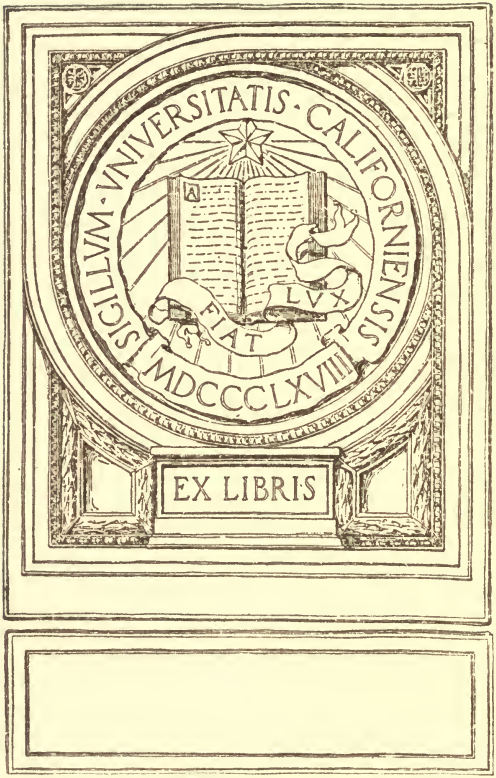
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OUTRE-MER;

A PILGRIMAGE

BEYOND THE SEA.

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it woulde come into my mynde.—SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

The cheerful breeze sets fair; we fill our sail,
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unites his bags of wind,
Then we lay-to, and let the blast go by.

HERDIS.

WORTHY AND GENTLE READER,

I dedicate this little book to thee with many fears and misgivings of heart. Being a stranger to thee, and having never administered to thy wants nor to thy pleasures, I can ask nothing at thy hands, saving the common courtesies of life. Perchance, too, what I have written will be little to thy taste;—for it is little in accordance with the stirring spirit of the present age. If so, I crave thy forbearance for having thought, that even the

busiest mind might not be a stranger to those moments of repose, when the clock of time clicks drowsily behind the door, and trifles become the amusement of the wise and great.

Besides, what perils await the adventurous author, who launches forth into the uncertain current of public favour in so frail a bark as this! The very rocking of the tide may overset him; or peradventure some freebooting critic, prowling about the great ocean of letters, may descry his strange colours,—hail him through a gray goose-quill, and perhaps sink him without more ado. Indeed, the success of an unknown author is as uncertain as the wind. "When a book is first to appear in the world," says a celebrated French writer, "one knows not whom to consult to learn its destiny. The stars preside not over its nativity. Their influences have no operation on it; and the most confident astrologers dare not foretell the diverse risks of fortune it must run."

It is from such considerations, worthy reader, that I would fain bespeak thy friendly offices at the outset. But in asking these, I would not forestall thy good opinion too far, lest in the sequel I should disappoint thy kind wishes. I ask only a welcome and God-speed; hoping,

that when thou hast read these pages, thou wilt say to me, in the words of Nick Bottom, the weaver, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb."

Very sincerely thine,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

PILGRIM OF OUTRE-MER.

Si j'ai long tems été en Romanie,
Et outre-mer fait mon pelerinage.

THIBAUT, ROI DE NAVARRE.

THE

PILGRIM OF OUTRE-MER.

I am a Palmer, as ye se,
Whiche of my lyfe muche part have spent,
In many a fayre and farre cuntrie,
As pilgrims do of good intent.

THE FOUR P's.

'LYSTENYTH, ye godely gentylmen, and all that ben hereyn!' I am a pilgrim benighted on my way, and crave a shelter till the storm is over, and a seat by the fireside in this honourable company. As a stranger I claim this courtesy at your hands; and will repay your hospitable welcome with tales of the countries I have passed through in my pilgrimage.

This is a custom of the olden time. In the days of chivalry and romance, every baron bold, perched aloof in his feudal castle, welcomed the stranger to his halls, and listened with delight to

the pilgrim's tale, and the song of the troubadour. Both pilgrim and troubadour had their tales of wonder from a distant land, embellished with the magic of oriental exaggeration. Their salutation was,

> 'Lordyng lysnith to my tale,
> That is meryer than the nightingale.'

The soft luxuriance of the eastern clime bloomed in the song of the bard; and the wild and romantic tales of regions so far off as to be regarded as almost a fairy land, were well suited to the childish credulity of an age when what is now called the old world was in its childhood. Those times have passed away. The world has grown wiser and less credulous; and the tales which then delighted delight no longer. But man has not changed his nature. He still retains the same curiosity—the same love of novelty—the same fondness for romance, and tales by the chimney-corner—and the same desire of wearing out the rainy day and the long winter evening with the illusions of fancy, and the fairy sketches of the poet's imagination. It is as true now as ever, that

> 'Off talys, and tryfulles, many man tellys;
> Sume byn trew, and sume byn ellis;

A man may dryfe forthe the day that long tyme dwellis
Wyth harpyng, and pipyng, and other mery spellis,
Wyth gle, and wyth game.'

The Pays d'Outre-Mer, or the Land beyond the Sea, is a name by which the pilgrims and crusaders of old usually designated the Holy Land. I, too, in a certain sense, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer; for to my youthful imagination the old world was a kind of Holy Land, lying afar off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean; and when its shores first rose upon my sight, looming through the hazy atmosphere of the sea, my heart swelled with the deep emotions of the pilgrim, when he sees afar the spire which rises above the shrine of his devotion.

In this my pilgrimage, "I have passed many lands and countries, and searched many full strange places." I have traversed France from Normandy to Navarre; smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn; floated through Holland in a Trekschuit; trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university; wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy; and listened to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquiver. The recollection of many of the scenes I have passed through is still fresh in my mind;

while the memory of others is fast fading away, or is blotted out for ever. But now I will stay the too busy hand of time, and call back the shadowy past. Perchance the old and the wise may accuse me of frivolity; but I see in this fair company the bright eye and listening ear of youth, —an age less rigid in its censure and more willing to be pleased. "To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-passions, and sweet embracements feigned by the muse mongst hills and rivers; whatsoever tastes of description, battel, story, abstruse antiquity, and law of the kingdome, to the more severe critic. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other, a happy attendance of their chosen muses."*

And now, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, give me attentive audience:—

'Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.'

---

* Selden's Prefatory Discourse to the notes in Drayton's Poly-Olbion.

THE

NORMAN DILIGENCE.

THE

NORMAN DILIGENCE.

The French guides, otherwise called the postilians, have one most diabolicall custome in their travelling upon the wayes. Diabolicall it may be well called; for whensoever their horses doe a little anger them, they will say in their fury, *Allons, diable*, —that is, Go, thou divel. This I know by mine own experience.

CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

It was early in the "leafy month of June" that I travelled through the beautiful province of Normandy. As France was the first foreign country I visited, every thing wore an air of freshness and novelty, which pleased my eye, and kept my fancy constantly busy. Life was like a dream. It was a luxury to breathe again the free air, after having been so long cooped up at sea: and, like a long-imprisoned bird let loose from its cage, my imagi-

nation revelled in the freshness and sunshine of the morning landscape.

On every side, valley and hill were covered with a carpet of soft velvet green. The birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the landscape wore that look of gayety so well described in the quaint language of an old romance, making the "sad, pensive, and aching heart to rejoice, and to throw off mourning and sadness." Here and there a cluster of chestnut-trees shaded a thatch-roofed cottage, and little patches of vineyard were scattered on the slope of the hills, mingling their delicate green with the deep hues of the early summer grain. The whole landscape had a fresh breezy look. It was not hedged in from the highways, but lay open to the eye of the traveller, and seemed to welcome him with open arms. I felt less a stranger in the land; and as my eye traced the dusty road winding along through a rich cultivated country, and skirted on either side with blossomed fruit-trees, and occasionally caught glimpses of a little farm-house resting in a green hollow, and lapped in the bosom of plenty, I felt that I was in a prosperous, hospitable, and happy land.

I had taken my seat on top of the diligence, in order to have a better view of the country. It

was one of those ponderous vehicles which totter slowly along the paved roads of France, labouring beneath a mountain of trunks and bales of all descriptions; and, like the Trojan horse, bore a groaning multitude within it. It was a curious and cumbersome machine, resembling the bodies of three coaches placed upon one carriage, with a cabriolet on top for outside passengers. On the panels of each door were painted the fleurs-de-lis of France, and upon the side of the coach emblazoned, in golden characters, "Exploitation Générale des Messageries Royales des Diligences pour le Havre, Rouen, et Paris."

It would be useless to describe the motley groups that filled the four quarters of this little world. There was the dusty tradesman, with green coat and cotton umbrella; the sallow invalid, in scull-cap and cloth shoes; the priest in his cassock; the peasant in his frock, and a whole family of squalling children. My fellow-travellers on top were, a gay subaltern, with fierce mustache, and a nut-brown village beauty of sweet sixteen. The subaltern wore a military undress, and a little blue cloth cap, in the shape of a cow-bell, trimmed smartly with silver lace, and cocked on one side of his head. The brunette was decked out with a staid white Norman cap, nicely starched and

plaited, and nearly three feet high, a rosary and cross about her neck, a linsey-woolsey gown, and wooden shoes.

The personage who seemed to rule this little world with absolute sway was a short pursy man, with a busy, self-satisfied air, and the sonorous title of Monsieur le Conducteur. As insignia of office, he wore a little round fur cap and fur-trimmed jacket; and carried in his hand a small leathern port-folio, containing his way-bill. He sat with us on top of the diligence, and with comic gravity issued his mandates to the postillion below, like some petty monarch speaking from his throne. In every dingy village we thundered through, he had a thousand commissions to execute and to receive: a package to throw out on this side, and another to take in on that; a whisper for the landlady at the inn; a love-letter and a kiss for her daughter; and a wink or a snap of his fingers for the chambermaid at the window. Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered while changing horses! Everybody had a word to say. It was Monsieur le Conducteur! here; Monsieur le Conducteur! there. He was in complete bustle; till at length crying *En route!* he ascended the dizzy height, and we lumbered away in a cloud of dust.

But what most attracted my attention was the grotesque appearance of the postillion and the horses. He was a comical-looking little fellow, already past the heyday of life, with a thin, sharp countenance, to which the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of wine had given the dusty look of wrinkled parchment. He was equipped in a short jacket of purple velvet, set off with a red collar, and adorned with silken cord. Tight pantaloons of bright yellow leather arrayed his pipe-stem legs, which were swallowed up in a huge pair of wooden boots, iron-fastened, and armed with long rattling spurs. His shirt-collar was of vast dimensions, and between it and the broad brim of his high, bell-crowned, varnished hat projected an eel-skin queue, with a little tuft of frizzled hair, like a powder-puff, at the end, bobbing up and down with the motion of the rider, and scattering a white cloud around him.

The horses which drew the diligence were harnessed to it with ropes and leather, and in the most uncouth manner imaginable. They were five in number; black, white, and gray—as various in size as in colour. Their tails were braided and tied up with wisps of straw; and when the postillion mounted and cracked his heavy whip, off they started; one pulling this way, an-

other that,—one on the gallop, another trotting, and the rest dragging along at a scrambling pace, between a trot and a walk. No sooner did the vehicle get comfortably in motion, than the postillion, throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, and drawing a flint and steel from one pocket and a short-stemmed pipe from another, leisurely struck fire, and began to smoke. Ever and anon some part of the rope-harness would give way; *Monsieur le Conducteur* from on high would thunder forth an oath or two; a head would be popped out at every window; half a dozen voices exclaim at once, "What's the matter?" and the postillion, apostrophizing the *diable* as usual, thrust his long whip into the leg of his boot, leisurely dismount, and drawing a handful of packthread from his pocket, quietly set himself to mend matters in the best way possible.

In this manner we toiled slowly along the dusty highway. Occasionally the scene was enlivened by a group of peasants, driving before them a little ass, laden with vegetables for a neighbouring market. Then we would pass a solitary shepherd, sitting by the road-side, with a shaggy dog at his feet, guarding his flock, and making his scanty meal on the contents of his wallet; or perchance a little peasant girl, in wooden shoes, leading a

cow by a cord attached to her horns, to browse along the side of the ditch. Then we would all alight to ascend some formidable hill on foot, and be escorted up by a clamorous group of sturdy mendicants,—annoyed by the ceaseless importunity of worthless beggary, or moved to pity by the palsied limbs of the aged, and the sightless eyeballs of the blind.

Occasionally, too, the postillion drew up in front of a dingy little cabaret, completely overshadowed by wide-spreading trees. A lusty grape-vine clambered up beside the door; and a pine bough was thrust out from a hole in the wall, by way of tavern bush. Upon the front of the house was generally inscribed in large black letters, "ICI ON DONNE A BOIRE ET A MANGER; ON LOGE A PIED ET A CHEVAL;" a sign which may be thus paraphrased —"Good entertainment for man and beast;" but which was once translated by a foreigner, "Here they give to eat and drink; they lodge on foot and on horseback!"

Thus one object of curiosity succeeded another; hill, valley, stream, and woodland flitted by me like the shifting scenes of a magic lantern, and one train of thought gave place to another; till at length, in the after part of the day, we

entered the broad and shady avenue of fine old trees which leads to the western gate of Rouen, and a few moments afterward were lost in the crowds and confusion of its narrow streets.

THE GOLDEN LION INN, AT ROUEN.

THE

GOLDEN LION INN.

Monsieur Vinot. Je veux absolument un Lion d'Or; parce qu'on dit, Où allez-vous? Au Lion d'Or!—D'où venez-vous? Du Lion d'Or!—Où irons-nous? Au Lion d'Or!—Où y a-t-il de bon vin? Au Lion d'Or!

LA ROSE ROUGE.

THIS answer of Monsieur Vinot must have been running in my head as the diligence stopped at the Messagerie; for when the porter, who took my luggage, said,—

"Où allez-vous, monsieur?"

I answered, without reflection (for be it said with all the veracity of a traveller, at that time I did not know there was a golden lion in the city),

"Au Lion d'Or."

And so to the Lion d'Or we went.

The hostess of the Golden Lion received me with a courtesy and a smile, rang the house-bell for a servant, and told him to take the gentleman's things to number thirty-five. I followed him up stairs. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven! Seven stories high—by Our Lady! —I counted them every one; and when I went down to remonstrate, I counted them again; so that there was no possibility of a mistake. When I asked for a lower room, the hostess told me the house was full; and when I spoke of going to another hotel, she said she should be so very sorry, so *désolée*, to have monsieur leave her, that I marched up again to number thirty-five.

After finding all the fault I could with the chamber, I ended, as is generally the case with most men on such occasions, by being very well pleased with it. The only thing I could possibly complain of was my being lodged in the seventh story, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a gentleman who was learning to play the French horn. But to remunerate me for these disadvantages, my window looked down into a market-place, and gave me a distant view of the towers of the cathedral, and the ruins of the church and abbey of St. Ouen.

When I had fully prepared myself for a ramble

through the city, it was already sundown; and after the heat and dust of the day, the freshness of the long evening twilight was delightful. When I enter a new city, I cannot rest till I have satisfied the first cravings of curiosity by rambling through its streets. Nor can I endure a cicerone, with his eternal "This way, sir." I never desire to be led directly to an object worthy of a traveller's notice, but prefer a thousand times to find my own way, and come upon it by surprise. This was particularly the case at Rouen. It was the first European city of importance that I visited. There was an air of antiquity about the whole city that breathed of the Middle Ages; and so strong and delightful was the impression that it made upon my youthful imagination, that nothing which I afterward saw could either equal or efface it. I have since passed through that city, but I did not stop. I was unwilling to destroy an impression which, even at this distant day, is as fresh upon my mind as if it were of yesterday.

With these delightful feelings I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely over-

whelmed my imagination; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had before seen no specimen of Gothic architecture, save the remains of a little church at Havre, and the massive towers before me—the lofty windows of stained glass—the low portal, with its receding arches and rude statues—all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place—the lamps that burned on the distant altar—the kneeling crowd—the tinkling bell—and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes—filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church—the huge columns that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above—the long and shadowy aisles—the statues of saints and martyrs that stood in every recess—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs—the uncertain light that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel—and the form of the cowled and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favourite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church

—all I had read of, but had not seen—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.

On the following day I visited the remains of an old palace, built by Edward the Third, now occupied as the Palais de Justice, and the ruins of the church and monastery of Saint Antoine. I saw the hole in the tower where the ponderous bell of the abbey fell through; and took a peep at the curious illuminated manuscript of Daniel d'Aubonne in the public library. The remainder of the morning was spent in visiting the ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Ouen, which is now transformed into the Hotel de Ville, and in strolling through its beautiful gardens, dreaming of the present and the past, and given up to "a melancholy of my own."

At the *Table d'Hôte* of the Golden Lion, I fell into conversation with an elderly gentleman, who proved to be a great antiquarian, and thoroughly read in all the forgotten lore of the city. As our tastes were somewhat similar, we were soon upon very friendly terms; and after dinner we strolled out to visit some remarkable localities, and took the *gloria* together in the Chevalier Bayard.

When we returned to the Golden Lion, he entertained me with many curious stories of the

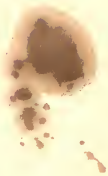
spots we had been visiting. Among others, he related the following singular adventure of a monk of the Abbey of St. Antoine, which amused me so much that I cannot refrain from presenting it to my readers. I will not, however, vouch for the truth of the story; for that the antiquarian himself would not do. He said he found it in an ancient manuscript of the Middle Ages, in the archives of the public library; and I give it as it was told me, without note or comment.

MARTIN FRANC

AND

THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.

[The outlines of the following tale were taken from a Norman Fabliau of the thirteenth century, entitled *Le Segretain Moine*. To judge by the numerous imitations of this story which still exist in old Norman poetry, it seems to have been a prodigious favourite in its day, and to have passed through as many hands as did the body of Friar Gui. It probably had its origin in "The Story of the Little Hunchback," a tale of the Arabian Nights; and in modern times has been imitated in the poetic tale of "The Knight and the Friar," by George Colman. Unfortunately, I was not aware of this circumstance till after the first publication of the following pages.]



MARTIN FRANC

AND

THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.

Seignor, oiez une merveille,
C'onques n'oïstes sa pareille,
Que je vos vueil dire et conter;
Or metez cuer a l'escouter.

Fabliau du Bouchier d'Abbeville.

Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale,
And ye shall here of one story,
Is better than any wyne or ale,
That ever was made in this cuntry.

Ancient Metrical Romance.

In times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally makes men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy; and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder

and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortune; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market-place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames; and when she became poor, her fame was not a little increased by her cruelty to several substantial burghers, who, without consulting their wives, had generously offered to stand between her husband and bankruptcy, and do all in their power to raise a worthy and respectable family.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his

dinners, and drunk his wine, and philandered with his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one, and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the Abbey of Saint Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a naughty reputation for a man of his cloth; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette, and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc,—in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspicious. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood. She observed that the friar generally timed his visits so as to be at the house when Martin Franc was not at home—that he seemed to prefer the edge of the evening—and that, as his visits became more frequent, he always had some little apology ready, such as "being obliged to pass that way, he could not go by the door without just dropping in to see how the good man Martin did." Occasionally, too, he ventured to bring her some ghostly present—such as a pic-

ture of the Madonna and child, or one of those little naked images which are hawked about the streets at the nativity. Though the object of all this was but too obvious, yet the fair Marguerite persevered in misconstruing the friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning aside any expressions of gallantry that fell from his venerable lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress that consolation of all this world's afflictions—a friend. But, finally, things came to such a pass that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to tweak the nose of Friar Gui, and then to thrust him into the street by the shoulders.

Meanwhile the times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another,—the last silken robe was pawned,—the last silver spoon sold; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to "drag the devil by the tail;" in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than in these lewd and degenerate times; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition

by any lucky change which could be brought about by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband. Accordingly she repaired one evening to the Abbey of St. Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar, which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sundown when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp, which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and, with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. While she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken; for when she arose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow!

"A fair good evening to my lady Marguerite," said he, significantly. "St. Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty."

"Then, by the Virgin!" replied she, "the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers."

"Nay, good wife," answered the friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply; "if the tidings are good, what matters it who the messenger may be? And how does Martin Franc these days?"

"He is well, Sir Gui," replied Marguerite; "and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife."

"He has done me wrong," continued the friar, without seeming to notice the pointedness of Marguerite's reply. "But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of St. Martin, but true it is, that the fair lady of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the

earnest whispers of the friar. At length she said,—

"Put up your purse; to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has gone from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, an you will, Sir Gui."

The friar put up the purse, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and—O woman! the last words that the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church were—

"To-night;—when the abbey-clock strikes twelve!—remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent-bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their mid-

night devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern gate, and passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned into the little alley which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door, and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franc returned?" inquired he in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavouring to take her hand.

"Not so, Sir Monk," said she, disengaging herself. "You forget the conditions of our meeting."

The friar paused a moment; and then drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table: at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franc himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the lewd monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once

for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition; but at length he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair, however, took a more serious turn than was intended; for when they tried to raise the friar from the ground,—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown; and in the excitement of the moment Martin Franc had dealt a heavier stroke than he intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the keys to her husband, exclaiming,—

"For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick! One of these keys unlocks the postern gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees!"

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulders, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey. It was a clear starry night;

and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth. Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets, save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body; and if, perchance, a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror: such cowards does conscience make of even the most courageous. At length he reached the garden-wall of the abbey,—opened the postern gate with the key, and bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone-bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner were the duties

of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell. By chance it happened that the monk chosen for this duty was a bitter enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart, when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

"How is this, Friar Gui?" quoth the monk. "Is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all in their dormitories?"

Friar Gui made no answer.

"Up, up! thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee at his cell!" continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

"Then, by Saint Anthony I'll wake thee! So, so! Sir Gui!"

And saying this, he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain; for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts, however, to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared that, when the deed was known, he should be accused of wilful murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve himself of the dead body; and the well-known character of the sacristan soon suggested one. He determined to carry the body to the house of the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door-step; so that all suspicion of the murder might fall upon

the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc's wife had penetrated even the thick walls of the convent, and there was not a friar in the whole Abbey of Saint Anthony who had not done penance for his truant imagination. Accordingly, the dead body of Friar Gui was laid upon the monk's brawny shoulders,—carried back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position against the door. The monk knocked loud and long; and then gliding through a by-lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes; but they lay awake lamenting the doleful events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death-knell in their ears. It still continued at intervals, rap—rap—rap!—with a dull low sound, as if something heavy were swinging against the panel; for the wind had risen during the night, and every angry gust that swept down the alley swung the arms of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and go down, while his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand; but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Marguerite, crossing herself; "here is the monk again!"

"Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river!"

"O, we are betrayed—betrayed!" exclaimed Marguerite, in agony.

"Then the devil himself has betrayed us," replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sacristan; "for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave."

"Holy Saint Martin defend us!" continued his terrified wife. "Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the evil one; and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river, or we are lost! Holy Virgin! How bright the moon shines!"

Saying this, she threw round his neck a scapulary, with the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the other; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped to listen; it was no mistake: they came along the pavement, tramp—tramp! and every step grew louder and nearer.

Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace,—but in vain; his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall. His hand relaxed its grasp, and the monk slid from his back and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance against the shoulder of his bearer. At that moment a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight of a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards, he did not perceive Martin Franc till he was close upon him; and when, on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and, without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders, and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken; and out came the bloody head—not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! When the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack, and putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it well with the remnants of

the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the hog upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight when the man of the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested by three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tête-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the Tête-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding any thing to reward their labours. At

length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but on the contrary rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the Tête-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party —the dawn of day being now near at hand—they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tête-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return; and, asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

"The devil take the devil!" cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack; "what's this? Your hog has caught a cowl!"

"The poor devil has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!" said he who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse gray cloth.

"Sure enough he has," exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the friar appeared. "Holy St. Benedict be with us! It is a monk stark dead!"

"A dead monk, indeed!" said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head; "how could a dead monk get into this sack? No, no: there is some *diablerie* in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases; and you may rely upon it this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged."

"Then we had better kill the devil than have the devil kill us!" replied the host, crossing himself; "and the sooner we do it the better; for it is now daylight, and the people will soon be passing in the street."

"So say I," rejoined the man of magic; "and my advice is, to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog."

This proposition so pleased the others, that it was executed without delay. They carried the friar to the butcher's house, and passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shade, and there left him.

When the night was at length past, and daylight began to peep into the eastern windows of the

city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward—lo! in its place he recognised the dead body of Friar Gui.

"By St. Dennis!" quoth the butcher, "I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him."

So saying, he called his man, and showing him what had been done, asked him how he should dispose of the body, so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered—

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback—"

"What! a dead man on horseback?—impossible!" interrupted the butcher. "Who ever heard of a dead man on horseback!"

"Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pursue after him, crying out that

the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way."

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet, as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying—

"Stop thief! Stop thief! The friar has stolen my horse!"

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people,—peasants driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of "Stop thief!—Stop that horse!" and many who endeavoured to seize the bridle, as the friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot: others joined in the halloo! and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop

of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market-place. The people scattered right and left in dismay; and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit. They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound—one more wild leap—and splash!—both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river—swept down the stream—and were seen no more!

THE

VILLAGE OF AUTEUIL.

Il n'est tel plaisir
Que d'estre à gésir
Parmy les beaux champs,
L'herbe verd choisir,
Et prendre bon temps.

MARTIAL D'AUVERGNE.

THE

VILLAGE OF AUTEUIL.

The sultry heat of summer always brings with it, to the idler and the man of leisure, a longing for the leafy shade and the green luxuriance of the country. It is pleasant to interchange the din of the city, the movement of the crowd, and the gossip of society, with the silence of the hamlet, the quiet seclusion of the grove, and the gossip of a woodland brook. As is sung in the old ballad of Robin Hood,—

In somer when the shawes be sheyn,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste,
To here the foulys song.
To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Vnder the grene wode tre.

It was a feeling of this kind that prompted me, during my residence in the north of France, to pass one of the summer months at Auteuil—the pleasantest of the many little villages that lie in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. It is situated on the outskirts of the *Bois de Boulogne*—a wood of some extent, in whose green alleys the dusty cit enjoys the luxury of an evening drive, and gentlemen meet in the morning to give each other satisfaction in the usual way. A cross-road, skirted with green hedge-rows, and overshadowed by tall poplars, leads you from the noisy highway of St. Cloud and Versailles to the still retirement of this suburban hamlet. On either side the eye discovers old chateaux amid the trees, and green parks, whose pleasant shades recall a thousand images of La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière; and on an eminence, overlooking the windings of the Seine, and giving a beautiful though distant view of the domes and gardens of Paris, rises the village of Passy, long the residence of our countrymen Franklin and Count Rumford.

I took up my abode at a *Maison de Santé;* not that I was a valetudinarian,—but because I there found some one to whom I could whisper, "How sweet is solitude!" Behind the house was a garden filled with fruit-trees of various kinds, and adorned

with gravel-walks and green arbours, furnished with tables and rustic seats, for the repose of the invalid and the sleep of the indolent. Here the inmates of the rural hospital met on common ground, to breathe the invigorating air of morning, and while away the lazy noon or vacant evening with tales of the sick chamber.

The establishment was kept by Dr. Dent-de-lion, a dried up little fellow, with red hair, a sandy complexion, and the physiognomy and gestures of a monkey. His character corresponded to his outward lineaments; for he had all a monkey's busy and curious impertinence. Nevertheless, such as he was, the village Æsculapius strutted forth the little great man of Auteuil. The peasants looked up to him as to an oracle,—he contrived to be at the head of every thing, and laid claim to the credit of all public improvements in the village: in fine, he was a great man on a small scale.

It was within the dingy walls of this little potentate's imperial palace that I chose my country residence. I had a chamber in the second story, with a solitary window, which looked upon the street, and gave me a peep into a neighbour's garden. This I esteemed a great privilege; for, as a stranger, I desired to see all that was passing out of doors; and the sight of green trees, though

growing on another man's ground, is always a blessing. Within doors—had I been disposed to quarrel with my household gods—I might have taken some objection to my neighbourhood; for, on one side of me was a consumptive patient, whose graveyard cough drove me from my chamber by day; and on the other, an English colonel, whose incoherent ravings, in the delirium of a high and obstinate fever, often broke my slumbers by night: but I found ample amends for these inconveniences in the society of those who were so little indisposed as hardly to know what ailed them, and those who, in health themselves, had accompanied a friend or relative to the shades of the country in pursuit of it. To these I am indebted for much courtesy; and particularly to one who, if these pages should ever meet her eye, will not, I hope, be unwilling to accept this slight memorial of a former friendship.

It was, however, to the *Bois de Boulogne* that I looked for my principal recreation. There I took my solitary walk, morning and evening; or, mounted on a little mouse-coloured donkey, paced demurely along the woodland pathway. I had a favourite seat beneath the shadow of a venerable oak, one of the few hoary patriarchs of the wood which had survived the bivouacs of the allied

armies. It stood upon the brink of a little glassy pool, whose tranquil bosom was the image of a quiet and secluded life, and stretched its parental arms over a rustic bench, that had been constructed beneath it for the accommodation of the foot-traveller, or, perchance, some idle dreamer like myself. It seemed to look round with a lordly air upon its old hereditary domain, whose stillness was no longer broken by the tap of the martial drum, nor the discordant clang of arms; and, as the breeze whispered among its branches, it seemed to be holding friendly colloquies with a few of its venerable contemporaries, who stooped from the opposite bank of the pool, nodding gravely now and then, and ogling themselves with a sigh in the mirror below.

In this quiet haunt of rural repose I used to sit at noon, hear the birds sing, and "possess myself in much quietness." Just at my feet lay the little silver pool, with the sky and the woods painted in its mimic vault, and occasionally the image of a bird, or the soft watery outline of a cloud, floating silently through its sunny hollows. The water-lily spread its broad green leaves on the surface, and rocked to sleep a little world of insect life in its golden cradle. Sometimes a wandering leaf came floating and wavering downward, and settled

on the water; then a vagabond insect would break the smooth surface into a thousand ripples, or a green-coated frog slide from the bank, and plump! dive headlong to the bottom.

I entered, too, with some enthusiasm, into all the rural sports and merrimakes of the village. The holydays were so many little eras of mirth and good feeling; for the French have that happy and sunshine temperament—that merry-go-mad character—which makes all their social meetings scenes of enjoyment and hilarity. I made it a point never to miss any of the *Fêtes Champêtres*, or rural dances, at the wood of Boulogne; though I confess it sometimes gave me a momentary uneasiness to see my rustic throne beneath the oak usurped by a noisy group of girls, the silence and decorum of my imaginary realm broken by music and laughter, and, in a word, my whole kingdom turned topsyturvy, with romping, fiddling, and dancing. But I am naturally, and from principle, too, a lover of all those innocent amusements which cheer the labourers' toil, and, as it were, put their shoulders to the wheel of life, and help the poor man along with his load of cares. Hence I saw with no small delight the rustic swain astride the wooden horse of the *carrousel*, and the village maiden whirling round and round in its dizzy car;

or took my stand on a rising ground that overlooked the dance, an idle spectator in a busy throng. It was just where the village touched the outward border of the wood. There a little area had been levelled beneath the trees, surrounded by a painted rail, with a row of benches inside. The music was placed in a slight balcony, built around the trunk of a large tree in the centre, and the lamps, hanging from the branches above, gave a gay, fantastic, and fairy look to the scene. How often in such moments did I recall the lines of Goldsmith, describing those "kinder skies," beneath which "France displays her bright domain," and feel how true and masterly the sketch,—

> Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
> And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

Nor must I forget to mention the *Fête Patronale*,—a kind of annual fair, which is held at midsummer in honour of the patron saint of Auteuil. Then the principal street of the village is filled with booths of every description; strolling players, and rope-dancers, and jugglers, and giants, and dwarfs, and wild beasts, and all kinds of wonderful shows, excite the gaping curiosity of the throng;

and in dust, crowds, and confusion, the village rivals the capital itself. Then the goodly dames of Passy descend into the village of Auteuil; then the brewers of Billancourt and the tanners of Sèvres dance lustily under the greenwood tree; and then, too, the sturdy fishmongers of Brétigny and Saint-Yon regale their fat wives with an airing in a swing, and their customers with eels and crawfish; or, as is more poetically set forth in an old Christmas carol,—

Vous eussiez vu venir tous ceux de Saint-Yon,
Et ceux de Brétigny apportant du poisson,
Les barbeaux et gardons, anguilles et carpettes
Etoient à bon marché
Croyez,
A cette journée-là,
La, la,
Et aussi les perchettes.

I found another source of amusement in observing the various personages that daily passed and repassed beneath my window. The character which most of all arrested my attention was a poor blind fiddler, whom I first saw chanting a doleful ballad at the door of a small tavern, near the gate of the village. He wore a brown coat out at elbows, the fragment of a velvet waistcoat, and a pair of tight nankeens, so short as hardly to

reach below his calves. A little foraging cap, that had long since seen its best days, set off an open, good-humoured countenance, bronzed by sun and wind. He was led about by a brisk middle-aged woman, in straw hat and wooden shoes; and a little bare-footed boy, with clear blue eyes and flaxen hair, held a tattered hat in his hand, in which he collected eleemosynary sous. The old fellow had a favourite song, which he used to sing with great glee to a merry, joyous air, the burden of which ran "*chantons l'amour et le plaisir!*"—let us sing of love and pleasure. I often thought it would have been a good lesson for the crabbed and discontented rich man to have heard this remnant of humanity,—poor, blind, and in rags, and dependent upon casual charity for his daily bread, singing, in so cheerful a voice, the charms of existence, and, as it were, fiddling life away to a merry tune.

I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a

straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarionet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarionet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native vil-

lage, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

On the evening of the same day, I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial-service, at first so faint and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of evening—died gradually away—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys, holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in white surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,—now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played upon a rude kind of horn, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and

bearing lighted tapers. The procession passed slowly along the same street that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep,—and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side, and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed, another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain, and transitory.

It is with sensations of pure delight that I recur to the brief period of my existence which was passed in the peaceful shades of Auteuil. There is one kind of wisdom which we learn from the world, and another kind which can be acquired in solitude only. In cities we study those around us; but in the retirement of the country we learn to know ourselves. The voice within us is more distinctly audible in the stillness of the place; and the gentler affections of our nature spring up more freshly in its tranquillity and sunshine,—nurtured

by the healthy principle which we inhale with the pure air, and invigorated by the genial influences which descend into the heart from the quiet of the sylvan solitude around, and the soft serenity of the sky above.

JACQUELINE.

JACQUELINE.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKSPEARE.

"DEAR mother, is it not the bell I hear?"

"Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers. It is Sunday to-day."

"I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again—louder—louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There; the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church-bell—oh, mother—it reminds me of the holy Sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother."

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight

breeze wafted to the sick chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book, and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved, but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct; then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding, and imploring pardon for sin; and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven, and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard,—trembling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich melodious music. What exquisite ac-

cords!—what noble harmonies!—what touching pathos! The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion! Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her,—her hands were clasped,—her eyes closed,—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and going to the bedside of her child, threw her arms around her and burst into tears.

"My dear mother, I shall not live long; I feel

it here. This piercing pain—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe."

"My child, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears, and pain, and sorrow will be over. The hymn of adoration and entreaty I have just heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next Sabbath, mother, kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness; but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think, mother, that I am there,—with my sweet sister who has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy—oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful! I always pray that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But oh—this pain—this cruel pain—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me I shall die in peace."

