is to destroy the knowledge that anybody else may have of it. One cannot help being struck with perfect admiration at those preliminary clearances; because they make sure that the subject shall come fairly before the court and the country, without any prejudice arising from former views right or wrong; and there cannot be a more commendable way of doing business than coming to the study of any matter with minds altogether unwarped by prejudice.

The manner of bringing a matter before the court is usually what is called by "Resolution,"—which means that they have already resolved in their own minds either to adopt the said matter and make it their own affair, or to turn it out of doors without ceremony. There is evidently nothing wrong in this; for they have already cleared themselves of all possible knowledge of the subject; and it ought to be held to be good both in law and equity, that they who are in utter ignorance can never be wrong, seeing that wrong is nothing but a departure from the right, and they who have no knowledge can have no right to depart from. The real resolution of the court does not generally come out on the first blush of any business, because that may be thought a want of courtesy; but some member reads a paper stating that such and such a matter is to be brought forward, but stating it without argument; and generally speaking the members present say "aye" to his proposal, and pack him off to see if he can find out some sharp-nosed lawyer who may help him to a glimmering of the words that he is to bring before them. The lawyer takes down from his shelves a great and greasy vocabulary of adverbs and other expletives, and makes a mess of slices of this and of the common dictionary of the language, just as one would do in making a sea-pie, or a firkin of sour krout, but more like the latter—because there is a great deal of cabbage in it.

This being done, and the lawyer being satisfied, and having replaced his vocabulary on the shelf, the member trudges off to the house with the same strut of importance as a goose does when enciente of a mature egg; and if he happens to belong to a flock of the genus, if you were in the house, you would hear them cackling in joyful concert upon the occasion: and if there happens to be an adverse flock in the house, they cackle too.

Now comes the first blush of the real resolution of the court. Up rises the member, and delivers himself of his something, with many sweet words of gloss and cozenage as to how useful and important it would be. There are no limits to the hyperbole and exaggeration, which is not only admissible but customary upon such occasions; and though there is hardly as much substance in the matter as would serve for a fiddle-stick, you may hear the introducer of it boasting

that it would mainmast the whole Nary for a hundred years. This is what is called freedom of speech; and it is a capital way of going to work, for, if a man only draw a circle wide enough, that which he wants is sure to be somewhere within it, whether he may happen to find it out or not. The finding in short is the proper business of the court, and the rule with them is to find every thing that they do like and nothing which they dislike, and this, were it not too precious for being suffered to be used out of the court, would be an excellent rule for all mankind.

Well, the introducer of the something goes on and on, exactly like a child with a basin of soap-suds and a broken tobacco-pipe blowing bubbles; and if the house, from all sides and ends, cry "hear! hear!" then he is quite cock-a-hoop; and after somebody has thanked him for his wisdom, his something is read by the clerk in order to be printed, in order that the members may take it home in their pockets and consult their wives and sweethearts, whether there is enough of conglomeration in it. If these say "aye," then it walks the course with no opposition, and in fact is the law of the land from the instant the matrons and maids give their deliverance on it.

But the course of things does not always run thus smooth: sometimes the court "hears" only on one side, and sometimes it is quite deaf and does not "hear" at all; in both of which cases, a something must be done for the something, before it has even a chance of becoming a something, and so, as the slang phrase says, they "go at it." One gets up and says, that what is proposed is "all stuff and nonsense;" and in order to make good his point, he brings forward all the stuff and nonsense that he can lay his tongue to, in order that the court may have a standard of stuff and nonsense, whereby to test the something before them. In the course of this, if they keep "hear hearing" from all sides of the house, the introducer droops his ears like a pet rabbit, and looks vastly woe begone; if they "hear" on one side only, he fidgets, and casts about his eyes to try and find out whether the hearing ear or the deaf ear is the bigger one, and he is a good deal saddened or sprighted-up accordingly; and if the members don't "hear" at all, then he feels sure that his egg will not be addled.

Upon this, up bolts another member of the court, and says that what has been advanced in opposition to the matter, is greater stuff and greater nonsense than that matter itself, which he establishes by bringing forward a still higher standard of stuff and nonsense.

Upon this they join issue, and a whole posse of the two contending parties are upon their legs at once, until some one "catches the eye" of the chairman, or rather till the chairman's eye catches the face of somebody he likes, and so he nods to that one, which means that he is to bestow all his tediousness upon them and then be as quiet as possible. He goes on; after him a second, after the second a third, and so on; and the standard of stuff and nonsense rises in a geometrical ratio until the court are at last worked into the conviction, if such working be required, that stuff and nonsense are the noblest ornaments of human nature.

"Then," the fastidious reader may say, "they have driven their pigs to a pretty fair." But fair and softly, my good Cynic, and before

you tax the wisdom of the Baron Court, answer me this question : "How could it be possible for an assembly of men, in the exercise of their ordinary senses, to come to a decision upon a matter of which not one of them understands a single word?" The fact is, that this stirring of the waters, or raising of the wind, or whatever other name it may be called by, is administered to the court with the same intention and effect as opium used to be administered to the troops of the Grand Seignor when they had no stomach for fighting.

Next comes the grand up-shot, for which they have worked themselves into this state of excitement, by enacting what is called "dividing the house;" but they take heed to the warning, and so take especial care never to divide it "against itself." This operation called dividing the house is, upon such an occasion as that alluded to, a strange matter in reality; and it would puzzle all the anatomists of the world, whether human or comparative, to find out how they can possibly do it. They themselves keep it a profound secret, and are especially careful to turn all the lounging idlers out of the house before they set about it, so that nobody can tell how it is done, except the members of the court—and they won't.

To know what is done is something, however, without the knowledge of how it is done; and it is established beyond the possibility of doubt that they PUT THEIR EYES OUT OF THE COURT AND KEEP THEIR NOSE IN. This may be depended upon as being the literal fact; but how it can be physically done is a perfect wonder, as any man can readily convince himself by trying to put his eyes out of a common room and keep his nose in. The reason of doing this is rather more easily comprehended, though there is something puzzling even in it. It has been mentioned that the court are still in perfect ignorance of the matter at issue, and this seems to be the reason why the eyes are put out when the court is deciding whether they will entertain the measure or not. The measure itself is not put out along with the *eyes*, but left on the table in the middle of the floor; and the *nose* appears to be kept in along with it, in order that, while the eyes are out and so cannot embarrass it, it must find out whether there is any offensive odour about the matter; and thus every thing new may be said to be brought into the court upon a *scent*.

It often happens that, at this first stage of the "bill," as they call it after it has been read in the house, what is called "*the debate*" upon it is taken, though that is not the usual practice; and then they are sometimes not able to mystify it sufficiently at one sitting, or even at two sittings; and, when this happens, there are a vast number of words spilt like dishwater, in the court—and out of it, to no purpose whatever; so that it would be a great deal better if they would divide the house immediately upon the reading, which would let them feel the pulse of the house, and then the losing party might have a right to claim a debate, if he thought he could take any thing by it; but the whole are so very eager to make speeches, that they never mind an unnecessary waste of time and delay of the public business.

It has often been a matter of speculative wonder; why a set of men, who seldom say a word from which any ordinary person can glean even the slightest information, and who often make terrible fools of

themselves into the bargain, should persist so doggedly in this mania of speechcraft. Many think, and there seems at least some reason in the thought, that the love of reading their own speeches in the newspapers has a great deal to do with it; and it is very likely to be the case, because men of limited intellects are always remarkably fond of seeing themselves in print, in the hope no doubt that they have a chance of monumental glory in that way of which they have no chance by any other means; nor is there any doubt that often before now a member of the court has obtained a sort of second-hand celebrity, in consequence of his speech being printed in the next column of the newspaper to that containing an account of the trial, the confession, or the execution of an atrocious murderer; and that men should borrow and lend renown in this way, is quite fair.

Some members of the court are indeed so much indebted to the newspapers, that they would be absolutely nothing without them, and it is creditable to themselves, and honourable to human nature, to find that they are grateful for this. The paper not only patches and mends their cacology, but bestows upon them a "commodity of good names," which they could find nowhere else, and such is the power of a newspaper in this way, that it can make a man fit for a peer who had but a very short time before, and certes even then, been fit only for a pillory, as could be proved by the example of certain persons now living, though this is a very uncertain way of getting at the evidence.

If the nose smells nothing offensive when the eyes are out, then the thing is printed, in order that it may be circulated among the members of the court, who examine it to discover if there is any daylight in it, and if they find a glimmering any where, they make a  $\times$  in the margin, which means "plug up this here crevice;" and when they have made it all proof against the light, so that nobody can understand one word of it, down they come with it to the house, and if the debate has not been previously taken, there is such ado and rampaging about it, that the eels in the river are roused from their beds in perfect consternation. Upon occasions of this kind, when they come to divide the court, they follow exactly the converse method to that which they follow in such cases as that formerly mentioned. They do not now put out their eyes, but keep them wide awake within the court, to keep a sharp look-out, lest the rats should get their pincers on the bill; but at the same time they poke out their nose, to ascertain if the folks out of doors smell sweetly about the matter. Thus it will be seen, that in the Baron Court the decision of matters always depends upon the nose, the eyes being carried away by the mere glare of colours, and quite new-fangled about every strange matter, and generally the more so the more useless it is, upon the charitable principle that people who will take a child under their protection, prefer an orphan, however deformed or worthless it may be in itself, and really give the preference to the brat of a vagabond who has been hanged, to that of the child of an honest man who, in bad times, has struggled hard to maintain ten upon five shillings a week. It is written that the joy in heaven is at the repentance of sinners rather than at the

sturdy maintenance of virtue, and really the great joy upon earth, and in the Baron Court among other places, seems to be that there are some sinners who will not repent, and that thus, however bad a member of the court may be, he has always the consolation of being able to refer to some other one, who, in public opinion at least, may be considered still worse.

It is proper to mention farther, that the proceedings usually admit of divisions into "the orders of the day," and "the disorders of the night." The first are in general made short work of, as they form the business part, or the only useful part; while the second are chiefly devoted to personal displays and party squabbles. But, even on the former, a member will take occasion to give himself a hitch in the way of popularity. For instance,—

An honourable member, MR. DUNDER-HEAD DEEDSMAN, had gotten rather into bad odour, not only with all parties in the court, but with nearly every body out of it; and so he cast about to find some grand project for saving his bacon in the case of an election. He was making his escape one day through one of the wickets that led from court to court of a house of notoriously bad fame, called "the temple," where he had been prowling about in order to find grounds for laying an information, out of spite, as some say, that the old landladies would not allow him to have access at unseasonable hours. Be that as it may, in peeping about, as he was slipping out of the wicket he hit the iron bar which parts it in the middle a terrible bang with his sconce, till both rang again. But brass against iron for ever for musical purposes; and the head proved by far the most sonorous of the two.

The instant that he struck his head against the iron bar, an idea struck him. He knew that it was an idea, from the very unusual sensation attending it; and so he chuckled as much as some vain men do when they find a title, and resolved to leave the old ladies this time, and work upon the idea. So he posted off to the court, and, catching "the eye," rose to give notice of a motion the object of which, as he said, was to effect "A FAMOUS IMPROVEMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE." (Hear, hear.) Finding that they would hear him, he would just make one or two observations. It was well known that his whole life had been devoted to the charitable labour of clothing the naked and feeding the hungry (hear, hear). He had done so, he could assure the house, morning and evening, ever since he could recollect, and he would tell the house that it was the first duty of every man, more especially of every member of that honourable house, to do so (loud cheers). He would not detain the house; he would not boast of the success which had attended his *self-devotion* (ironical cheers from the Porks, answered by loud cheers from the cross benches). He did not care for that cheer, for he would maintain that it is the duty of every man to make sure of his *own cheer*, and that it should be *good cheer* (cheers and laughter). He would not now occupy the time of the court; but in order that honourable members might not be wholly unprepared, he would mention that it was as notorious as the moon at midnight (the full moon said some one across the table).—The honourable gentleman

said the full moon, but he (Mr. D.) was prepared to show that the moon is the moon, whether full or not (hear, hear). The subject of his motion would be this: "Some persons have more means than ways, and some have more ways than means, and it is highly desirable that there should be an *equitable adjustment*" (oh! oh! from various parts of the house). The honourable member gave notice for next Thursday se'nnight—Adjourned.

THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

"How oft would Sorrow weep  
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!"

THERE is a sorrow girt with care  
That knows no interval from pain;  
Whose wasting pangs, rein'd in by fear,  
In ghastly forms torment the brain.

Hours often pass, when childhoods days  
Their soothing power no longer give;  
When the heart, robbed of its brightest rays,  
Would sooner die—than joyless live.

Yet there are times—calm intervals at even  
When hope's Aurora glistens from afar,  
Like fairy cloud, or butterfly in heaven—  
Or transient blaze of meteor-star.

Too beautiful to last, it hurries on  
Ere we can its radiance wear;  
And with it flies the spring-dream throne  
In youth we priz'd so dear.

Does radiant hope thus ever lead  
The heart to phantom bliss,  
And with fresh disappointments bleed  
The wounds of bitterness?

Ah, no! Hope frowns not in the sky  
'Yond this our mortal sphere;  
Where death hath lost her agony,  
And heavenly things appear.

Such earthly sorrows may be meant  
To win our hearts on high;  
Blessings, perchance, in mercy sent,  
Our constancy to try.

E. W. G.

## THE LITTLE-GO ;

AN OXFORD STORY,--FOUNDED ON FACTS.

“ Miser ! O miser ! aiunt, omnia ademit  
Una dies infesta tibi tot præmia vitæ.”

LUCRET.

“ Your name stands first on to-morrow’s list,” said D’Aubeny, as with one application of his foot he burst wide open the ill-sported oak of the rooms No. 5, second pair, right-hand, inner quadrangle, of — college.

Silently and alone, with not a book, though many were on the table before him, on the leaves of which the dust of not a few days had settled, nor, seemingly, one single object wherewith a solitary could occupy his thoughts, but abstractedly, and in “ himself involved,” sat he to whom the salutation was addressed.

“ Why, Ned ! What the devil ails you ?” rattled out the light-hearted intruder, as his eye now settled down on the surface of the one-tapered table—now wandered over the countenance of his motionless friend.

