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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 188

JANUARY 1, 1829.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

1 Jn

OPINIONS FOR 1829.

"Tel qui rit vendredi, dimanche pleurera."—*Les Plaideurs.*

"Forzolli........
....ciò che pria capito avean, disdire,
Per creder ciò che non poteau capire."*—*Casti.*

Another year has passed away, and with it all the combinations, forms, and pressures, which ushered in its commencement! Truly, it was a most fortunate circumstance for the reputation of these annual essays, that we did not, in undertaking them, follow the frequent example of those who, in their political writings, set up for possessing the gift of prophecy. Neither Nostradamus, nor Nixon the Cheshire prophet, nor Pastorini, nor Bacbuc *de la diné bouteille*, no, nor even Mr. Cobbett of gridiron vaticination himself, all conjurors as they are, could have foreseen the revolution which was impending in the windmill imagination of honest John Bull, at the moment when we issued our last bulletin of his intellectual infirmities. Scarcely was the printing-ink dry upon the paper, that announced to the readers of "The New Monthly Magazine" the opening of an unlooked-for Millennium of common-sense, and warned the loyal followers of the powers that be, how to conduct themselves with propriety in the emergency, when—puff!—away went the weathercock to the right-about. An hurricane of Toryism set in, which swept away the young crop of Liberality, and levelled to the earth every rising structure of political regeneration. This vexatious catastrophe happened on the 18th of January, when the remnant of Mr. Canning's ministry having fallen out "they knew not why," his Grace the Duke of Wellington was seized with a paroxysm of his anticipated "madness," and incontinently took possession of that helm, which a few months before he had avowed himself incapable of managing. Then followed Mr. Huskisson's ever-memorable note, which, to his own no small surprise, was taken to the letter. After a disgraceful and ineffectual struggle to retain office, he resigned; or, in other words, was kicked out of the Cabinet by the victorious soldier;—drew with him the few remaining friends of liberal measures, and "left the world to darkness," and—the extinguishers. Marvellous were the effects of this unexpected revulsion. A vast number of worthies, who, during the short administration of Mr. Canning had been consigned to the silence of the grave, and "were heard no

* "Force them the truths of last year to eschew,
And, without understanding, fly to new."

more," suddenly starting from their grim repose, threw aside their winding-sheets, took once more to their *habit bourgeois*, and walked about the streets as unconcernedly as if they had been living men. The Turks, our ancient and faithful allies, were converted into Biblical Christians, as quickly as so many starving Papists at the sight of Lord Farnham's larder; while Sir E. Codrington, as if by enchantment, assumed the "untoward" aspect of a malignant and turbaned infidel. Nay, there were not wanting men who imagined that the King's printer had received orders from the Archbishops to bind up the Koran with the Four Gospels; or, at least, to add it to the Apocryphal books, which good Christians may read for edification, if not of the strictest authority on matters of faith. Mr. Goulburn, inspired in his sleep by some Protestant Hohenloe, was all at once illumined with a perfect knowledge of the first six columns of the multiplication-table. Messrs. Courtenay and Fitzgerald were metamorphosed into two common-place books of blank paper. The Regent's bomb was transformed into an inkstand; Sir G. Murray's sword dwindled into a pen-knife; the Horse Guards took a Loretto flight into Downing-street; and the Clerks of the Treasury were transmuted, as by a touch from harlequin's wand, into so many drum-boys and fifers.

> "When these prodigies
> Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
> These are their reasons, they are natural,
> For I believe they are portentous things
> Unto the climate that they point upon."

The first impression made upon men's minds by these phenomena, was that they were unequivocal signs of the times. It was hastily concluded that the reappearance of the old actors upon the scene was a demonstrative proof of the revival of the old drama; and the more sanguine and precipitate thought, that an "as you were" movement of ideas would be all that was requisite for accommodating opinion to the new contingency. But, alas! the "whirligig of time" never comes perfectly round to the same point; and that, by the by, is the reason why a restoration is the worst of all imaginable revolutions; for it sets out by attempting an impossibility. A few days experience, accordingly, brought a change o'er the spirit of men's dreams; and the wiser part of mankind began to look about them for some safer criterion of the canons of orthodoxy. First of all, it was perceived that the Duke, having, as it was then conceived, a fancy for adding the woolsack to his other pluralities, "had not found the name" of John Lord Eldon upon the list of his Majesty's Ministers. This was a puzzler! That the Tories should again be in power, and Eldon, "like a forlorn and desperate cast-away," be overlooked or laid on the shelf, had, to say the very least of it, an ugly appearance. Then came Mr. Peel, beating a retreat before the majority of forty-four, and surrendering his dearly beloved Church at discretion to the Dissenters. Next followed Lord Gower's mission to Ireland, and the frank and conciliatory tone of the Irish Government; the low mutterings of a possible adjustment of the Catholic question; and the guarded, meaningless speeches of the Premier, which smelled strong of a disposition to rat. Folks began to think that, in storming the enemy's camp, he had, with their places, made plunder of their mantles also. But then, as a set-off to all these marks

of liberality, there were the ostentatiously uncandid finale of the East Retford business, the Duke's own Corn Bill, and divers other paltry trucklings to the boroughmongering oligarchy: the high Tory mismanagement of foreign affairs: Don Miguel's paper blockades; and the abandonment of British property and British subjects to Marshal Beresford's Lisbon chums, and the aforesaid legitimate's mercy; Lord Aberdeen's dignified communications to Lloyd's—all these made it eminently difficult for the greatest Machiavellis to discover what the Cabinet would be at, and to keep the line of legitimate sentiment. "The Courier" reeled about like a drunkard, and "The Morning Chronicle" handled the military First Lord of the Treasury very much as a spaniel plays with an hedgehog.* At length it became pretty generally surmised that, experience having proved the impossibility of carrying on the national affairs with a cabinet in which two opinions were balanced, and a see-saw of vacillating measures played off for the amusement of the people, an experiment should be tried of a ministerial autocrasy, of which the prime mover should have no opinions at all. A claim was, forsooth, to be set up to confidence on the merit of having passed through a long career of public life without having mastered a single subject, or acquired a single precise notion. The ministerial profession of faith was summed up in a marvellous ignorance of all things. The leaders avowed their intention of viewing their duties through the ground-glass spectacles of Parliamentary committees; and under the pretext of obeying public opinion, they committed the destinies of England to the guidance of events. With all their sympathies and their habits, they had the sense to discover that a direct and immediate return to the Tory system in all its integrity was perfectly impracticable. The "old political post-horses" were all knocked up, and out of public favour; and such of the rising generation as could be trusted to say "Aye" and "No," had bolted from the course, and disdained the trammels of the old authorities. It was felt, therefore, to be highly expedient to form a ministry unpledged to any thing—to pit, in appearance at least, the oligarchy against the people in the Parliamentary *champ-clos*—to leave them to fight their own battles, and to cry "Long live the winner!" whoever that winner might turn out to be.

Now, however useful this arrangement may prove to a set of men who are compelled to "let I cannot wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage,"—however convenient it may be to those who love the emoluments of place without its responsibilities, and whose qualifications for a seat on the Treasury bench are to be sought rather in their "nether integuments" than in their hats,—yet is it any thing but satisfactory to us whose office it is to mark the passing shades of opinion, and to hang upon the rear of the march of intellect for the purpose of reporting its movements to those who are not near enough to judge for themselves. Deprived as we are of the advantage possessed by the daily press, of correcting the mistakes and miscalculations of the day in the day, and of blowing hot and cold as the wind changes in Downing-street, our thoughts, once committed to paper, will stare us in the face for at least "one calendar month;" while the arrival of a bulletin from Russia may, in two days, have changed the entire current of men's notions. The attempt to set down the sentiments which are lawful and

profitable in a nation whose guides are themselves in want of a commodity of ideas, is little better than a practical bull. It is to wander without a compass, and to steer without wind. It will never do to put into juxtaposition two contradictions, and leave our readers to make the most of them; to tell our friends that Ireland must be pacified and the penal laws re-enacted; to say that the Duke has an emancipation bill in one pocket and an Irish army of observation in the other; or to assert in the same breath that Russia will overturn the balance of power, and be cut to pieces by the Turkish cimetar. This would be as useless as it is ungenerous. The unnatural conjunction of such discordant species must remain barren of consequence; and no just conclusions could be drawn from such conflicting premises. Give us leisure, indeed, and the business might be easily arranged. Sufficient for the day is the opinion thereof; and, one by one, we might master and classify all the contradictions and absurdities of a cabinet of madmen. But two concurrent pieces of nonsense, two jarring propositions " at a time, no mortal can bear." As matters stand, we are by no means on a bed of roses; and it will require all our penetration, ingenuity, and peculiar sources of information, to lay down a chart of opinion for the current year, which will declare a tithe only of the sunken rocks and quicksands which beset the navigation of the sea of political subverviency.

To begin with the beginning, the reader must have already collected that all decided tints of thought are out of fashion; that to be more loyal than the King, and more religious than the Pope, is perfectly *mauvais ton*, and fit only for the mayor of a rural corporation, or a parson from North Wales. The more knowing and civilized classes, the ministerial underlings and nominated members of Parliament, affect rather those undecided tints which the French, with an expressive figurativeness, call a " puce evanouie," or " a spider contemplating fly-murder," but which John Bull, in more homely and intelligible phrase, designates as a " dunduckity mud colour." In all things not absolutely decided, the safest course is a strict neutrality, an affected confusion of ideas, and, above all, a full confidence in the perennial efficacy of the Church's prayers for the grace, wisdom, and understanding of the Cabinet. You may safely admire the political integrity of Peel; you may wonder at the diplomacy of Aberdeen, " for wonder is involuntary praise;" you may adore Lord Melville's zeal for the service; and you may—nay, you must—look with immeasurable awe at the promptness and decision of Wellington, terminate how it may. Then, as a corollary upon these loyal and dutiful affections, you come at once to the conclusion, that you are exempt from all necessity of forming any opinion upon matters committed to such admirable administrators. What if they act in one sense to-day and in another to-morrow; have they not their own reasons for so doing? and do they not the more resemble what old women describe as the dispensations of Providence (I speak it not irreverently), turning from side to side, and giving the victory on different days to different combatants? Should it be objected, that this is not according to the wisdom of our ancestors, that the Pitts and the Foxes of old were decided in their politics, and that even Castlereagh had an opinion of his own, I have only to appeal to the Consols. Are they not at or about 87, and will they not go up to 90? What more would you have! Yet in weighing your sentiments by the nicest

balance of indifference, you must still bear in mind that it is only for the surface; and that (the Tories being *de facto* in power) all right-thinking persons are still at the bottom of their hearts essentially and purely Tory. Even on the superficies, the prevailing tint of your mixture should partake of the old colour; and in certain points, your loyalty must be as obstreperous as ever. This, I confess, is difficult to seize, and to some may appear to involve a contradiction. But the fact is so, and it must convince the dullest of the vast utility of the old system of state prosecutions and quarterly drillings, by which a man's path was rendered as clear and as beaten as the King's highway, and the nation was preserved in an uniformity of sentiment that can never be sufficiently regretted. It is now little more than six months since the new system of blank paper publicists has been in fashion; and already the people have been delivered up to such vain imaginings, such extreme and extravagant dogmas, as make our present task one of infinite difficulty and delicacy. Every man naturally thinks he sees farther into the political millstone than his neighbour; and, in the absence of his ancient guides, follows his own capricious interpretation of what is going forward. The Duke, it must be allowed, has in perfection that truly English quality, "un grand talent pour la silence;" nay, his very countenance is as unspeaking as his speeches, and even the partners of his administration, like the barber in Murphy's Upholsterer, are reduced to draw their augury upon remoter grounds of conjecture, and to surmise that "something must be wrong when the great man's butler looks grave." One politician confidently affirms, upon some such satisfactory ground of belief, that the French and English ministers mutually understand each other, and that all national rivalries and jealousies are "in the great bosom of the ocean buried;" while another, drawing his inferences upon premises of equal value, as obstinately insists, that the Duke "knows them all, and for a while upholds the unyoked humour" of their military movements. One pretends to have seen the dinner-card on which the Premier has accepted the Emperor of Russia's invitation to entrap a Christmas turkey at Constantinople; while another has good reason for knowing that Wellington is but playing the Northern Leviathan, whom he has fast on his hook, up and down the Danube, to waste his strength and dissipate his resources. There are those, likewise, who would swear they have seen the endorsement of an emancipation bill peeping out of his grace's holsters, that they have caught the Home Secretary learning to cross himself in the glass, and that Lord Lyndhurst was overheard muttering in a stage soliloquy that "one good *turn* deserves another." While, on the other hand, numerous Brunswickers (much behind the scenes) are wrapped in visions of approaching glory; and loudly proclaim the coming era, in which their clerical brethren are to "spur their proud coursers hard, and ride in blood." The humanity of the Great Captain is foolishness to them. They would march in the rear of danger, and, like so many Falstaffs, despatch the Percys over again; until the seven millions of traitors and rebels, without hope of Connaught, are safely lodged in the other place, not fit to be mentioned to ears polite. Dr. Magee is to be reimbursed out of their confiscated lands, for all the expenses of his archiepiscopal hospitalities, and of his endeavours to forward the new reformation. Shade of the sainted Gifford! Spirit of

the immortal Gibbs! how superior was your regime! While the one, with a laudable minuteness of detail, indicated the living fountains of Church and State orthodoxy, the other, with undeviating severity, punished the venders of a spurious beverage. Vain and feeble are the most strenuous efforts of the "Bulls," and the "Standards," "and the "Posts," of the Bexleys, the Winchelseas, and the other heroes of Penenden Heath, to supply that vigour beyond the law, which of old preserved the flock within the pinfold of cullibility. The schoolmaster stalks abroad unrebuked. His rod is no longer swallowed by the mystical serpent wand of divine-righted infallibility; and the subjects of these loyal realms no longer can tell at which end they may lawfully break their eggs. Let not the righteous, however, despair. The labours of the elect have not been wholly without fruit, and the evil day, if not for ever adjourned, is at least put off to a greater distance. Symptoms already begin to manifest themselves of a return to the healthy procedure of former times. Already mutterings are heard of a recurrence to high-pressure measures for the tranquillization of Ireland. The constitution may again be suspended, for the better maintenance of civil and religious liberty. The ominous figures of ultra-oligarchs flit round the Treasury chambers, and gibber in Downing Street. Corporators clammer; parsons are rampant; and all Noodledum is in the hysterics of an inebriated joy, and threatens to drum intellect out of the kingdom, to the tune of "Croppies lie down," or the old regimental music of infamy, "the Rogue's March." How this will end, it is not our duty to say. Prophecy with us is, as we have already stated, forbidden ground. But, without presuming to predict the result of combinations, which are as yet in their first fermentation, or to foretell whether the ministry will be encouraged to speak out, or will continue their embarrassing neutrality, we would merely advise the reader to look carefully after straws that float in the political atmosphere, and regulate his opinions by the indications they may offer. Turn we now to other less equivocal demonstrations of sentiment, on which the public may with confidence rely, and to matters concerning which they may speak, without compromising their characters or their interests.

First then, and foremost, it is an indisputable verity, "strong as holy writ," that the Thames tunnel has come to a stand still; that the speculators have at once sunk their shafts and their capital; that in stopping the holes in the bed of the river, they have narrowly escaped stopping payment into the bargain; and that the subscribers, by this time, suspect their enterprise to be, more than ever, a *great bore*. It is likewise an undeniable truth, that the walls of the Brunswick theatre were not strong enough to support the roof and the stage machinery; and, (thanks to the labours of the Coroner's inquest,) every one is agreed in attributing the death of the sufferers to the giving way of the rafters, and to the weight of the materials thereby precipitated on their heads. There reigns, likewise, a similarly happy uniformity of opinion (save and except with Marshal Beresford and his duennas) respecting the liberality of Don Miguel, and of the profit derived by him from his visit to England. It is quite clear, that as the Dublin alderman flung aside his surtout with a change of seasons, so the Portuguese usurper has cast away the hunting coat with which constitutional Royalty provided him, along with the other lessons of political wisdom he

learned from his drilling under the cabinet of St. James's. Farther, the most cautiously timid person need not hesitate in decrying the London University, that head-quarters of sectarianism; nor pause in stigmatizing its institution as a felonious attempt on the life of old mother church, or in suspecting its promoters of concealed atheism. He will be equally safe in recommending his friends to subscribe to the King's College, as a *pis-aller* to work up the two grains of knowledge, which the people *will* have, in the bushel of humbug so necessary "for the better carrying on of the plot" of state expediency. N. B. Unless the individual has some great point of his own to forward, he need not lay down any money himself. Apropos to the King's College, it is scarcely necessary to remark that, in all the turns and chances of cabinets, that which Jeremy Bentham calls "Church of Englandism," must still continue the *cheval de bataille* of loyalty and right-thinking. John Bull, like the soldier in the old caricature, never fails to vociferate, "D—n me, what will become of our religion?" and, with the exception of more than two thirds of the people of the United Empire, (other nobodies, not worth disturbing the cogitations of any body who is any thing,) every Englishman is decidedly of opinion, that Protestant ascendency is a more integral part of the constitution, than King, Lords, and Commons, Magna Charta, and the trial by jury. On this point there may be slight shades of difference as to the more or less, at different seasons, and under different contingencies; but the fundamental verity is at all times admitted throughout all England, and our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. It is at all times loyal to maintain (to the stake, exclusively) that the Pope is the most dangerous enemy of England; and that Catholics cannot safely be trusted with civil rights, unless they can procure two good and sufficient bail for their preserving the King's peace towards all his Majesty's lieges of the Protestant faith. By the by, this malignity of the Pope is the more ungrateful, inasmuch as England has expended so many millions for the purpose of re-establishing the power of this "ancient ally" in Italy, with the most magnanimous disregard of his influence on the Irish. Magnanimous as this policy was, one may, however, venture to think that it was not over-wise. It is perfectly safe to censure a defunct ministry; and we cannot with truth say of the ministry of that day, as was observed of Tom Thumb, that "they made the giants first, and then they killed them." For their giant seems to have been made for the sole purpose of creating a permanent bugbear, to prevent the makers from ever doing justice to Ireland, and giving tranquillity to that much distracted nation. For our own parts, indeed, we cannot but remember that Castlereagh had once been reputed an united Irishman, and that Sir Harcourt Lees could never be persuaded to reckon him a good Protestant. We are, therefore, almost tempted to imagine, that he had his own intentions in the Pope's restoration; and was, at bottom, a favourer of ultramontane politics. However this may have been (and we war not with the dead), this much is certain, that there the Pope is, and be hanged to him; and what is worse, not only he, but the Jesuits likewise; and they openly keep their school at Clongowes for the insidious propagation of Euclid and equivocation, of Tibullus and treason. This it is, (and not for the sake of their rotten boroughs, their corn laws, and their colonial proconsulates,) that the

Kenyons and the Newcastles sound the tocsin of No Popery, to "fright the isle from its propriety." Whatever, then, the reader may think of the thirty-nine articles in detail, we would advise him, upon good clerical authority, stoutly to swear by them in the gross. Let him sternly eschew Sydney Smith, and adhere to Phillpots; let him distrust the Liberal Bishops, and hold by Magee and bigotry. Sorry, therefore, are we to add that the conversion of the Catholic peasantry by the New Light Missionaries, is no longer an article of orthodox belief. That "vision of bliss" is wholly abandoned, even by the most credulous; and some new tub must forthwith be invented to amuse the whale, and prevent it from upsetting the cock-boat of the law establishment.

Next to religion, there is no subject on which a more perfect uniformity of sentiment reigns than that of Mr. Canning. It is agreed, as if by common consent, that his name shall be heard no more. "Oh! no, we never mention him;" and why should we? He is not only out of office, but (being dead) he never can find his way back to power again. Then, what can be the use of speaking of him, his talents, and the services he might have rendered his country to redeem his old alliance with the Eldons and the Londonderrys? Besides, his memory must be so very disagreeable to not a few amiable and consistent friends! As many as would be deemed good sort of persons, let them, before all things, believe that "there is a divinity doth hedge a king;" which preserves his physical, like his political, (and, as the Bishops will have it, his moral being also,) in an happy state of impeccability. It is, or it ought to be, a maxim of Hippocrates, that crowned heads are liable to no disease whatever, except a cold. Remember this, reader; and if you doubt the "New Monthly," ask for Sir H. Halford.

For the rest, few important changes have occurred in the minor fashionable follies during the last year. Our price current of smaller opinions remains pretty much as it was. The tea and tract mania is a thought lower than our last quotation. Nothing done this year to signify in British autobiography: but Smith's Nollekens is at a premium. Reviewing rather on the decline; a heavy market for the Westminster; and the Quarterly disappearing in many quarters, notwithstanding the Laureate's mystifications. Steam-coaches are moving but slowly, and nothing done in aeropleustics. The recovery of stolen goods likewise looks downward; it being highly criminal for a man to seek for his own, when the law will not help him to it. Much speculation on the ultimate destiny of the Pimlico palace; but nobody will insure the return of the money "borrowed" from the claimants on the French Government! The legitimate drama at a greater discount: Astley's above par. The *sermo pedestris* out of fashion, and no actor worth looking at, but the modern Laberius, Ducrow. The Pasta maintains her old prices. Folks are shy of meddling with the Clare election; but arguments in the shape of wagers are offered both for and against the great O.'s forcing the bar of the house. Standing and sitting are decidedly not equivalents in Parliamentary language. The gallows still remains the shortest and surest road to everlasting happiness. The Greeks are almost forgotten; and there is positively no such place as South America. To conclude: the number of those who have no opinions whatever, is on the increase; the convenience of this mode of mind rendering it highly popular. The no-thinkers are in general repute as the very best company,

and are much followed for their facility in transacting business. It is thought that their prevalence will shorten the future Sessions of Parliament; save many plays from a premature death; increase the book trade; and leave every official personage, except Paddy Holmes, a perfect sinecurist. Should things so turn out, Othello's occupation must, of course, be gone. Our subject will be exhausted. But if the reign of opinion should survive the shock, and not be wholly over, our readers may hear from us farther (if we are all alive) at the beginning of next year. M.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

"Rien n'est changé, mes amis!"* — CHARLES DIX.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The old Year went with mourning by,
The new came dancing after:
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle:
Mutes to wait on the funeral state!
Pages to pour the wine!
And a requiem for Twenty-eight,—
And a health to Twenty-nine.

Alas! for human happiness,
Alas! for human sorrow;
Our Yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our Morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still Cooks must live by making tarts,
And Wits by making verses;
While Sages prate and Courts debate,
The same Stars set and shine;
And the World, as it roll'd through Twenty-eight,
Must roll through Twenty-nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his Father came to;
Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to:
Some suffering Land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her:

* I have taken these words for my motto because they enable me to tell a story. When the present King of France received his first address on the return from the emigration, his answer was, "Rien n'est changé, mes amis; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." When the Giraffe arrived in the Jardin des Plantes, the Parisians had a caricature, in which the ass, and the hog, and the monkey were presenting an address to the stranger, while the elephant and the lion stalked angrily away. Of course, the portraits were recognizable; and the animal was responding graciously, "Rien n'est changé, mes amis; il n'y a qu'un bête de plus!"

The grand and great will love, and hate,
And combat, and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-eight,
We shall be in Twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association:
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-Chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry:
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design;
And just what it did in Twenty-eight,
It will do in Twenty-nine.

Mathews will be extremely gay,
And Hook extremely dirty;
And brick and mortar still will say
"Try Warren, No. 30:"
And "General Sauce" will have its puff,
And so will General Jackson;
And peasants will drink up heavy stuff,
Which they pay a heavy tax on:
And long and late, at many a fête,
Gooseberry champagne will shine;
And as old as it was in Twenty-eight,
It will be in Twenty-nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And Mendicants will sup like Kings,
And Lords will swear like Lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes:
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in Twenty-eight,—
They will part in Twenty-nine!

John Thomas Mugg, on a lonely hill,
Will do a deed of mystery;
The Morning Chronicle will fill
Five columns with the history:
The Jury will be all surprise,
The Prisoner quite collected;
And Justice Park will wipe his eyes,
And be very much affected:
And folks will relate poor Corder's fate,
As they hurry home to dine,
Comparing the hangings of Twenty-eight
With the hangings of Twenty-nine.

A Curate will go from the house of prayer
To wrong his worthy neighbour,
By dint of quoting the texts of Blair,
And singing the songs of Weber:

Sir Harry will leave the Craven hounds,
To trace the guilty parties;
And ask of the Court five thousand pounds,
To prove how rack'd his heart is:
An Advocate will execrate
The spoiler of Hymen's shrine;
And the speech that did for Twenty-eight
Will do for Twenty-nine.

My Uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And tell of his oils and blubbers;
My Aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers:
My Cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruin'd trade is;
My Brother at Eton will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies:
My Patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from the Bordeaux vine;
His nose was red in Twenty-eight,—
'Twill be redder in Twenty-nine!

And oh! I shall find, how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason:
I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
And throw, and write, my line;
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-eight,
I shall worship in Twenty-nine!

Φ.

THE CHOICE OF A RESIDENCE.

The caution often inculcated, and occasionally practised, with respect to the choice of a wife or a profession, might with equal prudence be exercised in the selection of a residence. There are not many of us, indeed, to whom much deliberation on the subject is permitted; one is tied down by the fetters of business, another by the more agreeable bands of hereditary property; prudential or family reasons decide the *habitat* of a third; and the few who might enjoy the privilege of free selection, to whom "the world is all before them, where to choose their place of rest," are too often swayed by whim, accident, or habit, and forfeit, by injudicious decision, half the happiness and self-complacency they might have enjoyed.

London is a desirable residence for many and various descriptions of persons. Those who wish to be known or to be forgotten, who seek an extensive field for their vices or their virtues, who love the most delicate food for the body or the mind, and have a craving for French dishes or new novels, those who like a plentiful choice of physicians or preachers, who are curious in hair-cutting, or obliged to wear false teeth, should all settle in London, where each may with the greatest facility obtain the object of his pursuit. Every man of decidedly supe-

rior intellect or attainments should either reside in London or frequently visit it; this is the arena where wits encounter and brighten in the contest, and where many a one who thought himself a giant in the country, has shrunk suddenly into a pigmy. How often have I seen men of talent and learning rendered irrecoverably pertinacious and dogmatical, self-satisfied, and irritable under the slightest contradiction, by too exclusive an attachment to a country life. Solitude, indeed, is not the evil I deprecate; it corrects, it teaches, it enlightens;—woods and mountains, and resplendent rivers are safe companions; in their still small voice no flattery, no delusion is heard;—but man is made for society, he will, he ought to seek it; and the contracted uncultivated society of country towns and villages is seriously injurious to their petty sovereigns. Talents rise to their due elevation, "come và fuoco al ciel per sua natura," and undisputed pre-eminence in intellectual and literary fame is fatal to progress, dangerous to stability. To beat every opponent in argument, as in chess, is not very favourable to the improvement of the conqueror; and the easier the victory, the more hurtful its effects.

A country life, however, appears to be the general taste; and for one "Fuscus," who owns himself a lover of cities, we may reckon ten vehement "lovers of the country," who mourn over the necessity, real or imaginary, which makes London their home, and grieve that it is their fixed determination to seek wealth, luxury, and pleasure, far from the cheap and calm delights of nature and retirement. Every one treasures in his memory some favourite spot seen but for a moment, or endeared by early recollections to which his "heart untravelled fondly turns," some nook of which he says, "Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet;" and this is in almost all cases a rural abode, a cottage in the Highlands or at Hackney, a mansion near the Lakes or on Clapham Common, a snug white dwelling embowered by woods, seeking concealment like a violet or a maiden, or a bright red house with green palings and party-coloured alcoves as eager for notice as a piony or a courtezan. Even the few who acknowledge their preference of a London life have their hours of doubt or repentance, when its habits have deranged their digestion, its follies emptied their purses, or its smoke dirtied their linen, and when in a tumult of rural enthusiasm they are ready to exclaim, "O delightful country, when shall I again enjoy thee!" and to join with Sir Thomas More in asking, "What is there in a city that can excite any one to live well? what but feigned affection and the honied tones of poisonous flatterers sound about you? Wherever you cast your eyes, what do you see but victualling-houses, fishmongers, butchers, cooks, pudding-makers, fishermen and fowlers, who minister materials for the belly, for the world, and for its prince the Devil?" Such gloomy thoughts haunt the mind of him who finds difficulty in borrowing money, who has had a surfeit at one dinner, or not had an invitation to get one at another; but they pass away with their temporary causes, and leave him no time for any but London pleasures till fashion compels him to try those of Brighton or Cheltenham. But some there are who are really bound by duty to a residence in town while their taste and judgment would lead them to rural scenes and pleasures, and who, as they hurry through the crowded noisy streets to their daily routine of business, when reminded by their almanacks and

the dust, that it is spring, yearn for its bursting buds, its flowers and verdure, with an intensity of longing which sheds for a time a feeling of uneasiness and discontent over the best-disciplined minds, and makes them derive but trifling consolation from the sentiment—" What matter where if *I* be still the same?" Yet even here that compensating principle which so wonderfully pervades the whole system of physical and moral nature, and so often levels the apparently immense disparities of life, comes to our relief; for where shall we find words to express with sufficient energy the rapture which the country bestows on these exiles, when permitted to return for a time to its beauties and delights? Matthisson has some sweet lines on " escaping from town to country," but although poetry may give force and grace to the expression of his sentiments, they have suggested themselves to thousands, with a strength and fervour incommunicable to words, though arranged at the bidding of taste and genius like his.

" Here, Freedom, is thy maternal home,
Here thine abode,
Here dwells Content, here peace of mind
Breathes on the soul!

" Here an unceasing dew of joy distils
O'er grove and field;
Oh Nature, Nature! while I live, no power
Parts us again!"*

There are no pleasures, indeed, which retain their freshness like those resulting from the admiration of Nature; and he who has a real taste for its beauties will scarcely allow that his enjoyment of them is diminished by the most uninterrupted and familiar intimacy. Still, who that is permitted by a kind fate to open his eyes daily on the same waving fields, rich woods, and bright meadows, can imagine the rapture they excite in his breast who, just escaped into the country, eagerly throws open his window the morning after his arrival, and beholds, instead of a smoky atmosphere, close streets, and brick walls, the fair face of Nature for which he has so long been pining, which his dreams and his imagination have for months been decking with every charm, and which now seems to exceed in loveliness all that his visions have pourtrayed or his fancy invented? The calm pleasures of years seem concentrated in that hour of ecstasy; he feels that a long exile is scarcely too dear a price for the transports of return, and consents almost willingly to purchase by renewed absence the right to a renewal of such keen and vivid enjoyment. The love and longing for a country life is often, indeed, counterbalanced by the contending charms of that cultivated and informed society, those literary pleasures and assistances, which, perhaps, only a metropolis can supply. The ancient, who praises so warmly the undisturbed studies, peaceful slumbers, and

* " Hier, Freiheit, blüht dein mütterlicher Boden,
Hier weilest du!
Hier wohnt Zufriedenheit, hier weht der Oden
Der Seelenruh!

" Hier träuft ein steter Himmelsthau von Freuden
Auf Hain and Flur!
So lang ich bin, soll nichts von dir mich scheiden
Natur! Natur!"

simple gratifications of the country, repaired thither for short intervals only from the luxury of Rome, the splendour of the court of Augustus, and the brilliant converse of the literary society which adorned it. It is not only "sad to see a noble landscape without being able to say to some one, 'What a beautiful prospect!'" but it is melancholy to say so to one who has no feeling for its beauties; it is melancholy to feel that we have ideas and sentiments worth communicating, but that those about us would understand them little better than High Dutch if communicated. Ah! could we transport into some remote and beautiful glen all those we love, and a few of those we admire, perch the British Museum on an adjacent hill, and persuade our favourite literary and scientific societies to hold their meetings in a neighbouring valley, mingle the charms of human eloquence with the harmonies of groves, and enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" at the same time with wild strawberries and waterfalls, then, indeed, none but the busy, the frivolous, or the worthless, would wish to reside in London, and the exaltation of fancy and exhilaration of mind, produced by fine views and free breezes, might be obtained without any sacrifice worthy of the name.

But there are other strong and general feelings of the human mind to be consulted in our choice of a residence, more important to happiness than the gratification of our rural or literary tastes. The deference and good opinion of their immediate neighbours is, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, a matter of the greatest importance: one values most the smile of good-will, another the bow of humble respect, a third the stare of wondering admiration; but some expression gratifying to self-love is eagerly sought for in the countenances of our immediate neighbours, and a single unbending Mordecai at our gate is more annoying than the contempt of thousands at a distance. That this natural yearning for "golden opinions" may not, while it acts as a spur to the race-horses of our species, prove a torment to crowds of panting asses and tortoises, matters are so arranged that every one who chooses his abode, and consequently his neighbours, with discretion, may have it in some degree satisfied. Little, indeed, are those acquainted with the world, who suppose that positive excellence or real talents are necessary to excite admiration; it is the mind and taste of the spectator which decide the *quantum* of applause an object shall obtain: many a mountebank or rope-dancer has been clapped as loudly as a Kemble or a Siddons; and happily for a numerous throng of smatterers and pretenders, their little dubious flames may be pointed at like comets, if they will but take care to place them among rushlights. The respect paid to our riches or descent, to our personal or mental advantages, will be regulated by our comparative superiority in these particulars to those about us; as in a plain family, one is sometimes called "the pretty sister," because she happens to be a little less ugly than the rest of the group. Attention should also be paid to the kind of excellence most valued by those about us; for although a general, who desires to be admired as a hero, would be unwise in settling in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsay, he would still more surely defeat his aim by perching amidst a bevy of Quakers. But if a *nouveau riche*, a *parvenu*, will fix himself in a society where consequence is estimated by descent, not by acres, what can he expect but neglect and insigni-

ficance? Had he taken a villa a few miles from London, where those around him were plodding along the road he himself had traversed, and looking to the same reward,—where riches are accepted as a substitute for gentility, and a splendid establishment hides all ancestral deficiencies, his pines and his Burgundy would have purchased him willing guests, and a few straggling stems of nobility would have condescended to honour his table, borrow his money, and perhaps marry his daughters. Woe equally betides the poor gentleman, the man of birth and education, who leaves the country where his fathers flourished, to reside in or near our great metropolis! There it nought avails him, "from whom descended or by whom begot;" if he cannot afford to engage in the noble rivalry of feasts and entertainments, he sinks into insignificance, obscured by the growth of the tall weeds around him, and poorly consoled by the consciousness of a descent which no one else values, and by an insincere contempt of the trading riches which every one covets and pursues.

There is a sort of half-way between town and the country, which some assert combines the advantages, others the defects, of each; and this is a country-town. Here, indeed, a little money, a little learning, and a little fashion, will go ten times as far as they will in London. Here, a man who takes in the Quarterly or Edinburgh, is a literary character; the lady who has one head-dress in the year from a Bond-street milliner, becomes the oracle of fashion, "the observed of all observers;" here dinners are talked of as excellent, at which neither French dishes nor French wines were given, and a little raspberry ice would confer wide celebrity on an evening party, and excite much animadversion and surprise. Here, notwithstanding a pretty strong line of demarcation between the different sets of society, every one appears to know every body; the countenances and names of each are familiar; we want no slave, who calls out the names; but are ready with a proper supply of condescending nods, friendly greetings, and kind inquiries, to dispense to each passenger according to his claims. Indeed, in calculating the length of time requisite for arriving at a certain point, the inhabitant of a country-town should make due allowance for the necessary gossip which must take place on the road, and for the frequent interchange of bulletins of health, which is sure to occur; and after a residence of any length in these sociable places, a sensation of solitude and desertion is felt in those crowded streets of our metropolis, where the full tide of population may roll past us for hours without bringing with it a single glance of recognition or kindness. Here round games and Casino still find refuge and support amidst a steady band of faithful partizans; here old maids escape ridicule from being numerous, and old bachelors acquire importance from being scarce. It is, indeed, to this latter description of persons that I would especially recommend a residence in a country-town; and, as Dr. Johnson said, that "wherever he might dine, he would wish to breakfast in Scotland:" so, wherever I may pass my youth, let my days of old bachelorshop, if to such I am doomed, be spent in a country-town. There the genteel male population forsake their birth-place at an early age; and since war no longer exists to supply their place with the irresistible military, the importance of a single man, however small his attractions, however advanced his age, is considerable; while a tole-

rably agreeable bachelor under sixty is the object of universal attention, the cynosure of every lady's eye. In the cathedral city where I visited a friend some years since, there were forty-five single women, from sixteen to fifty, and only three marriageable men. Let any one imagine the delight of receiving the most flattering attentions from fifteen women at once, some of them extremely pretty and agreeable; or, I should rather say, from forty-five, since the three bachelors, politically avoiding all appearance of preference, were courted equally by nearly the whole phalanx of the sisterhood. One of the enviable men, being only just of age, was indeed too young to excite hopes in the more elderly ladies, but another more fortunate, if he knew his happiness, ("*sua si bona norit*,") was exposed to the attacks, more or less open, of every unmarried woman. Alas! he was insensible to his privileges; a steady man of fifty-five, a dignitary of the church, devoted to study, and shy in his habits, he seemed to shrink from the kind attentions he received, and to wish for a less favoured, a less glorious state of existence. His desires seemed limited to reading the Fathers, writing sermons, and doing his duty as a divine; and he appeared of opinion that no helpmate was required to fulfil them. But still the indefatigable phalanx of forty-five, with three or four widows as auxiliaries, continued their attacks, and his age, as I before observed, was fatally encouraging to the hopes of each. The youngest looked in their glasses and remembered the power of youth and beauty; the middle-aged calculated on the good sense and propriety of character of their object, and were "sure he would never marry a girl;" and the most elderly exaggerated his gravity, thought of his shovel hat, and seemed to suppose that every woman under fifty must be too giddy for its wearer. Meanwhile, what a life he led!—his opinions law; his wishes gospel; the cathedral crowded when he preached; churches attended; schools visited; waltzing calumniated; novels concealed; shoulders covered; petticoats lengthened—all to gain his approving eye. The fact is, his sphere of useful influence was much enlarged by his single state: as a married man, he could only have reformed his wife; as a bachelor, he exercised undisputed power over every spinster in his neighbourhood. He was, indeed, unconscious of, or ungratified by the deference and incense he received; but the generality of men are less insensible, and half the homage he so carefully rejected would have been sufficient to intoxicate with delight and self-complacency the greater part of his fraternity. What object in nature is more pitiable than a London old bachelor, of moderate fortune and moderate parts, whose conversational powers do not secure him invitations to dinners, when stiffness of limb and a growing formality have obliged him to retreat from quadrilles. The rich, we know, thrive everywhere, and at all seasons, safe from neglect, secure from ridicule.* I speak of those less strongly fortified against the effects of time; those who, scarcely considered good speculations in their best days, are now utterly insignificant, concealed and jostled by a crowd of younger aspirants, overlooked by mamas, except when needed to execute some troublesome commission; and without a chance of receiving a single word or glance

* "Un projet assez vain seroit de vouloir tourner un homme fort sot et fort riche en ridicule; les rieurs sont de son côté."

from their daughters unmarked by that provoking ease and compassionate familiarity, which tell them, better than words, that their day of influence has closed for ever. Let such unhappy men fly from the scenes of former pleasure and power, of former flirtation and gaiety, to the quieter and surer triumphs of a country-town. Here crowds of young women, as certainly devoted to celibacy as the inmates of a nunnery, accustomed from necessity to make beaux out of the most unprecedented materials, and concoct flirtations in the most discouraging circumstances, will welcome him with open arms, under-rate his age, over-rate his merits, doubt if his hair is grey, deny that he wears false teeth, accept his proffered arm with an air of triumph, and even hint a wonder that he has given up dancing. To their innocent cheeks his glance will have the long-lost power of calling up a blush; eyes as bright as those which beamed upon his youth will sparkle at his approach; and tender hearts, excluded by fate from palpitations for a more suitable object, must per force beat quicker at his address. Here let him revel in the enjoyment of unbounded influence, preserve it by careful management to the latest possible moment, and at length gradually slide from the agreeable old beau into the interesting invalid, and secure for his days of gout, infirmity, and sickness a host of attentive nurses, of that amiable sex which delights and excels in offices of pity and kindness; who will read him news, recount him gossip, play backgammon or cribbage, knit him comfortables, make him jellies, and repay by affectionate solicitude and unselfish attentions the unmeaning, heartless, worthless admiration which he bestowed upon them in his better days.

W. E.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Image-boy.

WHOE'ER has trudged, on frequent feet,
From Charing Cross to Ludgate-street,
That haunt of noise and wrangle,
Has seen, on journeying through the Strand,
A foreign Image-vender stand
Near Somerset's quadrangle.

His coal-black eye, his balanced walk,
His sable apron, white with chalk,
His listless meditation,
His curly locks, his sallow cheeks,
His board of celebrated Greeks,
Proclaim his trade and nation.

Not on that board, as erst, are seen
A tawdry troop; our gracious Queen
With tresses like a carrot,
A milk-maid with a pea-green pail,
A poodle with a golden tail,
John Wesley, and a parrot;—

No; far more classic is his stock;
With ducal Arthur, Milton, Locke,
He bears, unconscious roamer,
Alcmena's Jove-begotten Son,
Cold Abelard's too tepid Nun,
And pass-supported Homer.

See yonder bust adorn'd with curls;
'Tis her's, the Queen who melted pearls
  Marc Antony to wheedle.
Her bark, her banquets, all are fled;
And Time, who cut her vital thread,
  Has only spared her Needle.

Stern Neptune, with his triple prong,
Childe Harold, peer of peerless song,
  So frolic Fortune wills it,
Stand next the Son of crazy Paul,
Who hugg'd the intrusive King of Gaul
  Upon a raft at Tilsit.

"Poor vagrant child of want and toil!
The sun that warms thy native soil
  Has ripen'd not thy knowledge;
'Tis obvious, from that vacant air,
Though Padua gave thee birth, thou ne'er
  Didst graduate in her College.

"'Tis true thou nam'st thy motley freight;
But from what source their birth they date,
  Mythology or history,
Old records, or the dreams of youth,
Dark fable, or transparent truth,
  Is all to thee a mystery.

"Come tell me, Vagrant, in a breath,
Alcides' birth, his life, his death,
  Recount his dozen labours:
Homer thou know'st; but of the woes
Of Troy, thou 'rt ignorant as those
  Dark Orange-boys thy neighbours."

'Twas thus, erect, I deign'd to pour
My shower of lordly pity o'er
  The poor Italian wittol,
As men are apt to do, to show
Their 'vantage-ground o'er those who know
  Just less than their own little.

When lo, methought Prometheus' flame
Waved o'er a bust of deathless fame
  And woke to life Childe Harold:
The Bard aroused me from my dream
Of pity, alias self-esteem,
  And thus indignant caroll'd:—

"O thou, who thus in numbers pert
And petulant, presum'st to flirt
  With Memory's Nine Daughters:
Whose verse the next trade-winds that blow
Down narrow Paternoster-row
  Shall 'whelm in Lethe's waters:

"Slight is the difference I see
Between yon Paduan youth and thee;
  He moulds, of Paris plaster,
An urn by classic Chantrey's laws,—
And thou a literary vase
  Of would-be alabaster.

"Were I to arbitrate betwixt
His terra cotta, plain or mix'd,
 And thy earth-gender'd sonnet;
Small cause has he th' award to dread:—
Thy Images are in the head,
 And his, poor boy, are on it!"

FIRST FRIENDSHIPS.

"Non eadem est ætas, non mens!"—Hor.

Time changes all things. It is the language of our hexameters at school, and of our declamations at college; it is confirmed by the lamentable experience of our manhood, and remembered in the bitter reflections of our age. Dynasties fade into nothing; monarchs quit the palace for the prison; Napoleon dies at St. Helena; Brummel languishes at Calais. These are matters which interest us little, and concern us less. But the old god with his scythe and his hour-glass, his wrinkles and his wings, wakens us to a more melancholy sense of his supremacy, when he interferes with the enjoyments which are springing up in freshness and verdure around our own hearts; when he points to the blighted friendship, the blasted love, the sympathies extinguished, the brotherhood severed in twain. Listen to a young man of twenty. He has formed opinions which no temptation will shake, connexions which no circumstances will dissolve. He is going into the world with a set of companions whose thoughts and feelings are his own, and he will defy the corrupting influences of cold society, hand in hand with men whose principles he embraces, whose genius he admires, whose talents must make them illustrious, whose ambition will never make them base. Five years hence, all this will appear to him, according to the temper of his mind, very ludicrous, or very sad. To me, it is one and the other by turns; for my mirth and my dejection flow from the same springs, and are often blended in their course.

At twenty, thanks to a fondness for mathematical science, and the somewhat too sedulous attentions of an over-affectionate mother, I was pronounced 'delicate,' and sent to Madeira. I remained there four years, and came back re-established. Contented, myself, with aspiring to the second rank, and sometimes arriving at the third, in the sports and studies of childhood and youth, I had been a devout worshipper of the undisputed ascendency of others, and had looked forward with delighted anticipation to the time when those whom I had seen starting from the goal in all the buoyancy of unproved exertion, should wear the wreath with which my fancy already encircled them, and associate me, not in the glory, but at least in the exultation of their success. And now, as the vessel neared the shores of my fatherland, the pleasantest of all the thronging feelings which the first glance of her white cliffs created or revived, were those with which I looked back to the warmth of my old friendships, and forward to the certainty of their renewal.