"My poor child! God's holy will be done!"

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighbourhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *Maison de Santé* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the suffering but uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious; and towards evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for; and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil, and the vase contain-

ing the consecrated wafer, were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present, excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said, in a slow and solemn tone,—

"The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him?"

"It is, father."

"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"

"Holy father, no."

"Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life."

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit seemed to resist the wise providence of God;—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made.

The door was again opened; the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded,—

"And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?"

"I believe."

And all present joined in the solemn response—

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God,—three persons and one God?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right-hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word, or deed?"

"I pardon them."

"And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy

neighbour for all offences thou hast committed against them, either in thought, word, or deed ?"

"I do !"

"Then repeat after me; O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay; but according to thy holy promises be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression."

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said,—

"*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam.*"

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice,—

"Amen !"

The priest then took from the silver box on the table a little golden rod, and dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet, and breast, in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

'Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.'

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick chamber; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eyelid—not a trembling of the lip—not a shadow on the marble brow told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this.

'There's a perpetual spring,—perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there.'

THE

SEXAGENARIAN,

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

THE

SEXAGENARIAN.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg?

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE he goes—in his long russet surtout—sweeping down yonder gravel-walk beneath the trees, like a yellow leaf in autumn, wafted along by a fitful gust of wind. Now he pauses;—now seems to be whirled round in an eddy,—and now rustles and brushes onward again. He is talking to himself in an under-tone as usual,—and flourishes a pinch of snuff between his fore-finger and his thumb,—ever and anon drumming on the cover of his box by way of emphasis, with a sound like the tap of a woodpecker. He always takes a morning

walk in the garden,—in fact, I may say he passes a greater part of the day there, either strolling up and down the gravel-walks, or sitting on a rustic bench in one of the leafy arbours. He always wears that same dress, too; at least, I have never seen him in any other;—a bell-crowned hat—a frilled bosom, and white dimity vest, soiled with snuff—light nankeen smalls,—and, over all, that long and flowing surtout of russet-brown Circassian, hanging in wrinkles round his slender body, and toying with his thin rakish legs. Such is his constant garb, morning and evening; and it gives him a cool and breezy look, even in the heat of a noonday in August.

The personage sketched in the preceding paragraph is Monsieur d'Argentville, a sexagenarian, with whom I became acquainted during my residence at the *Maison de Santé* of Auteuil. I found him there, and left him there. Nobody knew when he came—he had been there from time immemorial,—nor when he was going away—for he himself did not know,—nor what ailed him—for though he was always complaining, yet he grew neither better nor worse—never consulted the physician, and ate voraciously three times a day. At table he was rather peevish, troubled his neighbours with his elbows, and uttered the monosyl-

lable *pish!* rather oftener than good-breeding and a due deference to the opinions of others seemed to justify. As soon as he seated himself at table, he breathed into his tumbler, and wiped it out with a napkin; then wiped his plate, his spoon, his knife and fork in succession, and each with great care. After this he placed the napkin under his chin, by way of bib and tucker; and these preparations being completed, gave full swing to an appetite which was not inappropriately denominated, by one of our guests, *une faim canine.*

The old gentleman's weak side was an affectation of youth and gallantry. Though "written down old, with all the characters of age," yet at times he seemed to think himself in the heyday of life; and the assiduous court he paid to a fair countess, who was passing the summer at the *Maison de Santé*, was the source of no little merriment to all but himself. He loved, too, to recall the golden age of his amours; and would discourse with prolix eloquence, and a faint twinkle in his watery eye, of his *bonnes fortunes* in times of old, and the rigours that many a fair dame had suffered on his account. Indeed, his chief pride seemed to be, to make his hearers believe that he had been a dangerous man in his youth, and was not yet quite safe.

As I also was a peripatetic of the garden, we encountered each other at every turn. At first our conversation was limited to the usual salutations of the day; but ere long our casual acquaintance ripened into a kind of intimacy. Step by step I won my way,—first into his society,—then into his snuff-box,—and then into his heart. He was a great talker, and he found in me what he found in no other inmate of the house—a good listener, who never interrupted his long stories, nor contradicted his opinions. So he talked down one alley and up another,—from breakfast till dinner—from dinner till midnight—at all times and in all places, when he could catch me by the button, till at last he had confided to my ear all the important and unimportant events of a life of sixty years.

Monsieur d'Argentville was a shoot from a wealthy family of Nantes. Just before the Revolution he went up to Paris to study law at the University; and, like many other wealthy scholars of his age, was soon involved in the intrigues and dissipation of the metropolis. He first established himself in the Rue de l'Université; but a roguish pair of eyes, at an opposite window, soon drove from the field such heavy tacticians as Hugues Doneau and Gui Coquille. A flirtation was com-

menced in due form ; and a flag of truce, offering to capitulate, was sent in the shape of a billet-doux. In the mean time he regularly amused his leisure hours by blowing kisses across the street with an old pair of bellows. One afternoon, as he was occupied in this way, a tall gentleman with whiskers stepped into the room, just as he had charged the bellows to the muzzle. He muttered something about an explanation—his sister—marriage—and the satisfaction of a gentleman ! Perhaps there is no situation in life so awkward to a man of real sensibility as that of being awed into matrimony or a duel by the whiskers of a tall brother. There was but one alternative ; and the next morning a placard at the window of the Bachelor of Love, with the words "Furnished Apartment to let," showed that the former occupant had found it convenient to change lodgings.

He next appeared in the Chaussée-d'Antin, where he assiduously prepared himself for future exigencies by a course of daily lessons in the use of the small-sword. He soon after quarrelled with his best friend, about a little actress on the Boulevard, and had the satisfaction of being jilted, and then run through the body at the Bois de Boulogne. This gave him new eclat in the fashionable world, and consequently he pursued pleasure with a

keener relish than ever. He next had the *grande passion*, and narrowly escaped marrying an heiress of great expectations, and a countless number of chateaux. Just before the catastrophe, however, he had the good fortune to discover that the lady's expectations were limited to his own pocket, and that as for her chateaux, they were all *Chateaux en Espagne.*

About this time his father died; and the hopeful son was hardly well established in his inheritance, when the Revolution broke out. Unfortunately, he was a firm upholder of the divine right of kings, and had the honour of being among the first of the proscribed. He narrowly escaped the guillotine by jumping on board a vessel bound for America, and arrived at Boston with only a few francs in his pocket; but as he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances, he continued to live along by teaching fencing and French, and keeping a dancing-school and a milliner.

At the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France; and from that time to the day of our acquaintance had been engaged in a series of vexatious lawsuits, in the hope of recovering a portion of his property, which had been intrusted to a friend for safe keeping, at the commencement of the Revolution. His friend, however, denied all

knowledge of the transaction, and the assignment was very difficult to prove. Twelve years of unsuccessful litigation had completely soured the old gentleman's temper, and made him peevish and misanthropic; and he had come to Auteuil merely to escape the noise of the city, and to brace his shattered nerves with pure air and quiet amusements. There he idled the time away, sauntering about the garden of the *Maison de Santé*, talking to himself, when he could get no other listener, and occasionally reinforcing his misanthropy with a dose of the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, or a visit to the scene of his duel in the Bois de Bologne.

Poor Monsieur d'Argentville! What a miserable life he led,—or rather dragged on from day to day! A petulant, broken-down old man, who had outlived his fortune, and his friends, and his hopes,—yea, every thing but the sting of bad passions and the recollection of a life ill-spent! Whether he still walks the earth, or slumbers in its bosom, I know not; but a lively recollection of him will always mingle with my reminiscences of Auteuil.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.

Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn Burial.*

The cemetery of Père la Chaise is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky, in the other their resting-place is in the shadowy aisle, and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. One is a temple of nature; the other a temple of art. In one, the soft melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the

sunshine and the shower: in the other, no sound but the passing foot-fall breaks the silence of the place; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows; and the damps of the gloomy vault lie heavy on the heart, and leave their stain upon the mouldering tracery of the tomb.

Père la Chaise stands just beyond the *Barrière d'Aulney*, on a hill-side, looking towards the city. Numerous gravel-walks, winding through shady avenues and between marble monuments, lead up from the principal entrance to a chapel on the summit. There is hardly a grave that has not its little enclosure planted with shrubbery; and a thick mass of foliage half conceals each funeral stone. The sighing of the wind, as the branches rise and fall upon it,—the occasional note of a bird among the trees, and the shifting of light and shade upon the tombs beneath, have a soothing effect upon the mind; and I doubt whether any one can enter that enclosure, where repose the dust and ashes of so many great and good men, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him, and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expression pass off from the stern countenance of death.

It was near the close of a bright summer afternoon, that I visited this celebrated spot for the first time. The first object that arrested my attention

on entering was a monument in the form of a small Gothic chapel, which stands near the entrance, in the avenue leading to the right-hand. On the marble couch within are stretched two figures carved in stone, and dressed in the antique garb of the Middle Ages. It is the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. The history of these unfortunate lovers is too well known to need recapitulation; but perhaps it is not so well known how often their ashes were disturbed in the slumber of the grave. Abélard died in the monastery of Saint Marcel, and was buried in the vaults of the church. His body was afterward removed to the convent of the Paraclet, at the request of Héloïse, and at her death her body was deposited in the same tomb. Three centuries they reposed together; after which they were separated to different sides of the church, to calm the delicate scruples of the lady-abbess of the convent. More than a century afterward, they were again united in the same tomb; and when at length the Paraclet was destroyed, their mouldering remains were transported to the church of Nogent-sur-Seine. They were next deposited in an ancient cloister at Paris; and now repose near the gateway of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. What a singular destiny was theirs! that after a life of such passionate and dis-

astrous love—such sorrows, and tears, and penitence—their very dust should not be suffered to rest quietly in the grave !—that their death should so much resemble their life in its changes and vicissitudes—its partings and its meetings—its inquietudes and its persecutions !—that mistaken zeal should follow them down to the very tomb,—as if earthly passion could glimmer, like a funeral lamp, amid the damps of the charnel-house, and "even in their ashes burn their wonted fires !"

As I gazed on the sculptured forms before me, and the little chapel, whose Gothic roof seemed to protect their marble sleep, my busy memory swung back the dark portals of the past, and the picture of their sad and eventful lives came up before me in the gloomy distance. What a lesson for those who are endowed with the fatal gift of genius ! It would seem, indeed, that He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," tempers also his chastisements to the errors and infirmities of a weak and simple mind,—while the transgressions of him upon whose nature are more strongly marked the intellectual attributes of the Deity are followed, even upon earth, by severer tokens of the Divine displeasure. He who sins in the darkness of a benighted intellect sees not so clearly through the shadows that surround him the countenance of an

offended God; but he who sins in the broad noonday of a clear and radiant mind, when at length the delirium of sensual passion has subsided, and the cloud flits away from before the sun, trembles beneath the searching eye of that accusing power, which is strong in the strength of a godlike intellect. Thus the mind and the heart are closely linked together, and the errors of genius bear with them their own chastisement, even upon earth. The history of Abélard and Héloïse is an illustration of this truth. But at length they sleep well. Their lives are like a tale that is told; their errors are "folded up like a book;" and what mortal hand shall break the seal that death has set upon them!

Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a pathway to the left, which conducted me up the hill-side. I soon found myself in the deep shade of heavy foliage, where the branches of the yew and willow mingled, interwoven with the tendrils and blossoms of the honeysuckle. I now stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections; for at every step my eye caught the name of some one whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. Philosophers,

historians, musicians, warriors, and poets slept side by side around me; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple head-stone. There were the graves of Fourcroi and Haüy; of Ginguené and Volney; of Grétry and Méhul; of Ney, and Foy, and Masséna; of La Fontaine, and Molière, and Chénier, and Delille, and Parny. But the political intrigue, the dream of science, the historical research, the ravishing harmony of sound, the tried courage, the inspiration of the lyre,—where are they? With the living, and not with the dead! The right hand has lost its cunning in the grave; but the soul, whose high volitions it obeyed, still lives to reproduce itself in ages yet to come.

Among these graves of genius I observed here and there a splendid monument, which had been raised by the pride of family over the dust of men who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity. Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuary of genius. What had wealth to do there! Why should it crowd the dust of the great! That was no thoroughfare of business,—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! "What servants," says Jeremy Taylor,

"shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?" Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to the living, but the treasures of intellect give a real superiority to the dead; and the rich man, who would not deign to walk the street with the starving and penniless man of genius, deems it an honour, when death has redeemed the fame of the neglected, to have his own ashes laid beside him, and to claim with him the silent companionship of the grave.

I continued my walk through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade, at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There poverty hires its grave, and takes but a short lease of the narrow house. At the end of a few months, or at most of a few years, the tenant is dislodged to give place to another, and he in turn to a third. "Who," says Sir Thomas Browne, "knows the fate of his

bones, or how often he is to be buried? who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?"

Yet, even in that neglected corner, the hand of affection had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep: there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden cross, and decorated with a garland of flowers; and here and there I could perceive a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it.

As I passed on, amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are then the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than of the dead?—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild-flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are

fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honoured even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiselled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes—the mere distinction of prince and beggar—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial—of a solitary grave and a family vault—were this all—then, indeed, it would be true that death is a common leveller. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon levelled by the spade and mattock; the damp breath of the grave blots them out for ever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the base? all that is truly great, and pure, and godlike, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveller! Are all alike beloved in death and honoured in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave

awaken the same emotions in our hearts? and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral-stone? No! Then all are not equal in the grave! And as long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the livelier recollection which it awakens of the good and the great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honour. These outward appliances and memorials of respect,—the mournful urn—the sculptured bust—the epitaph eloquent in praise,—cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honour the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the baubles of earthly vanity,—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

After rambling leisurely about for some time, reading the inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel-walk, overshaded by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly-sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me in the distance, and dim-discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labour. What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead! I could not help calling to my mind that allegory of mortality, written by a hand which has been many a long year cold:—

Earth goeth upon earth as man upon mould,
Like as earth upon earth never go should,
Earth goeth upon earth as glistening gold,
And yet shall earth unto earth rather than he would.

Lo, earth on earth, consider thou may,
How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
Why shall earth upon earth go stout or gay,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array.*

* I subjoin this relic of old English verse entire, and in its antiquated language, for those of my readers who may have an antiquarian taste. It is copied from a book whose title I have forgotten, and of which I have but a single leaf, containing the poem. In describing the antiquities of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, the writer gives the following account of a very old painting upon the wall, and of the poem which served as its motto. The painting is no longer visible, having been effaced in repairing the church.

"Against the west wall of the nave, on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas-à-Becket, while kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict in Canterbury cathedral; below this was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas in old English, being an allegory of mortality:—

Erthe oute of Erthe ys wondurly wroght
Erth hath gotyn uppon erth a dygnyte of noght
Erth ypon erth hath sett all hys thowht
How erth apon erth may be hey browght

Erth upon erth wold be a kyng
But how that erth gott to erth he thyngkys nothyng
When erth byddys erth hys rentys whom bryng
Then schall erth apon erth have a hard ptyng

Erth apon erth wynnys castellys and towrys
Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys
When erth apon erth hath bylde hys bowrys
Then schall erth for erth suffur many hard schowrys

Before I left the graveyard the shades of evening had fallen, and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct. As I passed the gateway I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass of foliage

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Erth goth apon erth as man apon mowld
Lyke as erth apon erth never goo schold
Erth goth apon erth as gelsteryng gold
And yet schall erth unto erth rather than he wold

Why that erth loveth erth wondur me thynke
Or why that erth wold for erth other swett or swynke
When erth apon erth ys broght wt.yn the brynke
Then schall erth apon erth have a fowll stynke

Lo erth on erth consedur thow may
How erth comyth to erth nakyd all way
Why schall erth apon erth goo stowte or gay
Seth erth owt of erth schall passe yn poor aray

I counsill erth apon erth that ys wondurly wrogt
The whyl yt. erth ys apon erth to torne hys thowht
And pray to god upon erth yt. all erth wroght
That all crystyn soullys to ye. blys may be broght

"Beneath were two men, holding a scroll over a body wrapped in a winding-sheet, and covered with some emblems of mortality, &c."

around, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun, that still lingered in the sky, and mingled with the soft starlight of a summer evening.

THE

VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

THE

VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

Je ne conçois qu'une manière de voyager plus agréable que d'aller à cheval ; c'est d'aller à pied. On part à son moment, on s'arrête à sa volonté, on fait tant et si peu d'exercise qu'on veut.

Quand on ne veut qu'arriver, on peut courir en chaise de poste ; mais quand on veut voyager, il faut aller à pied.

ROUSSEAU.

IN the melancholy month of October, I made a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire, from Orleans to Tours. This luxuriant region is justly called the garden of France. From Orleans to Blois the whole valley of the Loire is one continued vineyard. The bright green foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations of the sea, over all the landscape, with here and there a silver flash of the river--a sequestered hamlet—or the towers

of an old chateau to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song that cheered their labour was on the breeze, and the heavy wagon tottered by laden with the clusters of the vine. Every thing around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot travelling,—the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget, not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a village, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orleans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatch-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so imbowered in trees that

not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a ground-swallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood,—of many a poetic revery of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman,

a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peasantry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful gossip and the merry laugh which came from a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice, she looked up from her labour, and returned the salutation: and on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farm-house in the neighbourhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity—

"You must be a stranger, sir, in these parts."

"Yes; my home is very far from here."

"How far?"

"More than a thousand leagues."

The old woman looked incredulous.

"I came from a distant land beyond the sea."

"More than a thousand leagues!" at length repeated she; "and why have you come so far from home?"

"To travel:—to see how you live in this country."

"Have you no relations in your own?"

"Yes; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and—"

"And a mother?"

"Thank Heaven, I have."

"And did you leave *her!*"

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollection had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked; for there is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sundown of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding!

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the next person I encountered was an old man stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a crossway in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters

or spatterdashes. Beside him lay a blue cloth cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot traveller like myself, and therefore without more ado entered into conversation with him. From his language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the mustache which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the great nation —his own.

"I like," said he, "after a long day's march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there."

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

"They have reached the last *étape* before me, in the long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. A soldier has

a heart, and can feel like other men. Sacré nom de ——! There's a tear!"

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labour. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same; but he shook his head.

"I thank you; my pathway lies in a different direction."

"But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set."

"No matter. I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good-night."

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets, from which the labourer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good-night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The

merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil; the wine-press was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day I found myself before the high and massive walls of the chateau of Chambord. This chateau is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the courtyard, and the

rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the courtyard I entered the central tower, and ascending the principal staircase, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me; and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music, and revelry, and wassail, echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers!

My third day's journey brought me to the ancient city of Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire-et-Cher. This city is celebrated for the purity with which even the lower classes of its inhabitants speak their native tongue. It rises precipitously from the northern bank of the Loire; and many of its streets are so steep as to be almost impassable for carriages. On the brow of the hill, overlooking the roofs of the city, and commanding a fine view of the Loire and its noble bridge, and the surrounding country sprinkled with cottages and country-seats, runs an ample terrace, planted with trees, and laid out as a public walk. The view from this terrace is one of the

most beautiful in France. But what most strikes the eye of the traveller at Blois is an old, though still unfinished, chateau. Its huge parapets of hewn stone stand upon either side of the street; but they have walled up the wide gateway, from which the colossal drawbridge was to have sprung high in air, connecting together the main towers of the chateau, and the two hills upon whose slope its foundations stand. The aspect of this vast pile is gloomy and desolate. It seems as if the strong hand of the builder had been arrested in the midst of his task by the stronger hand of death; and the unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument both of the power and weakness of man—of his vast desires—his sanguine hopes—his ambitious purposes—and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires, and hopes, and purposes are so often arrested. There is also at Blois another ancient chateau, to which some historic interest is attached, as being the scene of the massacre of the Duke of Guise.

On the following day I left Blois for Amboise; and after walking several leagues along the dusty highway, crossed the river in a boat to the little village of Moines, which lies amid luxuriant vineyards upon the southern bank of the Loire. From Moines to Amboise the road is truly delightful. The rich lowland scenery, by the margin of the river, is ver-

dant even in October; and occasionally the landscape is diversified with the picturesque cottages of the vintagers, cut in the rock along the roadside, and overhung by the thick foliage of the vines above them.

At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher and the chateau of Chernanceau. This beautiful chateau, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis I. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture—a dwelling for a warrior; but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

The chateau of Chernanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious courtyard in front, from which a drawbridge conducts to the outer hall of the chateau. There the armour of Francis I. still hangs upon the wall,—his shield, and helm, and lance,—as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building

across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows looking up and down the stream command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only chateau in France in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building, you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favourite hanging over the mantel-piece. In another you see the apartment of the infamous Catherine de Medici; a venerable arm-chair and an autograph letter of Henry IV.; and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums, and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis I. Doubtless the naked walls and the vast solitary chambers of an old and desolate chateau inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls, and the arm-chair by the fireside,—the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to

have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

Rapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble chateau, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the chateau,—and crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road and a clump of woodland at length shut them out from my sight.

A short time after candle-lighting, I reached the little tavern of the Boule d'Or, a few leagues from Tours, where I passed the night. The following morning was lowering and sad. A veil of mist hung over the landscape, and ever and anon a heavy shower burst from the overburdened clouds, that were driving by before a high and piercing wind. This unpropitious state of the weather detained me until noon, when a cabriolet for

Tours drove up; and taking a seat within it, I left the hostess of the Boule d'Or in the middle of a long story about a rich countess, who always alighted there when she passed that way. We drove leisurely along through a beautiful country, till at length we came to the brow of a steep hill, which commands a fine view of the city of Tours and its delightful environs. But the scene was shrouded by the heavy drifting mist, through which I could trace but indistinctly the graceful sweep of the Loire, and the spires and roofs of the city far below me.

The city of Tours and the delicious plain in which it lies have been too often described by other travellers, to render a new description, from so listless a pen as mine, either necessary or desirable. After a sojourn of two cloudy and melancholy days, I set out on my return to Paris, by the way of Vendôme and Chartres. I stopped a few hours at the former place, to examine the ruins of a chateau built by Jeanne d'Ablret, mother of Henry the Fourth. It stands upon the summit of a high and precipitous hill, and almost overhangs the town beneath. The French Revolution has completed the ruin that time had already begun; and nothing now remains but a broken and crumbling bastion, and here and there a solitary tower

dropping slowly to decay. In one of these is the grave of Jeanne d'Albret. A marble entablature in the wall above contains the inscription, which is nearly effaced, though enough still remains to tell the curious traveller that there lies buried the mother of the "Bon Henri." To this is added a prayer that the repose of the dead may be respected,—a prayer which has been shamefully disregarded.

Here ended my foot excursion. The object of my journey was accomplished; and, delighted with this short ramble through the Valley of the Loire, I took my seat in the diligence for Paris, and on the following day was again swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis, like a drop in the bosom of the sea.

THE ANCIENT LYRIC POETRY OF THE NORTH OF FRANCE.

THE TROUVÈRES.

Quant recommence et revient biaux estez,
Que foille et flor resplendit par boschage,
Que li froiz tanz de l'hyver est passez,
Et cil oisel chantent en lor langage,
Lors chanterai
Et envoisiez serai
De cuer verai.—JAQUES DE CHISON.

THE literature of France is peculiarly rich in poetry of the olden time. We can trace up the stream of song until it is lost in the deepening shadows of the Middle Ages. Even there it is not a shallow tinkling rill; but it comes like a mountain stream, rushing and sounding onward through the enchanted regions of romance, and mingles its voice with the tramp of steeds and the brazen sound of arms.

The glorious reign of Charlemagne,* at the

* The following amusing description of this Restorer of Let-

close of the eighth and the commencement of the ninth century, seems to have breathed a spirit of literature as well as of chivalry throughout all France. The monarch established schools and academies in different parts of his realm, and took delight in the society and conversation of learned men. It is amusing to see with what evident self-satisfaction some of the magi whom he gathered around him speak of their exertions in widening the sphere of human knowledge, and pouring in

ters, as his biographers call him, is taken from the fabulous Chronicle of John Turpin, chap. xx.

"The emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair; of a well-made, handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong, robust make; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his nose half a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles; his eyebrows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork; a peacock, a crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback, from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand."

light upon the darkness of their age. "For some," says Alcuin, the director of the school of St. Martin de Tours, "I cause the honey of the Holy Scriptures to flow; I intoxicate others with the old wine of ancient history; these I nourish with the fruits of grammar, gathered by my own hands; and those I enlighten by pointing out to them the stars, like lamps attached by the vaulted ceiling of a great palace!"

Besides this classic erudition of the schools, the age had also its popular literature. Those who were untaught in scholastic wisdom were learned in traditionary lore, for they had their ballads, in which were described the valour and achievements of the early kings of the Franks. These ballads, of which a collection was made by order of Charlemagne, animated the rude soldier as he rushed to battle, and were sung in the midnight bivouacs of the camp. "Perhaps it is not too much to say," observes the literary historian Schlegel, "that we have still in our possession, if not the original language and form, at least the substance, of many of those ancient poems which were collected by the orders of that prince;—I refer to the Nibelungen Lied, and the collection which goes by the name of the Heldenbuch."

When at length the old Tudesque language,

which was the court language of Charlemagne, had given place to the Langue d'Oïl, the northern dialect of the French romance, these ancient ballads passed from the memories of the descendants of the Franks, and were succeeded by the romances of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,—of Rowland, and Olivir, and the other Paladins who died at Roncesvalles. Robert Wace, a Norman Trouvère of the twelfth century, says in one of his poems, that a minstrel named Taillefer, mounted on a swift horse, went in front of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, singing these ancient poems.

These *chansons de geste*, or old historic romances of France, are epic in their character, though, without doubt, they were written to be chanted to the sound of an instrument. To what period many of them belong, in their present form, has never yet been fully determined; and should it finally be proved by philological research that they can claim no higher antiquity than the twelfth or thirteenth century, still there can be little doubt that in their original form many of them reached far back into the ninth or tenth. The long prevalent theory that the romances of the Twelve Peers of France all originated in the fabulous chronicle of Charlemagne and Rowland, written by the Arch-

bishop Turpin in the twelfth century, if not as yet generally exploded, is nevertheless fast losing ground.

To the twelfth and thirteenth centuries also belong most of the Fabliaux, or metrical tales of the Trouvères. Many of these compositions are remarkable for the inventive talent they display, but as poems they have, generally speaking, little merit, and at times exhibit such a want of refinement, such open and gross obscenity, as to be highly offensive.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the literary history of France, that while her antiquarians and scholars have devoted themselves to collecting and illustrating the poetry of the Troubadours, the early lyric poets of the south, that of the Trouvères, or Troubadours of the north, has been almost entirely neglected. By a singular fatality, too, what little time and attention have hitherto been bestowed upon the fathers of French poetry have been so directed as to save from oblivion little of the most valuable portions of their writings, while the more tedious and worthless parts have been brought forth to the public eye, as if to deaden curiosity, and put an end to further research. The ancient historic romances of the land have, for the most part, been left to slumber on unnoticed;

while the obscene and tiresome Fabliaux have been ushered into the world as fair specimens of the ancient poetry of France. This has created unjust prejudices in the minds of many against the literature of the olden time, and has led them to regard it as nothing more than a confused mass of coarse and vulgar fictions, adapted to a rude and inelegant state of society.

Of late, however, a more discerning judgment has been brought to the difficult task of ancient research; and in consequence of this the long-established prejudices against the crumbling monuments of the national literature of France during the middle ages is fast disappearing. Several learned men are engaged in rescuing from oblivion the ancient poetic romances of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, and their labours seem destined to throw new light, not only upon the state of literature, but upon the state of society during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Among the voluminous remains of Troubadour literature, little else has yet been discovered save poems of a lyric character. The lyre of the Troubadour seems to have responded to the impulse of momentary feelings only,—to the touch of local and transitory circumstances. His song was a sudden burst of excited feeling:—it ceased when

the passion was subdued, or rather when its first feverish excitement passed away: and as the liveliest feelings are the most transitory, the songs which imbodied them are short, but full of spirit and energy. On the other hand, the great mass of the poetry of the Trouvères is of a narrative or epic character. The genius of the north seems always to have delighted in romantic fiction; and whether we attribute the origin of modern romance to the Arabians or to the Scandinavians, this at least is certain, that there existed marvellous tales in the northern languages, and from these, in part at least, the Trouvères imbibed the spirit of narrative poetry. There are no traces of lyric compositions among their writings, till about the commencement of the thirteenth century; and it seems probable that the spirit of song-writing was imbibed from the Troubadours of the south.

Unfortunately the neglect which has so long attended the old historic and heroic romances of the north of France has also befallen in some degree its early lyric poetry. Little has yet been done to discover and bring forth its riches; and doubtless many a sweet little ballad and melancholy complaint lies buried in the dust of the thirteenth century. It is not however my object, in this paper, to give an historical sketch of this ancient and

almost forgotten poetry, but simply to bring forward a few specimens which shall exhibit its most striking and obvious characteristics.

In these examples it would be in vain to look for high-wrought expression suited to the prevailing taste of the present day. Their most striking peculiarity, and perhaps their greatest merit, consists in the simple and direct expression of feeling which they contain. This feeling, too, is one which breathes the languor of that submissive homage which was paid to beauty in the days of chivalry; and I am aware that in this age of masculine and matter-of-fact thinking, the love conceits of a more poetic state of society are generally looked upon as extremely trivial and puerile. Nevertheless I shall venture to present one or two of these simple ballads, which, by recalling the distant age wherein they were composed, may peradventure please by the power of contrast.

I have just remarked that one of the greatest beauties of these ancient ditties is naïveté of thought and simplicity of expression. These I shall endeavour to preserve as far as possible in the translation, though I am fully conscious how much the sparkling beauty of an original loses in being filtered through the idioms of a foreign language.

The favourite theme of the ancient lyric poets of the north of France is the wayward passion of love. They all delight to sing *les douces dolors et li mal plaisant de fine amor*. With such feelings the beauties of the opening spring are naturally associated. Almost every love ditty of the old poets commences with some such exordium as this: "When the snows of winter have passed away, when the soft and gentle spring returns, and the flower and leaf shoot in the groves, and the little birds warble to their mates in their own sweet language,—then will I sing my lady-love!"

Another favourite introduction to these little rhapsodies of romantic passion is the approach of morning and its sweet-voiced herald the lark. The minstrel's song to his lady-love frequently commences with an allusion to the hour,—

'When the rose-bud opes its een,
And the blue-bells droop and die,
And upon the leaves so green
Sparkling dew-drops lie.'

The following is at once the simplest and prettiest piece of this kind which I have met with among the early lyric poets of the north of France. It is taken from an anonymous poem, entitled "The Paradise of Love." A lover, having passed

the "live-long night in tears, as he was wont," goes forth to beguile his sorrows with the fragrance and beauty of morning. The carol of the vaulting sky-lark salutes his ear, and to this merry musician he makes his complaint.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
But if to these longing arms
Pitying Love would yield the charms
Of the fair
With smiling air,
Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Love may force me still to bear,
While he lists, consuming care,
But in anguish
Though I languish,
Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
But rather than all thoughts forego
Of the fair
With flaxen hair,
Give me back her frowns again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!

Besides the "woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," the early lyric poet frequently indulges in more calmly analyzing the philosophy of love, or in questioning the object and destination of a sigh. Occasionally these quaint conceits are prettily expressed, and the little song flutters through the page like a butterfly. The following is an example :—

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
Say, dost thou bear his fate severe
To Love's poor martyr doomed to die?
Come, tell me quickly,—do not lie;
What secret message bringest thou here?
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?

May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
And safely speed thee on thy way;
This only I would humbly pray—
Pierce deep—but, oh! forbear to kill.
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?

The ancient lyric poets of France are generally spoken of as a class, and their beauties and defects

referred to them collectively, and not individually. In truth, there are few characteristic marks by which any individual author can be singled out and ranked above the rest. The lyric poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries stand upon nearly the same level. But in the fifteenth century there were two who surpassed all their contemporaries in the beauty and delicacy of their sentiments; and in the sweetness of their diction, and the structure of their verse, stand far in advance of the age in which they lived. These are Charles d'Orléans and Clotilde de Surville.

Charles Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis the Twelfth, and uncle of Francis the First, was born in 1391. In the general tenour of his life, the peculiar character of his mind, and his talent for poetry, there is a striking resemblance between this noble poet and James the First of Scotland, his contemporary. Both were remarkable for learning and refinement; both passed a great portion of their lives in sorrow and imprisonment; and both cheered the solitude of their prison walls with the charms of poetry. Charles d'Orléans was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, and carried into England, where he remained twenty-five years in captivity. It was there that he composed the greater part of his poetry. In

1440 he returned to France, where he died, in 1467.

The poems of this writer exhibit a singular delicacy of thought and sweetness of expression. The following little *Renouveaux*, or songs on the return of spring, are full of delicacy and beauty.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings:
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermin'd frost, and wind, and rain.

The second upon the same subject presents a still more agreeable picture of the departure of winter and the sweet return of spring.

Gentle spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee—and calls to his gloomy train
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away—and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees so old
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round in a mantle of cloud;
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright—and winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught but late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

The only person of that age who can dispute the laurel with Charles d'Orléans is Clotilde de Surville. This sweet poetess was born in the Bas-Vivarais, in the year 1405. Her style is singularly elegant and correct; and the reader who will take the trouble to decipher her rude provincial orthography will find her writings full of quiet beauty. The following sweet lines, which breathe the very

soul of maternal tenderness, are part of a little poem to her first-born.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have press'd!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend—
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee.

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps—how still and calm!
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again—
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh! when shall he for whom I sigh in vain
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

But upon this theme I have written enough,—perhaps too much.

'This may be poetry for aught I know,'
Says an old worthy friend of mine, while leaning
Over my shoulder as I write, 'although
I can't exactly comprehend its meaning.'

I have touched upon the subject before me in a brief and desultory manner, and have purposely left my remarks unencumbered by learned reference and far-sought erudition; for these are ornaments which would ill become so trivial a pen as this wherewith I write, though, perchance, the want of them will render my essay unsatisfactory to the scholar and the critic. But I am imboldened thus to skim with a light wing over this poetic lore of the past, by the reflection that the greater part of my readers belong not to that grave and serious class who love the deep wisdom which lies in quoting from a quaint forgotten tome, and are ready on all occasions to say, "Commend me to the owl."

THE

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

THE

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow,—it springs from the earth again and fructifies the more.—TERTULLIAN.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed slowly up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigour of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood, and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and ablest

writer of the Latin Church. At times he paused, and raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud:—

"Give us, then, what names you please: from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenticians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with fagots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and mounted on our funeral pile, we look upon ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, that which you are pleased to call madness and despair in us are the very actions which, under virtue's standard, lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father which art in heaven!" he exclaimed,

"give me strength to die like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Anne Du Bourg: a man who feared not man; once a merciful judge in that august tribunal upon whose voice hung the life and death of those who were persecuted for conscience' sake, he was now himself an accused —a convicted heretic, condemned to the baptism of fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and in the presence of the king himself to declare, that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months —from June to December—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were

far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailer opened his prison door. A moment afterward, his former colleague De Harley stood at his side.

"Thou here!" exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. "Thou in the dungeon of a heretic! On what errand hast thou come?"

"On an errand of mercy," replied De Harley. "I come to tell thee—"

"That the hour of my death draws near?"

"That thou mayst still be saved."