“ Alone in your rooms on the eve of a pluck ! Not reading a line, and your oak sported against all comers, friends and foes, who may kick their toes flat on the relentless panels for aught of commiseration to be found in your unsympathizing soul—your candle cauterised down to the very rim ; the wick pendent as the plume on ‘ Perseus’s helmet,’ as our worthy Bursar would have it ; the tallow trailing into as many streams as the Nile has mouths ; and thyself, ‘ horribile vultus aspectu,’ staring thine eyes from their sockets to count the banners of soot as they wave from the chill bars of thy comfortless grate—”

“ I do not know what right you have to interrupt a man in spite of his precaution.”

“ Precaution !” grinned D’Aubeny.

“ Yes. You broke through my oak which my scout had sported at my most particular desire. The laws of necessity, Sir, require that our hours for study be not open to the intrusion of every numskull ; and the rules of courtesy demand that they be complied with.”

‘ Humbug !’ retorted D’Aubeny, good-humouredly,—“ Mere farce !”

“ You are fresh, D’Aubeny,” replied M——, suppressing the rising bile, “ and we have been long taught to look upon freshmen as monkeys that make themselves license to play tricks.”

“ Jaw as you will,” muttered D——, as he flung himself *sans ceremonie* into the easy reading-chair, at the same time drawing it close up to the fire-place, “ I know you of old ; you are in one of your moods again. But, come. Where’s your kettle ? On with her. Reach me the bellows, and now for some coffee—you grind whilst I blow—‘ semper ardente camino,’ as we had it at Juvenal this

morning; which, being interpreted, signifieth your fire's always a-light—a most Samaritanish propensity, and right opportune for the brewing of negus on a November night. Botheration. I say,—Baugh! Puff!—puff! What visitations of smoke do come down this old chimney of yours; and hark how the wind rattles about our heads—and under our feet too. Why, your carpet's alive, man! See how it dances all along the door-sill! D—n it, M—, you can't live the term through in these old crazy-roofed, creak-boarded rooms. The walls are no better than cane battledores to keep old Boreas out."

"You said something," interrupted M—, who had by this time subsided into the tolerating indifference of manner so natural to one accustomed to the pertinacious presence of a good-tempered bore, "something about the Little-go lists of to-morrow."

"You're first," repeated D'Aubeny.

M—'s lip quivered an instant, and his cheeks grew still paler, if possible, than before. He regained his self-possession with an effort. —"Is the coffee ready?"

"No; for your faggots are wet, and the bellows, shot through and through with yesterday's practice, will not give a breath of wind. That was a splendid hit of mine—right through the air-hole in the centre, and clean out at t'other side," said D—, eyeing the mutilated machine with unequivocal satisfaction. "What will you bet I don't stop the muzzle with a ball—once out of three? Will you bet? Here, here are the pistols. Cleaned too, by G—, since last we used them!"

"Hold! hold!" cried M—, at the same time seizing D.'s arm, and snatching with the other hand the weapons from his grasp, "They are loaded!" M.'s frame was trembling all over; his hands shook with excitement, and their palsied tremor communicated the convulsion to the electrified nerves of his startled friend.

"What in the name of the Eumenides are you quaking at, all of a start? Why, what in the devil's name makes you funk a pistol so?"

"Tis you who are nervous," replied M—, after a pause relaxing his grasp, and ill endeavouring to conceal in an unnatural laugh the perturbation under which he laboured.

"My haste to prevent mischief alarmed you. Do you not see they are loaded and cocked?" and his voice faltered, and the weapons vibrated in his hand as he held them close to the lighted candle for inspection.

D'Aubeny indulged in immoderate exclamations of merriment at his friend's expense, and at length fell into a truly hysterical fit of laughter, bellowing out in the intervals—"loaded and cocked!" He threw himself on the ground, the better to indulge in the transport of fun which poor M.'s panic at a loaded pistol had afforded him; and at last, unable to contain his risibility, or compose his thoughts, that would ever, in spite of his prevention, recur to the attitude and terrified demeanour of the alarmist M—, with his fists thrust into his shaking ribs, he fairly laughed himself out of the room, down the staircase, across the quadrangle, and must have lost not the thread of his ideas the livelong night, since his scout affirmed he woke him the next morning with a lurking chuckle upon his countenance.

“First on to-morrow’s paper,” muttered M—— between his teeth, ere the last echoes of the irrestrainable mirth-loving, mad-spirited D’Aubeny had died away on the last flight. “So, the hour of execution is at length arrived, and the culprit about to be dragged forth to suffer. Shall I endure it—this agony of presentiment—this accumulation of suspense, which, like the snow on the isolated peak, has been growing and increasing day by day, till its weight is found sufficient to drag it down toppling over all—crushing, devastating, slaughtering? I have dwelt—God, that knowest thou!—dwelt upon the dread of this iniquitous ordeal till its terrors have become magnified upon my disturbed brain, and finally extinguished what remained of the little energy I had mustered to undergo this hell of the soul’s purgatory, this burning fiery furnace. Can I help the lot that hath fallen to my nature? Can I blunt the too sensitive, the almost woman-like soul with which my mother bare me? I have tried; but have I succeeded? Ye can surely testify to that, ye cold drops that bulge out upon this fevered brow; and what is it doth make my limbs so to tremble and my heart to quake? Want of confidence in my own powers? No; for I feel that I am equal, perhaps more than equal, in intellect, and in application superior, to many I could name: Put me to the proof. That proof shall be honourable competition in what you will; and with the world for my judge, and public opinion for my verdict, I shall not flinch from the essay. But, delegate the power of pronouncing sentence, the fiat of doom which shall bless or ruin, blast or save, to a few from out the many; let them give the standard, let them make the law, and let them apply these according to the dicta of their own caprice, their ignorance, their insufficiency, and then behold the result! Is there justice in these things? Is it rational that man, ‘the puppet of the thousand thousand wires’, should, like the rude ore from out the obscure mine, be scorched and burned in the combustion of an assaying furnace, and the mineral of his spirit be severed by main force from the dross of his body on which it depends, by the process of a destructive mordacious menstruum? What, if my sense of shame be more acute than that of other men? What, if the iron hand of dishonour gripe with a more deadly, a more corroding gripe upon this fragile and attenuated frame? Should I not in justice, in right, in natural right, be the one of all others qualified to plead exemption from the trial that must, yes, must expose me to the attack, the conflict, the overthrow, and the disgrace? I have not nerve; I know it; feel it! I lack it at this very moment, and to-morrow! where shall I seek it *then*? Have I worn my substance away, impaired the little strength in this weakly body (weakly from the cradle upwards), in the gnawing, yearning, deathless, undiminishing endeavour towards the light from that lamp whose flame waxeth never dim, whose wick consumeth not away? For this, for this have I not ‘outwatched the Bear,’ and night after night unsphered the solemn spirit of Plato and the mystic worlds as each rolled by in the outspread pageant of harmonious triumph, *velut unda impellitur undâ*—for this have I not drunk thrice deep of the immortal well-spring at the inexhaustible fount of philosophy, and trod the then first trodden tracks of nature in her wildest, her most solitary, inaccessible

oracular domain? For this have I not imbibed the spirit of eternal beauty, and given form and substance to her being—infused into her ideal attributes the breath of a living soul, and shadowed out her lineaments against the light of the vertical heavens that all might look and return to look, and rejoice them in the contemplation that

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever?”

And, finally, is this the opening scene in the brief drama I am destined to play upon this mortal stage? To tremble and quake before the frown of a burly swine in academical vestments, whose calling it is to set springes for the unwary and the unweeting? To approach with awe and trembling the chariot wheels of these Juggernauts of wisdom? To be singled out by their unrelenting eye as the most proper object to crush beneath the pulverising tire of their inflexible dogmas?

“I see them before me now! There sit the two! The judges in their own proper hell—insolent in the conceit of power! The savage exultation of their voice as they propound for immediate solution the problem that hath taken them hours to understand,—the tone,—the triumphant malice of the query, still ring in my ears! Look! See you yon boy? His face is wan with thought; his strength enfeebled with much study; his mind hath been battling it out with his body, and the fight hath been study against strength. You see how sharp was the contest—you may foresee how short will be the victory! He hath won it, truly. Mind has come off victor; yet how long, think you, will he live to enjoy it? Perhaps a little year. Hark! the cough wears him already. The narrow contracted chest gasps continually for relief. His eye is sunken dim—so dim he can scarce decypher the print. Midnight robbed him of his sight. He watched whilst others slept. Think ye the fear of this one as he betrays its operation upon his fragile frame proceedeth from conscious insufficiency? No; his spirit is strong—’tis his flesh is weak. Why do not the questioners becalm his perturbation? Why do they not sympathize with his situation? Why do they not pity his infirmities rather than despise the poor victim? Why?—for that they are not philosophers, but fools; for that they are not good, but evil; for that they have power, and are tyrants; for that they are devils, and will torment; and, to-morrow! to-morrow his fate may be mine! The same hell, and the same demons to preside in it—their victim the only thing changed! And shall my chance be a better one? It shall! It shall! Away then with this fever, this burning fiery fear—this awful dread of disgrace! I will steel my nerves—and yet shall the foul breath of dishonour blow upon me as the idle wind, which I regard not? Shall it scathe me, scorch me, and I not show the brand? I, whose brow was wont to be an open book wherein all might read? Never! By the living God—never!”

And as he said this he hurried out into the still, lonely, deserted cloister; there, pacing with unequal step, he went muttering to the vacant moon as she peered up from behind the half silvered, half shadowed belfry tower.

Such was M——, the earliest, best, sincerest friend I ever had. At the time alluded to, scarce nineteen summers had rolled over his eventful and chequered career; but, in that brief space how much had he seen, felt, reflected, and endured more than falls to the lot of most at that generally inexperienced age! In looking back a little at his early biography, let not the digression be deemed unimportant. In order to understand a character and pursue it through all its intricacies of envelopment, we must necessarily learn to comprehend the principles of its constitution. Bare facts afford but a barren lesson unless the causes which produce them are investigated and laid open to view; but when brought out and displayed for observation they offer the surest commentary on the past—the safest guide to the future.

The history of himself I have gleaned from his own lips at such times when we used to while away the long nights together in his or my rooms. Though by nature somewhat diffident, and even reserved in his manners (never taciturn or sullen), he would communicate freely to my inquiries after his early history; yet, as the subject seemed to be at best but an irksome one to him on many points, there were some moments and themes more favourable than others, and I availed myself without scruple of their discovery to gain from him such particulars as enable me here to present the imperfect outline which follows.

On one subject alone did he always appear to preserve the most scrupulous and rigid silence. There was something so truly overpowering in the deep grief-like tone of his dark allusions to some one unknown, whose name he never mentioned, and whose being he never revealed to me further than in the obscure hints of the existence of such a creature, connected with his thoughts and his actions so inveterately as it seemed to be, that I never pressed him for a confession of more concerning it than he chose I should be made aware of spontaneously.

Yes; his life had evidently been choked up by the weeds of a devouring disappointment. It preyed upon his very vitals; ate deeper and deeper into his heart's core, tinged his views of things, biassed his modes of thought, and warped his very will to its arbitrary standard. There were moments when his despair seemed insupportable. It was the utter woe of hopelessness. His soul could not be sick only; no, it must be cankered, cut up—slaughtered! His was not the sorrow that sighs itself away, nor the grief that raves itself to rest, but a torment that preyed and preyed, Vampyre-like, upon his liver, co-existent with his memory, co-eternal with his life! And yet, for all this, he was the most popular man in college—not a single individual (and there were many of us) but courted his acquaintanceship. At the out-college parties he was welcomed; in the in-college sets, honoured; every where looked up to, for he was not one of those, as Dr. Johnson well terms them, “screech owls of society” who go about uttering the lugubrious wail of their interminable plaint in everybody's ears—far from it. He even affected to be liked, and almost loved, for a right good-hearted, amiable fellow, free with the free, child-like with the young, and affable to all about him. He possessed in an eminent degree that peculiarly happy knack of adapting himself to each one he came near, and this not from policy or design, but

out of innate propensity to assimilate himself to those above (how few!) and those beneath him (how many!). Then again he was the life and soul of our debating club. In the very head and front of each harangue; the proposer of rules and ordinances, and the pounder of questions for discussion. His style of oratory was the most ornate and captivating I ever heard. Like Nestor is represented by our immortal bard when first starting "on his legs," there might you see him

"Stand,  
Making such suasive motion with his hand,  
That it beguiled attention."

And his periods flowed out one after the other in one rich volume of sweet cadences from his lips that almost vied with his of old, whose

"Ora rigantur aquis  
Ceu fonte perenni."

One speech of his I never shall forget. The question had been discussed by the advocates for the odious traffic in slaves (the subject under debate), and these he took one by one, first demolished their arguments with his subtle logic, then, after pulverising the speakers in the mortar of his keen, unrelenting satire, tore them piecemeal, anatomised, flayed them alive with the sharp knife of his severe reproach. No, never shall I forget his aspect on that memorable night. He stood like a denunciator commissioned from the sphere of so many suffering worlds dealing out damnation to their oppressors! With wrathful countenance, and frame quivering with agitation, his heat and energy had dragged him forwards into the middle of the apartment, whilst those around sat mouse-like under the fascination of fear; their faces paralyzed to deathly fixedness, and their souls suffering under the writhing torture of the unmeasured insignificance which he continued to heap upon them. You might have heard a pin drop between his pauses.

But to return from these digressions to the notice of his early life, which, as before stated, I had from his own lips. As for the narrative part of his history, I am indebted to a mutual friend who stayed some time after my departure from Oxford, for I took my degree in about a twelvemonth after M.'s matriculation.

Edward Merivale M—— was of patrician but poor family. His father (himself a third son) was fain to put up with the modicum of income which he derived from a small living attached to the hereditary estate. His elder brothers had been provided for suitably in life, and there remained no alternative for Edward's father but the church, for which, indeed, he was as little fitted from capacity as he was ill-suited from inclination.