The first month after my return was spent at the home of my birth, among the trees whose first shoots I had watched, and the lawns where my first games had been played. External nature was at least the same. The flowers were as bright, and the oaks as green, as when my

boyhood loved them; the breeze wandered as freely; and the course of the rivulet was unchecked: but the mother, whose tenderness had made all these things fairer and dearer to me, was no more; and the brother, whose tastes had been my own, whose wishes had only followed or anticipated mine,—of whose fondness I found a record in every spot I visited, and every recollection I called up,—was slumbering by her side. I was alone in the world. I heard, too, tales which surprised me, of those whose companionship through life I deemed was to be my richest treasure. But I turned a deaf ear to every thing which pained me. The occurrences of life might have given a new direction to their energies, a new subject to their thoughts; but all the undercurrents of feeling must surely flow on as pure and transparent as of old. I got through the statements of my agent, and the accounts of my steward; and prepared, with a nervous satisfaction, to judge for myself. I settled myself in lodgings in town, and set out to look for Arthur Mountague, in Lincoln's Inn.

He had been my contemporary at Trinity, had kept on the same staircase, associated with the same set, pulled in the same boat and played billiards at Chesterton with nearly equal dexterity. But it was not by these circumstances only that our intimacy had been formed and cemented. His was a character singularly fitted to attract and retain the admiration and esteem of his fellow-students. Enthusiasm was its life and being. Talents he had, and of a high order; a clearness of perception which I have rarely seen surpassed; a readiness of acquirement which I have scarcely ever known equalled. But many who might have kept pace with him in the race of distinction were distanced by the fervour of spirit which animated every effort and invigorated every nerve. He had been the leader of the Republican party in the debating club of his day, and had exercised a remarkable influence over the minds of soberer listeners and sounder judges than ever I pretended to be. The courtesy of his manners, the occasional joviality of his habits, obliterated the prejudices which the ultra-liberalism of his principles excited; and, in the sittings of our little senate, the earnest sincerity of his pleading, his fluency of diction, his unbounded copiousness of illustration, dazzled where they did not enlighten, and confused the antagonists whom they failed to convince. There were a number of embryo statesmen among our ranks, each with his particular merits and his own knot of admirers; one doled out the comfortable assurances of the Morning Post, another retailed the gloomy forebodings of the Times; one had his little jest or apt quotation for every subject which presented itself, another decorated the barren waste of reasoning with more flowers than ever were exported from the gardens of the Emerald Isle. But of all our orators Mountague was the only one who spoke as if he were interested in a decision in which he could not, by possibility, be interested. If he advocated radical reform, you would have thought a majority would have sent him to Parliament to-morrow. If he attacked the extravagance of ministers, you would have fancied that the burthens of the nation would be actually the lighter for the carrying of the vote he moved. He went straight to his point, leaving on the one side the trope of the rhetorician, and on the other the pun of the scoffer, never labouring to astonish, never studying to overwhelm: his end was to persuade; and

when he found himself at last in a minority of one to twenty, no one doubted his sincerity, and no one denied his talents. The last time I had shaken hands with him was at the close of one of these harangues. The question which, in the plenitude of our imaginary supremacy, we were determining, was whether the moral and political state of the country had been advanced during the last twenty years. The son of a great borough-holder had gone out of his way to let off some clever jokes against the march of intellect, which had long been the watch-word of the Liberals. "I think," said Mountague, "that I watch the progress of that march; that I do not miscalculate its steadiness or its rapidity. If I doubted, I would toast the Glorious Memory, and swear by William Pitt,—I would abuse the licentiousness of our press, and scribble in the John Bull,—I would apostrophize the purity of our Constitution, and look forward to a Treasury Borough. But I do not so judge the times. I trust a day will come, when a poor man, who is fathered by no peer, and patronised by no harlot, may win the power to do good, without selling himself to do evil." That night, as Mountague sate down, the cheers of two hundred men were heartily his. They were not given to his opinions, for scarce a dozen of his hearers held them; nor to his eloquence, for he had spoken briefly and unconnectedly. They were given by friendly anticipation to the honesty of his future life.

I found him now in small uncomfortable chambers, through which the light of Heaven streamed dim and dismal, as if it shrank from the accumulated wisdom of ages which was reposing on the table and the bookshelves. A few guinea briefs were lying conspicuous before him, and Fearne on Contingent Remainders gaped awfully by their side. Mountague himself I should scarcely have recognized, if the name, legibly printed on his outer door, had not made me sure of my man. The fresh hue of his complexion had faded, and was replaced by the sallow, dingy colour, which is the generic distinction of all who feed upon precedents, and digest the quibbles of the Court. The open vivacity of his eye was gone, and his voice, as he welcomed me, sounded husky and monotonous. If this had been the only alteration perceptible, the approaching Long Vacation would have set all to rights. But the spirit of the mind was gone. He had sunk into the apathy and stagnation which the coldness of the world's stoicism prepares for the young and the ardent. He had learned that patriotism is a dream, and integrity a jest, that principle is well parted with for practice, and that a silk gown is cheaply purchased if character is its price. And so he talked of reform with a quiet indifference, and of honesty with a bitter smile; he saw nothing in the Catholic cause but the violence of its advocates, nothing in Lord Eldon but the soundness of his law; he seemed embarrassed by the presence of a friend from whom he might expect allusions to old times and old associations; and as I left the room, he drew his chair to the table, and took up his pen to finish his pamphlet in defence of the Principles of Pleading.

On the Sunday following my arrival in town, it chanced that I went into one of those fashionable places of public worship, in which, after six days of sleep and six nights of flirtation, the noble admirers of Brocard, and the beautiful pupils of the moral Bochsa, congregate weekly to prove the firmness of their belief and the fondness of their

piety, to be Christian for three hours by the chapel clock, and perform all their moral duties by accumulation. The prayers were satisfactorily accomplished, in the customary tranquillity of well-dressed devotion; and the expounder of the sacred volume, the youth to whom the care of so many high-born souls was for the day confided, marched with admirable solemnity into his pulpit. I had left my spectacles at home, and sitting at a distance from the preacher, could at first perceive nothing in his appearance beyond the usual dandyism of a metropolitan apostle—the well-arranged curls, the carefully-adjusted bands, the white handkerchief breathing odours beside the sermon-book, and the bountifully-begemmed fingers reclining among its folds. He gave out his text. The rustling of silks and satins was hushed into mute attention; not a whisper was heard in the gallery, and every cough seemed cured. He was clearly a popular divine; one to whom the weakness of titled consciences might securely look for consolation and support. What was my amazement, when in the depth of his tones and the dignity of his delivery I recognized at once the individual whom I had been taught five years before to dread and avoid—James Leblanc! the idol of all the unfledged admirers of Berkeley, and the schoolboy disciples of Hume, whose acquaintance was a peril, whose friendship was destruction. I knew many self-styled philosophers during my progress through the university; and ill qualified as I myself was to investigate the laws of Nature, or comprehend the mysteries of Revelation, had yet sufficient penetration to perceive the shallowness of their learning, and sufficient resolution to withstand the sophistry of their wit. I never expected from them an adherence to opinions which they embraced as childhood embraces its playthings, or insanity its straws. They are now subscribing to Bible Societies, and bellowing at Brunswick clubs. But Leblanc was not of them. I knew him well; and, in spite of the warnings of tutors, and the grave looks of professors, enjoyed his society. He was a man whom it was difficult to shun, and impossible to dislike. His reading was extensive; not merely in those authors by whom his notions, erroneous or not, had been formed, but in the lighter branches of literature, the works of the historians and the poets of ancient and modern times. In the career of college honours he might have been highly distinguished, if he had not pertinaciously avoided every opportunity of display; whether he deemed the prizes of Alma Mater beneath his notice, or was sensible of the moral proscription to which his undisguised scepticism condemned him. He was a sceptic, not from the carelessness of youth, for he was older in years than most of those with whom he associated, and had begun to think and reason at an age when others have no ideas which do not arise from their bat and ball;—nor from ignorance of the evidences of the faith he rejected, for he had given singular proofs of his acquaintance with controversial divinity;—nor from the vanity of intellectual dispute, for he was unobtrusive in his disbelief, and never challenged an opponent to a discussion, which, when provoked, he never declined;—nor from laxity of moral practice, for he exercised a singular control over the indulgence of his senses, and was free from every impeachment of his honour and probity. And he was now the Reverend James Leblanc. Doubtless, I should hear from his lips some lucid exposition of our creed, the testimony of the new light which had dawned upon his understanding; or

some bitter lamentations for human frailty, the fruit of the recent conviction which had touched his heart. His discourse was composed of rounded periods and sonorous epithets: the skilfully-balanced antithesis, the cleverly-sustained metaphor, the denunciation which had no object, the interrogation which answered itself, were blended in judicious union. He said nothing which could shock, nothing which could terrify: he enjoined the Countesses who gazed upon him, to avoid murder in the ball-room and theft in the opera-box, to beware of the Scylla of atheism and the Charybdis of cant; and so he dismissed his auditors in excellent humour with themselves and their teacher; fully confident of comfort here and happiness hereafter, because they had never broken a head or picked a pocket, or listened to the rhapsodies of Irving, or studied the blasphemies of Voltaire.

I had known Charles Merton the gayest of the wine-party, the loudest on the midnight ramble; the petted favourite of noblemen and fellow-commoners, who relied upon his companionship for popularity as confidently as upon their silk-gown and silver lace. I had seen him receive his gold medal in the Senate House, greeted by the sunshine of a thousand bright eyes, and hailed by "the loud collision of applauding gloves." I had heard him at my last supper in Neville's Court singing his own half-jovial, half-melancholy song—

> "Fill to the flowers that have faded away,
> Fill to the joy whose end is sorrow;
> Fill to the friends we lose to-day,
> And the loves we forget to-morrow!"

And I remembered the convivial unanimity with which his rich and illustrious guests cried shame upon his sorrowful foreboding. I found him now poor and friendless, broken in health, ruined in spirits, dining in cellars, and reporting for the "Bell's Life in London!"

I remembered Lord Leybourn the most courteous and affable of our aristocracy; he had been proud and pleased in the society of literary men, and had shown that he did not think the cultivation of the Fine Arts, and an acquaintance with the elements at least of scientific pursuits, altogether unbecoming the future possessor of a princely estate and the heir to an old Marquisate. He had honoured me with as much of his intimacy as the difference of our ranks allowed; and if I felt flattered by the civilities of nobility, surely I should have been painfully rescued from my self-conceit if I could have fancied that recognition would have been more difficult in the lobby of St. Stephen's than it was in the quadrangle of St. John's. His Lordship passed me in Regent-street with a glance of imperturbable unconsciousness; and when I met him under circumstances which did not admit of so decided a measure, bowed gracefully, and "was sure he had had the honour of being introduced to me somewhere."

Wearied and annoyed by all I saw, disgusted by changes of habit and feeling which were, doubtless, the natural product of every-day circumstances, but which struck me forcibly because I had not witnessed the gradual process by which they had been effected,—sickened by each successive experiment; and at last, looking doubtfully into myself, and almost expecting to find in my own heart symptoms of decay as manifest as those which I saw in the hearts of all around me, I prepared to give up the search, to return to my own fireside, and to as-

semble around it new friends, in whom I would repose more limited confidence, for whom I would cherish more guarded esteem. The evening which preceded my departure from London was spent at a crowded ball, to which I went not expecting enjoyment, nor purposing to seek it, but in the moody spirit of self-punishment, which so often sends the saddest guest into scenes which may afford the strongest contrast to the sullenness of his own soul. As in my young days of joyous expectancy I had been fond of looking onward to the future destinies of those who crossed my path, now I found amusement in looking back to what I fancied might have been the early promise of those by whom I was surrounded. That officer of four-and-twenty, unrivalled in the curl of his mustache, unexceptionable in the accuracy of his coat, irresistible in the delicacy of his hand, was, doubtless, the Hector of the school at ten years old; open of heart, and sharp of knuckle, quick to speak, and firm to strike, with muscles of proved elasticity, and frame of tried endurance. That paragon of *pirouettes*, to whom Vestris were a clumsy mountebank, and Coulon a vulgar clown, was perhaps the ruddy leader of every childish game, the hardest hitter with the bat, the surest marksman with the taw. And that laureate of loveliness, the inditer of stanzas upon broken fans, and sonnets upon unclasped slippers, wandered perhaps in his infancy among the streams and mountains, and longed for fame with Milton's longing, and loved nature with Shakspeare's love.

I was awakened from these reflections by the growing spirit and vehemence of a conversation in my immediate vicinity. A lady, dressed in the most *recherché* style, and sparkling with diamonds from brow to waist, was entertaining a knot of dangling admirers with small-talk of the most approved order. "Oh now, Mr. Popham, you are really too bad; twenty-seven, or twenty-eight at farthest;—I have known her since I was no higher than your dumpy goddess, Sir George,—and I am sure, quite sure, she was not more than twenty when I was fourteen. —Apropos of fourteen,—you are just come from Oxford, Quentin, and you can tell me whether there were twelve or fourteen wise men; I have a bet about it with Lady Margaret; and she is so blue, it will be delicious to win her money. And do you know, talking of money, I want money sadly just now: my fortune at *écarté* has been dreadful, quite dreadful; and I must really have a pony phaeton. Have you seen Mrs. Fenton's? the sweetest thing! she drives a black pony and a white pony; and we call them Day and Night;—isn't it clever? And Mr. Vivian has made a charming epigram about them. Make him show it to you. Oh, Mr. Villiers, that snuff-box is quite too interesting. You shall give it me; I insist upon it. It is for Monsieur. I am ashamed of the thing he produces after dinner. Who is that pale man staring so hard at us? does any body know him? He looks like the statue in Don Giovanni, or Ulysses come back to his father-land. Who knows him? do you?—do you?—do you?"

I went up with all the assurance I could muster, and made myself known. She was indeed Ellen Trevor. I had left her, the grace and ornament of her father's vicarage in Cumberland, beautiful and unconscious of her beauty; accomplished, and looking to no boarding-school for her accomplishments; she had been flattered from her cradle, and yet she was not vain; she had lived in the country, and yet she was not

vulgar. Nature had made " a lady of her own." Now, she was Lady something, I forget what, the arbitress of taste, the patroness of bonnets, the jaded, and wearied, and envied object of commonplace compliment and vapid adulation. I believe she was glad to recognize the playmate of her infancy even in a scene which accorded so ill with the recollections which our mutual memories retraced. " I am strangely altered since you knew me," she said. "You have learned much at least!" I answered. "Oh!" she said, laughing, "I was seventeen when we parted, and after that, you know—' on apprend souvent à pleurer, et on n'apprend rien de plus!'"

THE PARTED YEAR.

I stood upon the sunless shore
  Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
  The by-gone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Join in the lapse of time's career,
  The pass'd eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
  To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night
  Fade with its dreams away,—
And dark and shapeless with it go
A thousand hopes, once rich in glow,
  Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
  How much there was of mine
Gone with that year, of perish'd thought,
  And ill delay'd design,
A part, too, of the vital flame
Quench'd beneath time's incessant stream,
  A march towards decline.

From out those waves no palmy isle
  Uprears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck'd Hope may light her smile;
  Boundless, and drear and dread,
The billows break without a roar,
" Nameless" is stamp'd upon the shore,
  And " Death"—there all is dead!

And Love turns trembling from the sight,
  Hiding his face with fear,
And Beauty shrieks in pale affright,
  And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless alone one brow and eye,
  But they are of Despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year,
  The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
  For ever from the sun,
Leaving a dread tranquillity,
As when a mighty ship at sea
  Has just gone wildly down.

Where fleets the past!—But to life's task-
The where, the when, the how,
Becomes no thing of earth to ask,
With 'finite' on its brow;
Far better to the future bear
Calm courage, not o'er-anxious care,
And let the minutes go.

Time's lapse may be a change of scene
Time will itself explain,
A night before a morn serene
When lost years rise again,
Renew'd, and with a greener prime,
To run once more a destined time,
Nor seem to run in vain.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO. XVI.

Roman Art—Canova.

"Diligentia ac decor, in Polycleto supra cæteros; cui quamquam à plerisque tribuitur palma, tamen ne nihil detrahatur, deesse pondus putant. Nam ut humanæ formæ decorem addiderit supra verum, ita non explevisse Deorum auctoritatem videtur."—*Quintil. lib.* xii. c. 10.

I MET at the Teatro Valle two or three of my Florentine acquaintances, English connoisseurs, in the more indulgent sense of the word, who had spent the greater portion of their morning in the studios, and were still giddy with the splendour of those works which have found, in the verdict even of contemporaries, a seat beside the glory of the ancients. Englishmen are proverbially parsimonious of their eulogy, and fastidiousness, to a sickly excess, is part of the *savoir vivre* of our modern traveller. I heard a great deal of censure, and some praise. I began to feel ashamed that I could not yet speak of Canova.

The succeeding day I was so occupied, that I scarcely recollected my good resolutions until sunset. It was the *soirée* of one of the most *recherché* houses at Rome. The hostess, a Liberal, and literature herself, claimed the merit of collecting in her saloon, once a week, all the literature and philosophy of the capital. This faculty, to do her justice, she possessed, and exercised with such excellent, good discretion, as to rival the fame of the Glycera of the ancients, so celebrated for the arrangement of her bouquets. If she did not furnish the flowers, she at least contributed the silken tie, and the delicate taste which presided over their adjustment.

I found, on my entry, Niebuhr, the philosophic Prussian; Akerblad, the hieroglyphist; Millingen, the American (author of several works on Greek and Etruscan vases); the all-important Abbate Fea; the Baron de Stackelberg, a rare union of erudition and taste; Sestini, the Improvisatore; Nibby, &c. The ladies were chosen in the same spirit, though I am not quite certain that any had yet graduated as a professed Blue. Conversation, ices, a few publications thrown up and down on the table, grouped most of the new comers, as they entered, under the lustre in the centre; but the music soon scattered them to their places round the room, and there was thus a succession of new faces almost every minute. I entered *à l'Anglaise*, rather late, and met one of my Florentines at the door. Every *entrée* excited his comment; he was as good as a Chorus; we soon seated ourselves in an alcove, and continued our dictionary of public characters undisturbed and at our ease.

In one of these openings of the ranks just spoken of, I espied, in an hitherto unobserved corner of the room, on a neglected sofa, with some gloomy yards of picture above it, a tall and somewhat bilious-looking lady, whom I

at first mistook for an Italian. She was dressed in black, and very simply dressed—pallid, thin, and thoughtful. By her side was seated a still more remarkable figure. I saw a man somewhat beyond sixty, very small, and very delicate, with no pretension to mass or muscle, or to that firm and serried kind of outline which distinguishes the structure of the more southern Italian. He was neither grey nor bald; the hair still clustered about him in short, grizzled locks. His dress was plain, but quite exempt from all affectation of simplicity. On approaching, he for a moment raised his head. It had been bent upon his hand whilst listening to the lady, who appeared to have had much the larger share of the conversation. It was a noble countenance, though veiled and subobscured by years: the features were cast in a clear and expressive mould; the nose keen and prominent, the forehead spreading out into a fine capacity for beautiful and fair thought; the eyes fervent and mellow, rather than bold or sparkling, and full of a deep and persuasive philosophy; and over the entire countenance a general sweetness was soberly diffused, indicative of the highest moral and intellectual cultivation. My companion soon made me acquainted with both. The lady was an Irish Marchioness. She had returned to Italy after a long absence, and was repassing the events which had occurred since her first acquaintance with the country. The hero of the history was Canova.

" And is this the sculptor of the age?" I exclaimed, as we were gradually advancing to the sofa. " He is as unconscious of his celebrity as if he were the youngest *élève* in the Academie de France."—" A great deal more so," replied my companion ; " but true genius does not waste itself in self-contemplation. You will see, on knowing him better, that he is of the true race of the great fathers of the art. He deserves to be a founder. No man possesses the moral elements for such an achievement in freer or richer vein than Canova. There is nothing " metier," nothing " boutique," nothing of the base and coarse traffic, the paltry manufacture, the vile job, which disgrace so many of our northern statue-mongers. He lives for the grandeur and beauty of the intellectual pursuit. The art to him is its own exceeding great reward. Society, and its *boudoir* factions, glance off from such a mind. His eye is too fixed on Europe and posterity to heed the petty passions, the fleeting interests at his feet. Then he is so overflowing with such kindliness for every one and every thing. I do not know whether he is not more beloved than admired. No one can approach him without getting better, more reconciled with our humanity, more rapt with the aspects of all that is noble and good, more worthy of all the loftier and larger purposes of our nature. A few words with Canova have done more for me than many sermons. I visit him for the same ends as I often ramble through the Vatican or St. Peter's."

This excited my attention. I was soon introduced. Canova rose to salute my friend as we approached, and in a few moments we were familiar acquaintances. Nothing indeed could be more prepossessing than his first address. There was no effort, no condescension. His affability was not put on, but a part of himself. When he left his high contemplations, and mingled with the ordinary clay of our mortality, he was in all things as the men with whom he mixed. Neither did he lie down on society for mere relief. He contributed quite as much as he received; and in all there was that unobtrusive cheerfulness of manner which, more than words, bespoke the habitual content of a pure and generous spirit, and the ameliorating and subduing nature of the noble occupations in which he had been engaged. The arts have this especial advantage over literature and politics, that they are conversant only with the ideal, the perfect, the very loftiest portions of our being. A proud and bold tone of thinking, an abstraction from the degrading, the little, the virulent—from all the plebeian passions of existence—give a sort of sanctity to such a vocation. It was visible in every thing he did or said. His voice, though not good, was pleasing; and there was a stir of gentle inspiration, a sort of suppressed glow about it, whenever he touched on his favourite pursuits, which carried the hearer, much more than any words could do, into the full enthusiasm of the subject. His habitual language was Italian; he

spoke French heavily and clumsily; the few phrases he did use were thrown into a broad Italian mould, from whence they came out no longer intelligible or recognizable. Italians lavish their gesture even on trifles; his was calm, smooth, and impressive. His whole being breathed grace and gentleness; there was nothing bold, strong, impetuous; he wanted power and weight. In every thing, he was the anti-type of Thorwaltzen.

After a few words I left Canova, but towards the close of the evening I rejoined him. In the interval, without leaving his quiet nook, from which he looked upon the circle as from the loophole of a retreat, he had received in turn the felicitations of his admirers. Every one in the room knew Canova; every one, I may say, was in some sort an intimate. He treated them with the kindness of one. There was no ostentation and no punctilio. It is this which, like the Nepenthe of Helen in the Odyssey, casts so inexpressible and so overmastering a charm over all the literary circles of the Continent. There is no petulant aristocracy to maintain, no half-admitted pretension to struggle for; every one is at his ease; pride and vanity are in good *manège*; the self-loves of all parties are on the best terms: cant and its insolence is exploded. Our conversation began on the most indifferent subjects, then wheeled round to the German and English schools—to literature, painting, sculpture—(Flaxman he regarded as our first artist); and concluded in a very graphic sketch of his visit to London. It was now eleven, and the party were retiring, but before they broke up, I had begged to be permitted to see him the next morning.

The next day I made my projected visit to his studio. It is situated in the Vicolo delle Colonne, at a short distance from the Corso. The entry is designated by a rough heap of broken columns, and the incrustation of various ancient fragments over the door. It is thus that Canova writes his occupation rather than his name; Wicar has his sculptured in marble, with a fulsome panegyric on his merits, over his studio in San Apollinare. On entering, I found the low-roofed house branched off into a succession of chambers. "Il gran' Maestro" was engaged in completing the model of some of his later productions up-stairs: his nephew Este conducted through the chambers. A stream of winter sunshine, pouring in from the tall windows at the time, gave a mellow splendour to the entire gallery. Without any particular distribution, the casts of most of his more celebrated statues were arranged along the walls. Many, however, of his earlier works were wanting, nor had I the good-fortune to see them all till some years afterwards. No artist, I believe, has been more prolific in marble than Canova; but there is no good reason, in the present improved division of mechanical labour, why there should not be a still more extensive gallery than Canova's.

In the first chamber, the first statue which attracts the attention of the visitor is the colossal group of "Theseus and the Centaur." It was originally intended for Milan; it has since, I presume, by right of conquest, been transferred to Vienna. The moment seized is at the highest interest of the struggle between the young demigod and the mythological monster.* He bends back with one victorious hand the head of the man-beast, and with the other raises his exterminating club, which, in the next moment, is to descend to crush him. The anatomy of the half-horse antagonist is most studiously elaborated. The tale of Michael Angelo has been renewed in Canova's favour, and it is mysteriously whispered that he sacrificed three or four animals, in order to seize and embody with more truth their dying struggles.

* The Centaurs and their history arose partly from Thessalian horsemanship (its great plains and excellent breed well fitted it for the scene of such exploits), and partly, and chiefly perhaps, from a confusion, like our "Bell and Savage," of the terms of the tradition. The original word would imply the Drivers of Bulls, and not the double monster which we have from the ancients, half horse and half man. I saw on a frieze at Assos, the exemplification in sculpture of the etymon. But then the bull-drivers were on foot. The herdsmen of modern Rome may suggest a more apt illustration.

Tradition, however, has rather blotted and blurred the story. When it came to me, the horse unaccountably had changed into a bull. Theseus is inferior to his brute opponent. He has muscle, and effort, and display, but neither much power nor much force. The marble, under the soft, emasculating hand of the artist, loses all its rigidity; the sinew sinks into flesh, and the flesh flows away into tameness and rotundity.* The attitude and grouping is mere copy, a lineal *ristampa,* from half the Hercules bas-reliefs or medals of antiquity. But this was almost inevitable; besides, no one expects in such subjects any thing more than ideal forms, physical truth, and now and then a little well-balanced exhibition.

The pendant, or group, of "Theseus and the Minotaur," is more original. It was designed for the Republic, or ambassador, of Venice, and appropriately recalls one of the most classic recollections of their conquest, the Isle of Crete. The subject was a favourite one amongst the ancients. The painting of Pompeii, a copy, probably, from some earlier and more celebrated work, selects the return of the hero from his labour. The liberated virgins are kneeling around in gratitude and admiration; the Minotaur is at his feet. Canova in part has adopted this arrangement. He was restricted, however, by the limited resources of his art. Theseus is seated on the monster, in an attitude which is familiar to all admirers of ancient gems;† the monster hangs on each side of the pedestal. The composition of the body follows the ancient tradition. The human portion is allocated to the head. The moral merit of this production is inconsiderable. Like its predecessor, it aims only at mere style or "purisme" in the art.

A little farther on is a very different subject. It is the exquisite group of the "Cupid and Psyche." How far superior, even in passion, to the kissing group of the ancients, and the affected exaggeration of the same subject from his own studio! How the fable is rescued from its absurdity! The boy is ripened into a youth; Cupid is, in his forms at least, but a younger and more celestialized Adonis: a sort of earthly and more kindly Apollo. Nothing can be more truly sculptural. It is just existing: merely sensible of the reception of pleasure: the feelings flow over both those beautiful beings, like soft waters over a smooth beach. The right arm of Cupid hangs fondly round the neck of Psyche; the left supports her right, on which she languidly places, with her other hand, the mythological emblem of the soul. Both are looking down with eyes which seem incumbered with the entire spirit of love: but it is not precisely passion, but the capacity for passion they evince. The butterfly apparently absorbs all their attention; but a delicate recollection of the past diffuses itself in a sort of voluptuous reverie over the whole person. An expiring smile still hovers over the lips,—

> "Dal sorriso del bel labro
> Si conosce, ch' egli è *fabro*
> *Del piacer*'"——

and gives pledge and promise of an unchanging future. The whole anatomy is in the same tranquil music: there is no discord: the shifting boundary between innocence and sensibility, childhood and youth, is admirably expressed. Throughout, Canova seems to have his view bent upon the "Eros Ouranios" of antiquity; that beautiful embodying of all the lofty affections, which Plato placed, as presiding genius, over his academy, and Petrarch afterwards divinized for modern worshippers, and enshrined in the mysticism of his metaphysical verse.‡

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* Euphranor boasted that his Theseus fed on *flesh,* but that the Theseus of Parrhasius fed on *roses.*—*Plin.* xxxv. 11. This is precisely Thorwaltzen and Canova.

† David has put it to some profit in his Leonidas. But he made no secret of the theft. The "Gems" are the dictionary of modern Continental sculptors and painters.

‡ The more popular Cupid of the ancients, and almost the only one known to their poetic imitators, is that of the Anthology—

'Ο παις'

The "Hebe" is not far distant. Of this statue there are no less than four repetitions. An artist will understand the difference between that and a mere copy. The last I like the least. The gold necklace and the golden vase are unworthy sacrifices either to vulgar appetite, or the miserable pedantry, which clings only to the abuses of the past. The Etruscans and Greeks indulged in this confusion of the two arts,—a fertile source of error, both in ancient and modern times. If the ancients coloured their statues, to approximate them like wax-works to nature, the moderns have heaped three or four plans into one bas-relief—(see the works of Algardi, and even of Ghiberti,)—to give them, an impossible effect, the perspective and action of painting. The Hebe is rather an untried subject in sculpture; but the gems, in which it is frequent, are evidences, I think, of anterior sculptural illustration. Canova's statue has the air of translation from a painting. This is the besetting and clinging sin of all his Italian predecessors. David and his school have fallen into the opposite vice, and may often be justly accused of doing statues into painting. There are points which resist even the touch of Canova. The drapery, after all its involution, is mere marble; the cloud on which the figure glides forward, is solid rock. But here criticism ends. Hebe herself is admirable. A more unflawed, unstained vision of virginal beauty cannot well be conceived. The youthful "sveltezza" of the head and neck, the softly-budding breasts,—"mamillulæ sororientes primulum," —the leaning forward of the entire abandoned figure, in the plenitude of confidence, on the supporting air, the gentle ingenuousness of the half smile, a sort of sunny purity, if so I may express it, over the whole countenance, but, above all, the spiritual, the Ariel lightness of all the proportions, are in the very highest tone of moral beauty, and stand far indeed above the mere sensual indulgencies, or outward charms of the art. It is Bernini in the details, if you will; but in the *ensemble* it is Canova, springing away from Bernini, and rivalling and conquering the antique. The Hebe of Thorwaltzen is more truly Greek, but also more a copy. The Hebe of Canova is neither of this or that age; it belongs to himself. It was a labour of love: he has here placed his soul.

The Dancers are near. They are amongst the "Jovis somnia," the splendid errors of Canova. Many find them operatic and modern. There is some truth and some mistake in this. They are as affected as any modern opera-dancer could venture to be; but then they are also amplifications of the Pompeian paintings: the drapery is thin and stringy—the "ventus textilis" —the Coan vest of the ancients, managed with all the mantua-making pretension of the Rue Vivienne. They would scarcely bear the sobriety of a gem: in marble, they are full of prettyism, maudlin delightfulness, and grimace. The finger under the chin is quite *ballet*. Though canonized by the Augustan age, Canova has ranted where the ancient simply declaimed.

Connected with this statue is the "Terpsichore." This is better. Here there is also vivacity; but it is reined in, and compressed, and waiting for its developement. This is in accord with the conventional gaiety of the antique. The form is ripe and swelling, but rather beyond than behind the elegant. It is reverie and repose after the dance, rather than preparation before it. But there is some better reason than this for a departure from truth. The Terpsichore was originally a portrait. It was the statue of a Roman princess; and has since, by a change of the real head for an ideal one, been converted into a tolerable Terpsichore.

Ὁ παις γλυκυδακρυς, αειλαλος, ωκυς, αθαμβης
Σιμὰ γελων, πτεροεις νωσα, φαρετροφορος.

The "Celestial" had very different characteristics. Savioli has well described him in his ode, particularly the stanzas "Un vago fanciulletto, &c." Canova, in his second group, chose the former. It is more positive, and more easy. None of his works come closer to Bernini. He seems to have caught his spirit, and embellished it. But who would prefer such a Cupid, to that I have just described, or to the "Cupid Celestial,"—the Greek Cupid, as it is commonly called, of the Vatican?

The "Venus from the Bath" is too young, too shrinking, too maidenly, not only for the "Mater sæva Cupidinum," but that "semi-reducta Venus" of antiquity,—

> "Per cui le Grazie apparvero,
> E'l riso al mondo nacque."

The Acerra at her foot, and the Sudarium, which she presses with far too much *manière* and arrangement to her breast, indicate sufficiently the intention of the sculptor. She is supposed to be listening to the approach of a stranger. The form is more what the Italians would call "gentile," than "sugoso," or voluptuous. The countenance, as usual, borders on the over graceful or the Corregesque. It was intended as a substitute for the Venus de' Medici, during her short exile in France, and for some time reigned Vice-Queen on her pedestal in the Tribune. This, and a desire for originality, may in some degree account for the change. The drapery was a sacrifice, though perhaps a needless one—(the antique Venus has resumed her throne) —to public modesty. Artists are divided, however, on the very meaning of the work: some imagine it the common-place timidity of a surprised bather; others subtilize, and read in the attitude and expression the "dubiosi desiri"—the doubtful but mingled feeling of an ancient Venus and a modern Musidora.

> "Hum mover de olhos, brando, e piedoso
> Sem ver de que; hum riso brando e honesto
> Quasi forcado; hum doce, e humilde gesto
> *De qualquer allegrie duvidoso.*"—*Camoens Sonetas.*

The Venus has been repeated four times. Lord Lansdowne's, a purchase from a Roman prince for 1200*l.*, is amongst the earliest, and, for that reason, perhaps the best. The "per star meglio," the better than best, has not been less fatal to Canova than many other artists.

In passing into the next room, we come into the midst of the "Portraits." Here are the recent statues of "the Mother of Napoleon," "Maria Louisa," &c. The first is a good modern version of the Agrippina, with less of the Imperial and the Roman than its proud prototype. The draperies are cast about with more frankness and fulness, but less skill. The resemblance is, as usual, sublimed. "Maria Louisa" is allegorized as a "Concord." She holds the sacrificial Patera, and looks peaceable and stupid. This is in the manner of the "Salus populi," &c. of the Livias, &c. The stranger smiles in looking on the Lavinia, and recollecting the fasti of the late Empire.— Not far from it is the "Princess Esterhazy." Here less tension was necessary: he has got out of the dominations and thrones, and the work has profited by this restoration to ease and nature. She holds a tablet and stylum, as about to write. I think there is a Muse who does something of the same kind; but there is so much life here, you forget the plagiarism and the mythology: I nowhere know of a more charming portrait. She is at full repose, and leans indolently, if I may so say, upon herself; her eyes resting on some fair vision beyond the spectator, and drinking in the pleasure of wisdom, till she can form it into shape, and fix it perennially upon her tablets. Her head is high and princely—the draperies rich and noble—the whole impregnated with a consciousness of great moral and intellectual elevation.— The "Washington" is another instance of mortality divinized. It is something more than the mere fixing of a man into marble. It is an apotheosis of his mind. Washington was no hero, but something infinitely better. He did not save America, but he showed America how she might save herself! one of the few great men who were contented to be great for their country only, and who, founding a State by the mere force of single-hearted high-minded public feeling, had the still greater glory of knowing how to retire when the mighty work was done. He was no genius, no orator, no writer; but he was thoroughly penetrated with the consciousness of a great and solemn trust: he was stamped with a firmness which wielded and kneaded events to his will: he was glowing with an unextinguishable devotion to liberty; beside which, the world, and all that the world could proffer, was

as dust and dross in the scale. To shape out such faculties to the eye was no easy task: for an Italian it might seem impossible. But Canova has cast into his work all the inspiration of the "America Libera:" he has sculptured what Alfieri wrote.*—The "Mars Gradivus," or the allegorical portrait of the late King of Naples, is a sort of domino for the anti-military figure and face of that *bon-vivant* sovereign. Meleager, with the head of a wild boar, would have been more appropriate. Canova executed it with a smile. The statue is a huge, pillar-like Caryatid kind of a concern, with a long slaty mantle, topped, by way of capital, with a helmet, from under which peeps out the royal physiognomy in all the vigour of its original ugliness. The helmet, too, is Greek—the true Pericles or Minerva; the armour such as Julius Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius would not have disdained to wear. But riches will not make an Helen; nor an entire armoury a Mars. Ferdinand stares through every part; the gross animal man grins and leers in every feature. The Romans, who laugh (when they laugh at all) at their southern neighbours, are delighted to have this colossal amplification of "the beauteous Majesty" of Naples, for exhibition to strangers. The Ludovisi Mars has found a rival; and Pasquin, with a wicked sneer at the martial achievements of the original, has canonized the statue, the "Marte in Riposo" of the Regno.

But by far the most perfect portrait which ever proceeded from the hands of the Divine Master, is the recumbent statue of "the Princess Borghese," better known under the complimentary title of the "Venus Victrix." The original has whimsically enough been locked up, and packed up, and being altogether sacrosanct from profane eyes, is only to be guessed at through the mist and shadow of the engravings. It diverges considerably from the mythological character and attitude; but as the name came after the statue, this ought to be a matter of no surprise.† The "Verità" of Giacomo della Porta may have suggested the first hints of this inimitable production, but, whatever may be the management, the forms, it must be remembered, are essentially distinct; if both be from life, they are good examples of their respective natures. The drapery and the apple (to justify the actual name) are supposed to be an after-thought, but they do not bear the outward seeming of an improvement, or a "repentir." Compare the former, for instance, with the bronze "paneggiamento" in which Giacomo's exuberant fancy has been compelled to look decent. But these accessories are of no consequence to the unrivalled merit of the rest of the performance. Canova boasted that he required no second model; but then he drew on the inexhaustible stores of his imagination, and was a frequent visitor at the Palazzo.

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* Particularly the fifth strophe of the fourth Ode. "Si disser quelle; e Libertà togliea,"—which is a poetical compilation of all the virtues of the great Republican; but I doubt whether the feelings which animated and regulated his whole political life are any where better expressed than in the prefatory sonnet of the "Tirannide."

"Non io perciò da un si sublime scopo
Rimuoverò giammai l'anima," &c. &c.

† The Venus Victrix—Armata—Νικηφορος, were distinguished from each other by the ancients. The first is sometimes to be met, like the Venus Genitrix, with the helmet beneath her feet, and the sword in her right-hand; but the more general accompaniment is the apple, which she has just received from Paris, after her triumph on Mount Ida. This is most frequent on ancient gems, and is the Venus Victrix probably alluded to by the Comedian. (*Varro de L. L. lib. IV.*) The "Armata" was the goddess of Sparta. (*Pausan. Lacon. p.* 246, *Cinth. t.* 2,) from whence it was, perhaps, transferred to Rome, though a still more obvious origin may be found in the supposed descent from the Venus Genitrix, or Venus Victrix—of the Julian, and other families. It was the "tessera," used at the battles of Cordova and Pharsalia by the great Dictator; and many of the Roman Empresses have assumed on their medals the same complimentary designation. The Νικηφορος was not armed, but bore a small Victory in her hand.

In the next room we return to his original works. The colossal "Hercules and Lichas" is a bold rush from his usual path. The conception is striking and fearless, forcibly, but not fully expressed. You see him grasping at a ball, but the ball escaping from his grasp. There is something wanting which Michael Angelo would have supplied. The anatomists find that the muscles are aside, near, but not quite where they ought to be, and the entire thus gives the appearance much more of an automaton, put together by reflection and in detail, than nature in the full stretch and expiring agony of her mightiest powers. The Lichas is ingeniously managed and well conceived. Torlonia has niched the whole, and stifled between two walls the force and propriety of the fable.

The "Perseus" is a dandy Apollo. It is scarcely a translation. The fiery spirit, radiating, like lightning under a cloud, even through the repose of the god, is bland, and delicate, and languid, in the action of the demigod. He holds in his left the Medusa, in all her snakes and beauty: in his right is the Herpe. The Asiatic mellowness of the forms, the suavity bordering on indolence, of the attitude, shows that the Catullan style had been too deeply contracted to be thrown off, when required. Strike the petasus from his Phrygian cap, and the talaria from his buskined feet, and you have the

"*Δυσπαρι, ειδος αριστε, γυναιμανες, ηπεροπευτα*"

of the poet.

The "Paris" is proportionably good. There Canova is once more at home. He has taken him young. The shepherd hero leans on a tree on which his tunic is negligently cast: his shepherd's crook lies beside, the apple is languidly held in his right hand. The attitude is an easy blending of strength and grace. He hangs, half enamoured, and half admiring, over the visions of beauty which are floating before him. The form and style of the details give all that the epigrammatist has bestowed on his Zenophilé.

Τρισσάκις ἐυδαίμων, ας καὶ Κυπρις ὥπλισεν ἐυναν
Καὶ πειθω μύθους καὶ γλυκυ κάλλος Ερως.

The "Venus and Adonis," and the "Venus and Mars," are only modifications of the same idea. The first has nearly exhausted the expression. It is far fresher, richer, and truer than the latter. There is something of the Antinöus melancholy in the head of the Adonis; and the suggestion may have been sought, and found in that antique, but the application stamps it into value. It is a fine accord to the head of the Venus. Nothing can be more truly Canova, than that unborrowed head. Here he has stepped far deeper into human nature than any of the ancients. The Venus of the ancients is a mere physical type, received, and corrupted in its passage, from the ancient cosmogonies. It is mere external nature; when there is any rise into mental expression, it seldom exhibits itself beyond the commonplace of sensualism. Here the physical is purified by the ideal; there is sentiment, not sentimentalism (Bernini would have given the latter), devotion, earnestness, elevation, and some approaches (abstraction made of the personages of the fable) to the delicacies and dreaminess of the "amour passion." Commentators dissent on the text, and struggle for interpretations Some see entreaty to stay in the imploring goddess, and doubt and hesitation in the hero; others, caution against danger in the intertwining arm, and admonishing finger under the chin. The drapery, with the usual *contresens* of the antique, is cast round the knee.

The "Mars and Venus," which is also called "Peace and War," is bad as mythology—as allegory worse. But Canova seldom ventured on the labour of creation; he poured the wine of others into his own vase, and then called it his own. This is plagiarism from himself. It is not an improvement, but a degeneracy, the work of hurry, of commission, and of old age.

The Boxers, or "Creugas and Damoxenus," in some degree vindicate Canova from the charge of want and weakness. The story is told admirably.

It was necessary. Athletes were objects of fanatic admiration to the ancients —a sort of half heroes—accounted amongst the little great of their village. To us their statues are totally without interest, except as mere feats of anatomy. Canova has thrown subject into this insipidity. His Athletes have individuality, and almost character. The contrast is full and fierce. Courage and cunning could not be better written. It is amusing to hear the amateur criticism of our countrymen. They see the Belchers and Gulleys, but do not read Pausanias.

The "Graces" have been sometimes cited as the chef-d'œuvre of Canova. It may be questioned. With the exception of his kissing Cupid and Psyche, and perhaps his Dancers, none other of his works have so much of the vicious flavour of the late Italian school. It is not, indeed, in the cold or extravagant of Bernini, but it has the over-sweetness, the fine-lady mannerism, which so often modernize, in the pages of Metastasio, the grave and simple of antiquity. The drooping heads, the interlacing of the arms, the languishingly soft undulations of the entire outline, are far more inspirations from the luxurious anacreontics of Joannes Secundus, or Pontanus, than breathings worthy of the chastity of the Virgilian, or the delicate poignancy of the Horatian muse. The ancients were more reserved in their expression. (*Paus.* xvi.) The Ruspoli, and Sienna Graces are jejune in comparison, and have nothing of the τρυφερον θαλλος which characterizes their modern rivals. The drapery is a mere expedient, and does more for the decency than the beauty of the goddesses. Critics affect to think that it is, after all, a mere niche group, and that the eye ought not to be allowed to travel round it. A group borders on bas relief and composition; and here, with few exceptions, Canova fails.

The "Recumbent Nymph" has been suggested, it is said, by the "Venus Victrix." This may be the case, as ideas, often apparently the most remote, are found to be connected by some electric, incomprehensible chain. The Florentine, and Borghese Hermaphrodites, offer a much closer analogy. The arrangement of the legs, the pronounced character of the forms, the very panther's skin,* are all servile imitations. It is saved only from complete copy, by the adjunct of the fountain; even the "Amorino," or "Young Love," playing on the cithara, is to be found, in precisely the same attitude, and connected with the same figure, in a gem of the Gallery of Florence. But these are "furta concessa" amongst artists, and the statue itself is exquisite. There are none of Canova's works which more fully breathe of him—none which more fully evince the "callida junctura," the "ad unguem" finish, the varied and luxurious outline down which the eye swims, into the indistinctness of pleasure,—for which his chisel has been so fondly and justly celebrated. The allegory is tranquil and antique. The Love sings, the Naiad listens— it is a waking and delicious dream, "la reverie de l'amour, qui ne peut se noter."

The "Sepulchral Monuments" of Canova are of very various merits, some of little or no merit at all. The "Nelson," for instance, though colossal in size, is little in execution and plan. It was simply a design for private gratification; the great of all countries, "Tros Tyriusve," found a home and country in the imagination of Canova.—The monument of Pope Rezzonico is, with the single exception of that of Julius II. in San Pietro in Vincole, much the finest mausoleum at Rome. As portrait, it is impossible to unite more truth and more dignity in the same person. The venerable feebleness of the kneeling old Pontiff, (a miracle of modern art,) detracts in nothing from the utmost purity of style, in the draperies and the attitudes. The niche allocated to the monument compelled, it is said, this departure from the usual etiquette of the Pontifical statues. If so, and not the genius of the

* The Panther's hide sometimes accompanies the Hermaphrodite, from a confused tradition which substitutes for its parents Jupiter and Semele, instead of Mercury and Venus. They are frequently to be met with in Bacchanalian scenes amongst the ancients.

artist, it was a most felicitous accident. The accessories, the mere παρεργα, or *hors d'œuvres*, are of very contrasted desert. The Religion is a strange, stout, awkward figure, Calvinism and Catholicism, as strangely mingled as in the mind of Pascal; but then, I like her much better than the Religion, with her thunderbolts, &c. in the Church of San Ignazio. The radiated glory which she wears about her head, has ancient authority in its favour, but goes as ill, as mere painting, on a statue. The Genius is *ennuyé*, rather than melancholy; he looks *blazé* and beautiful, and that is all. But who would not forgive a thousand defects for the admirable Lions? Lions, I believe, have as little to do with Rezzonico as St. Jerome, and an allegory pieced up of beasts and visions hangs oddly together:—no matter, we forget all this, we think only of the Lions and Canova. As glorious embodyings of glorious nature, they are without a rival, and almost without an equal, amongst the ancients. The Sleeping Lion, in particular, is a favourite. He is the Ζευς μειλιχιος of beasts. A perfect repose loosens every thing about him; he sleeps down to the very paw. But there is no loss of dignity in all this. The royal beast is full of power and majesty, even at the moment when they least appear. They are not annihilated, but suspended. His waking is seen from his slumber. We go up and touch him, and smooth down his heavy paw, and exclaim, in the words of Scripture when speaking of the Lion of the Jordan, "Who shall arouse him?"