"Yes; if I will bear false witness against my God—barter heaven for earth—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say—lost, not saved!"

"No! saved!" cried De Harley with warmth; "saved from a death of shame and an eternity of wo! Renounce this false doctrine—this abomi-

nable heresy—and return again to the bosom of the church which thou dost rend with strife and dissention."

"God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth."

"His hand already smites thee."

"It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, 'It is thou who troublest Israel!'—Where is the king? Called through a sudden and violent death to the judgment-seat of heaven!—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just? Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, 'Tremble! believe the word of one who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou that sheddest the blood of the children of peace.' He has gone to his account before me."

"And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered that thou wert privy to his death."

"This at least might have been spared a dying man!" replied the prisoner, much agitated by so

unjust and so unexpected an accusation. "As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But, tell me, hast thou come here only to imbitter my last hours with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone."

"I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness."

"Life—freedom—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early Christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust? These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians, who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression."

He opened the volume before him and read:—

"I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments by denying the faith, when you question us about it: but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration

and purity, of an immediate conversation with God the father and maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and by our obedience express our passion for that divine life which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words:—

"And now, ye judges, if, indeed, you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you, beware how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done; and before all things, decide whether it be just that we should listen unto you rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress

that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those who make the people sin by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than that of Heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations, and principalities, and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris? God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death thou mayst put an end to our groans!

"Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you—your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not—insults enfeeble them not; their honour is redeemed by death,—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered he that mourns.

"No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike, then—slay—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the

glory of our Lord—for the truth of the Evangelists.

"Quench, then, your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live—be happy—and meditate on God, ye judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for? Lead me to the scaffold!"

They bound the prisoner's hands, and leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; for Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows, with a pile of fagots beneath it, and the hangman with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments, and gazing round upon

the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed,—

"My friends, I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the Gospel's sake!"

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the fagots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea, and all was hushed again; save the crackling of the fagots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud,—

"My God! my God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

The wind lifted the reddening smoke like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath, that glowed like a furnace seven times heated. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard,—

"My God! my God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

Once more the quivering body descended into

the flames; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again and again this fiendish mockery of baptism was repeated; till the martyr, with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed,—

"O God! I cannot die!"

The chief executioner came forward, and, either in mercy to the dying man or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment the cord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

COQ-À-L'ÂNE.

COQ-À-L'ÂNE.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd,
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in art.

BEN JONSON.

A RAINY and gloomy winter was just drawing to its close, when I left Paris for the south of France. We started at sunrise; and as we passed along the solitary streets of the vast and silent metropolis, drowsily one by one its clanging horologes chimed the hour of six. Beyond the city gates the wide landscape was covered with a silvery network of frost; a wreath of vapour overhung the windings of the Seine; and every twig and shrub, with its sheath of crystal, flashed in the level rays of the rising sun. The sharp frosty air seemed to

quicken the sluggish blood of the old postillion and his horses,—a fresh team stood ready in harness at each stage; and notwithstanding the slippery pavement of the causeway, the long and tedious climbing the hill-side upward, and the equally long and tedious descent with chained wheels and the drag,—just after nightfall the lumbering vehicle of Vincent Caillard stopped at the gateway of the Three Emperors, in the famous city of Orleans.

I cannot pride myself much upon being a good travelling-companion, for the rocking of a coach always lulls me into forgetfulness of the present; and no sooner does the hollow monotonous rumbling of the wheels reach my ear, than, like my friend Nick Bottom, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." It is not, however, the deep sonorous slumber of a labourer, "stuffed with distressful bread," but a kind of day-dream, wherein the creations of fancy seem realities, and the real world, which swims dizzily before the half-shut, drowsy eye, becomes mingled with the imaginary world within. This is doubtless a very great failing in a traveller; and I confess, with all humility, that at times the line of demarcation between truth and fiction is rendered thereby so indefinite and indistinct that I cannot always determine, with unerring certainty, whether an event

really happened to me, or whether I only dreamed it.

On this account I shall not attempt a detailed description of my journey from Paris to Bordeaux. I was travelling like a bird of passage; and five weary days and four weary nights I was on the way. The diligence stopped only to change horses, and for the travellers to take their meals; and by night I slept with my head under my wing in a snug corner of the coach.

Strange as it may appear to some of my readers, this night-travelling is at times far from being disagreeable; nay, if the country is flat and uninteresting, and you are favoured with a moon, it may be very pleasant. As the night advances the conversation around you gradually dies away, and is imperceptibly given up to some garrulous traveller who finds himself belated in the midst of a long story; and when at length he puts out his feelers in the form of a question, discovers, by the silence around him, that the breathless attention of his audience is owing to their being asleep. All is now silent. You let down the window of the carriage, and the fresh night-air cools your flushed and burning cheek. The landscape, though in reality dull and uninteresting, seems beautiful as it floats by in the soft moonshine. Every ruined

hovel is changed by the magic of night to a trim cottage, every straggling and dilapidated hamlet becomes as beautiful as those we read of in poetry and romance. Over the lowland hangs a silver mist; over the hills peep the twinkling stars. The keen night-air is a spur to the postillion and his horses. In the words of the old German ballad,—

'Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry,
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.
And all on which the moon doth shine
Behind them flees afar,
And backward sped, scuds overhead,
The sky and every star.'

Anon you stop at the relay. The drowsy ostler crawls out of the stable-yard; a few gruff words and strange oaths pass between him and the postillion—then there is a coarse joke in *patois*, of which you understand the ribaldry only, and which is followed by a husky laugh, a sound between a hiss and a growl;—and then you are off again in a crack. Occasionally a way-traveller is uncaged, and a new comer takes the vacant perch at your elbow. Meanwhile your busy fancy speculates upon all these things, and you fall asleep amid its

thousand vagaries. Soon you wake again, and snuff the morning air. It was but a moment, and yet the night is gone. The gray of twilight steals into the window, and gives a ghastly look to the countenances of the sleeping group around you. One sits bolt upright in a corner, offending none, and stiff and motionless as an Egyptian mummy; another sits equally straight and immoveable, but snores like a priest; the head of a third is dangling over his shoulder, and the tassel of his nightcap tickles his neighbour's ear; a fourth has lost his hat,—his wig is awry, and his under-lip hangs lolling about like an idiot's. The whole scene is a living caricature of man, presenting human nature in some of the grotesque attitudes she assumes, when that pragmatical schoolmaster, propriety, has fallen asleep in his chair, and the unruly members of his charge are freed from the thraldom of the rod.

On leaving Orleans, instead of following the great western mail-route through Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême, and thence on to Bordeaux, I struck across the centre provinces of the Indre, the Haute-Vienne, and the Dordogne, passing through the provincial capitals of Châteauroux, Limoges, and Périgueux. South of the Loire the country assumes a more mountainous aspect, and the landscape is broken by long sweeping hills

and fertile valleys. Many a fair scene invites the traveller's foot to pause; and his eye roves with delight over the picturesque landscape of the valley of the Creuse, and the beautiful highland scenery near Périgueux. There are also many objects of art and antiquity which arrest his attention: Argentin boasts its Roman amphitheatre, and the ruins of an old castle built by King Pepin; at Chalus the tower beneath which Richard Cœur-de-Lion was slain is still pointed out to the curious traveller; and Périgueux is full of crumbling monuments of the Middle Ages.

Scenes like these, and the constant chatter of my fellow-travellers, served to enliven the tedium of a long and fatiguing journey. The French are pre-eminently a talking people; and every new object afforded a topic for light and animated discussion. The affairs of church and state were, however, the themes oftenest touched upon. The bill for the suppression of the liberty of the press was then under discussion in the Chamber of Peers, and excited the most lively interest through the whole kingdom. Of course it was a subject not likely to be forgotten in the stage-coach.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" said a brisk little man, with snow-white hair and a blazing red face, at the same time drawing up his shoulders to a level

with his ears; "the ministry are determined to carry their point at all events. They mean to break down the liberty of the press, cost what it will."

"If they succeed," added the person who sat opposite, "we may thank the Jesuits for it. It is all their work. They rule the mind of our imbecile monarch, and it is their miserable policy to keep the people in darkness."

"No doubt of that," rejoined the first speaker. "Why, no longer ago than yesterday I read in the Figaro that a printer had been prosecuted for publishing the moral lessons of the Evangelists without the miracles."

"Is it possible!" said I. "And are the people so stupid as thus patiently to offer their shoulders to the pack-saddle?"

"Most certainly not! We shall have another revolution."

"If history speaks true, you have had revolutions enough during the last century or two, to satisfy the most mercurial nation on earth. You have hardly been quiet a moment since the day of the Barricades and the memorable war of the *pots-de-chambre* in the times of the Grand Condé."

"You are pleased to speak lightly of our revolutions, sir," rejoined the politician, growing warm.

"You must, however, confess that each successive one has brought us nearer to our object. Old institutions, whose foundations lie deep in the prejudices of a great nation, are not to be toppled down by the springing of a single mine. You must confess, too, that our national character is much improved since the days you speak of. The youth of the present century are not so frivolous as those of the last. They have no longer that unbounded levity and light-heartedness so generally ascribed to them. From this circumstance we have every thing to hope. Our revolutions, likewise, must necessarily change their character, and secure to us more solid advantages than heretofore."

"Luck makes pluck, as the Germans say. You go on bravely; but it gives me pain to see religion and the church so disregarded."

"Superstition and the church, you mean, sir," said the gray-headed man. "Why, sir, the church is nothing nowadays but a tumble-down dilapidated tower for rooks and daws, and such silly birds to build their nests in!"

It was now very evident that I had unearthed a radical; and there is no knowing when his harangue would have ended, had not his voice been drowned

by the noise of the wheels as we entered the paved street of the city of Limoges.

A breakfast of boiled capon stuffed with truffles, and accompanied by a *pâté de Périgueux*, a dish well-known to French gourmands, restored us all to good-humour. While we were at breakfast, a personage stalked into the room, whose strange appearance arrested my attention, and gave subject for future conversation to our party. He was a tall thin figure, armed with a long whip, brass spurs, and black whiskers. He wore a bell-crowned varnished hat, a blue frock-coat with standing collar, a red waistcoat, a pair of yellow leather breeches, and boots that reached to the knees. I at first took him for a postillion, or a private courier; but, upon inquiry, I found that he was only the son of a notary public, and that he dressed in this strange fashion to please his own fancy.

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the diligence, I made some remark on the singular costume of the personage whom I had just seen at the tavern.

"These things are so common with us," said the politician, "that we hardly notice them."

"What you want in liberty of speech, then, you make up in liberty of dress?"

"Yes; in this, at least, we are a free people."

"I had not been long in France, before I discovered that a man may dress as he pleases, without being stared at. The most opposite styles of dress seem to be in vogue at the same moment. No strange garment nor desperate hat excites either ridicule or surprise. French fashions are known and imitated all the world over."

"Very true, indeed," said a little man in goslin green. "We give fashions to all other nations."

"Fashions!" said the politician with a kind of growl—"fashions! Yes, sir, and some of us are simple enough to boast of it, as if we were a nation of tailors."

Here the little man in goslin green pulled up the horns of his cotton dicky.

"I recollect," said I, "that your Madame de Pompadour in one of her letters says something to this effect—'We furnish our enemies with hair-dressers, ribands, and fashions; and they furnish us with laws.'"

"That is not the only silly thing she said in her lifetime. Ah! sir, these Pompadours, and Maintenons, and Montespans were the authors of much wo to France. Their follies and extravagances exhausted the public treasury, and made the nation poor. They built palaces, and covered themselves

with jewels, and ate from golden plate; while the people who toiled for them had hardly a crust to keep their own children from starvation! And yet they preach to us the divine right of kings!"

My radical had got upon his high horse again; and I know not whither it would have carried him, had not a thin man with a black seedy coat, who sat at his elbow, at that moment crossed his path, by one of those abrupt and sudden transitions which leave you aghast at the strange association of ideas in the speaker's mind.

"Apropos de bottes!" exclaimed he, "speaking of boots, and notaries public, and such matters—excuse me for interrupting you, sir—a little story has just popped into my head which may amuse the company; and as I am not very fond of political discussions—no offence, sir—I will tell it, for the sake of changing the conversation."

Whereupon, without further preamble or apology, he proceeded to tell his story in, as nearly as may be, the following words.

THE NOTARY OF PÉRIGUEUX.

THE

NOTARY OF PÉRIGUEUX.

Do not trust thy body with a physician. He'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a sennight after.—SHIRLEY.

You must know, gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Périgueux, an honest Notary Public, the descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old weather-beaten tenements which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of an unoffending, sheepish disposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it,—for in that family "the hen over-crowed the cock," and the neighbours, when they spake of the Notary, shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In

fine—you understand me, gentlemen—he was a hen-pecked man.

Well, finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamours of domestic life. This was a little *café estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favourite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chit-chat of the day; laughed when he was in merry mood; found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the Notary's bosom friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a gross, corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and sired by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good-humour, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensi-

bly upon the worthy Notary; and before he was aware of it, he found himself weaned from domino and sugar-water, and addicted to piquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute which should conduct the other home.

Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuce with the more sensitive organization of the Notary, and finally put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed-curtains and the nightmare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tippled; and the more he smoked and tippled—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed —remonstrated—entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the andirons—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Thus the unhappy Notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined that he was going to die; and suffered in quick succession all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom—every uneasy feeling after dinner a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavour to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was, "Do let me alone; I know better than you what ails me."

Well, gentlemen, things were in this state, when one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an overcoat, with a cap on his head and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy revery. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked the night before with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the Notary to draw up his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the Notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up

to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found every thing in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm, and a pharmaceutical instrument somewhat longer; and a few steps farther he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about under a huge pile of bedclothes, in a paroxysm of fever, calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The Notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bedside, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed—

"Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last? You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah, *grand diable!* how hot it is here!

Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?"

As the case was an urgent one, the Notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the Notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Paternoster with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

"Take care! take care! There, now—*Credo in*—pop! ting-a-ling-ling! give me some of that. Cent-é-dize! Why, you old publican, this wine is poisoned—I know your tricks! *Sanctam ecclesiam Catholicam.* Well, well, we shall see. Imbecile! To have a tierce-major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven. By St. Anthony, capot! You are lurched—Ha! ha! I told you so. I knew very well—there—there—don't interrupt me—*Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eternam!*"

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the Notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene that

was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert; and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him and said—

"Dreadful sickly time, this! The disorder seems to be spreading."

"What disorder?" exclaimed the Notary, with a movement of surprise.

"Two died yesterday, and three to-day," continued the apothecary, without answering the question. "Very sickly time, sir—very."

"But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly?"

"What disease? Why, scarlet fever, to be sure."

"And is it contagious?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I am a dead man!" exclaimed the Notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat-pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. "I am a dead man! Now don't deceive me—don't, will you? What—what are the symptoms?"

"A sharp burning pain in the right side," said the apothecary.

"Oh, what a fool I was to come here! Take me home—take me home, and let me die in the bosom of my family!"

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him;—he was not a man to be reasoned with; he answered that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city; and the whole neighbourhood was abed and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our Notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom, and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road-side groaned with a sound of evil omen, and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand

imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long hard trot; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease and dire presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the Notary had so far subsided that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up-hill; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

"It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners! And must I die in a ditch after all? He! get up—get up!"

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry-scurry—up-hill and down—panting and blowing like all possessed. At every leap, the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man

groaned aloud in agony; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced,—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were naught to him; for though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die—not of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the Notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story. But on went the Notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bedchamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the Notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window-curtain.

"Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!" he

exclaimed, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep."

"Oh, diable, diable! Come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!"

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the Notary stalked into his domicil pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armour of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armour was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

"My dear wife!" he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for many years, "reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his overcoat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was

the Notary's pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and, lo! it was bare to the skin! Coat, waistcoat, and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head!

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The Notary had put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes! And so my story ends.

"Is that all?" asked the radical, when the story-teller had finished.

"That is all."

"Well, what does your story go to prove? What bearing has it on the great interests of man?"

"That is more than I can tell. All I know is that the story is true."

"And did he die?" said the nice little man in gosling green.

"Yes; he died afterward," replied the story-teller, rather annoyed by the question.

"And what did he die of?" continued gosling green, following him up.

"What did he die of?" winking to the rest of the company; "why, he died—of a sudden!"

THE

JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

THE JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

A l'issue de l'yver que le joly temps de primavère commence, et qu'on voit arbres verdoyer, fleurs espanouir, et qu'on oit les oisillons chanter en toute joie et doulceur, tant que les verts bocages retentissent de leurs sons et que cœurs tristes pensifs y dolens s'en esjouissent, s'émeuvent à delaisser deuil et toute tristesse, et se parforcent à valoir mieux.

La Plaisante Histoire de Guerin de Monglave.

Soft-breathing Spring! how many pleasant thoughts, how many delightful recollections does thy name awaken in the mind of a traveller! Whether he has followed thee by the banks of the Loire or the Guadalquiver, or traced thy footsteps slowly climbing the sunny slope of Alp or Apennine, the thought of thee shall summon up sweet visions of the past, and thy golden sunshine and

soft vapory atmosphere become a portion of his day-dreams and of him. Sweet images of thee, and scenes that have oft inspired the poet's song, shall mingle in his recollections of the past. The shooting of the tender leaf—the sweetness and elasticity of the air—the blue sky, and the fleet-drifting cloud, and the flocks of wild fowl wheeling in long-drawn phalanx through the air, and screaming from their dizzy height—all these shall pass like a dream before his imagination,—

> 'And gently o'er his memory come at times
> A glimpse of joys that had their birth in thee,
> Like a brief strain of some forgotten tune.'

It was at the opening of this delightful season of the year that I passed through the south of France, and took the road of St. Jean de Luz for the Spanish frontier. I left Bordeaux amid all the noise and gayety of the last scene of Carnival. The streets and public walks of the city were full of merry groups in masks,—at every corner crowds were listening to the discordant music of the wandering ballad-singer; and grotesque figures mounted on high stilts, and dressed in the garb of the peasants of the Landes of Gascony, were stalking up and down like so many long-legged cranes; others were amusing themselves with the tricks and

grimaces of little monkeys, disguised like little men, bowing to the ladies, and figuring away in red coats and ruffles; and here and there a band of chimney-sweeps were staring in stupid wonder at the miracles of a showman's box. In a word, all was so full of mirth and merrimake that even beggary seemed to have forgotten that it was wretched, and gloried in the ragged masquerade of one poor holyday.

To this scene of noise and gayety succeeded the silence and solitude of the Landes of Gascony. The road from Bordeaux to Bayonne winds along through immense pine forests and sandy plains, spotted here and there with a dingy little hovel, and the silence is interrupted only by the dismal hollow roar of the wind among the melancholy and majestic pines. Occasionally, however, the way is enlivened by a market-town or a straggling village; and I still recollect the feelings of delight which I experienced when, just after sunset, we passed through the romantic town of Roquefort, built upon the sides of the green valley of the Douze, which has scooped out a verdant hollow for it to nestle in, amid those barren tracts of sand.

On leaving Bayonne the scene assumes a character of greater beauty and sublimity. To the

vast forests of the Landes of Gascony succeeds a scene of picturesque beauty, delightful to the traveller's eye. Before him rise the snowy Pyrenees, —a long line of undulating hills,—

> 'Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
> Like giant capped with helm of burnished gold.'

To the left, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the delicious valleys of the Nive and Adour, and to the right the sea flashes along the pebbly margin of its silver beach, forming a thousand little bays and inlets, or comes tumbling in among the cliffs of a rock-bound coast, and beats against its massive barriers with a distant, hollow, continual roar.

Should these pages meet the eye of any solitary traveller who is journeying into Spain by the road I here speak of, I would advise him to travel from Bayonne to Saint Jean de Luz on horseback. At the gate of Bayonne he will find a steed ready caparisoned for him, with a dark-eyed Basque girl for his companion and guide, who is to sit beside him upon the same horse. This style of travelling is, I believe, peculiar to the Basque provinces ; at all events I have seen it nowhere else. The saddle is constructed with a large frame-work extending on each side, and covered with cushions ; and the

traveller and his guide, being placed on the opposite extremities, serve as a balance to each other. We overtook many travellers mounted in this way, and I could not help thinking it a mode of travelling far preferable to being cooped up in a diligence. The Basque girls are generally beautiful; and there was one of these merry guides we met upon the road to Bidart, whose image haunts me still. She had large and expressive black eyes, teeth like pearls, a rich and sunburnt complexion, and hair of a glossy blackness, parted on the forehead, and falling down behind in a large braid, so long as almost to touch the ground with the little riband that confined it at the end. She wore the common dress of the peasantry of the south of France, and a large gipsy straw hat was thrown back over her shoulder, and confined by a riband about her neck. There was hardly a dusty traveller in the coach who did not envy her companion the seat he occupied beside her.

Just at nightfall we entered the town of Saint Jean de Luz, and dashed down its narrow streets at full gallop. The little madcap postillion cracked his knotted whip incessantly, and the sound echoed back from the high dingy walls like the report of a pistol. The coach-wheels nearly touched the houses on each side of us; the idlers in the street

jumped right and left to save themselves; window-shutters flew open in all directions; a thousand heads popped out from cellar and upper story; "Sacr-r-ré mâtin!" shouted the postillion,—and we rattled on like an earthquake.

Saint Jean de Luz is a smoky little fishing-town, situated on the low grounds at the mouth of the Nivelle, and a bridge connects it with the faubourg of Sibourne, which stands on the opposite bank of the river. I had no time, however, to note the peculiarities of the place, for I was whirled out of it with the same speed and confusion with which I had been whirled in, and I can only recollect the sweep of the road across the Nivelle—the church of Sibourne by the water's edge—the narrow streets—the smoky-looking houses, with red window-shutters, and "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain; and when the morning broke found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous, but they rose one above another in a long majestic swell, and the trace of the ploughshare was occasionally visible to their sum-

mits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest-scenery; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black, and barren, and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning, and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendour over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun; then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer; then we would meet a solitary traveller mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hill-side, a crowd of children would gather

around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribands and little bits of tawdry finery.

A day's journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of daylight in rambling about the streets of the city, with no other guide but the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley,—now emerged into a wide street, or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers who are in search of amusement, and not of instruction; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

On the following morning we left Vitoria long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey the postillion drew up at a relay, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat

of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair; though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loop-holes of his tattered cloak.

A wide gateway ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a courtyard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast,—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw, —in another its master lay sound asleep with his saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards, —and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of St. Anthony; directly opposite these a leathern wine-bottle hung by the

neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

A small door upon the right led us into the inn-kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long tapering pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of fagots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light which cheered the darkness within came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams that peeped down the long-necked chimney.

I had not been long seated by the fire, when the tinkling of mule-bells, the clatter of hoofs, and the

hoarse voice of a muleteer in the outer apartment, announced the arrival of new guests. A few moments afterward the kitchen-door opened, and a person entered, whose appearance strongly arrested my attention. It was a tall athletic figure, with the majestic carriage of a grandee, and a dark, sunburnt countenance, that indicated an age of about fifty years. His dress was singular, and such as I had not before seen. He wore a round hat with wide flapping brim, from beneath which his long black hair hung in curls upon his shoulders; a leather jerkin, with cloth sleeves, descended to his hips; around his waist was closely buckled a leather belt, with a cartouch-box on one side; a pair of Marmeluke pantaloons of black serge hung in ample folds to the knees, around which they were closely gathered by embroidered garters of blue silk; and black broadcloth leggins, buttoned close to the calves, and strapped over a pair of brown leather shoes, completed the singular dress of the stranger. He doffed his hat as he entered, and saluting the company with a "*Dios guarde á Ustedes, caballeros*" (God guard you, gentlemen), took a seat by the fire, and entered into conversation with those around him.

As my curiosity was not a little excited by the

peculiar dress of this person, I inquired of a travelling companion, who sat at my elbow, who and what this new comer was. From him I learned that he was a muleteer of the Maragatería, —a name given to a cluster of small towns which lie in the mountainous country between Astorga and Villafranca, in the western corner of the kingdom of Leon.

"Nearly every province in Spain," said he, "has its peculiar costume, as you will see when you have advanced farther into our country. For instance, the Catalonians wear crimson caps, hanging down upon the shoulder like a sack; wide pantaloons of green velvet, long enough in the waistband to cover the whole breast; and a little strip of a jacket, made of the same material, and so short as to bring the pocket directly under the armpit. The Valencians, on the contrary, go almost naked: a linen shirt, white linen trousers, reaching no lower than the knees, and a pair of coarse leather sandals complete their simple garb; it is only in mid-winter that they indulge in the luxury of a jacket. The most beautiful and expensive costume, however, is that of Andalusia: it consists of a velvet jacket, faced with rich and various-coloured embroidery, and covered with tassels and silken cord; a vest of some gay colour;

a silken handkerchief round the neck, and a crimson sash round the waist; breeches that button down each side; gaiters and shoes of white leather, and a handkerchief of bright-coloured silk wound round the head like a turban, and surmounted by a velvet cap or a little round hat, with a wide band, and an abundance of silken loops and tassels. The Old Castilians are more grave in their attire: they wear a leather breastplate instead of a jacket, breeches and leggins, and a montera cap. This fellow is a Maragato; and in the villages of the Maragatería the costume varies a little from the rest of Leon and Castile."

"If he is indeed a Maragato," said I, jestingly, "who knows but he may be a descendant of the muleteer who behaved so naughtily at Cacabelos, as related in the second chapter of the veracious history of Gil Blas de Santillana!"

"¿Quien sabe?" was the reply. "Notwithstanding the pride which even the meanest Castilian feels in counting over a long line of good-for-nothing ancestors, the science of genealogy has become of late a very intricate study in Spain."

Here our conversation was cut short by the *mayoral* of the diligence, who came to tell us that the mules were waiting; and before many hours had elapsed we were scrambling through the

square of the ancient city of Burgos. On the morrow we crossed the river Duero and the Guardarama Mountains, and early in the afternoon entered the "Heroica Villa" of Madrid, by the Puerta de Fuencarral.

SPAIN.

SPAIN.

Santiago y cierra España!

Spanish War-cry.

It is a beautiful morning in June;—so beautiful that I almost fancy myself in Spain. The tesselated shadow of the honey-suckle lies motionless upon my floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet, and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild-brier and the mock-orange, reminding me of that soft sunny clime where the very air is laden, like the bee, with sweetness, and the south wind

> 'Comes over gardens, and the flowers
> That kissed it are betrayed.'

The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine, while the murmur of the

bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honey-suckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun. How like the climate of the south! How like a summer morning in Spain!

My recollections of Spain are of the most lively and delightful kind. The character of the soil and of its inhabitants—the stormy mountains and free spirits of the north,—the prodigal luxuriance and gay voluptuousness of the south,—the history and traditions of the past, resembling more the fables of romance than the solemn chronicle of events,—a soft and yet majestic language that falls like martial music on the ear, and a literature rich in the attractive lore of poetry and fiction,—these, but not these alone, are my reminiscences of Spain. With these I recall the thousand little circumstances and enjoyments which always give a colouring to our recollections of the past; the clear sky—the pure, balmy air—the delicious fruits and flowers—the wild-fig and the aloe—the palm-tree and the olive by the wayside,—all, all that makes existence so joyous, and renders the sons and daughters of that clime the children of impulse and sensation.

As I write these words a shade of sadness steals over me. When I think what that glorious

land might be, and what it is—what Nature intended it should be, and what man has made it—my very heart sinks within me. My mind instinctively reverts from the degradation of the present to the glory of the past; or, looking forward with strong misgivings, but with yet stronger hopes, interrogates the future.

The burnished armour of the Cid stands in the archives of the royal museum of Madrid, and there, too, is seen the armour of Ferdinand and Isabel, of Guzman the Good and Gonzalo de Cordova, and of other early champions of Spain; but what hand shall now wield the sword of the Campeador, or lift up the banner of Leon and Castile? The ruins of Christian castle and Moorish alcazar still look forth from the hills of Spain; but where, O where is the spirit of freedom that once fired the children of the Goth? Where is the spirit of Bernardo del Carpio, and Perez de Vargas, and Alonzo de Aguilar? Shall it for ever sleep? Shall it never again beat high in the hearts of their degenerate sons? Shall the descendants of Pelayo bow for ever beneath an iron yoke, "like cattle whose despair is dumb?"

The dust of the Cid lies mingling with the dust of Old Castile; but his spirit is not buried with his ashes. It sleeps, but is not dead. The day will

come when the foot of the tyrant shall be shaken from the neck of Spain; when a brave and generous people, though now ignorant, degraded, and much abused, shall "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." But I am no political seer—I will dwell no longer on this theme.

Of the national character of Spain I have brought away this impression: that its prominent traits are, a generous pride of birth, a superstitious devotion to the dogmas of the church, and an innate dignity, which exhibits itself even in the common and every-day employments of life. Castilian pride is proverbial. A beggar wraps his tattered cloak around him with all the dignity of a Roman senator; and a muleteer bestrides his beast of burden with the air of a grandee.

I have thought, too, that there was a tinge of sadness in the Spanish character. The national music of the land is remarkable for its melancholy tone; and at times the voice of a peasant, singing amid the silence and solitude of the mountains, falls upon the ear like a funeral chant. Even a Spanish holyday wears a look of sadness,—a circumstance which some writers attribute to the cruel and overbearing spirit of the municipal laws. "On the greatest festivals," says Sovellanos, "instead of that boisterous merriment and

noise which should bespeak the joy of the inhabitants, there reigns throughout the streets and market-places a slothful inactivity, a gloomy stillness, which cannot be remarked without mingled emotions of surprise and pity. The few persons who leave their houses seem to be driven from them by listlessness, and dragged as far as the threshold, the market, or the church-door; there, muffled in their cloaks, leaning against some corner, seated on some bench, or lounging to and fro, without object, aim, or purpose, they pass their hours, their whole evenings, without mirth, recreation, or amusement. When you add to this picture the dreariness and filth of the villages, the poor and slovenly dress of the inhabitants, the gloominess and silence of their air, the laziness, the want of concert and union so striking everywhere, who but would be astonished, who but would be afflicted by so mournful a phenomenon? This is not, indeed, the place to expose the errors which conspire to produce it; but whatever those errors may be, one point is clear—that they are all to be found in the laws!"*

Of the same serious, sombre character is the

* Informe dado á la Real Academia de Historia sobre Iuegos Espectaculos, y Diversiones Publicas.

favourite national sport,—the bull-fight. It is a barbarous amusement, but of all others the most exciting, the most spirit-stirring; and in Spain, none so popular. "If Rome lived content with bread and arms," says the author I have just quoted, in a spirited little discourse entitled *Pan y Toros*, "Madrid lives content with bread and bulls."

Shall I describe a Spanish bull-fight? No. It has been so often and so well described by other pens that mine shall not undertake it, though it is a tempting theme. I cannot, however, refuse myself the pleasure of quoting here a few lines from one of the old Spanish ballads upon this subject. It is entitled "The Bull-fight of Ganzul." The description of the bull, which is contained in the passage I here extract, is drawn with a master's hand. It is a paraphrase—not a translation—by Mr. Lockhart.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, nor Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled scull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curl'd, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum,—close, close they come; thrice meet and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black;
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

There are various circumstances closely connected with the train of thought I have here touched upon; but I forbear to mention them, for fear of drawing out this introductory chapter to too great a length. Some of them will naturally find a place hereafter. Meanwhile let us turn the leaf to a new chapter, and to subjects of a livelier nature.

A

TAILOR'S DRAWER.

A

TAILOR'S DRAWER.

Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers,
and all suche knackes.
THE FOUR P's.

I.

A TAILOR's drawer, quotha?

Yes; a tailor's drawer. Sooth to say, it is rather a quaint rubric for a chapter in the pilgrim's breviary; albeit it well befits the motley character of the following pages. It is a title which the Spaniards give to a desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon, and which is crammed full of little shreds and patches of erudition; and certainly it is not inappropriate to a chapter whose contents are of every shape and hue, and "do no more adhere and keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves."

II.

It is recorded in the Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, that when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings at the house of Mateo Melandez, in the Puerta del Sol. In choosing a place of abode in the Spanish court, I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example; but, as the kind-hearted Mateo had been long gathered to his fathers, I was content to take up my residence in the hired house of Valentin Gonzalez, at the foot of the Calle de la Montera. My apartments were in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle, of the street; and my balconies looked down into the Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty-four hours.

The Puerta del Sol is a public square, from which diverge the five principal streets of the metropolis. It is the great rendezvous of grave and gay—of priest and layman—of gentle and simple—the mart of business and of gossip—the place where the creditor seeks his debtor, where the lawyer seeks his client, where the stranger seeks amusement, where the friend seeks his friend, and

the foe his foe; where the idler seeks the sun in winter, and the shade in summer, and the busy-body seeks the daily news, and picks up the crumbs of gossip to fly away with them in his beak to the terbilia of Doña Paquita!

Tell me, ye who have sojourned in foreign lands, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists,—is it not a blessing to have your window overlook a scene like this?

III.

There—take that chair upon the balcony, and let us look down upon the busy scene beneath us. What a continued roar the crowded thoroughfare sends up! Though three stories high, we can hardly hear the sound of our own voices! The London cries are whispers when compared with the cries of Madrid.

See—yonder stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a montera cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheeked damsel, selling calico. She is an Asturian from the mountains of

Santander. How do you know? By her short yellow petticoats—her blue boddice—her coral necklace and earrings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped round his waist—his brown leggins and his blue garters—driving before him a flock of gabbling turkeys, and crying, at the top of his voice, "Pao, pao, pavitos, paos!" Next comes a Valencian, with his loose linen trousers and sandal shoon, holding a huge sack of watermelons upon his shoulder with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in air a specimen of his luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passers-by with "A cala, y calando; una sandía vendo-o-o. Si esto es sangre!"—(By the slice—come and try it—watermelon for sale. This is the real blood!) His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulder, and holds both arms full of muskmelons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with "Melo—melo-o-o—meloncitos; aquí está el azúcar!"—(Melons, melons; here is the real sugar!) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy wooden shoes, crying watercresses, and a peasant woman from the Guardarama Mountains, with a montera cocked up in front, and a blue kerchief tied under

her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens—that hang by the claws head downwards, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of "¿Quien me compra un gallo—un par de gallinas?"—(Who buys a cock—a brace of hens—who buys?) That tall fellow in blue, with a pot of flowers upon his shoulder, is a wag, beyond all dispute. See how cunningly he cocks his eye up at us, and cries, "Si yo tuviera balcon!"—(If I only had a balcony!)

What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulders; an Italian pedler with images of saints and madonnas; a razor-grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music, as he goes, with a shovel and a frying-pan; and, in fine, a noisy, patch-work, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells; and make the Puerta del Sol, at certain hours of the day, like a street in Babylon the Great.

IV.

Chiton! A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, blue

eyes, and the form of a fairy in a midsummer night's dream, has just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the balcony,—thrusts her dainty little foot through the bars, and plays with her slipper. She is an Andalusian, from Malaga. Her brother is a bold dragoon, and wears a long sword; so beware! and "let not the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman." Her mother is a dowdy lady, "fat and forty;" eats garlic in her sallad, and smokes cigars. But mind! that is a secret; I tell it to you in confidence.

V.

The following little love-ditty I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew-drop.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

VI.