Like all men with small fortune, he married early in life. The sister of a college friend was the object of his choice. They were a most amiable, exemplary, deserving couple; therefore they were, in the worldly sense at least, not fortunate. They were poor, therefore they had plenty of children. Edward, my friend, was the eldest of these numerous "jewels," and, indeed, the brightest of them all. His father,

from his slender means, could not afford him the advantages of public education, and therefore took upon himself the cultivation of his boy's mind—a task of small trouble indeed, where the scion showed such propensities to precocious growth, yet infinitely too high an undertaking for the mediocre talents of the humble vicar. Left much to himself, the youthful Edward had every opportunity afforded him for the indulgence of his most ceaseless occupation—reading. He devoured books; abandoned to his own choice in the selection, he crammed his memory with their contents, without method, without design, so that his mind became in a little time a confused heap of ideas, imperfect from their want of connexion, and injurious from their destitution of end. He lived in a labyrinth of reflected images, and memory to him was as a garden where flowers and weeds alike found equal favour. His intellect was, to use the language of the great Bacon, “overloaded with the learning of other men.” Thus, in the course of a little period, the mist over his mental vision grew denser and still more dense; imagination supplied the place of reason: he lived thenceforth in a world of his own, peopled with his own thoughts, painted with his own fancies, and the business of existence at length became to him one continuous search after the delusive ideal to which his diseased brain had given birth—he looked upon the little world around him with the jaundiced eye of prejudice; there were none who came near his false standard, and as at first he failed to lead them by his authority, so at last he fell to pursuing them with his hate. Edward, the once meek and meditative Edward, became a misanthrope! Solitude was to him “an appetite, a feeling, and a love.” He shunned all society; there was a constant scowl upon his brow; the villagers avoided him; his own relatives grew estranged; his family felt he was lost to them. The father forgot his son, the mother her offspring—for he had forgotten them all long ago. Hateful and hating, he left his paternal home—his native land. A wanderer, he crossed the Alps, and traversed on foot the territory of ancient Rome, visited the shores of Greece, and journeyed onwards to Jerusalem. Thus far had he travelled in the gloomy penance of a self-imposed silence; and when at length the spell was broken and he spake, 'twas as a voice lifted up in the desert places, full of bitterness, of anguish, and of woe.

The length of his sojourn in the “widowed Zion, the city of the desolate,” cannot be exactly ascertained, for the precise periods both of his arrival and departure remain still undetermined: Little, moreover, is known of what became of him subsequently, further than that an old intimate of the family, in his route through Saxony, whilst at Jena, there heard of a youth of his name and description as being suspected for an accomplice of Sandt, the murderer of Kotzebue. It seems he had entered the university there, then the most famous in all Germany, and from inquiries made by the same informant, had attracted no less notice in the place by his love of science than by his ultra-political bias. An avowed enthusiast for liberty, he had been tracked by the vigilance of the hungry police to all the secret conclaves of the infatuated spirits in the university. Once misanthrope, he was now fanatic! The first in the “brotherhood” who

had sworn to imbrue their hands in the blood of freedom's foe, and fall martyrs in the cause of the world.\*

The gentleman who communicated this to the father, stated that he had made all possible inquiry after his son, but without effect; not a trace of him could be discovered. Even the blood-hounds of the government were at fault, and confessed themselves baffled by a boy.

From this time forth, nothing more was heard of him until his reappearance in L—shire, when the exile, the wanderer, the lost one, stood for the last time a stranger on his father's threshold—an altered man! Never was such a change so effectually wrought in a human mind as in that of M—. He left his home a gloomy renegade, without a sorrow—without a sigh! He returned to it as a dove to an ark after searching in vain the wide world wherewithal to find rest for the sole of her foot. His smile beamed a welcome to all, and upon all; and they who on his departure had scarce missed his presence from among them, wondered at the miracle of their former indifference, and deemed themselves in some sort guilty of barbarity in suffering so long the endearments of recollection to remain relaxed between them and one so well deserving of their kindest regard. There was a life and spirit about his demeanour, a cheerful benevolence about his look, and nothing in his outward man which could betray the least affinity to his former self, save an unaccountable modest reserve, a fearsome feminine irritability of nerve, and even this was to be perceived only on some occasions; but then the fit, while it lasted, was more like a paroxysm of fear; his frame quivered from end to end; his tongue refused its office; action became involuntary; his muscles played by fits and starts; his limbs moved not—they seemed to have no accord with his will. Whether this was the effect of the constant and perpetual dread he must have lived in whilst flying from the pursuit of men seeking his life, or whether proceeding from the pangs of remorseful memory, or from constitutional infirmity brought on by the early and frequent indulgence in overwrought impulses, to which minds of an imaginative turn are ever prone,—from any or which of these it proceeded it would be vain to conjecture; but such was his sensitiveness, such the filmy nature of his overstrained nerves, that it was to all who knew him worse than torture to be obliged to witness his fine, spare, fragile frame thus stretched on the rack of mental agony—and all now loved him too well for any to be the cause of pain to his little finger even.

M— had not been long at home ere he communicated to his father his desire to enter the church. These were tidings of gladness to the paternal ears. His brothers were all well settled in the world by the help of a small fortune which their father had inherited on the death of a distant relative, and there remained no better means of providing for himself but the prospect of succeeding his parent in the pastorship of his church. No obstacle, therefore, impeded the speedy preparation of his departure for Oxford, in order to his preliminary degree. Doubtless his acquirements, which had been classically di-

\* Kotzebue's *Leben*. Leipzig, 1795.

rected during his residence abroad, did not a little incline him to the choice of a profession whereby he was enabled to indulge in the leisure so necessary to one devoted to literary pursuits. He entered the university better prepared than most men of his age to commence the academical career.

'Twas there we first became acquainted. A similarity of pursuits drew us often to walk abroad; our intercourse soon ripened into intimacy, and there are few who have been at college but will allow that the friendships which are there formed generally prove the most endearing of all ties of that kind, cherished the longest, and forgotten the last. And such will it be with the remembrance of M——. Oh, God! how inscrutable are thy ways! Alas! that I should have nought but his remembrance now left me! Oh, who could have imagined that the young, the noble, the ardent, the chivalrous M—— should be so soon doomed to destruction! That he, the bright, the talented, the enthusiastic, should so speedily be hurled upon his awful journey to that unknown bourn

Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam!

So awfully to perish too!

The morning of the *morrow*—the ominous morrow, at length broke in upon the sleepless couches of the few who were to figure with good or ill success in the schools on that day. It was one of those grey, misty, autumnal day-breaks so frequently at that season of the year the harbingers of a set in rain.—Slowly and heavily dawned the light, and the clouds, which had been gathering from the time the moon of overnight had disappeared, now rolled in sable mantles athwart the murk atmosphere, and threatened the city with a deluge. There was a solemn stillness throughout the air, a presageful aspect of things was spread over the face of nature, and as the eye wandered over the surrounding objects nothing but gloom, gloom, came reflected into the mind from the sad austerity of their sombre guise.

At length the rain fell—and in torrents. The sandy streets of the clinker-paved city were washed bare to the lowest stones; not a particle of soil but was carried down by the rushing streams as they descended on either side of the deluged pavement. The houses and colleges adjoining the street poured out water in continuous spouts from their projecting pipes; the springs burst; the swollen Cherwell swept away its green banks in many places; the fields and marsh land to the south side of the city were completely overflowed—

“Water, water, every where!”

It seemed a second deluge. Ten o'clock came, yet the heavens gave no sign of change. Another half-hour, yet the storm, which had been discharging its fury upon the earth for the last three hours, abated not one jot its awful rage. The rain still poured down incessantly. The whole country was enveloped in darkness.

But the darkest scene was already over! The cloud had passed by, and burst upon its victim like a thunderbolt! It had happened—had ended; and the silence of the grave, of stupefaction, of death, had succeeded to the appalling visitation.

Thrice had the pistol been pointed to his naked breast! Thrice had the terrific thunder-clap rebuked him for the meditated deed—when, firmness in his step, and courage in his heart, he paused yet a little moment, and gathered with each word as it fell from his faltering pen a determination of purpose, which, as fear had no hand in forming, shame had no power to avert.

“Hold! A few minutes longer, and it must be done! They shall not say it was a rash act! The suspense of fear is worse than annihilation, and contempt, even from the ignorant, is martyrdom; and in martyrdom, where is the glory?”

“Is there not a power in us to redeem ourselves? And are there not occasions when the pressures of the former and the promises of the future states conspire to urge us to the exercise of it? What is life but a limb of that eternal progression whose whole we are doomed to feel developed before our immortality is accomplished?—a monad, an atom, counting one amongst the infinite divisibilities of spirit—as brief in comparison with the remainder as that fierce flash of lightning is small compared with the vast mass of the same fluid in the surcharged cloud whence it issued? And yet the herd calls the self-murderer a guilty wretch—and why? Because he must pass to a state which *may* be better but *cannot* be worse?”

“How awfully the thunder crashes! I’ve stood upon the loftiest Appenine and listened to its roar, far, far beneath me, yet was it not so fearful in its sound!”

“Plato! Thou mightiest of the mighty ones of the earth! Dweller amid the spirits of inconceivable intelligence! Emanation from the eternal, immutable *καλον*! Thou greater than Socrates, thy Messiah, ‘qui primus philosophiam devocavit è cælo;’ who unfoldedst the triple adamant of the cave of Cimmerian gloom and lookedst upon its forlornness so that it vanished presently! Herald of immortality, who didst inoculate the cradled spirit of the infant world and plumed it with the pinions of hope and eternity! Minister, martyr, mind-monarch, I obtest thee! In whatsoever sphere embodied—in whatsoever form concealed—whether seated on the onyx throne of the supremest star, thine appointed home, or wandering in eternal quest through illimitable space, instinct-piloted, or, pausing on the ethereal threshold of the temple of temples, faint with expectation of the coming scrutiny, thou makest thy footing firm on angels’ lore, suing for revelation,—in whatsoever universe thou livest, I invoke thee! In the hour of storm and tempest, a wandering ghost upon the shore of death, I woo thee for my guide, as he of old, ‘the Tuscan bard, the banished Ghibelline,’ did for his journey through the nether world evoke the shadow of the Mantuan!”

“And you, ye lesser spirits of old Greece, the land of living light, the womb of thought—who have by precept and example pointed the weapon wherewith to quail the harpy evils of this our sublunary state, and send them screaming to their proper hell—all ye who did with your own hands put on the wings that waft to immortality, be present! I conjure ye all! An unworthy member of thy glorious company, I offer me to thy companionship!”

"Hark! It is their summons in the thunder's roar! I come! I come!"

Paralyzed and distorted throughout each nerve of his weltering frame—in his one hand the convulsively grasped scroll, in his other the fatal pistol, lay lifeless the scarce cold and gory body of the unfortunate M——. The ball had penetrated the right ventricle of the heart, and having made its way out between the shoulder bones, had fallen, flattened like a pellet, at the foot of the stone slab against which it had struck. His death must have been instantaneous; "but never, oh never (writes a witness of the appalling scene) shall I forget the fearful expression that lingered on his slaty countenance! The scorn of triumph blending with the fierce death grin! His thoughts had battled themselves to rest!"

### THE PLEASING MOMENTS OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

"List, list, O list."

GOING to the Theatre the first night of a new piece, in which you are to shine—on your arrival being told that the part is cut out altogether, the manager having insisted upon its being done upon hearing *who* was to play it.

Having to play a prominent part in a procession—to "take the lead" of a wild beast—upon reaching the centre of the stage, said beast misconducts himself *in the usual manner*—"Picture"—"general shout"—and, "curtain falls."

Standing to be sung *at* (by a lady of course) through a song of half an hour's length, during which time you take as many attitudes as would fill out the "Grecian Statues," and get nothanks for your pains.

Fighting a "desperate combat" when suffering from rheumatism in right shoulder, with every prospect of an encore.

Being compelled to support an actress (the heaviest on the establishment) upon one arm during a long hysterical faint, the other arm being engaged holding a pistol at a demon, or robber, or seducer, or some such person—

"O gods! ye gods, must I endure all this?  
All this! Aye more;"

and this is it—upon being pursued, obliged to fly with (i. e. to carry) your "honourable load" to the summit of a "frightful precipice," and it being the end of the act, there you must remain till the drop puts an end to your sufferings.

NOBODY.

(To be continued.)

## FROM AN ODE TO THE FOUR GREAT EPIC BARDS.

THE world was dark when Homer sung,  
 As dark as on creation's day,  
 Ere light's divine enchantment flung  
 On every shade a living ray.  
 The world was dark, the minds of men  
 Groped feebly on their dreary way,  
 And beauty glimmer'd forth to be extinct again !  
 But godlike Homer rose :  
 Oh ! feel ye not the burning spell  
 That then on listening nations fell  
 (Nor lov'd too long, nor lov'd too well),  
 And charm'd them to repose ?  
 Oh ! hear ye not the thrilling strains  
 That rose and rise from Grecian plains ?  
 And do ye not adore the man  
 Who placed upon his country's brow  
 A diadem that decks her now,  
 For all mankind to scan ?

Alas ! though Homer's genius drew  
 Beauties of a living hue  
 From fancy's Iris that o'erspans mankind,  
 And though his theme for ever  
 A canoniz'd endeavour,  
 With deathless melodies will be enshrin'd :  
 Could the lost bard behold his country now,  
 How pale, how chill'd, how passionless her brow !  
 How trampled and despis'd her lonely lot !  
 His Attic heart would weep itself away,  
 And bid the burden of his former lay  
 In present degradation be forgot !

And thou, sweet Mantuan ! lovely in thy song,  
 Aspiring type of eagle Rome !  
 Oh ! could'st thou leave the shadowy Stygian throng,  
 Oh ! could'st thou pluck thy own \*enchanted branch,  
 And fascinate old Charon's crazy †launch,  
 To bear thee to thy native home,  
 How sad thy household gods would meet  
 The winged echoes of thy feet,  
 Their temples bound with votive yew !  
 How lone 'midst crumbling fanes thy steps would fall,  
 And how a troop of memories, all  
 Of Roman grandeur o'er thy troubled soul,  
 And Roman glory too,  
 Like misty clouds dim seen at night, would roll !

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\* Latet arbore opacâ  
 Aureus et foliis et lento vimine *Ramus*.

ÆNEID, Lib. vi. 136.

† Gemuit sub pondere cymba  
 Sutilis, et multam accepit *rimosa* paludem.

*From an Ode to the Four Great Epic Bards.*

Weep ye not, poets! though the world  
 With ivy should be overgrown,  
 Though sun and stars be downward hurl'd,  
 The light of genius shines alone!  
 Ye watch and sing, and sing and watch, by Heaven's  
 eternal throne!