The monument of "Ganganelli" is feeble, and rather mawkish—the execution timid and obtuse, the allegory pastoral and pretty. It was an early work—Canova groped for expression, and did not yet feel himself. Ganganelli deserved something more original than the old sedent attitude, the Papal benediction, and the Innocence, or Meekness, with her nibbling lambkin at her feet.

"Pope Pius VI." is a faded copy of the Rezzonico. Like it, the figure kneels, looks pious, but has nothing of the impressive unction and devotion of the original. The prim vanity of Braschi is preserved. The artist has not taken the pains to idealize him. Perhaps he was in the right. As it is, the statue is not above the level of an ordinary pontiff.

The "Monument of the Stuarts," like the two preceding, in St. Peter's, has been already partially noticed. The unmeaning semi-pyramidal tower, with its projecting shelf, and alt-relief profiles arranged on it in a row, as if for sale, is as much below, as its unrivalled Genii mourning at the entrance are above all praise. Had Canova never passed beyond this limit, he might have still laid full claim to supremacy in the art.

The Mausoleum of the "Princess Sta. Croce" is by far the most original of his sepulchral productions. The idea is daring. A crowd of all sexes and ages are represented entering the funereal pyramid. This is bas-relief done into statues. The details are perfection. Age and youth were never so divinely linked before; the father, in particular, bending under that burthen which not even the piety of his daughter can remove, is in the finest strain of poetry. There is nothing so modern in all the compositions of Canova, nothing of which the moderns have more reason to be proud.

His early compositions have been quite eclipsed in the blaze which his after-glory has thrown upon them. But the "Dædalus and Icarus," executed (if I do not forget) for the Admiral Emo, is not yet forgotten.—His ideal heads have great merit; the "Σοφια, or Wisdom," the "Beatrice," inferior either as an allegory or imaginary portrait to the former, the inimitable "Helen," a commission from, or rather present to, Lord Castlereagh, &c. This last is the only realization extant of the qualities which a reader of Homer naturally associates with that pernicious beauty. Nothing can be more perfectly expressed. The sleepiness of pleasure in the long-drawn eyelids still droops, and dreams, and dies away in the marble. It is impossible to look on that countenance, "heu nimium lubricus aspici," without feeling somewhat of the admiring emotion, which burst in exclamation from the Homeric sages. His busts from real life fall into somewhat of the same type. Every line fades off, from an excess, perhaps, of what the Italians denominate,

with great felicity, "la sfumatura," into smoothness and mere grace. His men are Sybarites, and his women languish away to Helens.

The only group of any magnitude executed by Canova, is the "Descent from the Cross," for his own Church in his native village of Passignano. The clay model was terminated only a few months previous to his death: this, and the unfinished "Endymion," were his last works. It was favourably chosen. These Pietàs, under an uniform idea, present a great variety of tender and graceful attitudes and forms; they are, moreover, so essentially modern, that the artist may walk about at will in his own territory; Canova has looked at Michael Angelo, but remained himself. The anatomy, the gravity, the austerity of the mighty founder have been admired; but Canova has spread in profusion qualities which might not less have warranted the admiration of Michael Angelo. The whole soul of a love surpassing that of woman, is outpoured in the divine Mother and her attendants; Christ is less a most perfect dead body, than "the most beautiful of the sons of men." In Michael there is more science, in Canova more art; but we read Tasso, and speak of Dante.

Another instance of the justice of this remark is the admirable "Magdalen." Some call this the great miracle of his chisel. It is indeed an exploit. Here Canova has walked steadily and nobly alone. His Magdalen is sufficient proof that when he leant upon himself, he could bear his faculties with the force and facility of a creator. It is the only Magdalen, truly such, in either art. Penitence and remorse have drained away all remnant of human passion, and left no recollection of the courtezan to profane the saint. Here Canova, with true taste, moral as well as intellectual, has reined in his own habitual luxuriance, and swept away all that voluptuousness, which he casts with such profusion over his Olympus, from the pure and holy forms of the Gospel.

The Bas-reliefs of Canova are, next to his paintings, his greatest sins. He seems never to have understood that department of the art. In execution, they approach the flat and starved chiselling of the early Florentines; in conception, they have all the flutter and frivolity of the late French school. The moment he has to get two figures to put together, the magic sceptre drops from his hand. He can write a chapter, but not a book; he can give you a figure, but not a series. Here Thorwaltzen lords it undivided. One entire portion, and much the noblest and most ample, of his art, is forbidden ground.

I had now completed, after a three hours' visit, this hasty review of a collection, unrivalled certainly in Europe, when my conductor pointed to the staircase which led down into that chamber of the studio where we then were. I saw Canova descending from his labours of the morning, in his short grey working-jacket, with the instruments of his art in his hand. He glanced at one or two of his statues then in progress, complimented the workmen in his usual encouraging manner, and then advanced towards our group. After a great deal of cordial greeting, we adjourned to his boudoir near. Here were the engravings of his works, and one or two of his paintings. I was much amused at the *naïveté* with which he explained the subjects, and pointed out their merits to our examination. There was an artless and unsuspecting complacency in all this, which, in another man, might have offended, but in Canova, I know not how, was fascinating in the extreme. These little foibles connect a superior intelligence more closely with our humanity, and give us a more intimate title to an interest and participation in his greatest works. Thus Michael Angelo piqued himself on his poetry—David on his two or three sonatas on the violin, &c. The paintings are strange enough. Nothing can be more *bizarre* than their composition: the style of the design is more than Parmegianesque, the colouring attempts the Venetian; the general air suggests something very like the doing into painting of the lightest of his bas-reliefs. Yet, so well satisfied was their author of their superiority, that he had already contemplated ornamenting the walls of his new church with paintings as well as sculpture from

his own hand. A compliment to his "Death of Adonis" was sure to find its way to his heart. Yet he could listen unmoved to the acclamations of all Europe, to his "Venus," or to his "Hebé."

It was now near two o'clock, the hour at which he usually retires to dine, and to take his siesta; and we were obliged, after a most interesting conversation, to separate. But I saw him often, and knew him well, afterwards. Few days passed without meeting him in public or in private, to the hour of his death.

The productions of Canova are, more than any other I have ever seen, the perfect reflections of the man's character, as well as of his mind. It has been questioned rather too generally, how far the "moral" of a writer is likely to be mirrored in his works. Canova wrought *himself* into his marble, and to the very minutiæ of the execution, there is not a line or touch which does not seem "part and parcel" of his divine soul.

There is a strong similarity at the outset of his career, between him, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. Each of these three great men were seized by the inspiration; they scarcely sought it. It descended on them in its plenitude, at a period of life when others only begin to think. The "numbers came," the chisel wrought unconsciously in their hand. At the age of fifteen, Canova had already finished his "Basket of Fruit," as Michael Angelo had his "Faun." His progress for a time was slow; the "res angusta domi" hemmed him in; he had to struggle with his genius and his fortunes. Sir W. Hamilton, and other appreciators of merit, cleared, in some measure, the obstacles from his path; but it was to the kinder, and homefelt encouragements of a friend, that he owed the impulse and the fiery instinct which hurried him along. Nothing can be more affecting than the monumental tablet in which he records this event in the vestibule of the Church of the Holy Apostles at Rome. It is difficult to say which of the two is most to be envied, Canova or Volpato. From thenceforward his flight was straight and rapid. He felt his wings grow by the very exertion of the flight. He divided the public gaze with the greatest names in modern history. He was venerated by all that was venerable or revered amongst mankind. Sovereigns contended for his labours; conquerors sought their apotheosis from his hands, and Napoleon had no reason to envy Alexander: he had a Lysippus, in Canova, proportionate to his victories. His latter days were passed in a bright and uninterrupted sunshine of happiness and glory. Honours from all sides crowded round him, the willing offerings of the gratitude of mankind; the tribute of nations, to whose pleasures he had so largely ministered. His triumphs were unstained with a single tear; there was no set-off against his laurels in the miseries and curses of mankind. Yet in the midst of all this, no man could preserve more entirely the perfect modesty of true genius. His bust in the Vatican is a magnificent epitome of the man. The upraised eyes, the open mouth, breathless with holy and noble thought, the radiant placidity, resting, like the light of another world, on all his solemn features, give some faint conceptions of the spirit which once could lend all this its animation, and which was as uncontaminated, as unclogged, by all those miserable debasements which generally cling about the sons of mere earth. Canova felt his philosophy. He smiled at the follies and contentions of the *parvenu*. He was raised to the title of Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, by Napoleon; and to the rank of Marchese d'Ischia, by the late Pope; yet I never saw on his cards any other than that first of titles, "Antonio Canova." He was disinterested in the extreme: he gave with still more facility than he gained; but his gifts were judicious: it was liberality, and not profusion. One of his first acts of the kind at Rome was that magnificent dedication to the Genius of his Country in the Pantheon; which, in my mind, considering the means and the donor, far eclipses the most splendid donations of all our modern princes or kings. He selected from the crowd of rising sculptors in Italy, such amongst them as gave the strongest evidences of exertion and talent. To each he permitted the choice of their subject. The expense was his own. Thus a series of colossal portraits in

marble was formed, of every thing great and good which Italy, through a long line of intellectual glory, has given to the admiration of the world. They have since been removed to the Capitol, and stand in proud rivalry beside the ancient dead. The Marquisate of Ischia produces a revenue of 1300 crowns.* The day it was bestowed by the Pope, Canova conferred it upon the Academy of St. Luke, for the education and encouragement of young artists. This was spoken of at Rome, but thought natural. No one thinks there of degrading their art, by making it the tool of adding pelf to pelf. This English propensity of fortune-making, (with which no true genius can possibly co-exist,) is unknown there. They cannot understand that happiness which consists in sacrificing for life, all the elegant aspirings and pursuits, all the means which are calculated to make life happy. He was frugal, temperate, simple; religious without cant—charitable without ostentation —dignified by philosophy—courteous from instinct—the worshipped of all circles, but the more than idol, the fondly-beloved brother and father of his own. I never heard a single word of censure drop from any human lip against Canova. Envy was silent at his name. The homage was as universal as it was voluntary. The day of his death (kings here die quietly) was a day of public calamity and lamentation at Rome. Another star had fallen from her heaven, and its magnitude and brightness were never more truly measured than by the darkness and gloom which it left behind.†

The merits of Canova, as a sculptor, would be estimated by a very false standard, were they to be considered in reference only to the man himself. But a great portion of his glory is derivable from his position in the world of art. He stands between two ages: two great epochs, two races, essentially and strongly distinct. It must be remembered that he preceded Thorwaltzen, and succeeded to Bernini. He altogether revolutionized the art. The men before him had gone on, century after century, laboriously exaggerating the defects and vices of their predecessors. Littleness had been systematized, and false theory reduced to falser practice. Arrogance and self-glory had replaced patient and deep inquiry: study was despised as derogatory to genius, and genius was only known by the more audacious flagrancy of its absurdities and abuse. Canova struck down all this, and set up a reformation great and good in its stead. Bernini is recognizable now and then, it is true, in his more early productions, but it is by intervals only; and every step he took in his art removed him farther from him and his false school, and closer to antiquity and truth. His genius was truly of feminine and gentle cast. He reluctantly trod on "the burning marl" of high and haughty thought; the tempestuous and convulsing passions disdained his grasp; he had not probed pain, he could not dignify torture: his sorcery was not over the grand, the mighty, the magnificent: the vasty beings of the obscure were creations on which he had never dared to look. But wherever the overburthened spirit of woman's love was dimly to be shadowed forth, wherever the slumber of perfect pleasure was to be breathed into delightful existence, wherever the rejoicing of immortal youth, or the glorious consciousness of transcendent beauty, or the welcomings of celestial visitations, or the burning aspirations after an undying elysium of tranquillity and enjoyment, were to be poured abroad into lasting shape, then, indeed, had he at his beck all forms of surpassing loveliness, and grace, and light, with which the imaginations of painter, sculptor, or poet, have ever yet stood forth to the wondering adoration of their species. The same spirit worked in his very touch. He

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* The Marquisate of Ischia is near Castro and Canino. The bulk of his monied property he left to his brother the abbate, and his nephew.

† A medal was struck some time before his death by his friends; on one side, his head, with the simple inscription, "Antonio Canova;" on the other, the inscription "Al . Secolo . Decimo . Nono." inclosed with the serpent of immortality, and the mythological cap of Mercury above, and the helmet of Minerva below. The execution did honour to Paranuti.

smoothed away into the softness of life all the asperities of the marble: he almost seemed to paint into it; every harshness melted and fled before the wonderful "impasto" of Canova.* To his successors he has left a great legacy—a glorious example. Many may yet equal him in different walks, none can ever equal him in the same. Thorwaltzen is not his imitator, but his rival; but it must never be forgotten, Thorwaltzen has succeeded Canova, and not dethroned Bernini.

These were the reflections which were passing fleetly over me, when I found myself once more in the noise and hurry of the Corso. I got into my caritelle with the verses of Pindemonte, whom I had been reading that morning at breakfast, in my mouth:—

> "Quel Canova immortal, che indietro lassa
> L'Italico scarpel,—e il Greco arriva," &c.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, NO. III.

Dr. Armstrong and the College of Physicians.

"Tunc cum ad canitiem, tunc, tunc ignoscere? Nolo."—*Pers. Sat.* i.

There is no body, corporate or incorporate, chartered or unchartered, so extremely wayward and tetchy touching its rights and privileges as the "Royal College of Physicians in London;" and, as might be inferred, while its energies are directed to the maintenance of that imposing dignity, with which its own members only have invested it, the benefits which it might confer upon mankind, and which, by its charter, it is fully empowered to confer, are entirely neglected, except in certain cases, where there are stronger and more influential motives in existence than a wish for the reformation of medical practice. A glance at the existing state of this practice, more especially as regards the practitioners themselves, will abundantly bear out our assertion.

The reader may know, perhaps, that "the Faculty" in this metropolis is divided into three distinct classes: 1st, the Physician; 2d, the Surgeon; and, 3rd, the General Practitioner, who unites in his vocation a *modicum*, and sometimes, Heaven knows, a very small *modicum*, of the qualifications of each of the others. Now, there is a subdivision amongst the physicians, which is a most momentous affair—that, namely, into Fellows and Licentiates. A "Fellow" is one who, having graduated at either of the English Universities, is thereby, and by certain laws and regulations of the "body corporate," rendered competent to take a part in the management of the affairs of the College, as well as to enjoy sundry offices, honorary and otherwise, by which such management is effected. He enjoys a rank far superior to the "Licentiate," who, being merely licensed to practise medicine, has no control over, no business, in fact, with the affairs of the College. The "Fellow" is, or ought to be, a scholar and a gentleman; he has received a University education, and, it is to be supposed, has become duly qualified for the practice of his profession. But this latter requisite is very problematical; for it has puzzled wiser heads than ours to discover how

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* The mechanical process is easy. It is still a question whether the very dubious passage of Pliny, l. xxxi. refers to this improvement, or is merely a loose expression, laudatory of accuracy in the design, &c. Canova's merit was, however, of a far higher character. It belongs not to the working, but the very soul of the art.

a knowledge of medicine, which is in every form and particular a practical art, can be properly acquired within the hallowed precincts of Oxford or Cambridge. It is true, that to obtain the degree of M.D. at either of these Universities, the candidate must pass an examination; but the knowledge requisite for this ordeal may be obtained entirely from books, aided by a small smattering of dissection. The candidate, generally speaking, knows next to nothing of the actual practice of the art; for we have not here, as in France, any department of tuition to be compared to the Parisian *Clinique.* But this matters not; the candidate has obtained his degree, and he comes to London to practise, duly qualified to kill or cure, as the case may be, as many of his Majesty's lieges as Fortune will throw in his way. We will suppose the "Fellow" established in practice, after much vigorous exertion. If he be a man of talent and observation,—and there are many such,—he will have laid in a sufficient store of information—of sound, practical information—to obtain for him the good opinion and confidence of his professional brethren; if not, he will still have sufficient authority and weight to fill a niche in the temple of Esculapius.

When a man is sick, his first wish is to get well; his second to get well speedily. If he is dyspeptic, he sends for Abernethy; if bilious, for Darling; if he has broken his leg, for Brodie; if he is shot, for Guthrie; if he has a sore eye, for Alexander; if a bad tooth, for Cartwright; *et sic deinceps* through the whole catalogue of specific doctors. All this is rational enough; but there is a juggling mummery in the practice of medicine which "the public in general" know nothing about, but which nevertheless concerns that most worshipful body most intimately—we allude to the general mode of calling in a physician by the attendant apothecary. The father of a family falls sick of a fever, which *will* run its course; he continues to get worse, till the whole family is alarmed out of its wits, and suggests to the apothecary, who is doing as much as a mortal can do, the necessity of calling in a physician. "We have no doubt—we can have none—in your skill, Mr. Styles; indeed, your kindness and attention are beyond all praise and gratitude; but two heads, you know, are better than one; and if any thing *should* happen, we must not omit that for which we should hereafter reproach ourselves," &c.—and so the physician is called in. Sometimes the choice of this charmer is left to the apothecary, and sometimes a certain gentleman is fixed upon by the friends, who have a notion that he is particularly calculated to contend with the existing malady; as Dr. Armstrong for fever. Well, the physician comes, and very, very often have we been reminded of the celebrated description of the Doctor's visit in that most heart-rending ballad, "The Lady, her Dog, and Dolly," published some years ago in the "Literary Gazette:"

"The Doctor he came, and he look'd very grave,
And he held up his cane to his nose;
Some opiate medicine he (*sc. Pompey*) must have
His system to compose."

This is an admirable satire upon medical consultations in general; but the dictum of a physician is considered so salutary that the general practitioner is compelled to bow to public opinion. But there is much humbug and nonsense in these consultations. If the patient would but confide in one sensible, well-educated, clever man, he would get through

his illness much better than by employing a plurality of doctors; there never was any good in this, and there never can be. If the public knew what a number of "Goodies" there were in the College of Physicians, they would not place so much faith in the hieroglyphics of a prescription; and they would think with those who are well calculated to judge, that one intelligent surgeon, or general practitioner, is worth more than three physicians of the general standard. Exceptions there are, and splendid ones too, which we shall shortly show to our readers; but we speak in general terms, and we doubt not but that the majority of our professional brethren will testify the truth of our declaration, and gladly testify it.*

Prosperity in this profession is no test of talent; and, provided a man is legally qualified, he may be as ignorant as a blacksmith of the real and tangible principles of the art. The College of Physicians, that legally constituted guardian of the public health, will never interfere, or attempt to reform the malpractices of a regularly-admitted member. He may be a decided ignoramus—he may smite, slay, and destroy—he may commit any possible enormity, and "the College" will not interpose its authority to preserve the lives of his Majesty's subjects; because the perpetrator is legally qualified, and has paid his fees! Nay, more, "the College" is most amiably merciful in cases where all its severity ought to be exhibited. What can be more glaringly absurd and abominable than the proceedings of those German quacks, who, under the title of "Water Doctors," cheat, kill, and otherwise destroy a considerable portion of their fellow-creatures every month in the year? And yet the "Royal College of Physicians in London" will not trouble itself to prevent or even to curtail the slaughtering vagaries of these vagabonds, because, forsooth, they do not write prescriptions! Was there ever such exquisite foolery? Because these impostors do not flourish a "recipe," and sully white paper with dog latin, this "Royal College" can take no cognizance of their malpractices, although they style themselves "Doctor," write themselves "Doctor," and do every thing, we believe, connected with *doctoring*, but doctor themselves!

John Bull, it is true, is proverbially susceptible of gullibility; and exceedingly irate will he be if his privileges in this respect are in the least questioned or curtailed. In all matters of a trivial nature, let him enjoy this enviable distinction; and let him, if he pleases, go to Dr. ——, the water-man, instead of Maton, or Abernethy, or Armstrong, or any other man of skill and established reputation. But he ought to be *told*, at least, that such preference is pernicious, and may prove fatal to him; and then, if he persists in his determination, let him take the responsibility upon himself. Surely some legislatorial interference should be interposed, and the law ought to take cognizance of the proceedings of these dangerous men. If we mistake not, the charter of the College authorizes, if it does not enjoin, that learned body to take especial care of the purity and improvement of the art and practice of medicine: but, unfortunately for the interests of the public, the exercise of authority, in this respect, is always attended

* We shall have occasion, on some future opportunity, to explain the duties and qualifications of the surgeon and the general practitioner.

with expense; and expense, *on such occasions*, is, to a "body corporate," a grievous evil. So long, therefore, as the abuse does not affect the dignity, or the treasury of the guardians of the public health, it may flourish unrestricted. It would, in truth, be an act of supreme derogation on the part of the "Royal College," to meddle with any of the dirty animals, that sully the lustre of a profession, which, in its essence, is universally useful.

Again, there is a man now in London who proclaims to the whole world, not, indeed, in the regular way, with the sound of a trumpet, or a barrel organ from a caravan, but through the medium of the newspapers, that he cures consumption as easily as any one else can cure a catarrh. Does this person know what consumption is?—we do not mean the hundred and one maladies which are generally designated "declines," but pulmonary, tubercular consumption? Does he know what respiration is, what its uses are, and how it operates upon the system? We suspect, if he did, he would not have pitched upon Consumption as an object wherewith he might make trial of his skill. There are plenty of other maladies—torturing enough, Heaven knows—which might have answered this man's purpose quite as well; if not much better, in the long run. But, according to his own account, he had no choice in the matter; all power of election was taken from him. This person is said to have been originally an Irish artist. A thought struck him, and *he* calls it a stroke of inspiration, that, by a certain plan, miraculously revealed to him by this inspiration, he should be able to cure consumption, that "deadly bane of British beauty." The brush and the pallet were now discarded, and the energies of our hero were directed to the accomplishment of his new calling. Anatomical plates, books, preparations, with some bones and a skull or two, were, henceforth, always to be seen on his table. The John Bull paper inserted a puff about this miraculous conversion, and, from a lodging in Howland-street, this favoured life-preserver has risen to a mansion in Harley-street.

Is it not a shame, a monstrous and crying shame, that a body, vested with the power, which the College of Physicians possesses, should suffer such proceedings? But let us see how absurdly inconsistently this "body corporate" can and does act. Dr. Harrison, a gentleman of established reputation, with an excellent medical education, great skill, and enlarged experience, is prosecuted by the College—and for what? Because he pretends to the practice of an art of which he is ignorant? No!—Because he is a water-doctor, and injures or destroys his fellow-creatures by wholesale? No!—Because, in short, he practises quackery? No, truly no such thing; but, because, being a man of skill, and having done much good by the due and diligent dispensation of this skill, the "Royal College of Physicians in London," like a pettish and pouting school-girl, grows jealous, and suddenly discovers that its privileges are infringed upon! Oh, these privileges! what a rustling of canes, and what a quivering of doctorial wigs must this awful discovery have occasioned amongst the members of the College-Council, amongst the Electors, the Censors, and the merry Registrar! Would that our friend Cruikshank had been there! He would have "consigned to everlasting fame," the agitated visages, which, like those of the delegates of the Inquisition, sat glaring in wrath upon each other. This is, in

truth, a serious matter; for proceedings were instituted against Doctor Harrison to restrain him from practising, because, *risum teneatis!* he had not got an *English* diploma! The whole tribe of water-doctors, consumption-curers, and placard-pasters may flourish unmolested; but no sooner does a gentleman rise into eminence in his profession, than he is selected as an object to "try conclusions with," and half-ruined, for aught we know, by litigation! Again, we say, that this is a monstrous and a crying shame.

Exceedingly sensitive, however, is the Royal College on the absurd and preposterous etiquette of the old school. A "certain exalted personage," as the newspapers would say, commanded the attendance of a physician, who was only a Licentiate, and, thereby, struck consternation throughout the whole body of "Fellows." The great men already in attendance were dreadfully alarmed and confounded by this terrible subversion of established College etiquette. "Sire!" said one of them, "we humbly acquaint your Majesty, with all dutiful submission, that as Dr. —— is not a Fellow, it is contrary to rule and custom to meet him in attendance here."—"A Fellow?" asked his Majesty, "what mean ye?" The learned physician explained. "Well, make him a Fellow, then," was his Majesty's quick reply; and he was accordingly made one! Now all this monstrous humbug, and similar monstrosities, do constantly occur.

The reader may, by this time, feel anxious to know what all this about the College of Physicians has to do with Dr. Armstrong; or, rather, what has Dr. Armstrong to do with it. Why, just this. Dr. Armstrong was used by this said College much in the same aristocratic style as Dr. Harrison; his admission as a Licentiate being opposed in a manner, and with a degree of acrimony, that will reflect no credit upon the "august" tribunal, whose business it is to regulate these matters. But true genius, like true valour, is bold and persevering: and Dr. Armstrong obtained admission as a licentiate, and followed the practice of his profession, unconcerned by the efforts of that jealousy, which most assuredly influenced the conduct of the leading members of the College towards this gentleman.

In London there are two prominent modes of obtaining notoriety as a physician; either to write a book, or to give lectures. To write a book, and to give lectures, are, of themselves, affairs of no great difficulty; but to write a book worth reading, and to deliver lectures worth listening to, are matters of another complexion. Now, Dr. Armstrong has accomplished both of these objects, and accomplished them well. Despising and spurning the unworthy ill-will of the College, he has dared to establish himself as a Professor in the metropolis, and to publish an account of his discoveries in medicine, as well as his new and improved mode of practice, founded upon those discoveries. It was he who first reduced the treatment of that scourge of crowded towns, typhus fever, into a plain, palpably simple, reasonable form. Rejecting those medicines which were misnamed specifics; discarding that disgraceful, dangerous, and idle method of treatment, which was founded upon data decidedly empirical, he had the boldness and the honesty—unknowing and unknown as he then was—to dissent from the majority of his elders, and to pursue a line of practice, which was built upon the only steadfast and rational foundation,—the previous knowledge, name-

ly, of the condition of the human frame, while suffering from disease. It is possible, perhaps,—nay, it is highly probable,—that the sages of the profession did not relish this innovation upon their old usages, more especially as such innovation was not introduced and effected by one, whom they had chosen to honour with their favour and patronage. Armstrong, however, was too honest and too independent to consult their wishes. He was actuated by a nobler principle than this; that, namely, of doing good, and of rescuing the art of medicine from the disgraceful ignorance in which it was shrouded.

When Armstrong first came to London, his advantages—as advantages are now generally considered—were scanty enough. He came to this great mart of talent, a perfect stranger, or nearly so. No "great rich man" did he know, to take him by the hand, and to push him forward; and his connexion with the profession was equally inconsiderable. But, if he brought with him none of these exterior recommendations, he possessed that which was far more enduring and substantial. His professional knowledge was very extensive; and founded as this knowledge was upon great experience, and a sound and penetrating judgment, it would have been an act almost of injustice to mankind, if he had remained in the country, hiding his light under a bushel. He could not have come to London at a time more favourable for the display of his great talent; for, with the exception of poor Dr. Baillie, and two or three others, the art of medicine was almost in the hands of empirics. Typhus fever had been raging in Ireland, and in England also; books had been written about it, and specifics unreservedly extolled. Not a word, however, was there about the cause, or the *modus operandi* of this terrible disease; at least, nothing satisfactory was promulgated. Contagion! was the cry; and a vast quantity of nonsense was said and written as to the precise manner in which this contagion was propagated. One said that it flew about in the air, like the hot and ophthalmic sand of Egypt, impalpable and insidious; another, that it was contained only in the breath of the putrefying patient; and a third clearly demonstrated the curious fact that it (the contagion) encompassed the sufferer, like a halo of glory, and was only pernicious to those who heedlessly thrust their noses into it. When Armstrong told them that there was a clear, obvious, physical cause for all the complicated evils of typhus; and that by removing this cause, they would of necessity cure the disease; they treated such a simplification with disdain, shouted "contagion! contagion!" and distrusted the man who could thus foolishly and fearlessly clear up so many of the mysteries of medicine. The "omne ignotum pro magnifico" of the satirist has been a powerful agent in subjecting the public to much mystical mummery in medicine; and the great men of the College knew this; besides, there might have been a feeling of pique in the reflection, that this gigantic and destructive malady, which had withstood the united efforts of the whole College, was at last to be conquered by an obscure country-practitioner; in which light Armstrong was for a long time considered by his jealous and irritated rivals.

Armstrong's discoveries with regard to typhus, prove to us how important it is that the medical practitioner should be unwearied in his exertions to detect the causes of disease. He has shown that typhus fever is not of itself—that is, *sui generis*—a disease; but that it de-

pends upon a chronic inflammation of the membrane, which lines the inner cavities of the body,—as the stomach, lungs, bowels, brain, &c.; and that such inflammation may originate in a variety of causes, and more especially those which tend to debilitate the frame,—as bad air, bad diet, excessive fatigue, or mental exertion. He condemns, and with reason, the notion of contagion; and accounts for the appearance of the disease in persons who have communication with each other, by their exposure to, and participation in, the same causes as the original sufferer. It is quite absurd to attribute it to contagion: and, although this was a very easy mode of accounting for a disease which nobody could understand, it was at the same time a very idle and erroneous one. The public has great reason to be grateful to Armstrong for putting to flight this dangerous doctrine of contagion, and for the manly way in which he did so. There was no mystery about him—no humbug—no exclusive assumption of superior talent. He promulgated his principles of treatment freely, and threw them open to the world with the honest feeling of an upright man.

There is no man now in practice who so closely resembles the late lamented Baillie, as Dr. Armstrong. The same straightforward candour; the same uncompromising independence; the same dereliction of all cant and humbug—qualities, alas! in very frequent use; the same genuine liberality and benevolence; and the same sound knowledge of practical science—qualities which were so conspicuous in the one, characterize and adorn every action of the other. Like poor Baillie, too, Armstrong is liberal—most liberal and kind in his conduct toward the younger members of the profession. It is a common practice for many of the senior "Fellows" to treat the general practitioner, not merely with disdain, but with downright rudeness. By this conduct,—conduct, by the way, which nothing can justify—the patient's confidence is often weakened, and very frequently the poor unfortunate practitioner loses his patient altogether. There is much unfair and ungentlemanly dealing in the conduct of many physicians, of which the public can know nothing. Some of them have friends of their own to recommend and introduce, and others have an interest in divers druggists' shops: and these considerations will very frequently induce them to urge the dismissal of the gentleman in attendance, that they may introduce their own friend, or send their prescriptions to their own druggist! If the attendant practitioner be a stranger to the patient, this manœuvre proves speedily effective. The physician appoints a certain hour of meeting; and, under pretence of going out of town, or of being compelled to keep another appointment, he calls an hour or two before the time specified; and by tasting the medicine, and muttering sundry sly insinuations, his object is soon gained, and the practitioner dismissed. This may appear very strange conduct in individuals who possess pretensions to the style and character of gentlemen; it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, and has occurred again and again to many individuals who could be named.

So far from acting thus, Baillie was always most scrupulous and punctual in his consultations with young practitioners; and so is Armstrong. Those who are in the habit of meeting him, will readily bear witness to his honest and gentlemanly conduct. In him there is no trick, no pomp, no humbug, no assumption of exclusive knowledge;

all is fair, upright, manly dealing, to both patient and practitioner. The greedy spirit which characterizes many of the profession, finds no place in Armstrong's breast; and instead of pushing himself into the patient's confidence, by impressing upon him the great and unavoidable necessity of his frequent attendance, he will always leave the case in the hands of the attendant practitioner; unless, indeed, it be one of extreme and perilous urgency, and even then he will give it up as soon as all danger is over. It is an easy thing for a physician to say—and many physicians *do* say so—" I must call again to-morrow; it is highly necessary that I should personally witness the effect of this or that medicine." In other words—" I must have another fee." This is the plain truth. Armstrong is above all this.

From what we have said, it will be inferred that we consider Dr. Armstrong a man of great talent. We certainly do so consider him. His talent is more practical, perhaps, than dazzling; more useful than showy; and there is a simplicity about him, which, to those who can properly estimate the extent of human capability, is wonderfully attractive. As a writer, he is clear, concise, and convincing. His work on fever,—*malgré* the vituperation which certain persons have thought proper to heap upon it—is an admirable production; and, with that on which he is now engaged, will build up his fame, we think, on a foundation too solid to be shaken by the jealousies of pettish rivals, or the designs which may be concocted in Pall Mall East. As a lecturer, he is impressive, plain, and abundantly instructive. His lectures are replete with practical information, and straightforward, lucid developement. We bid him farewell, with every wish for his prosperity and happiness. Let him pursue the same upright, manly, and unbending conduct, which has hitherto characterized his career, and he need not fear the effects of any enmity which spleen, envy, or malice, may suggest for his annoyance.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

" Implora pace."

One draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep,
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
And lone affections which are griefs, to steep
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine:
—Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
All the vain lore by Memory's pride amass'd,
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
And fill the hollow channels of the past!
And from the bosom's inmost-folded leaf
Raze the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—All, all thy soul hath known,
Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
—Is there no voice whose kind, awakening tone
A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?
—Think—wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there *are*,
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far,
Never, oh! never in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
Fill high the oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again!—with Memory wilt thou cast
The undying Hope away, of Memory born?
Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight,
That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—yet stay—
—'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land,
Where smiles long lost, again shall light our way,
And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band:
—Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
I *must* remember still!

For *their* sake, for the dead—whose image nought
May dim within the temple of my breast,
For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
I ask not to forget!

F. H.

A WEEK AMONGST THE ALPS.

We happened to be at Grenoble, where the best cherry-brandy in France is made. We had some money, and plenty of time; and we had come thus far on our road to see all that we could see of the wondrous mountains and valleys of the Alps. But what avail human resolutions! Infirmity of purpose perpetually comes, and dashes our golden projects. Two young gentlemen, indifferently qualified to tell the world all that we had seen or might see, and having, moreover, a quantity of invaluable leisure on our hands, we were nevertheless puzzled beyond expression as to what quarter we should direct our wanderings. We wished to see all things, with the least possible waste of mortal labour; and the question was how this was to be accomplished. The traveller who finds himself at Lyons (as we did a day or two preceding), should begin by marking out a plan for his journey, and following it in despite of all temptations to swerve. If he go to Grenoble, he will find, indeed, excellent cherry-brandy; but he will also find that he is too far south for the common Alpine passes, and that he must, forthwith, return to Chamberry. " Now we are here," said I, " we may as well rest our weariness for a day, and go on to Vizille, and so to the Mount Genevre." Two hours walking upon the sharp walnuts, with which they say Lyons is paved, had suggested to me the wisdom of a day's

rest. My companion, however, thought otherwise. "No," replied he, "we will make the best of our way to Chamberry. We can then take the pass of Mount Cenis, or the Little Saint Bernard, or proceed to Chamouny, or the Great Saint Bernard, or—to all. Chamberry is beyond all question the proper place." And, accordingly, to Chamberry we went.

From this point we will request the reader's company. And, as an inducement for him to grant it, we will endeavour to be as brief (and as little tedious) as possible. If we should find ourselves inclined to be sentimental, we faithfully promise to curb ourselves, although in headlong career; and, should we feel tempted to be too descriptive, we will refrain, and content ourselves with referring him to Mr. Brockedon's illustrations of "The Passes of the Alps," which (as he will find) are alone sufficient to attract and rivet his attention; combining, as they do, the skill of an artist and the research of an historian, with all the amusing matter which one is entitled to expect from a man of sense.

And now let us start from Grenoble.

It was a fine morning in summer when we left this "City of Doubt." The road ran along the banks of the Isere, through a rich country where corn and wine are abundant, and where, on each side, mountains of considerable elevation and various forms stamp the picture with a character almost amounting to grandeur. On the south-west, rise up the eminences which bound the Val Romanche, and, on the north-east, are the hills which hold (enshrined, as it were, in their rugged hearts,) the far famous convent of the Grande Chartreuse. The spirit of the spot, which Gray invoked in his beautiful little set of Alcaics—

> "O tu severi religio loci,
> Quocunque gaudes nomine!"—

has not yet, we hope, been scared away by the shoals of visitors which the peace winds have driven upon this sacred shore; but still hangs, brooding like an eagle, in the solitary air, and gives an inexpressible solemnity to the place.*

Our regular course lay through Lumbin, and so on to Fort Barreau. But we chose the other (the eastern) bank of the Isere, and passed through the town of Goncelin, in order to visit the remains of the celebrated Chateau Bayard. There is nothing to tempt the traveller from his path in the slender ruins which he will see here (except, of course, the recollections which must spring up in his mind); but the view from the terrace, which is spread out in front of the Chateau, is eminently beautiful. The eye traverses a large extent of valley, with the river winding through it, glittering in each of its silver reaches, and rests upon a range of peaked hills in the distance, a fit background to a lovely scene.† Bayard was the Scipio of modern times, equally renowned for his courage and his continence. For the most part, the iron-braced fighters of the age of chivalry were little better than the

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* We did not visit this place: a friend of ours, who went thither, pronounces it not to be worth the trouble and expense of a journey. It derives, we suppose, therefore, its main charm from association.

† The reader will see this very view in that part of Brockedon's "Passes," which relates to the passage of the Little Saint Bernard.

bears and wolves which they hunted with fierce, unrelenting, unbrotherly hatred; but the Chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche" was a knight of a purer order. He was well worthy of being distinguished from that brutal brainless race, and deserves to pass to unknown ages and imperishable fame, with our own rare hero, (his equal in courtesy and arms,) Sir Philip Sydney. They are the two bright and lucid mirrors, in which all the beauty of Chivalry is reflected.

From Chateau Bayard we passed by Pont Charra, and, after the course of a few miles, turned, by a short westward angle, into the Chamberry road, at Montmelian. From this point one may proceed to the Mont Cenis, or go onwards in a carriage almost to the foot of the Little Saint Bernard. We resolved upon the latter course, and proceeded on the route of Hannibal. Although we do not believe in fire and vinegar, nor in the great Carthaginian having wrought many wonders upon the granite of the Alps, yet we believe that it is now pretty well established (and Mr. Brockedon has done much towards settling the question) that Hannibal took his way along the fertile valley of the Isere—partly, perhaps, to obtain food and forage for his army,—and marched through the heart of the mountains, by the pass of the Little Saint Bernard. It must have been a magnificent vision to have looked on this fierce foreign soldier and his dusky legions, winding up these ravines, and along these (then scarcely passable) places, before they rushed, like a dark cataract, upon the plains of Italy, and strewed the banks of the Po and the Trebia, the Thrasimene lake and memorable Cannæ, with thousands and thousands of the Roman dead.

With far more peaceable intentions, we took our way to the double town of L'Hopital Conflans, traversing the north bank of the Isere, till we arrived at the point where the little river Arly runs into it and is lost. And here it is, at the foot of a pleasant hill, that the well-built town of L'Hopital (or is it Conflans?) stands. The journey thither is very delightful; for one passes through a succession of attractive scenes, where fertility goes hand in hand with beauty, while little villages and baronial towers give vitality and spirit to the prospect. These traces of a power that is past, are now stripped of their evil associations: they are now enabled merely to lend some little additional interest to the scene, and to aggrandize the labours of the artist. This is as it should be. It is pleasant to wander amongst such pictures in a strange land, through the best part of a summer's day, and to arrive at the excellent inn at L'Hopital at last. If you can be satisfied with fish fresh from the river, chickens fresh from the perch, and good wine that will not give you a morning's head-ache, rest content: you will find all these (and more) at the inn at L'Hopital.

The reader will now accompany us on our ascent, (bounded on almost all sides by magnificent hills, green with forests, and crowned with baronial castles,) to the pretty little village of Aigue Blanche—to Moutiers, famous for its salt works and mineral springs — to La Saute de Pucelle, a fearful inlet, where the road runs over a perpendicular rock several hundred feet high—and lastly to Centron, which lies in a valley encompassed by mountains, having the vine on the one hand, and the pine-tree on the other, as its produce, and marking, as it were, the limit where summer ends his reign, and winter and sterility

begin. Beyond this point all is mountainous in character; the trees, the rocks, the rivers and the gusty winds, and high above all, the unvisited eternal snow.

At Saint Maurice, it is necessary to leave the valley of the Isere, and take a more northerly path, which conducts the traveller to a remarkable and well-known object, called the Roche Blanche. This is, in fact, a huge projecting rock, which guards this side of the Little Saint Bernard, and terminates abruptly at the brink of a little rivulet, presenting there an almost perpendicular surface of white rock, two or three hundred feet high. The contrast between the face of this rock, the mournful-looking pines which crown its summit, and the brawling river which goes dashing and struggling away at its foot, give a singular character to the spot, and render it worthy of a pause in one's journey. From this place, almost to the hospice at the top of the Little St. Bernard, there is nothing which calls for remark. But, being once near the hospice, which stands at the brink of the descent, fail not to look back upon the valley. You will see there the white rock and the winding river, flashing far below: on each side of the hills there will be forest after forest of pines, dwindled into specks and spots; and aloft, in the face of the setting sun, the thousand glittering peaks and minarets which Nature, the great architect, has built between earth and heaven, to dwarf the puny doings, and shame the small vanities of man.

After a short rest, we leave the hospice which we have mentioned, and where, as we understand from Mr. Brockedon, "bread, butter, cheese, sometimes meat, and always wine," are to be had—we quit the dreary sterile plain on the summit; and even the column "de Joux," and the "Cirque d'Annibal," (which are matters too essentially historical for us to meddle with in this very cursory sketch,) and traversing the bridge of Pont Serrant,—the pass of La Tuile,—the bridge near La Balme—and the valley below, where the river goes rushing through a tremendous rift in the mountain, into the Val d'Aosta—stop, with the reader, at the baths and village of St. Didier.

The first object that startled us at St. Didier, was a huge specimen of the unnatural order of celibacy,—a monk. He was feeding the body, and extinguishing the spiritual part of man, with a perseverance that is seldom attributed even to his tribe. He had emptied one vast crater of steaming soup, (cooling it liberally with wine,) and was causing a second to disappear with a celerity that was absolutely marvellous. A single spoon, a few morsels of bread, and three greasy fingers—these were the sole implements with which he worked; yet with these he would probably have made his way through the whole larder of St. Didier, much to the dissatisfaction of the sojourners there, had he not now and then been reminded by a melancholy peasant, that a funeral was waiting for him hard by; and that the mourners had come a long way, and had been long detained, in expectation of his holiness's attendance. The saint went at last, he and his two tureens of soup, to preach patience and submission to his hearers; and left us (first emptying his wine bottle) behind him, converted by example,—sudden but firm enemies of monachism.

It was surely an unwise adoption, that fostering the system of singleness. All the orders, from St. Dominic to Francis, have produced little

else than disorder among us. They are nuisances, and should be abated. Not but that much of good, great learning, exemplary virtue, piety, kindness, endurance, and even active benevolence, has often been found amongst these exiles from human affections. But still, the greater masses have been useless or dangerous; cut off (like the soldiery of a peaceful State) from the common interests of their brethren, and abandoned to the vice and passions which solitude may cherish, but cannot repress. Even the virtues which have irradiated individuals, have but too often sprung out of individual misery. The wretchedness of their lonely lives begat in a few commiseration for others. But, in general, the rank air of solitude engendered envy, and hypocrisy, and ambition, and all the unsocial vices; and the priest went forth from his den not to preach good deeds to men, but, like the wolf, to devour, to gather wealth, (honey for the hive,) to cheat the living, and terrify the dying, to quarrel with creeds, each as good as his own, and to climb the hill of power with sturdy steps; till, in the end, grew up those enormous infamous wealthy bodies of Catholic clergy—with their multitudes of abbots, and priors, and bishops, and incredible revenues—the partial dispersion and destruction of which was one of the very best deeds of the great Revolution of France.

"But how are these evils to be remedied? What would you do with the monks?" I am asked.—"Pish! the thing is settled in an instant. Every man amongst them (who performed the duties of a parish or a cure, should have a liberal salary from the State, and—a wife."—"But the tithes?"—"Why, they should be charged with the payment of these salaries; and the surplus be devoted to great national purposes."—But it is time to return to St. Didier.

We went to the little inn, in the very little square there, (which they call the Grande Place!) and inquired what we could have for dinner. Dinner, after a long day's journey along mountain roads, is an interesting pastime; and we were so hungry that we cast unfriendly looks even upon a pheasant-like young cock that was strutting about the back yard of the inn, the only lean dandy of St. Didier. "Poor Chanticleer!" said I; "his turn will perhaps come some of these days; he and all his vanity will be swallowed some fine evening by one of our horrible Englishmen. Perhaps——" It is impossible to say what profound speculations I might have sidled into, had not the bill of fare appeared. It was very respectable. Soup, fish, fowl, —we ordered all; and all were good. The soup, consisting principally of vegetables, was agreeable; and the trout from the river Doire was excellent, unless our appetites deceived us. The fowl was not so plump as might have been wished; but we drank a pleasant vin ordinaire with it, and fruit, and a bottle of Vino d'Asti, (a sparkling sweet champagne sort of wine,) crowned our labours. As we ordered the last-mentioned supplement to our meal, I caught myself humming the old air of "Bright Chanticleer," and looked out for our strutting friend in the back yard. "I do not see that young cock," observed I, "but I suppose he will 'proclaim the dawn' notwithstanding."—"*Monsieur!*" (This was the exclamation of the waiter, who was removing the remains of the fowl with one hand, and replacing them with some mountain cheese.)—I repeated my observation more plainly. The waiter (perhaps a knight templar) was staggered: but he appealed to

the dish. "*Mais, Monsieur!—Ah!—Monsieur as-aten in*——" "What!" exclaimed I,—an unpleasant conviction flashing upon me.—But it was too true. We had eaten up Chanticleer, and left nothing but the drum-sticks! As Sterne says, They order things differently in France. In England, now, our young friend on two legs would at least have lived to get fat.