A miller has just passed by, covered with flour from head to foot, and perched upon the tip end of a little donkey, crying "Arre borrico;" and at every cry swinging a cudgel in his hand, and giving the ribs of the poor beast what in the vulgar dialect is called a *cachiporrazo*. I could not help laughing, though I felt provoked with the fellow for his cruelty. The truth is, I have great esteem for a jackass. His meekness, and patience, and long-suffering are very amiable qualities, and, considering his situation, worthy of all praise. In Spain, a donkey plays as conspicuous a part as a priest or a village alcalde. There would be no getting along without him. And yet, who so beaten and abused as he?

VII.

Here comes a gay gallant, with white kid gloves, a quizzing-glass, a black cane, with a white ivory apple, and a little hat, cocked pertly

on one side of his head. He is an exquisite fop, and a great lady's man. You will always find him on the Prado at sunset, when the crowd and dust are thickest, ogling through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming between his teeth some favourite air of the Semiramis, or the Barber of Seville. He is a great amateur, and patron of the Italian Opera—beats time with his cane—nods his head, and cries *bravo !*—and fancies himself in love with the Prima Donna. The height of his ambition is to be thought the gay Lothario,—the gallant Don Cortejo of his little sphere. He is a poet withal, and daily besieges the heart of the cruel Doña Inez with sonnets and madrigals. She turns a deaf ear to his song, and is inexorable :—

Mas que no sea mas piadosa
A dos escudos en prosa,
No puede ser.

VIII.

What a contrast between this personage and the sallow, emaciated being who is now crossing the street ! It is a barefooted Carmelite—a monk of an austere order—wasted by midnight vigils and long penance. Abstinence is written in that pale cheek, and the bowed head and downcast eye

are in accordance with the meek profession of a mendicant brotherhood.

What is this world to thee, thou man of penitence and prayer? What hast thou to do with all this busy, turbulent scene about thee,—with all the noise, and gayety, and splendour of this thronged city? Nothing. The wide world gives thee nothing save thy daily crust—thy crucifix—thy convent-cell—thy pallet of straw! Pilgrim of heaven! thou hast no home on earth. Thou art journeying onward to "a house not made with hands;" and, like the first apostles of thy faith, thou takest neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor scrip for thy journey. Thou hast shut thy heart to the endearments of earthly love—thy shoulder beareth not the burden with thy fellow man—in all this vast crowd thou hast no friends, no hopes, no sympathies. Thou standest aloof from man,—and art thou nearer God? I know not. Thy motives—thy intentions—thy desires are registered in heaven. I am thy fellow man,—and not thy judge.

"Who is the greater?" says the German moralist; "the wise man who lifts himself above the storms of time, and from aloof looks down upon them, and yet takes no part therein, or he who from the height of quiet and repose throws him-

self boldly into the battle-tumult of the world? Glorious is it, when the eagle through the beating tempest flies into the bright blue heaven upward; but far more glorious when, poising in the blue sky over the black storm-abyss, he plunges downward to his aerie on the cliff, where cower his unfledged brood and tremble."

IX.

Sultry grows the day and breathless! The lately crowded street is silent and deserted—hardly a footfall—hardly here and there a solitary figure, stealing along in the narrow strip of shade beneath the eaves! Silent, too, and deserted is the Puerta del Sol; so silent that even at this distance the splashing of its fountain is distinctly audible—so deserted that not a living thing is visible there save the outstretched and athletic form of a Gallician water-carrier, who lies asleep upon the pavement in the cool shadow of the fountain! There is not air enough to stir the leaves of the jasmine upon the balcony, or break the thin column of smoke that issues from the cigar of Don Diego, master of the noble Spanish tongue, *y hombre de muchos dingolondangos.* He sits bolt upright between the window and the door, with the collar of his snuff-

coloured frock thrown back upon his shoulders, and his toes turned out like a dancing-master, poring over the *Diario de Madrid*, to learn how high the thermometer rose yesterday—what patron saint has a festival to-day—and at what hour to-morrow the "King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands" will take his departure for the gardens of Aranjuez.

You have a proverb in your language, Don Diego, which says—

> Despues de comer
> Ni un sobrescrito leer;

—after dinner read not even the superscription of a letter. I shall obey, and indulge in the exquisite luxury of a *siesta*. I confess that I love this after-dinner nap. If I have a gift—a vocation for any thing, it is for sleeping. A child might envy me, I sleep so calmly; and from my heart I can say with honest Sancho, "Blessed be the man that first invented sleep!" In a sultry clime, too, where the noontide heat unmans you, and the cool starry night seems made for any thing but slumber, I am willing to barter an hour or two of intense day-light for an hour or two of tranquil, lovely, dewy night!

Therefore, Don Diego, *hasta la vista!*

X.

It is evening, the day is gone; fast gather and deepen the shades of twilight! In the words of a German allegory, "The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment, and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom."

The city awakens from its slumber. The convent-bells ring solemnly and slow. The streets are thronged again. Once more I hear the shrill cry—the rattling wheel—the murmur of the crowd. The blast of a trumpet sounds from the Puerta del Sol; then the tap of a drum—a mounted guard opens the way—the crowd doff their hats, and the king sweeps by in a gilded coach drawn by six horses, and followed by a long train of uncouth antiquated vehicles drawn by mules.

The living tide now sets towards the Prado, and the beautiful gardens of the Retiro. Beautiful are they at this magic hour. Beautiful—with the almond-tree in blossom—with the broad green leaves of the sycamore and the chestnut—with the fragrance of the orange and the lemon—with the beauty of a thousand flowers—with the soothing calm and the dewy freshness of evening.

XI.

I love to linger on the Prado till the crowd is gone and the night far advanced. There musing and alone I sit, and listen to the lulling fall of waters in their marble fountains, and watch the moon as it rises over the gardens of the Retiro, brighter than a northern sun. The beautiful scene lies half in shadow, half in light,—almost a fairy land. Occasionally the sound of a guitar, or a distant voice, breaks in upon my revery. Then the form of a monk, from the neighbouring convent, sweeps by me like a shadow, and disappears in the gloom of the leafy avenues; and far away from the streets of the city comes the voice of the watchman telling the midnight hour.

Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain. Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden; but Night, calm, silent, holy Night is a ministering angel that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet. How grateful is the starry twilight! How grateful the gentle radiance of the moon! How grateful

the delicious coolness of "the omnipresent and deep-breathing air!" Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain!

END OF VOL. I.

OUTRE-MER;

A PILGRIMAGE

BEYOND THE SEA.

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and countrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a full gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordynge the time passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it woulde come into my mynde.—SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

"I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably." WINTER'S TALE.

How universal is the love of poetry! Every nation has its popular songs, the offspring of a credulous simplicity and an unschooled fancy. The peasant of the north, as he sits by the evening fire, sings the traditionary ballad to his children,—

'Nor wants he gleeful tales, while round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot.'

The peasant of the south, as he lies at noon in the shade of the sycamore, or sits by his door in the evening twilight, sings his amorous lay, and listlessly

'On hollow quills of oaten straw,
He pipeth melody.'

The muleteer of Spain carols with the early lark, amid the stormy mountains of his native land. The vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn; the fisherman of Naples his boat-song; the gondolier of Venice his midnight serenade. The goatherd of Switzerland and the Tyrol—the Carpathian boor—the Scotch Highlander—the English plough-boy, singing as he drives his team a-field,—peasant—serf—slave—all, all have their ballads and traditionary songs. Music is the universal language of mankind,—poetry their universal pastime and delight.

The ancient ballads of Spain hold a prominent rank in her literary history. Their number is truly astonishing, and may well startle the most enthusiastic lover of popular song. The Romancero General* contains upwards of a thousand; and though upon many of these may justly be bestowed the encomium which honest Izaak Walton pronounces upon the old English ballad of the Passionate Shepherd,—"old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good,"—yet, as a whole, they are, perhaps, more remarkable for their number than for their beauty. Every great historic event, every marvellous tradition has its popular ballad.

* Romancero General, en que se contiene todos los Romances que andan impresos. 4to. Madrid, 1604.

Don Roderick, Bernardo del Carpio, and the Cid Campeador are not more the heroes of ancient chronicle than of ancient song; and the imaginary champions of Christendom, the twelve peers of Charlemagne, have found an historian in the wandering ballad-singer no less authentic than the good Archbishop Turpin.

Most of these ancient ballads had their origin during the dominion of the Moors in Spain. Many of them, doubtless, are nearly as old as the events they celebrate; though in their present form the greater part belong to the fourteenth century. The language in which they are now preserved indicates no higher antiquity: but who shall say how long they had been handed down by tradition, ere they were taken from the lips of the wandering minstrel, and recorded in a more permanent form?

The seven centuries of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain are the heroic ages of her history and her poetry. What the warrior achieved with his sword the minstrel published in his song. The character of those ages is seen in the character of their literature. History casts its shadow far into the land of song: indeed, the most prominent characteristic of the ancient Spanish ballads is their warlike spirit; they shadow forth the ma-

jestic lineaments of the warlike ages; and through every line breathes a high and peculiar tone of chivalrous feeling. It is not the piping sound of peace, but a blast,—a loud, long blast from the war-horn,—

> 'A trump with a stern breath
> Which is cleped the trump of death.'

And with this mingles the voice of lamentation,—the requiem for the slain, with a melancholy sweetness:—

> Rio Verde, Rio Verde!
> Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
> Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
> Slain with swords most cruelly.
>
> And thy pure and crystal waters
> Dappled are with crimson gore;
> For between the Moors and Christians
> Long has been the fight and sore.
>
> Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
> Lords of high renown were slain
> Perished many a brave hidalgo
> Of the noblemen of Spain.

Another prominent characteristic of these ancient ballads is their energetic and beautiful simplicity. A great historic event is described in the fewest possible words: there is no ornament, no

artifice. The poet's intention was to narrate, not to embellish. It is truly wonderful to observe what force, and beauty, and dramatic power is given to the old romances by this single circumstance. When Bernardo del Carpio leads forth his valiant Leonese against the hosts of Charlemagne, he animates their courage by alluding to their battles with the Moors, and exclaims, "Shall the lions that have bathed their paws in Libyan gore now crouch before the Frank?"—When he enters the palace of the treacherous Alfonso, to upbraid him for a broken promise, and the king orders him to be arrested for contumely, he lays his hand upon his sword and cries, "Let no one stir! I am Bernardo; and my sword is not subject even to kings!" —When the Count Alarcos prepares to put to death his own wife at the king's command, she submits patiently to her fate, asks time to say a prayer, and then exclaims, "Now bring me my infant boy, that I may give him suck, as my last farewell!" Is there in all the writings of Homer an incident more touching or more true to nature?

The ancient Spanish ballads naturally divide themselves into three classes:—the Historic, the Romantic, and the Moorish. It must be confessed, however, that the line of demarcation between these three classes is not well defined; for many

of the Moorish ballads are historic, and many others occupy a kind of debatable ground between the historic and the romantic. I have adopted this classification for the sake of its convenience, and shall now make a few hasty observations upon each class, and illustrate my remarks by specimens of the ballads.

The historic ballads are those which recount the noble deeds of the early heroes of Spain: of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, Martin Pelaez, Garcia Perez de Vargas, Alonso de Aguilar, and many others whose names stand conspicuous in Spanish history. Indeed, these ballads may themselves be regarded in the light of historic documents; they are portraits of long-departed ages, and if at times their features are exaggerated and coloured with too bold a contrast of light and shade, yet the free and spirited touches of a master's hand are recognised in all. They are instinct, too, with the spirit of Castillian pride, with the high and dauntless spirit of liberty that burned so bright of old in the heart of the brave hidalgo. Take, for example, the ballad of the Five Farthings. King Alfonso VIII., having exhausted his treasury in war, wishes to lay a tax of five farthings upon each of the Castillian hidalgos, in order to defray the expenses of a journey from Burgos to Cuenca.

This proposition of the king was met with disdain by the noblemen who had been assembled on the occasion:—

Don Nuño, Count of Lara
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the king,
And thus in wrath replied:—

Our noble ancestors, quoth he,
Ne'er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

The base-born soul who deems it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye noblemen of Spain.

Forth they followed the noble count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the king
That his tax was ready there.

He may send and take by force, said they,
This paltry sum of gold;
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold.

The same gallant spirit breathes through all the historic ballads; but, perhaps, most fervently in those which relate to Bernardo del Carpio. How spirit-stirring are all the speeches which the ballad-writers have put into the mouth of this valiant hero! "Ours is the blood of the Goth," says he to King Alfonso; "sweet to us is liberty, and bondage odious!"—"The king may give his castles to the Frank, but not his vassals; for kings themselves hold no dominion over the free-will!" He and his followers had rather die freemen than live slaves! If these are the common watch-words of liberty at the present day, they were no less so among the high-born and high-souled Spaniards of the eighth century.

One of the finest of the historic ballads is that which describes Bernardo's march to Roncesvalles. He sallies forth "with three thousand Leonese and more," to protect the glory and freedom of his native land. From all sides the peasantry of the land flock to the hero's standard:—

The peasant leaves his plough a-field,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke
When threatened by the Gaul.

Free were we born, 'tis thus they cry,
And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our king,
By the divine decree.

But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.

Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigourless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.

Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands?
Shall he a bloodless victory have?
No; not while we have hands.

He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall:
But that they know not how to yield;—
They are Castillians all.

Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts,
On many a bloody field?

Shall the bold lions, that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

Let the false king sell town and tower,
But not his vassals free,
For to subdue the free-born soul,
No royal power hath he!

These short specimens will suffice to show the spirit of the old heroic ballads of Spain; the Romances del Cid and those that rehearse the gallant achievements of many other champions brave, and stalwart knights of old, I must leave unnoticed, and pass to another field of chivalry and song.

The next class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the romantic, including those which relate to the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne and other imaginary heroes of the days of chivalry. There is an exaggeration in the prowess of these heroes of romance which is in accordance with the warmth of a Spanish imagination; and the ballads which celebrate their achievements still go from mouth to mouth among the peasantry of Spain, and are

hawked about the streets by the blind ballad-monger.

Among the romantic ballads, those of the Twelve Peers stand pre-eminent; not so much for their poetic merit as for the fame of their heroes. In them are sung the valiant knights, whose history is written more at large in the prose romances of chivalry,—Orlando, and Oliver, and Montesinos, and Durandarte, and the Marquis of Mantua, and the other paladins, *que en una mesa comian pan.* These ballads are of different length and various degrees of merit. Of some a few lines only remain; they are evidently fragments of larger works: while others, on the contrary, aspire to the length and dignity of epic poems;—witness the ballads of the Conde de Irlos and the Marques de Mantua, each of which consists of nearly a thousand long and sonorous hexameters.

Among these ballads of the Twelve Peers there are many of great beauty; others possess little merit, and are wanting in vigour and conciseness. From the structure of the versification, I should rank them among the oldest of the Spanish ballads. They are all monrhythmic, with full consonant rhymes.

To the romantic ballads belong also a great

number which recount the deeds of less celebrated heroes; but none so curious among them all as that of Vergilios. Like the old French romance-writers of the middle ages, the early Spanish poets introduce the Mantuan bard as a knight of chivalry. The ballad informs us that a certain king kept him imprisoned seven years, for what old Brantôme would call *outrecuydance* with a certain Doña Isabel. But being at mass on Sunday, the recollection of Virgil comes suddenly into his mind when he ought to be attending to the priest; and turning to his knights, he asks them what has become of Virgil. One of them replies, "Your highness has him imprisoned in your dungeons;" to which the king makes answer with the greatest coolness, by telling them that the dinner is waiting, and that after they have dined they will pay Virgil a visit in his prison. Then up and spake the queen like a true heroine: quoth she, "I will not dine without him;" and straightway they all repair to the prison, where they find the incarcerated knight engaged in the pleasant pastime of combing his hair and arranging his beard. He tells the king very coolly that on that very day he has been a prisoner seven years: to this the king replies, "Hush, hush, Virgil; it takes three more to make ten."—"Sire," says

Virgil with the same philosophical composure, "if your highness so ordains, I will pass my whole life here."—"As a reward for your patience you shall dine with me to-day," says the king.—"My coat is torn," says Virgil; "I am not in trim to make a leg." But this difficulty is removed by the promise of a new suit from the king; and they go to dinner. Virgil delights both knights and damsels, but most of all Doña Isabel. The archbishop is called in; they are married forthwith, and the ballad closes like a scene in some old play: "He takes her by the hand, and leads her to the garden."

Such is this curious ballad.

I now turn to one of the most beautiful of these ancient Spanish poems;—it is the Romance del Conde Alarcos; a ballad full of interest and of touching pathos. The story is briefly this. The Count Alarcos, after being secretly betrothed to the Infanta Solisa, forsakes her and weds another lady. Many years afterward the princess, sitting alone, as she was wont, and bemoaning her forsaken lot, resolves to tell the cause of her secret sorrow to the king her father; and after confessing her clandestine love for Count Alarcos, demands the death of the countess, to heal her

wounded honour. Her story awakens the wrath of the king; he acknowledges the justness of her demand, seeks an interview with the count, and sets the case before him in so strong a light, that finally he wrings from him a promise to put his wife to death with his own hand. The count returns homeward a grief-stricken man, weeping the sad destiny of his wife, and saying within himself, "How shall I look upon her smile of joy when she comes forth to meet me!" The countess welcomes his return with affectionate tenderness; but he is heavy at heart and disconsolate. He sits down to supper with his children around him, but the food is untasted; he hides his face in his hands and weeps. At length they retire to their chamber. In the language of Mr. Lockhart's* translation,—

They came together to the bower, where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast;
The count had barr'd the chamber doors, they ne'er were barr'd till then—
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

* Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. By J. G. Lockhart. These are beautiful poems, but poor translations. They do not sufficiently preserve the austere simplicity of their originals, except, perhaps, in the single instance before us. Here the translation is much more literal than in the rest of Mr. Lockhart's specimens.

"Now speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life;
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife!"
"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gather'd all your wo.

"Long since I loved a lady, long since I oaths did plight
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night:
Her father is our lord the king, to him the thing is known,
And now—that I the news should bring!—she claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride:
But,—oh! that I should speak the word,—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord that you this night should die."

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
O, kill me not, thou noble count, when at thy foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die."
"O, well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I:—
My father is an old frail man, my mother's in her grave,
And dead is stout Don Garcia—alas! my brother brave!

"'Twas at this coward king's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land!—it is not death I fear,
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so;—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast,—the rest thou mayst not see."
"I fain would say an Ave."—"Then say it speedily."
She knelt her down upon her knee—"O, Lord! behold my case;
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose,—
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;
And now give me my boy once more, upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold."

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep;
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."
"Now, hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free;
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee.

"But they have not my pardon,—the king and his proud daughter;
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"

The count then strangles her with a scarf, and the ballad concludes with the fulfilment of the dying lady's prayer, in the death of the king and the Infanta within twenty days of her own.

Few, I think, will be disposed to question the beauty of this ancient ballad, though the refined and cultivated taste of many may revolt from the seem-

ingly unnatural incident upon which it is founded. It must be recollected that this is a scene taken from a barbarous age, when the life of even the most cherished and beloved was held of little value in comparison with a chivalrous but false and exaggerated point of honour. It must be borne in mind, also, that notwithstanding the boasted liberty of the Castillian hidalgos, and their frequent rebellions against the crown, a deep reverence for the divine right of kings, and a consequent disposition to obey the mandates of the throne, at almost any sacrifice, has always been one of the most prominent traits of the Spanish character. When taken in connexion with these circumstances, the story of this old ballad ceases to be so grossly improbable as it seems at first sight; and, indeed, becomes an illustration of national character. In all probability the story of the Conde Alarcos had some foundation in fact.*

The third class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Moorish. Here we enter a new world, more gorgeous and more dazzling than that of Gothic chronicle and tradition. The stern spirits

* This exaggerated reverence for the person and prerogatives of the king has furnished the ground-work of some of the best dramas in the Spanish language; as, for example, La Estrella de Sevilla, by Lope de Vega, and Del Rey Abajo Ninguno, by Francisco de Rojas.

of Bernardo, the Cid, and Mudarra have passed away; the mail-clad forms of Guarinos, Orlando, and Durandarte are not here; the scene is changed: it is the bridal of Andalla; the bull-fight of Ganzul. The sunshine of Andalusia glances upon the marble halls of Granada, and green are the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. A band of Moorish knights gayly arrayed in gambesons of crimson silk, with scarfs of blue and jewelled tahalies, sweep like the wind through the square of Vivarambla. They ride to the Tournament of Reeds; the Moorish maiden leads from the balcony; bright eyes glisten from many a lattice; and the victorious knight receives the prize of valour from the hand of her whose beauty is like the star-lit night: these are the Xarifas, the Celindas, and Lindaraxas,—the Andallas, Ganzules, and Abenzaydes of Moorish song.

Then comes the sound of the silver clarion and the roll of the Moorish atabal, down from the snowy pass of the Sierra Nevada and across the gardens of the Vega. Alhama has fallen: wo is me, Alhama! The Christian is at the gates of Granada; the banner of the cross floats from the towers of the Alhambra! and these, too, are themes for the minstrel,—themes sung alike by Moor and Spaniard.

Among the Moorish ballads are included, not only those which were originally composed in

Arabic, but all which relate to the manners, customs, and history of the Moors in Spain. In most of them the influence of an oriental taste is clearly visible; their spirit is more refined and effeminate than that of the historic and romantic ballads, in which no trace of such an influence is perceptible. The spirit of the Cid is stern, unbending, steel-clad; his hand grasps his sword Tizona; his heel wounds the flank of his steed Babieca.

La mano aprieta á Tizona,
Y el talon fiere á Babieca.

But the spirit of Arbolan the Moor, though resolute in camps, is effeminate in courts; he is a diamond among cimiters, yet graceful in the dance;—

Diamante entre los alfanges
Gracioso en baylar las zambras.

The ancient ballads are stamped with the character of their heroes. I could give abundant illustrations of this, but it is not necessary.

Among the most spirited of the Moorish ballads are those which are interwoven in the History of the Civil Wars of Granada. The following, entitled "A very mournful Ballad on the Siege and Conquest of Alhama," is very beautiful; and such was the effect it produced upon the Moors that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to sing it within

the walls of Granada. The translation, which is executed with great skill and fidelity, is from the pen of Lord Byron:—

The Moorish king rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire his scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Wo is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Wo is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Wo is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Wo is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,—
"Wherefore call on us, oh king?
What may mean this gathering?"
Wo is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow;
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."
Wo is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,—
"Good king, thou art justly served;
Good king, this thou hast deserved.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"And for this, oh king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Wo is me, Alhama!

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes;
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Wo is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings!"
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Such are the ancient ballads of Spain; poems which, like the Gothic cathedrals of the middle ages, have outlived the names of their builders. They are the handiwork of wandering, homeless minstrels, who for their daily bread thus "built the lofty rhyme;" and whose names, like their dust and ashes, have long, long been wrapped in a shroud. "These poets," says an anonymous writer, "have left behind them no trace to which the imagination can attach itself; they have 'died and made no sign.' We pass from the infancy of Spanish poetry to the age of Charles, through a long vista of monuments without inscriptions, as the traveller approaches the noise and bustle of modern Rome

through the lines of silent and unknown tombs that border the Appian Way."

Before closing this essay, I must allude to the unfavourable opinion which the learned Dr. Southey has expressed concerning the merit of these old Spanish ballads. In his preface to the Chronicle of the Cid he says, "The heroic ballads of the Spaniards have been overrated in this country; they are infinitely and every way inferior to our own; there are some spirited ones in the Guerras Civiles de Granada, from which the rest have been estimated; but excepting these, I know none of any value among the many hundreds which I have perused." On this field I am willing to do battle, though it be with a veteran knight who bears enchanted arms, and whose sword, like that of Martin Antolinez, "illumines all the field." That the old Spanish ballads may have been overrated, and that as a whole they are inferior to the English, I concede; that many of the hundred ballads of the Cid are wanting in interest, and that many of those of the Twelve Peers of France are languid, and drawn out beyond the patience of the most patient reader, I concede; I willingly confess, also, that among them all I have found none that can rival in graphic power the short but wonderful ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, wherein the mariner sees

"the new moon with the old moon in her arm," or the more modern one of the Battle of Agincourt, by Michael Drayton, beginning,—

Fair stood the wind for France,
As we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

All this I readily concede; but that the old Spanish ballads are infinitely and every way inferior to the English, and that among them all there are none of any value, save a few which celebrate the civil wars of Granada,—this I deny. I think the March of Bernardo del Carpio is equal to Chevy Chase; and that the ballad of the Conde Alarcos, in simplicity and pathos, has no peer in all English balladry—it is superior to Edem o' Gordon. In proof of this opinion, I confidently appeal to the ballads themselves,—nay, even to the short specimens that have been given in this essay.

But a truce to criticism. Already, methinks, I hear the voice of a drowsy and prosaic herald proclaiming, in the language of Don Quixote to the puppet-player, "Make an end, Master Peter; for it grows toward supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me."

THE

VILLAGE OF EL PARDILLO.

THE

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"When the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams we now see glide so quietly by us." IZAAK WALTON.

In that delicious season when the coy and capricious maidenhood of spring is swelling into the warmer, riper, and more voluptuous womanhood of summer, I left Madrid for the village of El Pardillo. I had already seen enough of the villages of the north of Spain to know that for the most part they have few charms to entice one from the city; but I was curious to see the peasantry of the land in their native homes,—to see how far the shepherds of Castile resemble those who sigh and sing in the pastoral romance of Montemayor and Gaspar Gil Polo.

I love the city and its busy hum; I love that glad excitement of the crowd, which makes the pulse beat quick,—the freedom from restraint,—the absence of those curious eyes and idle tongues which persecute you in villages and provincial towns. I love the country, too, in its season; and there is no scene over which my eye roves with more delight than the face of a summer landscape dimpled with soft sunny hollows, and smiling in all the freshness and luxuriance of June. There is no book in which I read sweeter lessons of virtue, or find the beauty of a quiet life more legibly recorded. My heart drinks in the tranquillity of the scene; and I never hear the sweet warble of a bird from its native wood without a silent wish that such a cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine. There is a beautiful moral feeling connected with every thing in rural life, which is not dreamed of in the philosophy of the city: the voice of the brook and the language of the winds and woods are no poetic fiction. What an impressive lesson is there in the opening bud of spring! What an eloquent homily in the fall of the autumnal leaf! How well does the song of a passing bird represent the glad but transitory days of youth! and in the hollow tree and hooting owl what a melancholy image of the decay and imbecility of old

age! In the beautiful language of an English poet,—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit,—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer;

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green isles, and, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

But the traveller who journeys through the northern provinces of Spain will look in vain for the charms of rural scenery in the villages he passes. Instead of trim cottages, and gardens, and the grateful shade of trees, he will see a cluster of stone hovels roofed with red tiles and basking in

the hot sun, without a single tree to lend him shade or shelter; and instead of green meadows and woodlands vocal with the song of birds, he will find bleak and rugged mountains and vast extended plains that stretch away beyond his ken.

It was my good fortune, however, to find, not many leagues from the metropolis, a village which could boast the shadow of a few trees. El Pardillo is situated on the southern slope of the Guardarama Mountains, just where the last broken spurs of the sierra stretch forward into the vast table-land of New Castile. The village itself, like most other Castilian villages, is only a cluster of weather-stained and dilapidated houses, huddled together without beauty or regularity; but the scenery around it is picturesque,—a mingling of hill and dale, sprinkled with patches of cultivated land and clumps of forest trees; and in the background the blue vapory outline of the Guardarama Mountains melting into the sky.

In this quiet place I sojourned for a season, accompanied by the publican Don Valentin and his fair daughter Florencia. We took up our abode in the cottage of a peasant named Lucas, an honest tiller of the soil, simple and good-natured; or, in the more emphatic language of Don Valentin, *un hombre muy infeliz, y sin malicia ninguna.* Not so his wife Martina; she was a Tartar, and so

mettlesome withal, that poor Lucas skulked doggedly about his own premises, with his head down, and his tail between his legs.

In this little village my occupations were few and simple. My morning's walk was to the Cross of Espalmado, a large wooden crucifix in the fields; the day was passed with books, or with any idle companion I was lucky enough to catch by the button and bribe with a cigar into a long story, or a little village gossip; and I whiled away the evening in peeping round among the cottagers, studying the beautiful landscape that spread before me, and watching the occasional gathering of a storm about the blue peaks of the Guardarama Mountains. My favourite haunt was a secluded spot in a little woodland valley, through which a crystal brook ran brawling along its pebbly channel: there, stretched in the shadow of a tree, I often passed the hours of noontide heat, now reading the magic numbers of Garcilaso, and anon listening to the song of the nightingale overhead; or watching the toil of a patient ant as he rolled his stone, like Sisyphus, up-hill, or the flight of a bee darting from flower to flower, and "hiding his murmurs in the rose."

Blame me not, thou studious moralist,—blame me not unheard for this idle dreaming; such mo-

ments are not wholly thrown away. In the language of Goëthe, "I lie down in the grass near a falling brook, and close to the earth a thousand varieties of grasses become perceptible. When I listen to the hum of the little world between the stubble, and see the countless indescribable forms of insects, I feel the presence of the Almighty who has created us,—the breath of the All-benevolent who supports us in perpetual enjoyment."

The village church, too, was a spot around which I occasionally lingered of an evening when in pensive or melancholy mood: and here, gentle reader, thy imagination will straightway conjure up a scene of ideal beauty,—a village church with decent white-washed walls, and modest spire just peeping forth from a clump of trees!—no; I will not deceive thee: the church of El Pardillo resembles not this picture of thy well-tutored fancy; it is a gloomy little edifice, standing upon the outskirts of the village, and built of dark and unhewn stone, with a spire like a sugar-loaf. There is no grass-plot in front, but a little esplanade beaten hard by the footsteps of the church-going peasantry. The tombstone of one of the patriarchs of the village serves as a door-step, and a single solitary tree throws its friendly shade upon the portals of the little sanctuary.

One evening, as I loitered around this spot, the sound of an organ and the chant of youthful voices from within struck my ear; the church-door was ajar, and I entered. There stood the priest surrounded by a group of children, who were chanting a hymn to the Virgin:—

Ave, Regina cœlorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum.

There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing: though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise; clear liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain! When the chant was finished, the priest opened a little book which he held in his hand, and began, with a voice as solemn as a funeral bell, to question this class of roguish little catechumens, whom he was initiating into the mysterious doctrines of the mother church. Some of the questions and answers were so curious that I cannot refrain from repeating them here; and should any one doubt their authenticity, he will find them in the Spanish catechisms.

"In what consists the mystery of the Holy Trinity?"

"In one God, who is three persons; and three persons, who are but one God."

"But tell me,—three human persons, are they not three men?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why are not three divine persons three Gods?"

"Because three human persons have three human natures; but the three divine persons have only one divine nature."

"Can you explain this by an example?"

"Yes, father; as a tree which has three branches is still but one tree, since all the three branches spring from one trunk, so the three divine persons are but one God, because they all have the same divine nature."

"Where were these three divine persons before the heavens and the earth were created?"

"In themselves."

"Which of them was made man?"

"The Son."

"And after the Son was made man was he still God?"

"Yes, father; for in becoming man he did not

cease to be God, any more than a man when he becomes a monk ceases to be a man."

"How was the Son of God made flesh."

"He was born of the most holy Virgin Mary."

"And can we still call her a Virgin?"

"Yes, father: for as a ray of the sun may pass through a pane of glass, and the glass remain unbroken, so the Virgin Mary, after the birth of her son, was a pure and holy virgin as before."*

"Who died to save and redeem us?"

"The Son of God: as man, and not as God."

'How could he suffer and die as man only, being both God and man, and yet but one person?"

"As in a heated bar of iron upon which water is thrown, the heat only is affected and not the iron, so the Son of God suffered in his human nature and not in his divine."

* This illustration was also made use of during the dark ages. Pierre de Corbiac, a troubadour of the thirteenth century, thus introduces it in a poem entitled Prayer to the Virgin:—

Domna, verges pur' e fina
Ans que fos l' enfantamens
Et apres tot eissamens,
De vos trais sa carn humana
Jhesu Christ nostre salvaire;
Si com ses trencamens faire
Intra'l bel rais quan solelha
Per la fenestra veirina.

"And when the spirit was separated from his most precious body, whither did the spirit go?"

"To limbo, to glorify the souls of the holy fathers."

"And the body?"

"It was carried to the grave."

"Did the divinity remain united with the spirit or with the body?"

"With both. As a soldier when he unsheaths his sword remains united both with the sword and the sheath, though they are separated from each other, so did the divinity remain united both with the Spirit and body of Christ, though the spirit was separated and removed from the body."

I did not quarrel with the priest for having been born and educated in a different faith from mine; but as I left the church and sauntered slowly homeward, I could not help asking myself, in a whisper, Why perplex the spirit of a child with these metaphysical subtleties, these dark, mysterious speculations, which man in all his pride of intellect cannot fathom nor explain?

I must not forget, in this place, to make honourable mention of the little great men of El Pardillo. And first in order comes the Priest, the bell-wether of the flock: he was a short, portly man, serious in manner and of grave and reverend presence;

though at the same time there was a dash of the jolly-fat-friar about him; and on hearing a good joke or a sly inuendo, a smile would gleam in his eye, and play over his round face like the light of a glow-worm. His housekeeper was a brisk, smiling little woman, on the shady side of thirty, and a cousin of his to boot. Whenever she was mentioned, Don Valentin looked wise, as if this cousinship were apocryphal; but he said nothing,—not he: what right had he to be peeping into other people's business, when he had only one eye to look after his own withal? Next in rank to the Dominie was the Alcalde, justice of the peace and quorum; a most potent, grave, and reverend personage, with a long beak of a nose, and a pouch under his chin, like a pelican; he was a man of few words, but great in authority; and his importance was vastly increased in the village by a pair of double-barrelled spectacles, so contrived that when bent over his desk and deeply buried in his musty papers, he could look up and see what was going on around him without moving his head, whereby he got the reputation of seeing twice as much as other people. There was the village Surgeon, too, a tall man with a varnished hat and a starved dog; he had studied at the university of Salamanca, and was pompous and pedantic, ever and

anon quoting some thread-bare maxim from the Greek philosophers, and embellishing it with a commentary of his own: then there was the gray-headed Sacristan, who rang the church-bell, played on the organ, and was learned in tombstone lore; a Politician, who talked me to death about taxes, liberty, and the days of the constitution; and a Notary Public, a poor man with a large family, who would make a paper-cigar last half an hour, and who kept up his respectability in the village by keeping a horse.

Beneath the protecting shade of these great men full many an inhabitant of El Pardillo was born and buried. The village continued to flourish, a quiet, happy place, though all unknown to fame. The inhabitants were orderly and industrious, went regularly to mass and confession, kept every saint's day in the calendar, and devoutly hung Judas once a year—in effigy: on Sundays and all other holydays, when mass was over, the time was devoted to sports and recreation; and the day passed off in social visiting and athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and heaving the bar. When evening came, the merry sound of the guitar summoned to the dance; then every nook and alley poured forth its youthful company,—light of heart and heel, and decked

out in all the holyday finery of flowers, and ribands, and crimson sashes. A group gathered before the cottage-door; the signal was given, and away whirled the merry dancers to the wild music of voice and guitar, and the measured beat of castanet and tambarine.

I love these rural dances,—from my heart I love them. This world at best is so full of care and sorrow,—the life of a poor man is so stained with the sweat of his brow,—there is so much toil, and struggling, and anguish, and disappointment here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all these are laid aside and forgotten, and the heart of the toil-worn peasant seems to throw off its load, and to leap to the sound of music so merrily,—

> ——— 'beneath soft eve's consenting star,
> Fandango twirls his jocund castanet.'