Go stand beside the tomb where \*Milton lies :  
 It fills the centre of a silent aisle ;  
 Yet few there are whose thoughtlessness would smile,  
 Or take the tone of counterfeit surprise,  
 When loitering by that lonely spot awhile :  
 The din of life swells noisily without,  
 Full many a rabble-curse and senseless shout,  
 Full many a flaunting jibe in folly's eyes—  
 And many a falsehood calmly cold  
 Is raised in outward quest of gold,  
 But spirits sit that modest tomb beside,  
 Bright spirits! passing far man's sublunary pride!

Hither, ye kings of earth, or shades of kings !  
 Hither, ye conquerors of mankind !  
 Who swept along on transitory wings ;  
 Hither, ye sages, sainted though ye be,  
 Industrious searchers of man's mystic ways,  
 The tapers of whose unassisted gaze  
 Did vainly scrutinize eternity,  
 Till darkness mantled o'er the mind :  
 Arise! appear!

King's! conquerors! sages! lay your glories here :  
 The man who sleeps in yonder tomb,  
 Hath soar'd beyond a world of gloom  
 To gaze into the glorious sun !  
 Yet deem not that his race was run  
 When death o'erdropped his weary lids :  
 Oh! deem not that his genius sleeps  
 Where Night her silent empire keeps :  
 No—he shall sing, and live, and be  
 When Time's unfathomable sea  
 Hath overwhelm'd the Pyramids!

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\* Milton was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate—his monument is very simple.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

## POLITICS.

The Currency Question in a Nutshell. 8vo. pp. 16. Ridgeway.

WE ventured a very few observations on this important and difficult subject in our March number; and we are glad to find the same views which we took of the matter are espoused by the writer of this small but useful pamphlet. We have read, till we are tired, the writings of Torrens, Jones Lloyd, Salomons, &c.; but it may be well asked—*cui bono?* They admit not, or else they wilfully pass over the great principle which constitutes the basis of all sound reasoning on this subject,—namely, that in a country taxed as ours is, not by imposts graduated according to the wealth of its inhabitants, but by levies made on foreign goods sent into or out of this country, and on certain other commodities produced or manufactured at home,—there can be no *fixed* standard of value: it must rise or fall accordingly as the amount of taxation rises or falls. If Sir Robert Peel, whom we consider to be the author of the present monetary system and of all our troubles, had properly considered the effect of the customs and excise taxation on the currency, he could not have committed himself so far, as to cripple the resources of a great commercial nation by recommending a return to cash payments in 1819, at a time when we were still labouring (as we are now) under those oppressive taxes, to bear which a paper currency was legalized in 1797. We do not mean to accuse the ex-premier of any dishonesty in having so done; but certainly there never was any act, of whose injustice the agriculturists, who at the beginning of the French war were the most prosperous and influential members of society, can so justly complain as the decree by which the government virtually broke all the promises and contracts that their necessities had compelled them to make twenty-two years before. In 1797 it was thought that 20,000,000*l.* of taxes could not be paid without a Bank restriction:—how could Sir R. Peel propose a return to cash payments when our yearly taxes are not only not lighter, but actually heavier by 26,000,000*l.*? His specious argument was, that we really could bear it, and that the return to a healthy and substantially valuable currency would be cheaply purchased by the fall in prices, which would not be more than *four* per cent.:—they have fallen *fifty* per cent.! No one is benefitted by the change except those who should have been the last to be considered,—namely, the capitalists; and a large section of the national population is plunged into the deepest distress, involved in irrecoverable ruin. This is no alarmist's howling, no overcoloured and exaggerated statement, but bare unvarnished truth; and to a more prosperous state of things we cannot return, until money becomes so plentiful *that taxation may be superadded to prices*, so as to give that fair equivalent for labour which cannot be obtained under the present system. Gold, however, which our sapient governors in time past have forbidden to rise or fall in value like every other commodity that we ever saw or heard of, cannot be procured in sufficient quantities to meet our increased demands; and besides if it could, it would not serve us, for the foreigner coolly takes it from us; unceremoniously carries away our circulating medium into other countries, because he can get it cheaper than the produce of our taxed labour which he would otherwise take in exchange for our im-

ports. It is quite clear that we must look to some other expedient for relieving ourselves from embarrassments than a stupid adherence to a monetary system which is a monument of folly and injustice. If it be true that we are in a far worse condition for making payments in gold now than we were in 1797, we must look,—either to our system of taxation and see if it be not capable of such adjustment or reform, as that the rich, the accumulating part of the people should bear their proportion of the national burdens and so relieve the less wealthy members of the community who now bear three-fourths of the whole taxation,—or else to an expansion of the circulating medium, which may relieve us from the evils of our present confinement by raising us to the state in which we were before Peel's ill-starred act:—this expansion must be effected by the establishment of a national paper currency, a currency not dependent on the *ex-cathedra* dictates issuing from a bank parlour, not managed by this private body or that corporation, but the property of the nation managed by a body of employed men immediately and unreservedly responsible to the Commons of England. With respect to the establishment of a property-tax or income-tax there are so many acknowledged difficulties, that it seems scarcely capable of adoption; and we would employ the other as equally safe and more easy of adoption, although the former measure would be by far the juster of the two. As for the present state of things, we feel as certain as of our own existence that this country cannot endure it much longer:—indeed it is arithmetically demonstrable. Men of business, whose brains are not bewildered by pre-conceived opinions imbibed from the professional economists, are beginning to open their eyes to the perilous state in which we now are, and to wonder that the sages who talk so wisely but act so sillily, should not have legislated with more prudence and discretion. All classes around them are plunged in distress:—let them ask the farmers to compare the outlay of raising a bushel of wheat or any other grain with the profits from its sale, and they will find that both farmers and men must be in distress:—let them go to Manchester, Spitalfields, and other manufacturing districts, and they will find that industry cannot procure a bare subsistence:—and if they would confine their observations to this metropolis, their eyes every day behold so many symptoms of the greatest distress even among parties of acknowledged respectability and capital,—a distress, which the rational self-interest of bankers and capitalists will not relieve except for an extravagant consideration,—that they cannot doubt that we are and must be on the eve of a great and radical change,—for the better, let us hope, for in a worse plight we scarcely can be.

Much space, it must be confessed, has been taken up in noticing this very small *brochure*; but we have been guided not by its size but its importance. Its object is to disseminate in a homely and familiar form principles of financial economy that we consider to be based on truth. The author has been successful in embracing within the compass of a small tract the more important arguments on which his views and our views are founded, and we would that a copy of this little pamphlet (which might easily be made into a three-half-penny tract), were in the hands of every intelligent and unprejudiced Englishman throughout these realms.

State and Prospects of British Agriculture, &c. By A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. 8vo. Ridgeway.

THE M. P. who has condensed the three ponderous folios of the Evidence before the Commons' Agricultural Committee into 208 octavo pages, has done the State some service. Such evidence, given by the highest men of the agricultural profession, is highly valuable and ought to be generally accessible. The moderate price at which this compilation is fixed, will, as we trust, induce practical men to become its possessors; and certainly they cannot be misemployed in giving the evidence a thorough perusal. We have on several

occasions adverted to the matters that form the chief points of the committee's consideration, and in the notice that immediately precedes this, we have expressed sentiments on the currency-question, that cannot be very displeasing to the witnesses examined, however opposite they may be to those expressed by the honourable member who edits the pamphlet and condemns the witnesses as romantic and eccentric. Time, perhaps, will show that there is more truth than romance in our statements, and that the views taken by those whom the M. P. condemns are based on sounder financial principles than those which are supported by the great names of Baring, Palmer, Poulett Thomson, &c. The dénouement of this eventful drama is not far hence.

We cannot quit the subject, however, without expressing some dissatisfaction that the editor should have garbled the evidence, as he has done confessedly from his own introduction. *Audi alteram partem* should be the motto of a compiler of historical facts; and it is much to be regretted that the honourable committee-man should have swallowed a pill of oblivion, before he took his scissors and paste-brush in hand.

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### TRAVELS.

Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland in 1835-6.

By the Rev. C. L. SMITH, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE clerical traveller who has thus introduced himself with all his blushing honours is not the first person whom we have charged with writing about what he can know nothing. The great Mr. Fenimore Cooper wrote two volumes about Switzerland, of which country and its people he knew no more than an African knows of China:—Mrs. Trollope libelled the Americans so absurdly as to caricature human nature itself:—Professor Hoppus (the learned logico-illogical teacher of some ten or fifteen tyro's at University College, London) has favoured the world with his lucubrations—his pencillings by the way *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* during a ten weeks' tour through Germany and Switzerland, and every person who knows aught of either countries must on perusing the learned man's observations be quite convinced that he knows much less of Germany than of logic. Mr. Smith we should place in the same category:—he is a student most probably; one whom collegiate or studious habits have forced into a certain and exclusive train of thought. He is no doubt, in his way, a highly estimable and scientific person,—one of whom the university may be justly proud for his high honours; but when he comes forward as a writer on matters not belonging to his own *métier*, he then becomes amenable to public opinion;—and we deal with him accordingly, as we would with any titled or untitled author—on the ground of his own merits.

Mr. C. Lesingham Smith has done more than most of our native tourists think of doing. We knew one person who went to Havre and through the Loire scenery to Orleans, thence to Paris, and again through Montargis, Nevers, and Moline, to Lyons, whence, *not* visiting the silk manufactories, he proceeded on his way to Switzerland, in which country he travelled *à pied* about twenty miles a day for a fortnight,—returned by Basle to Strasburg and Cologne, and so back to our smoky metropolis. This excellent gentleman was absent exactly *forty-two days*, and during his absence he most industriously employed himself with scribbling his crudities to such an extent that two octavo volumes would scarcely contain them. Mr. Smith is somewhat more modest;—he has taken two seasons, that is, altogether sixty days (twenty-eight in one, and thirty-two in the other) to examine the Highlands, Islands and metropolis of Scotland, and he has only filled one. We have some hopes of him. When travelling Englishmen are the general laughing-stock of intel-

ligent foreigners who have ample cause for laughing at the absurdities and extravagance of John Bull, an individual who has had the means of ascertaining the real character, habits, and feelings of two or three entirely different nations on the European continent, and has observed the errors (together with the causes of them) into which superficial visitors have fallen of judging from first impressions, and not from mature observation, may be allowed to give vent to his feelings of indignation and regret at the folly of his countrymen. But Mr. Smith has confined his observations to our own island; and, although he speaks of a tour in Switzerland (of which he has astonishingly meagre recollections), we should say without hesitation, that he gives us the lucubrations of one who has *examined* little or nothing either *within* or *outside* of his own native country.

The tourist during his travels has visited many other parts of Scotland besides those usually marked out by our summer adventurers; but it is to reminiscences of Scott and Burns rather than to his own that he is indebted for the interesting portion of this gold and green volume. He seems to us to have *crammed* Scott's last edition of the Waverly novels and all poor Burns's poetry, and after such preparation in the cloister to have gone forth with gaping curiosity, to have tried to assimilate all with standards so generally acknowledged, and to have mixed the whole with his own notions into a glorious confusion of ideas which would require the genius of Dr. Hartley himself to separate into the respective parts. In a word, he is totally deficient in that *naïveté* and freshness of feeling with which a natural and unaffected observer of men, manners, and scenery would be possessed:—he is not a citizen of the world, but a regular Englishman and a Cambridge monk. He cannot get rid of his individuality, cannot forget himself, cannot transport himself into scenes that are so much more elevated, so much more ethereal than the dank, miasmatic climate of Cambridge.

That Mr. Smith has done what he has, is at any rate some cause of gratulation; for he has shown to the hundreds of tourists who go northwards that there is something north of the Caledonian canal that merits attention, something that deserves a stare as well as the Giant's Causeway, Fingal's Cave, the ruins of Iona, or the pass of Glencoe. That the author has earned for himself any thing beyond a temporary reputation by writing this journal we cannot venture to say; but we will not deny him the possession of some talent, notwithstanding our previous strictures. Let the following extract suffice as a specimen of his descriptive powers.

“Bidding adieu to Hamilton, who is a shrewd man, and especially conversant in practical geology, I mounted a sheltie, which carried me six miles along the shore to Sannox. I then set off on foot with a guide to ascend Glen Sannox, and pass homeward by Glen Rosie. The rain soon came on in torrents, and the clouds, rolling down the steep sides of the mountains, entirely concealed all the fine peaks and crags which adorn their summits. This was a grievous disappointment, for the glens are said to be the wildest in Arran, and I saw enough from the occasional shifting of the mist, to be fully aware of the grandeur of the scene. The ascent is not difficult, except at the highest part, separating Glen Sannox from Glen Rosie, where we had to climb a barrier of rocks. The footing throughout was wretched; treacherous peatmosses and concealed dykes continually occurring to annoy the traveller.

“Under these circumstances I had only to look to my guide for amusement. He combines the three occupations of weaver, shore-porter, and guide; and, as might be expected from the multiplicity of his vocations, is a very active little man for his years, of which he numbers fifty-six. He was extremely inquisitive respecting my history, asking whether my father was alive, and if I were the heir, and if I had a wife.

“‘There are vera few things,’ said he, ‘better than a good wife, only they are hard to find; but I wish you may soon hae one that's good and bonnie too. We had a great man from Glasgow here a wee while ago, that studied

natural philosophy; and the advice he gave to the lads in our glen was, aye to tak a wife out of a genteel family, for if a good one was to be had, that was where to find her.'

"He then began to expatiate on the virtues of his own helpmate, from which, by a very natural transition, he passed on to his own merits.

" 'May be,' said he, 'in the summer, when the weather is clear, I'll be making from four to five shillings a day from the gentlefolks; and I always carry it home to my wife—not spend it in drinking. But if ye'll be wanting a cask of whisky, I can get one of the real sort?' (with a wink of the eye) 'vera good!' (and a smack of the lip.)

"I told him I had no doubt of its goodness, but I was going far away from home.

" 'Well then,' said he, 'I'll just tell you honourable; that same drinking whisky is a bad thing; an' I'm an old man, an' ye'll just tak my advice, not to drink it regular, so as to go to your bed without your senses. A little now an' then in your travels is a' vera well, but no to get drunk with it daily.'