A man cannot always stay at St. Didier, even though he should never have sacrificed a living cock to the god FAMES. One must go onward, to collect new ideas, to get acquainted with a different family of fowls, and to visit convents where monks eat only one tureen of soup at a time, and bury the dead before they pamper the living body. Accordingly, we set off the next morning for Aosta. We took one glance at the great Mont Blanc, which is seen (from the baths of St. Didier) towering afar off, and sheeted with shining snow up to the sky,—and set forward on our southern route.

There is nothing for some time of sufficient importance to call for the particular wonder of an Alpine traveller. We cross the Doire, and pass through the little towns of Morges and La Salle; admire the magnificent chesnut-trees, and the wild scenes about Fort Roc, particularly the view of Mont Blanc, which we turn to gaze at: these occupy some portion of our attention; but we have, nevertheless, enough leisure now for any purpose we choose; and we may as well employ it in acquainting the reader with a few of the peculiarities of the Alps. Some of our information (scanty though it be) he will perhaps hear for the first time; for, unless our memory fail us, it has not been promulgated in any of the many books that have treated of these interesting places.

There are of necessity some peculiarities belonging to high regions; peculiarities of atmosphere, of light, of animal and vegetable life, differing from much that we behold in the plains. The leaf that demands an almost tropical warmth before it unfolds itself, will be chilled to death in the lofty wintry air of the Alps; and the plant that blossoms amidst rocks and snow will be smothered in a rank moist soil. The oak itself, (as we learn from Bishop Heber,) dwindles in the climate of Bengal. And so it is with the beast and the bird; each has its natural region and appropriate place. Man is the only true migratory animal of this world; for the few winged tribes that bear this name, are inhabitants more of the air than of earth, and may be said rather to *accompany* the season, wherever it goes, than to migrate from place to place. Wherever the cold winds blow, or the winter freezes, there are they,—domesticated, constant. Farther than this, they have no more a home than has the cloud.

At the base of the Alps, and among the inferior hills that intervene between them and the plains, are to be found foxes, and hares, and multitudes of squirrels; these latter little people, indeed, are to be seen clinging to the branches halfway up the Alps. Here, too, are heard the blackbird and the thrush, which latter ascends the lower sides of the mountains, and is esteemed, not only for a song, but for a supper; he is eaten, *maugre* his melody, and is a dainty morsel enough. Somewhat higher up, the traveller may now and then see the eagle floating above him, apparently motionless, but, in fact, watching the course of some stray chamois, or other object of prey, upon which he suddenly pounces, like descending lightning. His aery is not chosen

at any great degree of elevation; but it is generally formed at the summit of a hill, or in the side of some perpendicular rock, inaccessible to every thing but its owner. Far beyond the eagle lives the snow-bird, a white creature about the size of the blackbird. It frequents the regions of ice and snow, and appears to live on the flies that are sometimes found there in multitudes. These little insects often venture to a very great height, and are then suddenly benumbed by the cold winds, and cast dead upon the snow. They may be seen there, speckling the white surface on which they have fallen, and are probably picked up by the snow-bird, and constitute his food.

There are no bears or wolves to be seen in traversing this district of the Alps. If there be any, they are of the craven kind, and dare not venture out of their holes, to battle even with the single traveller. But probably there are none. For our own parts, we never heard the howl of a single wolf, and scarcely the cry of a wild animal. Among the chesnut and other forest trees, which fringe the sides of the hills near the plains, one encounters the chirp and twitter of small birds; and occasionally the mournful call of some bird of a larger species (perhaps of the dove kind) is heard, but nothing else. Higher up, among the pines and larches, and still higher, where the larch itself becomes stunted and the rhododendron begins to fail, there is nothing whatever to break the frightful silence, except the shrill whistle of the marmot,—unless, indeed, the great winds come abroad and whirl the snow into the valleys, or an avalanche descends, like a burst of thunder, and bears ruin and death into the hamlets below.

And the flowers of the mountains,—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now, generally, of what may be seen throughout the whole of this route, from Moutier, by the Little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known: their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, there also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight upsprings a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty. Thousands, and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant, and always lovely. And in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rhododendron (the last living shrub) are no longer to be seen, where you are just about to tread upon the limit of perpetual snow, there still peep up and blossom the 'Forget me not,' the Alpine ranunculus, and the white and blue gentian, the last of which displays, even in this frore air, a blue of such intense and splendid colour, as can scarcely be surpassed by the heavens themselves. It is impossible not to be affected at thus meeting with these little unsheltered things, at the edge of eternal barrenness.

They are the last gifts of beneficent, abundant Nature. Thus far she has struggled and striven, vanquishing rocks and opposing elements, and sowing here a forest of larches, and there a wood of pines, a clump of rhododendrons, a patch of withered herbage, and, lastly, a bright blue flower. Like some mild conqueror, who carries gifts and civilization into a savage country, but is compelled to stop somewhere at last, she seems determined that her parting present shall also be the most beautiful. This is the limit of her sway. Here, where she has cast down these lovely landmarks, her empire ceases. Beyond, rule the ice and the storm!

Can it be believed, that while we have been "babbling of green fields," we should have arrived at the end of our first journey? But so it is. Our garrulity has spared us the task of saying any thing concerning Ivrogne and Villeneuve, (about which, indeed, there is nothing to say,) and in the mean time we have arrived, without farther trouble, at Aosta.

And thus ends our 'firste fytte,' or passage across the *Little* St. Bernard!

Aosta—but little need be said of Aosta. It is situated in a lovely valley. Beautiful itself, it nevertheless gives birth to, and nurses, the very outcasts of deformity,—the wretched sufferers from goitre. The valley is traversed throughout by the river Doire, and is inclosed by mountains on its northern and southern sides; while at the western extremity, shooting up its white summit far above the clouds, stands the enormous mass of Mont Blanc. There are few points from which this mighty mountain presents so grand a spectacle, as from the beautiful valley of Aosta. A plate in Brockedon's pass of the "Little St. Bernard" will bear us out, we think, in this assertion.

The traveller will find every accommodation at Aosta—food, lodging, civility, chars, mules, and whatever else he may desire; but then he must seek them at the Ecu de Valais, and not at the Hotel de la Poste. Aosta itself is a central point for travellers. One may start from it for the Great or the Little St. Bernard, for Turin, for Ivrea, and for—we know not where else. Our course lay now towards the pass of the Great St. Bernard, and we entered upon it after a very brief delay.

There is little to detain the traveller between Aosta and the Convent, except at St. Remi, where he will quit his char for a mule, and speedily after the Saint itself, which should be uncanonized without delay. The road is thus far uninteresting: afterwards it is sterile and disheartening enough: but one may turn back and look at the fine peaks of the Italian Alps, southward of Aosta, before the last elevation of St. Bernard is conquered. Once on a level with the plain, you will find a small cheerless-looking lake at your feet, the hospice at the end appearing to guard the entrance of a defile; and far away, the peak of Mont Velan, the highest point of the St. Bernard range. A walk of a few minutes now brings you to the welcome and hospitality of the Augustine monks, at their convent, or hospice, of the Great St. Bernard.

And here (for the sake of future travellers, and indeed for the sake of common justice, and ordinary gratitude on our parts,) we must have a word or two with that witty as well as learned Theban, Mr. Hogg. We need not say that we admire Mr. Hogg's talents, for we have bought

(and not borrowed) his book! He is the Lucian of modern times. Nevertheless, he has used the civil goodnatured monks of St. Bernard but too roughly, and unjustly. He has not returned even their civility, (which is not well); and we are the less disposed to conceal this, because Mr. Hogg's volumes are, throughout, so shrewd, sometimes so witty, and always so amusing, that he can afford to hear of an opposing opinion. We must deny the merit of impartiality to his account of the Great St. Bernard. Either the snow or his hatred of Catholicism must have blinded our clever traveller, and hurt his taste. The brothers of St. Bernard are neither drones, as Lord Byron says, nor are they dirty, nor inhospitable, as is insisted upon by Mr. Hogg. They are, on the contrary, clean, (at least, they were so two or three years ago,) most obliging, unassuming, and even active in their hospitality to strangers. They give you a good bed, and access to a good fire; a comfortable dinner, even on meagre days; and on others, as good a meal as a gentleman of moderate tastes could wish. And all this is positively gratuitous; it is, moreover, tempered with civility, it is enhanced by pleasant chat, and sometimes by a higher order of conversation (from some of the brothers), and terminates with a bottle of extra good wine after dinner, which would not disgrace a Paris table.

But let the reader judge between us. Mr. Hogg passed one night at the convent. We have passed twice by the place, and have slept and dined there on three or four several days. Is it meagre day? You have good vegetable soup, trout from the Doire, cod-fish stewed with currants and spices (an excellent dish with an indifferent name), puddings of various sorts, bread, fruit (brought from Piedmont) in abundance, and wine fit for any gentleman's table. Even this is not bad. But let the traveller go there on another day, and he will find, superadded to the above list of viands, mutton, and kid, and fricandeau, and soups made from meats of various kinds, vegetables of different sorts, and always that most invaluable appendage to comfort—civility from all around you. Surely the traveller who complains of this treatment, must be determined to find fault with St. Bernard. For our own parts, we came away with a most grateful sense of the liberal hospitality of the convent, which sense, we are proud to say, we still retain.*

We marvel how Mr. Hogg would have submitted to the fate of a friend of our's, who was not only benighted, but bedayed and benighted too, in a little hut in one of the wildest parts of the Alps. A sudden fall of rain and snow utterly prevented his progress; and, although he had faced the storms of many mountains, and had penetrated into places where, perhaps, no other traveller had ventured, he was at last compelled to stop. The only shelter within reach was a little ruinous hut. A thin, withered woman, with a child or two ("to match"), had contrived to keep up mere animal life there; but the accommodations (to prophane a word) were of the direst order. The stone roof, which disdained to cover more than three parts of the dwelling, admitted, in

* This is Mr. Hogg's account. "It was a meagre day; and meagre, most meagre, and truly lean was the supper: that it was scanty and bad, the situation, &c. will be a sufficient excuse; but nothing can excuse the abominable filthiness which made every thing ghastly.—The wine was by far the most vile I ever tasted. —The table was filled by a number of dull dirty brethren: they were very civil," &c. p. 190.—Ah, Mr. Hogg! clever Mr. Hogg! why are not you civil also?

incredible quantities, all the bounties of all the clouds. It was, also, the true temple of the winds—not reared in Greek elegance, nor carved by Phidias or his scholars, but open at all hours to the "blustering railer," the great god Boreas,—to Libs, to Notus, and to Auster; and to the visits of every other spirit or deity who chose to assume the shape of wind or rain, through the whole of the desolate year. The bed, which was perhaps originally of hay or straw, had become (by the grace of Jupiter Pluvius) effectually metamorphosed, and looked like strips of wet tobacco; or, perhaps, it might have been designed by some skilful anti-population doctor, as the surest method of promoting pleurisy and ague. And the food was worthy the dwelling. A mass of something (which our friend at first conceived to be a petrifaction of Spartan bread) lay on the rough block or table, *with a hatchet beside it,* the ordinary and necessary implement at meals. This was, in sad earnest, the bread in common use. The loaves, it was found, were manufactured regularly once a year, and at no other periods. [We did not think, till we heard this fact, that the rage for "Annuals" had penetrated to this remote district.] The bread, so to speak, did not belie its seeming; it was harsh, poor, tasteless, and as hard as stone. A lusty blow or two from the hatchet (nothing less, however) was generally sufficient to dash off some fragments, and these, after being thoroughly soaked in well-watered broth over a smoky fire, were dished up as the entertainment for man—and beast! Amidst such hospitality, our friend continued two whole mournful days, at the end of which he rose up in desperation and threw himself upon the mercy of the storm.—It may be satisfactory to the reader to know that he escaped, after traversing, with great fatigue and extreme peril, the plashy wastes of the mountains; and that he now lives, thoroughly thawed, by his own fireside, a model in fifty ways for travellers, and respected and admired by his friends.

Before quitting the subject of St. Bernard, we may be allowed to say that, as we have before stated very unreservedly our dislike to the system of monachism, and have even expressed our opinion of one individual monk, we have thought it but fair to confess the virtues and civilities which we have observed in these members of the Augustine order. Our admission may be taken as a set-off and counterpoise to our previous remarks. Our general opinion remains the same. There are many excellent, many useful individuals in monasteries. There are, also, Jews who do not care for gain; Dutchmen, who are lively; Frenchmen who are dull: the Italian is sometimes cleanly, and (occasionally) honest: the Gascon (nay, even the American) now and then hates the braggard; and the Spaniard does not always sweeten his breath with garlic. But the evil, useless system—the national and corporate character, remain as before. *Exceptio probat,* &c.—and, accordingly, notwithstanding all our respect for the good Augustines in the Alps, we still retain our notions of the great bodies of monks and friars, and our detestation of the system of cooping up thousands of sturdy fellows in cells and convents, to devour in lonely places the bread of idleness, or to scatter them forth, at last, as beggars upon the world! *

* In England, we should send one of these wandering fraters to the Mendicity Society, or pass him to his parish. Napoleon was wiser: he put muskets into their hands, and bade them go follow the drum. We do not know how these *Patres Conscripti* behaved in the ranks; not particularly ill, we suppose, for we do not hear of

And now let us get on to St. Pierre. Before, however, we can arrive at this desolate tract, it is necessary to skirt the sides of the high mountains which form part of this range of Alps, and which spread their huge bases out into the plain of St. Prou. In descending to this plain, your course is by a difficult and perilous path, the region of the storm and the avalanche. The little chalet which is built upon this spot, *solely for the reception of the dead*, is, we think, sufficient to attest its character, and to cool the anxiety of the most venturous traveller in the spring and winter seasons.

From the plain of St. Prou we ascend, by a rugged mule-path, up to the great pine forest of St. Pierre, of which Mr. Brockedon has given a striking picture. The forest is savage and rocky, and difficult of passage, beyond even the ordinary impediments of a mountain pass. Sudden ascents and rugged descents, stumps, and trunks, and branches of the larch and pine-tree threaten to stop you perpetually in your course. But your mule bears you onward through all—past the forest, and past the village of St. Pierre (which an antiquary should visit for its relics,) until you arrive safely at Liddes, where you change your mule for a char, and are told that you are already half-way to Martigny. Of the remainder of the journey we shall at present treat but sparingly. The reader has, by this time, probably had enough of mountain wandering. Let him, therefore, imagine that he has passed through the rich, green pastures of the Val d'Entremont, and skirted the Val de Bagnes (the scene of a horrible catastrophe eight or ten years ago *),—he may then fancy that he has seen (and seen nothing very remarkable at) St. Brauchier,—and Orsiere,—and Bouvernier; and, finally, that he is safe at Martigny itself, which once was a Roman station. If he desire to hear more of our travels, upon reading thus far, we shall be ready to answer his call.

Before we throw away our pen, however, we must acknowledge the aid which our memories and note-books have received from "The Passes of the Alps" of Mr. Brockedon. It is a valuable work. The text is shrewdly and judiciously written: it contains evidences of research and learning, and affords much local information which must be indispensable to every traveller; and the plates, for truth and beauty, are above all praise. It is not, however, solely on the score of gratitude to the author, but it is with unaffected sincerity that we commend the result of his useful labours, to every one desirous of possessing a graceful and excellent book. Every collector of prints, every connoisseur in choice volumes, should enrich his library with "The Passes of the Alps." The traveller who aspires to become acquainted with these transcendant regions *must* possess it; for without it he will know nothing. The author really appears to have read every thing relating to his subject, and to have trod and re-trod every available path, in order to make

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any examples having been made of deserters or runaways with shaven crowns; neither do we hear of their having effected any very violent change in the morals of the French soldiery. Perhaps, like the wine that they love, or the animal which they resemble, they accommodated themselves to the nature of the soil, into which they were thus forcibly transplanted.

* We may speak of this (for we have been acquainted with some interesting particulars, by a gentleman who was very nearly becoming a sufferer at the time) upon some future occasion. At present, it is foreign to the subject.

his book the best of all that have been published regarding these wonderful places. And he has done this. The enormous labour, the incessant privations, the positive perils which he seems to have undergone, claim something more than mere common courtesy at the critic's hands; although the merits of the book need ask for nothing beyond a just judgment.

There is only one fault that we are inclined to lay to Mr. Brockedon's charge; and this is—that he has mixed scarcely enough of personal adventure with the geographical and other information, which he presents in abundance to his readers. For our own parts, we fully agree with Mr. Hogg in this: we like to go with the traveller to his inn; to see him at his supper; to hear how he rested; and, in short, to know how he fared in all seasons. The little occurrences of the road; the hostesses who are civil or churlish; the fine sunny days and the misty mornings — we would have all detailed without scruple. These are the things which carry the reader onward with his author, from stage to stage, and charm away ill-temper and fatigue. We do not say that there is nothing of this in Mr. Brockedon's book, but we say that there is not enough. And we recommend him, if ever he should publish his wanderings, in a small volume for the benefit of tourists, (and we suggest this to his consideration,) that he should tell us all his "whereabout" and adventures, from the rising to the setting sun—nay, even through the night itself. He might enrich such a little volume as we have hinted at with a dozen vignette (or other) etchings, and make it one of the most delightful books that has ever issued from the English press. And so saying, we commend the author of "The Passes of the Alps" to our readers, and bid both, for the present, farewell!

VIATORES.

SONG, BY T. CAMPBELL.

WHEN Love came first to Earth, the SPRING
Spread rose-beds to receive him,
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING departing, saw his faith
Pledg'd to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claim'd by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in WINTER's dark, cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, Young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

ON THE KEEPING OF TWELFTH-NIGHT.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—If the following remarks should be thought not unworthy of your publication during the present good-humoured season, when it is agreed by all parties to be more merry than wise, they will be glad of a Christmas corner in it, Your humble servant,

PERENNIS.

Twelfth-night is perhaps the most agreeable of all the domestic holidays. It has not the novelty of Christmas day, which is the great breaking up of the dreariness of winter; but it is at once quieter and more social; select friends are invited, which is not always the case with the family Christmas party; every body becomes of importance, young as well as old, for every one on Twelfth-night has a "character;" and then there is the Cake, an eatable sacred to that night only; the Wassail-Bowl also emphatically belongs to it, above all other nights in the season; the company assume the dignity as well as vivacity of a set of *dramatis personæ*; games and forfeits derive a new piquancy from the additional stock of wit generated by that circumstance; and as the misletoe is still flourishing, the evening includes all the general merriment of Christmas with its own particular seasoning.

So much has been said of late years, in a variety of publications, respecting the origin of Twelfth-night, and the way in which it is kept in different parts of the world, that it is needless to repeat them here. Suffice it to say, that all these great holidays originate with nature itself and the operations of her seasons; and that our European Twelfth-night (for all civilized nations partake of it) is a Christian version of one of the old nights of the Saturnalia, when the ancients drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. The royalty of the Twelfth-cake derives itself from the Wise Men of the East, who are said to have been kings; and those also who would keep the night in perfection, should sustain the royal character the whole evening, and run their satire, not on persons and things in general, but on the fopperies of courtiers, their intrigues, adulations, &c. To be more wise than nice, however, belongs neither to cake nor wisdom; and they who prefer the general custom, should continue to prefer it. Animal spirits are the great thing, in this as in all other holidays, especially in winter time, when the want of sunshine is to be supplied by the fire-side, and the blood to be spun round by a little extra festivity. Besides, all the follies may be invited to court, and the monarch not be the less royal.

There are four things necessary to a due keeping of Twelfth-night: —the cake, the wassail-bowl, the installation of king and queen, and the sustaining of divers characters, illustrative of the follies of society. The satire, for the most part, runs on the fashions and affectations of the day, and the different excesses of gormandizing and grudging. Fops and mincing ladies are always brought in. The prude who thinks herself most qualified to object to others, is sacrificed, in order to show how much the season, for all its satire, sets its face against envy and ill-humour. The miser, if introduced, is sure to have no quarter; while on the other hand, the gourmand is allowed to cut a figure more ridiculous than unsocial, to let us see on which side excess is the more pardonable, especially at Christmas.

Misers, however, are seldom thought of, for they can hardly be present. Indeed, if they were, the subject would almost be too tender, especially if the caricature which introduced it (for these things are generally casual, and arise from the pictures bought at the shops) attached to the master or mistress of the house. A miser giving a Twelfth-cake seems hardly possible. It is true, he may make a show once and away, and buy the privilege of being asked out to a hundred good dinners by giving one. We dined once with a rich old lady, who used to have an anniversary of this sort, in a great room without a carpet. Never did she catch us there again. It makes us long to chuck the butter-boat over one's host instead of the pudding. But miserly people cannot give a proper Twelfth-night. Something will be wanting —the cake will be large and bad; or good and too small; or there will be a niggardliness in the Wassail-Bowl; or the worst fruit will have been bought for the dessert; or the company will detect one of the subtleties too commonly practised upon children, and be malignantly pressed to eat heartily at tea. Now it would not do to satirize such persons. They would be too sore. The gourmand cares little for the character of Sir Tunbelly Clumsy. He thinks it in character with the season, and has it in common with too many. Besides, he may be as generous to other people's bodies as he is to his own. The fop and the fine lady can bear as much, for similar reasons; and they have a reserve of self-love which is proof against bitterness; as it ought to be, if they are good-humoured. As to the prude, it might be supposed that the best way to satirize her would be to take her under a misletoe, and give her a kiss. Fancy it not. Of all persons in the room she longs for one most;—and with reason; for she and the scold are the only women to whom it is difficult to give one.

A Twelfth-Cake should be as large as possible for all to share alike (for there should be no respect of ages in cake), and it should be as good as possible, consistent with a due regard to health. It is easy to see what is spared for health's sake, and what for the pocket's. The plainer the cake, the greater should be the expense in some other matter. Large then, and good should be the cake, tall, wide, stout, well citroned, crowned with figures in painted sugar (things always longed for by the little boys, and never to be eaten), and presenting, when cut open, the look of a fine pit of tawny coloured earth, surmounted with snow. May the ragged urchin, who has stood half an hour gazing on it in the confectioner's window, with cold feet, and his nose flattened against the glass, get a piece of the like somewhere! If you saw him, and it was a little vagabond whom you knew,—the pot-boy's cousin perhaps, or one who has filial claims on the ostler,—send him a piece out by the footman.

For the Wassail-Bowl, which, as it has only been restored in the metropolis for the last few years, is still a mystery in the manufacture to some, take the following receipt from a good hand. It implies a good handsome bowl, and a reasonable number of people, not professed wine-drinkers,—say from twelve persons to sixteen. Those who prefer wine, can have it alone.

"Imprimis," quoth our fair informant, "direct a small quantity of spices to be simmered gently in a tea-cupful of water, for fifteen or twenty minutes; to wit, cardamoms, clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cin-

namon, and coriander. Put the spices, when done, to four bottles of white wine, not sweet, and a pound and a half of loaf sugar; and set them on the fire, altogether, in a large saucepan. Meanwhile, let the bowl have been prepared, and the yokes of twelve and the whites of six eggs well beaten up in it. Then, when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm, take a tea-cupful of it and mix it in the bowl with the eggs; when a little warmer, another tea-cupful; and so on, for three or four: after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually, and stirring it briskly all the time, so as to froth it. The moment it froths, toss in a dozen well-roasted apples, and send it up as hot as it can be.

"N.B. Should the wine be British, dry raisin is to be preferred; and three quarters of a pint of brandy should be added. It makes, perhaps, as good a Wassail as the best."

The Twelfth-night characters purchased at the shops are best for companies in ordinary; and they are always pleasant to the children. Parties that dispense with them in their own persons, should still have them for the little boys and girls. It is hazardous, also, to invent characters to suit. Care should be taken that they trench as little as possible on actual infirmities, and that the drawers should be very good-humoured. The best way, provided there is enough wit in the room, is to see if the picture-characters will do; and if not, to strike up some invention on the sudden. Merriment is always best when least premeditated. But a great help on these occasions will be found in the idea of a Court; which is undoubtedly also the properest mode of supporting the King and Queen. Courtiers, chamberlains, maids of honour, &c. are easily thought of, and suggest a great deal of mock-heroic dignity. We have known evenings passed in this manner, when, in addition to the other dramatic piquances, the principal character spoke in blank verse; a much easier matter than might be supposed, and such as few lovers of books would fail in, if they took courage. The verse itself, be it observed, is to be caricatured, and may be as bad as possible, all advantages being taken of inversions and the artificial style. There is no finer ground for satire than a Court; the more imperial and despotic the better; and, on this account, the most loyal need not fear to represent it, especially in liberal times like these. A King who can do liberal things, and the abstract idea of a king, are two different matters. The caricature must of necessity tend to as great a degree of remoteness as possible from a limited monarchy. A Sultan would do well for it; the present Sultan, for instance,—and a naval ambassador might be brought in, after the battle of Navarino, to throw his court into consternation. Or the King of Persia would do, with his unlimited will, and his hundred children. A fine opportunity here for Sultanas and compliments. But there is no necessity for these foreign versions. The abstract idea of royalty and its self-will is the great point; and a piquancy is given to its Oriental extravagance by retaining our every-day dress, or a caricature of it, as we may see in the farce of "Tom Thumb."

MUSICAL OUTLINES, NO. I.

As there are anomalies in every human undertaking, however conspicuous for the ability and judgment with which it may be conducted or executed, I trust, Mr. Editor, that I shall not incur the reproach of presumption if I venture to draw your attention to what has often appeared to me a vacancy in the musical department of "The New Monthly Magazine."—While many of its pages are periodically assigned to the Fine Arts, the information it conveys on Musical subjects seems to me to fall short of the want of the present melomanic generation. It is but justice to acknowledge the ability and judgment displayed in the reports on the musical performances at the national theatres; and the articles under the head of "Music" are not remiss in presenting your readers with ample accounts of the Italian Opera. Of Sontag and Pasta, of Rossini and Pacini, of Castelli and Zuchelli, Brizzi and Puzzi, Spagnoletti and Dragonetti, &c. the N. M. has furnished every desirable particular. But no sooner are the doors of the King's Theatre closed, than the pages of the N. M. are nearly silent on musical matters; as if all other musical workings of this most musical country were deemed beneath the cognizance of a miscellany, which, as has already been observed, is remarkable for the attention it devotes to the other fine arts; as if no music were thought deserving of critical notice but what is to be heard within the walls of the King's Theatre.

If the value of music is to be estimated by the quantity of sound, the King's Theatre, it cannot be denied, has stood foremost for some years past; that is to say, since the operas of Rossini have stunned our poor tympanums with a clangour of trumpets, horns, trombones, and kettle-drums, which renders the fate of the walls of Jericho perfectly intelligible. But what has been the consequence of the tremendous Rossinian ding-dong? The solid masonry of the massy edifice had, for upwards of a generation, resisted the modest vibrations of Paesiello, Cimarosa, Martini, Winter, and even of Mozart. It is the scores of Rossini which proved too much for brick and mortar. But three or four years ago they put the lessees to the expense of raising an entire new wall on the north side; and no sooner had this new erection bid defiance to the destructive effects of the orchestra than the deafening blast, as if to assert its irresistible powers, tried to find a vent on the south side of the building, where, at this moment, a similar operation is in progress; a new wall being erecting from the foundation up to the very roof. This certainly is paying sufficiently dear for the Rossinian *tintamarre*.

But enough of the Italian Opera. This department, as I have already observed, Mr. Editor, is duly provided for in your miscellany. But there is abundance of other musical food for the cravings of universal musical appetites, to a notice of which, if you will permit me, I shall be happy occasionally to devote an hour or two. Mere amateur as I am, (though not altogether a novice in the art,) it is not my intention to enter into the profundities of the science; nor will I take upon myself to promise an adherence to strict method, or engage to observe at all times the punctuality of the lunar revolutions in my communications. What I hear and see in my musical perambulations—the ideas and recollections which may suggest themselves in the course of my

observations—in short, facts, notices, opinions, presented to the reader as they occur, will form the subjects of my lucubrations as often as time and circumstances may permit their transmission. Matter, I am sure, will not be wanting in this era of musical fanaticism; the difficulty will rather lie in the selection from the store, than in any scantiness of materials.

The time for making a beginning may perhaps be deemed unpropitious and barren, as the *furore* cannot as yet be said to have fully invaded the bills of mortality. But as a healthy appetite may make a good and wholesome repast on even ordinary fare, we'll take our chance with what the season may produce.

A few days back I called on my old friend Mr. Rappelheimer, the veteran German professor, domiciliated in the parish of St. Anne's, Soho; not a Professor of Divinity or Jurisprudence, nor a Professor at the London University, but a zealous and worthy professor of minims and crotchets. In this ultra-musical country it is natural enough that an art so highly valued should assert its rank by titular distinctions. The title of "Professor," indeed, as regards music, is in all cases a self-assumed distinction; and can in no way be found fault with, inasmuch as it merely implies that the bearer professes, and is willing to teach a certain instrument, whether he knows much of it or not. Nay, there are some professors professing to teach four or five different instruments, whose willingness to impart instruction is much influenced by the question, whether and by whom the applicant for instruction has been taught before. If he be quite raw and untutored, the field is free and open, and an engagement is readily entered into upon the principle of *docendo discimus*. But if previous, and perhaps valuable instruction have been dispensed, it may so happen that the professor's time at the moment is entirely absorbed by other pupils.

But while the title of Professor is perfectly optional, there are others which are solely conferred upon distinguished merit, by the two great national seats of learning. These, alone, award the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music, upon proof being given, by a probationary exercise, of the candidate's proficiency, in contrapuntal lore, rather than any natural gift of melodic inspiration, and upon the necessary fees being discharged in pounds, shillings, and pence. With my worthy old friend, the German professor, these degrees—from envy perhaps—are of no great weight; on the contrary, when he hears of a Bachelor, or a Doctor of Music, he invariably turns up his eyes. He is candid enough to make a few exceptions in favour of unquestionable talent; "but as for de rest," says Mr. Rappelheimer, "it is all one hombog, Sir, depend upon it. 'Good wine needs no bush,' my dear Sir, and good moosick can do as well without a degree, though in dese hard times it were as well if all the moosicians were bachelors; for unless you can rattle five or six hundred demisemiquavers in a minute, and skip and shump like a grasshopper from one end of de keyboard to de oder, you will have troble enough to get poopils to keep yourself from starving, much less earn bread and sheese for a wife and shildren."

"But your great Haydn was a Doctor of Music."

"A Doctor of Fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mr. R. in his Teutonic English, for which I beg leave henceforth to substitute the legitimate idiom; "a Doctor of Fiddlesticks, Sir! It was offered to him,

and he was too goodnatured to refuse it. They are proud enough of his name. We have no Doctors of Music in Germany, and the art is, or at least has been, flourishing and improving beyond all comparison. The very peasants are as good musicians as many of your Doctors and Bachelors."

My worthy and zealous friend, the German professor, was now on a theme on which his patriotism seldom fails to devise numberless variations. To silence these, I thought of an expedient which rarely proves unsuccessful with the profession. I requested to be favoured with the performance of his MS. Divertimento nearly ready for publication. But looking at his watch, the Professor expressed his regret at not being able to comply with my wishes. "It is near three," said Mr. Rappelheimer, "and I have an admission in my pocket to hear the 'Bohemian Brothers.' The order is for two, so we'll go together if you like. I make no doubt you'll be delighted, Sir; for the Bohemians are the most musical of all the Germans. The famous Hauska, organist at Budweis, is said to have emitted distinct musical sounds before his birth!"

"A voluntary or so, I presume?"

"May be so, but the chronicles are silent as to that point. The celebrated Benda was a Bohemian. Wranitzky, the composer of 'Oberon,'* and our admirable Dussek, were natives of the same country; and so are Gyrowetz, Czerny, and dozens of other great musicians. The Bohemians are excellent performers, on wind instruments in particular, and traverse all Germany, playing on their clarinets, horns, and oboes, what we call 'Harmony Music,' through the streets of most of our towns. Few of them know a note, much less counterpoint. With them harmony is a gift of nature, an inspiration, like that of poetry. So let us go, Sir, and hear my countrymen; they will afford you a rich treat, take my word for it." So saying, my German friend slipped on a handsome new great coat over his rusty, threadbare mourning apparel, facetiously comparing the former, while adjusting his exterior, to the academical degrees in music, and the latter to the nudity of real attainments, to cover which these graduations, as he was pleased to say, were often called in aid.

The great saloon at the Argyll Rooms was completely filled by motley groups of all sorts, including a goodly sprinkling of the tuneful tribe of Israel. At the orchestra end, a view of some mountain scenery decorated the stage; and a black bottle was seen standing on a rustic table, which, as the Bohemian fraternity were rather tardy in coming forth, recalled to mind the hoax of the Bottle Conjuror at the Haymarket Theatre. The quartett at last made their entrance, "in verdure clad," and after a comical scrape of salutation, and a slight vocal flourish from No. 3 (counting from the left), by way of giving the cue and pitch to the brotherhood, a glee was intonated. This No. 3 is the Soprano and man of authority among the party. His treble is so perfect and so acute, that he might be taken for a near relative of Signor Velluti. He knows what he is about; is by no means oppressed by bashfulness; has some taste after a certain way, mixed with a feverish sort of vivacity. He trills and runs up and down his passages with some dexterity, and he even treated the company with two or three varia-

* Some thirty years prior to poor Weber's "Oberon."

tions *à la Sontag*. But his shrill falsetto is far from being pleasing; in the streets, to which his voice is probably more habituated, his efforts might, in all likelihood, have a better effect.

No. 2, the Tenor, and No. 4, the Countertenor, may be passed over with as little noise as their neutral organs produce. They may be termed vocal *ripieni;* that is, they serve more to make up the number of four green men, all of a row, than to enrich the quadrine harmony of inner parts. In theatricals, they would come under the category of "walking gentlemen;" in their present functions, therefore, they might be designated by the term "mumbling gentlemen." These two green songsters seem as yet to be green hands in their line, although it must be owned that their humbler exertions labour under the disadvantage of contrast in juxtaposition with No. 3, the Bohemian Velluti, already noticed, and the never enough to be admired No. 1, *Basso Cantante*, of whom I shall treat forthwith. Modestly vocalizing between such two powerful extremes, their soothing lays are as two one-penny Jew's-harps between a trombone and a shrill piccolo.

But of No. 1, the trombone, the contra-basso, it would be difficult to speak in too emphatic terms of wonderment. He is the very Minotaur of songsters. The deep grating sounds of the ponderous portals of Vincennes, the terrific grunts of an Hercynian wild-boar, may convey some faint idea of the pulmonary apparatus of this short thickset gentleman, beside whom Signor Porto is a very *viol d'amour.* Whether this individual be a foundling of the Bohemian forests, a stranger to language, or whether the operose mechanism of his double-bass prevent distinct articulation, remains to be ascertained at a future opportunity. Instead of words or syllables, his fundamental bass is mere sound; and strange and awful, nay, often comical sounds they certainly are. His *staccatos*, in particular, are remarkable; it is those which precisely resemble the surly gruntings of a veteran pig, while the *sostenutos* remind the hearer of the hoarse jarring of a worn-out crane at Bankside or Rotherhithe. This singular gentleman occasionally attempts vocal graces and delicacies, such as enharmonic slides up and down, to hear which, without fancying oneself in the thronged cabin of a steamer, rolling about the channel, is next to impossible. They were sounds very unseemly to the ear; and the tender sex, it was plain, did not like them.

Manifest signs of disappointment and vexation had, for some time, clouded the habitual placidness of my companion's countenance, who, unable to endure such a trial any longer, proposed a speedy departure. In proportion as his expectations and the anticipations he had held out to me had been sanguine, so much the greater was his vexation, which, to say the truth, exceeded the bounds of fairness.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," said my friend on reaching the pavement of Regent Street, "for exposing you to a scene like this, and sacrificing your time, which might have been infinitely better employed in hearing my MS. Divertimento, as you had the good sense to propose."

"There is not much cause for complaining; on the contrary, I was rather amused. You would hardly expect vocal refinement from a set of Bohemian peasants."

"Bohemian peasants, my dear Sir! Dutch or German Jews, you should have said, brought over to gull the people of England. I blush for my own country. But no! don't you believe they are Germans; no German would understand their gibberish. And, as to their being brothers, not a lineament in any of their countenances warrants such a belief. Depend upon it, my dear Sir, they are imported, or picked up, on speculation; and the sooner they are exported again under the Alien act, the better. There are hundreds and hundreds their equals, and probably their superiors, in London alone, the treble, perhaps, excepted, who seems to have some little notion of singing in his particular way."

This philippic on the public pavement of Regent Street seemed rather too conspicuous, delivered as it was, not *en passant*, but *stante pede*, and with a firm hold on the button of my great coat. Thus circumstanced, I gladly caught the first opportunity of a momentary remissness of seizure, to bid adieu to my friend; not, however, without a solemn promise to come and see him on a stated night, in order to hear his MS. "Braganza Divertimento," to which he was going to put the last hand this very evening, and which, he engaged, should be played to me by Miss R——, his accomplished niece, a pupil whom he was not ashamed to acknowledge. "We shall be quite snug," he added; "there shall be nobody but her father, who must see her home to the city."

Young Master R—— was the only supernumerary on the evening in question; "the boy was so fond of music that he begged hard to accompany his papa to hear uncle's 'Braganza Divertimento.'" There needed still but a trifle to deprive me again of this musical treat. While uncle was unlocking his bureau to produce the valuable MS., a sweet concord of harmonics seemed, as by magic, to float through the apartment. We were in the midst of it, without knowing whence the heavenly harmony proceeded. My veteran friend looked round wonderstruck, but nothing farther was heard. He would have sworn it was in the room. But no sooner did he turn his back, than the harmonics resounded again, and the cause of the acoustic phenomenon became manifest. His brother had brought from the city a curious miniature instrument, of quite recent invention, called the "Mouth Harmonica," a square metal frame, not much more than an inch every way, containing half-a-dozen slender flat steel springs, fixed transversely at one end and free at the other. Like most descriptions, the present will probably be understood differently by every reader; but, as the little instrument is already to be seen in several music-shops, farther illustration may be dispensed with. It is played on by holding it to the lips and blowing gently on the springs, which, being thus set in vibration, produce sounds, acute or grave, according to the thickness of the springs. The notes on the specimen produced, were (from acute to grave) c, g, e,—C, G, E, the whole of which, when under the action of a large mouth, may be intonated simultaneously, whilst, with narrowed lips and some experience in management, each of the notes may be made to speak separately. The *timbre* resembles that of a wind instrument; it comes nearest to an oboe.

My friend the "Professor" was delighted with this new acquisition

to the domain of his favourite art; and his ecstasy was complete when, on the first trial, he found no difficulty whatever in intonating, not only quite as sweetly as his brother, the City merchant, but very much more comprehensively; for his oral organization being formed upon a liberal scale, like that of most of his countrymen—whether owing to the necessities of language, or to the deglutition of certain national dainties of considerable volume, such as liver dumplings and the like—this signal advantage of conformation enabled Mr. Rappelheimer to blow forth at once the whole sextuor of c, g, e—C, G, E.

"Charming, charming!" he exclaimed in raptures; "though apparently little more than a musical toy at present, depend upon it, Sir, this will ere long lead to more important results. And pray, whence does this invention proceed?"

"From Germany."

"I thought so! They invent all the inventions, in music in particular; and the credit of them is mostly all they get for their ingenuity. A thought now strikes me. I shrewdly suspect Schultz's Phys-harmonica, which he exhibited here last season, and of which he makes so great a secret, is founded upon the principle of this little toy."

Miss R—— was equally expert in intonation; but finding how much the application of the instrument tended to disfigure a pair of beautiful lips, I ventured to mention the circumstance, and to solicit a transfer, under the pretext of making a trial myself.

"Let me wipe it first."

"By no means; it will sound equally well as it is, provided I can make a hand of it."

My friend the Professor, who began to be impatient for the exhibition of his MS. Braganza Divertimento, thought I was wanting in the right knack, as he termed it; and, however enthusiastic he had been in praise of his country's invention not many minutes before, declared the thing to be somewhat like the kaleidoscope, with which every one felt enraptured at the first moment, but of which all became as quickly tired, owing to its sameness, and its want of intellectual interest.

"Here, my dear, try what you can make of the 'Braganza Divertimento,' which I humbly hope presents attractions for the mind as well as the ear. To you, Sir, I may mention in confidence, that I began it not quite a twelvemonth ago, sincerely intending to dedicate it to Don Miguel, in celebration of his happy arrival on the Lusitanian shores. As I wished to do my best, I took my time in writing it; but before three parts were finished, the 'Monster,' as 'The Times' very properly calls him, treacherously turned usurper, and, but for my brother, the MS. which has ever since remained as it was, would have been consigned to the flames. Happily, it will do just as well for Donna Maria da Gloria, and may, under Providence, serve to celebrate her happy arrival on the Lusitanian shores. I have greatly improved it in consequence: 'tis quite another thing.—Now, my dear! *Allegretto ma non troppo*, quite schmood and placid. This was meant for the Perola sailing over the bar. (Oh the villain!) Brava! brava! Always *sostenuto* and tranquil; *quasi pastorale*, to express the undulations of the rippled surface—*Rallentando poco à poco*, my dear, until she is coming to an anchor at the great pause, &c. &c."

In this descriptive manner did the Perola make her way up the Tagus, amidst a variety of pertinent comments from the German professor, who, placed behind the tripod of his accomplished niece, directed the *tempo,* and the emphasis of every successive phrase. I wish I could remember one-fourth part of his illustrations. There was the roar of the cannon from the castle of St. Julien; the acclamations of the Gallegos; processions of the priesthood; "Adeste Fideles" was ingeniously interwoven: there was a march of the Caçadores on the one hand, "God save the King" on the other; and even the Spanish "Tragala" had, somewhat preposterously, been put in requisition for the winding up of the finale, which was excessively brilliant and striking.

A man must have possessed no soul for music not to have participated, in some degree, in the animating climax of this stirring finale of the "Braganza Divertimento." The author, behind the tripod, felt the fire of the Delian divinity warm his soul into such ecstasies, that he greatly assisted the fundamental harmony by a nasal imitation of trumpets and tromboni. Nay, the *furore* spread among the rest of the company, and invaded even the youthful heart of Master R——, "the boy so fond of music, that he begged hard to accompany papa to uncle's." The Mouth-harmonica having accidentally been left on the table, young Master, with a strict adherence to good rythm, lustily blew forth a volley of the common chord of C into his uncle's finale, in A three sharps.

Had the sounds been concinnous, Master R——, for aught I know, might have earned commendation. But as the case was much the reverse—and thus are praise or blame often the result of blind chance—the poor lad earned a box on the ear from the parental hand of the City merchant, and, in spite of his tears, was quickly thrust into the back drawing-room, where he might have remained for the rest of the evening, had he not, according to the opinion of his uncle, evinced a rare musical organization in the midst of his grief.

"I declare," exclaimed the professor, "the boy's cries are precisely in the key of the finale, some little chromatic slidings excepted. An excellent ear; a true chip of the family block! Come out, my dear, and beg your father's pardon. If he'll let me have my way, I'll make something of you, Fred! 'Twould be a thousand pities to pin such a lad to the counter, to cast up invoices and bills of parcels, when Nature thus plainly points out the path of his future calling."

This accidental dissonance in the family being thus happily "resolved" into concordant harmony, the accomplished Miss R—— gave some farther specimens of her musical taste and skill; and the unanimous approbation of the "Braganza Divertimento," on the part of all present, the author not excepted, determined Mr. R—— to consign the manuscript forthwith to the engraver, and to decorate its exterior with a lithographic portrait of Donna Maria da Gloria.

This paper having already extended to a greater length than I had anticipated, I forbear to mention some other musical memorabilia that have recently fallen into my way. Among the latter, the "experimental" representation, as it is modestly termed, of the "Barbiere di Siviglia," at the English Opera House, by the pupils of the Royal

Academy of Music, would deserve special notice; but as dramatic performances belong to a different department of "The New Monthly Magazine," the line of demarcation to be observed in my "Musical Outlines" appears to me to exclude any comments on theatrical representations.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

——"The worship of the Earth
Is vowed to other Gods of vulgar birth."
BARRY CORNWALL.

FAIR Cousin mine! the golden days
Of old Romance are over;
And Minstrels now care nought for bays,
Nor Damsels for a Lover:
And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
That kindled once with passion,
And now we've neither lance nor lute,
And Tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time,
When Love found words in flowers;
When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
And sweetest songs in bowers:
Now wedlock is a sober thing—
No more of chains or forges!—
A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
The Curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
And every heart a fetter;
And making love was quite the thing,
And making verses better:
And maiden-Aunts were never seen,
And gallant Beaux were plenty;
And Lasses married at sixteen,
And died at one and twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
And chess a pretty science;
And Huntsmen learn'd to blow a morte,
And Heralds a defiance;
And Knights and Spearmen showed their might,
And timid hinds took warning;
And hypocras was warm'd at night,
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And Patron-Saints were lauded;
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble Dames applauded:
And Beauty play'd the Leech's part,
And wounds were heal'd with syrup;
And Warriors sometimes lost a heart,
But never lost a stirrup.