Not many miles from the village of El Pardillo stands the ruined castle of Villa Franca, an ancient stronghold of the Moors of the fifteenth century. It is built upon the summit of a hill of easy ascent upon one side, but precipitous and inaccessible on the other. The front presents a large square tower, constituting the main part of the castle; on one side of which an arched gate-way leads to a spacious court-yard within, surrounded by battle-

ments. The corner towers are circular, with beetling turrets; and here and there, apart from the main body of the castle, stand several circular basements, whose towers have fallen and mouldered into dust. From the balcony in the square tower, the eye embraces the level landscape for leagues and leagues around; and beneath, in the depth of the valley, lies a beautiful grove, alive with the song of the nightingale. The whole castle is in ruin, and occupied only as a hunting-lodge, being inhabited by a solitary tenant, who has charge of the adjacent domain.

One holyday, when mass was said and the whole village was let loose to play, we made a pilgrimage to the ruins of this old Moorish alcazar. Our cavalcade was as motley as that of old,—the pilgrims "that toward Canterbury wolden ride;" for we had the priest, and the doctor of physic, and the man of laws, and a wife of Bath, and many more whom I must leave unsung. Merrily flew the hours and fast; and sitting after dinner in the gloomy hall of that old castle, many a tale was told, and many a legend and tradition of the past conjured up to satisfy the curiosity of the present.

Most of these tales were about the Moors who built the castle, and the treasures they had buried beneath it. Then the priest told the story of a

lawyer who sold himself to the devil for a pot of money, and was burnt by the holy Inquisition therefor. In his confession he told how he had learned from a Jew the secret of raising the devil; how he went to the castle at midnight with a book which the Jew gave him, and to make the charm sure, carried with him a loadstone, six nails from the coffin of a child of three years, six tapers of rosewax, made by a child of four years, the skin and blood of a young kid, an iron fork, with which the kid had been killed, a few hazel-rods, a flask of high-proof brandy, and some lignum-vitæ charcoal to make a fire. When he read in the book, the devil appeared in the shape of a man dressed in flesh-coloured clothes, with long nails and large fiery eyes, and he signed an agreement with him, written in blood, promising never to go to mass, and to give him his soul at the end of eight years; in return for this he was to have a million of dollars in good money, which the devil was to bring to him the next night; but when the next night came, and the lawyer had conjured from his book, instead of the devil there appeared—who do you think?—the alcalde with half the village at his heels, and the poor lawyer was handed over to the Inquisition, and burnt for dealing in the black art.

I intended to repeat here some of the many tales that were told; but, upon reflection, they seem too frivolous, and must therefore give place to a more serious theme.

THE MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN.

THE MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL

POETRY OF SPAIN.

"Heaven's dove, when highest he flies,
Flies with thy heavenly wings."—CRASHAW.

THERE is hardly a chapter in literary history more strongly marked with the peculiarities of national character than that which contains the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. It would naturally be expected, that in this department of literature all the fervency and depth of national feeling would be exhibited. But still, as the spirit of morality and devotion is the same, wherever it exists,—as the enthusiasm of virtue and religion is everywhere essentially the same feeling, though modified in its degree and in its action by a variety of physical causes and local circumstances,—and as the subject of the didactic verse and the spiritual canticle cannot be materially changed by the change of nation and climate, it might at the first glance seem quite as natural to expect that the moral and devotional poetry of Christian

countries would never be very strongly marked with national peculiarities: in other words, we should expect it to correspond to the warmth or coldness of national feeling, for it is the external and visible expression of this feeling; but not to the distinctions of national character, because its nature and object being everywhere the same, these distinctions become swallowed up in one universal Christian character.

In moral poetry this is doubtless true. The great principles of Christian morality being eternal and invariable, the verse which imbodies and represents them must, from this very circumstance, be the same in its spirit through all Christian lands. The same, however, is not necessarily true of devotional or religious poetry. There, the language of poetry is something more than the visible image of a devotional spirit. It is also an expression of religious faith; shadowing forth, with greater or less distinctness, its various creeds and doctrines. As these are different in different nations, the spirit that breathes in religious song, and the letter that gives utterance to the doctrine of faith, will not be universally the same. Thus Catholic nations sing the praises of the Virgin Mary in language in which nations of the Protestant faith do not unite; and among Protestants

themselves, the difference of interpretations, and the consequent belief or disbelief of certain doctrines, give a various spirit and expression to religious poetry. And yet, in all, the devotional feeling—the heavenward volition is the same.

So far, then, as peculiarities of religious faith exercise an influence upon intellectual habits, and thus become a part of national character, just so far will the devotional or religious poetry of a country exhibit the characteristic peculiarities, resulting from this influence of faith, and its assimilation with the national mind. Now Spain is by preëminence the Catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the Christian faith; and many of her warriors—of her best and bravest—were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries, which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed, the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous tradition. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honour in more than one dangerous pass; and the war-shout of "Santiago, y cierra España!" has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry

of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external ritual observances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honoured and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the wayfarer. It is the evening orison when the toils of day are done; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary street in the voice of the watchman's cry.

These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain. It is not only instinct with religious feeling, but incorporated with "the substance of things not seen." Not only are the poet's lips touched with a coal from the altar, but his spirit is folded in the cloud of incense that rises before the shrines of the Virgin Mother, and the glorious company of the saints and martyrs. His soul is not wholly swallowed up in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of the Eternal Mind; but with its lamp trimmed and burning, it goeth out to meet the

bridegroom, as if he were coming in a bodily presence.

The history of the devotional poetry of Spain commences with the legendary lore of Maestro Gonzalvo de Berceo, a secular priest, whose life was passed in the cloisters of a Benedictine convent, and amid the shadows of the thirteenth century. The name of Berceo stands foremost on the catalogue of Spanish poets, for the author of the Poem of the Cid is unknown. The old patriarch of Spanish poetry has left a monument of his existence in upwards of thirteen thousand alexandrines, celebrating the lives and miracles of saints, and the Virgin, as he found them written in the Latin chronicles and dusty legends of his monastery. In imbodying these in rude verse in *roman paladino*, or the old Spanish romance tongue, intelligible to the common people, Fray Gonzalvo seems to have passed his life. His writings are just such as we should expect from the pen of a monk of the thirteenth century. They are more ghostly than poetical; and throughout, unction holds the place of inspiration. Accordingly, they illustrate very fully the preceding remarks; and the more so, inasmuch as they are written with the most ample and childish credulity,

and the utmost singleness of faith touching the events and miracles described.

The following extract is taken from one of Berceo's poems, entitled "Vida de San Millan." It is a description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted on snow-white steeds, and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas in the *Campo de Toro.*

And when the kings were in the field,—their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward towards heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;
The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way.
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again ;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around ;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high ;
The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore,
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright :
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

* * * * * *

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John ;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighbourhood.

Berceo's longest poem is entitled "Miraclos de

Nuestra Señora," Miracles of Our Lady. It consists of nearly four thousand lines, and contains the description of twenty-five miracles. It is a complete homily on the homage and devotion due to the glorious Virgin, *Madre de Jhu Xto*, Mother of Jesus Christ; but it is written in a low and vulgar style, strikingly at variance with the elevated character of the subject. Thus, in the twentieth miracle, we have the account of a monk who became intoxicated in a wine-cellar. Having lain on the floor till the vesper-bell aroused him, he staggers off towards the church in most melancholy plight. The Evil One besets him on the way, assuming the various shapes of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but from all these perils he is miraculously saved by the timely intervention of the Virgin, who, finding him still too much intoxicated to make his way to bed, kindly takes him by the hand, leads him to his pallet, covers him with a blanket and a counterpane, smooths his pillow, and, after making the sign of the cross over him, tells him to rest quietly, for sleep will do him good.

To a certain class of minds, there may be something interesting and even affecting in descriptions which represent the spirit of a departed saint as thus assuming a corporeal shape, in order to assist and console human nature even in its baser in-

firmities ; but it ought also to be considered, how much such descriptions tend to strip religion of its peculiar sanctity, to bring it down from its heavenly abode, not merely to dwell among men, but, like an imprisoned culprit, to be chained to the derelict of principle, manacled with the base desire and earthly passion, and forced to do the menial offices of a slave. In descriptions of this kind, as in the representations of our Saviour, and of sainted spirits in a human shape execution must of necessity fall far short of the conception. The handiwork cannot equal the glorious archetype which is visible only to the mental eye. Painting and sculpture are not adequate to the task of imbodying in a permanent shape the glorious visions, the radiant forms, the glimpses of heaven, which fill the imagination, when purified and exalted by devotion. The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch. From this it would seem to be not only a natural but a necessary conclusion, that all the descriptions of poetry which borrow any thing, either directly or indirectly, from these bodily and imperfect representations, must partake of their imperfection, and assume a more earthly and material character than

those which come glowing and burning from the more spiritualized perceptions of the internal sense.

It is very far from my intention to utter any sweeping denunciation against the divine arts of painting and sculpture, as employed in the exhibition of scriptural scenes and personages. These I esteem meet ornaments for the house of God: though, as I have already said, their execution cannot equal the high conceptions of an ardent imagination, yet whenever the hand of a master is visible,—when the marble almost moves before you, and the painting starts into life from the canvass,—the effect upon an enlightened mind will generally, if not universally, be to quicken its sensibilities and excite to more ardent devotion, by carrying the thoughts beyond the representations of bodily suffering, to the contemplation of the intenser mental agony—the moral sublimity exhibited by the martyr. The impressions produced, however, will not be the same in all minds; they will necessarily vary according to the prevailing temper and complexion of the mind which receives them. As there is no sound where there is no ear to receive the impulses and vibrations of the air, so is there no moral impression—no voice of instruction from all the works of nature, and all the imitations of art—unless there be within the soul

itself a capacity for hearing the voice and receiving the moral impulse. The cause exists eternally and universally; but the effect is produced only when and where the cause has room to act, and just in proportion as it has room to act. Hence the various moral impressions, and the several degrees of the same moral impression which an object may produce in different minds. These impressions will vary in kind and in degree according to the acuteness and the cultivation of the internal moral sense. And thus the representations spoken of above might exercise a very favourable influence upon an enlightened and well-regulated mind, and at the same time a very unfavourable influence upon an unenlightened and superstitious one. And the reason is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impressions they are calculated to convey. It is not hoodwinked,—it is not shut up in a gloomy prison till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence: but it walks abroad; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it; the various works of nature are its ministering angels; the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it develops new powers and acquires increased

capacities, and thus, rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture,—the moth-eaten tome,—the gloomy tapestry,—the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colours of the painted glass; while the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a coloured medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close, exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse the marks of lingering, incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched: such is the contrast between the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas,—to generalize them—to place them in their proper light and position—to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail, and thus

to arrive at just conclusions ; but, on the contrary, receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself, and treasures it up as an ultimate fact,—upon such a mind, we think that representations of Scripture-scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavourable influence. Such a mind cannot rightly estimate—it cannot feel the work of a master ; and a miserable daub, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only to increase the burden which weighs the spirit down to earth. Thus, in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity with which the mind naturally invests the unearthly and invisible.

It is curious to observe the influence of the circumstances just referred to upon the devotional poetry of Spain.* Sometimes it exhibits itself

* The following beautiful little hymn in Latin, written by the celebrated Francisco Xavier, the friend and companion of Loyola, and from his zeal in the eastern missions surnamed the Apostle of the Indias, would hardly have originated in any mind, but that

directly and fully, at others more indirectly and incidentally, but always with sufficient clearness of one familiar with the representations of which I have spoken above.

'O Deus! ego amo te:
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterne punis igne.

'Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam:
Innumeros dolores
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem: et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

'Cur igitur non amem te
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec præmii ullius spe:
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te:
Solum quia rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.
Amen.'

'O God! my spirit loves but thee,
Not that in heaven its home may be,
Nor that the souls which love not thee
Shall groan in fire eternally.

to indicate its origin. Sometimes it destroys the beauty of a poem by a miserable conceit; at others it gives it the character of a beautiful allegory.*

'But thou on the accursed tree
In mercy hast embraced me.
For me the cruel nails, the spear,
The ignominious scoff didst bear,
Countless, unutterable woes,—
The bloody sweat,—death's pangs and throes,—
These thou didst bear, all these for me,
A sinner and estranged from thee.

'And wherefore no affection show,
Jesus, to thee that lov'st me so?
Not that in heaven my home may be,
Not lest I die eternally,—
Nor from the hopes of joys above me:
But even as thyself didst love me,
So love I, and will ever love thee:
Solely because my King art thou,
My God for ever more as now.
Amen.'

* I recollect but few instances of this kind of figurative poetry in our language. There is, however, one of most exquisite beauty and pathos, far surpassing any thing I have seen of the kind in Spanish. It is a passage from Cowper.

'I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

The following sonnets will serve as illustrations. They are from the hand of the wonderful Lope de Vega:—

Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,—
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains,
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be,
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,
O wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me!—yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me?

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy bless'd approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by archers: in his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.'

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
To-morrow we will open, I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answer'd still, to-morrow.

The most remarkable portion of the devotional poetry of the Spaniards is to be found in their sacred dramas, their *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales.* These had their origin in the *mysteries* and *moralities* of the dark ages; and are indeed monstrous creations of the imagination. The *Vidas de Santos*, or Lives of Saints, are representations of their miracles, and of the wonderful traditions concerning them. The *Autos Sacramentales* have particular reference to the Eucharist and the ceremonies of the *Corpus Christi.* In these theatrical pieces are introduced upon the stage, not only angels and saints, but God, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary; and, in strange juxtaposition with these, devils, peasants, and kings; in fine, they contain the strangest medley of characters, real and allegorical, which the imagination can conceive. As if this were not enough, in the midst of what was intended as a solemn religious celebration, scenes of low buffoonery are often introduced.

The most remarkable of the *Autos* which I have

read is *La Devocion de la Cruz*, The Devotion of the Cross. It is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's sacred dramas, and will serve as an example of that class of writing. As it will throw much light upon this part of the subject, I shall give a brief analysis of it, by way of illustration to my foregoing remarks. The piece commences by a dialogue between Lisardo, the son of Curcio, a decayed nobleman, and Eusebio, the hero of the play and lover of Julia, Lisardo's sister. Though the father's extravagance has wasted his estates, Lisardo is deeply offended that Eusebio should aspire to an alliance with the family, and draws him into a secluded place in order to settle their dispute with the sword. Here the scene opens, and in the course of the dialogue which precedes the combat, Eusebio relates that he was born at the foot of a cross, which stood in a rugged and desert part of those mountains; that the virtue of this cross preserved him from the wild beasts; that, being found by a peasant three days after his birth, he was carried to a neighbouring village, and there received the name of Eusebio of the Cross; that, being thrown by his nurse into a well, he was heard to laugh, and was found floating upon the top of the water, with his hands placed upon his mouth in the form of a cross; that the house in

which he dwelt being consumed by fire, he escaped unharmed amid the flames, and it was found to be Corpus Christi day; and, in fine, after relating many other similar miracles, worked by the power of the cross, at whose foot he was born, he says that he bears its image miraculously stamped upon his breast. After this they fight, and Lisardo falls mortally wounded. In the next scene, Eusebio has an interview with Julia, at her father's house; they are interrupted, and Eusebio conceals himself; Curcio enters, and informs Julia that he has determined to send her that day to a convent, that she may take the veil, *para ser de Cristo esposa.* While they are conversing, the dead body of Lisardo is brought in by peasants, and Eusebio is declared to be the murderer. The scene closes by the escape of Eusebio. The second act, or *jornada*, discovers Eusebio as the leader of a band of robbers. They fire upon a traveller, who proves to be a priest, named Alberto, and who is seeking a spot in those solitudes wherein to establish a hermitage. The shot is prevented from taking effect by a book, which the pious old man carries in his bosom, and which he says is a "treatise on the true origin of the divine and heavenly tree, on which, dying with courage and fortitude, Christ triumphed over death; in fine, the book is called

the Miracles of the Cross." They suffer the priest to depart unharmed, who in consequence promises Eusebio that he shall not die without confession, but that wherever he may be, if he but call upon his name, he will hasten to absolve him. In the mean time, Julia retires to a convent, and Curcio goes with an armed force in pursuit of Eusebio, who has resolved to gain admittance to Julia's convent. He scales the walls of the convent by night, and silently gropes his way along the corridor. Julia is discovered sleeping in her cell, with a taper beside her. He is, however, deterred from executing his malicious designs, by discovering upon her breast the form of a cross, similar to that which he bears upon his own, and "Heaven would not suffer him, though so great an offender, to lose his respect for the cross." To be brief, he leaps from the convent-walls and escapes to the mountains. Julia, counting her honour lost, having offended God, *como á Dios, y como á esposa*, in despair pursues him,—descends the ladder from the convent-wall, and when she again seeks to return to her cell, finds the ladder has been removed. In her despair, she accuses Heaven of having withdrawn its clemency, and vows to perform such deeds of wickedness as shall terrify both heaven and hell.

The third *jornada* transports the scene back to the mountains. Julia, disguised in man's apparel, with her face concealed, is brought to Eusebio by a party of the banditti. She challenges him to single combat; and he accepts the challenge, on condition that his antagonist shall declare who he is. Julia discovers herself; and relates several horrid murders she has committed since leaving the convent. Their interview is here interrupted by the entrance of banditti, who inform Eusebio that Curcio, with an armed force, from all the neighbouring villages, is approaching. The attack commences. Eusebio and Curcio meet, but a secret and mysterious sympathy prevents them from fighting; and a great number of peasants, coming in at this moment, rush upon Eusebio in a body, and he is thrown down a precipice. There Curcio discovers him, expiring with his numerous wounds. The *denouement* of the piece commences. Curcio, moved by compassion, examines a wound in Eusebio's breast, discovers the mark of the cross, and thereby recognises him to be his son. Eusebio expires, calling on the name of Alberto, who shortly after enters, as if lost in those mountains. A voice from the dead body of Eusebio calls his name. I shall here transcribe a part of the scene.

Eusebio. Alberto!

Alberto. Hark!—what breath
Of fearful voice is this,
Which uttering my name
Sounds in my ears?

Eus. Alberto!

Alb. Again it doth pronounce
My name: methinks the voice
Came from this side: I will
Approach.

Eus. Alberto!

Alb. Hist! more near it sounds.
Thou voice, that ridest swift
The wind, and utterest my name,
Who art thou?

Eus. I am Eusebio.
Come, good Alberto, this way come,
Where sepulchred I lie;
Approach, and raise these branches:
Fear not.

Alb. I do not fear.
[*Discovers the body.*
Now I behold thee.
Speak, in God's holy name,
What wouldst thou with me?

Eus. In his name,
My faith, Alberto, called thee,
That previous to my death
Thou hearest my confession.
Long since I should have died,
For this stiff corpse resigned
The disembodied soul;

But the strong mace of death
Smote only, and dissevered not
The spirit and the flesh. [*Rises.*
Come, then, Alberto, that I may
Confess my sins, for oh! they are
More than the sands beside the sea,
Or motes that fill the sunbeam.
So much with Heaven avails
Devotion to the Cross.

Eusebio then retires to confess himself to Alberto; and Curcio afterward relates, that when the venerable saint had given him absolution, his body again fell dead at his feet. Julia discovers herself, overwhelmed with the thoughts of her incestuous passion for Eusebio and her other crimes, and as Curcio, in a transport of indignation, endeavours to kill her, she seizes a cross which stands over Eusebio's grave, and with it ascends to heaven, while Alberto shouts *gran milagro*, and the curtain falls.

Thus far have I spoken of the devotional poetry of Spain as modified by the peculiarities of religious faith and practice. Considered apart from the dogmas of a creed, and as the expression of those pure and elevated feelings of religion which are not the prerogative of any one sect or denomination, but the common privilege of all, it possesses strong claims to our admiration and praise. I know of nothing in any modern tongue so beauti-

ful as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul,—the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized; with nothing of earth, and all of heaven—a heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or a vapour of earth, to obscure its brightness. His voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel,—melodious to the ear and to the internal sense,—breathing those

> 'Effectual whispers, whose still voice
> The soul itself more feels than hears.'

The following sonnets of Francisco de Aldana, a writer remarkable for the beauty of his conceptions and the harmony of his verse, are illustrations of this remark. In what glowing language he describes the aspirations of the soul for its paternal heaven,—its celestial home! how beautifully he portrays in a few lines the strong desire, the ardent longing of the exiled and imprisoned spirit, to wing its flight away and be at rest! The strain bears our thoughts upward with it; it transports us to the heavenly country; it whispers to the soul,—higher, immortal spirit! higher!

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

O Lord! that seest from yon starry height
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal sun! the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April fast decays,
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The prevailing characteristics of Spanish devotional poetry are warmth of imagination, and depth

and sincerity of feeling. The conception is always striking and original, and, when not degraded by dogmas, and the poor, puerile conceits arising from them, beautiful and sublime. This results from the frame and temperament of the mind, and is a general characteristic of the Spanish poets, not only in this department of song, but in all the others. The very ardour of imagination which, exercised upon minor themes, leads them into extravagance and hyperbole, when left to act in a higher and wider sphere conducts them nearer and nearer to perfection. When imagination spreads its wings in the bright regions of devotional song —in the pure empyrean—judgment should direct its course, but there is no danger of its soaring too high. The heavenly land still lies beyond its utmost flight. There are heights it cannot reach; there are fields of air which tire its wing; there is a splendour which dazzles its vision;—for there is a glory, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

But perhaps the greatest charm of the devotional poets of Spain is their sincerity. Most of them were ecclesiastics,—men who had in sober truth renounced the realities of this life for the hopes and promises of another. We are not to

suppose that all who take holy orders are saints; but we should be still further from believing that all are hypocrites. It would be even more absurd to suppose that none are sincere in their professions, than that all are. Besides, with whatever feelings a man may enter the monastic life, there is something in its discipline and privations which has a tendency to wean the mind from earth, and to fix it upon heaven. Doubtless many have seemingly renounced the world from motives of worldly aggrandizement; and others have renounced it because it has renounced them. The former have carried with them to the cloister their earthly ambition, and the latter their dark misanthropy; and though many have daily kissed the cross and yet grown hoary in iniquity, and shrived their souls that they might sin more gayly on,—yet solitude works miracles in the heart, and many who enter the cloister from worldly motives find it a school wherein the soul may be trained to more holy purposes and desires. There is not half the corruption and hypocrisy within the convent's walls that the church bears the shame of hiding in its bosom. Hermits may be holy men, though knaves have sometimes been hermits. Were they all hypocrites, who of old for their souls' sake exposed their naked bodies to the burning sun of Syria? Were

they, who wandered houseless in the solitudes of Engaddi? Were they, who dwelt beneath the palm-trees by the Red Sea? Oh, no! They were ignorant,—they were deluded,—they were fanatic, but they were not hypocrites; if there be any sincerity in human professions and human actions, they were not hypocrites. During the middle ages there was corruption in the church,—foul, shameful corruption; and now also hypocrisy may scourge itself in feigned repentance, and ambition hide its face beneath a hood; yet all is not therefore rottenness that wears a cowl! Many a pure spirit, through heavenly-mindedness and an ardent though mistaken zeal, has fled from the temptations of the world to seek in solitude and self-communion a closer walk with God. And not in vain. They have found the peace they sought. They have felt, indeed, what many profess to feel, but do not feel,—that they are strangers and sojourners here, travellers who are bound for their home in a far country. It is this feeling which we speak of as giving a peculiar charm to the devotional poetry of Spain. We compare its spirit with the spirit which its authors have exhibited in their lives. They speak of having given up the world, and it is no poetical hyperbole; they speak of longing to be free from the weakness of the flesh, that they

may commence their conversation in heaven, and we feel that they had already begun it in lives of penitence, meditation, and prayer.

With regard to the moral poetry of Spain, I need not be prolix in my remarks. In common with the devotional, it possesses the glow and fervour of Spanish feeling, and so far exhibits the national character. At the same time, as I have already had occasion to observe, the principles of Christian morality being everywhere the same throughout Christendom, moral poetry must everywhere display to a great extent a common and homogeneous character. The only variety it exhibits will be found, I apprehend, to consist, not in the general tenour of the thought, but in the tone of feeling and consequent warmth of language in which the thought is expressed. In all Christian countries, the prevailing thought is the perishable nature of earthly possessions, and that kind of contemplative and philosophic content so well expressed by Francisco de Rioja, in one of his moral epistles—a little nook among my household gods, a book and friend, and light slumbers, that neither cares nor creditors disturb—these are enough for me:—

> Un ángulo me basta entre mis lares,
> un libro y un amigo, un sueño breve
> que no perturben deudas ni pesares.

I shall not, therefore, attempt to show wherein the moral poetry of Spain exhibits the lights and shades of national character; but shall close my essay here, in order to give place to one of the most beautiful poems, of which Spanish literature can boast.

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the Spanish poets of any eminence have been soldiers; and that most of them have died either upon the field of battle or in the cloister. Jorge Manrique followed the profession of arms, and fought beneath his father's banner. He died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from exercising and exhibiting to the world his many virtues, and the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of

the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well-known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, and the rich embellishments of genius and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

COPLAS

DE

DON JORGE MANRIQUE.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED BY DON JORGE MANRIQUE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER DON RODRIGO.

I.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!
Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past—
More highly prize.

II.

Onward its course the present keeps,—
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;—
And did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.
Let no one fondly dream again
That Hope and all her shadowy train

Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

III.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill;—
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

IV.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.
To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

V.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.
Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal,
When in the mansions of the blest
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

VI.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.
Yes—the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

VII.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,

The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.
Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accident,—and change
That comes to all;—
Even in the most exalted state
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

VIII.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek,
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,—
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?
The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight
When time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

IX.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others by guilt and crime maintain
The escutcheon, that without a stain
Their fathers bore.

X.

Wealth and the high estates of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they
Of fickle heart.
These gifts in fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

XI.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles till the grave
Reclaimed its prey;
Let none on such poor hopes rely,
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?
Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—

They fade and die;
But in the life beyond the tomb
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

XII.

The pleasures and delights which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race
In which we fall?
No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

XIII.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,—
How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
In weeds of wo!

XIV.

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.
Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

XV.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft and read
Their histories.
Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away
Like days of old.

XVI.

Where is the King Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir

Of Arragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise
In battle done?
Tournay and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume;
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands gay and green
That deck the tomb?

XVII.

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame
Low at their feet?
Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold
The dancers wore?

XVIII.

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But oh! how false and full of guile,
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

XIX.

The countless gifts,—the stately walls,—
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;
The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,—
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass
They passed away.

XX.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!
But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of death,

Blasted his years;
Eternal Providence! by thee
The flame of earthly majesty
Was quenched in tears!

XXI.

Spain's haughty Constable,—the great
And gallant Master,—cruel fate
Stripped him of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!
The countless treasures of his care,
Hamlets and villas green and fair,
His mighty power,—
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart,—when came
The parting hour!

XXII.

His other brothers proud and high,
Masters, who in prosperity
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;
What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died.

XXIII.

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!
Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

XXIV.

Unnumbered hosts that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed,
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,
And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

XXV.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give

Were life indeed!
But O, thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

XXVI.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.
Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of wo,
But with a lingering step and slow,
Its form departs.

XXVII.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As virtue's son,—
Roderick Manrique,—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

XXVIII.

To friends a friend;—how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!
What prudence with the old and wise;
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

XXIX.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His Scipio's virtue; his the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.
His was a Trajan's goodness,—his
A Titus' noble charities,

And righteous laws;
His the Archæan's arm; the might
Of Tully to maintain the right
In truth's just cause.

XXX.

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will.
In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway,
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

XXXI.

He left no well-filled treasury,—
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors,—and in their fall,
Villa, and tower, and castled wall
Were his estate.
Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain,
The rents and the long vassal train
The conquered gave.

XXXII.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His rank sustained.
After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made—that more
And fairer regions than before,
His guerdon were.

XXXIII.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.
By his unrivalled skill,—by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored;
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the sword.

XXXIV.

He found his villas and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains

And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.
By the tried valour of his hand
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served:—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

XXXV.

And when so oft for weal or wo
His life upon one fatal throw
Had been laid down,
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown,
And done such deeds of valour strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all,
Then to Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

XXXVI.

Saying, "Good cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray,—
The closing scene.

Since thou hast been in battle-strife
So prodigal of health and life
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again,
Which on the last stern battle-plain
Repeats thy name.

XXXVII.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.
A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

XXXVIII.

"The eternal life beyond the sky
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin shall not inherit
A joy so great.
But the good monk in cloistered cell
Shall gain it by his book and bell,

His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

XXXIX.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive at length
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.
Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess;
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

XL.

"O death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of heaven my will shall be,—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.
My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

XLI.

" O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,—
And in that form didst suffer here,
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O pardon me!"

XLII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind;
His soul to Him who gave it rose;—
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE PILGRIM'S BREVIARY.

THE

PILGRIM'S BREVIARY.

"If thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller,—sometimes fair, sometime foul; here champaign, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soyle in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee."

BURTON'S *Anatomie of Melancholy.*

THE glittering spires and cupolas of Madrid have sunk behind me. Again and again I have turned to take a parting look, till at length the last trace of the city has disappeared, and I gaze only upon the sky above it.

And now the sultry day is passed; the freshening twilight falls, and the moon and the evening star are in the sky. This river is the Zarama. This noble avenue of trees leads to Aranjuez. Already its lamps begin to twinkle in the distance. The hoofs of our weary mules clatter upon the

wooden bridge; the public square opens before us; yonder, in the moonlight, gleam the walls of the royal palace, and near it, with a rushing sound, fall the waters of the Tagus.

We have now entered the vast and melancholy plains of La Mancha,—a land to which the genius of Cervantes has given a vulgo-classic fame. Here are the wind-mills as of old; every village has its Master Nicholas,—every venta its Maritornes. Wondrous strong are the spells of fiction! A few years pass away, and history becomes romance, and romance, history. To the peasantry of Spain, Don Quixote and his Squire are historic personages. They believe that such characters once existed; and wo betide the luckless wight who unwarily takes the name of Dulcinea upon his lips within a league of El Toboso. The traveller, too, yields himself to the delusion; and as he traverses the arid plains of La Mancha, pauses with willing credulity to trace the footsteps of the mad Hidalgo, with his "velvet breeches on a holyday, and slippers of the same." The high-road from Aranjuez to Cordova crosses and re-crosses the knight-errant's path. Between Manzanares

and Valdepeñas stands the inn where he was dubbed a knight; to the westward lies the scene of his tournament with the barber, to the southward the Venta de Cardenas, where he met Maritornes and the princess Micomicona,—and just beyond rises the Sierra Morena, where he did penance, like the knights of olden time.

For my own part, I confess that there are seasons when I am willing to be the dupe of my imagination; and if this harmless folly but lends its wings to a dull-paced hour, I am even ready to believe a fairy tale.

On the fourth day of our journey we dined at Manzanares, in an old and sombre-looking inn, which, I think, some centuries back, must have been the dwelling of a grandee. A wide gateway admitted us into the inn yard, which was a paved court, in the centre of the edifice, surrounded by a colonnade, and open to the sky above. Beneath this colonnade we were shaved by the village barber, a supple, smooth-faced Figaro, with a brazen laver and a gray montera cap. There, too, we dined in the open air, with bread as white as snow, and the rich, red wine of Valdepeñas;

and there, in the listlessness of after dinner, smoked the sleep-inviting cigar, while in the court-yard before us the muleteers danced a fandango with the maids of the inn, to the loud music which three blind musicians drew from a violin, a guitar, and a clarionet. When this scene was over, and the blind men had groped their way out of the yard, I fell into a delicious slumber, from which I was soon awakened by music of another kind. It was a clear youthful voice, singing a national song to the sound of a guitar. I opened my eyes, and near me stood a tall, graceful figure, leaning against one of the pillars of the colonnade, in the attitude of a serenader. His dress was that of a Spanish student. He wore a black gown and cassock, a pair of shoes made of an ex-pair of boots, and a hat in the shape of a half-moon, with the handle of a wooden spoon sticking out on one side like a cockade. When he had finished his song, we invited him to the remnant of a Vich sausage, a bottle of Valdepeñas, bread at his own discretion, and a pure Havana cigar. The stranger made a leg, and accepted these signs of good company with the easy air of a man who is accustomed to earn his livelihood by hook or by crook; and as the wine was of that stark and generous kind which readily "ascends one into the brain," our

gentleman with the half-moon hat grew garrulous and full of anecdote, and soon told us his own story, beginning with his birth and parentage, like the people in Gil Blas.

"I am the son of a barber," quoth he; "and first saw the light some twenty years ago, in the great city of Madrid. At a very early age, I was taught to do something for myself, and began my career of gain by carrying a slow-match in the Prado, for the gentlemen to light their cigars with, and catching the wax that dropped from the friars' tapers at funerals and other religious processions.

"At school I was noisy and unruly; and was finally expelled for hooking the master's son with a pair of ox-horns, which I had tied to my head, in order to personate the bull in a mock bull-fight. Soon after this my father died, and I went to live with my maternal uncle, a curate in Fuencarral. He was a man of learning, and resolved that I should be like him. He set his heart upon making a physician of me; and to this end taught me Latin and Greek.

"In due time I was sent to the university of Alcalá. Here a new world opened before me. What novelty—what variety—what excitement! But, alas! three months were hardly gone, when news came that my worthy uncle had passed to a

better world. I was now left to shift for myself. I was penniless, and lived as I could, not as I would. I became a *sopista*, a soup-eater—a knight of the wooden spoon. I see you do not understand me. In other words, then, I became one of that respectable body of charity scholars who go armed with their wooden spoons to eat the allowance of eleemosynary soup, which is daily served out to them at the gate of the convents. I had no longer house nor home. But necessity is the mother of invention. I became a hanger-on of those who were more fortunate than myself; studied in other people's books,—slept in other people's beds, and breakfasted at other people's expense. This course of life has been demoralizing, but it has quickened my wits to a wonderful degree.

"Did you ever read the life of the Gran Tacaño, by Quevedo? In the first book you have a faithful picture of life in a Spanish university. What was true in his day is true in ours. O Alcalá! Alcalá! if your walls had tongues as well as ears, what tales could they repeat! What midnight frolics! what madcap revelries! what scenes of merriment and mischief! How merry is a student's life, and yet how changeable! Alternate feasting and fasting,—alternate Lent and Carnival,

—alternate want and extravagance! Care given to the winds,—no thought beyond the passing hour; yesterday, forgotten,—to-morrow, a word in an unknown tongue!

"Did you ever hear of raising the dead? Not literally,—but such as the student raised, when he dug for the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, at the fountain between Peñafiel and Salamanca,—money. No? Well, it is done after this wise. Gambling, you know, is our great national vice; and then gamblers are so dishonest! Now, our game is to cheat the cheater. We go at night to some noted gaming-house,—five or six of us in a body. We stand around the table, watch those that are at play, and occasionally put in a trifle ourselves to avoid suspicion. At length the favourable moment arrives. Some eager player ventures a large stake. I stand behind his chair. He wins. As quick as thought I stretch my arm over his shoulder and seize the glittering prize, saying very coolly, 'I have won at last.' My gentleman turns round in a passion, and I meet his indignant glance with a look of surprise. He storms, and I expostulate; he menaces, I heed his menaces no more than the buzzing of a fly that has burnt his wings in my lamp. He calls the whole table to witness; but the whole table is busy, each with

his own gain or loss, and there stand my comrades, all loudly asserting that the stake was mine. What can he do? there was a mistake; he swallows the affront as best he may, and we bear away the booty. This we call raising the dead. You say it is disgraceful—dishonest. Our maxim is, that all is fair among sharpers. *Bailar al son que se toca*,—dance to any tune that is fiddled. Besides, as I said before, poverty is demoralizing. One loses the nice distinctions of right and wrong, of *meum* and *tuum*.