"This disinterested piece of advice was given with all the emphasis and solemnity of a philosopher addressing a tyro. Gracious Heaven! that I who am notorious for limiting my potations to a modicum of small ale, not from any merit of abstinence, but from an absolute dislike of their fiery liquors—that I should be coolly recommended 'not to get drunk with whisky just every day!' I laughed immoderately; and still more when the jolly weaver, after emptying the last drop from my pocket flask, out of which I had scarce taken a quarter of a wine-glass, said very deliberately, as he put the cork in again, 'We've divided it vera nicely!'

"However, I must do him the justice to observe, that all, which I did not drink myself, was still drunk in my cause; for he never put the cup to his lips, without prefacing his draught with 'Here's luck t'ye, Sir.'

"He lives in a small cottage close to the farm of Glen Rosie, the tenant of which is looked up to by the weaver as being, next to the duke of Hamilton, the greatest man in the world. As we passed by, he asked if he might leave the bit of bread and cheese, which had survived the keenness of our appetites, for the bairns. He had seven of them alive, and two were dead.

"I entered the cottage with him; it was very dark, and made so chiefly by the great loom, which occupied nearly half the ground floor: but there was an air of comfort and tidiness about it, not usual in the dwelling of a Highland peasant. His wife had a very prepossessing appearance, and seemed to justify all the encomiums which he had bestowed upon her. Her manners were excellent. There is a politeness of nature, which is quite as agreeable as that of the drawing-room. Nearly all the bairns were at home, and a set of finer children I have rarely seen. On leaving the cottage, the weaver put his finger upon my arm, and looking back upon his home with an air of pride, 'It's no grand place, yon,' said he, 'but it does vera well, and we are just content wi' it, an as happy as the vera farmer himsel.'

"When we came to the obelisks, which I had sketched the preceding evening, I would not take the poor fellow further; and, having been much pleased with his cleanly cottage and large family, I gave him five shillings for his guide-fee, saying, 'Here's sixpence a-piece for yourself and wife and seven bairns, and sixpence over for luck.'

"If I had given him a thousand pounds he could not have been more surprised, or more grateful. He looked at the two half-crowns for some time, without uttering a word, and then burst out:

" 'Ye're a gentleman, a rale gentleman; give us your hand! I'll be up to carry your luggage the morning for nothing. Thank ye, thank ye kindly.'

"And then as I turned away towards the inn, he slapped me on the shoulder, and once more exclaimed, 'Ye're a gentleman!' with a marked emphasis on the word, as if it embodied the highest compliment which one man could pay to another. And the Gael was so far right; but whether giving

him a crown proved me to be a gentleman, is another matter ; I know those who will rather think it proved me to be a fool.

“ Upon the whole, I was much diverted with this my first excursion in the mountains. True, it poured with rain the whole way, and I saw very little of the wild and desolate crags, which, soaring above and around us, were swept out of the landscape by the rolling clouds. Yet I felt a compensation for all in the freshness of the mountain air, in the roaring of the swollen torrent, in the little difficulties of our path, and above all in the droll conversation of my friend the weaver.”

Mr. Smith must not consider us unkind or personal in making the above remarks. A far higher consideration has prompted us to make the above (which by the dissection of the work we might have made thrice as long)—namely, that of exhibiting the folly of our travelling countrymen, who go abroad and fancy that every land under the sun must contain people with a language and habits like their own. That Mr. Smith has done so to a certain extent cannot be denied:— that he has sinned less than others is owing to his more enlightened education.

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#### MEDICAL SCIENCE.

#### British Annals of Medicine, Pharmacy, Vital Statistics, and General Science. Nos. 18 and 19. Sherwood.

WE before noticed the establishment of a weekly medical periodical under the above title, and we will now enquire, for the guidance of our readers, how far the editors of this work have redeemed the promises they set forth, at the outset of their career, to the public. It has been thought by those who are not fully competent to offer an opinion upon the progress of literature, that the “Annals of Medicine” was an unnecessary intrusion upon a field already occupied by two popular medical periodicals, the “Lancet,” and “Medical Gazette.” This, however, is very far from being the case, and the discernment which has been displayed by the conductors of the “Annals,” in the path which they have chosen for their exertions, and the nature of the information which they have selected, is at once a direct proof of the position which we have assumed.

We have ever deemed it a duty, which as critics we owe to the public, to be all-watchful over the interests of literature, and to wield our magic rod wherewith we can at our will range before us the choicest fruits of all countries, and of all sciences, with such judgment and discrimination as to embrace in their turn all that may be interesting or instructive. It is with this view that we have now stepped upon the car of medical letters, with the view of showing to our readers that the progression of improvement, as it is confined to no clime, so is it a stranger to no branch of science or profession.

The “Annals of Medicine” then we proclaim to be the index which points to the progressing movement of medical periodical literature, and we refer for the grounds of our opinion to the analysis of its proceedings since its commencement at the beginning of this year.

We will not go back to the earlier numbers of the “Lancet” to make comparison; that would be ingratitude to a light that first shone from out the mists of darkness and obscurity. Nor do we in later times ponder upon the party workings that gave birth to the “Medical Gazette,” nor the records of a clique that have since preserved that journal in existence. But we may peruse the earliest pages of the “Annals of Medicine,” and declare our opinion that they did not fall short of the more advanced times in which they were presented to the public; and that since they have become the annals

from which we expect to glean of all the subjects that appear upon their title-page, we have not been disappointed in our search.

The other medical periodicals, still useful and interesting in their departments, were ceasing to be sufficient to supply the demand for increased and more scientific information. The editors of the "Annals" listened to the call, and, without rivals and unrivalled in their especial province, they have honourably acquitted themselves of the duties incumbent upon that summons.

We will not however encroach too far upon the patience of our reader, but proceed at once to an examination of the book itself, and show how far our opinion may be relied upon as authority. *Pharmacy* has never before been attempted in the form in which it is treated by the "Annals of Medicine," namely, as a science, and a guide to those in the medical profession whose studies are more particularly directed to that subject. Thus the current prices of drugs, their characters, quality, adulterations, with the means of detection, &c., are ably and judiciously exposed. Under this head also may be found, discoveries of new medicines, their uses and applications, with new chemical analyses and syntheses. *Vital statistics*, from the pen of one of the editors who has already attained to much reputation as a medical statist, and to whom Mr. M'Culloch in his late excellent work particularly refers, has bestowed many highly important calculations upon the public. We need only point to a paper upon the "Law of Recovery and Death in Small Pox," and another on "A New Method of determining the Danger and Duration of Diseases at every Period of their Progress," by Farr, to confirm our dictum on this head.

Under the title of General Science a rich mine of intelligence and learning is open to the working of its subscribers. Some of the papers deserve a notice, we shall therefore name a few that we conceive most striking and particularly characteristic of the intention of the work. Thus, On the Chemistry of the Digestive Organs, by R. D. Thomson, M. D., in which a Newly Discovered Principle of the Gastric Juice is described; Professor Mueller of Berlin, Lectures on Human Physiology; Ophthalmology, by Middlemore, of Birmingham; Pathology of Bone, by Dr. Hodgkin; Statistics of the Negro Slave Population, &c. &c.

In paying our parting respects to the editors of this most deserving, and we trust prosperous periodical, we feel bound to express our gratification in the review of their labours. One slight suggestion however we hope in good fellowship will not be thought intrusive. We regard the fine arts with so much reverence, that we must confess our taste somewhat shocked at the grim-visaged god of the serpent that scowls upon their cover, so little emblematical of the choice selections contained within. 'Tis true the finest diamond has ofttime the roughest exterior, but it is also true that value and beauty are both improved by the lapidary's art.

Moral Statistics of Paris, [Prostitution dans la ville de Paris considérée sous la rapport de l'Hygiène publique, de la Morale et de l'Administration,] by PARENT DUCHATELET. Thick 8vo. pp. 662. Brussels.

M. DUCHATELET was one of the most extraordinary men that France has produced during the present century; and we may safely affirm, if a life spent in unwearied search for facts, on which to base the science of public health, be a just subject of praise, that M. Duchatelet's indefatigable industry and high talent in a department that he has made peculiarly his own, demands the highest praise from every sincere advocate of public health and morals, not only in France but all over Europe. *Honi soit, qui mal y pense*. To those persons who are scared by an awkward-looking title, or to others who with puritanical affectation would hold aloof altogether from so *disgusting* and *scandalous* a subject as that of which this book treats, we have not one word

to say further than to ask how they dare deprecate a study, whose object is to regenerate and restore to society the lost beings whom they will not contribute a single sou to save. Active philanthropy, and such was emphatically M. Duchatelet's, is to us a far more pleasing sight than false and formal decorum; and this work by developing the causes and pointing out the miseries of that vice which is the curse of every capital in Europe, and seems to be the great evil inherent to the highest state of civilization, has furnished those who in every country apply themselves to the work of improving public morals, with a vast body of information of a very various character, highly serviceable in advancing the labours of benevolence. Every part of the work should be read with attention, not from the mere motive of an idle or licentious curiosity, but with the worthy intention of making its study the basis of philanthropic exertions. As a medico-statistical writer, we may certainly give M. Duchatelet rank by the side of Mr. Farr, who is certainly the most talented and erudite that we have ever met with; and, as respects those parts of the work which treat of female penitentiaries, we cannot do otherwise than give them our highest meed of praise, and recommend the immediate translation of them into our own language with a view to their distribution among the benevolent supporters of such institutions in this country. The whole work, however, ought to be read by the managers of such establishments, and by all persons connected more or less with the administration of justice and the maintenance of public morals.

Observations on the Topography, Climate, and Prevalent Diseases of the Island of Jersey. By GEORGE S. HOOPER, M. D. pp. 199. Whittaker.

THIS is an unambitious but nevertheless a useful and interesting little volume on the several subjects which it professes to illustrate. To carry his object into effect, the author has distributed the materials of his Tract into six chapters, of which the following are the several heads. Ch. i. General description of the Island; ii. Climate of Jersey; iii. Description of the town of St. Helier; iv. Description of the town of St. Aubin; v. Observations on diseases of the Island; vi. Remedial properties of its climate. To the above chapters are added, in an appendix, some useful meteorological tables which indicate at one glance the following facts. Table i. Shows the mean temperature of the months, seasons, and whole year averaged on five consecutive years, viz. 1831, 32-33-34-35; Table ii. the mean ranges of temperature of the months in the different seasons and the whole year, averaged as before; Table iii. the mean daily range of temperature of the months, seasons, and whole year, averaged as before; Table iv. the mean variation of temperature from day to day in the different months, seasons, and whole year, averaged as in the preceding tables; Table v. the mean daily range of temperature of the same five years on the different months, seasons, and whole year; Table vi. the mean daily variations of temperature of five successive years in the different months, seasons, and whole year; Table vii. the particulars of five successive years in regard to mean temperature, and Table viii. the degree of prevalence of each wind in days and fractional parts of days for the different months and the whole year, averaged on five successive years.

In the general description of this most extensive and populous of the channel Islands, the author treats of its magnitude, figure, exposition, and relative boundaries; of its geology, character, and fertility of its soil; of its general aspect and scenery; of its botany, as illustrative of the genial temperature of its climate; of its springs and other waters; of the population of the Island and the national character of its inhabitants, together with their modes and means of living, and other circumstances of considerable practical interest.

In the second chapter he treats especially of the climate of Jersey. The

synoptical tables already adverted to are chiefly illustrative of the facts or phenomena referred to in this chapter.

In the third chapter the reader will find an interesting description of the town of St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, with its relative position in the Island; the aspect, scenery, and geology of its immediate neighbourhood; the mixed and objectionable character of its architecture, its excessive population and want of due ventilation for its extent, the insalubriousness of many of its localities for want of proper drainage, its want of public walks and of accommodations for sea bathing, &c.

The discreditable facts so abundantly exhibited in this chapter, furnish ample evidence of the author's straightforwardness, great good sense and superiority over vulgar fears of consequences.

The fourth chapter commences with a description of the town of St. Aubin. An extract from this section of our little tract will be read with interest, and suffice to give the reader a pretty correct idea of his author's manner. "Next to St. Helier St. Aubin claims our particular notice. In all public records it is I believe called a town, and we need not therefore detract from its consequence, by giving it a name of inferior acceptation; although in point of actual importance it is now little better than a village. It was once the principal seat of trade; and it was no doubt from that circumstance that one common name was bestowed on itself and the bay in which it is situated. Upon the ruins of its commercial prosperity rose that of its rival St. Helier, which soon turned all the main channels of wealth towards its own bosom. Divers reasons have been assigned for this reverse of fortune; but whatever may be the real one, St. Aubin, in the view which I shall here take of it, derives most of its attractions from its present quiet state, though it is not the less to be admired for the marks it yet retains of better times. Its principal street, which is its main entrance, is built in a style greatly superior to what a distant view might lead a stranger to expect; and altogether it exhibits many indications of former wealth and fashion. On the quays are many eligible houses, and up to the Vaux, a valley of which I shall presently speak, we likewise observe much neatness in the buildings; some of which are detached cottages. In a word, and to use the lively expressions of Mr. Inglis, it is such a place as might be chosen in a thousand by the lover of seclusion and quiet. Rising on the eastern side of the bay, half-way up a beautiful hill from the very border of the land, it commands a splendid sea view which reaches as far as the opposite coast of France in clear weather. The two towns communicate one with the other by a good carriage road running close to the beach, and at low water by a fine hard sand from one side of the bay to the other. The distance is little better than three miles.

"From what has been here stated it will not be difficult to conceive how in point of salubrity St. Aubin leaves nothing to desire. Its drainage is rendered effectual by a mill-stream proceeding from an adjoining valley and running at the lowest level of the town over a paved gutter which discharges itself into the subjacent harbour. Towards this stream all the sloping streets converge. On the level ground along the quays ample provision is made for the same important purpose by underground sewers also leading into the pier, which twice a day is freed from all noxious matter by the sea, excepting in neap tides. With such natural and artificial means it is easy to maintain a degree of cleanliness in this little town which greatly enhances its merits as a residence."

The remainder of this chapter is occupied by a comparative view of the towns of St. Helier and St. Aubin in regard to climate, and by a succinct account of the coast of St. Clement with the bays of Grouville and St. Catherine. These descriptive portions of the little volume before us are truly interesting.