Then was there no such thing as fear,
And no such word as Reason;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
And Fickleness was treason:
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard;
But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the Bard,
His Lady's smile the Lover.

Ay, these were glorious days! The moon
Had then her true adorers;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
And no such things as snorers:
And Lovers swam and held at nought
Streams broader than the Mersey;
And fifty thousand would have fought
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
And had no use for tailors;
And the artizans who lived the best
Were armourers and nailors;
And steel was measured by the ell,
And trowsers lined with leather;—
And Jesters wore a cap and bell,
And Knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
And married ones might sever;
Uncommon Doctors had their fees,
But Doctors Commons never:
Oh! had we in those times been bred,
Fair Cousin, for thy glances,
Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
I had been breaking lances!

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. I.

I AM the most desultory man in the world. My mind is like a pawn-broker's shop, full of an odd assemblage of unconnected things, huddled together into holes and corners in the storehouses of the brain, unmarked and disarranged, and difficult to be got at. Having wandered far through the world, and mingled with many of its people, I have much to recollect; for I am ever glad, as I pass along, to glean all of sweet, or bright, or beautiful, that the old reaper, Time, lets fall upon my path, and to lay it up as a treasure for the years to come; but finding, about five years ago, that memory, like an overloaded ass, would often stumble, and sometimes fall down under her burthen, I bethought me suddenly of using the more elaborate contrivance of pen and ink, for retaining those thoughts and events that were worthy of remembrance in my ramblings, and a mighty portfolio of scraps have I made of it. As by a sort of odd jump of memory, almost every thing I see instantly calls up something I have read; to each of these little

sketches, either of what I have seen or felt, or thought, will be found attached a fragment of some known author, quoted generally from remembrance alone; not published for a vain display of learning which I do not possess, but written down at the time as something connected with the impression of the moment.

All that I say I have seen, may be relied upon as literally true; all that I report as having heard, must rest upon its own authority. The sudden changes from excess of gloom to excess of gaiety, depended on the circumstances of my own mind, which admitted no medium. And now, having given the reader this brief account of what is to follow, I have only to beg that he will suppose himself landed with me at Dieppe on his tiavels through the world, and to let his mind proceed along with mine to whatever countries I myself proceed. Whether he may find amusement in these papers I cannot tell, for no man can write so s rongly as he can feel; but for my own part, in looking back upon the incidents they record, I already begin to experience that sort of interest which clings in general to the past. Time acts upon gone events as upon fine pictures, softening every harshness, mellowing every tint, and blending all into richness and harmony. It is true that sometimes he takes the brighter colours, and leaves but the darker shades, and is ever sure in the end to obliterate all entirely; but even to the last, there is a pleasure in tracing the faint remains of things once bright, as we gaze upon the old painting, and seek out amidst the wreck of beauties those that the waves of Time have not yet swept away.

THE CHATEAU, AND GALETTE.

"A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish Winter's tyranny."
King Henry IV.—Second Part.

I AM fond of ruins and old buildings in general, not alone for their picturesque beauty, but for the various trains of thought they excite in the mind. Every ruin has its thousand histories; and, could the walls but speak, what tales would they not tell of those antique times to which age has given an airy interest, like the misty softness with which distance robes every far object!

No one ought to pass by Dieppe without visiting the old castle and town of Arques. It is but a short ride, and the road is far from uninteresting. The fields are rich, highly cultivated, and decked with a thousand flowers; and at some distance before reaching Arques, the ruin is seen on the height above, standing in the solitary pride of desolation.

A ruin ought always to be separate from other buildings, its beauties are not those which gain by contrast. The proximity of human habitations takes from its grandeur; it seems as if it leaned on them for support in its age. But when it stands by itself in silence and in solitude, there is a dignity in its loneliness, and a majesty even in its decay.

Passing through Arques, the Chateau is at some distance, on the height which commands the town. The hand of man has injured it

more than that of Time. Many of the peasants' houses are built of the stone which once formed its walls; and the Government has on more than one occasion sanctioned this gradual sort of destruction. What remains of it has, I believe, been either sold or granted to some one in the town; but, however, a gate has been placed, and some other precautions taken, to prevent its farther dilapidation. A pale interesting boy, with large blue Norman eyes, brought the keys and admitted us within the outer walls—but a weak castellan for those gates which once resisted armies, for in truth he could scarcely push them open. A few more years, and the Chateau d'Arques will be nothing. It is, however, still an interesting sight, and so many remembrances hang by it, that one is forced to dream. Memory is like the ivy, which clothes the old ruin with a verdure not its own.

The county of Talou, of which Arques was the capital, was given by William the Conqueror to his uncle, in order to attach him more sincerely to the crown; but the gift had not that effect. Revolt against his benefactor was the first project that entered into his head, and he built the castle of Arques in order to fortify himself in his new possessions. There he for some time resisted the forces of the King, and yielded not until his troops were little better than skeletons with hunger and fatigue. William revenged himself by clemency, and again loaded his ungrateful uncle with favours; wishing, as his historians say, rather to attach him by benefits, than to pursue him as a rebel. It was here also, that the faithful Helie de St. Saen resisted the endeavours of Henry I. to carry off the young heir of Normandy; and from hence he fled with his protegé, demanding from the neighbouring powers assistance for the child of his dead benefactor.

During the various wars of England and France, sieges and battles innumerable passed by the Chateau d'Arques, like waves beating against a rock. But the last, most splendid deed it looked on before its ruin, was the defeat of the armies of the League by Henry the Fourth of France, the last chevalier. In the life, in the words, in the actions, even in the faults of Henri IV. there is the grand generosity of a bright and ardent spirit; that mingling of great and amiable qualities which excites interest as well as admiration.

The Ligueurs were ten to one; but, as he said, he had God and his good right, and he conquered. The same free spirit that bore him through the battle dictated the manner in which he announced it to his friend. "Pends toi, brave Crillon," wrote the King; "nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étois pas." Had he written pages, he could not have expressed half so much.

A circumstance in the life of Henry the Fourth has been dexterously borrowed by an Italian poet. In those days of peril, when no regal distance could exist between the King and his subjects, Bassompierre's bed lay next to that of the monarch, and Aubigny's next to him—and both fancied that Henry slept. "Our master is ungrateful," said Bassompierre; "he casts all good things at the feet of the Ligueurs, and we, who have served him with our fortunes and our blood, are in absolute want."

"What say ye there?" cried the King: "do you not know that I am obliged to buy these Ligueurs, but you are my own?"

"Pardon, pardon, Sire!" exclaimed Bassompierre, alarmed for the effects of his indiscretion.

"Parle donc! parle donc!" replied Henry; "Le roi dort, c'est un ami qui t'écoute."

Very nearly the same idea is expressed by Metastasio in the "Clemenza di Tito:"—

> "*Tito.* ————Odimi, O Sesto;
> Siam soli; Il tuo Sovrano
> Non è presente. Apri il tuo core a Tito;
> Confidati all' amico. Io ti prometto
> Che Augusto nol saprà."

It is possible, however, that Metastasio never thought of Henry IV. when he made Titus speak thus; and even if he did, the idea was well adapted; for both in the character of Henry and that of Sully, there is an antique simplicity which seems essential to grandeur of mind. I know not how it is, but one naturally looks upon Sully as a Roman; and I have remarked that all the best statues of him are habited in the toga.

From the edge of the hill, about a hundred yards from the chateau, is seen the whole field of battle. It is a beautiful scene, with the wide plain below, and the river meandering through it; the heights of St. Etienne beyond, and the valley narrowing towards Dieppe. On the other hand rises a high woody hill, with a road winding down to the town, and the ruins of the castle standing solitary in the midst. It was a beautiful time, too, when I saw it; one of those bright autumnal days, when the clouds, and the sunshine, and the blue sky seem all interwoven together. A heavy, black storm came sweeping upon the wind, and for a minute or two involved every thing in mist and darkness, and then passed away, leaving behind a rich rainbow, and Nature more beautiful for her tears, and the sun shining out on the grey ruin, seeming to smile at the decay of man's fabrics, while the works of heaven remain unchanged and ever new.

Hunger, that most domineering of all tyrants, took advantage of our ramble to bully us sadly; and though we had not neglected to satisfy his morning demands before we set out from Dieppe, he contrived to force us into a dirty little cottage at Arques, which the people called "L'Auberge." It was the strangest combination of kitchen and pig-sty and hen-roost, that ever I saw. Cooking, and cackling, and grunting, were all going on at once when we arrived, and some of the joint produce was offered for our luncheon, in form of a dish of eggs and onions swimming together in lard. The people of the house seemed to consider this mess as the *acme* of cookery; but in spite of sundry epithets bestowed upon it, such as *charmant*, *delicieux*, &c. we had bad taste enough to prefer some plain boiled eggs, the friendly shells of which had kept them from all contamination.

I suppose that particular dishes become, as it were, national property because they are so nasty that no one can eat them, except those who are brought up to it; but certainly, when our mouths have been seasoned to any of these national messes in our youth, every thing else seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. They are so intimately combined

with all our early recollections, that in after years they form no small link in that bright chain of memory which binds our affection so strongly to the days of our infancy. It is all very Catholic and gross, I know, but nevertheless salt, salmon, and peas to a Fleming, gruyere to a Swiss, or barley-broth and oatmeal-porridge to a Scot, will do more to call up old and sweet remembrances of home, and happiness, and early days, than the most elaborate description. But all this is nothing to the power which *Galette* has, morally and physically, upon a native of Britanny.

I do not mean to speak any thing profanely, but had Eve been a Bretonne, the Devil might have offered her an apple to all eternity; she would not have said *thank you* for it. Nay, had it been a whole apple-pie, she would have turned up her nose, and we might all have been in Paradise up to this present One thousand eight hundred and twenty seven. He might have prated about knowledge, too, as long as he liked; it would not have made any difference; for the Bretonnes have seen no blue-stockings since Madame de Sevigné's time, and I never could find one of them that knew the difference between London and Pekin, or that wished to know it. But if the Tempter had offered her a Galette—good-b'ye, Paradise; she would never have withstood it. She would but have bargained for a little milk and a piece of butter, and gone out as quietly as my fire is doing at this moment.

But it may be necessary to explain what sort of a thing a Galette is. The receipt is as follows:—

Take a pint of milk or a pint of water, as the case may be, put it into a dirty earthen pan, which has never been washed out since it was made; add a handful of oatmeal, and stir the whole round with your hand, pouring in meal till it be of the consistency of hog-wash; taste it from your fingers, and let the rest stand till next morning; then, pour it out as you would do a pancake upon a flat plate of heated iron, called a Galettier, taking care to ascertain that it be not too hot. This being placed over a smoky wood fire, will produce a sort of tough cake called a Galette, which nothing but a Breton or an ostrich can digest.

In this consists the happiness of a Breton, and all his ideas somehow turn upon this. If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers "Manger de la Galette." If it rains after a drought, they tell you, "Il pleut de la Galette." The height of sorrow is to want *de la Galette*; and the height of hospitality is to ask you in "pour manger de la Galette."—I remember a curious exemplification of what I have said above, which occurred to me during a former residence in Britanny.

All orders of monks, except that of La Trappe, having been long abolished in France, it is very rare ever to meet with any of this sort of clerical contraband goods, except when some solitary old devotee is seen crossing the country upon a pilgrimage, and then he is always distinguished by the "cockle-hat and staff," under which insignia he passes unquestioned, being considered "in bond," as the mercantile folks would say. However, as I was passing one day through Evrau, I was surprised to see a regular Capuchin walking leisurely through the streets without any symptoms of pilgrimage about him. He was a very reverend-looking personage, clad in his long dark robe, with his

cowl thrown back upon his shoulders, and his high forehead and bald head meeting the sun unshrinkingly, as an old friend whom they had been accustomed to encounter every day for many a year. His long beard was as white as snow; and a single lock of hair on his forehead, marking where the tonsure had ended, made him look like old father Time turned Capuchin. He was a native of Britanny, I learned, and had quitted his convent during the revolution; not, indeed, with any intention of breaking the vow he had taken, or of abandoning the mode of life he had chosen, but it was in order to seek an asylum in some foreign country for himself and his expelled brethren: this he found in Italy; and now, after a thirty years' absence, he had returned, under a regular passport, to sojourn for a while in his own land.

The motives for such a man's return puzzled me not a little. The ties between him and the world were broken. Memory and early affections, I thought, could have but small hold on him: or was it because the past was so contrasted with the present, that it had become still dearer to remembrance? It was not long before I found means to introduce myself to him, and discovered him to be both an amiable and intelligent man. After some conversation, my curiosity soon led me to the point. "It is a long way to travel hither from Italy, Father," said I, "and on foot."

"I have made longer journeys, and for a less object," replied he.

"True," I went on, "this is your native land; and whither will not the love of our country lead us?"

The Capuchin smiled. "I did not come for that," said he.

"Probably you had relations or friends whom you remembered with affection," I added, my curiosity more excited than ever.

"None that I know of," replied the monk.

"You think me very inquisitive," said I.

"Not in the least," he answered; "I am very willing to satisfy you."

"Then let me ask you," I continued, "if you came hither for some great religious object."

"Alas! no, my son," he replied; "you give me credit for more zeal, or more influence, than I possess."

"Yet, surely, you had some motive for coming all this way on foot," said I, putting it half as a question, half as an established position.

"Oh certainly," he replied, "I had a motive for my journey, and one that is all-sufficient to a native of Britanny. But it was not from any great religious or any great political motive; nor was it either to see my country, my family, or my friends."

"Then for what, in the name of Heaven, did you come?" exclaimed I.

"Pour manger de la Galette!" replied the monk.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.*

——"Thither where he lies buried!
That single spot is the whole world to me."
COLERIDGE'S WALLENSTEIN.

THY voice was in my soul!—it call'd me on—
O, my lost Friend! thy voice was in my soul.
From the cold faded world, whence thou art gone
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come!

Now speak to me again!—we lov'd so well—
We *lov'd!*—oh! still, I know that still we love!
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of *Thee* to rove.
This is my Home!

Speak to me in the thrilling Minster's gloom!
Speak!—Thou hast died and sent me no farewell!
I will not shrink:—oh! mighty is the Tomb,
But one thing mightier, which it cannot quell—
This woman's heart!

This lone, full, fragile heart!—the strong alone
In Love and Grief—of both the burning shrine!
Thou, my Soul's friend! with Grief hast surely done,
But with the Love which made thy spirit mine,
Say, couldst Thou part?

I hear the rustling banners; and I hear
The wind's low singing through the fretted stone;
I hear not *Thee*—and yet I feel thee near—
What is this bound that keeps thee from thine own?
Breathe it away!

I wait thee—I adjure thee!—hast Thou known
How I have lov'd thee!—couldst Thou dream it all?
Am I not here, with Night and Death alone,
And fearing not?—and hath my Spirit's call
O'er Thine no sway?

Thou *canst* not come—or thus I should not weep!
Thy Love is deathless—but no longer free!
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
The viewless barrier, if such power might be;
Soon, soon, and fast!

But I shall come to thee—to thee, dear Friend!
Our young affection hath not flow'd in vain;
In one bright stream the sever'd waves shall blend,
The worn heart break its bonds—and Death and Pain
Be with the Past!

F. H.

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* See Wallenstein, Act 5th.

A FEW GHOSTS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Going the other night down a country road, and thinking of the unnecessary divorce which some writers seem desirous of bringing about between reason and imagination, I heard a noise behind me of a horse galloping, and, as I guessed, without a rider. He was alternately slackening his course, and then hurrying violently, as if he had none to guide him. In a moment he passed me; but as the night was dark, and the road of a good width, I could only discern that there was nobody on his back. Whether he was saddled or not, remained a question; so that I was enabled to relieve the fears I had begun to entertain of somebody's having been thrown, by calling to mind all the stories I had read of spectral horses, and by natural consequence, of any spectres, on the road. I thought of the German ballad of the huntsman; of Tam O'Shanter; of the troop of horse that were heard driving through a village every night, in some novel; of the water-elf of the Scandinavians, who delights to appear as a pretty horse, enticing the children to ride him; of the horse without a head; and then of the headless lady, who walks to this day in a district in Wales. She is a personage remarkably well dressed, considering she cannot look in a glass; and wears an elegant vandyke about her neck. It is not known what are the causes of her proceeding; whether it is that her vandyke was not sufficiently admired during her lifetime, which makes her the more insist upon it now she is dead; or whether she had lost her wits upon a question of precedence, which is apt to deprive some persons of what little brain they possess; but her occupation is to walk before you on the road, and frighten you into fits; which she did not long ago to a poor girl, whose story is told in a work lately published, entitled "The Faiiy Mythology." You are to imagine her, on a bleak night, or an unusually hushed evening, haunting your eyes in white, very genteel and shocking.

I was fancying this spectre before me, and endeavouring to consider within myself what reasons she could have of a more serious or awful kind, for walking in that manner; seeing that the others might be thought too trivial by the learned,—when I came up to a turnpike-gate, where I found my friend, the horse-spectre, converted into a quiet every-day steed. He had run away, sure enough, for he had a saddle on; but he was now standing peaceably by the side of the gate-keeper, who described him as being "as cool as possible." It was clear that while some gentleman had been warming himself at a friend's fire, his steed had taken it into his head to give himself a warm too; and the gentleman, while the gate-keeper and I were talking, had doubtless just come out of doors, buttoned up and jovial, preparing to put his foot in the stirrup, when he found an empty space before him instead of his beast, and was at that moment partly cursing and swearing, and partly looking frightened, and beginning to say to every body, "Have you seen a horse?"

So far there was an end of my romance; but I did not choose to let the train of my reflections evade me so easily: so, continuing my road, I proceeded from headless ladies and steeds to empusas, and

walking flames, and fiends at one's ear, and dogs that keep up with you on their hind legs. And I could not help thinking what a treasure I should have been to the fire-sides of the cottages which I passed, and in which the people had not yet put out their lights. The dog that I speak of is, I believe, an original, though of German breed. I heard of him in my childhood. A mysterious man was said to go down some street after every body was in bed; and if you stayed up, and watched through a corner of the parlour window, you would see, not only him, but a dog that closely followed his heels, and that always went on two legs, like a little man.

A spectre, equally new perhaps to your readers, was described some months ago, to a young friend of mine, who was overtaken on the road by a peasant, about eleven o'clock at night, and joined by him for the sake of his company. He said his father had been drowned in the neighbourhood, and he never liked to go through it alone. This man described the apparition of a woman in white, whom he was in the habit of seeing when he passed down a country-road. He could never discern her face; but she was a woman of respectable appearance, and constantly seemed coming to him obliquely over the fields. He said, she never did actually come up to him, but always appeared within a hundred yards of doing so, and never ceased making directly towards him.

They who think that the public are getting too wise for their superstitions, and that gas-light and steam-engines are beginning to frighten the ghosts themselves, will be glad to hear that there is a spectre no farther from town than Highgate. It haunts the lane between Highgate and Hampstead, leading from the Gate-house to the agreeable inn called the Spaniards; and appears in the shape of a coach-and-six, which is always turning about! The wealthy and fashionable air of this ghost must be an additional recommendation of it with the gentlemen above alluded to. Some plebeians, however, add a sheep to the coach-and-six. The coach-and-six is always turning round before you; and if you turn about yourself to avoid it, you encounter the dreadful sheep.

The ghastliest apparition I have met with for a long time, is the Elle-Maid of the Germans, of which you read an account in the fairy work above mentioned. She comes in the likeness of a beautiful creature, and tries to entice you to her love; but you may know she is an Elle-Maid, by two ways, either by making the sign of the cross, upon which she vanishes: or by trying to see her back, which induces her obstinately to keep fronting you; for the fact is, she has no back. She is all hollow behind, like a dough-trough! Imagine this sort of a whole-length mask of a beauty, smiling and alluring,—a living plaster-cast front,—a pie-crust of a woman, without the apples,—a horrible bas-relief!

> "This were a poppet in an arme to embrace."

I know of no way-faring ghost at all to compete with her, not even the noon-day fiend of old Heywood, though she is ghastly enough. She walks about the fields in harvest-time, in the likeness of a decent woman; and breaks the people's legs if they do not worship her. There

is a road-side devil (if Mr. Barrington is to be trusted,) among the natives of New South Wales, whom I should like to see opposed to an Elle-Maid. He comes suddenly out of the ground with a horrible roar and trample, and seizes a man by the throat. Fancy yourself a Malvolio of that ilk, " forth issuing on a Sabbath morn," to enjoy the sight of the Macquarrie, the Hawkesbury, or some other well-named river, and just arrived at a spot where you may inhale all the sweetness of the country's prospect and your own, when, lo, a fellow bursts out of the ground upon you, with a noise like the crash of a gong, and forces your eyes half out of their sockets. To the indiscriminate admirers of the terrible, who happen to have children, this New South Wales phenomenon must surely be an object of envy. The man in the coal-hole seems going out: what a pity they cannot import the wild man of the ground! how pleasing an interest would he add to the enjoyments of children plucking daisies! how useful in teaching them " the way they should go," and in making them moral or religious through the judicious operation of horror!

Sir Walter Scott has lately favoured the public with a story of an old woman. It is in one of the Annuals. I have not yet read it, but a lady was good enough to repeat to me the principal circumstances; and in the vivacity of her recital, the story, I conceive, lost nothing. One passage struck me in particular. It was the account of the man's getting up on his hands and knees to look at the dreadful old lady, and the old lady's jumping at him, and giving him look for look, in the like posture. The lady was attired in the politest costume of her times, and had, it seems, for a woman so well dressed (and of course, equally well brought up), been a very wicked old woman: so that she was justly sentenced to be miserable for ever, and to frighten every body who slept in the room that she had inhabited.

This story reminded me of an apparition, similarly advanced in years, which visited the bedside of an old acquaintance of mine, now deceased, of the name of Crany, an Irishman. He was a man of capacity; but like many men of that sort, who are ill brought up, his capacity was greater than his power to choose what his head should contain; and being very superstitious, and at the same time having a grudge against his weakness, he was angry that every body else was not as superstitious as he. Of the following story he could not bear to be told, nor would it ever have escaped him but in the flurry of the moment:—

He had gone to bed after a hearty supper, and slept uneasily for some hours, when he thought he saw in a corner of the room a little figure standing on a high chair, and writing something on the wall. A drapery flowed from the back of its neck to the ground; and as it wrote, it chuckled one minute, and the next heaved the most heart-breaking sighs. Crany looked hard to see what the writing signified, and was shocked to discover that it was rather painting than manuscript, consisting, in fact, of a series of little human heads, which mopped and mowed at the artist as they became visible. An exclamation of horror induced the spectre to turn round; when the beholder's consternation was completed, on observing that, by one of those inconsistencies common with horrid visions, its face was at once that of a gigantic old woman, and bore a strong resemblance to himself! " Heh! heh!" said the phantom,

in a high, laughing tone, and began gliding slowly from its chair towards the bed; at the same time stretching its legs backward, which the drapery seemed to rise up and envelope; so that the figure came onward like some horrid chrysalis or harpy, putting forth two claw-like hands, and grinning with an odious anticipation. At length it seemed but within a yard of his face, grinning, and quivering, and looking more frightful every moment, when our hero, in a paroxysm of fear and loathing, and yet making an effort to show his contempt, dashed his head towards its face, crying out, as he did so, "Detestable wretch!" At the same moment, the little heads on the wall burst out into a fit of laughter; and poor Crany, awaking, found a friend, who had come to call him, standing by his bedside, and laughing ready to die, himself being at that moment in the act of *grasping himself by the nose!* MEM.

THE COURSE OF THE PROPHECY.

THE voice went forth—and ceased! Upward it seem'd
Withdrawn, but echoes still the theme prolong'd.
'Twas utter'd through the lips of prophets old,
And heard by millions; it was borne along
From Lebanon to Carmel, and throughout
Sandy Judea, to the purple shores
Of Tyre (now ruin'd) by the silver sea:
'Twas heard, yet unbelieved; albeit the tongues
Which spake shook forth their sounding prophecies,
With inspiration arm'd, and truth divine.

Descending—like the dew, or thoughts which fall
Soft on a sleeper—That Eternal Voice
Fell on Isaiah, till his words became
Illuminations; and Ezekiel's brain
Teem'd with illustrious figures bright and crown'd,
Fantastic like the poet's, and he saw
"The Likeness of the Glory of the LORD!"
And Jeremiah in sad song denounced
Vengeance, and sorrow, and the sins to be.
Last, and before HIM, as a warrior comes
Proclaiming to some state his Lord's approach,
Or, as along the changing firmament
Bright stars go heralding the sun or moon,
Came John,—that foretold prophet, "like a voice
Crying in the wilderness—Prepare! Prepare!"
Stern Baptist, in the desert woods he lived
Alone, communing with pure thoughts and heaven,
Making the dust his bed, the forest trees
His temple, and with birds which woke the morn
Mingled his orisons; and thus he fed
On locusts and wild honey, and was garb'd
With camel's hair, and skins all girded round,
And, with his desart voice, proclaimed to man
The coming of the gentle Nazarene! C.

ALTHORPE.—NO. I.

It was on such a day as I have seen in Italy in the month of December, but which, in our chill climate, seemed so unseasonably, so ominously beautiful, that it was like the hectic loveliness brightening the eyes and flushing the cheek of consumption,—that I found myself in the domains of Althorpe. Autumn, dying in the lap of Winter, looked out with one bright parting smile;—the soft air breathed of Summer; the withered leaves, heaped on the path, told a different tale. The slant, pale sun shone out with all heaven to himself; not a cloud was there, not a breeze to stir the leafless woods—those venerable woods, which Evelyn loved and commemorated:* the fine majestic old oaks, scattered over the park, tossed their huge bare arms against the blue sky; a thin hoar frost, dissolving as the sun rose higher, left the lawns and hills sparkling and glancing in its ray; now and then a hare raced across the open glade—

> " And with her feet she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

Nothing disturbed the serene stillness except a pheasant whirring from a neighbouring thicket, or at intervals the belling of the deer—a sound so peculiar, and so fitted to the scene, that I sympathized in the taste of one of the noble progenitors of the Spencers, who had built a hunting-lodge in a sequestered spot, that he might hear " the harte bell."

This was a day, an hour, a scene, with all its associations, its quietness and beauty, " felt in the blood, and felt along the heart." All worldly cares and pains were laid asleep; while memory, fancy, and feeling waked. Althorpe does not frown upon us in the gloom of remote antiquity; it has not the warlike glories of some of the baronial residences of our old nobility; it is not built like a watch-tower on a hill, to lord it over feudal vassals; it is not bristled with battlements and turrets. It stands in a valley, with the gradual hills undulating round it, clothed with rich woods. It has altogether a look of compactness and comfort, without pretension, which, with the pastoral beauty of the landscape, and low situation, recall the ancient vocation of the family, whose grandeur was first founded, like that of the patriarchs of old, on the multitude of their flocks and herds.† It was in the reign of Henry the Eighth that Althorpe became the principal seat of the Spencers, and no place of the same date can boast so many delightful, romantic, and historical associations. There is Spenser the poet, " high-priest of all the Muses' mysteries," who modestly claimed, as an honour, his relationship to those Spencers who now, with a just pride, boast of him, and deem his " Faery Queen" " the brightest jewel in their coronet;" and the beautiful Alice Spencer, Countess of Derby, who was celebrated in early youth by her poet-cousin, and for whom Milton, in her old age, wrote his " Arcades." At Althorpe, in

* I was much struck with the inscription on a stone tablet, in a fine old wood near the house: " This wood was planted by Sir William Spencer, Knighte of the Bathe, in the year of our Lord 1624:"—on the other side, " Up and bee doing, and God will prosper." It is mentioned in Evelyn's " Sylva."

† See the accounts of Sir John Spencer, in Collins's Peerage, and prefixed to Dibdin's " Ædes Althorpianæ."

1603, the Queen and son of James the First were, on their arrival in England, nobly entertained with a masque, written for the occasion by Ben Jonson, in which the young ladies and nobles of the county enacted nymphs and fairies, satyrs and hunters, and danced to the sound of "excellent soft music," their scenery the natural woods, their stage the green lawn, their canopy the summer sky. What poetical picturesque hospitality! In these days it would have been a dinner, with French cooks and confectioners express from London to dress it. Here lived Waller's famous Sacharissa, the first Lady Sunderland—so beautiful and good, so interesting in herself, she needed not his wit or his poetry to enshrine her. Here she parted from her young husband,* when he left her to join the King in the field; and here, a few months after, she received the news of his death in the battle of Newbury, and saw her happiness wrecked at the age of three-and-twenty. Here plotted her distinguished son, that Proteus of politics, the second Lord Sunderland. Charles the First was playing at bowls on the green at Althorpe, when Colonel Joyce's detachment surprised him, and carried him off to imprisonment and to death. Here the excellent and accomplished Evelyn used to meditate in the "noble gallerie," and in the "ample gardens," of which he has left us an admiring and admirable description, that would be as suitable to-day as it was a hundred and fifty years ago, with the single exception of the present proprietor, deservedly far more honoured in his generation than was his apostate time-serving ancestor, the Lord Sunderland of Evelyn's day.† When the Spencers were divided, the eldest branch of the family becoming Dukes of Marlborough, and the youngest Earls Spencer—if the former inherited glory, Blenheim, and poverty—to the latter have belonged more true and more substantial distinctions: for the last three generations the Spencers have been remarked for talents, for benevolence, for consistency, for love of literature, and patronage of the fine arts.

The house retains the form described by Evelyn—that of a half H: a slight irregularity is caused by the new Gothic room, built by the present Earl, to contain part of his magnificent library, which, like the statue in the Castle of Otranto, had grown "too big for what contained it." We entered by a central door the large and lofty hall, or vestibule, hung round with pictures of fox-chases and those who figured in them, famous hunters, quadruped and biped, all as large as life, spread over as much canvass as would make a mainsail for a man-of-war. These huge perpetrations are of the time of Jack Spencer, a noted Nimrod in his day; and are very fine, as we were told, but they did not interest my feelings. I had caught a glimpse of the superb staircase, hung round with pictures above and below, and not the less interesting as having been erected by Sacharissa herself during the few years she was mistress of Althorpe. A face looked at us from over an opposite door, which there was no resisting. Does the reader remember Horace Walpole's pleasant description of a party of *seers* posting through the apartments of a show-place? "They come; ask what such a room is called?—write it down; admire a lobster or a cabbage in a Dutch mar-

* Henry, first Earl of Sunderland.

† This Lord Sunderland not only changed his party and his opinions, but his religion, with every breath that blew from the Court.

ket piece; dispute whether the last room was green or purple; and then hurry to the inn, for fear the fish should be over-dressed."* We were not such a party; but with imaginations ready primed to take fire, and memories enriched with all the associations the place could suggest, to us every portrait was a history. The orthodox style of seeing the house is to turn to the left and view the ground-floor apartments first; but the face I have mentioned seemed to beckon me straight-forward; and I was obliged to go and meet it: it was that of Lady Bridgewater, the loveliest of the four lovely daughters of the Duke of Marlborough: she had the misfortune to be painted by Jervas, and the good fortune to be celebrated by Pope as the "tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;" and again—

> "Thence Beauty, waking, all her forms supplies—
> An angel's sweetness—or Bridgewater's eyes."

Jervas was supposed to have been presumptuously and desperately in love with this beautiful woman, who died at the age of five-and-twenty: hence Pope has taken the liberty—by a poetical licence, no doubt—to call her, in his Epistle to Jervas, "*thy* Bridgewater." Two of her fair sisters, the Duchess of Montagu and Lady Godolphin, hung near her; and above, her fairer sister, Lady Sunderland. Ascending the magnificent staircase, a hundred faces look down upon us, in a hundred different varieties of expression, a hundred different costumes. Here are Queen Anne and Sarah Duchess of Marlborough placed amicably side by side, as in the days of their romantic friendship, when they conversed and corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman: the beauty, the intellect, the spirit, are all on the side of the imperious Duchess; the poor Queen looks like what she was—a goodnatured fool. On the lef is the cunning abigail, who supplanted the Duchess in the favour of Queen Anne—Mrs. Masham. Proceeding along this gallery, we are met by the portrait of that angel-devil, Lady Shrewsbury, whose exquisite beauty fascinates at once and shocks the eye like the gorgeous colours of an adder. I believe the story of her holding the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he shot her husband in a duel, has been disputed; but her attempt to assassinate Killegrew, while she sat by in her carriage,† is too true. So far had her depravities unsexed her!

> ——— "Lorsque la vertu, avec peine abjurée,
> Nous fait voir une femme à ses fureurs livrée,
> S'irritant par l'effort que ce pas a couté,
> Son âme avec plus d'art a plus de cruauté."

She was even less famous for the number of her lovers, than the catastrophes of which she was the cause.

> "Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
> Two in a duel fell, and one ran mad."‡

But Lady Shrewsbury is past jesting or satire; and after a first involuntary pause of admiration before her matchless beauty, we turn away with horror. For the rest of the portraits on this vast staircase, it

* Horace Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 227.

† See Pepys's Diary.

‡ Half a dozen fell in duels; and if her lovers "ran mad," it was in despite, not in despair."

would take a volume to give a *catalogue raisonnée* of them. We pass, then, into a corridor hung with two large and very mediocre landscapes, representing Tivoli and Terni. Any attempt, even the best, to paint a cataract *must* be abortive. How render to the fancy the two grandest of its features—sound and motion? the thunder and the tumult of the headlong waters? We will pass on to the gallery, and lose ourselves in its enchantments.

Where shall we begin?—Any where. Throw away the catalogue: all are old acquaintances. We are tempted to speak to them, and they look as if they could courtesy to us. The very walls breathe around us. What Vandykes—what Lelys—what Sir Joshuas—what a congregation of all that is beauteous and noble!—what Spencers, Sydneys, Digbys, Russells, Cavendishes, and Churchills!—Oh what a scene to moralize, to philosophize, to sentimentalize in!—what histories in those eyes, that look, yet see not!—what sermons on those lips, that all but speak! I would rather reflect in a picture-gallery, than elegize in a churchyard. The "poca polvere che nulla sente," can only tell us we must die; these, with a more useful and deep-felt morality, tell us how to live.

Yet I cannot say I felt thus pensive and serious the first time I looked round the gallery at Althorpe. Curiosity, excitement, interest, admiration—a crowd of quick successive images and recollections fleeting across the memory—left me no time to think. I remember being startled, the moment I entered, by a most extraordinary picture,—the second Prince of Orange, and his preceptor Katts, by Flink. The eyes of the latter are really shockingly alive; they stare out of the canvass, and glitter and fascinate like those of a serpent. If I had been a Roman Catholic, I should have crossed myself, as I looked at them, to shield me from their evil and supernatural expression.* The picture of the two Sforzas, Maximilian and his brother Francis, by Albert Durer, is quite a curiosity; and so is another, by Holbein, near it, containing the portraits of Henry the Eighth, his daughter Mary, and his jester, Will Somers,—all full of individuality and truth. The expression in Mary's face, at once saturnine, discontented, and vulgar, is especially full of character. These last three pictures are curious and valuable as specimens of art; but they are not pleasing. We turn to the matchless Vandykes, at once admirable as paintings, and yet more interesting as portraits. A full-length of his master and friend, Rubens, dressed in black, is magnificent; the attitude particularly graceful. Near the centre of the gallery is the charming full-length of Queen Henrietta Maria, a well-known and celebrated picture. She is dressed in white satin, and stands near a table on which is a vase of white roses, and, more in the shade, her regal crown. Nothing can be in finer taste than the contrast between the rich, various, but subdued colours of the carpet and background, and the delicate, and harmonious, and brilliant tints which throw out the figure. None of the pictures I had hitherto seen of Henrietta, either in the King's private collection, or at Windsor, do justice to the sparkling grace of Henrietta's

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* I was told that a woman-servant of the family was so horrified by this picture, that she could never be prevailed on to pass through the door near which it hangs, but made a circuit of several rooms to avoid it.

figure, or the vivacity and beauty of her eyes, so celebrated by all the contemporary poets. Waller, for instance:—

> "Could Nature then no private woman grace,
> Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
> Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?"

Lord Holland, in the description he sent from Paris, dwells on the charm of her eyes, her smile, and her graceful figure, though he admits her to be rather *petite*; and if the poet and the courtier be distrusted, we have the authority of the puritanic Sir Symond d'Ewes, who allows the influence of her "excellent and sparkling black eyes." Henrietta could be very seductive, and had all the French grace of manner; but, as is well known, she could play the virago, "and cast such a scowl, as frightened all the lords and ladies in waiting."* Too much importance is attached to her character, and her influence over her husband, in the histories of that time. She was a fascinating, but a superficial and volatile Frenchwoman. With all her feminine love of sway, she had not sufficient energy to govern; and with all her disposition to intrigue, she never had discretion enough to keep her own or the King's secrets. When she rushed through a storm of bullets to save a favourite lapdog; or when, amid the shrieks and entreaties of her terrified attendants, she commanded the captain of her vessel to "blow up the ship rather than strike to the Parliamentarian,"—it was more the spirit and wilfulness of a woman, who, with all her faults, had the blood of Henri Quatre in her veins, than the mental energy and resolute fortitude of a heroine. Near her hangs her daughter, who inherited her grace, her beauty, her petulance,—the unhappy Henriette d'Orleans,† fair, radiant, and lively, with a profusion of beautiful hair; it is impossible to look from the mother to the daughter, without remembering the scene in Retz's memoirs, when the Queen said to him, in excuse for her daughter's absence, "My poor Henrietta is obliged to lie in bed, for I have no wood to make a fire for her—et la pauvre enfant était transie de froid."

Another picture by Vandyke hangs at the top of the room, one of the grandest and most spirited of his productions. It represents William, the first Duke of Bedford, the father of Lord William Russell, when young, and his brother-in-law, the famous (and infamous) Digby, Earl of Bristol. How finely Vandyke has caught the characters of the two men!—the fine commanding form of the Duke, as he steps forward, the frank, open countenance, expressive of all that is good and noble, speak him what he was—not less than that of Digby, which, though eminently handsome, has not one elevated or amiable trait in his countenance; the drapery, background, and more especially the hands, are magnificently painted. On one side of this superb picture, hangs the present Earl Spencer when a youth; and on the other, his sister, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, at the age of eighteen, looking all life and high-born loveliness, and reminding one of Coleridge's beautiful lines to her:—

* See a most amusing account of Henrietta's person, manners, and household, in D'Israeli's "Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I."

† Poisoned by her husband, at the instigation of the Chevalier de Lorraine.

> "Light as a dream your days their circlets ran
> From all that teaches brotherhood to man;
> Far, far removed! from want, from grief, from fear!
> Obedient music lull'd your infant ear;
> Obedient praises soothed your infant heart;
> Emblazonments, and old ancestral crests,
> With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
> Detain'd your eye from nature. Stately vests
> That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
> Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,
> Were yours unearn'd by toil."——

And he thus beautifully alludes to her maternal character; for this accomplished woman set the example to the highest ranks, of nursing her own children:—

> "You were a mother! at your bosom fed
> The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
> Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling read,
> Which you yourself created."

Alas, that such a beginning should have had such an end!

Both these are whole-lengths, by Sir Joshua Reynolds: the middle tints are a little flown, else they were perfect; they suffer by being hung near the glowing yet mellowed tints of Vandyke.

We have here a whole bevy of the heroines of De Grammont, delightful to those who have what Walpole used to call the "De Grammont madness" upon them. Here is that beautiful, audacious, termagant Castlemaine, very like her picture at Windsor,* and with the same characteristic hit of storm gleaming in the background.—Lady Denham,† the wife of the poet, Sir John Denham, and niece of that Lord Bristol who figures in Vandyke's picture above-mentioned—a lovely creature, and a sweet picture.—Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who so long ruled the heart and councils of Charles the Second, in Lely's finest style;‡ the face has a look of blooming innocence, soon exchanged for coarseness and arrogance.—The indolent, alluring Middleton, looking from under her sleepy eyelids, "trop coquette pour rebuter personne."—"La Belle Hamilton," the lovely prize of the volatile De Grammont; very like her portrait engraved in the "Beauties," with the same finely formed bust and compressed ruby lips, but with an expression more vivacious and saucy, and less elevated.—Two pretended portraits of Nell Gwyn, with the fair brown hair and small bright eyes they ought to have; *au reste*, with such prim, sanctified mouths, and dressed with such elaborate decency, that instead of reminding us of the "parole sciolte d'ogni freno, risi, vezzi, giuochi!" they are more like Beck Marshall, the puritan's daughter, on her good behaviour.§

That extraordinary woman Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine, the fame of whose beauty and gallantries filled all Europe, and once

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* In the character of Bellona; engraved for the "Beauties of Charles the Second's Court."

† Elizabeth Brooke, poisoned at the age of twenty.—See her portrait and memoir in the "Beauties."

‡ This exquisite picture is engraved for the "Beauties."

§ See the scene between Beck Marshall and Nell Gwyn, in "Pepys."

the intended wife of Charles the Second, though she afterwards intrigued in vain for the less (or more) eligible post of *maitresse en titre.* This is a head only, as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl; the most spirited, but the least beautiful portrait I have seen of her.—An appropriate pendant on the opposite side is her lover, philosopher, and eulogist, the witty St. Evremond—Grammont's "Caton de Normandie;" but instead of looking like a good-natured epicurean, a man "who thought as he liked, and liked what he thought,"* his nose is here wrinkled up into an expression of the most supercilious scorn, adding to his native hideousness. † Both these are by Kneller.—Farther on, is another of Charles's beauties, whose *sagesse* has never been disputed—Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland, the sister of Lady Russell.‡

There is also a lovely picture of that magnificent brunette, Miss Bagot. "Elle avait," says Hamilton, "ce teint rembruni qui plait tant quand il plait." She married Berkeley Lord Falmouth, a man who, though unprincipled, seems to have loved her; at least, was not long enough her husband to forget to be her lover: he was killed, shortly after his marriage, in the battle of Southwold-bay. This is assuredly one of the most splendid pictures Lely ever painted; and it is, besides, full of character and interest.§ She holds a cannon-ball in her lap, (only an airy emblematical cannon-ball; for she poises it like a feather,) and the countenance is touched with a sweet expression of melancholy: hence it is plain that she sat for it soon after the death of her first husband, and before her marriage with the witty Earl of Dorset.—Near her hangs another fair piece of witchcraft, "La belle Jennings," who in her day played with hearts as if they had been billiard balls; and no wonder, considering what *things* she had to deal with: || there was a great difference between her vivacity and that of her vivacious sister the Duchess of Marlborough.—Old Sarah hangs near her. One would think that Kneller, in spite, had watched the moment to take a characteristic likeness, and catch not the Cynthia, but the fury of the minute; as for instance, when she cut off her luxuriant tresses, so worshipped by her husband, and flung them in his face; for so she tosses back her disdainful head, and curls her lip like an insolent, pouting, spoiled, grown-up baby. The life of this woman is as fine a lesson on the emptiness of all worldly advantages, boundless wealth, power, fame, beauty, wit, as ever was set forth by moralist or divine.

> "By spirit robb'd of power—by warmth, of friends—
> By wealth, of followers! without one distress.
> Sick of herself through very selfishness."¶

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* Walpole.

† The gay, gallant St. Evremond, besides being naturally ugly, had a wen between his eye-brows.

‡ Lady Northumberland is among the Beauties of Windsor, and one of the series of the Beauties of Charles the Second's Court.

§ This very beautiful picture, which has never, I believe, been engraved, forms one of the series of the "Beauties of Charles the Second's Court."

|| The pictures of Miss Jennings are very rare. This one at Althorpe was copied for H. Walpole, and I have heard of another in Ireland. Miss Jennings is one of the most distinguished of the "Beauties."

¶ Pope. One hates him for taking a thousand pounds to suppress this character of Atossa, and publishing it after all; yet who for a thousand pounds would have lost it?

Though the picture of Colonel Russell, by Dobson, is really fine as portrait, the recollection of the scene between him and Miss Hamilton*—his love of dancing, to prove he was not old and asthmatical,—and his attachment to his "*chapeau pointu*," make it impossible to look at him without a smile—but a good-humoured smile, such as his lovely mistress gave him when she rejected him with so much politeness.—Arabella Churchill, the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and mistress of the Duke of York, has been better treated by the painter than by Hamilton; instead of "La grande créature, pale et decharnée," she appears here a very lovely woman.—But enough of these equivocal ladies—No, before we leave them, there are yet two to be noticed, more equivocal, more interesting, and more extraordinary than all the rest put together—Bianca di Capello, who, from a washerwoman, became Grand Duchess of Florence, with less beauty than I should have expected, but as much *countenance*; and the beautiful, but appalling picture of Venitia Digby, painted after she was dead, by Vandyke: she was found one morning sitting up in her bed, leaning her head on her hand, and lifeless; and thus she is painted. Notwithstanding the ease and grace of the attitude, and the delicacy of the features, there is no mistaking this for slumber: a heavier hand has pressed upon those eyelids, which will never more open to the light: there is a leaden lifelessness about them, too shockingly true and real—

> "It thrills us with mortality,
> And curdles to the gazer's heart,
> As if to him it would impart
> The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon."