"Thus merrily pass the hours of term-time. When the summer vacations come round, I sling my guitar over my shoulder, and with a light heart, and a lighter pocket, scour the country, like a strolling piper or a mendicant friar. Like the industrious ant, in summer I provide for winter; for in vacation we have time for reflection, and make the great discovery, that there is a portion of time called the future. I pick up a trifle here and a trifle there, in all the towns and villages through which I pass, and before the end of my tour I find myself quite rich—for the son of a barber. This we call the *vida tunantesca*,—a rag-tag-and-bobtail sort of life. And yet the vocation is as honest as that of a begging Franciscan. Why not?

"And now, gentlemen, having dined at your ex-

pense, with your leave I will put this loaf of bread and the remains of this excellent Vich sausage into my pocket, and thanking you for your kind hospitality, bid you a good afternoon. God be with you, gentlemen!"

In general, the aspect of La Mancha is desolate and sad. Around you lies a parched and sunburnt plain, which, like the ocean, has no limits but the sky; and straight before you, for many a weary league, runs the dusty and level road, without the shade of a single tree. The villages you pass through are poverty-stricken and half-depopulated; and the squalid inhabitants wear a look of misery that makes the heart ache. Every league or two the ruins of a post-house, or a roofless cottage, with shattered windows and blackened walls, tells a sad tale of the last war. It was there that a little band of peasantry made a desperate stand against the French, and perished by the bullet, the sword, or the bayonet. The lapse of many years has not changed the scene, nor repaired the battered wall; and at almost every step the traveller may pause and exclaim:—

"Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host;
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest."

From Valdepeñas southward the country wears a more lively and picturesque aspect. The landscape breaks into hill and valley, covered with vineyards and olive-fields; and before you, rise the dark ridges of the Sierra Morena, lifting their sullen fronts into a heaven all gladness and sunshine. Ere long you enter the wild mountain-pass of Despeña-Perros. A sudden turn in the road brings you to a stone column, surmounted by an iron cross, marking the boundary line between La Mancha and Andalusia. Upon one side of this column is carved a sorry-looking face, not unlike the death's heads which grin at you from the tombstones of a country churchyard. Over it is written this inscription:—"El Verdadero Retrato de la santa cara del Dios de Xaen;"—The true portrait of the holy countenance of the God of Xaen! I was so much struck with this strange superscription that I stopped to copy it.

"Do you really believe that this is what it pretends to be?" said I to a muleteer, who was watching my movements.

"I don't know," replied he, shrugging his brawny shoulders; "they say it is."

"Who says it is?"

"The priest,—the Padre Cura."

"I supposed so. And how was this portrait taken?"

He could not tell. The Padre Cura knew all about it.

When I joined my companions, who were a little in advance of me with the carriage, I got the mystery explained. The Spanish church boasts of three portraits of our Saviour, miraculously preserved upon the folds of a napkin, with which he wiped the sweat from his brow, on the day of the crucifixion. One of these is at Toledo, and another in the kingdom of Xaen. I have forgotten at what place the third is preserved.

Is this, indeed, the nineteenth century?

The impression which this monument of superstition made upon my mind was soon effaced by the magnificent scene which now burst upon me. The road winds up the mountain-side with gradual ascent; wild, shapeless, gigantic crags overhang it upon the right, and upon the left the wary foot starts back from the brink of a fearful chasm, hundreds of feet in depth. Its sides are black with ragged pines, and rocks that have toppled down

from above; and at the bottom, scarcely visible, wind the silvery waters of a little stream, a tributary of the Guadalquivir. The road skirts the ravine for miles,—now climbing the barren rock, and now sliding gently downward into shadowy hollows, and crossing some rustic bridge, thrown over a wild mountain brook.

At length the scene changed. We stood upon the southern slope of the Sierra, and looked down upon the broad, luxuriant valleys of Andalusia, bathed in the gorgeous splendour of a southern sunset. The landscape had already assumed the "burnished livery" of autumn; but the air I breathed was the soft and balmy breath of spring, —the eternal spring of Andalusia.

If ever you should be fortunate enough to visit this part of Spain, stop for the night at the village of La Carolina. It is indeed a model for all villages,—with its broad streets, its neat, white houses, its spacious market-place, surrounded with a colonnade, and its public walk, ornamented with fountains, and set out with luxuriant trees. I doubt whether all Spain can show a village more beautiful than this.

The approach to Cordova from the east is enchanting. The sun was just rising as we crossed the Guadalquivir, and drew near to the city; and alighting from the carriage, I pursued my way on foot, the better to enjoy the scene, and the pure morning air. The dew still glistened on every leaf and spray; for the burning sun had not yet climbed the tall hedge-row of wild fig-tree and aloes which skirts the road-side. The highway wound along through gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and here and there above me towered the glorious palm in all its leafy magnificence. On my right, a swelling mountain-ridge, covered with verdure, and sprinkled with little white hermitages, looked forth towards the rising sun; and on the left, in a long graceful curve, swept the bright waters of the Guadalquivir, pursuing their silent journey through a verdant reach of soft lowland landscape. There, amid all the luxuriance of this sunny clime, arises the ancient city of Cordova, though stripped, alas! of its former magnificence. All that reminds you of the past is the crumbling wall of the city, and a Saracen mosque, now changed to a Christian cathedral. The stranger, who is familiar with the history of the Moorish dominion in Spain, pauses with a sigh, and asks

himself, Is this the imperial city of Alhakam the Just, and Abdoulrahman the Magnificent?

This, then, is Seville, that "pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." After all I have heard of its beauty, I am disappointed in finding it so far less beautiful than my imagination had painted it. The wise saw—

> Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
> No ha visto maravilla,—

he who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel—is an Andalusian gasconade. Under correction be it said, he who has seen Seville has seen no marvel. This, however, is the judgment of a traveller weary and way-worn with a journey of twelve successive days in a carriage drawn by mules; and I am well aware how much our opinions of men and things are coloured by these trivial ills. A sad spirit is like a rainy day; its mists and shadows darken the brightest sky, and clothe the fairest landscape in gloom.

I am, too, a disappointed man in another respect. I have come all the way from Madrid to Seville without being robbed! And this, too, when I

journeyed at a snail's pace, and had bought a watch large enough for the clock of a village church, for the express purpose of having it violently torn from me by a fierce-whiskered highwayman, with his blunderbuss and his "*boca abajo, ladrones!*" If I print this in a book, I am undone. What! travel in Spain and not be robbed! To be sure, I came very near it more than once. Almost every village we passed through had its tale to tell of atrocities committed in the neighbourhood. In one place, the stage-coach had been stopped and plundered; in another, a man had been murdered and thrown into the river; here and there a rude wooden cross and a shapeless pile of stones marked the spot where some unwary traveller had met his fate; and at night, seated around the blazing hearth of the inn-kitchen, my fellow-traveller would converse in a mysterious under tone of the dangers we were to pass through on the morrow. But the morrow came and went, and, alas! neither salteador, foot-pad, nor ratero moved a finger. At one place, we were a day too late; at another, a day too early.

I am now at the Fonda de los Americanos. My chamber-door opens upon a gallery, beneath which is a little court paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. As I write, I can just distin-

guish the tinkling of its tiny jet, falling into the circular basin, with a murmur so gentle that it scarcely breaks the silence of the night. At day-dawn I start for Cadiz, promising myself a pleasant sail down the Guadalquivir. All I shall be able to say of Seville is what I have written above,—that it is "a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women."

I am at length in Cadiz. I came across the bay yesterday morning in an open boat from Santa Maria, and have established myself in very pleasant rooms, which look out upon the Plaza de San Antonio, the public square of the city. The morning sun awakes me, and at evening the sea-breeze comes in at my window. At night the square is lighted by lamps, suspended from the trees, and thronged with a brilliant crowd of the young and gay.

Cadiz is beautiful almost beyond imagination. The cities of our dreams are not more enchanting. It lies like a delicate sea-shell upon the brink of the ocean, so wondrous fair that it seems not formed for man. In sooth, the Paphian queen, born of the feathery sea-foam, dwells there. It is the city of beauty and of love.

The women of Cadiz are world-renowned for their loveliness. Surely earth has none more dazzling than a daughter of that bright, burning clime. What a voluptuous form! what a dainty foot! what dignity! what matchless grace!

"What eyes—what lips—what every thing about her!
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts!"

The Gaditana is not ignorant of her charms. She knows full well the necromancy of a smile. You see it in the flourish of her fan,—a magic wand, whose spell is powerful; you see it in her steady gaze; the elastic step,

"The veil,
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart."

When I am grown old and gray, and sit by the fireside wrapped in flannels, if, in a listless moment, recalling what is now the present, but will then be the distant and almost forgotten past, I turn over the leaves of this journal till my watery eye falls upon the page I have just written, I shall smile at the enthusiasm with which I have sketched this portrait. And where will then be the bright

forms that now glance before me, like the heavenly creations of a dream? All gone—all gone! Or if perchance a few still linger upon earth, the silver cord will be loosed,—they will be bowed with age and sorrow, saying their pater-nosters with a tremulous voice.

Old age is a Pharisee; for he makes broad his phylacteries, and wears them upon his brow, inscribed with prayer, but in the "crooked autograph" of a palsied hand. "I see with pain," says a French female writer, "that there is nothing durable upon earth. We bring into the world a fair face, and lo! in less than thirty years it is covered with wrinkles; after which a woman is no longer good for any thing." A most appalling thought!

Were I to translate these sombre reflections into choice Castilian, and read them to the bright-eyed houri who is now leaning over the balcony opposite, she would laugh, and laughing say, "*Cuando el demonio es viejo, se mete fraile.*"

The devotion paid at the shrine of the Virgin is one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the Catholic religion. In Spain it is one

of its most attractive features. In the southern provinces, in Granada and in Andalusia, which the inhabitants call *La tierra de Maria Santisima*,—the land of the most holy Mary, this adoration is most ardent and enthusiastic. There is one of its outward observances which struck me as peculiarly beautiful and impressive. I refer to the Ave Maria, an evening service of the Virgin. Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart

into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day,—the shadows of evening,—the calm of twilight,—inspire a feeling of tranquillity; and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that at the close of each daily epoch of life, which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to Heaven in praise, and supplication, and thankfulness.

The Moorish king rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Wo is me, Alhama!

Thus commences one of the fine old Spanish ballads, commemorating the downfall of the city of Alhama, where we have stopped to rest our horses on their fatiguing march from Velez-Málaga to Granada. Alhama was one of the last strongholds of the Moslem power in Spain. Its fall

opened the way for the Christian army across the Sierra Nevada, and spread consternation and despair through the city of Granada. The description in the old ballad is highly graphic and beautiful; and its beauty is well preserved in the spirited English translation by Lord Byron.

As we crossed the Sierra Nevada, the snowy mountains that look down upon the luxuriant Vega of Granada, we overtook a solitary rider, who was singing a wild national song, to cheer the loneliness of his journey. He was an athletic man, and rode a spirited horse of the Arab breed. A black bear-skin jacket covered his broad shoulders, and around his waist was wound the crimson *faja*, so universally worn by the Spanish peasantry. His velvet breeches reached below his knee, just meeting a pair of leather gaiters of elegant workmanship. A gay silken handkerchief was tied round his head, and over this he wore the little round Andalusian hat, decked out with a profusion of tassels of silk and bugles of silver. The steed he mounted was dressed no less gayly than his rider. There was a silver star upon his forehead, and a bright-coloured

woollen tassel between his ears: a blanket striped with blue and red covered the saddle, and even the Moorish stirrups were ornamented with brass studs.

This personage was a contrabandista,—a smuggler between Granada and the sea-port of Velez-Málaga. The song he sung was one of the popular ballads of the country. I will here transcribe the original as a specimen of its kind. Its only merit is simplicity, and a certain grace which belongs to its provincial phraseology, and which would be wholly lost in a translation.

Yo que soy contrabandista,
Y campo por mi respeto,
A todos los desafio,
Porque á naide tengo mieo.
¡ Ay, jaleo ! ¡ Muchachas, jaleo !
¿ Quien me compra jilo negro ?

My caballo está cansao,
Y yo me marcho corriendo.
Anda, caballito mio,
Caballo mio carato ;
Anda, que viene la ronda,
Y se mueve el tiroteo.
¡ Ay, jaleo ! ¡ Ay, ay, jaleo !
¡ Ay, jaleo, que nos cortan !
Sacame de aqueste aprieto.

Mi caballo ya no corre,
Ya mi caballo paró.
Todo para en este mundo,
Tambien he de parar yo.
¡Ay, jaleo! ¡Muchachas, jaleo!
¿Quien me compra jilo negro?

The air to which these words are sung is wild and high; and the prolonged and mournful cadence gives it the sound of a funeral wail, or a cry for help. To have its full effect upon the mind, it should be heard by night, in some wild mountain-pass, and from a distance. Then the harsh tones come softened to the ear, and in unison with the hour and the scene, produce a pleasing melancholy.

The contrabandista accompanied us to Granada. The sun had already set when we entered the Vega,—those luxuriant meadows which stretch away to the south and west of the city, league after league of rich, unbroken verdure. It was Saturday night: and as the gathering twilight fell around us, and one by one the lamps of the city twinkled in the distance, suddenly kindling here and there, as the stars start to their places in the evening sky,—a loud peal of bells rang forth its glad welcome to the day of rest, over the meadows

to the distant hills, "swinging slow, with solemn roar."

Is this reality and not a dream? Am I, indeed, in Granada? Am I indeed within the walls of that earthly paradise of the Moorish kings? How my spirit is stirred within me! How my heart is lifted up! How my thoughts are rapt away in the visions of other days!

Ave Maria purisima! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watch-tower of the Alhambra; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman's cry, Ave Maria purisima! I am alone in my chamber—sleepless—spell-bound by the genius of the place—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon, rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise—every moment more distinct—more palpable, till now they stand between

me and the sky, with a sharp outline, distant, and yet so near, that I seem to sit within their shadow.

Majestic spirit of the night, I recognise thee! Thou hast conjured up this glorious vision for thy votary. Thou hast baptized me with thy baptism. Thou hast nourished my soul with fervent thoughts and holy aspirations, and ardent longings after the beautiful and the true. Majestic spirit of the past, I recognise thee! Thou hast bid the shadow go back for me upon the dial-plate of time. Thou hast taught me to read in thee the present and the future—a revelation of man's destiny on earth. Thou hast taught me to see in thee the principle that unfolds itself from century to century in the progress of our race,—the germ, in whose bosom lie unfolded the bud, the leaf, the tree. Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest, passing away when their mission is completed; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature. And in these high revelations, thou hast taught me more,—thou hast taught me to feel that I, too, weak, humble, and unknown—feeble of purpose and irresolute of good, have also my mission to accomplish upon earth—like the falling leaf, like the passing wind—like the drop of rain.

O glorious thought! that lifts me above the power of time and chance, and tells me that I cannot pass away, and leave no mark of my existence. I may not know the purpose of my being—the end for which an all-wise Providence created me as I am, and placed me where I am; but I do know—for in such things faith is knowledge—that my being has a purpose in the omniscience of my Creator, and that all my actions tend to the completion, to the full accomplishment of that purpose. Is this fatality? No. I feel that I am free, though an infinite and invisible power overrules me. Man proposes and God disposes. This is one of the many mysteries in our being which human reason cannot find out by searching.

Yonder towers, that stand so huge and massive in the midnight air, the work of human hands that have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave, and once the home of human beings immortal as ourselves, and filled like us with hopes and fears, and powers of good and ill,—are lasting memorials of their builders; inanimate material forms, yet living with the impress of a creative mind. These are landmarks of other times. Thus from the distant past the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present to all succeeding ages. These are

manifestations of the human mind at a remote period of its history, and among a people who came from another clime,—the children of the desert. Their mission is accomplished, and they are gone; yet leaving behind them a thousand records of themselves and of their ministry, not as yet fully manifest, but "seen through a glass darkly," dimly shadowed forth in the language, and character, and manners, and history of the nation, that was by turns the conquered and the conquering. The Goth sat at the Arab's feet; and athwart the cloud and storm of war, streamed the light of oriental learning upon the western world,

> 'As when the autumnal sun,
> Through travelling rain and mist,
> Shines on the evening hills.'

This morning I visited the Alhambra; an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains numbered; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl

and tortoise-shell? What language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant pannels inlaid with many-coloured stones? Vague recollections fill my mind,—images dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled—bewildered—overpowered!

What most arrests the stranger's foot within the walls of the Alhambra, is the refinement of luxury which he sees at every step. He lingers in the deserted bath,—he pauses to gaze upon the now vacant saloon, where stretched upon his gilded couch the effeminate monarch of the East was wooed to sleep by softly-breathing music. What more delightful than this secluded garden, green with the leaf of the myrtle and the orange, and freshened with the gush of fountains, beside whose basin the nightingale still woos the blushing rose? What more fanciful—more exquisite—more like a creation of oriental magic, than the lofty tower of the Tocador,—its airy sculpture resembling the fretwork of wintry frost, and its windows overlooking the romantic valley of the Darro; and the

city, with its gardens, domes, and spires, far, far below? Cool through this lattice comes the summer wind, from the icy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Softly in yonder fountain falls the crystal water, dripping from its alabaster vase with never-ceasing sound! On every side comes up the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the murmur of innumerable leaves; and overhead is a sky where not a vapour floats,—as soft, and blue, and radiant as the eye of childhood!

Such is the Alhambra of Granada; a fortress—a palace—an earthly paradise; a ruin, wonderful in its fallen greatness.

THE

JOURNEY INTO ITALY.

THE

JOURNEY INTO ITALY.

What I catch is at present only sketch-ways, as it were; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.

GOETHE'S *Faust*.

ON the afternoon of the fifteenth of December, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, I left Marseilles for Genoa, taking the sea-shore road through Toulon, Draguignan, and Nice. This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam. We were a company whom chance had thrown together,—different in ages, humours, and pursuits,—and yet so merrily the days went by, in sunshine, wind, or rain, that methinks some lucky star must have ruled the hour that brought us five so auspiciously together. But where are now that merry company? One sleeps in his youthful grave; two sit in their fatherland, and "coin their brain for their daily bread;"

and the others—where are they? If still among the living, I beg them to remember in their prayers the humble historian of their journey from Marseilles to Genoa.

At Toulon we took a private carriage, in order to pursue our journey more leisurely and more at ease. I well remember the strange, outlandish vehicle, and our vetturino Joseph, with his blouse, his short-stemmed pipe, his limping gait, his comical phiz, and the lowland dialect his mother taught him at Avignon. Every scene and incident of the journey is now before me as if written in a book. The sunny landscapes of the Var,—the peasant girls, with their broad-brimmed hats of straw,—the inn at Draguignan, with its painting of a lady on horseback, underwritten in French and English, "Une jeune dame à la promenade—a young ladi taking a walk,"—the mouldering arches of the Roman aqueducts at Frejus, standing in the dim twilight of morning like shadowy apparitions of the past,—the wooden bridge across the Var,—the glorious amphitheatre of hills, that half-encircle Nice,—the midnight scene at the village inn of Monaco,—the magnificent scenery of the Col de Tende, with its mountain-road, overhanging the sea at a dizzy height, and its long dark passages cut through the solid rock,—the tumbling mountain-

torrent, and the fortress of Saorgio, perched on a jutting spur of the Alps; these, and a thousand varied scenes and landscapes of this journey, rise before me as if still visible to the eye of sense, and not of memory only. And yet I will not venture upon a minute description of them. I have not colours bright enough for such landscapes; and besides, even the most determined lovers of the picturesque grow weary of long descriptions; though, as the French guide-book says of these scenes, "Tout cela fait sans doute un spectacle admirable."

On the tenth day of our journey we reached Genoa, the city of palaces—the superb city. The writer of an old book, called "Time's Store-house," thus poetically describes its situation. "This cittie is most proudly built upon the sea-coast and the downefall of the Appenines, at the foot of a mountaine; even as if she were descended downe the mount, and come to repose herselfe uppon a plaine."

It was Christmas eve—a glorious night! I stood at midnight on the wide terrace of our hotel, which overlooks the sea, and gazing on the tiny

and crisping waves that broke in pearly light beneath the moon, sent back my wandering thoughts far over the sea, to a distant home. The jangling music of church-bells aroused me from my dream. It was the sound of jubilee at the approaching festival of the nativity, and summoned alike the pious devotee, the curious stranger, and the gallant cicisbeo to the church of the Annunziata.

I descended from the terrace, and groping my way through one of the dark and narrow lanes which intersect the city in all directions, soon found myself in the Strada Nuova. The long line of palaces lay half in shadow, half in light, stretching before me in magical perspective, like the long, vapoury opening of a cloud in the summer sky. Following the various groups that were passing onward towards the public square, I entered the church, where midnight mass was to be chanted. A dazzling blaze of light from the high altar shone upon the red marble columns which support the roof, and fell with a solemn effect upon the kneeling crowd that filled the body of the church. All beyond was in darkness; and from that darkness at intervals burst forth the deep voice of the organ and the chanting of the choir, filling the soul with solemnity and awe. And yet among that prostrate crowd, how many had been

drawn thither by unworthy motives,—motives even more unworthy than mere idle curiosity! How many sinful purposes arose in souls unpurified, and mocked at the bended knee! How many a heart beat wild with earthly passion, while the unconscious lip repeated the accustomed prayer! Immortal spirit! canst thou so heedlessly resist the imploring voice that calls thee from thine errors and pollutions? Is not the long day long enough—is not the wide world wide enough—has not society frivolity enough for thee, that thou shouldst seek out this midnight hour—this holy place—this solemn sacrifice—to add irreverence to thy folly?

In the shadow of a column stood a young man wrapped in a military cloak, earnestly conversing in a low whisper with a female figure, so veiled as to hide her face from the eyes of all but her companion. At length they separated. The young man continued leaning against the column, and the girl, gliding silently along the dimly lighted aisle, mingled with the crowd, and threw herself upon her knees. Beware, poor girl! thought I, lest thy gentle nature prove thy undoing! Perhaps, alas! thou art already undone! And I almost heard the evil spirit whisper, as in the Faust, "How different

was it with thee, Margaret, when still full of innocence, thou camest to the altar here,—out of the well-worn little book lispedst prayers, half child-sport, half God in the heart! Margaret, where is thy head? What crime in thy heart!"

The city of Genoa is magnificent in parts, but not as a whole. The houses are high, and the streets in general so narrow that in many of them you may almost step across from side to side. They are built to receive the cool sea-breeze, and shut out the burning sun. Only three of them—if my memory serves me—are wide enough to admit the passage of carriages; and these three form but one continuous street,—the street of palaces. They are the Strada Nuova, the Strada Novissima, and the Strada Balbi, which connect the Piazza Amorosa with the Piazza dell' Annunziata. These palaces, the Doria, the Durazzo, the Ducal Palace, and others of less magnificence,—with their vast halls, their marble staircases, vestibules, and terraces, and the aspect of splendour and munificence they wear,—have given this commercial city the title of Genoa the Superb. And as if to humble her pride, some envious rival, among the Italian cities, has launched at her a biting sarcasm in the well-known proverb, "Mare sénza pesce,

uomini sénza fede, e donne sénza vergógna:"—a sea without fish—men without probity, and women without modesty!

The road from Genoa to Lucca strongly resembles that from Nice to Genoa. It runs along the sea-bord, now dipping to the water's edge, and now climbing the zig-zag mountain-pass, with toppling crags, and yawning chasms, and verdant terraces of vines and olive-trees. Many a sublime and many a picturesque landscape catches the traveller's eye, now almost weary with gazing; and still brightly painted upon my mind lies a a calm evening scene on the borders of the Gulf of Spezzia, with its broad sheet of crystal water—the blue-tinted hills that form its oval basin—the crimson sky above, and its bright reflection,—

'Where it lay
Deep bosomed in the still and quiet bay,
The sea reflecting all that glowed above,
Till a new sky, softer but not so gay,
Arch'd in its bosom, trembled like a dove.'

Pisa, the melancholy city, with its Leaning Tower, its Campo Santo, its bronze-gated cathedral, and its gloomy palaces; Florence, the fair, with its magnificent Duomo, its gallery of ancient art, its Venus, its gardens, its gay society, and its delightful environs,—Fiesole, Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, and the luxuriant Val d'Arno:—these have been so often and so beautifully described by others, that I need not repeat the twice-told tale.

At Florence I took lodgings in a house which fronts upon the Piazza Novella. In front of my parlour windows was the venerable Gothic church of Santa Maria Novella, in whose gloomy aisles Boccaccio has placed the opening scene of his Decamerone. There, when the plague was raging in the city, one Tuesday morning, after mass, the "seven ladies, young and fair," held council together, and resolved to leave the infected city, and flee to their rural villas in the environs, where they might "hear the bird's sing, and see the green hills, and the plains, and the fields covered with grain and undulating like the sea, and trees of species manifold."

In the Florentine museum is a representation in

wax of some of the appalling scenes of the plague, which desolated this city about the middle of the fourteenth century, and which Boccaccio has described with such simplicity and power in the introduction of his Decamerone. It is the work of a Sicilian artist, by the name of Zumbo. He must have been a man of the most gloomy and saturnine imagination, and more akin to the worm than most of us, thus to have revelled night and day in the hideous mysteries of death, corruption, and the charnel-house. It is strange how this representation haunts one. It is like a dream of the sepulchre, with its loathsome corses, with "the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk—the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work." You breathe more freely as you step out into the open air again; and when the bright sunshine, and the crowded, busy streets next meet your eye, you are ready to ask, is this indeed a representation of reality? Can this pure air have been laden with pestilence? Can this gay city have ever been a city of the plague?

The work of the Sicilian artist is admirable as a piece of art: the description of the Florentine prose-poet equally admirable as a piece of eloquence. "How many vast palaces," he exclaims, "how many beautiful houses, how many noble dwellings,

aforetime filled with lords and ladies, and trains of servants, were now untenanted even by the lowest menial! How many memorable families, how many ample heritages, how many renowned possessions were left without an heir! How many valiant men, how many beautiful women, how many gentle youths breakfasted in the morning with their relatives, companions, and friends, and when the evening came supped with their ancestors in the other world!"

I met with an odd character at Florence,—a complete humorist. He was an Englishman of some forty years of age, with a round, good-humoured countenance, and a nose that wore the livery of good company. He was making the grand tour through France and Italy, and home again by the way of the Tyrol and the Rhine. He travelled post, with a double-barrelled gun, two pair of pistols, and a violin without a bow. He had been in Rome without seeing St. Peter's, —he did not care about it; he had seen St. Paul's in London. He had been in Naples without visiting Mount Vesuvius; and did not go to Pompeii, because "they told him it was hardly worth see-

ing—nothing but a parcel of dark streets and old walls." The principal object he seemed to have in view was to complete the grand tour.

I afterward met with his counterpart in a countryman of my own, who made it a point to see every thing which was mentioned in the guide-books; and boasted how much he could accomplish in a day. He would despatch a city in an incredibly short space of time. A Roman aqueduct, a Gothic cathedral, two or three modern churches, and an ancient ruin or so were only a breakfast for him. Nothing came amiss; not a stone was left unturned. A city was like a Chinese picture to him—it had no perspective. Every object seemed of equal magnitude and importance. He saw them all; they were all wonderful.

Life is short, and art is long; yet spare me from thus travelling with the speed of thought; and trotting from daylight until dark, at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book and plan of the city in the other.

I copied the following singular inscription from a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn. It is the epitaph of a lady, written by her-

self, and engraven upon her tomb at her own request.

Under this stone lies the victim of sorrow.
Fly, wandering stranger, from her mouldering dust,
Lest the rude wind, conveying a particle thereof unto thee,
Should communicate that venom melancholy,
That has destroyed the strongest frame and liveliest spirit.
With joy of heart has she resigned her breath,
A living martyr to sensibility!

How inferior in true pathos is this inscription to one I afterward saw in the cemetery of Bologna;—

Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna pace.

Lucretia Picini implores eternal peace!

From Florence to Rome I travelled with a vetturino, by the way of Siena. We were six days upon the road, and like Peter Rugg in the story-book, were followed constantly by clouds and rain. At times the sun, not all-forgetful of the world, peeped from beneath his cowl of mist, and kissed the swarthy face of his beloved land; and then, like an anchorite, withdrew again from earth, and gave himself to heaven. Day after day the mist and the rain were my fellow-travellers; and as I sat wrapped in the thick folds of my Spanish cloak, and looked out upon the misty land-

scape and the leaden sky, I was continually saying to myself, Can this be Italy? and smiling at the untravelled credulity of those who, amid the storms of a northern winter, give way to the illusions of fancy and dream of Italy as a sunny land, where no wintry tempest beats, and where, even in January, the pale invalid may go about without his umbrella, his Belcher handkerchief, or his India-rubber walk-in-the-waters.

Notwithstanding all this, with the help of a good constitution and a thick pair of boots, I contrived to see all that was to be seen upon the road. I walked down the long hill-side at San Lorenzo, and along the border of the Lake of Bolsena, which, veiled in the driving mist, stretched like an inland sea beyond my ken; and through the sacred forest of oak, held in superstitious reverence by the peasant, and inviolate from his axe. I passed a night at Montefiascone, renowned for a delicate Muscat wine which bears the name of Est, and made a midnight pilgrimage to the tomb of the Bishop John Defoucris, who died a martyr to his love of this wine of Montefiascone.

Propter nimium Est, Est,
Dominus meus mortuus est.

A marble slab in the pavement, worn by the foot-

steps of pilgrims like myself, covers the dominie's ashes. There is a rude figure carved upon it, at whose feet I traced out the cabalistic words, "Est, Est, Est." The remainder of the inscription was illegible by the flickering light of the sexton's lantern.

At Baccano I first caught sight of the dome of Saint Peter's. We had entered the desolate Campagna; we passed the Tomb of Nero,—we approached the Eternal City; but no sound of active life—no thronging crowds—no hum of busy men announced that we were near the gates of Rome. All was silence, solitude, and desolation.

ROME IN MIDSUMMER.

ROME IN MIDSUMMER.

She who tamed the world seemed to tame herself at last, and falling under her own weight grew to be a prey to Time, who with his iron teeth consumes all bodies at last, making all things both animate and inanimate, which have their being under that changeling the Moon, to be subject unto corruption and desolation.

HOWELL'S *Signorie of Venice.*

THE masks and mummeries of Carnival are over; the imposing ceremonies of Holy Week have become a tale of the times of old; the illumination of St. Peter's and the Girandola are no longer the theme of gentle and simple; and finally, the barbarians of the North have retreated from the gates of Rome, and left the Eternal City silent and deserted. The cicerone stands at the corner of the street with his hands in his pockets,—the artist has shut himself up in his studio to muse upon antiquity,—and the idle facchino lounges in the market-place and plays at *morra* by the foun-

tain. Midsummer has come; and you may now hire a palace for what, a few weeks ago, would hardly have paid your night's lodging in its garret.

I am still lingering in Rome—a student, not an artist—and have taken lodgings in the Piazza Navona, the very heart of the city, and one of the largest and most magnificent squares of modern Rome. It occupies the site of the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus; and the churches, palaces, and shops that now surround it, are built upon the old foundations of the amphitheatre. At each extremity of the square stands a fountain; the one with a simple jet of crystal water, the other with a triton holding a dolphin by the tail. In the centre rises a nobler work of art; a fountain with a marble basin more than two hundred feet in circumference. From the midst uprises a huge rock, pierced with four grottoes, wherein sit a rampant sea-horse and a lion couchant. On the sides of the rock are four colossal statues, representing the four principal rivers of the world; and from its summit, forty feet from the basin below, shoots up an obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and fifty feet in height,—a relic of the amphitheatre of Caracalla.

In this quarter of the city I have domiciliated

myself, in a family of whose many kindnesses I shall always retain the most lively and grateful remembrance. My mornings are spent in visiting the wonders of Rome; in studying the miracles of ancient and modern art, or in reading at the public libraries. We breakfast at noon, and dine at the aristocratic hour of eight in the evening. The intermediate hours I devote to the acquisition of the Italian language,—the *idioma gentil sonante e puro*,—not from the lessons of a pragmatical language-master, but in the delightful intercourse of a pleasant family circle. After dinner comes the conversazione, enlivened with exquisite music, and the meeting of travellers, artists, and literary men from every quarter of the globe. At midnight, when the crowd is gone, I retire to my chamber, and poring over the gloomy pages of Dante, or "Bandello's laughing tale," protract my nightly vigil till the morning star is in the sky.

Our parlour windows look out upon the square, which circumstance is a source of infinite enjoyment to me. Directly in front, with its fantastic belfries and swelling dome, rises the church of St. Agnes; and sitting by the open window I note the busy scene below, enjoy the cool air of morning and evening, and even feel the freshness of the

fountain, as its waters leap in mimic cascades down the sides of the rock.

The Piazza Navona is the chief market-place of Rome; and on market-days is filled with a noisy crowd of the Roman populace, and the peasantry from the neighbouring villages of Albano and Frascati. At such times the square presents an animated and curious scene. The gayly-decked stalls,—the piles of fruits and vegetables,—the pyramids of flowers,—the various costumes of the peasantry,—the constant movement of the vast fluctuating crowd, and the deafening clamour of their discordant voices, that arise louder than the roar of the loud ocean,—all this is better than a play to me, and gives me amusement when naught else has power to amuse.

Every Saturday afternoon in the sultry month of August, this spacious square is converted into a lake, by stopping the conduit-pipes which carry off the water of the fountains. Coaches, landaus, and vehicles of every description, axle-deep, drive to-and-fro across the mimic lake; a dense crowd gathers around its margin, and a thousand tricks excite the loud laughter of the idle populace.

Here is a fellow groping with a stick after his seafaring hat; there another splashing in the water in pursuit of a mischievous spaniel, that has swum away with his shoe; while from a neighbouring balcony a noisy burst of military music fills the air, and gives fresh animation to the scene of mirth. This is one of the popular festivals of midsummer in Rome, and the merriest of them all. It is a kind of carnival unmasked; and many a popular bard, many a *poeta di dozzina*, invokes this day the plebeian muse of the market-place to sing in high-sounding rhyme, "Il Lago di Piazza Navona."

I have before me one of these sublime effusions. It describes the square—the crowd—the rattling carriages—the lake—the fountain, raised by "the superhuman genius of Bernini"—the lion—the sea-horse, and the triton grasping the dolphin's tail. "Half the grand square," thus sings the poet, "where Rome with food is satiate, was changed into a lake, around whose margin stood the Roman people, pleased with soft idleness and merry holy-day, like birds upon the margin of a limpid brook. Up and down drove car and chariot; and the women trembled for fear of the deep water; though merry were the young, and well I ween, had they been borne away to unknown shores by the bull

that bore away Europa, they would neither have wept nor screamed!"

On the eastern slope of the Janiculum, now called, from its yellow sands, Montorio, or the Golden Mountain, stands the fountain of Acqua Paola, the largest and most abundant of the Roman fountains. It is a small Ionic temple, with six columns of reddish granite in front, a spacious hall and chambers within, and a garden with a terrace in the rear. Beneath the pavement, a torrent of water from the ancient aqueducts of Trajan, and from the lakes of Bracciano and Martignano, leaps forth in three beautiful cascades, and from the overflowing basin rushes down the hill-side to turn the busy wheels of a dozen mills.