The whole of the fifth chapter, a considerable proportion of so small a work, is devoted to a practical consideration of the diseases of the island of Jersey. But although not unacquainted with the diseases of England, and especially

with those of the British metropolis, we feel that we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak with confidence of Dr. Hooper as a professional writer. He does not speak as a man of authority and as a practitioner having great power over the maladies which surround him. We suspect that he possessed not the advantage of seeing much of what in this country we are apt to call active practice during the period of his education. We can scarcely suppose that a system of treatment which would prove exceedingly and almost uniformly inefficient for the subduction of certain formidable diseases in this country could be generally depended upon for their successful application in the corresponding maladies of Jersey. These remarks, it should be observed, are made in utter personal ignorance of the climate and diseases of that interesting island; and we close our notice of Dr. Hooper's publication with our sincere recommendation of its less professional contents to general perusal, without presuming on our right absolutely to disparage the somewhat twaddling contents of the fifth chapter.

The sixth and last chapter consists of a few general statements, too few and too general to be of much use, on the remedial properties of the climate of Jersey.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Bertrand, a Tragedy. By S. B. Harper, Esq. 8vo. Fraser.

It has seldom been our lot to peruse an imaginative production in which unquestionable beauties and the grossest defects and deformities are so thickly commingled. The author has yet much to study; and it would have been well if he had submitted his tragedy to the hand of some private and friendly critic, ere he had ventured to encounter a public ordeal. We have said that 'Bertrand' contains unquestionable beauties; its author has a rich and rather exuberant fancy, nor is he deficient in the poetical imagination of his characters. Indeed, with the indispensable requisites for successful tragic composition he is better provided than most of his competitors; and it rests with him to make himself in all respects what he aspires to, by that unsparing *limæ labor*, which is quite necessary to make a finished literary performance. We object very much to the use of coined words; for they are scarcely enduring even from a Wordsworth or a Coleridge, much less from a very young aspirant; and we may also hint at various grammatical solecisms that are to be found in it; but the introduction of gross and disgusting images is a more serious charge, and we must find room for one at least out of many extracts that might be made in support of it. In it there is nonsense as well as grossness:—

How's this, Sir, What doth bring to such a spot  
Such as thy dress proclaims thee? Why these foot-prints  
Stamped on the *thread-bare* soil? Whither, my lord,  
Are fled thy comrades? *Why, the filthy soil,*  
*Which battens on its browser's excrement,*  
*Disgorges up the whereabouts of treachery,*  
Finds voice and articleth, Traitors meet here!

Having given an extract to prove the defects of Bertrand, it is only fair that we should cite a passage that shall convince our readers as well as ourselves, that the work contains real beauties. It shall be taken from the part of Mariana the heroine, a warm-hearted and deeply-impassioned Spanish lady, one of the best drawn characters in the piece, and with this we must take our leave of the author, wishing him all the success which his poetic talents deserve in the high and ambitious walk that he has chosen.

*Enter MARIANA in great terror.*

MARIANA.

Oh, brother—dear brother! my dearest love,  
Save one!—oh, good, kind Lopez!—That choice one,—

That one alone I could love more than thou,—  
 A miracle of capacious, gen'ral love  
 To all mankind!—Oh, dear, gen'rous broterh!  
 What dost thou think? *(She falls into his arms.)*

LOPEZ.

I trust he is not dead!

MARIANA.

Dead! No, no, no! O no! not dead!

LOPEZ.

Not dead!

MARIANA.

No; he doth live!—That Heaven would not permit!  
 But they have tried, Lopez! Common night bravoes  
 Would fain have spoil'd his princely form! At night!  
 All by himself! Oh, cruel, low-born cowards!  
 But what doth ail thee, brother? Art thou deaf?  
 Thou stand'st as cold as though I were relating  
 Some tale of ordinary happening!  
 Art thou a man?—Hast thou a heart?—Or, have  
 My words fused up the current of thy blood?  
 Why, your teeth should chatter!—Your two fists clench!—  
 Your form convulse, like Ætna's womb in travail!—  
 Each partic'lar hair should jostle 'gainst the other,  
 In fury at the deed!—Your eyes should roll!  
 And, like a basilisk, kill me with looking!

LOPEZ.

Strong joy, that my dear sister's love hath thus  
 So narrowly escaped the murd'rous stroke,  
 Doth push the feeling of revenge quite out  
 My breast; nay, more—doth even make me feel  
 A kind of gratitude unto the slaves,  
 Because their fatal aim hath missed its mark.

MARIANA.

Oh! cold, soulless man!—as well might I  
 Have told my tale unto yon senseless image!  
 Feel gratitude to midnight murderers!  
 If Ferd'nand's royal arm had aimed the blow,  
 In jealousy, lest that poor, unqueen'd Joan  
 (Because her love hath wandered long to him)  
 Might give him title to unking his brow;  
 Then might'st thou feel "a kind of gratitude,"  
 That powerful majesty had missed its aim;  
 So as just at that then present instant,  
 T' eclipse the outbreakings of revenge. But hired  
 Night-prowling, indiscriminate stabbers!—  
 Why, the man's no more mettle than an ass!

*[Exit.]*

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Picturesque and Historical Recollections during a Tour through  
 Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland, in the summer of  
 1835. By MATTHEW O'CONOR, Esq.—London: Orr & Co.

THE writer of this volume is evidently a man of considerable knowledge. His style is lively and energetic. He possesses what few writers possess, the ability of describing every thing that comes under his notice, in so vivid a style, that the reader may be said to have before him a minute, yet interesting description of the varied scenery and public edifices of each town and country

through which he passed, which is enlivened with historical and classical reminiscences. The book is free from that party feeling, too often found in works that issue from the English press, treating of the Continent. Had we received the volume earlier we would have enriched our pages with copious extracts; as it is, we cheerfully recommend it to general perusal. To those persons who are about to visit the Continent this work will be found a valuable companion.

### PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

**GREENACRE.**—The portrait of Greenacre which adorns the frontispiece of a biography written by himself;—and which, in a variety of shapes has been presented to the public eye, would lead the observer to suppose that he possessed a fine elevated forehead and an excellent phrenological development. This, however, is very far from being the case, for a worse head than his can scarcely be imagined. It was below the average size, the forehead receded rapidly from the eyebrows, and the base was broad and expanded. The longitudinal vertex was sharp and ridgy, and fell off on each side so as to give the appearance which, by phrenologists, is denominated keel-shaped. The greatest breadth was in the region of destructiveness, which measured  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches from side to side. The breadth through Ideality being only 4 inches. The weight of brain, removed from the skull, was 2lb. 11oz.—the average weight being 3lb. 5oz.

Considered according to the divisions pointed out by Spurzheim, the upper or moral and religious region of the head, was particularly defective, especially the organs of Benevolence and Conscientiousness. The region so aptly denominated by the great founder of phrenology, poet's corner, which ordinarily forms the upper angle of the forehead, and is occupied by Ideality, Mirthfulness, &c., organs which tend materially to the refinement of character, was almost wanting. Veneration and Hope were the largest of the sentiments. But that region in which are placed the propensities of an entirely selfish character, was large and prominently developed. Thus, Destructiveness was very large, together with Alimentiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Secretiveness. Constructiveness was also large.

The social faculties were all large, and stood in the following relation to each other, Inhabitiveness, Amativeness, Attachment, and Philoprogenitiveness.

Of the inferior sentiments, Self-Esteem was the largest, then Love of Approbation and Cautiousness.

The intellectual faculties, which are situated in the front lobe of the brain, and give form to the forehead, were larger than in criminals generally convicted of heinous crimes. They were, however, far from possessing an average development with the rest of the brain. And the reflective organs which tend to give width to the forehead were very deficient.

The perceptive organs, as Individuality, Form, and Language, were large, and an individual possessed of these would pass current in the world as a shrewd and clever person, but, being deprived of reasoning power, would possess only that knowledge which is the result of memory, and which is generally very superficial.

The brain of Greenacre has been preserved, and an accurate cast has been made of his head.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

## ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

*Thursday, April 27th.*—About and after this time the benefit-nights produce the novelties. M. Conlon had the good taste to revive this evening “Don Giovanni,” the master-piece of the immortal Mozart, for his benefit; and he was well rewarded by one of the most crowded audiences that the Opera walls have ever contained. The manager has found it to his interest to present this opera two or three times since; and we are at a loss to conceive why, when this magnificent production is so universally a favourite, he should set before us so continually the affected prettinesses of *Donnizetti* and *Bellini*, instead of the acknowledged chef-d’œuvre of the highest composers. The “Don Giovanni” is so well known, that it would be an impertinence to offer on it our remarks; and we, therefore, content ourselves with a few observations on the present cast of the piece, which is strong and effective, except in the choruses which were not executed in a manner at all creditable to the house. *La Grisi* was the “*Donna Anna*,” and we think that she never looked better, sung more sweetly, or acted with greater feeling for her part. Of *Rubini’s* “*Giovanni*” we cannot speak in equally high terms. He treats the severe classical music of *Mozart*, just as he would the flowery compositions of the Italian school, and continually overlards the chaste melodies of his part with ornaments quite out of character with the general style of the opera. It is vain to suppose that this singer can alter what forms the essential character of his singing; but we may still hope that he will, when singing *Mozart’s* music, in some degree refrain from such exuberance of embellishments. They spoil, ruin its effect altogether. *Madame Albertazzi* was the “*Zerlina*” of the evening; and although her singing was chaste and graceful, there was a want of animation about her acting, that painfully recalled to our memory the spirit of *Pasta* and *Malibran*. This tameness was evident in the “*Vedrai carino*” more than in another that we heard. Her duet with *Rubini*, “*La ci darem*,” however, was very beautifully executed, and drew down very general applause. *Inchindi* was just respectable as “*Masetto*,” and we may say a very little more in praise of *Mademoiselle Assandri’s* “*Elvira*.” The best acted character of the opera was beyond all question the “*Leporello*” of *Lablache*, who makes the accommodating valet more grotesquely humorous than he ever was made by former personators. He seems to be full to overflowing with wit and fun; and then his tremendous voice most effectively seconds his comic abilities. “*Laughter holding both his sides*” had undisputed sway throughout the house. Of his way of treating the music, we may fairly say, that no one concerned in the piece understood the purity of *Mozart’s* composition, and knew how to exhibit it, as well as *Lablache*. His performance came as near to perfection as any thing we ever saw or heard on the Opera stage.

Thursday, May 4th.—Perhaps the finest specimen of the Italian opera buffa is the “*Matrimonio Segreto* ;” and it is highly creditable to Lablache’s taste, that he should have selected for his benefit a production so little known to our opera-frequenters, but so replete with pure and classical melody. The house was not so full as it might be expected to have been ; but the audience evinced by the warm reception which they gave Lablache how highly they value his great abilities. We need scarcely say that the *beneficiaire* himself was the “*Geronimo* :”—he both sung and acted quite *à merveille* and beyond all praise. Madame Albertazzi was the maiden aunt “*Fidalma* ;” but she had no conception of her character, and seemed content with doing the vocal business :—MaliRan was rather extravagant in her way of treating the part ; but in such a piece we could more easily tolerate over-colouring than cold correctness. Mademoiselle Assandri was an efficient representative of the petulant and jealous “*Elisetta* ;” and her singing in the concerted pieces indicated her possession of no ordinary musical science. The “*Carolina*” was of course consigned to Madame Grisi ; and to what better hands could it have been committed ? The music in many parts is extremely difficult, and could only have been executed by a singer of consummate skill : the dramatic part, besides, requires the exercise of very high histrionic talent to set it off to perfection. Grisi acquitted herself both as singer and actress in a way that called down, as it deserved, the warmest applause from all parts of the house.

May 16.—Costa’s ‘*Malek Adel*,’ which first appeared in Paris last season, was produced this evening for Rubini’s benefit. It professes to be founded on Madame Cottin’s ‘*Mathilde* ;’ but it is a most spiritless production,—one of the poorest affairs that ever served as a peg for music. The words, however, are quite good enough for the music, which is in the very worst style of the Italian school and cannot boast of novelty either in the melody or instrumentation. There is no overture to M. Costa’s opera, unless the introduction consisting of two or three pieces from the body of the opera be so called. The choruses, too, and the finales are feeble and ineffective. There were parts, however, which very much pleased us and showed that the composer, if not quite original, has great tact in adapting the ideas of other writers to his own purposes.

The close of the second act, including the fifth and sixth scenes, is unquestionably the best portion of the work. We were forcibly struck with the hymn performed within the convent. The conception of this scene, indeed, reflects no inconsiderable credit on the composer :—it is decidedly impressive, if not absolutely new. A quintett in the first act pleased us much, though it abounded with reminiscences. The brightest point, however, in the opera, is a solo for Malek, in which that heroic personage pledges himself to slay Lusignan. It is skilfully adapted for Rubini’s voice ; and splendidly was it delivered :—indeed Rubini was in his glory the whole night. Grisi, too, sang in her most finished manner—particularly a prayer in the second act. Lablache, Tamburini, Ivanoff, and Albertazzi, acquitted themselves with their usual excellence.

## DRURY-LANE.

*May 15.*—The appearance of Madame Schroöder Devrient as the representative of an anglicised *Fidelio* naturally induced many to apprehend a failure; and we must confess that we were not very sanguine as to her success. Every fear, however, vanished in less than an hour after the rise of the curtain. It is true that she has a foreign accent, which to very fastidious persons may be disagreeable; but she looks, speaks,—nay breathes the character so completely, that the hearer's attention is called off from minor defects to the absorbing beauties of her representation. Less dazzling than Malibran, she shines forth with an equal and steady light and illumines every part of the picture with beauty and transparency. Malibran's *Fidelio* when compared to Schroöder's was like a splendid melodrama placed by the side of a severely chaste and classical tragedy:—Malibran was great, but she must yield the palm to one, who so much better understands how to treat the music of Beethoven and to bring out all its latent beauties. With the exception of Wilson as Florestan and Seguin as Rococo, who acquitted themselves very respectably, we cannot say much in praise of those who supported the subordinate parts. The choruses in particular were very bad, and painfully reminded us of their inferiority to the German choruses some years ago. Madame Schroöder was evidently frightened on her first appearance and did not give full force to her part; but she has since entirely recovered her self-possession; and she now seems to be perfectly at ease in her English disguise.