Her picture at Windsor is the most perfectly beautiful and impressive female portrait I ever saw. How I have longed, when gazing at it, to conjure her out of her frame, and bid her reveal the secret of her mysterious life and death!—Nearly opposite to the dead Venitia, in strange contrast, hangs her husband, who loved her to madness, or was mad before he married her, in the very prime of life and youth. This picture, by Cornelius Jansen, is as fine as any thing of Vandyke's: the character expresses more of intellectual power and physical strength, than of that elegance of face and form we should have looked for in such a fanciful being as Sir Kenelm Digby: he looks more like one of the Athletæ than a poet, a metaphysician, and a "squire of dames." There are three pictures of Waller's famed Sacharissa, the first Lady Sunderland: one in a hat, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, gay and blooming; the second, far more interesting, was painted about the time of her marriage with the young Earl of Sunderland, or shortly after—very sweet and lady-like. I should say that the high-breeding of the face and air was more conspicuous than the beauty; the neck and hands exquisite. Both these are Vandyke's. A third picture represents her about the time of her second marriage: the expression wholly changed—cold, sad, faded, but pretty still: one might fancy her contemplating, with a sick heart, the portrait of Lord Sunderland, the lover and husband of her early youth, who hangs on the opposite side of the gal-

* See his declaration of love—"Je suis frère du Comte de Bedford; je commande le regiment des gardes," &c.

lery, in complete armour: he fell in the same battle with Lord Falkland, at the age of three-and-twenty. This fine picture has been engraved for Lodge's work, where there is an admirable memoir of him. The brother of Sacharissa, the famous Algernon Sydney, is suspended near her: a fine head, full of contemplation and power.

Among the most interesting pictures in the gallery is an undoubted original of Lady Jane Grey. After seeing so many hideous, hard, prim-looking pictures and prints of this gentle-spirited heroine, it is consoling to trust in the genuineness of a face which has all the sweetness and dignity we look for, and ought to find. Then, by way of contrast, we have that most curious picture of Diana of Poitiers,* once in the Crawfurd collection: it is a small half-length; the features fair and regular; the hair is elaborately dressed with a profusion of jewels; but there is no drapery whatever, except a curtain behind: round the head is the legend from the 42d Psalm—"Comme le cerf braie après le décours des eaues, ainsi brait mon ame après toi, O Dieu," which is certainly an extraordinary application. I have read somewhere, that in the days of Diana of Poitiers, it was the court fashion to sing the Psalms of David to dance and song tunes† (nothing new under the sun!); and the courtiers and beauties had each their favourite psalm, which served as a kind of *devise*: this may explain the very singular inscription on this very singular picture.—Here are also the portraits of Otway and Cowley, and of Montaigne; the last from the Crawfurd collection.

I had nearly omitted to mention a magnificent whole-length of the Duc de Guise—who was stabbed in the closet of Henry the Third—whose life contains materials for ten romances and a dozen epics, and whose death has furnished subjects for as many tragedies. And not far from him that not less daring, and more successful chief, Oliver Cromwell: a page is tying on his sash. There is a vulgar power and boldness about this head, in fine contrast with the splendid, fearless, chivalrous-looking Guise.

The last picture I can distinctly remember is a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with all his perfections combined in their perfection—it is that of a beautiful Frenchwoman, an intimate friend of the last Lady Spencer—with as much intellect, sentiment, and depth of feeling as would have furnished out twenty ordinary heads; all harmony in the colouring, all grace in the drawing.

Here then was food for the eye and for the memory—for sweet and bitter fancy—for the amateur, and for the connoisseur—for antiquary, historian, painter, and poet. Well might Horace Walpole say that the gallery at Althorpe was "endeared to the pensive spectator." He tells us in his letters, that, when here (about seventy years since), he surprised the housekeeper by "his intimate acquaintance with all the faces in the gallery." I was amused at the thought that we caused a similar surprise in our day. I hope his housekeeper was as civil and intelligent as ours; as worthy to be the keeper of the pictorial treasures of Althorpe. When we lingered and lingered, spell-bound, and apologised for making such unconscionable demands on her patience, she replied, "that she was flat-

* The beautiful mistress of Henry the Second of France.

† Clement Marot, the poet, and Diana's lover, had composed a version of the Psalms, then very popular. See *Bayle*, and the "Curiosities of Literature."

tered; that she felt affronted when any visitor hurried through the apartments." Old Horace would have been delighted with her; and not less with the biblical enthusiasm of a village glazier, whom we found dusting the books in the library, who had such sublime reverence for old editions, unique copies, illuminated MSS. and rare bindings, that it was quite edifying.

I have reached my prescribed limits; but I have not yet done with Althorpe;—so, reader, *au revoir!* A. J.

ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY—SALATHIEL, AND ZILLAH.*

It may, at first thinking, excite surprise that the events of Hebrew story have been hitherto almost unchosen as the basis of elevated fiction; for they obviously afford the richest materials to the poet and the novelist. A people whose habits and ceremonials were unchanged from deepest antiquity, must offer the most inviting opportunity to that graphic power which loves to delineate the manners of past times, and to that genius which can bid them start again into present life. A country which, from Dan to Beersheba, is full of scenes of visible grandeur and beauty, and in which every spot has been hallowed by the exploits of devoted patriots, and the visitations of prophets and of angels, might well invite the finest skill of those who can paint in words, and the more subtle and genial touch of writers who might invest them again with gleams of that poetic light which was shed over them of old, and make them vocal with their own ancestral voices. A history stretching far into the abyss of time—in its beginning the only thread of light winding amidst the marvellous infancy of nations, in its progress replete with authentic wonders, and in its close prodigious and terrible—might seem to unfold to the tragic muse "fit subjects for her highest art." But one objection, doubtless, has been felt as to the far larger portion of this great field—that the ground, like that once trodden by Moses, is holy. In so far as it is embraced by Sacred Writ, this apprehension is just. Vain has been the attempt to seize the harp of David, or to reverse the glass by which the prophets gazed into the future, and revive the events of which they marked out the shadowy outline, beheld in solemn vision. The pious have revolted from the endeavour to drag into the light of common day the dim and shapeless objects of their affectionate veneration, and to translate the secret whispers of the heart into mortal language. Daring must be the writer who would celebrate things so awful in prose or rhyme; as the rash artist who would individualize and make palpable those airy figures of light which swim through the transparent darkness of Rembrandt's Jacob's Dream. Milton alone, girded and sanctified to the office by religious zeal, has given the terrors of the old law in their austere grandeur; he has dramatised the fate of Samson with congenial severity: but even he, in the richer and more varied of his works,

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* Salathiel; a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. In 3 vols. Second Edition.

Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City. By the Author of "Brambletye House," "The Tor Hill," "Reuben Apsley," &c. In 4 vols.

has sometimes made the devout tremble for the audacity with which he has erected the buildings of his fancy full nigh the margin of "Siloa's brook which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

But there is a part of the Jewish history replete with interest, which does not, in this manner, threaten the intruder—that eventful time which elapsed between the close of the Sacred Histories, and the accomplishment of the nation's doom; when the visible protection of Heaven had been finally withdrawn from its champions, and the earth was shaken by the expiring throes of their power. In this interval, left to the uninspired writer as his province, the devoted country presents all the visible appearances of old—the fields where Isaac went out at eventide to meditate; the scenes of miraculous judgments, and battles won under the immediate guidance of Heaven; the caves where prophets had waited for inspiration, forgetting bodily needs; and the Holy City, in its warlike grandeur, with its Temple—forsaken, yet glorious monument of its high privileges and crimes—about to pass away like a dream. His are all the preparations for the fearful catastrophe: the desperate struggles of valour about to be extinguished; the passionate cleavings of a wayward but exclusive people to their beloved city; fearful signs and warnings in the air—those latest of miracles which are authentic, or so nearly authentic, that the least superstitious may receive them. A history, indeed, of these times, we have from a contemporary Jew—and another tale of such absorbing and terrific interest, does not exist in the annals of the world; but it is almost too painful, as it stands, to be read after the period of childhood, when it seizes the mind, and lies upon it like a spell. Well do we recollect our eager perusal of Josephus: how we hung entranced over the huge folio, while the scenes of battle, crime, and suffering, of fierce hypocrisy and crazy zeal, multiplied upon us, curdled the blood, and bewildered the brain, till we retired at night to muse or to dream of horrors. The style is heavy with the weight of tragic incident; and the first effect is stupifying, so that the mind, on regaining its spring, makes an effort to get rid of the load which has been cast upon it by the merciless writer. As there is no work which contains finer materials for a poet or a novelist, so there is none which requires more that relief which their domestic scenes and individual traits, their details of picturesque manners, their touches of generous affection, and the gleams of occasional happiness which they may not fail to scatter, will give to a succession of bloody tragedies. To confess the truth, we doubt whether this dark chapter of human history, though so nearly bordering on the events most interesting to Christians, will ever be generally studied without the softening appliances of fiction—if we should call that *fiction* which, by vivid developements of manners, substitutes pictures for names, and by inventing minor incidents, realizes to us the great events which else were but distant shadows.

With this view of the relation of what may be termed the profane part of Jewish history to poetry and romance, we hail with pleasure the appearance and the success of "Salathiel" and "Zillah." The first comprehends almost the entire period from the close of Sacred History to the destruction of Jerusalem; and the last takes the earlier portion of that time, during the reign of Antigonus, and affords us also expanded views of the luxury and power of the Roman conquerors. Thus relating nearly to the same times, they differ entirely in character;

and illustrate not only the fitness of their subjects for developement in this species of composition, but the varied opportunities which they yield to writers of very different faculties and tastes. In our time, we know of none else who has adventured in this field except Mr. Milman, whose dramatic poem, " The Fall of Jerusalem," is a finely-wrought religious celebration of the fearful accomplishment of prophecy; but the space to which such a poem is of necessity limited, is inadequate to the display of that succession of strange and solemn pictures which an extended romance may unfold, and which will, we think, be found in the volumes before us.

The author of " Salathiel" has been at once daring and happy in his selection of the fictitious narrator of his tale. As an eye-witness of the fate of Judea, he has produced the mysterious Hebrew, who, according to a long-prevalent superstition, was condemned by the Messiah to await in the flesh his second coming, and who had since borne a charmed and miserable life, a weary pilgrim upon the earth. In depicting the condition and the emotions of such a being, he has not, in this work, emulated the naked force and simple pathos by which Godwin has realized to the imagination the idea of a man excluded from the common lot of mortality; there is no such lapse of time as to exhibit a slow decay laying waste all the brief joys of a being of preternatural vigour—but the well-recognised superstition is, nevertheless, made finely subservient to his purposes. Such a person, stricken and hardened by the touch of heaven into protracted existence, is a fit historian of such issues; and the narrative put into his mouth is all animated with the national fervour, and breathes of the old pride and unquenched fury of his tribe. His own character, proud, fiery, ambitious, towers before us, in gigantic proportions, through all the scenes in which he participates, and imparts a kind of mournful life to their sad and solemn colourings. He represents himself (and who that reads can doubt him ?) a principal agitator in the commotions which preceded and caused the extermination of Jewish grandeur ; and the author derives this singular advantage from the fate to which his hero is doomed, that the perils which surround him on every side—the sufferings which he bears and masters—and the marvellous adventures in which he is involved, instead of being rejected as improbable fictions, have a dramatic propriety when related of him, and confirm him in the hold he takes of the mind as an individual creation. The reader should not expect that the tale of such a speaker will be consistent or probable ; that its links will be nicely made out, and its wonders accounted for by a laborious process ; but if he looks for vivid descriptions of tremendous scenes ; rapid glimpses of wide-spread desolation ; the most precious stores of a memory reaching over ages, winged and quickened by unquenchable passion,—his expectations will be abundantly fulfilled.

Even to glance over the principal scenes of a work so full of matter, would be much beyond our limits. There are many richly-coloured pictures of the country of Judea, in the prodigal wealth of nature—of the city and the temple in silent beauty, or crowded with worshippers, or environed with troops—and a most splendid series of assaults, sieges, and battles. That part of the narrative which most strongly interests us, as a story, is the first enterprise of the disastrous rebellion—the attempt to surprise the mountain fortress of Mesada—in which Salathiel

finally succeeds, after being repeatedly made captive, and unfolds the standard of his tribe on the heights of the citadel, in desperate defiance to Rome. This is too long for extract, and is incapable of abridgement: indeed the volumes bid defiance to analysis; and we give two short passages, rather as specimens of the language, than of the incidents which are crowded into their pages. This is the description of the last march of the hero to Jerusalem, just before its fall, after a delusive victory.

"In those strange and agitated days, when every hour produced some extraordinary scene, I remember few more extraordinary than that morning's march into the city. It was a triumph, but how unlike all that bore the name! It was no idle, popular pageant; no fantastic and studied exhibition of trophies and treasures; no gaudy homage to personal ambition; no holiday-show to amuse the idleness, or feed the vanity of a capital secure in peace, and pampered with the habits of opulence and national supremacy. But it was at once a rejoicing, a funeral, a great act of atonement, a popular preservation, whose results none could limit, and a proud revenge on the proudest of enemies.

"That night not an eye had closed in Jerusalem. The Romans, quick to turn every change to advantage, had suffered the advance of our irregular combatants only until they could throw a force between them and the gates. The assault was made, and with partial success; but the population once roused, was terrible to an enemy fighting against walls and ramparts, and the assailants were, after long slaughter on both sides, drawn off at the sight of our columns moving from the hills. We marched in, upwards of fifty thousand men, as wild and strange-looking a host as ever trod, to acclamations from voices unnumbered. Every casement, roof, battlement, and wall, in the long range of magnificent streets leading round by the foot of Sion to Mount Moriah, was covered with spectators. Man, woman, and child, of every rank, were there, straining their eyes and voices, and waving hands, weapons, and banners for their deliverers from the terror of instant massacre. Our motley ranks had equipped themselves with the Roman spoils, where they could; and. among the ragged vestures, discoloured turbans, and rude pikes, moved masses of glittering mail, helmets, and gilded lances. Beside the torn flags of the tribes were tossing embroidered standards with the initials of the Cæsars, or the golden image of some deity, mutilated by our scorn for the idolater. The Jewish trumpets had scarcely sent up their chorus, when it was followed by the clanging of the Roman cymbal, the long and brilliant tone of the clarion, or the deep roar of the brass conch and serpent. Close upon ranks exulting and shouting victory, came ranks bearing the honoured dead on litters, and bursting into bitter sorrow; then rolled onward thousands, bounding and showing the weapons and relics that they had torn from the enemy; then passed groups of the priesthood,—for they too had long taken the common share in the defence,—singing one of the glorious hymns of the Temple: then again followed litters surrounded by the wives and children of the dead, wrapt in inconsolable grief. Bands of warriors, who had none to care for, the habitual sons of the field; armed women; chained captives; beggars; men covered with the stately dresses of our higher ranks; biers heaped with corpses; waggons piled with armour, tents, provisions, the wounded, the dead; every diversity of human circumstance, person, and equipment that belong to a state in which the elements of society are let loose, in that march successively moved before the eye. With the men were mingled the captured horses of the legionaries; the camels and dromedaries of the allies; herds of the bull and buffalo, droves of goats and sheep; the whole one mighty mass of misery, rejoicing, nakedness, splendour, pride, humiliation, furious and savage life, and honoured and lamented death; the noblest patriotism, and the most hideous abandonment to the excesses of our nature."

The following is a fragment of the closing scene:—

"The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman polity; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic determination to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as the grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions startling us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigour; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads,—we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was teeming; though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the rampart, and naked to the sun — pestilence came not; for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But the 'abomination of desolation,' the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem!

"On this night, this fatal night, no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heaven. Lightning in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills.

"Defence was unthought of; for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains.

"I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly, that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led them through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But beyond that we found advance impossible. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower round me.

"Now came the last and most wondrous sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

"While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill; and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on

battlement In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first Temple, of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again; the guardian angels of the city of David!—they came forth glorious, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. 'Let us go hence,' was their song of sorrow.—'Let us go hence,' was answered by the sad echoes of the mountains.—'Let us go hence,' swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. The thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem."

The interest of Zillah is altogether of a gentler and more domestic cast: it gives milder views of the Jewish character, and does not pursue the sorrows of the race of Abraham to their terrible consummation. Its principal charm, as a Hebrew story, consists in its minute and graphic delineations of manners and costume, in themselves remarkably picturesque, and which are invested with finer charms of association than those of any other people of antiquity, in the view of the religious observer. Its story is that of a Jewish maiden of high descent, and of the rarest beauty, who accompanies her father to Rome on an embassy with which he is charged to defeat the views of Herod. She travels along the Appian way, through the places which Horace has rendered familiar; enkindles the wanton passion of the voluptuous Antony, and narrowly, on several occasions, escapes him; falls into the hands of pirates, and is detained for a while among their tremendous caverns in the sides of Etna; is carried to Egypt, and set free by the generous daring of Cleopatra; and finally made happy with her lover, whom she has won to her faith, in a delicious retreat on the borders of the desert, far from the din of arms. The introduction of persons so well known to fame and to poetry as Antony and Cleopatra, was no doubt daring; but it is in a great measure justified by the learned accuracy with which their attendant splendours are depicted, and by the forbearance with which their appearances are managed. Of Cleopatra, indeed, our author has wisely given only a glimpse; but it is a very ravishing one, and does not spoil, even if it fails to enhance, our idea of the unrivalled enchantress. As a story, the work has many interesting passages: its great fault is a sameness in the incidents, which are sometimes too like repetitions of each other; and its chief merit, the delineation of Jewish feelings and manners. It is, indeed, "a Tale of the Holy City;" which towers before us and opens its narrowest avenues and sternest fortresses to our curious investigation. The reader may take the following glance at the celebration of the Feast of Pentecost as an example.

"In the open court, at a small distance from the east end of the Temple, stood the great altar of the burnt-offerings,—a large pile of unhewn stones, in order that no architecture might be employed but that which God's own hand had wrought. It was about sixty feet on each side at the bottom, and forty-five at the top, to which there was an easy sloping ascent on the east side, the four corners being surmounted with horns. Around this were gathered the animals selected for sacrifice, consisting of bullocks, rams, lambs, and kids, for burnt and peace-offerings, over which the silver trumpets were solemnly blown as they came up to the altar. At the appointed hour, a band of priests stationed beyond the altar, and looking towards it, so as to face the court, blew their trumpets, first giving a long plain blast, then a blast with breathing and quaverings, then a long blast again, as a signal that the service and the thanksgivings were about to commence; and a deep silence having immediately pervaded the whole assembled multitude, the numerous choir of sacred musicians, consisting mostly of the Levites in their silken stoles, the players upon the harp, clarion, and hautboy, the shawm, the dulcimer, and the psaltery, the cymbal, pipe, and tabret, came forward from the interior of the Temple, performing a grand and cheerful chorus upon their instruments; and moving along the court in a slow dance at once joyous and majestical, they at length arranged themselves on either side of it. The exquisite skill with which they played,—for every performer was devoted from early youth to the particular instrument which had been allotted to his family for a long succession of generations,—combined with the graceful and stately movements of the dance in accordance to the music, filled the bosoms and animated the looks of the spectators with a manifest delight.

"To these succeeded the male singers, who came forward in a numerous band, chanting an anthem, celebrating the Deity and His bounty; their cultivated voices, embracing every variety of age and tone, swelling and melting and dying away together, sometimes filling the air with a loud sonorous fulness of grave sounds, then subsiding into gentle mellifluous cadences, and preserving at all times a rich, ravishing, and symphonious harmony.

"The anthem was concluded, their voices were hushed, and, after a short pause, soft music was again heard floating from a distance, which, as it drew nearer, was found to proceed from the female singers, the daughters of the Levites, who advanced in a separate company, striking their small portable harps, and warbling a hymn in sweet and low-voiced plaintiveness. Suddenly they smote their instruments with a sharp sound, and, falling back to the right and left, discovered a company of female dancers, some of whom began playing upon a sort of tambourine provided with shells, which rattled as the instrument was whirled round in the air; others had small bells in their hands, which they used like the modern castanets; and the whole moved together for some time in a solemn and decorous dance.

"The priests of the Temple, who were ranged at their desks, like a numerous choir, on either side of the court, now chanted the service for the day, selected from such portions of the Law and the Prophets as had especial reference to the festival. It was divided into several portions; at the end of each, the music struck up: after this had ceased, the trumpets blew a flourish, and the priests resumed their singing. The Jews having imbibed the strange notion, that the gates of Heaven would be opened to him who answered *Amen* with all his might, the whole immense multitude chanted this word, at the conclusion of every prayer, with such a stentorian energy, that the solemn roar of their innumerable voices, reverberating from the lofty front and encircling walls of the Temple, sounded like a rolling peal of thunder, and seemed even to shake the very foundations of the sacred edifice.

"At various times, the Sagan, in his pontifical robes, had come forward to officiate in the solemnities, according to established usage; and when at length the tinkling of the bells upon the hem of his garment announced that he had retired into the Sanctuary to make offerings upon the altar of incense, the whole mass of the people sank down upon their knees, and with their

faces upturned to heaven, reverently joined him in ejaculatory whispers, or silent mental devotion.

"It is impossible to contemplate any vast and condensed assemblage of people without an involuntary feeling of awe, either from a sense of its irresistible though quiescent power, or perhaps from that opposite impression of its evanescency and absolute nothingness, which made Xerxes weep at the reflection, that in a few years the whole of his mighty host would be dust. If such be the effect of an ordinary multitude collected for any trivial purpose, how sublime must have been the sensation produced by the spectacle of a whole people gathered together, not only from all parts of their common country, but from remote settlements and colonies, 'coming out of every nation under Heaven,' (as the apostle says, speaking of this identical festival at a later period,) and thus falling upon their knees together as one congregation, and sending up their voices in worship towards the dwelling of that Deity, who had singled them out from the whole earth to be His chosen people, and the depositaries of His revealed will.

"That the reader may picture to himself the more vividly the scene we have been attempting to describe, let him bear in mind that on account of the frequent ablutions and purifications prescribed by their Law, the Jewish commonalty either wore garments of white, or of the natural colour of the unbleached wool; and that, although they had no habitual covering for the head, they considered it a mark of respect to the Deity to wear a hat during their devotions. This was of the Grecian form, such as Antiochus Epiphanes had first compelled the chief young men to wear, as the Maccabean history relates. Those who were unprovided with this appendage wrapped their heads in their mantles. Imagine the contrast offered by these white dresses, and the bronzed and bearded visages of their wearers! Even in our northern latitudes, and in spite of their physical deterioration, we see that the Jews exhibit the most marked and striking physiognomies: what must they have been in the days of their glory, and in such an assemblage as this, where there were countenances cast in Nature's noblest mould, and burnt to every variety of deep and rich tint by the different sunny climates of the East, and every chin was dignified by the badge of manhood, from the dark glossy curl of youth, to the white and long-flowing beard of age, and every lineament wore the impress of a fervent, and even passionate devotion!"

If we had inclination or space for minute criticism, we should object to Salathiel, that its incidents are too much crowded, in a kind of gorgeous confusion, and that in Zillah there are too distinct marks of the labour and care which the author has bestowed on its composition; but we ought, perhaps, hardly to advance censures which we have not time to justify. We might also charge against the former an occasional pomp of words, and a too lavish introduction of festal splendours, which rather weary than refresh us. But in point of feeling, in the reverend apprehension of the neighbourhood of sacred things, on which the writers border but never intrude—there is nothing of which the most scrupulous can disapprove. One of them is well known to be a zealous champion of our institutions as they are, in which we do not think he requires the aid of his Grace of Newcastle, to whom he rather strangely dedicates his work; and the other has as pure a sense of all that is honourable and of good report, as any writer of his time, with as genial an allowance for the frailties of our nature. Their works, whatever may be their defects, have this great merit, that, without assuming the questionable shape of religious romances, they tend to familiarize the mind with scenes amidst which our faith had its origin, and which supply illustrations of its most awful proofs.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"Et tout pour la trippe."—RABELAIS.

SIR,—I have long regarded the "New Monthly Magazine" as standing in the vanguard of civilization, and leading forward the march of intellect; and I watch its avatars with the fond but jealous eye of an honourable affection. Judge, then, of the surprise with which I read, in a recent Number, an article openly dedicated to the revival and dissemination of one of those old women's prejudices, which, as I thought, had been finally consigned by the arm of "the schoolmaster" to the tomb of all the Capulets. How your correspondent succeeded in thus "imposing on your religion," (as the French phrase it,) and making you the instrument for propagating his illiberal doctrine, I know not; but I am sure that your indignation will be aroused at his trickery, and that you will, in the language of popular oratory, "fling from you with scorn" the imputation of participating in his abominable sentiments. The doctrine to which I allude, and which it is the business of this letter to impugn, is that "Good Living is the Cause of Bad Writing," a proposition so false, scandalous, and detestable, that if I were not the most charitable of disputants, I should incontinently set down its admission into your pages as the result of a design in the publisher to bring down the price of literary articles in the market, and to place his contributors on the footing of the ordinary writers for those catchpenny publications which are born and die within the twelvemonth. Of this, however, I must in justice acquit him, and at once acknowledge that Mr. Colburn is as little likely to conceive such a plot as you would be to lend yourself to its execution. No, Sir, the sinister design, whatever it may be, rests wholly with the writer of the article; and if he can forgive himself for the printing it, why all I can say is—may Heaven forgive him also. Among all the worn-out crotchets which formed part and parcel of the wisdom of our ancestors, this notion of the necessity for starving the stomach to sharpen the wits, is the most thoroughly contradicted by facts. But facts are stubborn things; and it is not a quotation from Shakspeare, (poets, you will excuse me, are not always the very best of philosophers,) no, nor a misapplication of a text from Scripture, that will make good the ground against them. The whole argument, indeed, rests upon that common and very obvious sophism, an induction from abuse to use; an inference, because the overloaded stomach of an alderman or a pluralist may oppress his intellects and obfuscate his wit, that therefore a writer must be put on short commons, and "robbed of his fair proportions" of the good things of this world, if he means to shine in his vocation. Notwithstanding the formal protest to the contrary, the whole reasoning of your correspondent sums itself up in this point. But not only is his reasoning inconclusive; his facts themselves are not correct. "Payment by the sheet," he says, "has tempted men to scribble by the furlong: they have acquired riches, and money has made them luxurious." Now I ask you, Mr. Editor, did ever mortal man get inordinately rich by writing by the sheet? Did ever any of your most "enlightened and valuable correspondents," from A to Z inclusive, die of an apoplexy, or even require an annual bleeding? What! Sir, is it because the periodicals have latterly teemed with articles on gastronomy, and because Ude

and Very have become household words with "the inditers of good matter," does your correspondent imagine, that these Bobadils of the stomach write with knowledge of the subject, and really can distinguish between a *soubise* and a *fricandeau?* And as for "men writing by the furlong," I doubt very much whether you would retain in your service a writer, who, tempted by the lucre of gain, should endeavour to spin out his essays beyond their legitimate dimensions. If writings are bought by the sheet, it is only (to use a Latinism of Dr. Johnson's) "communibus sheetibus." The quality goes for much in the purchase; and I do not imagine a bibliopolist would put an high price on that sheet which was too obviously attenuated in substance in order to stretch it on the bed of Procrustes. To understand at once the fallacy of these supposed riches of sheet-writing miscellanists, let your correspondent cast one look at the overstocked condition of the market, in which there are at least as many writers as readers, and he must own himself mistaken. Condorcet has well remarked that mankind preserve their errors long after they have recognised the elementary truths necessary for their correction. The physiology of the stomach was not so ill understood even by the Greek physicians, but that the true relation of eating to wit might have been demonstrated to evidence. Aretæus calls the digestive organ, with singular felicity, the "leader or general of our pleasures and pains;" and shows that all the other functions of the body are well or ill discharged, according as it fares with the great choregus of the microcosm. With this, all experience agrees. The English, as we well know, cannot fight on an empty stomach; but "feel their courage ooze out" at their præcordia, if its egress be not prevented by a superstratum of good beef and pudding in the epigastric region. But if the other organs do not work well, without a good dinner, it is monstrous to suppose that the brain will, which every anatomical tyro can tell you consumes one sixth of the entire blood in the circulation! Voltaire, who ought to understand the subject as well as most people, was of a different opinion. But Voltaire, your correspondent assures us, was a meagre-faced writer; and so, too, were Pope, Cicero, and Demosthenes. To this I answer, that the thinnest people are proverbially the greatest feeders; whereas corpulent persons are often but puny and delicate eaters. As for Lord Byron, who is also quoted against me, no one has sung so divinely as he the praises of lobster-salads and champaigne, of hock and soda water. Besides, he avowed himself that he wrote best under the inspiration of brandy; plain beef and mutton, nay, epigrams d'agneau and mulligatawny, not being a diet sufficiently stimulating to screw his mental energies to the sticking-place. How much the practice of eating contributes to the perfection of the intellectuals appears in the universal usage amongst Englishmen of meeting all their difficulties at the table. Is benevolence to be excited? a public dinner is got up. Is the liberty of the country in danger? men flock to the tavern. Is a *joint* stock company to be formed? the matter is naturally enough discussed over haunches of venison and ribs of beef. Are the lights of evangelical Christianity to be forced through the impenetrable skulls of the priest-ridden, pauper, papistical peasants of Ireland? Lord Farnham, with a science which cannot be too much praised, finds his way to their brains through their stomachs, insinuates the thirty-nine articles between the folds of a

sandwich, and prepares his "gentle convertites" for grace, by the satisfactory preliminary of an orthodox dinner.

> "For modes of faith let zealots fight;
> His cannot be mistaken
> Whose beef, whose pudding's in the right,
> Whose trust's in good fat bacon."

But if the proof of the pudding be in the eating, where do we hear such splendid eloquence as at public feasts? Where is wit more brilliant than at the festive board? Where is courage more obtrusively conspicuous than when men are pot-valiant?

Pitt never attacked a question of finance under at least a *magnum bonum* of port, and the strength of his wine well explains the strength of his measures, and his "vigour beyond the laws." Sheridan's nose also bore ample testimony as to the hippocrene at which he sought his inspiration; and the beef-steaks at Bellamy's may be fairly asserted to influence the votes of the honourable House at least as much as the sarcasm of Brougham, the arithmetic of Hume, or the luminous details and lucid order of Mr. Goulburn. The belly, Petronius tells us, is a master of arts. It is the common centre where all desires spring, to which all our actions tend; and there can be little doubt that those philosophers are right who have made it the seat of the soul. The great end of liberty itself (without which there is no fine writing) is that every man may eat as well as he can. To assert that authors write in the inverse ratio of their payment, is to fly in the face of all political economy, which places the stimulus to industry in the remuneration. Were this otherwise, why should the terms Grub-street and Garreteer be such reproaches in literature? Is it not plainly intended that he whose poverty reduces him to watery potations, can know little of the *facundi calices;* and that a beggarly fellow who lives on cow-heel, cannot possibly produce a line that is worth the reading?

So dreadfully reduced is this advocate for bad fare of your's, Mr. Editor, that he is compelled to have recourse to the vulgar fallacy and sarcasm concerning the Frenchman's diet, and to connect the light writing of that people with their light feeding. Now either this is true, or it is not. If the French eat as well and as substantially as I contend they do, and as every man who knows the country will admit, then (as the Cambridge-men say) *cadit questio.* But if, on the contrary, the French diet be as slender as this sciolist presumes, why then, your French cookery is not to be had for two guineas a sheet. He who proves too much, proves nothing; yet, if there be any thing in the doctrine of an antiphlogistic regimen, it must apply to preaching as well as to writing; and what will the Establishment say to this? What also, in the name of common sense, would be the use of cabinet dinners, if good eating did not sharpen the wits of his Majesty's trusty cousins and counsellors? or why should Parliament sit at such unseasonable hours, if it were not that questions and dinners might be digested together; and that the nation may have all the benefit of the good things it so liberally supplies to the borough autocrats? If the matter might be decided by authority, the preponderance of examples would be greatly in my favour. Ovid, Horace, and Virgil, all frequented the tables of the great; Cato warmed his virtue with wine; Shakspeare kept up his *verve* with stolen venison; Steele and Addison wrote their best papers over a bottle; Sir Walter Scott is famed for good housekeeping,

and I know authors who love to dine like lords. Even booksellers do their spiriting more gently for good fare, and bid for an author the most spiritedly after dinner. Manes of the immortal Athenæus, look down from your quiet seat at the symposia of the gods, and vindicate the honour of your deipnosophistical philosophy! If "Cervantes wrote his immortal work in prison, if the author of Gil Blas lived in great poverty," what would not their writings have been if they had dined with Beauvilliers and supped with Crockford? And as for Milton's receiving but ten pounds for his Paradise Lost, that is the best reason I ever heard for that glorious poem being so overcharged with scholastic divinity. There is not a more vulgar mistake than that into which my opponent has tumbled head over ears, of confounding good eating with gluttony and excess. It is not because a man gets twenty or five and twenty guineas per sheet for a dashing article, and has taste to expend his well-earned cash upon a cook who knows how to dress a dinner, that he is necessarily to gorge himself like a mastiff with sheep's paunch. On the contrary, if he means to preserve the powers of his palate intact, he must "live cleanly as a nobleman should do." The fat-witted people in the City are not nice in their eating, quantity being more closely considered by them than quality. There is, I admit, something in the good man's concluding conjecture, that "the sort of diet men observe influences their style." I should know an "heavy-wit" man at the third line; and I can tell to a nicety when Theodore Hook writes upon claret, and when he is inspired by the over-heating and acrimonious stimulus of Max. Hayley obviously composed upon tea and bread and butter. Dr. Philpots may be nosed a mile off for priestly port and the fat bulls of Basan; and Southey's Quarterly articles are written on an empty stomach, and before his crudities, like the breath of Sir Roger de Coverley's barber, have been "mollified by a breakfast." When time shall serve, I will send for your private perusal a conjectural *menu* of the "New Monthly;" and prove to a nicety the influence of diet in style, by showing which of your writers addict themselves to the first course, which betray the strongest relish of game, and whose whipped-syllabub articles are produced by a sedulous study of the works of Gunter. There is much more than a bad pun, Sir, in asserting that certain writers are *soup or fish all* in their feeding, and there is more "den some person vill tink" in the phrase of a pudding-headed blunderer. It is time, however, to have done. This letter has grown to an unconscionable length, and I shall conclude with simply reducing the argument *ad absurdum*: If bad pay produces good writing, then that article must be the best which is not paid for at all. Now, every editor knows that gratuitous articles are worth just the price that their contributors affix on them; or rather that they do so much mischief to the miscellany in which they appear, that they are dearer than the highest-priced communication which the most spirited publisher would venture to bid for. I disdain to employ the *argumentum ad hominem*, or I might ask how the gentleman would like you, Sir, to take him at his word, and reduce the remuneration for his articles to his own tariff? No, Sir, rather let me beg of you to proceed with him by a contrary process, and by raising the rate of payment for articles for the New Monthly, convince him in the most feeling way of the grossness of his error.—I am, Sir, your sincere admirer and devoted servant,

M.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, Dec. 18, 1828.

A GREAT deal of interest has been excited during the last few weeks by M. Caillé, a young Frenchman who has been at Tombuctoo, and has been fortunate enough to return home again. M. Jomart, a man of some reputation in the literary circles here, sets himself up as a sort of patron of M. Caillé, with whom he goes about to all the brilliant parties to which the latter is invited. M. Caillé presents a striking contrast to the generality of travelled *lions*, for his manners are singularly simple and unpretending. For this reason I doubt whether he will obtain in France the reward which he would have received in England, or in any country in which extraordinary enterprise is duly appreciated. M. Caillé, who is a native of Rochelle, was employed on the coast of Africa in the capacity of a merchant's clerk. While in this situation, he conceived the idea of undertaking his long and perilous journey. The city of Tombuctoo, which was supposed to contain a million of inhabitants, was an object of curiosity to all Europe. England had sent many distinguished men to Africa, and money had not been wanting to aid their investigations. I shall, therefore, have the greater merit, said M. Caillé, if, poor and unknown, I succeed in carrying home any account of Tombuctoo. He set to work to study the Arabic, and he engaged several masters, all of whom he questioned minutely concerning the governments and mode of living in the interior of Africa; and from all that he heard he had reason to believe that Tombuctoo was by no means so populous as was supposed. He learned that the nations of the interior of Africa were savages only on the subject of religion. These zealous Mussulmans conceive it to be their duty to convert to Islamism all strangers who happen to fall into their power; and if they cannot accomplish their object, they kill them.

M. Caillé quitted the coast, taking along with him a very small packet of merchandize. He assumed the dress of the country, and when he had got to some distance beyond the European settlements, he professed the Mussulman religion; for, intent as he was on the object he hoped to accomplish, he hesitated not to conform to the customs of the country. The account he gave of himself to the good Mussulmans was as follows:—That he was a native of Egypt, and that at a very early age he had been carried off by the army of the great Bonaparte. That having conveyed him to France, the infidels prevented him from following the Mussulman religion, and had even made him forget his mother-tongue. This served to explain the imperfections of his pronunciation. He added that his master, a rich French merchant, had conveyed him from France to the coast of Africa, whence he had found means to escape. But how was he to return to Egypt? That which he most dreaded was, he said, the chance of again falling into the hands of the infidels; and he had accordingly adopted the plan of crossing the continent of Africa, to regain his native country.

Sometimes this story answered M. Caillé's purpose, but at other times robbers possessed themselves of the little packet he carried with him. On these occasions he began to read the Koran, and his property was immediately returned. Finally, after undergoing numberless difficulties, and suffering severely from illness, he enjoyed the unspeakable gratification of entering Tombuctoo. He says he was by no means astonished to find that the city contained no more than twelve thousand inhabitants. The houses consist only of the ground-floor, with a terrace on the roof. The inhabitants are of two different races, Moors and negroes. The former are more enlightened than the latter. They were at first much shocked at the colour of M. Caillé's skin; but on finding that he read the Koran, they became reconciled to him, and treated him with great respect. He noted down the memoranda of his journey between the lines of his copy of the Koran. The spaces were soon filled up, and he then wrote his observations on little scraps of paper which he laid between the leaves of the sacred book. He was once discovered doing this, and he read surprise in the looks of all who observed him.

The people are but little civilised; perhaps, their physical organization is calculated to impede them in forming correct ideas on things which they have not had the opportunity of seeing and examining. They have but very confused notions respecting the existence of any people out of Africa. They believe that in countries remote from their own, there are powerful magicians, who have entered into a compact with the Devil, by which they are enabled to discover hidden treasures, many of which they suppose to exist in the regions adjacent to Tombuctoo. They therefore look upon every stranger as a magician, who has come for the purpose of depriving them of their treasures. According to their interpretation of the Koran, it is a meritorious action to put to death an infidel who will not be converted. This was the great cause of the dangers to which M. Caillé was exposed at Tombuctoo.

The environs of the country, he says, are singularly barren. Water is of course an object of the first necessity in such a climate, and yet the city stands at the distance of five miles from the river. M. Caillé conceives that Tombuctoo is to be considered only as a commercial entrepot. If the trade of that part of the world should decline, he doubts not that the city would disappear in a few years. The inhabitants would speedily remove, and probably establish another settlement on the banks of the river. At Tombuctoo there is none but rain water, which is kept in reservoirs, and which has an execrable taste; and no fuel is used but camel dung. In his excursions round the city M. Caillé attracted the curiosity of the rich merchants, and he soon discovered, by the questions they addressed to him, the fears which his presence inspired. He was supposed to be an agent from the merchants of the coast, and it was suspected that he had come to collect information on the state of commercial affairs at Tombuctoo.

Our traveller learned the history of the unfortunate Major Laing. According to the statements of the inhabitants of Tombuctoo, the Major was the first white man who was ever seen in their city. He passed a month there, and returned to the coast, where he died; but respecting the nature of his death no explanation was given. M. Caillé subsequently learned that the Major having arrived at the distance of about forty-eight leagues from Tombuctoo, was met by a party of Mussulmans, who imperiously commanded him to address a prayer to the Prophet. This the Major refused to do. A piece of stuff was then cut into very narrow shreds, and afterwards sewed together, and the work being terminated, Major Laing was strangled. These particulars were, I believe, gathered on the spot where the melancholy event took place.

M. Caillé left Tombuctoo after staying there a month. A compass, the only instrument he had been able to preserve, served to guide him in his excursions, and assisted him in preparing the map of his journey, which he traced on the leaves of his Koran. Had his drawings been discovered, they would have been regarded as signs for magical operations, and he would probably have been put to death, or detained in the country for life. Had Major Laing consented to utter the prayer that was required of him, and declared himself a Mussulman, he would never have been suffered to return home, lest he might have abandoned the faith of the Prophet.

In a great town situated at some distance from Tombuctoo, the name of which I have forgotten, M. Caillé saw the agents of a prince who levies a tax on the salt produced in the country. He also saw a river, which, like the Nile, inundates and fertilizes its banks.

M. Caillé's return is less interesting for the novelty of his observations than for the extraordinary courage he evinced. His packet of merchandize was reduced to a very small value. He crossed the Desert on a camel's back, with his mouth carefully covered to prevent any humidity from escaping.

Such are the principal facts which I have collected from M. Caillé at different times, by attending to the answers he gave to the various questions of the inquisitive visitors who besieged him. Many of these visitors do not confine their curiosity within proper bounds. This interesting young man has been furiously attacked by the Gazette de France, the Journal of the Jesuits.

In this instance plain good sense, quite remote from the parade or charlatanism of our learned Academicians, has had such influence with our ministers, who are well informed though timid men, that they have had the courage to present M. Caillé with the cross of the Legion of Honour. It is even reported that he is to have a pension of about fifty pounds sterling per annum. How unfortunate for M. Caillé that he is not an Englishman! He would then have been certain of being placed above want, which it is the more desirable he should be, as this interesting young man will during his whole life be exposed to the attacks of the Jesuits, who will never pardon his taking the turban, in consequence of wearing which he was enabled to reach Tombuctoo. The government has as yet done nothing for him. He spends several hours every day in writing his narrative. It is to be hoped that M. Jomart will not disfigure it by the introduction of phrases in his peculiar manner. Mentioning M. Jomart brings at once to recollection Paul Louis Courier, who was assassinated in 1824. That eminent writer gave celebrity to M. Jomart, by making him the object of his pleasantries.

Two volumes of "Letters," published by Paul Louis Courier to his lady, and his friends, have just been published. These volumes prove what we never should have suspected from the severe and misanthropical character of Courier: namely, that he cherished a most tender affection for his wife, who is a very accomplished and still handsome woman. I must confess, however, that many of Courier's letters can have but little interest for the public; but in reference to literature, some are excellent. Military glory is so worshipped in France, that hitherto no one has ventured to hold up to just ridicule the insolence of those generals who, guided by their chief, Napoleon, carried the French eagles to all the capitals of the Continent. These gentlemen are a little subject to what is called, in the army, "Blague," that is, the epidemic which impels a man to become his own trumpeter, making himself the hero of every story he tells. In his posthumous works, Courier has severely satirized this ridiculous ostentation. It is in his charming piece, entitled "Conversation chez Madame d'Albany," that Courier satirizes military glory in his happiest style. The Duchess of Albany, you know, was the widow of the Pretender, Charles Stuart; she visited England in the company of Alfieri, whom, it is said, she privately married. She gave very agreeable parties at Florence, though her household exhibited some of the absurd airs of a court.

Another work which has had great circulation, is "The Reply of Louis Bonaparte to Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon." Within three days after its publication, it was to be seen in every house in Paris. But perhaps this proof of success may not have much weight with you in England, where, I suppose, the rich purchase every new work as it comes out; in France, on the contrary, people buy only books on which they set a value. Louis Bonaparte is an honest man, and though he has been a king, has not been spoiled by his court life; he has corrected with great moderation some of the innumerable mistakes into which Sir Walter has fallen. On the appearance of this little work, a French journal asked—"In what family of kings, even excepting the great Napoleon, are there to be found men as distinguished for personal courage and superior talents as Louis, Joseph, Jerome, and Lucien Bonaparte?"

I have scarcely left myself room to notice a new Comedy, by M. Scribe, in his best style, entitled, "Le Mariage d'Inclination. It is Garrick's "Clandestine Marriage" exquisitely arranged, and draws tears from all the eyes of the young ladies of Paris. Lord Ogleby, instead of being ridiculous, is made highly interesting, and is beloved by the merchant's daughter, who has married her father's clerk.

A novel in two volumes by a Peer of France is announced—whether it will afford reading for chambermaids or their mistresses, will remain to be seen.

Of M. de Beranger's trial, which has created a great sensation here, I shall speak in my next.

IRISH LORDS LIEUTENANT.—BY LADY MORGAN.

The history of the Castle of Dublin, from its first erection as a rude fortress to its present style and occupancy, could it be faithfully and fairly written, would make a curious and amusing book. The records of Birmingham Tower alone would be found full of political romances of the most dramatic effect, and far beyond the usual antichamber gossiping of "how the lady of the starchy married the yeoman of the wardrobe." Even the lodges of the groom porters, and the chambers of the lord stewards, would furnish their quota of illustration, and show by what petty back-stair policy Ireland has been always governed. Lumber-rooms and *garde-meubles*, if well explored, might turn up some singular monuments of past sycophancy, some cumbrous relics of past splendour, illustrations of traditionary fact, to help the moralist to point his tale, or the antiquarian story-teller to adorn it.