The key of this little fairy palace is in our hands, and as often as once a week we pass the day there amid the odour of its flowers, the rushing sound of its waters, and the enchantments of poetry and music. How pleasantly the sultry hours steal by! Cool comes the summer wind from the Tiber's mouth at Ostia. Above us is a sky without a cloud; beneath us the magnificent panorama of Rome and the Campagna, bounded by the Abruzzi

and the sea. Glorious scene! one glance at thee would move the dullest soul,—one glance can melt the painter and the poet into tears!

In the immediate neighbourhood of the fountain are many objects worthy of the stranger's notice. A bow-shot down the hill-side towards the city, stands the convent of San Pietro in Montorio; and in the cloister of this convent is a small round Doric temple, built upon the spot which an ancient tradition points out as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom. In the opposite direction the road leads you over the shoulder of the hill, and out through the city-gate to gardens and villas beyond. Passing beneath a lofty arch of Trajan's aqueduct, an ornamented gateway on the left admits you to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, built on the western declivity of the hill. This is the largest and most magnificent of the numerous villas that crowd the immediate environs of Rome. Its spacious terraces, its marble statues, its woodlands and green alleys, its lake and waterfalls and fountains, give it an air of courtly splendour and of rural beauty, which realizes the beau ideal of a suburban villa.

This is our favourite resort when we have passed the day at the fountain, and the afternoon shadows begin to fall. There we sit on the broad marble steps of the terrace, gaze upon the varied

landscape stretching to the misty sea, or ramble beneath the leafy dome of the woodland and along the margin of the lake,

> 'And drop a pebble to see it sink
> Down in those depths so calm and cool.'

O, did we but know when we are happy; could the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment—then were I happy—yes, thrice happy! But, no; this fluttering, struggling, and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage—disdains the silken fetter: it will not close its eye and fold its wings; as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip his rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future; and yet I know, that ere long, weary, and way-worn, and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past!

This day, also, I have passed at Acqua Paola. From the garden terrace I watched the setting sun, as, wrapt in golden vapour, he passed to other climes. A friend from my native land was with me: and as we spake of home, a liquid star stood trembling like a drop of dew upon the closing eye-

lid of the day. Which of us sketched these lines with a pencil upon the cover of Julia's Corinna?

Bright star! whose soft, familiar ray,
In colder climes and gloomier skies,
I've watch'd so oft when closing day
Had ting'd the west with crimson dies;
Perhaps, to-night, some friend I love
Beyond the deep, the distant sea,
Will gaze upon thy path above,
And give one lingering thought to me.

TORQUATI TASSO OSSA HIC JACENT—here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso—is the simple inscription upon the poet's tomb, in the church of St. Onofrio. Many a pilgrimage is made to this grave. Many a bard from distant lands comes to visit the spot,—and as he paces the secluded cloisters of the convent where the poet died, and where his ashes rest, muses on the sad vicissitudes of his life, and breathes an orison for the peace of his soul. He sleeps midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.

The monastery of St. Onofrio stands on the Janiculum, overlooking the Tiber and the city of Rome; and in the distance rise the towers of the Roman Capitol, where, after long years of sickness, sorrow, and imprisonment, the laurel crown was

prepared for the great epic poet of Italy. The chamber in which Tasso died is still shown to the curious traveller; and the tree in the garden, under whose shade he loved to sit. The feelings of the dying man, as he reposed in this retirement, are not the vague conjectures of poetic revery. He has himself recorded them in a letter which he wrote to his friend Antonio Constantini, a few days only before his dissolution. These are his melancholy words:—

"What will my friend Antonio say when he hears the death of Tasso? Ere long, I think, the news will reach him; for I feel that the end of my life is near; being able to find no remedy for this wearisome indisposition, which is superadded to my customary infirmities, and by which, as by a rapid torrent, I see myself swept away, without a hand to save. It is no longer time to speak of my unyielding destiny, not to say the ingratitude of the world, which has longed even for the victory of driving me a beggar to my grave: while I thought that the glory which, in spite of those who will it not, this age shall receive from my writings, was not to leave me thus without reward. I have come to this monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air is commended by physicians, as more salubrious than in any other part of Rome, but that

I may, as it were, commence, in this high place, and in the conversation of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me; and be assured that as I have loved and honoured you in this present life, so in that other and more real life will I do for you all that belongs to charity unfeigned and true. And to the divine mercy I commend both you and myself."

The modern Romans are a very devout people. The Princess Doria washes the pilgrim's feet in Holy Week; every evening, foul or fair, the whole year round, there is a rosary sung before an image of the Virgin, within a stone's throw of my window; and the young ladies write letters to St. Louis Gonzaga, who in all paintings and sculpture is represented as young and angelically beautiful. I saw a large pile of these letters a few weeks ago in Gonzaga's chapel, at the church of St. Ignatius. They were lying at the foot of the altar, prettily written on smooth paper, and tied with silken ribands of various colours. Leaning over the marble balustrade, I read the following superscription upon one of them:—"All' Angelico Giovane S. Luigi Gonzaga,—Paradiso."—To the

angelic youth St. Lewis Gonzaga, Paradise. A soldier, with a musket, kept guard over this treasure; and I had the audacity to ask him at what hour the mail went out; for which heretical impertinence he cocked his mustache at me with the most savage look imaginable, as much as to say, "Get thee gone:"—

Andate,
Niente pigliate,
E mai ritornate.

The modern Romans are likewise strongly given to amusements of every description. *Panem et Circences*, says the Latin satirist, when chiding the degraded propensities of his countrymen; *Panem et Circences*—they are content with bread and the sports of the circus. The same may be said at the present day. Even in this hot weather, when the shops are shut at noon, and the fat priests waddle about the streets with fans in their hands, the people crowd to the Mausoleum of Augustus, to be choked with smoke of fireworks, and see deformed and humpback dwarfs tumbled into the dirt by the masked horns of young bullocks. What a refined amusement for the inhabitants of "pompous and holy Rome!"

The Sirocco prevails to-day,—a hot wind from the burning sands of Africa, that bathes its wings in the sea, and comes laden with fogs and vapours to the shores of Italy. It is oppressive and dispiriting, and quite unmans one, like the dog-days of the north. There is a scrap of an old English song running in my mind, in which the poet calls it a cool wind; though ten to one I misquote.

"When the cool Sirocco blows,
And daws and pies, and rocks and crows
Sit and curse the wintry snows,
Then give me ale!"

I should think that stark English beer might have a potent charm against the powers of the foul fiend that rides this steaming, reeking wind. A flask of Montefiascone, or a bottle of Lacrima Christi does very well.

Beggars all,—beggars all! The Papal city is full of them; and they hold you by the button through the whole calendar of saints. You cannot choose but hear. I met an old woman yesterday, who pierced my ear with this alluring petition:—

"Ah signora! Qualche piccola cosa, per carità! Vi dirò la buona ventura: C'è una bella

signorina, che vi ama molto! Per il Sacro Sacramento! Per la Madonna!"

Which being interpreted, is, "Ah, sir, a trifle, for charity's sake! I will tell your fortune for you. There is a beautiful young lady who loves you well! For the Holy Sacrament—for the Madonna's sake!"

Who could resist such an appeal?

I made a laughable mistake this morning in giving alms. A man stood on the shady side of the street with his hat in his hand, and as I passed I thought he gave me a piteous look, though he said nothing. He had such a wo-begone face, and such a threadbare coat, that I at once took him for one of those mendicants who bear the title of "poveri vergognosi,"—bashful beggars; persons whom pinching want compels to receive the stranger's charity, though pride restrains them from asking it. Moved with compassion, I threw into the hat the little I had to give; when, instead of thanking me with a blessing, my man of the threadbare coat showered upon me the most sonorous maledictions of his native tongue, and emptying his greasy hat upon the pavement, drew it down over his ears with both hands, and stalked away with all the dignity of a Roman senator in the best days of the republic,—to the infinite amusement of a green-

grocer, who stood at his shop-door bursting with laughter. No time was given me for an apology; but I resolved to be for the future more discriminating in my charities, and not to take for a beggar every poor gentleman who chose to stand in the shade with his hat in his hand on a hot summer's day.

There is an old fellow who hawks pious legends and the lives of saints through the streets of Rome, with a sharp cracked voice, that knows no pause nor division in the sentences it utters. I just heard him cry at a breath:—

"La Vita di San Giuseppe quel fidel servitor di Dio santo e maraviglioso mezzo bajocco.—The Life of St. Joseph that faithful servant of God holy and wonderful half a cent!"

This is the way with some people; every thing helter-skelter—heads and tails—prices current and the lives of saints!

It has been a rainy day,—a day of gloom. The church bells never rang in my ears with so melancholy a sound; and this afternoon I saw a mourn-

ful scene, which still haunts my imagination. It was the funeral of a monk. I was drawn to the window by the solemn chant, as the procession came from a neighbouring street and crossed the square. First came a long train of priests, clad in black, and bearing in their hands large waxen tapers, which flared in every gust of wind, and were now and then extinguished by the rain. The bier followed, borne on the shoulders of four bare-footed Carmelites; and upon it, ghastly and grim, lay the body of the dead monk, clad in his long gray kirtle, with the twisted cord about his waist. Not even a shroud was thrown over him. His head and feet were bare, and his hands were placed upon his bosom, palm to palm, in the attitude of prayer. His face was emaciated, and of a livid hue; his eyes unclosed; and at every movement of the bier his head nodded to-and-fro, with an unearthly and hideous aspect. Behind walked the monastic brotherhood, a long and melancholy procession, with their cowls thrown back, and their eyes cast upon the ground; and last of all came a man with a rough unpainted coffin upon his shoulders, closing the funeral train.

Many of the priests, monks, monsignori, and cardinals of Rome have a bad reputation, even after deducting a tithe or so from the tales of gossip. To some of them may be applied the rhyming Latin distich, written for the monks of old :—

O Monachi
Vestri stomachi
Sunt amphora Bacchi ;
Vos estis,
Deus est testis,
Turpissima pestis.

The graphic description which Thomson gives in his Castle of Indolence, would readily find an impersonation among the Roman priesthood :—

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,—
Of clerks, good plenty here you mote espy ;—
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
Which shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
When a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;—
But when observed would shrink into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Yonder across the square goes a Minente of

Trastavere; a fellow who boasts the blood of the old Romans in his veins. He is a plebeian exquisite of the western bank of the Tiber, with a swarthy face and the step of an emperor. He wears a slouched hat, and blue velvet jacket and breeches, and has enormous silver buckles in his shoes. As he marches along, he sings a ditty in his own vulgar dialect:—

Uno, due, e tre,
E lo Papa non è Re.

Now he stops to talk with a woman who sells roasted chestnuts. What violent gestures! what expressive attitudes! Head, hands, and feet are all in motion—not a muscle is still! It must be some interesting subject that excites him so much, and gives such energy to his gestures and his language. No; he only wants to light his pipe!

It is now past midnight. The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street that they seem a part of the walls that cast them. I have just returned from the Coliseum, whose ruins are so marvellously beautiful by moonlight. No stranger at Rome omits this midnight

visit; for though there is something unpleasant in having one's admiration forestalled, and being as it were romantic aforethought, yet the charm is so powerful, the scene so surpassingly beautiful and sublime,—the hour, the silence, and the colossal ruin have such a mastery over the soul,—that you are disarmed when most upon your guard, and betrayed into an enthusiasm which perhaps you had silently resolved you would not feel.

On my way to the Coliseum, I crossed the Capitoline hill, and descended into the Roman Forum by the broad staircase that leads to the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Close upon my right-hand stood the three remaining columns of the Temple of the Thunderer, and thebeautiful Ionic portico of the Temple of Concord,—their base in shadow, and the bright moonbeam striking aslant upon the broken entablature above. Before me rose the Phocian column—an isolated shaft, like a thin vapour hanging in the air scarce visible; and far to the left the ruins of the Temple of Antonio and Faustina, and the three colossal arches of the Temple of Peace—dim, shadowy, indistinct—seemed to melt away and mingle with the sky. I crossed the Forum to the foot of the Palatine, and ascending the Via Sacra, passed beneath the Arch of Titus. From this point, I saw below

me the gigantic outline of the Coliseum, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I descended the hill-side, it grew more broad and high—more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions—till from the vale in which it stands encompassed by three of the Seven Hills of Rome—the Palatine, the Cælian, and the Esquiline—the majestic ruin in all its solitary grandeur "swelled vast to heaven."

A single sentinel was pacing to-and-fro beneath the arched gateway, which leads to the interior, and his measured footsteps were the only sound that broke the breathless silence of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented, when, in Domitian's time, the eager populace began to gather at the gates, impatient for the morning sports! Nor was the contrast within less striking. Silence, and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad, deep shadows of the ruined wall! Where were the senators of Rome, her matrons, and her virgins; where the ferocious populace that rent the air with shouts, when in the hundred holydays that marked the dedication of this imperial slaughter-house, five thousand wild beasts from the Lybian deserts and the forests of Anatolia, made the arena sick with blood? Where were the Christian martyrs, that died with

prayers upon their lips, amid the jeers and imprecations of their fellow-men? Where the barbarian gladiators, brought forth to the festival of blood, and "butchered to make a Roman holyday?" The awful silence answered, They are mine! The dust beneath me answered, They are mine!

I crossed to the opposite extremity of the amphitheatre. A lamp was burning in the little chapel, which has been formed from what was once a den for the wild beasts of the Roman festivals. Upon the steps sat the old beadsman, the only tenant of the Coliseum, who guides the stranger by night through the long galleries of this vast pile of ruins. I followed him up a narrow wooden staircase, and entered one of the long and majestic corridors, which in ancient times ran entirely round the amphitheatre. Huge columns of solid masonwork—that seem the labour of Titans—support the flattened arches above: and though the iron clamps are gone, which once fastened the hewn stones together, yet the columns stand majestic and unbroken, amid the ruin around them, and seem to defy "the iron tooth of time." Through the arches at the right, I could faintly discern the ruins of the baths of Titus on the Esquiline; and from the left, through every chink and cranny of the wall poured in the brilliant light of the full

moon, casting gigantic shadows around me, and diffusing a soft, silvery twilight through the long arcades. At length I came to an open space where the arches above had crumbled away, leaving the pavement an unroofed terrace high in air. From this point, I could see the whole interior of the amphitheatre spread out beneath me, half in shadow, half in light, with such a soft and indefinite outline that it seemed less an earthly reality than a reflection in the bosom of a lake. The figures of several persons below were just perceptible, mingling grotesquely with their foreshortened shadows. The sound of their voices reached me in a whisper; and the cross that stands in the centre of the arena looked like a dagger thrust into the sand. I did not conjure up the past, for the past had already become identified with the present. It was before me in one of its visible and most majestic forms. The arbitrary distinctions of time, years, ages, centuries, were annihilated. I was a citizen of Rome! This was the amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian!

Mighty is the spirit of the past, amid the ruins of the Eternal City!

THE

VILLAGE OF LA RICCIA.

THE

VILLAGE OF LA RICCIA.

"Egressum, magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ,
Hospitio modico."

HORACE.

I PASSED the month of September at the village of La Riccia, which stands upon the western declivity of the Albanian hills, looking towards Rome. Its situation is one of the most beautiful which Italy can boast. Like a mural crown it, encircles the brow of a romantic hill,—woodlands of the most luxuriant foliage whisper around it; above it rise the rugged summits of the Abruzzi, and beneath lies the level floor of the Campagna, blotted with ruined tombs, and marked with broken but magnificent acqueducts that point the way to Rome. The whole region is classic ground. The Appian Way leads you from the gate of Rome to the gate of La Riccia. On one hand you have the Alban Lake, on the other the Lake of Nemi;

and the sylvan retreats around were once the dwellings of Hippolytus and the nymph Egeria.

The town itself, however, is mean and dirty. The only inhabitable part is near the northern gate, where the two streets of the village meet. There, face to face, upon a square terrace, paved with large, flat stones, stand the Chigi palace and the village church with a dome and portico. There, too, stands the village inn, with its beds of cool, elastic corn-husks, its little dormitories, six feet square, and its spacious saloon, upon whose walls the melancholy story of Hippolytus is told in gorgeous frescoes. And there, too, at the union of the streets, just peeping through the gateway, rises the wedge-shaped Casa Antonini, within whose dusty chambers I passed the month of my *villeggîatura*, in company with two much-esteemed friends from the Old Dominion,—a fair daughter of that generous clime, and her lord and master, an artist, an enthusiast, and a man of "infinite jest."

My daily occupations in this delightful spot were such as an idle man usually whiles away his time withal in such a rural residence. I read Italian poetry—strolled in the Chigi park—rambled about the wooded environs of the village—took an airing on a jackass—threw stones into the Alban Lake—

and being seized at intervals with the artist-mania, that came upon me like an intermittent fever, sketched—or thought I did—the trunk of a hollow tree, or the spire of a distant church, or a fountain in the shade.

At such seasons the mind is "tickled with a straw," and magnifies each trivial circumstance into an event of some importance. I recollect one morning, as I sat at breakfast in the village coffee-house, a large and beautiful spaniel came into the room, and placing his head upon my knee looked up into my face with a most piteous look, poor dog! as much as to say that he had not breakfasted. I gave him a morsel of bread, which he swallowed without so much as moving his long, silken ears; and keeping his soft, beautiful eyes still fixed upon mine, he thumped upon the floor with his bushy tail, as if knocking for the waiter. He was a very beautiful animal, and so gentle and affectionate in his manner, that I asked the waiter who his owner was.

"He has none now," said the boy.

"What!" said I, "so fine a dog without a master?"

"Ah, sir, he used to belong to Gasparoni, the famous robber of the Abruzzi mountains, who murdered so many people, and was caught at last and

sent to the galleys for life. There's his portrait on the wall."

It hung directly in front of me; a coarse print, representing the dark, stern countenance of that sinful man, a face that wore an expression of savage ferocity and coarse sensuality. I had heard his story told in the village; the accustomed tale of outrage, violence, and murder. And is it possible, thought I, that this man of blood could have chosen so kind and gentle a companion? What a rebuke must he have met in those large, meek eyes, when he patted his favourite on the head, and dappled his long ears with blood! Heaven seems in mercy to have ordained, that none—no, not even the most depraved—should be left entirely to his evil nature, without one patient monitor—a wife—a daughter—a fawning, meek-eyed dog, whose silent supplicating look may rebuke the man of sin! If this mute, playful creature, that licks the stranger's hand, were gifted with the power of articulate speech, how many a tale of midnight storm, and mountain-pass, and lonely glen, would—but these reflections are commonplace!

On another occasion I saw an overladen ass fall on the steep and slippery pavement of the street. He made violent but useless efforts to get upon

his feet again, and his brutal driver—more brutal than the suffering beast of burden—beat him unmercifully with his heavy whip. Barbarian! is it not enough that you have laid upon your uncomplaining servant a burden greater than he can bear? Must you scourge this unresisting slave, because his strength has failed him in your hard service? Does not that imploring look disarm you? Does not—and here was another theme for commonplace reflection!

Again. A little band of pilgrims, clad in white, with staves, and scallop-shells, and sandal shoon, have just passed through the village gate, wending their toilsome way to the holy shrine of Loretto. They wind along the brow of the hill with slow and solemn pace,—just as they ought to do, to agree with my notion of a pilgrimage, drawn from novels. And now they disappear behind the hill; and hark! they are singing a mournful hymn, like Christian and Hopeful on their way to the Delectable Mountains. How strange it seems to me, that I should ever behold a scene like this! a pilgrimage to Loretto! Here was another outline for the imagination to fill up.

But my chief delight was in sauntering along the many woodland walks, which diverge in every direction from the gates of La Riccia. One of

these plunges down the steep declivity of the hill, and threading its way through a most romantic valley, leads to the shapeless tomb of the Horatii and the pleasant village of Albano. Another conducts you over swelling uplands and through wooded hollows to Genzano and the sequestered Lake of Nemi, which lies in its deep crater like the waters of a well, "all coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake." A third, and the most beautiful of all, runs in an undulating line along the crest of the last and lowest ridge of the Albanian Hills, and leads to the borders of the Alban Lake. In parts it hides itself in thick-leaved hollows, in parts climbs the open hill-side and overlooks the Campagna. Then it winds along the brim of the deep, oval basin of the lake, to the village of Castel Gandolfo, and thence onward to Marino, Grotto-Ferrata, and Frascati.

That part of the road which looks down upon the lake, passes through a magnificent gallery of thick-imbowering trees, whose dense and luxuriant foliage completely shuts out the noonday sun, forming

> 'A greensward wagon-way, that, like
> Cathedral aisle, completely roofed with branches,
> Runs through the gloomy wood from top to bottom,
> And has at either end a Gothic door
> Wide open.'

This long, sylvan arcade is called the Galleria-di-sopra, to distinguish it from the Galleria-di-sotto, a similar, though less beautiful avenue, leading from Castel Gandolfo to Albano, under the brow of the hill. In this upper gallery, and almost hidden amid its old and leafy trees, stands a Capuchin convent, with a little esplanade in front, from which the eye enjoys a beautiful view of the lake, and the swelling hills beyond. It is a lovely spot, —so lonely, cool, and still; and was my favourite and most frequented haunt.

Another pathway conducts you round the southern shore of the Alban Lake, and after passing the site of the ancient Alba Longa, and the convent of Palazzuola, turns off to the right through a luxuriant forest, and climbs the rugged precipice of Rocca di Papa. Behind this village swells the rounded peak of Monte Cavo, the highest pinnacle of the Albanian Hills, rising three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Upon its summit once stood a Temple of Jupiter, and the triumphal way, by which the Roman conquerors ascended once a year in solemn procession to offer sacrifices, still leads you up the side of the hill. But a convent has been built upon the ruins of the ancient temple, and the disciples of Loyola are now the

only conquerors that tread the pavement of the triumphal-way.

The view from the windows of the convent is vast and magnificent. Directly beneath you, the sight plunges headlong into a gulf of dark-green foliage—the Alban Lake seems so near, that you can almost drop a pebble into it—and Nemi, imbosomed in a green and cup-like valley, lies like a dew-drop in the hollow of a leaf. All around you, upon every swell of the landscape, the white walls of rural towns and villages peep from their leafy coverts—Genzano, La Riccia, Castel Gandolfo, and Albano; and beyond spreads the flat and desolate Campagna, with Rome in its centre, and seamed by the silver thread of the Tiber, that at Ostia, "with a pleasant stream, whirling in rapid eddies, and yellow with much sand, rushes forward into the sea." The scene of half the Iliad is spread beneath you like a map; and it would need volumes to describe each point that arrests the eye in this magnificent panorama.

As I stood leaning over the balcony of the convent, giving myself up to those reflections which the scene inspired, one of the brotherhood came from a neighbouring cell, and entered into conversation with me. He was an old man, with a

hoary head and a trembling hand; yet his voice was musical and soft, and his eye still beamed with the enthusiasm of youth.

"How wonderful," said he, "is the scene before us! I have been an inmate of these walls for thirty years, and yet this prospect is as beautiful to my eye as when I gazed upon it for the first time. Not a day passes that I do not come to this window to behold and to admire. My heart is still alive to the beauties of the scene, and to all the classic associations it inspires."

"You have never, then, been whipped by an angel for reading Cicero and Plautus, as St. Jerome was?"

"No," said the monk, with a smile. "From my youth up I have been a disciple of Chrysostom, who often slept with the comedies of Aristophanes beneath his pillow: and yet, I confess, that the classic associations of Roman history and fable are not the most thrilling which this scene awakens in my mind. Yonder is the bridge from which Constantine beheld the miraculous cross of fire in the sky; and I can never forget that this convent is built upon the ruins of a pagan temple. The town of Ostia, which now lies before us on the sea-shore, is renowned as the spot where the Trojan fugitive first landed on the coast of Italy. But other asso-

ciations than this have made the spot holy in my sight. Marcus Minutius Felix, a Roman lawyer, who flourished in the third century, a convert to our blessed faith, and one of the purest writers of the Latin church, here places the scene of his Octavius. This work has probably never fallen into your hands; for you are too young to have pushed your studies into the dusty tomes of the early Christian fathers."

I replied that I had never so much as heard the book mentioned before: and the monk continued:—

"It is a Dialogue upon the vanity of Pagan idolatry and the truth of the Christian religion, between Cæcilius, a heathen, and Octavius, a Christian. The style is rich, flowing, and poetical; and if the author handles his weapons with less power than a Tertullian, yet he exhibits equal adroitness and more grace. He has rather the studied elegance of the Roman lawyer than the bold spirit of a Christian martyr. But the volume is a treasure to me in my solitary hours, and I love to sit here upon the balcony, and con its poetic language and sweet imagery. You shall see the volume; I carry it in my bosom."

With these words the monk drew from the folds of his gown a small volume richly embossed and

clasped with silver; and turning over its well-worn leaves, continued:—

"In the introduction, the author describes himself as walking upon the sea-shore at Ostia, in company with his friends Octavius and Cæcilius. Observe in what beautiful language he describes the scene."

Here he read to me the following passage, which I transcribe, not from memory, but from the book itself.

"It was vacation-time, and that gave me a-loose from my business at the bar; for it was the season after the summer's heat, when autumn promised fair, and put on the face of temperate. We set out, therefore, in the morning early, and as we were walking upon the sea-shore, and a kindly breeze fanned and refreshed our limbs, and the yielding sand softly submitted to our feet, and made it delicious travelling, Cæcilius on a sudden espied the statue of Serapis, and, according to the vulgar mode of superstition, raised his hand to his mouth, and paid his adoration in kisses. Upon which Octavius addressing himself to me, said,—It is not well done, my brother Marcus, thus to leave your inseparable companion in the depth of vulgar darkness, and to suffer him, in so clear a day, to stumble upon stones; stones indeed of

figure, and anointed with oil, and crowned; but stones, however, still they are; for you cannot but be sensible that your permitting so foul an error in your friend redounds no less to your disgrace than his. This discourse of his held us through half the city; and now we began to find ourselves upon the free and open shore. There the gently washing waves had spread the extremest sands into the order of an artificial walk: and as the sea always expresses some roughness in his looks, even when the winds are still, although he did not roll in foam and angry surges to the shore, yet were we much delighted, as we walked upon the edges of the water, to see the crisping, frizly waves glide in snaky folds, one while playing against our feet, and then again retiring and lost in the devouring ocean. Softly, then, and calmly as the sea about us, we travelled on, and kept upon the brim of the gently declining shore, beguiling the way with our stories."

Here the sound of the convent-bell interrupted the reading of the monk, and closing the volume, he re-placed it in his bosom, and bade me farewell, with a parting injunction to read the Octavius of Minutius Felix, as soon as I should return to Rome.

During the summer months La Riccia is a

favourite resort of foreign artists, who are pursuing their studies in the churches and galleries of Rome. Tired of copying the works of art, they go forth to copy the works of nature; and you will find them perched on their camp-stools at every picturesque point of view, with white umbrellas to shield them from the sun, and paint-boxes upon their knees, sketching with busy hands the smiling features of the landscape. The peasantry, too, are fine models for their study. The women of Genzano are noted for their beauty, and almost every village in the neighbourhood has something peculiar in its costume.

The sultry day was closing, and I had reached, in my accustomed evening's walk, the woodland gallery that looks down upon the Alban Lake. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole Campagna with unearthly splendour; while Rome in the distance, half-hidden, half-revealed, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty sunbeam. The woodland walk before me seemed roofed with gold and emerald; and at intervals across its leafy arches shot the level rays of the sun, kindling as they passed, like the burning shaft of Acestes. Beneath me the lake slept quietly. A blue, smoky vapour floated around its overhanging cliffs; the

tapering cone of Monte Cavo hung reflected in the water; a little boat skimmed along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the labouring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me.

I soon reached the convent of Castel Gandolfo. Upon one of the stone benches of the esplanade sat a monk with a book in his hand. He saluted me as I approached, and some trivial remarks upon the scene before us led us into conversation. I observed by his accent that he was not a native of Italy, though he spoke the Italian language with great fluency. In this opinion I was confirmed by his saying, that he should soon bid farewell to Italy and return to his native lakes and mountains in the north of Ireland. I then said to him in English,—

"How strange, that an Irishman and an Anglo-American should be conversing together in Italian upon the shores of Lake Albano!"

"It is strange," said he, with a smile; "though stranger things have happened. But I owe the pleasure of this meeting to a circumstance which changes that pleasure into pain. I have been detained here many weeks beyond the time I had fixed for my departure, by the sickness of a friend, who lies at the point of death within the walls of this convent."

"Is he, too, a Capuchin friar like yourself?"

"He is. We came together from our native land, some six years ago, to study at the Jesuit college in Rome. This summer we were to have returned home again; but I shall now make the journey alone."

"Is there, then, no hope of his recovery?"

"None whatever," answered the monk, shaking his head. "He has been brought to this convent from Rome, for the benefit of a purer air; but it is only to die, and be buried near the borders of this beautiful lake. He is a victim of consumption. But come with me to his cell. He will feel it as a kindness to have you visit him. Such a mark of sympathy in a stranger will be grateful to him in this foreign land, where friends are so few."

We entered the chapel together, and ascending a flight of steps beside the altar, passed into the cloisters of the convent. Another flight of steps led us to the dormitories above, in one of which the sick man lay. Here my guide left me for a moment, and softly entered a neighbouring cell. He soon returned and beckoned me to come in. The room was dark and hot; for the window-shutter had been closed to keep out the rays of the sun, that in the after part of the day fell unobstructed upon the western wall of the convent.

In one corner of the little room, upon a pallet of straw, lay the sick man, with his face towards the wall. As I entered he raised himself upon his elbow, and stretching out his hand to me, said, in a faint voice,

"I am glad to see you. It is kind in you to make me this visit."

Then speaking to his friend, he begged him to open the window-shutter and let in the light and air; and as the bright sunbeam through the wreathing vapours of evening played upon the wall and ceiling, he said, with a sigh:—

"How beautiful is an Italian sunset! Its splendour is all around us, as if we stood in the horizon itself and could touch the sky. And yet to a sick man's feeble and distempered sight, it has a wan and sickly hue. He turns away with an aching heart from the splendour he cannot enjoy. The cool air seems the only friendly thing that is left for him."

As he spake, a deeper shade of sadness stole over his pale countenance, sallow and attenuated by long sickness. But it soon passed off; and as the conversation changed to other topics, he grew cheerful again. He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered

his mind that even this consolation would be denied him,—that death would thwart even these fond anticipations.

"I shall soon be well enough," said he, "to undertake the journey; and oh, with what delight shall I turn my back upon the Appenines! We shall cross the Alps into Switzerland, then go down the Rhine to England, and soon, soon we shall see the shores of the Emerald Isle, and once more embrace father—mother—sisters! By my profession I have renounced the world, but not those holy emotions of love, which are one of the highest attributes of the soul, and which, though sown in corruption here, shall hereafter be raised in incorruption. No; even he that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother; as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven."

He ceased to speak. His eyes were fastened upon the sky with a fixed and steady gaze, though all unconsciously, for his thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his distant home. As I left his cell he seemed sinking to sleep, and hardly noticed my departure. The gloom of twilight had already filled the cloisters; the monks were chanting their

evening hymn in the chapel, and one unbroken shadow spread through the long "cathedral aisle" of forest-trees which led me homeward. There, in the silence of the hour, and amid the almost sepulchral gloom of the woodland scene, I tried to impress upon my careless heart the serious and affecting lesson I had learned.

I saw the sick monk no more; but a day or two afterward I heard in the village that he had departed—not for an earthly, but for a heavenly home.

NOTE-BOOK.

NOTE-BOOK.

Once more among the old gigantic hills,
With vapours clouded o'er,
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
And rocks ascend before.
They beckon me—the giants—from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.

OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

THE glorious autumn closed. From the Abruzzi came the Zampognari, playing their rustic bag-pipes beneath the images of the Virgin in the streets of Rome, and hailing with rude minstrelsy the approach of merry Christmas. The shops were full of dolls and gew-gaws for the Bifana, who enacts in Italy the same merry interlude for children that Santiclaus does in the north; and

travellers from colder climes began to fly southward, like sun-seeking swallows.

I left Rome for Venice, crossing the Appenines by the wild gorge of Strettura, in a drenching rain. At Fano we struck into the sands of the Adriatic, and followed the sea-shore northward to Rimini, where in the market-place stands a pedestal of stone, from which, as an officious cicerone informed me, "Julius Cæsar preached to his army, before crossing the Rubicon." Other principal points in my journey were Bologna, with its Campo Santo, its gloomy arcades, and its sausages; Ferrara, with its Ducal Palace and the dungeon of Tasso; Padua, the learned, with its sombre and scholastic air, and its inhabitants "apt for pike or pen."

I first saw Venice by moonlight, as we skimmed by the island of St. George in a felucca, and entered the Grand Canal. A thousand lamps glittered from the square of St. Mark, and along the water's edge. Above rose the cloudy shapes of spires, domes, and palaces, emerging from the sea; and occasionally the twinkling lamps of a gondola darted across the water like a shooting star, and

suddenly disappeared, as if quenched in the wave. There was something so unearthly in the scene—so visionary and fairy-like—that I almost expected to see the city float away like a cloud, and dissolve into thin air.

Howell, in his Signorie of Venice, says, "It is the water, wherein she lies like a swan's nest, that doth both fence and feed her." Again; "She swims in wealth and wantonness, as well as she doth in the waters; she melts in softness and sensuality, as much as any other whatsoever." And still farther; "Her streets are so neat and evenly paved, that in the dead of winter one may walk up and down in a pair of satin pantables and crimson silk stockings, and not be dirtied." And the old Italian proverb says,—

Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pregia;
Mà chi t' ha troppo veduto
Ti dispregia.

Venice, Venice, he that doth not see thee, doth not prize thee; but he that hath too much seen thee, doth despise thee!

Should you ever want a gondolier at Venice to sing you a passage from Tasso by moonlight, inquire for Toni Toscan. He has a voice like a

raven. I sketched his portrait in my note-book; and he wrote beneath it this inscription,—

Poeta Natural che Venizian,
Ch' el so nome xe un tal Toni Toscan.

The road from Venice to Trieste traverses a vast tract of level land, with the Fruilian Mountains on the left, and the Adriatic on the right. You pass through long avenues of trees, and the road stretches in unbroken perspective before and behind. Trieste is a busy commercial city, with wide streets intersecting each other at right angles. It is a mart for all nations. Greeks, Turks, Italians, Germans, French, and English meet you at every corner, and in every coffee-house; and the ever-changing variety of national countenance and costume affords an amusing and instructive study for a traveller.

Trieste to Vienna. Daybreak among the Carnic Alps. Above and around me huge snow-covered pinnacles, shapeless masses in the pale starlight—till touched by the morning sunbeam, as by Ithu-

riel's spear, they assumed their natural forms and dimensions. A long, winding valley beneath, sheeted with spotless snow. At my side a yawning and rent chasm;—a mountain brook—seen now and then through the chinks of its icy bridge —black and treacherous—and tinkling along its frozen channel with a sound like a distant clanking of chains.

Magnificent highland scenery between Graetz and Vienna in the Steiermark. The wild mountain-pass from Meerzuschlag to Schottwien. A castle built like an eagle's nest upon the top of a perpendicular crag. A little hamlet at the base of the mountain. A covered wagon, drawn by twenty-one horses, slowly toiling up the slippery, zig-zag road. A snow-storm. Reached Vienna at midnight.