*May 25.*—Mr. 'Balfé' has chosen a story from the life of 'the good queen Bess' for the subject of his new opera. The amorous queen falls in love with the Earl of Hertford, one of her courtiers and favourites,—who, however, being pre-engaged to the Lady Catherine Grey, cannot requite her affection. Her anger at a subjects' refusal of her proffered favours prompts her to deeds of violence; and her conduct to Lord Hertford and Lady C. Grey is neither very queenly nor very charitable. The lady is imprisoned, and the gentleman is condemned to death; but most suddenly and unaccountably Elizabeth relents, forgives the lovers, and joins their hands. The drama is tolerably well got up by the author; and the composer has done his part of the work in a manner highly creditable to himself. The melodies are new, and often very beautiful, and they are well adapted to the emphasis and expression of the words; and the finale,—which reminded us of the 'Non piu mesta' of the *Cenerentola*,—is one of the most beautiful pieces that we have ever seen. Mrs. Wood's performance in Catherine Grey was splendid; and if it brought out her faults, it at the same time exhibited her high excellencies both as a singer and actress. Miss Romer looked absolutely ridiculous as the Queen; but she must thank the author for placing her in her awkward position. Balfé played Hertford:—he looked well, and sang his own music admirably.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

*April 20th.*—Our space last month precluded any mention of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's "Brian Boroihme;" and, as it is more than probable that this miserable production will be merely matter of history, before our reader shall see these remarks, they may perhaps be

deemed supererogatory. But when a man, who has a reputation as a dramatic writer and whose past works justly claim for him the respect of the public, tries to foist on us as productions worthy of his talent the abortive attempts of his earlier days, he must expect that they will be rejected. It is true, that the piece has been revised and improved; but the result of such revision is a patchiness discernible even by persons of very moderate perceptive powers. Let Mr. Knowles sit down once more and address himself to the business of writing another "Hunchback" or another "Virginius." In these poverty-stricken times we cannot spare him; and he must show us that he can do something worthy of his first reputation: but no more "Wrecker's Daughter" or "Brian Boroihme." Above all, Mr. Knowles must doff the buskin; for, to be candid with him,—as a great actor was not many months back,—he knows no more of acting than he does of rope-dancing. If he will murder Shakspeare, let him: the writer of "Julius Cæsar" knows not death. But let him not murder his own productions. If he had followed a friend's advice with respect to the "Wrecker's Daughter" and *not* acted, the play would most probably have been saved. Mr. Knowles has altogether mistaken his *métier*.

*May 1st.*—The production of a new tragedy is now little more than a nine-days' wonder. They "come like shadows,—so depart," and leave no permanent impression on the memory. Mr. Macready paid *his friend* Mr. Browning the compliment of producing his tragedy of "Strafford" for his own benefit, and of personating the chief character of that drama. As a literary production, we cannot upon sound principles of criticism give it any thing beyond a very qualified praise; for we will never consent to the substitution of unfinished sentences and unmeaning repetitions for the plain-spoken expression of the feelings. The *quid-nuncs* among the theatrical critics most violently assailed Mr. Serjeant Talfourd for not producing a good *acting* play: will they venture to say that Mr. Browning's is a good *acting* play? Away with the silly distinction. Look at Shakspeare's—any or all of them,—are they not excellent both in the closet and on the stage:—look at Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" and "The New Way to Pay Old Debts:"—who will deny either to be good reading and acting plays? And in later days, although in an inferior degree, may we not award the same praise to the "Rienzi" of Miss Mitford and to the "Hunchback" of Knowles? The same *éloge* justice permits us not to give to "Strafford." As a reading play, it is altogether destitute of poetry,—indeed the book will be searched in vain for a poetic figure. But the baldness and prosaic character of the production are not the only faults with which it is chargeable. The character of the political renegade has been entirely mistaken by Mr. Browning; who has sunk the heroic pride and noble intrepidity of this bad but great man into a fawning fondness, a fretful, peevish, drivelling weakness of *morale*. The "Wentworth" of Mr. Browning is not the historic personage; and with regard to the language of his part, what person would take Mr. Browning's "Wentworth" to be what history says he was,—“one of the greatest masters of persuasion that age or any other produced?” Why look even at the Strafford of Vandyke; could the stern aristocrat on that painter's canvass con-

descend to such base refinings, such girlish lamentations? As respects the impetuosity of his temper some attempt has been made to portray this feature; but who, that reads the following extract from Act iii. Scene 3, which exhibits Wentworth's conduct after his trial, will say that it is aught else than "passion torn to tatters—o'erdoing Termagant—out-heroding Herod?"

(*The doors open, and STRAFFORD in the greatest disorder, and amid cries from within of "Void the House," staggers out. When he reaches the front of the stage, silence.*)

*Strafford.* Impeach me! Pym! I never struck, I think,  
The felon on that calm insulting mouth  
When it proclaimed—Pym's mouth proclaimed me—God!  
Was it a word, only a word that held  
The outrageous blood back on my heart—which beats!  
Which beats! Some one word—"Traitor," did he say,  
Bending that eye, brimful of bitter fire,  
Upon me?

*Maxwell.* (*Advancing.*) In the Commons' name, their servant  
Demands Lord Strafford's sword.

*Strafford.* What did you say?

*Maxwell.* The Commons bid me ask your Lordship's sword.

*STRAFFORD* (*suddenly recovering, and looking round, draws it, and turns to his followers.*)

Let us go forth—follow me, gentlemen—  
Draw your swords too—cut any down that bar us!  
On the King's service! Maxwell, clear the way!

(*The PRESBYTERIANS prepare to dispute his passage.*)

*Strafford.* Ha—true!—That is, you mistake me, utterly—  
I will stay—the king himself shall see me—here—  
Here—I will stay, Mainwaring!—First of all,  
(*To MAXWELL.*) Your tablets, fellow! (*He writes on them.*)  
(*To MAINWARING.*) Give that to the king!

Yes, Maxwell, for the next half-hour, I will—  
I will remain your prisoner, I will!

Nay, you shall take my sword! (*MAXWELL advances to take it.*)

No—no—not that!

Their blood, perhaps, may wipe out all thus far—  
All up to that—not that! Why, friend, you see  
When the king lays his head beneath my foot  
It will not pay for that! Go, all of you!

*Maxwell.* I grieve, my lord, to disobey: none stir.

*Strafford.* This gentle Maxwell! Do not touch him, Bryan!  
(*To the PRESBYTERIAN.*) Whichever cur of you will carry this  
I'll save him from the fate of all the rest—  
I'll have him made a peer—I'll—none will go?  
None?

(*Cries from within of "STRAFFORD."*)

(*To his FOLLOWERS.*) Slingsby, I've loved you at least—my friend,  
Stab me! I have not time to tell you why.

You then, dear Bryan! You Mainwaring, then!  
—Ah, that's because I spoke so hastily

At Allerton—the king had vexed me.

(*To the PRESBYTERIANS.*) You  
Miscreants—you then—that I'll exterminate!

Not even you? If I live over it  
 The king is sure to have your heads—you know  
 I'm not afraid of that—you understand  
 That if I chose to wait—made up my mind  
 To live this minute—he would do me right!  
 But what if I can't live this minute through?  
 If nothing can repay that minute? Pym  
 With his pursuing smile—Pym to be there!

(*Louder cries of "STRAFFORD."*)

The king! I troubled him, stood in the way.  
 Of his negotiations, was the one  
 Great obstacle to peace, the enemy  
 Of Scotland; and he sent for me, from York,  
 My safety guaranteed, having prepared  
 A parliament! I see! And at Whitehall  
 The queen was whispering with Vane—I see  
 The trap! I curse the king! I wish Pym well!  
 Wish all his brave friends well! Say, all along  
 Strafford was with them—all along, at heart,  
 I hated Charles and wished them well! And say

(*tearing off the George and dashing it down*)

That as I tread this gewgaw under foot,  
 I cast his memory from me! One stroke, now!

(*His own adherents disarm him. Renewed cries of "STRAFFORD."*)

I'll not go—they shall drag me by the hair!

(*Changing suddenly to calm.*) England! I see her arm in this! I yield.

Why—'tis the fairest triumph! Why desire  
 To cheat them? I would never stoop to that—  
 Be mean enough for that! Let all have end!  
 Don't repine, Slingsby—have they not a right?  
 They claim me—hearken—lead me to them, Bryan!  
 No—I myself should offer up myself.

Pray you now—Pym awaits me—pray you now!

(*Putting aside those who attempt to support him, STRAFFORD reaches the doors  
 —they open wide. HAMPDEN, &c., and a crowd discovered; and at the bar,  
 PYM standing apart. As STRAFFORD kneels the scene shuts.*)

To Mr. Macready the author owes a heavy debt. In the hands of whom else, but such a consummately talented actor, could such balderdash have failed to meet with immediate damnation? His exertions to save the credit of his friend were for a while triumphant; but he could not make him the partner of his glory. The actor was honoured, while the author was disgraced. If such was the portraiture of "Strafford," the great and only hero of the piece, what shall we say of the other and less conspicuous actors in the drama? "Pym," instead of being the high-minded and patriotic being, who would sink every private consideration in a regard for the public good, is, in the play, a mere political intriguer of no very high order, and one whom private feelings and not public principles have led to oppose the *çi-devant* reformer. Vandenhoff looked the stern patriot to admiration, and spoke what was set down for him with a spirit which showed that he understood "Pym"—at least as well as the author. As for "Charles," the part which was most weakly conceived was more detestably acted by Mr. Dale. "Lady Carlisle,"

“a character purely imaginative,” which was assigned to Helen Faucit, is little more than a namby-pamby, well-affectioned girl, with very common feelings displayed under very uncommon circumstances. Indeed we may say of this tragedy, that, if Aristotle was correct in saying that its object is to purify the passions through the influence of pity and terror, it is sadly misnamed; for we should think very ill of the mental constitution of any one, who could pity the fate of such a driveller as “Strafford” or be terrified by the fustian uttered in the torrents of his passion.

Our readers must not think us tedious, if we venture on another extract from the closing scene, which was most splendidly acted by Macready and Vandenhoff: indeed, it was a triumph of art. We have italicised a passage or two; and they need only to be marked in order to be rated at their true value by men of sense. They will illustrate better than mere statements the charge of “vain repetitions,” “undefined expressions, and unmeaning bombast that we urge against Mr. Browning as the author of “Strafford.”

(As STRAFFORD opens the door, PYM is discovered with HAMPDEN, VANE, &c. STRAFFORD falls back to the front of the stage: PYM follows slowly and confronts him.)

*Pym.* Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose great sake  
I still have laboured for, with disregard  
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made  
Barren, *my future dark*, to offer up  
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here,  
That walked in youth with me, loved me it may be,  
And whom, for his forsaking England’s cause,  
I hunted by all means (trusting that she  
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave  
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel  
*No bitter pang than first I felt*, the hour  
I swore that Wentworth might leave us,—but I  
Would never leave him: I do leave him now!  
I render up my charge (be witness, God!)  
To England who imposed it! I have done  
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be  
With ill effects—for I am but a man—  
*Still, I have done my best, my very best,*  
*Not faltering for a moment! I have done!*

(After a pause.)

And that said, *I will say—yes, I will say*  
I never loved but this man—David not  
More Jonathan! Even thus, I love him now:  
And look for my chief portion in that world  
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,  
(*Soon it may be—and—yes—it will be soon:*  
My mission over, I shall not live long!)—  
Aye here I know I talk—and I will talk  
Of England, and her great reward, as all  
I look for there; but in my inmost heart  
Believe I think of stealing quite away  
To walk once more with Wentworth—with my friend  
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,  
And Eliot shall not blame us! Then indeed—

(This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears rise up  
Too hot—A thin mist—is it blood?—enwraps  
The face I loved so!) Then, shall the meeting be!  
Then—then—then—I may kiss that hand, I know!

*Strafford.* (*Walks calmly up to Pym and offers his hand.*)  
I have loved England too; we'll meet then, Pym!  
As well to die! Youth is the time—our youth,  
To think and to decide on a great course:  
Age with its action follows; but 'tis dreary  
To have to alter one's whole life in age—  
The time past, the strength gone! as well die now.  
When we meet, Pym; I'd be set right—not now!  
I'd die as I have lived—too late to change!  
Best die. Then if there's any fault, it will  
Be smothered up: much best! You'll be too busy  
With your hereafter, you will have achieved  
Too many triumphs to be always dwelling  
Upon my downfall, Pym? Poor little Laud  
May dream his dream out of a perfect church  
In some blind corner! *And there's no one left—*

(*He glances on the KING.*)

I trust the king now wholly to you, Pym!  
*And yet—I know not! What if with this weakness—  
And I shall not be there—And he'll betray  
His friends—if he has any—And he's false—  
And loves the queen, and—*

Oh, my fate is nothing—  
Nothing! *But not that awful head—not that!*

Pym, save the king! Pym, save him! Stay—you shall—  
For you love England! I, that am dying, think  
What I must see—'tis here—all here! *My God!*  
*Let me but gasp out, in one word of fire,  
How Thou wilt plague him, satiating hell!*  
*What? England that you love—our land—become  
A green and putrefying charnel, left  
Our children—some of us have children, Pym—  
Some who, without that, still must ever wear  
A darkened brow, an over-serious look,  
And never properly be young.*

No word!

You will not say a word—to me—to him!

(*Turning to CHARLES.*)

Speak to him, as you spoke to me, that day!  
Nay, I will let you pray to him, my king,  
Pray to him! He will kiss your feet, I know!

*What if I curse you? Send a strong curse forth  
Clothed from my heart, lapped round with horror, till  
She's fit, with her white face, to walk the world,  
Scaring kind natures from your cause and you—  
Then to sit down with you, at the board-head,  
The gathering for prayer—*

Vane. O speak, Pym! Speak!

*Strafford.* Creep up, and quietly follow each one home—  
You—you—you—be a nestling care for each  
To sleep with, hardly moaning in his dreams—  
She gnaws so quietly—until he starts—

*Gets off with half a heart eaten away—*

*Oh you shall 'scape with less if she's my child!]*

*Vane* (to Pym). We never thought of this—surely not dreamed  
Of this—it never can—could come to this!

*Pym* (after a pause). If England should declare her will to me—

*Strafford*. No—not for England, now—not for heaven, now—

See, Pym—for me! My sake! I kneel to you!

There—I will thank you for the death—my friend,

*This* is the meeting—you will send me proud

To my chill grave! Dear Pym—I'll love you well!