In the general sweeping out of the Castle, which precedes the arrival of all Lords Lieutenant, when cobwebs and controllers are brushed off together, and new brooms and new stewards are in equal requisition, it has frequently happened that the rummaging of a dark closet has brought strange things to light; and relics of old vice-regalia have unexpectedly come forward, which had been condemned by succeeding interests to disappear before new offerings of homage to the actual lord of the ascendant and of—the *concordatum*. Shortly after the arrival of the Marquess Wellesley, some busy housemaid, or fussy groom of the chambers, discovered, among the neglected properties of the Castle, a bust, of which the oldest familiars of the court could give no account. It had lain time immemorial among broken thrones and moth-eaten canopies, and would probably have again been consigned "to oblivion" for future consideration, but for the Lord Lieutenant himself, who recognised, in its aristocratic features, the likeness of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, one of his most illustrious predecessors in the Irish government. Lord Wellesley, with a moral courage that deserves to be recorded, boldly ordered the bust to be—dusted; and in the very teeth of the party who, from their official desks in the Castle, attack the representative of the King's government through the ribald columns of their own press, placed it in the most conspicuous of the state apartments. When it is remembered, or known, that all the wit of the witty Lord Chesterfield was directed against the "corrupt fragment of a faction," (as Mr. Burke jacobinically denominated the Ascendency party in Ireland,) which still haunted the Castle, and that this very Lord Chesterfield was recalled for resisting the system in which that faction lives and has its being,—it will be confessed that the installation of that bust *was* an act of moral courage. Without, however, detracting from his Excellency's intrepidity, it must be admitted that the risk in reality was not quite so great as at first sight might appear; for amongst those most likely to object, few perhaps had ever heard of Lord Chesterfield or his political leanings. Knowledge, in Ireland, is not power, nor is ignorance an impediment to supremacy. Where passion and prejudice appeal not to experience, history can flash no light. A study of the annals of the country, therefore, had long been consigned, with wit and genius, to the category of disloyalty, as the distinctive characteristic of

opposition advocates and eloquent agitators. When the bust of Lord Chesterfield was first exhibited on a court night, although remarked as a novelty, it was not assigned to any certain original. Some surmises as to the Pope, Dr. Doyle, and Prince Hohenloe, were circulated, as consonant to the well-known Papistical predilections of the Lord Lieutenant. A grand master, and one high in office, stepped up to the author of this sketch (for this was the epoch of conciliation, "et cette belle amitié étoit une franche aversion,") and asked, "Why, then, whose head is it at all, that Lord Wellesley has stuck up among us here?"—"Lord Chesterfield's," was the reply.—"And who the devil is Lord Chesterfield?"—"A young man upon town, that every one knows."—"Oh, I see—and the very image of himself;" and putting his finger to his nose, like "an arch wag," he passed on, in the full conviction that this effigy of Lord Chesterfield's popularity was the monument of Lord Wellesley's frailty.

Some time previous to this notable event, a picture of considerable dimensions was discovered, under much the same circumstances; and as, from the style and colouring, it was suspected to be a Peter Lely, it was deemed worthy of being cleaned and repaired, and was consigned to the walls of the dining-room at the Viceregal lodge. It represents a tall, slight man, in middle life, with a dark, intelligent, and thoughtful countenance. His robe and cuirass are evidently the fancy costume of the artist; but the boot, drawn down below the knee, with its crimson lining turned over, displays the garter. All that is known of this picture is, a tradition that it was sent to the Castle for safety *during the troubles*; (the definite period!!) and that it was the picture of the good Lord Essex. It is, in fact, the portrait of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Charles II.; and far from having been sent for safety to the Castle in the troubles, must once have been the pride and ornament of its state apartments, before the recall and impeachment of the popular original, whose crime, in the eyes of the English cabinet, was the love he had won and deserved from the Irish people.—As I stood looking at this interesting picture, a short time back, I was forcibly struck by the similar fate which has awaited all those Irish Lords Lieutenant who, from the remotest epoch, have obtained by their wisdom, their justice, their honesty, and their spirit, the confidence and affections of the people they governed; and in driving home, through the silence and the darkness of the Park, I was occupied in "rubbing up my old learning," (as Queen Elizabeth has it,) and recalling from the stores of my Irish Shanaos, the instances which the annals of the country supply to illustrate the fact. It does appear that, from time to time, in spite of pains and penalties, "the English lords have waxed Irish;" and, "degenerating" into justice, have earned, by their feeling for the natives, that gracious popularity which, like "the fatal love of the Roman people," was said to draw down the ruin of its idol. In the midst of her degradation and her grievances, there is something in Ireland that never fails to win the sensitive and the intelligent to her cause. Like some fair, frail woman, more sinned against than sinning, she seduces the affections, even where she forfeits the esteem: and "the tear and the smile in her eye," her vocation to be happy, and her destiny to be wretched, produce that strong deep sympathy, which, mingling pity with admiration, forms one

of the most profound emotions of which humanity is susceptible. Even the rude Lords Deputy of the Pale, armed as they were with power and prejudice, softened to the sorrows and seductions of this Magdalen of nations; and paid the penalty of their sympathy, by awakening the jealousy of her rival and mistress. So far back as Henry VII., Gerald Fitzgerald, lord of Kildare, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, though "a mighty man, full of courage and honour," was suspected of tampering with the Irish affections, and was summoned to the English court to account for his dangerous popularity. His son and successor in the Irish Lieutenancy, "a valiant gentleman, and well spoken," succeeded also to his national predilections; "and being overtaken with vehement suspicions, and by secret *heavers* and enviers of his fortunes, was accused of *currying* acquaintance and friendship with the mere Irish,"— a crime never forgiven to Irish Viceroys, though, as in the present instance, the *mere Irish* included the rank, talent, and independence of the country! The mock trial of this illustrious lord of the pale, his condemnation, and narrow escape, owing to the interference of the King, who refused to sacrifice an old friend and brave soldier to the envy of an overweening minister, are too well known to dwell upon. Then came the tigrish reign of the Virgin Queen; and the Sydneys, the Devereuxes, and the Perrots, first her agents and then her victims, who in their turn paid the forfeit of their sensibility to the sufferings of a country, to which being sent to as exterminators, they left it as friends. The impediments thrown in the way of the equitable government of Sir Henry Sydney, the suspicions nourished against Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, which impelled his inconsiderate return (for discretion is not the virtue of the gallant and the honest), and ended in his execution, are subjects of popular reading; but the story of Sir John Perrot, the mirror of Irish Viceroys, though more interesting, is comparatively unknown; and it bears so especially on the history of the delegated government of Ireland, that a rapid sketch of it will not be *mal-apropos* to the purpose of these pages.

Sir John Perrot was a private gentleman of moderate fortune, who, "by the Queen's favour, his own worthiness, and the comeliness of his personage," succeeded to the usual honours and vicissitudes of favouritism. Having loitered away his youth at the court, figured in royal pageants, and survived royal predilections, he was sent to Ireland as Lord President of Munster, to subdue the noted rebellion of the great Earl of Desmond; and having conducted himself, in that perilous enterprise, with singular gallantry, wisdom, and humanity, he succeeded, in spite of every impediment thrown in his way by the English ministry* "and his private adversaries," in restoring the country to peace and confidence.† Although recalled to England to defend his merits,

* He complains in all his despatches of the misery of his position, "and the want of victuals, or some other impediment."—*Life of Sir John Perrot, Knt.*

† "Wherein his service was sufficiently shown, into what peace and good state he had brought that province. And, also, it is no less manifest by this declaration, and by the former letter, how much the Lord President was molested with the complaints and calumniation of his adversaries, that it should seem he was as much troubled, and had in a manner as much to do, with answering the articles and objections of his private adversaries, as to withstand the assaults and alarums of the public enemies of the State."—*Ibid.* p. 78.

as though they had been crimes, the exigencies of the State justified his conduct, by the necessity they occasioned for his further services; and he was speedily sent back with the fatal pre-eminence of Chief Governor of Ireland. He arrived in Dublin, and received the sword of state in January 1583; and the condition in which he found the unhappy country is best detailed in the quaint pages of his contemporary biographer. "Within a sevennight after his coming thither, he tooke the sword, and so presently sate in counselle, to settell good causes for the quieting and good government of that state, being a contrie that had byn longe infested with warres, bloodshed, sedition, and civill contention; soe that for the space of sixtie yeres or upwardes, seldom had there byn any continuance of concord and perfecte peace thorow all the partes of that island, but that either thorow the corruption or ignorance of the governors, the contention of the lords and men of accompt amongst themselves, or the disobedience of the people and theyr principal leaders agaynst the prince and magistrate, the sword was more in use amongst them than the lawes, and revenge was more practised than peace. The corruption of the governors, either by covetousness or partialitie, had divers times occasioned greate tumultes and trobles in that land, but never more than in the former and last warres of Ireland, which did grow partely by the avarice, instigation, and procurement of some late governors, whose names shall be silenced," &c. &c.—"The ignorance of the governors had allso sometimes given greate advantage to the ill-affected subjectes, who being like coltes not well ridden, when they finde the rider not to carrie a straight even hand and a suer seate, will strive to take the head, and runne away with theyr rider, or to cast hym out of his seate, if they can. Such is the nature of that people (and of most others which are conquered and constrayned to obey,) to seeke libertie, and to preferre auncient costomes before new ordinances, be they never soe good. Yet, to say truth, the people of that countrie love to be justly dealt withall by theyr governors, howsoever they deale with one another, and will doe more at the command of theyr governors, whom they repute and have found to be juste, than by the stricte execution of the lawes, and constraynt of any force or power. Allso, they are for the most parte naturally wise, and apte to observe the best advantage and opportunitie to obteyne theyre porposes."—(Life, p. 141.) The course suggested by this excellent Viceroy had all the success it merited. Peace, confidence, prosperity, and a rapid progress in civilization, were the result. Even the dearest prejudices of the Irish people were laid at the feet of their beloved Chief Governor; the favourite law of tanistry was submitted to him by their chiefs for reform: "And this people being broughte to see theyr own error, did desire more dayly to hold theyr lands by English tenure, offerring to make surrender; but the Lord Deputy did not accept the same, as he affirmed, because he had noe perfect warrant to make theyr estates back againe." What a beautiful trait! the confidence of the unsuspecting and sanguine people, and the probity that threw itself between that unguarded confidence, and the known bad faith of the party it was so foolishly willing to trust! It was this manly and generous administration of the affairs of Ireland which obtained for Sir John Perrot the love and gratitude of the nation, and exposed him to the jealousy of the English cabinet.

In commemorating the advantages derived from such a government, the biographer of Sir John observes—" These thinges passinge thus in prosperous sorte in the Lord Deputie's service, he began there to be much envied; and such secret informations were still prosecuted agaynst hym, that from thence forwards the Lord Deputie found much opposition in all his actions of accompt; and the more quiet the countrie grew by his industrie and indevors, the more incensments were wrought agaynst him: private grudge prevayling where open hostilities could do hym noe harm." (p. 218.) The Lord Deputy (continues the same writer) finding himself and his services crossed, and that answers, and despatches, and directions came slowly out of England, sayth thus, in a letter bearing date Sept. 7, 1585:—" I troble your Lordships with often writing and longe letters; whereunto I am the more inforced because I have noe answers or solutions from your Lordships, either to direct me in this service, or to satisfie me for your honorable allowances of me and my service. I am driven, as it were, to propound, and write agayn, as though I were answered for matters of state, and allso to encounter slanderous reportes and malicious practises, wherof, if your Lordships provide not a favorable redresse, to yield me more comfort than hitherto I have had, I must give all over as a discoraged man: and soe cravinge pardon, if grief have carried me away in any thing over-ernestly, I take my humble leave." (p. 121.)

Other calumnies and persecutions followed. The submission of O'Niel, the object so long desired, was turned against him, as an evidence of his undue influence obtained by a dangerous popularity. His sifting out abuses of the petty officials, which " made the bad fellowes so open-mouthed against him," led the way to his ruin. " For if he would give every man his will, and let go all abuses, pickeries, and deceites, he might have had the good word and wills of such kynde of men, to the harme of her Majestie and the State, and to the touche of his own conscience." Every act of justice and of wisdom served but to hurry on his destruction; " for by this time the Queen and Counsell in England began to be incensed agaynst hym by meanes of divers secret complaynts exhibited agaynst hym, proceeding from the Counsell in Ireland, such as the Lord Chancellor there, and others; being well aggravated and sett on by the Secretary Fenton, whilst he remained in England." The opposition of the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland to the Irish Lord Lieutenant was a curious feature in the barbarous policy of the times; and the unkindness which fell out between them was so violent, that though " the Queen sought to persuade the Chancellor to shunne contention with the Lord Deputie, she could not prevayl; for he did persist in that course of opposition during the Lord Deputie's government," which had now reached its close. Sir William Fitzwilliam was appointed to succeed him; and to him he delivered the sword, with these remarkable words—" Now, my Lord Deputie, I have delivered you the sword, with the contry in firme peace and quietnes. My hope is you will inform the Queene and Counsell of England therof, even as you finde it; for I have left all in peace, and pledges sufficient to maynteyne the peace." His departure from Dublin is too well told to allow of the substitution of other words than those of the eye-witness who thus describes it:—"At the day of his departure out of Dublyn, there were many noblemen and gentlemen of great worth come thither to take

theyr leave of hym, amongst whom the old O'Neale, Turlough Lenough, with divers others, was there; and he in the great reverence and love that he bare to Sir John Perrott, did not only come to Dublyn to bid him farewell, but tooke boate and saw hym on shippe board, lookinge after hym as farre as ever he could kenn the shippe under sayle, when he shedde tears as if he had byn beaten. The lyke did otheis of good note and name at that time. Allso, a greate number of poore countrypeople came thither at his departure; some that dwelt twenty, some forty myles or more from Dublyn; and many of them that had never seen hym before: yet they did strive and covet as he went thorow the streetes, if they could not take hym by the hand, yet to touch his garment; all praying for hym, and for his longe life. And when he asked them why they did soe, they answered that they never had enjoyed theyr owne with peace before his time, and did doubt they should never do soe agayn when he was gone."

What remains to be told of the tragic story of this wise and popular minister may be narrated in a few words. On his return to England, many months had not passed when a most severe and cruel scrutiny was made into his actions, words, and even thoughts. In 1592 he was arraigned at Westminster, found guilty of high treason, received sentence of death, and shortly after died in the Tower, in all probability of a broken heart, occasioned by the malice of his enemies, the ingratitude of the Queen, and a sense of the utter unavailingness of all his efforts, and all his sufferings, in behalf of a foredoomed and a miserable people.

To the mild, equitable, and prosperous government of Sir John Perrot, succeeded a reign of terror, under the cruel and rapacious Sir William Fitzwilliam, a worthy representative of the true daughter of Henry the Eighth, who was the inheritor of his temperament, his love of blood and of power. "When Fitzwilliam entered upon the government," says Morrison, the English historian, "Ireland was in the best estate that it had been in for a long time; so that the greatest lord, called by letter or messenger, readily came to the state, and none of them known to be any way discontent." But in three short months all was again confusion, violence, and carnage. "The loyal Irish," says Dr. Leland, "trembled for their safety, and the disaffected were confirmed in their inveteracy." Murder, rapine, insurrections, filled up the annals of the late peaceable land; and the reign of Elizabeth ended in the almost total extermination of her Irish subjects.

In the order of merit and good will towards Ireland, Sir John Perrot was followed by Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, at an epoch when the Act of Settlement was supposed to have suppressed all heart-burnings, and to have accomplished the desires of the Irish people by the restoration of their favourite family to the throne. Lord Essex had been educated in the school of the Commonwealth, and he lived and acted in those stirring times when men are thrown upon their own resources. It was his favourite political maxim, that the obligation between prince and people was so mutual, that a breach of duty on one side left the other free; and with such notions on government, he assumed the control of that of Ireland. "His administration of the affairs of that kingdom," says an historian of the times, "exceeded all that had gone before him, and was a pattern to all that should come

after him; for he studied to understand well the constitution and the interests of the nation. He read over all their council-books, and made large extracts out of them to guide him, so as to advance every thing that had been at any time set on foot for the good of the kingdom. He made numerous volumes of tables of the state of the persons who were in every county and town, and got true characters of all that were capable to serve the public; and he preferred men always upon merit, without any application from themselves, and watched over all about him that there should be no bribes going among his servants. But notwithstanding these noble qualifications, and his great services, he was recalled in 1677, for complaining that payments were not regularly made in Ireland,* and refusing to pass the accounts of the Earl of Ranelagh, who had the management of the Irish revenue." A conduct so spirited and so upright was a sufficient reason for his recall. But there were many others equally powerful in urging his degradation and return. Among these, the love he bore and the love that was returned him by Ireland, were not the least nor last. His popularity had excited a profound jealousy in the English ministry, and occasioned some dark suspicions even in the King himself. "In the station where I am," he writes to one of his friends, "my absence from the court often exposeth both my words and actions to misrepresentations of divers kind;" and he elsewhere complains that he was surrounded in his own court by spies and calumniators, who watched his conduct to vilify and malign him. Thus it happened, that, unwilling or unable to bear up against the difficulties and dangers of his position, he solicited the recall which was already resolved on; and he embarked for England amidst the tears and blessings of a people whose tears he had so often dried, and whose blessings he had so well won. The conclusion of the story of this British worthy is soon told. He who had boldly voted for the Exclusion bill, which but anticipated the voice and will of the nation respecting James the Second,—he who had lived, and thought, and felt with Sydney and with Russell,—could scarcely fail to share their fate. Impeached, imprisoned, his murder in the Tower quickly followed, and excited strange suspicions analogous to the character of those bad times, and the bad men who governed in them.† His conduct in Ireland gave the first blow to his fortunes: and the blow which struck at his honour, his liberty, and life, was supposed to have been a certain though remote consequence of it. The fate of Essex was an awful example to future chief governors of Ireland; and a long succession of those shadows of the shades of power proved that it was so felt.

* "The Earl of Ranelagh had undertaken to furnish the King with money for the building of Windsor out of the revenue of Ireland; and it was believed that the Duchess of Portsmouth had a great yearly pension out of his office. By these means payments in Ireland were not regularly made, of which the Earl of Essex complained. The King would not own how much he had had from Ranelagh, but pressed Lord Essex to pass the accounts, which he would not.......... The King was not pleased with this, nor with his exactness of that government. It reproached his own too much: so he took a resolution about this time to displace the Earl of Essex, and to put the Duke of Ormonde again in his room."—*Life of A. C. Earl of Essex, prefixed to his Letters.*

† "This murder was said to have been committed by the Duke of York's contrivance, and perpetrated by the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Feversham, and his valet-de-chambre."—*Life of Lord Essex.*

On the Earl of Chesterfield, however, the example had no effect; and he came independent to Ireland, as he left it. This nobleman, who had been for ten years in opposition, was selected more from necessity than liking. The ministry put him forward as an instrument of conciliation, and loaded him with the responsibility of a difficult government. They wished to retain in their own hands the substance of power, and to shackle him with some creature of their own in the character of a secretary; but he laughed at the intrigue, and in their despite chose for himself one, whom he described to his son as "a very pretty young fellow who knew nothing of business." He was determined to see with his own eyes, and to encounter no subaltern interference with the system he chose to adopt. Such was the spirit in which Lord Chesterfield ascended the viceregal throne of Ireland, on which he was placed by an influence to which even kings must sometimes submit—by the influence of circumstances. Docile mediocrity was no longer adequate to meet the exigencies of the hour, as in those times of comparative tranquillity, when any stalking-horse of diplomacy might be led over the beaten course, by some self-sufficient political jockey with the name of Secretary, who, without the pageantry of the higher office, monopolized all its patronage and exercised more than its powers. At this moment dangers, both internal and external, called for qualities of a different order; and the English Government was driven to the desperate resource of accepting the aid of great abilities, at the expense of abiding by the decisions of untrammelled independence. Under this pressure, George the Second disdainfully appointed one of the cleverest men of his empire to the Irish government; and to this involuntary step he was probably indebted for not being himself driven to "give his little Senate laws" in Hanover. In vain were the reiterated cries of Popery and the Pretender rung into the ears of this singular Lord Lieutenant,—that the old measures of the Boulters and the Stones were proposed as the golden rules of viceregal wisdom, — that preachers from the pulpit aroused the crusading spirit of intolerance against a sect beaten down to the earth,—that the domineering partizans of a haughty Ascendency assailed the audience-chamber of the Viceroy, and "stopped his chariot, or boarded his barge," to teach him how to rule; —the acute, the elegant Chesterfield fathomed the depths of their ferocious feebleness, and played with the virulence which he disdained to encounter. When the advocates of intolerance preached persecution, he answered their counsels by an apophthegm or a *bon mot:* he gave them parties for their politics, and suppers for their sophistry; and he stopped the mouths of many with good dinners, upon whom good arguments would have been thrown away. By a personal combination of wisdom and humanity, he preserved the Catholic population in the most perfect peace and obedience during the whole of that rebellion by which Protestant England was nearly restored to the Stuarts—a memorable example of the value of an enlarged philosophy in governors, and of the disposition of the people to be grateful for kindness in their rulers, and to yield a willing obedience to authority, if encouraged by a show of justice and fair dealing. The experiment, however, did not succeed; the system would not answer the views either of the faction at home, or of the ministry in England. Ireland must be divided and misgoverned at any expense; and the immediate cause of alarm having

been removed by the Battle of Culloden, Chesterfield was recalled, within eight months of his appointment.

Actuated by the same sentiments, advocating the same policy, the Earl of Fitzwilliam was one of those for whom kings and their ministers could do nothing; and in exchanging the enjoyments of his own splendid privacy* for the arduous position of chief governor of Ireland, he made a sacrifice which Ireland has not yet forgotten. The *prestiges* attached to his venerated name had singled him out as the most efficient agent to soothe the rising ferments, and calm the discontents which were then shaking Ireland to its centre; and his own unsuspecting frankness marked him, in the apprehension of mystifying diplomacy, as one on whom its *fourberies de Scapin* could be played off with success. There is a vein of littleness running through the successive generations of the human kind favourable to the practices of that race of statesmen who mistake cunning for wisdom, stratagem for ability, and who, "parce qu'ils mentent, se croyent des Machiavelles." The purpose of these politicians was to hold Ireland at bay, by sending her a conciliating viceroy, till, under the cover of his high popularity, they could effect her utter prostration and irretrievable ruin. The notable coalition of that day between Mr. Pitt and the Portland party produced scenes and circumstances more resembling the imbroglio of a Spanish comedy than the councils of statesmen. The honest *morale* of the mild Bentinck temperament was unequal to contend with the *finoteries* of the party with which they were "joined, not matched;" and the manner in which the Duke of Portland was "duped," (to use the phrase which his friend Lord Fitzwilliam applied to him) is a striking illustration of the way in which Ireland has been deceived and abused, even under the ministry of her best and most upright friends. When, says Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Portland and his friends were enticed into a coalition with Mr. Pitt's administration, it was necessary to hold out such lures as would make the coalition palatable. Among these *lures* was the appointment of a popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was assured, previous to his accepting of office, that the English Cabinet, with Mr. Pitt at its head, was convinced of the necessity of relieving the Catholics from all their remaining disqualifications. "Had I found it otherwise," says Lord F——, "I never would have undertaken the government." He did, however, undertake the government, and it proved that "l'homme de genie a beau jeu vis-à-vis des coquins." His appointment soon turned out to be a mystification. His opinions and letters to the minister remained unanswered. His attempt to remove that faction, "to commit himself with which," he said, "was to subject his government to all the opprobrium and unpopularity attendant on its mal-administration," was rendered abortive by its underhand manœuvres with the minister, with whom it was in direct relation. He recommended the Currans and the Ponsonbys as the men in whom he could place the most confidence; and the Tolers and the Wolfs were preferred. He spoke of Grattan, and he heard only of Beresford; so that he was condemned "to have two

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* "If so, it were much to be wished that the discovery had been made before last July; before I had been compelled, by incessant solicitations and the most urgent importunities, to undertake the arduous task for which I and mine have relinquished all our comforts."—*First Letter from Lord Fitzwilliam to the Earl of Carlisle.*

sets of men,—one possessing confidence without office, the other office without confidence." The commissioner and the storekeeper of the customs, "who was fulfilling a situation greater than that of the Lord Lieutenant," in a clandestine interview with Mr. Pitt, found means to persuade him to undo all that he had arranged with Lord Fitzwilliam, and to break a faith pledged to their most solemn arrangements. The most popular viceroy that ever blessed the land ("not even excepting the celebrated Lord Chesterfield,")* was recalled. The immediate effect was terrific. The very rumour produced a volcanic explosion of public feeling, which shook the island from its centre to its remotest shore. The ferment in the capital was so great that Sir Lawrence Parsons proposed an address in the House of Commons to the Lord Lieutenant, stating how exclusively he possessed the confidence of that House, and expressing the strongest apprehensions for the public safety, if he were prematurely removed from the executive. This motion was followed by one more electric still; a voice cried out for the impeachment of the minister who removed the pacificator of Ireland; "and if it be asked," it said, "who speaks thus of impeachment, I answer, an honest representative of the people."† The day of Lord Fitzwilliam's departure was already fixed; for the appointment of his successor, unknown to the reigning Lord Lieutenant, had been settled months before. In the brief interval the whole kingdom was in agitation. Conflicts between the people and the military were of daily occurrence. Addresses from all parts poured in to him whose disgrace was a distinction. The day of his embarkation was one of public mourning, not figuratively, but literally. The shops were shut, the counting-houses closed, a crowd of respectable gentlemen, dressed in black, took the horses from his carriage and drew it to the water's side. The populace, dejected, but zealous in their offerings of sorrow and gratitude, pressed in thousands round the vehicle. Lord Fitzwilliam, not calculating on the high tone of feeling of which the poor are capable, offered the usual largesses; but the most wretched and squalid population, that misrule ever created, refused the relief thus offered, and trod in the dirt the silver which fell in showers at their feet. Of this ill-fated day the results were, the Rebellion, and the Union. Hopes disappointed, prospects blasted, promises laughed at, thousands of lives sacrificed, thousands of hearts broken, England drained of her wealth, Ireland ravaged and demoralized, and the empire torn and distracted, were the bitter, but not unnatural consequences of thus truckling to a faction, and upholding a system which would have disgraced the political ignorance of the darkest æra of the middle ages.

To speak in adequate terms of the administration of the Marquess Wellesley is both difficult and delicate. No viceroy ever came to Ireland with a deeper sense of the necessities of the country, or with a purer desire of effecting its welfare. But the æra of his government was one of new and singular combinations. Public opinion in England, sufficiently enlightened to prohibit the existence of a ministry wholly pledged to the continuance of Catholic exclusion, was not sufficiently formed to cast off the ancient abusive system, and its veteran uphold-

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* New Annual Register. † Mr. Duquery.

ers. A fallacious and apparent neutrality upon the Irish question formed the basis of the English Cabinet: a chess-board ministry, "here a white square, and there a black," appointed the successful legislator of the East, who came to Ireland under the impression that he was "to administer the laws as they existed" with undeviating partiality. But behind this fair-seeming equality moved a countervailing force. The Secretary of the Home Department was, as he himself boasted, the government of Ireland; and its subaltern officials were the ready and interested agents of his ignorance and his bigotry. Within the walls of the Castle itself, an opposition of detail was organized against every measure of proposed relief; and the commencement of Lord Wellesley's rule was signalized by an unpunished overt act of insult against his own person. The line of conduct to have been pursued in this case may be deemed to have been plain: an immediate removal from office of the most distinguished caballers against his government, or an immediate resignation on his part, should, perhaps, have been the prompt alternative offered to his insidious employers. But then, to resign, would have been to betray the country of his birth to all the horrors of an Orange administration, and of an uncalculated and ill-timed re-action. Much good that could not be impeded, much mitigation of suffering that could not be refused to his solicitation or his intervention, must have been abandoned. Time was daily operating a farther change in men and in opinions; and hope stood near to cheer him on in his disgracious task of bearing and forbearing. Lord Wellesley continued in office: and, enduring the opprobrium of all the evil he could not prevent, and scarcely obtaining credit for the half measures which he could alone effect, he was censured by the serviles, without meeting an adequate return of confidence and gratitude from the people, whom he in vain endeavoured to protect.

The death of Mr. Canning produced a silent revolution in the public administration of affairs, which substituted the beat-of-drum tactics of our great captains for the meditative wisdom of our ancestors, turned the council of the cabinet into the office of an adjutant-general, and rendered the military anecdote of Napoleon's court, "tel soldat est passé roi," applicable to the British ministry. The Marquess of Anglesey was appointed to the government of Ireland; and the pouncing of King Stork among the frogs, was but a faint type of the trepidation excited by the expected arrival of this "armipotent soldier." His prowess in the field, his vote in the senate, his military talents, and presumed Orange politics, created the utmost alarm in the hearts of the seven millions, and their million of friends. Reports had been industriously circulated of his belligerent intentions by the Ascendency party, who all affected to be his personal friends; though some of "the little more than kin" turned out a great deal "less than kind." It was quoted from his "orderly-book," that he was to make his *pas d'avance* by commanding those ranks to take close order, which his predecessor had broken up and drafted into his own new-raised corps, the Wellesley conciliators. Enforced resignations, and fearful promotions, were predicted; and war to the knife was denounced against those Liberals and Catholics who had been permitted to swallow ices and macaroons at the Castle, under the *weak regime* of the late viceroy. The revival even of the old penal statute against Catholics entering the Castle-yard, was matter of hope; and

certainly no tradesman was to exhibit the viceregal patronage in flashy gold letters over his shop-door, who could not produce a certificate of his subscription to the thirty-nine articles. Meantime, the most warlike preparations were made for the reception of Lord Anglesey; and on the day destined for his entry into the capital, all the glorious panoply of military array was put into requisition: streets lined, troops under arms, the whole garrison turned out, while generals, military and medical, legal and inspectorial, were seen galloping to and fro, ready to honour by their presence, and protect by their valour, the new Governor-General of Ireland. Every house from Kingston to the Castle, through which the procession was to pass, teemed with loyalty and loveliness; and a thousand Orange pocket-handkerchiefs were ready to leap from their pockets, at the first signal of the approach of him, who, it was expected, would enter the capital in a full suit of armour, borrowed from John O'Gaunt in the Tower. At last the state trumpeters and kettledrums gave note of preparation. The royal progress began, opened by a score of tremendous pioneers, with heads and hatchets that might scare the stoutest Papist. Then came troops of the line, and troops out of the line; and then the chivalry of Ireland, constabulary and civic. Then came the fraternity of kings, Ulster and Munster, dressed in Orange coats, "as kings should be."* Then followed the corporation; the common council, (some of them looking very uncommon,) and the aldermen, and the glories of the sheriffalty, and the lord mayor, and the lord knows who, filling up "the city's state and pageant." Then came the gallant staff and the glittering household, "glasses of fashion and moulds of form." Then new troops poured in, and new shouts poured out. The splendour of the procession passed on —passed away! and when the breath of expectation at length was drawn with sufficient freedom, it was asked, "Which was the Lord Lieutenant?" But none could tell: for while all looks were directed to catch the first sight of the man in armour, the Lord Lieutenant passed on to the capital in his plain blue coat and round hat, just as he was wont to ride out from Uxbridge-house to Hyde Park, marked only by that personal distinction, which neither kings nor tailors can give or take away,—his well-known thorough-bred air and "witching horsemanship."

The manner in which Lord Anglesey entered the capital, was construed by the sagacious people as the prologue of his government; and it began that favourable impression which every hour and every act of his life confirmed and increased. The leading quality of his Lordship's character, that dauntless temper of the mind, which spurns at *mezzo termine*, was precisely the quality so long wanted in an Irish viceroy. If formerly he had voted on the impressions of others, he now acted on his own; and every resolve of his government was favourable to the peace and prosperity of the country. With rapid perceptions, and a soldier's eye, he at once caught the political position of Ireland in all its wholeness; and, his convictions once formed, he avowed them openly and frankly, with a soldier's candour, and acted upon them with a soldier's promptitude. With that simplicity of manners which belongs to the highest order of the English aristocracy, he discarded all superfluous

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* "All periwig and regimentals, as a General should be."—*School for Scandal.*

state; and, being readily accessible to all, none left him unimpressed with the honesty of his intentions, and the graciousness of his deportment. In his passage from the Phœnix to the Castle, and his promenades in the environs of the city, his retinue was the single groom of a private gentleman; and he journeyed through the wildest districts of the provinces, as he had done through the crowded streets of the capital, winning by this simple act of confidence in his own character, and in the loyalty of the people, a respect and a regard, which all the cohorts at his disposition could not have enforced. Zealously attentive to every suggestion for raising the drooping trade of Dublin, and for developing the resources of the country, he was in hourly personal intercourse with all classes of citizens; and discarding, or rather unconscious of the arts of official mystery, he treated of the arrangements of government, as he would have spoken to the agent of his private estates. Even the social order of domestic life benefited by his cordial and unpretending conciliation. The gaiety of the gayest nation upon earth was no longer eclipsed by party acrimony. They whose wit and talents had formerly been their title to proscription, now took their places in the high circles of their own country, as they would have done in every other country of Europe; and the eloquence of Demosthenes was no longer sufficient to drive a man from the pale of sociality, because it had been exercised in his country's cause. Faction hid her head; Commerce raised her's: and nothing was left to desire, but the continuance of that wise, frank, and uncompromising administration, which in so short a time had tranquillized the country, and given a foretaste of the happiness to be expected from equal laws and a national government;—an administration which had already conferred benefits on Ireland which centuries of legislation for "bettering the condition of the people" had failed to procure.

In the midst of this social and political regeneration, Lord Anglesey, sharing the destiny of all his most illustrious predecessors, was recalled. The event fell like a thunderbolt; and it is not the less awful, because its causes are wrapped in mystery. Supposition was busy with her causes, Rumour with her details. Some would have it that Lord Anglesey, reversing the conduct of Corporal Trim, "had acted very well as a man, but very ill as a soldier;" that he had not waited for orders to save the country; and that, wanting in "that cold wisdom which tends on superfluous folly," he had conducted himself with an independence, subversive of military discipline. For though

"It was not Cæsar's vice to hate a great competitor,"

still the Captain's Captain might be desirous "to share the triumph and partake the gale." Others suggested that his Excellency, by admitting to his social intercourse persons only notable for patriotism, rank, and talent, had drawn down an interference with his private friendships, which his lofty spirit was ill calculated to brook. Be the causes, however, what they may, the results were tremendous; and of these, not the least notable and anomalous perhaps is, that this act of ministerial despotism, which has sacrificed the wishes and prosperity of eight millions of British subjects, to no given reason of state policy, or major importance, has converted the great pacificator of Europe, into the GREAT AGITATOR of Ireland.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1829.

HELL.

WHAT art thou, O Tartarus!
Whose fierce name doth press on us
Like some dark unfounded truth
Which threw fear upon our youth,
And did chain our minds to folly,
And the vice of melancholy?

What art thou,—eternal Hell?
Whose black billows sink and swell
For aye, and with cries horrible
'Gainst our brain doth dash, and seem
Like the anguish of a dream?
Art thou floating at our feet,
An unknown and viewless ruin,—
While Earth's children here are doing
Sins which deadly are but sweet?
Serpent, who hast ever curl'd
Round about the flowery world,
With thy poisonous endless train,
Bearing nought but death and pain,
What is thy abode, and where,
Fatal Tempter—Spirit fair?

Like the unimagined Heaven
From our human eyes withdrawn,—
Like a soaring earthquake driven
Upwards, 'till the summer dawn
Shrinks affrighted,—so art thou,
To whom fear and frenzy bow.
Thou art like a giant born
In the night before the morn
When man's winged thought arose
O'er the range of Thibet snows,
And its strength (which is divine)
Dash'd down the pale Olympian line,
Uncrowning all its gods and kings,
And Egypt's hosts of baser things.

Thine is doubt,—deceit,—and terror,
And the strength which feeds on error;
Ignorance, weakness, form thy power,
And the hate, which lives an hour,
Shrieks to thee to crush her foes;
But the gentle Hope, that blows
Like an innocent flower free,
Quaileth when it dreams of thee.
Dark and dreadful, thou must be
Somewhere—though unknown to me:
Art thou—Ah, return I still
(Feign or fancy how I will)
To the question—"what" and "where?"
Tell me, theologians rare,
Must I ask, and still despair?

GODWIN'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.*

Though the better part of two centuries—a space which flings most things, if not into oblivion, at least into indifference—has rolled past, Charles and his opponents are still the subject of heated feelings and party conflicts; nor are the grounds of controversy capable of being narrowed, like most other things, by agreement upon facts, for those grounds lie in the prejudices of men, their political bias, or their personal interests, and facts which militate, instead of being admitted, are contested. Evidence is sought for rebutting, not for confirming; and so, of course, little gets established; and even where facts are incontestable, the principles on which they were performed—the views of the agents—the objects aimed at—the palliatives—the enhancings—are all matter of contention; and neither party will give up an inch, lest the outworks should involve the citadel. Why should not Charles and his contemporaries be thought of as of the most indifferent thing which touched us not? Because it *does* touch us. The topic is government; of which every man is the sharer or the subject: these are naturally opposed, —the one struggles to keep or to get, the other to withhold. The passions are mixed up, the bias and bent of individuals, interest and place, fashion and reception, are all implicated.

There is no measure or moderation in these matters; people make inferences for you; and say what you will, or distinguish as you will, consequences which you never contemplated are fastened upon you. If you express any admiration, or even any tolerance of popular institutions, you are an enemy to monarchy—you are a republican—you are adverse to the existing government—you are an unsafe politician—not to be trusted with power, at all events, and scarcely, indeed, credited for common honesty. Do you venture a word upon the unapostolicalness of episcopacy, you are a foe to the Church—you are indisposed to the establishment—you would abolish tithes, and destroy religion—you are no Christian—you are an Atheist. In the same spirit, if you question the integrity of Charles—if you hint at his disposition to despotism—if you speak of the leaders, the successive managers of the Long Parliament, as men of ability and resolution, as the founders of English liberty, as men of *some* honesty and patriotism—you are a Radical —you are no friend of our happy constitution, and wish to see all existing institutions subverted.

Yet no man of common sense and common information can doubt that Charles had faults, and his opponents virtues; and therefore, by a little mutual concession, if we could but be cool, we might, by degrees, approximate, and eventually coalesce and concur. But the truth is, no sooner does a man take up his pen than he becomes the advocate or the opponent; and we suppose it must be so: few writers, and especially writers of history, are prompted merely by the *besoin d'écrire;* some favourite or personal view is the common compelling motive. Never surely was there a case which better admitted of palliating circumstances than the one we are now contemplating. Charles was invested with power, and he did his best to keep it, as every body does. His subjects found him possessed of more than enough—of more than was essential or useful for the purposes of good government; the opportunity was favourable, and they resolved to clip it. Nobody, nowadays, will abstractedly talk of *jure divino*—of passive obedience; nobody will insist upon the necessity of the King's possessing uncontrollable power; nobody will deny the right of the people to check and restrain, nor the wisdom of doing it; and yet the country is full of persons, who zealously unite to *do,* what in words they refuse to utter. But who are these persons? The great—the higher classes—their admirers and imitators—the countless multitudes of their would-be associates. Of the latter, some are prompted by interest, directly or indirectly, coarsely or craftily; for the higher classes alone are those who can command place and patronage; others are impelled by fashion

* "Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England." In Four Vols. 8vo.

—fashion merely. The higher "orders" generally side with the existing government; to take, therefore, the same side, to pursue the same objects, adopt the same views, assume the same tone and sentiments, is to be, in effect, of the higher "orders,"—a point of irresistible ambition. It is just so with the Church; very large numbers associate with the establishment, because, as we once heard a lady in her simplicity observe, it is more *genteel.* The Chapel, the Meeting, has the stamp of vulgarity upon it; and so, to be mixed up with the opponents of government, to be enrolled in the list of reformers, to aim at change and improvement, at more equitable institutions, more spreading and direct modes of accomplishing right purposes, is, in like manner, regarded as a *low thing.* While fashion reigns, no favourable change is to be hoped for, but the contrary; the tendency is to degenerate; and we bid as fair for despotism—for military despotism, as any nation upon record. A few philosophers—how tickling the sound—sprinkled over the surface of society, have more reasonable and manly views—calm and considerate observers, talking and writing like beings not of this world; and those in power have grown wise enough to let them talk, discovering at last that talking prevents acting; and so that men are suffered to babble, they may *themselves* do what they please.

Amid the cry of improvement—improvement! to assert, or to hint, that we are in reality growing worse, will be thought a wild and random remark; and yet who can doubt the truth of it, who will but contemplate the influence, the unbounded influence, in our days, of fashion—the strange and morbid passion for pretension, and display, and importance. Unless you are of the first circles, or affect to be so, and ape their manners, phrases, dress, tones, and sentiments, you are nobody. The great, as every body knows, are Torily disposed, and Toryism accordingly prevails: in effect, where the contrary is professed, Toryism affects our actions, where it does not our words. A Whig, or even a Radical *speech,* is no security against Tory acts. The proofs are before us in every day's experience.

Every third man in the kingdom is in possession of a place, or looking, directly or indirectly, for place; and of course, whether in possession or expectancy, he must accommodate to what he understands to be agreeable at head-quarters. For all this no remedy can be expected so long as the *command* of patronage continues of the same prodigious extent;—reduce but the expenditure of the country, withdraw the means of providing, and the number of candidates for office will diminish; people will learn to live on their own resources, will depend more on their own exertions, will become more independent in fact and in phrase; interest will lose its hold, fashion follow, and we shall have little admiration left for power and greatness, except in the immediate purlieus of the Court.

But we are forgetting Mr. Godwin, though the spirit in which his book is written, and the reception it is likely to meet with, led us naturally enough into this train of thinking. He is a perfect Republican of the sternest stuff—a very stoic in politics; he has neither awe nor admiration for monarchy and its trappings; the diadem does not impress him with its majesty; and he argues as coolly on the essential insignificance of monarchs and courtiers, as he does ardently on the inherent greatness of the people. This production of his, which is now complete, is one of extraordinary research, and worthy of his acknowledged abilities; but not, as might be anticipated, free from the characteristics of party. With all the desire in the world to be honest, Mr. Godwin is of too sanguine, too inflexible a temperament, not to take a party. His convictions are fixed, and the utmost that can be expected is, that he will not *suppress* the faults and errors of his party. This he has not designedly done, except where he firmly believed them assignable solely to the calumnies of opponents. Indignation, but a generous one, prompted him to review the story. He beheld the prejudices of the Royalist writers—their habitual and steady design to depreciate and vilify the Parliament, to magnify or palliate the King; and he resolved to sift the authorities on which their re-

presentations rested. This feeling has stamped the mark of controversy upon the book. The line between repelling calumnies and pronouncing eulogies is exceedingly fine, and Mr. Godwin has not always been able to keep to it. We find him hastily rejecting as calumnies things for which he cannot find direct or substantial evidence; though this, he should know, and indeed on other occasions shows he does know, is extremely hazardous. All tradition is not to be rejected, for every thing is not recorded; and if we are to renounce every thing for which we have not direct and indisputable testimony, what will there be left? We are not, be it observed, objecting to the sifting of evidence thoroughly; nor, though we should hesitate about rejecting tradition in the lump, are we for rashly, or even easily admitting it.

Charles is never, by any chance, right or justifiable: Mr. Godwin has no toleration for him, nor can he ever find any ground of excuse; and we have ourselves no doubt at all—pious and professing as he was, or at least those who undertook to express his sentiments—he was a man of no fixed or generous principles—a man of technical morals and sentiments—of no enlightened or enlarged views—but a thoroughly selfish person, who never questioned the source or extent of his rights, and cared not who suffered so that he lost none. To dupe was no treachery, killing no murder: no faith was to be kept with rebels: if a present point could be gained by a lie, he told it; if an oath would serve him, he was ready to take it; if a profession, he made it; and no scruple evidently was felt in breaking engagements, which left a loop-hole for declaring them forced upon him. A more conscientious, a more enlightened, a more *prudent* man, would have come to terms; but he was resolute to relax in nothing; and he preferred war, and a civil war, and deliberately, to the loss of an atom of power. Yet, it is said, he believed himself justified. No doubt, and that belief will tell *in foro conscientiæ;* but were others bound to suffer for his mistakes? It was a question between one man and the nation—the leaders spoke in the name of a nation, and felt themselves as right as he, and were, besides, furthering the manifest interests of a whole people. It is idle to say they were no patriots; some might not be, thousands were; though eventually all were driven farther than was originally contemplated.

Mr. Godwin, as we said, can find no palliatives for Charles: it was not, indeed, his business; the task he undertook was to do justice to the Parliament, which none had hitherto done. Let others, Mr. Godwin may say, still take up the King's cause; I have found the adverse party misrepresented, and I have a satisfaction in correcting the gross and atrocious misrepresentations; and he would add, perhaps, I have discovered nothing to excuse Charles—I find him uniformly treacherous, subtle, selfish, and indefensible. In this spirit he has written his book—and an able one it is—full of clear statement, distinct views, enlightened principles, generous sentiments, elevated, excellent, uncompromising. No research, it is obvious, can add to the testimony he has produced; it is the best case that can be made for the great agents of the cause; and will, with all equitable minds, materially modify previous impressions—it is a necessary counterpoise. This, too, ought to be said: in repelling the calumnies of the Royalists, he has not retaliated—we mean, he has not studiously raked up others against the Royalists. When he brings the Royalists to his bar, he tries them fairly, though by too high a standard; nor does he ever go out of his way to depreciate, as every Royalist who ever wrote has done.