On the southern bank of the Danube, about sixteen miles above Vienna, stands the ancient castle of Greifenstein, where—if the tale be true, though many doubt and some deny it—Richard, the lion-heart of England, was imprisoned, when returning from the third crusade. It is built upon the summit of a steep and rocky hill, that rises just far enough

from the river's brink to leave a foothold for the highway. At the base of the hill stands the village of Greifenstein, from which a winding pathway leads you to the old castle. You pass through an arched gate into a narrow courtyard, and thence onward to a large square tower. Near the doorway, and deeply cut into the solid rock, upon which the castle stands, is the form of a human hand, so perfect that your own lies in it as in a mould. And hence the name of Greifenstein. In the square tower is Richard's prison, completely isolated from the rest of the castle. A wooden staircase leads you up on the outside to a light balcony, running entirely round the tower, not far below its turrets. From this balcony you enter the prison,—a small square chamber, lighted by two Gothic windows. The walls of the tower are some five feet thick; and in the pavement is a trapdoor, opening into a dismal vault—a vast dungeon, which occupies all the lower part of the tower, quite down to its rocky foundations, and which formerly had no entrance but the trapdoor above. In one corner of the chamber stands a large cage of oaken timber, in which the royal prisoner is said to have been shut up:—the grossest humbug that ever cheated the gaping curiosity of a traveller.

The balcony commands some fine and picturesque views. Beneath you winds the lordly Danube, spreading its dark waters over a wide tract of meadow-land, and forming numerous little islands; and all around, the landscape is bounded by forest-covered hills, topped by the mouldering turrets of a feudal castle, or the tapering spire of a village church. The spot is well worth visiting, though German antiquaries say that Richard was not imprisoned there: this story being at best a bold conjecture of what is possible, though not probable.

From Vienna I passed northward, visiting Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic, and then folding my wings for a season in the scholastic shades of Goettingen. Thence I passed through Cassel to Frankfort on the Maine; and thence to Mayence, where I took the steamboat down the Rhine. These several journeys I shall not describe, for as many several reasons. First,—but no matter—I prefer thus to stride across the earth like the Saturnian in Micromegas, making but one step from the Adriatic to the German Ocean. I leave untold the wonders of the wondrous Rhine, a fasci-

nating theme. Not even the beauties of the Vautsburg and the Bingenloch shall detain me. I hasten, like the blue waters of that romantic river, to lose myself in the sands of Holland.

THE

DEFENCE OF POETRY.

THE

DEFENCE OF POETRY.

I conjure you all that have the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of a rhymer.

Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives.—Sir Philip Sidney.

"Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what belonged to a scholar; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travel, conduct to perfection; well couldest thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyself."* This eulogium was bestowed upon one of

* Nash's Pierce Penniless.

the most learned and illustrious men that adorned the last half of the sixteenth century. Literary history is full of his praises. He is spoken of as the ripe scholar, the able statesman, "the soldier's, scholar's, courtier's eye, tongue, sword," the man "whose whole life was poetry put into action." He and the Chevalier Bayard were the connecting links between the ages of chivalry and our own.

No Englishman can travel through Holland without calling to mind the melancholy end of this gifted man. He died from the wound of a musket-shot, received under the walls of Zutphen, a town in Guelderland, on the banks of the Issel. As he was retiring from the field of battle, an incident occurred, which well illustrates his chivalrous spirit, and that goodness of heart which gained him the appellation of the *Gentle* Sir Philip Sidney. The circumstance has been made the subject of an historical painting by West. It is thus related by Lord Brooke:—

"The horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he

called for drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words:—'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

The most celebrated productions of Sidney's pen are the Arcadia and the Defence of Poetry. The former was written during the author's retirement at Wilton, the residence of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Though so much celebrated in its day, it is now little known, and still less read. Its very subject prevents it from being popular at present; for now the pastoral reed seems entirely thrown aside. The muses no longer haunt the groves of Arcadia. The shepherd's song,—the sound of oaten pipe, and the scenes of pastoral loves and jealousies, are no becoming themes for the spirit of the age.

'The intelligible forms of ancient poets
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason.'

The Defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as Chrysostom did the works of Aristophanes. It will be read with delight by all who have a taste for the true beauties of poetry; and may go far to remove the prejudices of those who have not.

As no "Apologie for Poetrie" has appeared among us, it is to be hoped that Sir Philip Sidney's Defence will be widely read and long remembered. O that in our country it might be the harbinger of as bright an intellectual day as it was in his own! With us the spirit of the age is clamorous for utility—for visible, tangible utility—for bare, brawny, muscular utility. We would be roused to action by the voice of the populace and the sounds of the crowded mart, and not "lulled asleep in shady idleness with poet's pastimes." We are swallowed up in schemes for gain, and engrossed with contrivances for bodily enjoyments, as if this particle of dust were immortal,—as if the soul needed no aliment and the mind no raiment. We glory in the extent of our territory, in our rapidly

increasing population, in our agricultural and our commercial advantages. We boast of the magnificence and beauty of our natural scenery—of the various climates of our sky—the summers of our northern regions—the salubrious winters of the south, and of the various products of our soil, from the pines of our northern highlands to the palm-tree and aloes of our southern frontier. We boast of the increase and extent of our physical strength, the sound of populous cities, breaking the silence and solitude of our western territories,—plantations conquered from the forest, and gardens springing up in the wilderness. Yet the true glory of a nation consists, not in the extent of her territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the beauty of its sky, but in the extent of her mental power—the majesty of her intellect—the height, and depth, and purity of her moral nature. It consists, not in what nature has given to the body, but in what nature and education have given to the mind:—not in the world around us, but in the world within us:—not in the circumstances of fortune, but in the attributes of the soul:—not in the corruptible, transitory, and perishable forms of matter, but in the incorruptible, the permanent, the imperishable

mind. True greatness is the greatness of the mind:—the true glory of a nation is moral and intellectual pre-eminence.

But still the main current of education runs in the wide and not well-defined channel of immediate and practical utility. The main point is, how to make the greatest progress in worldly prosperity; how to advance most rapidly in the career of gain. This, perhaps, is necessarily the case to a certain extent in a country where every man is taught to rely upon his own exertions for a livelihood, and is the artificer of his own fortune and estate. But it ought not to be exclusively so. We ought not, in the pursuit of wealth and worldly honour, to forget those embellishments of the mind and the heart which sweeten social intercourse and improve the condition of society. And yet, in the language of Dr. Paley, "Many of us are brought up with this world set before us, and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs this world's prosperity is blamed; and there all praise and censure end. We see mankind about us in motion and action, but all these motions and actions directed to worldly objects. We hear their conversation, but it is all the same way. And this is what we see and hear from the

first. The views, which are continually placed before our eyes, regard this life alone and its interests. Can it then be wondered at, that an early worldly mindedness is bred in our hearts so strong as to shut out heavenly mindedness entirely!" And this, though not in so many words, yet in fact and in its practical tendency, is the popular doctrine of utility.

Now, under correction be it said, we are much led astray by this word utility. There is hardly a word in our language whose meaning is so vague and so often misunderstood and misapplied. We too often limit its application to those acquisitions and pursuits which are of immediate and visible profit to ourselves and the community; regarding as comparatively or utterly useless many others which, though more remote in their effects and more imperceptible in their operation, are, notwithstanding, higher in their aim, wider in their influence, more certain in their results, and more intimately connected with the common weal. We are too apt to think that nothing can be useful but what is done with a noise at noonday, and at the corners of the streets; as if action and utility were synonymous, and it were not as useless to act without thinking, as it is to think without acting. But the truth is, the word utility has a wider significa-

tion than this. It embraces in its proper definition whatever contributes to our happiness; and thus includes many of those arts and sciences, many of those secret studies and solitary avocations which are generally regarded either as useless, or as absolutely injurious to society. Not he alone does service to the state, whose wisdom guides her councils at home, nor he whose voice asserts her dignity abroad. A thousand little rills, springing up in the retired walks of life, go to swell the rushing tide of national glory and prosperity: and whoever in the solitude of his chamber, and by even a single effort of his mind, has added to the intellectual pre-eminence of his country, has not lived in vain, nor to himself alone. Does not the pen of the historian perpetuate the fame of the hero and the statesman? Do not their names live in the song of the bard? Do not the pencil and the chisel touch the soul while they delight the eye? Does not the spirit of the patriot and the sage, looking from the painted canvass, or eloquent from the marble lip, fill our hearts with veneration for all that is great in intellect and godlike in virtue?

If this be true, then are the ornamental arts of life not merely ornamental, but at the same time highly useful; and poetry and the fine arts become the instruction as well as the amusement of man-

kind. They will not till our lands, nor freight our ships, nor fill our granaries and our coffers; but they will enrich the heart, freight the understanding, and make up the garnered fulness of the mind. And this I hold to be the true view of the subject.

Among the barbarous nations which, in the early centuries of our era, overran the south of Europe, the most contumelious epithet which could be applied to a man was to call him a Roman. All the corruption and degeneracy of the Western empire were associated in the minds of the Gothic tribes with a love of letters and the fine arts. So far did this belief influence their practice, that they would not suffer their children to be instructed in the learning of the south. "Instruction in the sciences," said they, "tends to corrupt, enervate, and depress the mind; and he who has been accustomed to tremble under the rod of a pedagogue will never look on a sword or a spear with an undaunted eye." I apprehend that there are some, and indeed not a few in our active community, who hold the appellation of scholar and man of letters in as little repute as did our Gothic ancestors that of Roman; associating with it about the same ideas of effeminacy and inefficiency. They think that the learning of books is not wisdom; that study unfits a man for action; that poetry and nonsense are

convertible terms; that literature begets an effeminate and craven spirit; in a word, that the dust and cobwebs of a library are a kind of armour which will not stand long against the hard knocks of "the bone and muscle of the state," and the "huge two-handed sway" of the stump orator. Whenever intellect is called into action, they would have the mind display a rough and natural energy,—strength, straight-forward strength, untutored in the rules of art, and unadorned by elegant and courtly erudition. They want the stirring voice of Demosthenes, accustomed to the roar of the tempest and the dashing of the sea upon its hollow-sounding shore, rather than the winning eloquence of Phalereus, coming into the sun and dust of the battle, not from the martial tent of the soldier, but from the philosophic shades of Theophrastus.

But against no branch of scholarship is the cry so loud as against poetry, "the quintessence, or rather the luxury of all learning." Its enemies pretend that it is injurious both to the mind and the heart; that it incapacitates us for the severer discipline of professional study; and that, by exciting the feelings and misdirecting the imagination, it unfits us for the common duties of life, and the intercourse of this matter-of-fact world. And

yet such men have lived as Homer, and Dante, and Milton,—poets and scholars, whose minds were bathed in song, and yet not weakened: men who severally carried forward the spirit of their age, who soared upward on the wings of poetry, and yet were not unfitted to penetrate the deepest recesses of the human soul, and search out the hidden treasures of wisdom, and the secret springs of thought, feeling, and action. None fought more bravely at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa than did the poet Æschylus. Richard Cœur-de-Lion was a poet; but his boast was in his very song:—

> Bon guerrier à l'estendart
> Trouvaretz le Roi Richard.

Ercilla and Garcilasso were poets; but the great epic of Spain was written in the soldier's tent and on the field of battle; and the prince of Castilian poets was slain in the assault of a castle in the south of France. Cervantes lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto, and Sir Philip Sidney was the breathing reality of the poet's dream, a living and glorious proof that poetry neither enervates the mind nor unfits us for the practical duties of life.

Nor is it less true, that the legitimate tendency of poetry is to exalt, rather than to debase,—to purify, rather than to corrupt. Read the inspired

pages of the Hebrew prophets; the eloquent aspirations of the Psalmist! Where did ever the spirit of devotion bear up the soul more steadily and loftily, than in the language of their poetry?* And where has poetry been more exalted, more spirit-stirring, more admirable, or more beautiful, than when thus soaring upward on the wings of sublime devotion, the darkness and shadows of earth beneath it, and from above the brightness of an opened heaven pouring around it? It is true the poetic talent may be, for it has been, most lamentably perverted. But when poetry is thus perverted,—when it thus forgets its native sky to grovel in what is base, sensual, and depraved—though it may not have lost all its original brightness, nor appear less than "the excess of glory obscured," yet its birthright has been sold, its strength has been blasted, and its spirit wears "deep scars of thunder."

It does not, then, appear to be the necessary nor the natural tendency of poetry to enervate the mind, corrupt the heart, or incapacitate us for performing the private and public duties of life. On the contrary, it may be made, and should be made,

* 'Heaven's dove, when highest he flies,
Flies with thy heavenly wings.'

an instrument for improving the condition of society, and advancing the great purpose of human happiness. Man must have his hours of meditation as well as of action. The unities of time are not so well preserved in the great drama, but that moments will occur when the stage must be left vacant, and even the busiest actors pass behind the scenes. There will be eddies in the stream of life, though the main current sweeps steadily onward till "it pours in full cataract over the grave." There are times when both mind and body are worn down by the severity of daily toil; when the grasshopper is a burden; and, thirsty with the heat of labour, the spirit longs for the waters of Shiloah, that go softly. At such seasons, both mind and body should unbend themselves; they should be set free from the yoke of their customary service, and thought take some other direction than that of the beaten, dusty thoroughfare of business. And there are times, too, when the divinity stirs within us; when the soul abstracts herself from the world, and the slow and regular motions of earthly business do not keep pace with the heaven-directed mind. Then earth lets go her hold; the soul feels herself more akin to heaven; and, soaring upward, the denizen of her native sky, she "begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain

above mortality." Call, if you will, such thoughts and feelings the dreams of the imagination; yet they are no unprofitable dreams. Such moments of silence and meditation are often those of the greatest utility to ourselves and others. Yes, we would dream awhile that the spirit is not always the bondman of the flesh; that there is something immortal in us; something which amid the din of life urges us to aspire after the attributes of a more spiritual nature. Let the cares and business of the world sometimes sleep, for this sleep is the awakening of the soul.

To fill up these interludes of life with a song, that shall sooth our worldly passions and inspire us with a love of heaven and virtue, seems to be the peculiar province of poetry.

"Now, therein, of all sciences," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in

delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue."

In fine, all the popular objections against poetry may be, not only satisfactorily, but triumphantly answered. They are all founded upon its abuse, and not upon its natural and legitimate tendencies. Indeed, popular judgment has seldom fallen into a greater error than that of supposing that poetry must necessarily, and from its very nature, convey false and therefore injurious impressions. The error lies in not discriminating between what is true to nature and what is true to fact. From the very nature of things, neither poetry nor any one of the imitative arts can in itself be false. They can be false no further than, by the imperfection of human skill, they convey to our minds imperfect and garbled views of what they represent. Hence a painting, or poetical description, may be true to nature, and yet false in point of fact. The canvass before you may represent a scene in which every individual feature of the landscape shall be true to nature; the tree, the waterfall, the distant

mountain,—every object there shall be an exact copy of an original, that has a real existence, and yet the scene itself may be absolutely false in point of fact. Such a scene, with the features of the landscape combined precisely in the way represented, may exist nowhere but in the imagination of the artist. The statue of the Venus de Medici is the perfection of female beauty, and every individual feature had its living original; still the statue itself had no living archetype. It is true to nature, but it is not true to fact. So with the stage. The scene represented, the characters introduced, the plot of the piece, and the action of the performers, may all be conformable to nature, and yet not be conformable to any pre-existing reality. The characters there personified may never have existed; the events represented may never have transpired. And so, too, with poetry. The scenes and events it describes, the characters and passions it portrays, may all be natural though not real. Thus, in a certain sense, fiction itself may be true,—true to the nature of things, and consequently true in the impressions it conveys. And hence the reason why fiction has always been made so subservient to the cause of truth.

Allowing, then, that poetry is nothing but fiction; that all it describes is false in point of fact; still

its elements have a real existence, and the impressions we receive can be erroneous so far only as the views presented to the mind are garbled and false to nature. And this is a fault incident to the artist, and not inherent in the art itself. So that we may fairly conclude, from these considerations, that the natural tendency of poetry is to give us correct moral impressions, and thereby advance the cause of truth and the improvement of society.

There is another very important view of the subject, arising out of the origin and nature of poetry, and its intimate connection with individual character and the character of society.

The origin of poetry loses itself in the shades of a remote and fabulous age, of which we have only vague and uncertain traditions. Its fountain, like that of the river of the desert, springs up in a distant and unknown region, the theme of visionary story, and the subject of curious speculation. Doubtless, however, it originated amid the scenes of pastoral life, and in the quiet and repose of a golden age. There is something in the soft melancholy of the groves which pervades the heart and kindles the imagination. Their retirement is favourable to the musings of the poetic mind. The trees that waved their leafy branches to the summer wind, or heaved and groaned beneath the

passing storm,—the shadow moving on the grass, —the bubbling brook,—the insect skimming on its surface,—the receding valley and the distant mountain,—these would be some of the elements of pastoral song. Its subject would naturally be the complaint of a shepherd and the charms of some gentle shepherdess,

> 'A happy soul, that all the way
> To Heaven hath a summer's day.'

It is natural, too, that the imagination, familiar with the outward world, and connecting the idea of the changing seasons and the spontaneous fruits of the earth with the agency of some unknown power that regulated and produced them, should suggest the thought of presiding deities, propitious in the smiling sky, and adverse in the storm. The fountain that gushed up as if to meet the thirsty lip was made the dwelling of a nymph; the grove that lent its shelter and repose from the heat of noon became the abode of dryads; a god presided over shepherds and their flocks, and a goddess shook the yellow harvest from her lap. These deities were propitiated by songs and festive rites. And thus poetry added new charms to the simplicity and repose of bucolic life, and the poet min-

gled in his verse the delights of rural ease and the praise of the rural deities which bestowed them.

Such was poetry in those happy ages when, camps and courts unknown, life was itself an eclogue. But in later days it sang the achievements of Grecian and Roman heroes, and pealed in the war-song of the Gothic Scald. These early essays were rude and unpolished. As nations advanced in civilization and refinement, poetry advanced with them. In each successive age it became the image of their thoughts and feelings, of their manners, customs, and characters; for poetry is but the warm expression of the thoughts and feelings of a people, and we speak of it as being national when the character of a nation shines visibly and distinctly through it.

Thus, for example, Castilian poetry is characterized by sounding expressions, and that pomp and majesty so peculiar to Spanish manners and character. On the other hand, English poetry possesses in a high degree the charms of rural and moral feeling; it flows onward like a woodland stream, in which we see the reflection of the sylvan landscape and of the heaven above us.

It is from this intimate connection of poetry with the manners, customs, and characters of nations that one of its highest uses is drawn. The im-

pressions produced by poetry upon national character at any period are again re-produced, and give a more pronounced and individual character to the poetry of a subsequent period. And hence it is that the poetry of a nation sometimes throws so strong a light upon the page of its history, and renders luminous those obscure passages which often baffle the long-searching eye of studious erudition. In this view, poetry assumes new importance with all who search for historic truth. Besides, the view of the various fluctuations of the human mind, as exhibited, not in history, but in the poetry of successive epochs, is more interesting and less liable to convey erroneous impressions than any record of mere events. The great advantage drawn from the study of history is, not to treasure up in the mind a multitude of disconnected facts, but from these facts to derive some conclusions, tending to illustrate the movements of the general mind, the progress of society, the manners, customs, and institutions, the moral and intellectual character of mankind in different nations, at different times, and under the operation of different circumstances. Historic facts are chiefly valuable as exhibiting intellectual phenomena. And so far as poetry exhibits these phenomena more perfectly and distinctly than history does, so far is it superior

to history. The history of a nation is the external symbol of its character; from it we reason back to the spirit of the age that fashioned its shadowy outline. But poetry is the spirit of the age itself,—imbodied in the forms of language, and speaking in a voice that is audible to the external as well as the internal sense. The one makes known the impulses of the popular mind, through certain events resulting from them; the other displays the more immediate presence of that mind, visible in its action, and presaging those events. The one is like the marks left by the thunder-storm,—the blasted tree,—the purified atmosphere; the other like the flash from the bosom of the cloud, or the voice of the tempest, announcing its approach. The one is the track of the ocean on its shore; the other the continual movement and murmur of the sea.

Besides, there are epochs which have no contemporaneous history; but have left in their popular poetry pretty ample materials for estimating the character of the times. The events, indeed, therein recorded, may be exaggerated facts, or vague traditions, or inventions entirely apocryphal; yet they faithfully represent the spirit of the ages which produced them; they contain indirect allusions and incidental circumstances, too insignificant

in themselves to have been fictitious, and yet on that very account the most important parts of the poem, in an historical point of view. Such, for example, are the Nibelungen Lied in Germany; the Poema del Cid in Spain; and the Songs of the Troubadours in France. Hence poetry comes in for a large share in that high eulogy which, in the true spirit of the scholar, a celebrated German critic has bestowed upon letters. "If we consider literature in its widest sense, as the voice which gives expression to human intellect,—as the aggregate mass of symbols, in which the spirit of an age, or the character of a nation, is shadowed forth, then indeed a great and various literature is, without doubt, the most valuable possession of which any nation can boast."*

From all these considerations, we are forced to the conclusion that poetry is a subject of far greater importance in itself, and in its bearing upon the condition of society, than the majority of mankind would be willing to allow. I heartily regret that this opinion is not a more prevailing one in our land. We give too little encouragement to works of imagination and taste. The vocation of the poet does not stand high enough in our esteem;

* Schlegel. Lectures on the History of Literature.

we are too cold in admiration, too timid in praise. The poetic lute and the high-sounding lyre are much too often and too generally looked upon as the baubles of effeminate minds, or bells and rattles to please the ears of children. Is it a matter of wonder, then, that our national literature has not been more vigorous and luxuriant in its growth?

A national literature, in the widest signification of the words, embraces every mental effort made by the inhabitants of a country, through the medium of the press. Every book written by a citizen of a country belongs to its national literature. But the term has also a more peculiar and appropriate definition; for when we say that the literature of a country is national, we mean that it bears upon it the stamp of national character. We refer to those distinguishing features which literature receives from the spirit of a nation,—from its scenery and climate, its historic recollections, its government, its various institutions,—from all those national peculiarities which are the result of no positive institutions; and, in a word, from the thousand external circumstances which either directly or indirectly exert an influence upon the literature of a nation, and give it a marked and individual character, distinct from that of the literature of other nations.

In order to be more easily understood in these remarks, I will here offer a few illustrations of the influence of external causes upon the character of the mind, the peculiar habits of thought and feeling, and, consequently, the general complexion of literary performances. From the causes enumerated above, we select natural scenery and climate, as being among the most obvious in their influence upon the prevailing tenour of poetic composition. Every one who is acquainted with the works of the English poets must have noted that a moral feeling and a certain rural quiet and repose are among their most prominent characteristics. The features of their native landscape are transferred to the printed page, and as we read we hear the warble of the skylark, the "hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain." The shadow of the woodland scene lends a pensive shadow to the ideal world of poetry.

> Why lure me from these pale retreats?
> Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
> Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
> Can painting's glowing hand supply
> A charm so suited to my mind,
> As blows this hollow gust of wind,—
> As drops this little weeping rill,
> Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray?*

In the same richly poetic vein are the following lines from Collins's Ode to Evening:—

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

In connection with the concluding lines of these two extracts, and as an illustration of the influence of climate on the character of poetry, it is worthy of remark, that the English poets excel those of the south of Europe in their descriptions of morning and evening. They dwell with long delight and frequent repetition upon the brightening glory of the hour, when "the northern wagoner has set his sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre;" and upon the milder beauty of departing day, when "the bright-haired sun sits in yon western tent." What, for example, can be more descrip-

* Mason's Ode to a Friend.

tive of the vernal freshness of a morning in May, than the often-quoted song in Cymbeline?—

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

How full of poetic feeling and imagery is the following description of the dawn of day, taken from Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess!—

See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtile fire, the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

Still more remarkable than either of these extracts, as a graphic description of morning, is the following from Beattie's Minstrel:—

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower;
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

Extracts of this kind I might multiply almost without number. The same may be said of similar ones, descriptive of the gradual approach of evening and the close of day; but I have already quoted enough for my present purpose. Now, to what peculiarities of natural scenery and climate may we trace these manifold and beautiful descriptions, which, in their truth, delicacy, and poetic colouring, surpass all the pictures of the kind in Tasso, Guarini, Boscan, Garcilasso, and, in a word, all the most celebrated poets of the south of

Europe? Doubtless, to the rural beauty which pervades the English landscape, and to the long morning and evening twilight of a northern climate.

Still, with all this taste for the charms of rural description and sylvan song, pastoral poetry has never been much cultivated, nor much admired, in England. The Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, it is true, enjoyed a temporary celebrity, but this was doubtless owing in a great measure to the rank of its author; and though the pastorals of Pope are still read and praised, their reputation belongs in part to their author's youth at the time of their composition. Nor is this remarkable. For though the love of rural ease is characteristic of the English, yet the rigours of their climate render their habits of pastoral life any thing but delightful. In the mind of an Englishman, the snowy fleece is more intimately associated with the weaver's shuttle than with the shepherd's crook. Horace Walpole has a humorous passage in one of his letters, on the affectation of pastoral habits in England. "In short," says he, "every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learned their

trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes; and we get sore throats and agues by attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening; and the deuse a bit have we of any such thing as a *cool* evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and they cry, *This is a bad summer!*—as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other." On the contrary, the poetry of the Italians, the Spanish, and the Portuguese is redolent of the charms of pastoral indolence and enjoyment; for they inhabit countries in which pastoral life is a reality, and not a fiction,—where the winter's sun will almost make you seek the shade, and the summer nights are mild and beautiful in the open air. The babbling brook and cooling breeze are luxuries in a southern clime, where you

> 'See the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
> Not through a misty morning twinkling, weak as
> A drunken man's dead eye, in maudlin sorrow,
> But with all heaven t' himself.'

A love of indolence and a warm imagination are characteristic of the inhabitants of the South. These are natural effects of a soft voluptuous climate. It is there a luxury to let the body lie at ease, stretched by a fountain in the lazy stillness of a summer noon, and suffer the dreamy fancy to lose itself in idle revery, and give a form to the wind, and a spirit to the shadow and the leaf. Hence the prevalence of personification, and the exaggerations of figurative language, so characteristic of the poetry of southern nations. As an illustration, take the following sonnet from the Spanish—it is addressed to a mountain brook:—

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Mirror of morn, and garniture of fields!
The soul of April, that so gently yields
The rose and jasmine bloom, leaps wild in thee!

Although, where'er thy devious current strays
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shunnest the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

I will pursue these considerations no longer. What has already been said will illustrate, perhaps superficially, but sufficiently for my present purpose, the influence of natural scenery and climate upon the character of poetical composition. It will at least show, that in speaking of this influence I have not spoken at random and without a distinct meaning. Similar and more copious illustrations of the influence of various other external circumstances on national literature might here be given. But it is not my intention to go into details: they will naturally suggest themselves to the mind of every reflecting reader.

I could wish, then, that our native poets would give a more national character to their writings. In order to effect this, they have only to write naturally, to write from their own feelings and impressions, from the influence of what they see around them; and not from any preconceived notions of what poetry ought to be, caught by reading many books and imitating many models. This is peculiarly true in descriptions of natural scenery. In these, let us have no more skylarks and nightingales. For us they warble in books alone. A painter might as well introduce an elephant or a rhinoceros in a New-England landscape. I would not restrict a poet in the choice of his subjects, or

the scenes of his story; but when he sings under an American sky, and describes a native landscape, let the description be graphic, as if it had been seen, and not imagined. The figures and imagery of poetry should be characteristic, as if drawn from nature, and not from books. Of this there are constantly recurring examples in the language of our North American Indians. We all recollect the last words of Pushmataha, the Choctaw chief, who died at Washington a few years ago. "I shall die, but you will return to your brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers and hear the birds; but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you come to your home, they will ask you, Where is Pushmataha? and you will say to them, He is no more. They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the wood." More attention on the part of our writers to these particulars would give a new and delightful expression to the face of our poetry. The whole secret lies in Sidney's maxim, "Look in thy heart and write." But the difficulty is, that instead of coming forward as bold original thinkers, our poets have imbibed the degenerate spirit of modern English verse. They have hitherto been imitators either of decidedly bad, or of, at best, very

indifferent models. It has been the fashion to write strong lines,—to aim at point and antithesis. This has made them turgid and extravagant. Instead of ideas, they give us merely the signs of ideas. They erect a great bridge of words, pompous and imposing, where there is hardly a drop of thought to trickle beneath.* Is not he who thus apostrophizes the clouds, "Ye posters of the wakeless air!"—almost as extravagant as the Spanish poet who calls a star a "burning doubloon of the celestial bank?"

This spirit of imitation has spread far and wide. But a few years ago, what an aping of Lord Byron exhibited itself throughout the country! It was not an imitation of the brighter characteristics of his intellect, but a mimicry of his sullen misanthropy and irreligious gloom. I do not wish to make a bugbear of Lord Byron's name, nor figuratively to disturb his bones; still I cannot but express my belief, that no writer has done more to

* As Spenser says, in his "Tears of the Muses,"—

> Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously,
> With horrid sound, though having little sense,
> They think to be chief praise of poetry;
> And thereby wanting true intelligence,
> Have marr'd the face of goodly poesie,
> And made a monster of their fantasie.

corrupt the literary taste, as well as the moral principle, of our country, than the author of Childe Harold.* Minds that could not understand his beauties, could imitate his great and glaring defects,—souls that could not fathom his depths could grasp the straw and bubbles that floated upon the agitated surface, until at length every city, town, and village had its little Byron, its self-tormenting scoffer at morality, its gloomy misanthropist in song. Happily, this noxious influence has been in some measure checked and counter-

* I here subjoin Lord Byron's own opinion of the poetical taste of the present age. It is from a letter in the second volume of Moore's Life of Byron. "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he and all of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system or systems, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way:—I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's; and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the Queen Anne's man and us of the lower empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly."

acted by the writings of Wordsworth, whose pure and gentle philosophy has been gradually gaining the ascendency over the bold and visionary speculations of an unhealthy imagination. The sobriety, and, if I may use the expression, the republican simplicity of his poetry are in unison with our moral and political doctrines. But even Wordsworth, with all his simplicity of diction and exquisite moral feeling, is a very unsafe model for imitation; and it is worth while to observe how invariably those who have imitated him have fallen into tedious mannerism. As the human mind is so constituted that all men receive to a greater or less degree a complexion from those with whom they are conversant, the writer who means to school himself to poetic composition—we mean so far as regards style and diction—should be very careful what authors he studies. He should leave the present age, and go back to the olden time. He should make, not the writings of an individual, but the whole body of English classical literature, his study. There is a strength of expression, a clearness, and force, and raciness of thought in the elder English poets, which we may look for in vain among those who flourish in these days of verbiage. Truly the degeneracy of modern poetry is no school-boy declamation! The stream whose

fabled fountain gushes from the Grecian mount flowed brightly through those ages, when the souls of men stood forth in the rugged freedom of nature, and gave a wild and romantic character to the ideal landscape. But in these practical days, whose spirit has so unsparingly levelled to the even surface of utility the bold irregularities of human genius, and lopped off the luxuriance of poetic feeling, which once lent its grateful shade to the haunts of song, that stream has spread itself into stagnant pools, which exhale an unhealthy atmosphere, while the party-coloured bubbles that glitter on its surface show the corruption from which they spring.

Another circumstance which tends to give an effeminate and unmanly character to our literature is the precocity of our writers. Premature exhibitions of talent are an unstable foundation to build a national literature upon. Roger Ascham, the school-master of princes, and the prince of school-masters, has well said of precocious minds—"They be like trees that showe forth faire blossoms and broad leaves in spring-time, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest-time; and that only such as fall and rott before they be ripe, and so never or seldome come to any good at all." It is natural that the young should be enticed by

the wreaths of literary fame, whose hues are so passing beautiful even to the more sober-sighted, and whose flowers breathe around them such exquisite perfumes. Many are deceived into a misconception of their talents by the indiscreet and indiscriminate praise of friends. They think themselves destined to redeem the glory of their age and country,—to shine as "bright particular stars;" but in reality their genius

> 'Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at,
> Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon 't,
> And blew,—and blew,—turn'd tail and went out presently.'

I have sketched the portrait of modern poetry in rather gloomy colours; for I really think that the greater part of what is published in this book-writing age ought in justice to suffer the fate of the children of Thetis, whose immortality was tried by fire. I hope, however, that ere long some one of our more gifted bards will throw his fetters off, and, relying on himself alone, fathom the recesses of his own mind, and bring up rich pearls from the secret depths of thought.

I will conclude these suggestions to our native poets by quoting Ben Jonson's Ode to Himself, which I address to each of them individually.

Where dost thou careless lie,
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this securitie
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and quite destroyes them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgrac't
To see their seats and bowers by chatt'ring pies defac't?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee,—
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
Tis crowne enough to virtue still, her owne applause.

What though the greedy frie
Be taken with false baytes
Of worded balladrie,
And thinke it poesie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne upon their folly waites.

THE

PILGRIM'S SALUTATION.

THE

PILGRIM'S SALUTATION.

Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell.

Childe Harold.

These, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, are some of the scenes and musings of my pilgrimage, when I journeyed away from my kith and kin into the land of Outre-Mer. And yet amid these scenes and musings—amid all the novelties of the old world, and the quick succession of images that were continually calling my thoughts away, there were always fond regrets and longings after the land of my birth, lurking in the secret corners of my heart. When I stood by the

seashore, and listened to the melancholy and familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step from the threshold of a foreign land to the fireside of home; and when I watched the out-bound sail, fading over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart went with it, and I turned away fancy-sick with the blessings of home and the endearments of domestic love.

'I know not how—but in yon land of roses,
My heart was heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.
They said the stars shone with a softer gleam:
It seemed not so to me!
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea.'

At times I would sit at midnight in the solitude of my chamber, and give way to the recollection of distant friends. How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads that unite our sympathies with the past! to fill up, as it were, the blanks of existence with the images of those we love! How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land! How calmly across life's stormy sea blooms that little world of affection, like those Hesperian isles where eternal summer reigns, and the olive blossoms all the year round,

and honey distils from the hollow oak! Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure, and deep, and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them—distance overshadow them—and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow, and burn, and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home!

And now, farewell! The storm is over, and through the parting clouds the radiant sunshine breaks upon my path. God's blessing upon you for your hospitality. I fear I have but poorly repaid it by these tales of my pilgrimage; and I bear your kindness meekly, for I come not like Theudas of old, "boasting myself to be somebody."

Farewell! My prayer is, that I be not among you as the stranger at the court of Busiris; that your God-speed be not a thrust that kills.

Pax vobiscum! The pilgrim's benison upon this honourable company.

COLOPHON.

COLOPHON.

Heart, take thine ease,—
Men hard to please
Thou haply mightst offend;
Though some speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better;—there's an end.
HEYLIN.

My pilgrimage is finished. I have come home to rest; and recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind,—for the most part when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. The pen wherewith I write most easily is a feather stolen from the sable wing of night. Even now, as I record these parting words, it is long past midnight. The morning watches have begun. And as I write, the melancholy thought intrudes upon me—

To what end is all this toil? Of what avail these midnight vigils? Dost thou covet fame? Vain dreamer! A few brief days—and what will the busy world know of thee? Alas! this little book is but a bubble on the stream; and although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift-rushing current, and be seen no more!

THE END.

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