Save him for me, and let me love you well!

*Pym*. England—I am thine own! Dost thou exact

That service? I obey thee to the end!

*Strafford* (as he totters out). O God, I shall die first—I shall die first!

We do not deny the author's possession of considerable tact in the management of his dramatic situations; and he has, no doubt, shadowed in his own mind the individuality of "Strafford;" but, allowing that he had made no mistake in the conception of the character, he has not, independently of that, sketched it in such a way as to give to others an idea of his meaning. What Macready makes the character, he did not get from his written part: he either created a being of his own or else read what history tells us of the real "Strafford," who, notwithstanding his shameful tergiversation, still deserves our pity, as a high-spirited though mistaken man offering himself as an unavailing sacrifice for the sinfulness and insincerity of an obstinate tyrant and master.

By the way, we may observe, in conclusion, how injudicious it is for an author's friends and *claqueurs* to call on him to appear before the audience, when such a feeling with respect to the play was manifested, as was *really* the case, on the first night of its representation. The whole system—now so much in vogue,—of calling on actors to make an unmeaning bow, is at once indelicate towards the performer and ridiculous in the audience. "Oh, reform it altogether." Such persons as Macready, Vandenhoff, Farren, and Helen Faucit, ought to give a lesson to public taste by leaving the house instantly after the conclusion of the play. A few unsuccessful calls would soon tire the most noisy audience.

## JOURNAL OF FACTS.

*British Museum.* We are happy to inform our readers, that the new regulations with regard to this establishment, show an increased spirit of liberality on the part of the Trustees. The hours during which the collections and reading-rooms are open, have been increased, and many other steps have been taken, which, if they be not effective reforms, will at least be received as promises of better times.

The public are admitted to the British Museum on *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, between the hours of Ten and Four, from the 7th September to the 1st May; and between the hours of Ten and Seven from the 7th May to the 1st September.

Persons are admitted to the Reading Rooms every day, from Nine o'Clock in the Morning until Four in the Afternoon, between the 7th September and the 1st May, and until Seven in the Evening between the 7th May and the 1st September.

Artists are admitted to the Galleries of Sculpture every day, between the hours of Nine and Four, except Saturday.

The Museum is closed between the 1st and 7th January, the 1st and 7th May, and the 1st and 7th September, and on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas-day, and also on any Special Fast or Thanksgiving Day ordered by Authority.

### RECEIPTS.

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Balance in hand, Dec. 25, 1835	527	3	6
Parliamentary grants, 1836	21429	10	0
Dividends on Stock bequeathed, &c.	1289	15	8
Rent of Estate left by the Duke of Bridgewater	20	15	5
Sale of Museum Publications, &c.	361	1	10
	23628	6	5

### PAYMENTS.

	Actual Out- lay in 1836.			Estimate for 1837.		
	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Salaries	4395	18	10	6200	0	0
Domestic charges :—Coals, Gas, Taxes, &c.	1190	5	9	1420	0	0
Binding and Stationery	1388	15	9	1700	0	0
Purchase of MSS.	2724	2	0	700	0	0
— Printed Books	2002	6	3	3750	0	0
— Maps				250	0	0
— Minerals	577	9	0	700	0	0
— Zoological Specimens	529	4	4	1500	0	0
— Botanical do.	22	5	6	20	0	0
— Coins	765	11	0	1050	0	0
— Engravings	195	13	6	350	0	0
— Casts of Marbles	219	16	11	219	16	11
Printing, &c.	1174	2	3	1320	0	0
Moulds, casts, and repairs of Antiquities	374	0	7	1519	16	11
Law Expenses	58	5	8	100	0	0
	23291	7	5	30853	19	7

EXPENDITURE OF SPECIAL PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS

Received during the Year 1836.

	£	s.	d.
Paid for Egyptian Antiquities, including Sarcophagus of the Queen of Amasis - - - - -	855	5	10
Due to the Representatives of Messrs. Sotheby, for Egyptian Antiquities purchased in 1836 - - - - -	62	18	2
For the purchase of Antique Vases - - - - -	3473	18	7
For the purchase of Etchings by the Dutch Masters - - - - -	5000	0	0
For the Purchase of a MS. Bible, said to have belonged to Charlemagne - - - - -	750	0	0
	£10142 2 7		

	1831.	1836.
Persons admitted to see the British Museum collections	99912	383157
—    —    Reading Rooms - - - - -	38200	62360
—    —    Print Room - - - - -	4400	2916
Students and Artists to the Sculpture Galleries - - - - -	4938	7052

Capital and Population employed in Manufactures.—The following account, founded on Mr. McCulloch's observations, seems on the whole fit to be depended on.

	Pop. employed.	Value.
Coal trade - - - - -	135000	£7945000
Iron-smelting - - - - -	220000	7500000
Copper, Tin, and Lead - - - - -	78000	2600000
Salt - - - - -	8000	650000
Stone and Slate - - - - -	4800	74250
Fisheries - - - - -	83000	3500000
Woollen Manufactures - - - - -	334600	22500000
Cotton ditto - - - - -	1500000	32500000
Linen ditto - - - - -	185000	8000000
Silk ditto - - - - -	207300	6600000
Hardware, Trinkets, &c. - - - - -	325000	17000000
Watches and Jewellery - - - - -	14120	1692270
Leather - - - - -	233000	13500000
Earthenware - - - - -	58000	2350000
Glass - - - - -	50000	2000000
Paper - - - - -	28000	1300000
Hats - - - - -	34000	2520000
Soap and Candles - - - - -	not known	6773000
Coach-making - - - - -	6800	1230000

We are not able to go into authentic details with respect to other manufactures.

Church Bells.—A new and powerful, but economical species of bell has been invented by a blacksmith of Thuringia. It is made with three bars of steel forming a triangle.

Greenwich Railway.—During the ho-

liday time of Whitsuntide from the 11th to the 17th of May, the passengers on this railway amounted to 76,121,—the amount received being £2,090. 8s. 5d. The returns during the corresponding days at Easter, were,—passengers, 62,802 —returns, £1,734. 1s. 2d.

*Stone Meal used in China for Food in the time of Famine.*—In the vast empire of China the most terrible famines sometimes occur. Men of wealth have been reduced to sell their wives and children, furniture, and houses to procure food, and that food, perhaps, nothing more than the rind of a tree, or a decomposed stone found occasionally in the mountains. The Chinese assert that this stone is a miraculous production. However, there is little doubt that it is merely a soft whitish stone pulverized by the sun and air, and, if sought for, to be found probably at any time. M. Biot has lately taken pains to enquire into the causes of those calamities which drive an industrious people to such extremities. China contains immense plains in a high state of cultivation, with large rivers running through them, the beds of which are obliged to be kept clean, by great labour, from the perpetual deposits. While these rivers are restrained within their due bounds by the artificial banks thrown up for the purpose, they afford the means of fruitful irrigation; but when they once overflow, they spread devastation to an indescribable extent. Hundreds of thousands of acres are involved in one common ruin, and the poor wretches that escape drowning fly to the mountains to perish by thousands for want of food. It is in this destitution they seek out these stones, and not having previously taken the trouble to look for them, they attribute their appearance to miracles.

*National Maps.*—It is in contemplation to recommend a National survey of the whole of England, on a scale sufficiently large to set down every road, path, hedge, ditch, and boundary, throughout the country. In the Irish survey, the plan is about six inches to the mile. This probably would be large enough, and if, when once executed, every parish had half a dozen or more copies of its own district, and was afterwards compelled at the end of every year or oftener, to lay in any alteration that had occurred, we could at all times command a perfect plan of the country, with an accurate chronology of its varying features. Of what immense value would this be to the laying out of railways, canals, &c., especially if the principal levels were also recorded on the maps. This has been done in Bavaria with great success by the government.

*Velocity of the River Amazon.*—The swelling tide of the mighty Amazon for the space of 600 miles before it discharges its flood into the deep, has only a fall of 10½ feet, which is about 1-5th of an inch per mile. For the space of 600 miles from the embouchure of this great river, the tides of the Atlantic silently oppose its lazy flow, but above this point the declivity is about six inches per mile, and the mean hydraulic depth, perhaps, about seventy fathoms; hence, the velocity of its waters must be between fourteen and fifteen miles per hour. At this point, therefore, the opposition is dreadfully increased, and the conflict of the water is tremendous; the action of this enormous hydraulic ram of nature produces such a revulsion in the waters of the Amazon, that waves, rising sometimes to the height of 180 feet, roll back upon the rapid stream with the noise of a cataract, overwhelming all the banks of the Orellanic region. This phenomenon, justly called the *bore*, or by the Indians, *pororoca*, must for ever impede the useful navigation of this king of rivers.

*Proportion of Births and Deaths.*—In most nations of Europe the yearly births are as one in thirty, while the deaths are as one in forty; that is to say, the increase in ten years is nearly nine per cent. The greatest increase of population yet observed is in the United States, where, independently of the gains from migration, (about 58,000 yearly,) the population has increased for some time, at the rate of thirty-two per cent in ten years. This is just twice the rate of increase observable in England.

*Migration to America.*—The gain to N. America previously to 1820 did not exceed 20,000 annually; but the numbers have greatly increased. Between 1825 and 1829 the immigration of British and Irish was at the rate of 23,050 annually; but between 1829 and 1834 the average was 73,440. Ireland sends about 23,000 yearly.

*Decrease of Deaths in England.*—In England the progressive diminution of the mortality during the four decennial periods from 1780 to 1820, was extremely regular. Out of a constant population of 1,000, the annual deaths at the four decennial periods ending with 1790, 1800, 1810, and 1820, were 27, 25, 22, and 20, respectively. The introduction of *Vaccination* in 1800 produced no interruption in the course of diminution then in progress. It can hardly be denied that the deaths from small-pox have been diminished by vaccination; but it may be doubted whether the deaths from other

diseases have not been proportionally increased. The diminution in the aggregate mortality of the English nation has been derived wholly from the diminution of the mortality of children.

*Railway from Vienna to Milan.*—The railroad from Vienna to Milan is approved by the emperor, and all the shares are disposed of. It will commence on the island on which the custom-house is built, and be carried over arches to the main land. It is calculated that the journey from Vienna to Milan will be performed in six hours.

*Earthquake in Greece.*—The *Venice Gazette* of April 17, gives details of a second earthquake in Greece, which has had the most deplorable consequences. It happened on the 1st of April, in the four islands of Hydra, Spezzia, Poros, and Santorino. The shocks continued a week, and it seems that the central point from which they proceeded was the last island, almost the whole of which has disappeared. It is said that above 4,000 persons perished; but we hope that these accounts are greatly exaggerated. The accounts from Trieste of the 18th have news of the 3rd of April, received from Athens, which give a dreadful picture of the disasters of Santorino, the town and its inhabitants having been swallowed up by the sea, and no vestige remaining.

*Female Education in France.*—In the elementary schools, the present number of which is 43,951, the total number of children attending is 2,453,954,—of whom 1,627,110 are boys, and 826,844 girls. By a reference to the population returns, it will be seen that the girls thus educated do not amount to one-sixth of the female population between the ages of four and fifteen:—hence it cannot be doubted that there still remain as many as 13,000,000 females not enjoying the blessings of public education.—*Central Society of Education.*

*London and Birmingham Railway.*—The Watford tunnel on this railway is now completed. It is one mile and seventy yards in length, twenty-five feet high, and twenty-four in width. The greatest portion of it is through sand and gravel mixed, which render the work difficult and dangerous. The embankment along the Coln valley, Watford, seventy feet in height, is also finished. We understand that a few miles near

town are to be opened for the running of carriages during the present month (June)

*Origin of Savings Banks.*—The first bank of this nature in Europe was opened at Berne in 1787; and its object was to induce the domestic servants of that place to husband their savings. The sphere of its operations was soon enlarged, and in 1829 the deposits amounted to 831,000 francs (£33,240) of which about one-fifth belonged to mechanics. The institution set up at Geneva about the same time failed for want of encouragement. The savings bank at Basle, still existing, was established in 1792. The earliest in England was that at Tottenham—opened in 1798.

*Consumption of Coal in England.*—The following statement is taken from Mr. M'Culloch's Statistics of the B. Empire.

	Tons
Domestic consumption, &c...	15,000,000
Production of 700,000 tons	
of Iron .....	3,850,000
Cotton manufacture	
(240,000,000 lb.....)	800,000
Woollen, linen, silk, &c, ...	500,000
Copper-smelting, lead-works,	
brass-working, &c, .....	450,000
Salt-works .....	300,000
Lime-works.....	500,000
	21,400,000
Exports to Ireland, colonies, &c	1,350,000

22,750,000

*Agricultural Schools.*—The general adoption of such establishments would be a great boon to the peasantry of this country,—if at least it be the most important business of education to train children to honest and industrious habits. We are happy to see schools destined for country children established and in active operation at Ealing, Winkfield near Windsor, Chelmsford, Ockham in Surrey, Lindfield near Cuckfield in Surrey, and one or two other places. That boys should be taught gardening and the use of tools—that they should learn, in short, those common businesses which are calculated to make them adroit and independent rural labourers—is highly desirable; and the success which the plans pursued in the above places have met with, ought to induce persons throughout the country to forward such philanthropic measures.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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*The following works have just appeared:—*

No. 5. of *The Churches of London.* By George Godwin, junr. Architect, and John Britton.

Part X. of *The Shakspeare Gallery.*

Part X. of *Fisher's Views in Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c.*

No. XXX. of *Winkless's Cathedrals.*

Part VI. of *Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.*

No. XXXIX. of Vol. IV. of *The Architectural Magazine.*

Nos. XXXVI. and XXXVII. of *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum.*

Part LXXV. of *The Encyclopædia Britannica.*

*A Little Book for Little Readers.*

*The Child's First Book of Manners.*

\* \* These two little volumes are neatly got up, and are well suited for young children.

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*The following will appear immediately:—*

*Eureka*—by the author of "*Mephistopheles in England.*" 3 Vols. post 8vo.

*The Poet's Daughter*,—a novel, in 3 vols. 8vo.

*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany*, 2 Vols. 8vo.

*Snarley Yow*, 3 Vols. post 8vo.,—by Captain Marryat.

*Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.*

END OF VOL. XXIII.



PRESENTED

= 8 DEC 1949