Mr. Godwin, in short, is not a man of this age—he cannot, or will not, enter into the spirit of it. It is essentially and pre-eminently one of profession—parading in words, and hypocritical in deeds. A man may say what he likes, but he must act, in public and with his party, by a pattern. Now, Mr. Godwin sees not why actions and professions, principles and practice, should not go together: he sees not why what is wrong should not be called so; nor why a thing, which would not be tolerated nowadays, should be approved of because it occurred two centuries ago. He is as vehement with obliquities of one date as of another. He is as indignant against Charles for his hostil-

ity to public liberty, as if that liberty had been as well defined as it is to-day, or as it is in his own clear and excellent understanding. He is as little disposed to make allowances for royal infirmities as for plebeian ones; and thinks as little of blood of the first *water*—of the purest quality we mean—as another could do of the coarsest puddle that ever crept along vulgar veins. Charles considered his Parliament as encroaching, invading, usurping; and all ties of honour and veracity between him and them as completely severed. He piqued himself even, once breaking with them, on his dexterity, and delighted in outwitting them; and Mr. Godwin as intensely and as gravely delights in detecting and exposing his artifices. The vices of kings he regards as the inevitable result of position, but is not a whit the more ready to submit to the consequences. He would have a king still a man, and no more—tried by the same tests, subject to the same control, guided by the same principles, submitting to the same laws, and succumbing to the same inflictions. Now, the fashion of the day is to consider a king not only as "disqualified" by law from doing wrong, but as a Bishop not long ago, in his place, almost, if not expressly, implied, from doing so *morally*. The great, again, plume themselves on paying the most obsequious observance to his will—and the higher the rank, the greater the observance—and smile with contempt on the unlicked barbarism of a vulgarian, whom this servility, as he uncouthly phrases it, revolts. In his eyes, it is the indisputable mark of ignorance, and so characterised—the term and the impression are adopted by those who occasionally come in contact with him—it spreads, descending from gradation to gradation, till none but the lowest rabble (except the few philosophers before excepted) will talk the language of freedom, or maintain the tone and erectness of independence; and virtues thus become vices, and what was once the best proof of cultivated intellect is branded as the badge of a savage or a brute. To censure a king or a prince is *bad taste*, and not the better because the said king or prince died a century or two ago. With all this Mr. Godwin has nothing to do—he cannot dive into the mystery, or disdains it;—he goes straightforward, he has but one scale—rectitude in morals, and honour and publicity and directness in politics, all deviations from which, by whomsoever made, he roundly condemns. He does not spare even the "Independent;" but more evidence, we suspect, would be required, with him, to convict an Independent than a Monarchist. While laying claim to the severest impartiality, he prefaces his work with a motto, which we shall not say is incompatible with general fairness, but which implies, at least, inequality of research, and very appropriately characterises the spirit of his still admirable work—to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten—a purpose which seems to excuse the throwing some into the shade, to place others in a fuller light. To trace the story will, of course, not come within our narrow limits; though in no other way could we do justice to Mr. Godwin than by showing, progressively, the colours in which he presents the changing scenes. We shall, therefore, unconnectedly, glance at a few points, where his researches, or his sagacity, have enabled him to modify the conception generally received. His new and best authorities are the Journals of the Lords and Commons, the collections of the State-paper Office, and the Commonwealth tracts in the British Museum, gathered by some industrious collector, and given by the late King. Ashburnham, one of the King's attendants while with the army, left a narrative, as well as Berkeley, which is quoted in Collins's Peerage, and is in the possession of the present Lord Ashburnham, who *politely refused* Mr. Godwin the use of the MS.

The first remarkable fact that struck us was the Self-denying Ordinance. Mr. Godwin has, by the aid of the Journals, traced the history of this event very carefully, and very properly exposed Clarendon's miserable misrepresentation. The case appears thus:—The army was, in 1644, under several commanders, and they not acting in union or concord, especially Essex and Waller; the consequences, actual and probable, were obvious enough, and demanded a remedy. The Independents—at least, Cromwell, St. John, and Vane—vigilant as lynxes, seized upon the circumstance, to

throw out the Presbyterians and introduce their own friends. On the 9th of December, the House resolved itself into a committee to consider the state of the nation, plunged as it was in war, and with no signs of a conclusion. Cromwell rose, and recommended the House not to lose time in canvassing the acts or the conduct of particular commanders; nothing was more inevitable than military mistakes—he himself had ample experience; but rather turn their attention to some general remedy, and thus, if possible, preclude the recurrence of similar evils. Another speaker followed in the same train: their victories were all useless—a summer's triumph was a winter's story; the game won in autumn must be played again in spring. The cause was obvious; their forces were under different commanders, and any good and perfect understanding between them was not to be calculated upon. Zouch Tate then proposed a resolution, which was promptly seconded by Vane and others, that no member of the House should hold office, civil or military, during the war. This was termed the Self-denying Ordinance, the purpose and advantage of which were the uninvidious means it afforded of removing obnoxious persons. Though opposed by Hollis and the Presbyterians, it passed the Commons, and was carried to the Lords on the 21st. There it lingered; and though urged by messages and conferences, the Lords hung over it till the 13th of January, when it was finally rejected, on the ground that it fell unequally on their own body; for though the Commons, in parliament, were excluded from office, the mass of gentlemen were not; while the whole nobility, without exception, were disqualified from active service.

The resolute promoters of this scheme were not, of course, to be foiled by the refractoriness of the Peers. One objection in the Commons had been, that the proposed ordinance would throw all into confusion, unless the "new model," that is, the new list of officers, were previously determined upon; and accordingly, no sooner had the Lords shown a strong disposition to reject the bill, than a resolution was proposed and carried, for "the Committee of both kingdoms" to report the New Model. This report was made on the 9th of January; and the names of the principal officers who were to have the command were actually voted on the 21st. Fairfax was named Commander-in-chief, and Skippon Major-General; the Lieutenant-General, that is, the second in command—an office destined for Cromwell—was not mentioned. The New Model passed the Lords on the 15th of February; and now was introduced a second Self-denying Ordinance, but one of a less extensive character than the former. *That* had excluded every member of either House from all office, civil or military, during the war. This was limited to the *discharge* of all existing officers—not precluding future reappointments; and this was the only one that passed into a law; and in this state it finally passed on the 3rd of April, with the concurrence of the Lords, to whom it had, of course, been made more palatable. Cromwell was thus legally appointed Lieutenant-General. There was manœuvring, no doubt, but manœuvring comparatively above-board.

Now, how does Clarendon represent the matter? Why, the contrivers preluded first by a general fast, when the preachers, with a singular uniformity, complained of the Parliament—of their pride and ambition, their lack of zeal and affection for the public, as great as *they* had imputed to the Court—and that while they were affecting great reformation, they were only studying how to fill their own purses. The next day, in the House, Vane told the members, that if ever God had appeared to them, it was in the exercise of the previous day. All proceeded from the spirit of God; and other reflections than he had ever felt before were awakened in him, &c. When Vane sat down, Cromwell rose, and proceeded in similar train.*—In all which there is no truth whatever; and Clarendon probably meant none—it was a sort of *jeu d'esprit*; there was no fast on the occasion—certainly none till the 18th, nine days after. But this story, it must not be forgotten, is adopted by Hume, without a question; and, of course, the reader of Hume knows nothing of the *second* ordinance, which alone became *law*.

* The Bill was introduced, and passed.

If Clarendon was really serious, the most charitable construction is that he had been misled by the reports of malicious or careless friends. It must be remembered that Clarendon was not *with* the Parliament; and, for any thing that did not come under his immediate supervision, is and ought to be of no authority whatever, seeing he has been convicted, in scores of instances, of the grossest misrepresentations. "He was," says Mr. Godwin, "as the thing is vulgarly understood, a man of honour and integrity; and, like other Court *forgers*, made a great parade of his principles of morality and religion." This alludes to a practice of his, not, it seems, uncommon, of fabricating debates for the amusement of the King and courtiers. The King professed to be able to detect Clarendon under any disguises, and once lost a wager to the Lord Falkland on the point. "On that occasion, the King," says Clarendon himself, "was very merry, and would often afterwards call upon him for a *speech, or a letter*, which he proposed on several occasions; and the King always commanded them to be published. And he" (Clarendon speaking of himself) "was often wont to say, he would be very glad he could make a collection of these papers, which, however, he could never do, though he got many of them." With all this, and with the express declaration that he wrote the History of the Civil Wars "with the approbation of the King, and for his vindication," is Clarendon yet one of the principal authorities for the history of his time. But the fact is, this, after all, must be the general complaint; for who writes contemporary history with any other view than to please his party? Must all historical memoirs thence be rejected? No; but the utmost caution —the closest scanning, comparing, collating, is indispensable, and doubting, a greater duty than confiding. All possible knowledge of the individual should be got at, and anonymous writers utterly discarded.

Nothing is so much at heart among the admirers of Charles and authority, as to make out his supereminent abilities. The reader of Clarendon will, of course, recollect the conference between Henderson, the Scotch preacher, and the King. Charles, at the time, was with the Scotch army, and vehemently urged to take the Covenant. This he determined not to do; but, to gain time, he affected to be open to conviction, and willing to hear any person they chose to appoint. Henderson, a giant in controversy, was accordingly selected, and girt up his loins for the important undertaking. Charles wished to have the assistance of divines, but Henderson demurred—the King bore the palm, and Henderson resolved neither to divide the glory, nor wrench the victory from any hand but the King's. "The King," says Clarendon, "was so much too hard for his antagonist in the argument, (as appears *by the papers*, which were shortly after communicated to the world,) that the old man himself was so far convinced and converted, as to have a very deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author, or to which he had too much contributed, and to have lamented it to his nearest friends and confidants. He died of grief, and heart-broken, within a very short time after." What say these nearest friends and relatives? Baillie, one of them, and a brother-divine, writing to Henderson soon after the conference, says, "though he should swear it, no man will believe, that he sticks upon episcopacy for any conscience;" and in another letter to a correspondent, "The false reports, which were here (London) of Mr. Henderson, are, I see, also come to your hand. Believe me, for I have it under his own hand a little before his death, that he was utterly displeased with the King's ways, and ever the longer the more. That man died, as he lived, in great modesty, piety, and faith." Neither Baillie, nor the Scotch Assembly, who took up the reports, ever allude to *papers*. They, without doubt, are forgeries; for all the evidence worth attending to is in favour of a *viva voce* conference. But on what does the authenticity of the papers relative to this matter, extant in what are called Charles's works, rest? On Burnet's testimony. In his Memoirs of Hamilton, written when he was as great a Tory as he was afterwards a violent Whig, he says the King drew them up with his own hand. Sir Robert Murray was the sole agent in the interchange of papers between the King and Henderson; nobody else knew any thing of the matter. The King's

papers were written in less time than Henderson's. Murray transcribed for both parties: Henderson's, because his hand was illegible, and the King's for no reason assigned. All this, Burnet says, he had from Murray himself, a few days before that excellent person's death. This testimony will, in the minds of few, counterbalance the inherent probabilities. That nobody should know any thing of the matter but Murray, is absurd on the face of it. The deeds of kings are not so screened from all eyes, and especially scribbling deeds. Some courtier or other, laical or clerical, would have burst the secret. What became of the originals? If Murray destroyed the King's, why destroy Henderson's? But, if the subject be worth pursuing, the internal evidence is decisive; the account the King gives of his own education is scarcely in consistence with known facts. In one paper, he grounds his desire to have had divines to assist on his own "particular humour, which was such that he was still partial for that side which he imagines suffers for the weakness of those who maintain it." "This," says Godwin, "is so contrary to every thing that belongs to Charles's real character, that it may well fill us with astonishment; and could be said by nobody but some artificial disputant, one of whose offices it is to assume an air of uncommon modesty and candour." We have nothing but between two and three hundred letters, which are his own unquestionable productions; and nothing in them indicates a style at all resembling these papers. "They are written," adds Godwin, "in what may be called a royal style: no attention is afforded by the writer to what are regarded as the artifices of composition. They have nothing in them of circumlocution or ceremony; no colouring of the craft of authorship. The sceptred penman proceeds somewhat impatiently to his point; he is blunt and brief: we see plainly, that he thinks it would be some sacrifice of his dignity, if he were careful of auxiliaries and expletives, and used words other than were barely necessary to convey an unambiguous meaning. It would be superfluous labour to compare the royal style with the pedantic and schoolman-like periods of the papers to Henderson."

A word may be allowed on the "Icon Basilike." Godwin quotes Gauden's well-known letter, and Dr. Wordsworth's reasonings on the evidence deducible from it, in which, undoubtedly, the Doctor is more than a match for himself. To this evidence, observes Godwin justly enough, built on the nature of man, and the principles of human action, Dr. Wordsworth opposes a multitude of vague and obscure testimonies, and petty likelihoods and seemings. But his main argument is apparently founded on the high-church reverence with which he contemplates the virtues and great qualities of the King, and can have little weight with those who do not participate with him in that source of partiality and error.

Ireland, of course, engaged much of Mr. Godwin's attention, and nowhere can be found a clearer statement of the views of all parties—of the steps that led to the atrocities of the Rebellion of 1641—of the triumph, for eight years, of the Catholics—of their suppression by Cromwell—and of the subsequent dispersion of men and alienation of property. Once appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-chief, Cromwell set about his business with the resolution of a vigorous mind, determined to execute it with the least loss of time. "Though gentle and not unbenevolent," observes Mr. Godwin, "he strung himself up to deeds of cruelty and horror. Drogheda was besieged—the second day a breach was effected, and the storming commenced. Twice the assailants were repulsed, when Cromwell himself led the third attempt, and carried his point. No quarter was given; and Cromwell, in his own words, believed the whole number of the defenders were put to the sword, and the Governor, Aston, with them. In a subsequent letter, he states that of one hundred and forty who retreated to a tower, and refused upon summons to surrender, the officers were knocked on the head, every tenth of the privates was killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes. The enemy, he adds, is filled with terror at this issue, and the bitterness that was used, he is persuaded, will prevent much effusion of blood." This he considered the satisfactory ground for 'actions which could not but other-

wise work remorse and regret.' Trim and Dundalk were, in consequence, deserted in terror; and Wexford was the only place which offered that degree of resistance which seemed to him to warrant a repetition of the appalling example. Revolting as were these scenes, Cromwell's policy was undoubtedly the right one,—if any possible combination of circumstances can warrant such enormities. No other process would, in the then state of things, have recovered the island; and Ireland must then, we suppose, as now, be by *all* means retained. Mr. Godwin moralizes on the effect of these severities, on both inflictor and spectator. "Such sanguinary scenes," says he, "cannot produce a right tone of mind in the survivor; and in the perpetrator, they must engender a certain hardness of heart, and an aversion of man from man. Obedience may be the result; but no kindly feelings, no mutual reconciliation."

The result of this conquest of Ireland was the almost general sequestration of property, or rather little less than the entire resumption of the whole extent of the country from sea to sea, and from the Giant's Causeway, North, to Missenhead and Baltimore, on the South. The mass of the population, with the exception of a large part of Ulster, of Dublin, and a few great towns, and of the counties round Dublin, were Catholics; and all these were made liable to entire forfeiture, or the loss, in some cases, of two-thirds, in others of one-third, of what they possessed. The most favoured were liable to be transplanted by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and lands of equivalent value assigned them in other quarters. Of the confiscations, some were appropriated for the adventurers who had advanced money for the conquest, some for the arrears of the army—some, especially in the counties of Dublin, Cork, Kildare, and Carlow, were kept back for the future disposal of Parliament; and reserves were made for free-schools, manufactories, churches, bridges, and high-ways. Among the first acts of the Commissioners was the transport of the people into the southern and midland portions of Connaught. A few proprietors appear to have been favoured. But all Catholics universally, except such as had constantly manifested their good affection to the Commonwealth, were included in this transplantation; and this must have embraced nearly the whole of the *landed* population. All, therefore, or nearly all the *respectable* proprietors, were hurried at once from the north, the south, and the east, and crowded together in the western province,—the most barren, desolate, and mountainous part of the island. "It was plainly impossible," adds Mr. Godwin, "that all the new comers should receive in this narrow district the equivalent which the act awarded them; and the majority were obliged to be contented with an inadequate, and comparatively insignificant compensation.'

Terrible as all this must have been, it was and could not be any thing like the common representations of it. "After so many thousands," says Clarendon, "destroyed by the plague, which raged over the kingdom, by fire, sword, and famine, and after so many thousands transported into foreign parts, there still remained such a numerous people as they knew not how to dispose of; and though they were declared to be all forfeited, and so as to have no title to any thing, yet they must remain somewhere. They, therefore, found this expedient, which they called an act of grace. There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest of the kingdom by a long and large river, and which, by the plague, and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, should be killed by any body who saw or met them." This impossible story is transcribed by Dr. John Curry, in his "Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland," and by Charles Butler, in his "Historical Memoirs;" and the substance built upon by Hume and Leland, and contradicted by none. "I endeavoured to figure to myself," says Mr. Godwin, "three-fourths of the territory of Ireland without an inhabitant—no soul left through its cities, its uplands, its valleys,

its farm-houses, and its granges, but the English invaders, and their English families. I own the weakness of my understanding and my imagination—I could not take it in." And then follows a passage of great eloquence and force, in which, from the nature of things, he proves the absurdity of Clarendon's account. "How were they, thus crowded, to be fed? Who were to cultivate the evacuated provinces? Whence came the Catholics, since dispersed over these same provinces? When were they let out of the cage of Connaught," &c.

Among the numerous portions of prominent interest, none is more fixing than his account of John Lilburne—the Cobbett of the Civil Wars,—a man who broke with all parties by turns, who could cordially unite with none, and was never so happy as when opposed to all the world—the more enemies, the more energy—and the irrepressible foe of Cromwell. Lilburne was a member of an honourable family of the county of Durham; his two elder brothers were colonels in the army; he himself, as a younger brother, at a time when gentlemen's sons were put to trade, instead of looking to dependence on the State, was apprenticed to a wholesale-draper. In 1637, when but nineteen, he was distinguished by some popular preacher, and by him introduced to Prynne and Bastwick, then under conviction of libel. His fervent temperament prompting him to sympathize with their feelings and views, he undertook to get their books printed in Holland. For this offence he was himself arraigned in the Star-Chamber the following year, and sentenced to be whipped, pilloried, and imprisoned. At the pillory, he railed against bishops and tyrants, and threw seditious papers in the crowd; and, when at length he was gagged, expressed his indignation by stamping with his feet, exhibiting an unbendingness of character, which distinguished him above any man of his time. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he obtained a company in a regiment of infantry; and in the skirmish at Brentford, being taken prisoner, was conveyed to Oxford and tried for high treason, and rescued only by the threat of retaliation on the part of the Parliament. Hating episcopacy, he was not a whit less hostile to the Presbyterians, and for the same reason; and finally, refusing to take the covenant, which Essex pressed upon the troops, under Cromwell's auspices, he procured a majority in the Associated Counties. This was in Oct. 1643. Col. Edw. King was Lilburne's superior officer, a person of whom Cromwell expressed some distrust, and charged Lilburne to watch his conduct. At the siege of Newark, King showed himself weak, or treacherous, and Lilburne became his accuser. King was removed, and Lilburne was presented with a lieutenant-colonelcy in Manchester's dragoons, and served at the battle of Marston Moor, conspicuous for his bravery. King once removed, Cromwell thought no more of him. Lilburne was not *so* satisfied; he was for pressing every thing on the principle of rigorous justice. Cromwell was content to obtain his own ends —to go no farther than policy demanded, and not stir a step for peremptory justice. So, when he impeached Manchester, he again made use of Lilburne's testimony before the House; but no sooner had Cromwell succeeded in removing Manchester, than his purpose was answered, and he abandoned the impeachment, while nothing could draw off Lilburne. King deserved to be hanged, and Manchester to lose his head; and so much was he the dupe of Cromwell, that he taxed the Parliament with sending Cromwell to Taunton, and then to Windsor, merely to screen Manchester.

In the year 1645, Lilburne quitted the army and took to the pen, and till his death was incessantly pursuing his new vocation, in the teeth of all opponents, and to the loss of all tranquillity, and the hazard of all safety. His history is well detailed by Mr. Godwin. He died of a decline, in 1657, the victim of undisciplined violence and impotent ambition.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR,—NO. XXI.

Mr. Leslie Foster.

"A man may be solemn without being wise, and circumstantial without being accurate."

The first opportunity I had of closely observing the eminent statesman and celebrated legislator, whose name is prefixed to this article, was afforded by the Louth election. Mr. Foster is so intimately connected with that remarkable event, that some account of the details which accompanied it will not be inappropriate. The standard of the Association had been raised in Waterford, and Villiers Stuart proclaimed himself the antagonist of the House of Curraghmore. All eyes were directed to the field, in which the great contest was to be waged. Both the combatants brought hereditary rank and vast opulence as their allies, besides the auxiliary passions of the powerful parties to which they were respectively attached. There was, however, nothing surprising in the enterprise of Mr. Stuart. During his minority, the savings of his estate had accumulated to a very large sum, and he was possessed of the means of engaging in a bold political adventure, without running any risk of permanently injuring his fortune. It would have been far stranger if, with his large property, and his enlightened opinions, he had allowed the Beresfords to maintain an undisputed masterdom in his county. While the national attention was fixed upon the events which were taking place in Waterford, news arrived in Dublin, which excited a far greater sensation than the contest between the two rival patricians of Dremona and Curraghmore ; and it was announced that Mr. Alexander Dawson, a retired barrister with a small fortune, had started for Louth. In that county the Protestant gentry were regarded as omnipotent. For upwards of half a century, the Jocelyns and the Fosters had returned two members to Parliament, and divided the county, like a family borough, between them. A strong and apparently indissoluble coalition had been effected between Lord Roden and Lord Oriel; and it was supposed to be impossible to make any effectual opposition to the union of Orangeism and of Evangelism, which the wily veteran of Ascendency, and the frantic champion of the New Reformation, had effected. To this combination of power Mr. Dawson had neither wealth nor connexions to oppose. He had even intimated that he would not bear any portion of the expenses, and must be returned by popular contribution. The ordinary preparations had not been made, and it was only three days before the election commenced that his intention was declared. Leslie Foster affected to treat his pretensions with derision. He was to be seen amongst groups of sympathising king's counsel, and assentating assistant-barristers, with his forefinger and thumb brought into syllogistic conjunction, demonstrating the utter absurdity of Alexander Dawson in attempting a contest. A profound seriousness habitually pervades the countenance of Mr. Foster, who, accustomed to the most abstruse meditations upon political economy, and conversant with the deepest mysteries of legislation, has seldom been known to use the risible organs for the purposes for which they were originally intended. The notion of a contest in Louth, however, seemed to strike him as so exceedingly ludicrous and extravagant, that upon this occasion he broke through all the rules of so-

lemnity by which his physiognomy is usually controlled. Still, he had left off laughing for such a length of time, that his smile sat uneasily and unnaturally upon him, and the muscles of merriment had become so rusty and so destitute of pliability, that they accommodated themselves slowly and ponderously to their functions; and many of his friends observing these novel phenomena of mirth exclaimed, "What can be the matter with Leslie Foster!" He, however, made ample compensation for this sudden and unmeet deviation from his habitual gravity, by the seriousness of his aspect, upon his appearance at the hustings of Dundalk. I proceeded there before the arrival of Mr. Foster. From the brow of a hill which surmounts the town, when I was at a short distance from it, I saw a vast multitude descending with banners of green unfurled to the wind, and shouting as they moved along. I could not at first discern with distinctness the gentleman who was the immediate object of this wild ovation; but on approaching and mixing with the dense mass of enthusiastic patriots myself, I saw seated in an old gig Mr. Alexander Dawson, the aspiring candidate who had presumed to enter the lists with the hereditary representatives of the county of Louth. He wore an old frock-coat covered with dust, and a broad-brimmed weather-beaten hat which surmounted a head that streamed with profuse perspiration; his face was ruddy with heat, but, notwithstanding the excitement of the scene, preserved its habitual character of sagacious quietism and tranquil intelligence;—he did not seem to be (though placed in a most extraordinary and trying situation) at all conscious of the boldness of the enterprise in which he was embarked, and was perhaps the least moved of the multitude that were rushing rapidly on;—while the people were hurraing about him, throwing their hats into the air, and catching them with a wild shriek and prance, (a common denotement of joy among the lower Irish,) he sat composedly in his old vehicle, and was busy in preserving order and regularity in the procession. There were some three or four ragged fiddlers before him, who played with all their might, and in notes of the harshest discord, a tune which they intended for the popular air of "Nancy Dawson," and which was selected for no other reason than that it was connected with his name. It was only at intervals that the hard and vigorous scraping of these village violins was distinctly audible; for the cries of "Down with Foster! and Dawson for ever!" resounded from every side in yells of vehement uproar, and monopolised the hearing faculties. A wonderful enthusiasm prevailed through this vast gathering; and in the faces of the fierce and athletic peasants who drew their favourite on, as they occasionally turned their heads back to look on him, and shouted in the retrospect, the strongest passions of mingled joy, ferocity, and determination were expressed. In a few minutes Mr. Dawson and his gig were drawn into the main street of Dundalk, and stopped at Magrath's hotel, which was the rendezvous of patriotism during the election. There the committee, which had been hastily gotten up, was collected, and welcomed Mr. Dawson on his arrival. He descended amidst loud acclamations, and soon after appeared at a window in the tavern, from whence he addressed the people. Several thousands were assembled, and in an instant deep silence was obtained. In a plain, brief, perfectly simple, and intelligible speech, Mr. Dawson told them that, for their sake, and not to gratify his personal ambition, he

was determined to oppose Mr. Foster and Mr. Fortescue, and to break the Oriel and the Roden yoke. His speech was received with the most rapturous plaudits, and it was manifest that, whatever might be the issue, a spirit had arisen among the people, which portended far more than could have been originally calculated. While Mr. Dawson and others of the same party were addressing the people, the carriages of the leading gentry, drawn by four horses, were seen entering the town, but, in order to avoid the multitude, wheeled round through a street parallel to that in the opening of which the people were gathered. Astonishment and apprehension were visible in their faces. They perceived already that a dreadful struggle was about to take place. The wonted harangues having been delivered to the people, Mr. Dawson and his committee proceeded to the Court-house, which occupies one side of a square in the centre of the town. This building presents in its exterior a very beautiful object. It was erected under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Foster, who furnished the design, which he took from the Temple of Theseus; for Mr. Foster values himself upon an universality of acquisition, and is a sort of walking encyclopædia, or peripatetic repertory of all the arts and sciences, and is as profoundly skilled in architecture as he is in any of the crafts of the Custom-house or the mysteries of the Excise. Opening Stuart's Athens, he lighted on the Temple of Theseus, and selected it as a model for a Court-house at Dundalk; and accordingly the most beautiful and inconvenient temple in which the rites of justice have ever been performed, has been produced under his architectural auspices. In that part of this incongruous edifice which is allocated to the county business, the High-Sheriff assembled the freeholders to read the writ. On his left hand stood Mr. Leslie Foster. How changed from him who had a few hours before derided as impotent the efforts of the Roman Catholic body to push him from his stool in the legislature! His complexion is naturally pale, but it now became deadly white. He surveyed the dense mass of the people with awe, and seemed to recoil from the groans and hootings with which he was clamorously assailed. When proposed as a candidate, he delivered a speech, in which he clumsily sought to reconcile his auditors to his resistance of their claims, and appeared to be aware of the wretchedness of the task which he had imposed upon himself. The only relief which he received was derived from the execration which the mention of Lord Roden and his party produced in the assembly; for obnoxious as that nobleman is through the rest of Ireland, his fanaticism and narrow-heartedness have secured for him a more condensed and concentrated odium in the town of Dundalk. Mr. Dawson spoke with equal brevity and perspicuity, and made it his boast that he belonged to the middle classes, and was best calculated to represent their feelings and to do justice to their interests. On the succeeding day the polling commenced with activity, Mr. Fortescue being sustained by the Roden influence, and a large portion of the Protestant aristocracy; the rest of that body were the supporters of Mr. Foster; while Mr. Dawson relied upon a few Roman Catholics of fortune, and on the spirit of agrarian insurrection, which had broken out among the forty-shilling freeholders. For the first few days, Mr. Foster and Mr. Fortescue acted in conjunction, because they calculated that they should be able to throw Mr. Dawson out;

but after some demonstration of the power of the people, the agent for Mr. Fortescue (Mr. Johnson) broke off the coalition, and the three candidates rested upon their individual resources. In this state of things, Mr. Sheil, who was counsel for Mr. Dawson, applied to Mr. Johnson, as agent for Mr. Fortescue, and offered to give him a certain number of votes, upon condition that Mr. Fortescue should co-operate with the popular party in throwing Mr. Foster out; but Mr. Johnson, confident at the time that Lord Roden's interest was paramount, declined to accede to a proposition which it is probable his employer would have regarded as unworthy of him. Mr. Fortescue was, however, outwitted by Leslie Foster; for the coalition of the first days threw so many additional votes into the scale, as enabled him, ultimately, though only by a very small majority, to defeat his incautious and unskilful auxiliary. Some time elapsed before any decided demonstrations of superiority took place; and the exertions of all parties were prodigious. Emissaries were despatched night and day through every part of the county, and no means of persuasion were spared by the Catholic, or of terror by the Protestant faction, to bring the freeholders in. Priests and attorneys were seen scouring the country in all directions, and landlords and drivers, armed with warrants of distress, knocked at the door of every hovel. The spirit of exertion which animated the contending parties extended itself to the counsel, and Mr. North (the brother-in-law of Mr. Foster), Mr. Murray, who was employed by Mr. Fortescue, and Mr. Sheil, who acted for Mr. Dawson, in the High Sheriff's booth, exhibited a zeal and alacrity which a mere professional sympathy with their clients could scarcely have supplied. The Sheriff's booth was in a small room adjoining the County-court, and offered, through the iron bars of its single window on the ground-floor, a dismal spectacle. A wall, at the distance of about four feet from this window, rises to a considerable height, and forms a small quadrangular space, covered with rank grass and broken stones, in which the murderers at Wild-goose Lodge are buried. In intervals of leisure, the eyes of the persons whose business it was to remain in this room, would involuntarily rest upon this spot, and the conversation turned from the subject of the election to the terrible atrocity of which that dreary piece of ground was the memorial. The meditations which it supplied were, however, of brief duration, for a question connected with a vote would arise to dissolve them. As the election proceeded, the anxieties of Mr. Foster augmented. He seemed to lose all command and self-possession. He would rush into the Sheriff's booth with a precipitate vehemence, which was the more remarkable from the contrast which it formed with his usual systematic and well-ordered behaviour. "Soldiers!" he would cry, "soldiers, Mr. High-Sheriff! I call upon you to bring out troops, to protect me and my supporters. My life is in peril—my brother has been just assailed—we shall be massacred, if you persevere in excluding troops from the town!" Such were the exclamations which he would utter, under the influence of mingled anger and alarm; for I believe that his fears, though utterly unfounded, were sincere. To these appeals the friends of Mr. Dawson would oppose equally vehement adjurations. "What! call out troops! bayonet the people! No, Mr. Foster; the scenes of 1798 are not returned; the Sheriff will not be deluded by the phantoms which issue from your over-excited imagina-

tion, or accede to your sanguinary invocations." The High-Sheriff was placed in a very embarrassing condition in the midst of this uproar of remonstrance. It was said that his leanings were personally favourable to Mr. Foster; but he is a brewer of the famous Castle-Bellingham ale, and the interests of his brewery being at variance with his political predilections (if he have any), he was kept in a state of painful hesitation, until Mr. Chaigneau, who acted with the utmost impartiality as Assessor, resolved his difficulties, by very properly stating, that when evidence of danger should be laid before the Sheriff upon oath, he would act upon it. The town remained perfectly peaceable. There were, indeed, loud cries and vehement shoutings, but no personal molestation was offered to any body. A perpetual procession of fiddlers and fife-players moved through the streets, who played no other air than "Nancy Dawson" from morning until twelve at night. At the head of this body of everlasting minstrels were two singular persons, who carried large banners of green silk, with national emblems and mottoes figured upon them. One of these strange individuals was a Doctor—a large, bloated, plethoric mass of a man, dressed in old rusty black, covered with snuff, with a protuberant belly, and a short, waddling gait, which a quantity of matutinal potations had rendered exceedingly unsteady; while his countenance, composed of large blotches of orbicular red, with a pair of large glazed eyes, surmounted by white shaggy eyebrows, confirmed the conjectures which the irregularity of his movements suggested. The Doctor carried the Dawson standard, having two or three stout fellows to co-operate in his sustainment. When he arrived at the end of the street, in turning round to direct the procession, of which he was the chief leader, the Doctor would utter a loud but inarticulate shout, and return towards the Court-house; and when he had arrived there, he would again wheel about at the head of the multitude with a similar hurrah. Thus he traversed, from morning till sunset, the principal street of the town, taking a glass of Irish restorative at brief intervals in these strange perambulations. Next in command to the Doctor was old Harry Mills, whose fame has since travelled across the Atlantic, and who has not only had his health drunk in America, but has received a subscription of twenty pounds from the New World. This peasant was among the most conspicuous figures at the Louth election. He had about four acres of land, for which he paid a high rent to his landlord; and although he completely depended on him, this "village Hampden," as he was called, withstood the petty despotism of Mr. Woulfe M'Neil, and voted in despite of him for Mr. Dawson. Harry Mills had gone through many a wild adventure. He had been concerned in the affair of 1798, and was obliged to fly the country; but, as he said himself, he had the consolation of seeing an Orangeman's house on fire upon the shore, as he was sailing in a fishing-boat from the port of Dundalk. "Please your honour," Harry used to say, "as I was leaving ould Ireland, I saw the flames blazing out of the Cromwellian's house; and many a time, when I was keeping watch on the coast of Guinea, I used to think of that same fire." Harry was obliged to turn seaman, and became a sailor in a slave-ship. He was taken by a French privateer; and I do not recollect exactly how he contrived, after years had passed, to get back to Ireland. His spirit slumbered within him until the Clare election, and then it broke

forth, like the flame from the Orangeman's house, which had ministered with its flashes to his retrospective consolations. With that ocean-look and attitude which belong to all sea-faring people, Harry blended the sly cunning and observant sagacity which characterize the Irish peasant, and offered, to a lover of the moral picturesque, one of the most striking objects at the Louth election. He marched, in company with the Doctor, as second standard-bearer to Mr. Dawson, and was as unwearied as his brother patriot in this his new and, if we could judge from his shouts and exclamations, his delightful vocation. But in drawing the figures and detailing the incidents by which Mr. Foster was surrounded, I allow him, perhaps, to leave the foreground of the picture. As the election advanced, his fears augmented, and he presented new phenomena of terror. His opponents felt a malevolent pleasure in watching the torture which he was undergoing, and in observing the writhings of the mind, which were apparent in his demeanour and countenance. But Alexander Dawson had in a few days ceased to be the immediate object of his competition; for the latter having obtained a vast majority, his return was no longer matter of speculation, and the fiercest contest was carried on between the Roden and the Oriel candidates, who had originally entered in alliance into the field. Though they agreed in all political opinions, they afforded proof of the promptitude with which abstract questions are lost in individual interests. The Catholics had carried Mr. Dawson's election, and Mr. Foster and his friends used all their efforts to induce them to remain neutral; observing that Mr. Foster (which was a just remark) was not personally obnoxious, that he was a good landlord, and that Lord Roden's candidate was not only politically, but fanatically opposed to them. These arguments had their weight with the liberal party; although the more sagacious saw that it would be a consummation of their victory, if they could eject from the House of Commons an individual who had contributed some talent, and a great deal of research and industry, to the maintenance of his party. Still, the antipathy to Lord Roden prevailed; and the detestation in which his wild, lugubrious doctrines were held; the recollection of his having refused a small piece of ground to erect a more commodious house of Catholic worship; his penurious piety; his omission, with all his ostentatious Christianity, to subscribe to a single charitable institution at Dundalk; and other circumstances of a similar character, made the majority of the people rather incline towards Leslie Foster than to the candidate by which the Roden interest was represented. Mr. Fortescue had now abundant reason to regret the fastidious spirit with which a tender of Catholic support had been originally rejected. Almost all the county had been polled out, and then, but when it was too late, it was communicated to the Catholics, but not through the ostensible agent of Mr. Fortescue, that their assistance was necessary to throw Mr. Foster out. Had this application been made the day before, the Catholics, who were three hundred ahead of the Protestant candidates, might have interfered with effect. Their committee refused to act; but individuals took upon themselves to gather as many straggling freeholders as could be collected. It is a rule that, after a certain number of days, if twenty persons do not poll before six o'clock, the booth where this deficiency takes place shall close. Every booth, excepting one, was shut about four o'clock; and

if the Roden party could contrive to poll twenty before six, they would have been entitled to hold the booth open. They calculated, that on the next day they could bring in enough of voters to obtain a majority with the aid of such of the Catholics as did not hate Lord Roden less, but dreaded Leslie Foster more, and on that principle were doing their utmost to throw him out of Parliament. About four o'clock, Leslie Foster had a majority of nine or ten, and I believe all his votes were exhausted. Some twelve or thirteen persons had polled in the booth in question; and if Mr. Fortescue could procure so many persons merely to poll, as would, with the votes already given, make up twenty, his object would have been secured. The issue of the contest, therefore, depended upon minutes. The booth presented a most singular scene. It was crowded to excess, from the condensation of the public interests within its narrow limits. Scarcely space enough was left for the admission of the voters; and, indeed, it was the object of the Foster faction to retard and obstruct their arrival by every possible expedient. In order to consume time, fellows were put up on Mr. Foster's tallies who had no votes, and their rejection, and the clamour and confusion which it produced, served to consume the hour, of which every instant was of value. Mr. Fortescue's party still contrived to poll a few freeholders, who were supplied by the Catholics; and it was matter of great doubt whether the important and decisive number "twenty" could be produced. After five o'clock, the suspense of all parties became increased, and every eye was alternately turned to the spot where the freeholders were polled, and to the watches which were held in the hands of the spectators, and which indicated the progress of time to that point on which the issue was to hang. I never saw a deeper expression of solicitude; Mr. Fortescue himself was not there, as he was confined by the gout; but his partizans showed an anxiety as great as if they had been personally engaged by individual interest in the event. The friends of Mr. Foster, who were gathered round the Sheriff, manifested, if possible, a still greater intentness of expectation. George Pentland, who had been long solicitor to the Custom-house, of which Mr. Foster was, since 1818, the counsel, acted as his agent, with an alacrity which inveterate habits of professional sympathy had naturally produced. Many reciprocal obligations had endeared the counsel and the attorney to each other; and it would be difficult, perhaps, to adjust the balance of gratitude, and to determine on which side the golden scale ought to incline. Certain it is, that Mr. Pentland exhibited upon this occasion, for a gentleman who was alternately his patron and his protegé, the most ardent sympathy. During the earlier period of the election, George had preserved that spirit of coaxing good-humour, and of humbug urbanity, which belongs to the good old school of Irish pensioners and placemen. "Oh, my good friend," George used to say, (laying his Custom-house gripe upon your shoulder, and refusing you a permit to pass,) "you little know Leslie Foster. Mind what I say, and I have an eye in my head, Leslie will be found voting for you yet —Mind"—(and then he would let loose your shoulder, while he placed his forefinger on the tip of his nose, and winked sagaciously at you,)— "mind what I say—but I say nothing—Mum's the word." But George laid aside all his intimations, whether verbal, physiognomical, ocular, or nasal, as the fatal hour of six drew on; and with eyes glaring with ex-

pectation, and his brows raised in Saxon arches on his forehead, he sat waiting the eventful instant. Near him stood Mr. North, whose naturally sweet and placid countenance, without exhibiting the fierceness of faction, assumed for a moment an aspect of acerbity, while his lips, that were as white as ashes, trembled and quivered in the expression of the few words to which he occasionally gave utterance. But where was Leslie Foster all this time? This question, which the reader will probably ask, I put to myself; and, on turning my eyes round, I was at first at a loss to discover him. At length I observed a person sitting in a remote corner of the room, upon a chair which was thrown back in such a way that it was balanced on two legs, while the head of the somewhat round and squat gentleman by whom it was occupied leaned against the wall. His hat was drawn over his brows, and his eyes were closed. His cheeks, which seemed to have been originally full and plentiful, appeared to have suffered a cadaverous collapse. Thick drops of perspiration trickled down his visage, which he occasionally wiped away with an Orange handkerchief held in his right-hand; while a watch, on which, however, he did not look, was in the other. I did not at first recognize this extraordinary figure; but upon a sudden it started up, and on the opening of the eyes, and the full disclosure of the countenance, I thought I could perceive some faint resemblance to Leslie Foster. He seemed, at first, to stand in an attitude of cataleptic horror; and when he recovered himself, he clasped his hands, and, unable to sustain his agony, rushed with a frantic speed out of the room. He had given every thing up for lost; but he was mistaken. The twenty votes had not been made up. The clock struck six, and John Leslie Foster was saved from being buried by torchlight, under the new Act of Parliament, in the churchyard of Dundalk.

Mr. Dawson and Mr. Foster were returned as duly elected. The latter did not attend at the hustings when the event of the election was proclaimed. He set off for Cullen, the seat of Lord Oriel, in that heaving and agitation of mind, which the stormy passions leave behind, after the immediate occasion of their excitement has ceased to act. His flight was considered as most inglorious, and it was boasted by the Catholic orators, that he did not dare to meet them. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Sheil and other dealers in harangue, who expected to show off at his expense. He very wisely effected his retreat to his uncle's (the late Lord Oriel) residence, whose octogenarian philosophy did not prevent him from feeling a deep and corroding interest in the event. Had Mr. Foster remained sequestered in the beautiful woods which the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons lived to see rise about him, he would have acted wisely. But after a short interval, the public were astonished by a resentful lucubration from his pen, in which he vilified the proceedings of the Catholics, and inveighed with great virulence against the Priests. If ever he stands for the county of Louth again, which is very improbable, this document will be brought in judgment against him. He was guilty of another indiscretion, or rather a piece of bad taste, as it was far more deserving of laughter than of condemnation. Having fled from Dundalk, where Mr. Dawson was chaired, he caused himself to be put through a similar honour in his uncle's demesne; all the vassals and retainers of Lord Oriel, who could be procured, were collected together, and Mr. Foster having been

placed upon the shoulders of four stout Protestant tenants, was conveyed through the village of Cullen, amidst the plaudits of the yeomanry, the hurrahs of the schoolmaster, the sexton, and the parish-clerk, and the acclamations of the police.

Having extended the present sketch too much for a single paper, I shall consider Mr. Foster in his Parliamentary duties, as a barrister, scholar, commissioner of education, and counsel to the Customs and Excise, in the ensuing number.

TO A SKULL,

Brought from the Interior of North America, attached to a War-pipe.

Awful memorial of decay!
Grim record of the power of Time!
Stern trophy of War's direful sway!—
Thou yet canst tell the truth sublime—
"Death reigns sole conqueror everywhere!"
From cultured nations didst thou come
To war against a people rude,
And wake with thundering trump and drum
The echoes of that solitude
Which reign'd in primal forests there?

Didst thou to savage chief belong
Who, glowing with a patriot's fire,
Rush'd fiercely on the invading throng,
Fought—bled—and bow'd—but to expire,
Scorning the conqueror's boon to crave?
Nature's uncultured genuine child,
By art untaught, by power untamed,
He roved amidst his native wild,
Nor other bounty sought or claim'd,
Than a free life, or early grave!

Did hostile tribe with tribe engage,
And midst the battle's sanguine strife,
Revenge, dire demon's furious rage,
Strike him amid that waste of life,
Which e'en from slaughter fiercer grows?
Or,—his the captive's darker fate,
Doom'd every torment keen to prove,
That shows how stern, how deep the hate
Which springs from blighted mourning love,
As it in savage bosoms glows?

Thou hast no tongue thy tale to tell,
What hopes have revell'd in thy brain,
What it once sought or did repel,—
What was thy owner's joy or pain,
Where hail'd the light, or closed his eyes!
Yet silent as thou art, and grim,
Thou hast a voice of awful power;—
Solemn as holy funeral hymn,
It breathes in meditation's hour,—
"Like mine all earthly glory dies!"

H. R.

A DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.*

Quitting the fine court of Trinity by a passage through its eastern side, we find ourselves, on descending a flight of steps, in the vast outer Quadrangle of this College. It is irregular and incomplete in its details; but nevertheless its general effect is impressive and fine. It consists of the western face of the Hall, standing between the Master's Lodge and the Combination Rooms; opposite to these are the students' and fellows' apartments, in the centre of which is the great and principal gate of entrance to the College from the street; on the north the Chapel, with its turreted entrance and pinnacled roof; and on the south another range of general apartments. In the centre of the court is a lofty fountain or conduit; and the whole floor of the court is laid out in four plots of turf, separated from each other by walks paved with small stones. Before quitting this court we shall do well to enter the Chapel, if it be only to gaze for a moment, in pleased admiration, on one of the finest productions of the modern chisel. It is a marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, executed by the French sculptor, Roubillac. We are acquainted with few things much finer in art than this statue. The expression of mingled thoughtfulness and penetration which pervades the whole countenance, and spreads itself even over the attitude and limbs, is exceedingly striking; and the drapery is executed with perfect skill. There is also an admirable bust of Porson, by Chantrey. It is not part of our plan to "show the lions" of Cambridge; otherwise we should, before quitting this magnificent College, have accompanied the reader into the superb room used as the Library, and should also have shown him the curious old interior of the Hall; both of which are well worth a detailed examination—but particularly the former, which contains, besides its literary treasures, many minor objects of great interest and curiosity: among others, several admirable marble busts by Roubillac; some most curious carvings in wood, by Gibbons; several of the philosophical instruments which were used by Newton in making his discoveries; and also a lock of his hair; and several manuscripts (among others that of the "Comus,") written by Milton's own hand: to say nothing of a marvellous painted window (which were as well away,) representing Sir Isaac Newton rewarded for his discoveries by George the Third! and the circumstance recorded by the Lord Chancellor Bacon!!

On leaving the great Quadrangle of Trinity, and once more emerging upon the main street, the spectator should turn, and take a view of the noble old stone gateway which forms the principal entrance to the college. It presents, with its massive squareness, its octagonal towers at each corner, its battlemented top, and the rudely gorgeous emblazonry and sculpture which ornament its outer side, one of the most characteristic objects of the kind that this University can offer.

Before quitting this part of the city we will take a glance at St. John's and Caius'—the former situated to the right of Trinity, close to the river's bank, and the latter a little to the left.

St. John's may be pointed out as, perhaps, upon the whole, the most striking and characteristic in its external appearance—the most *collegiate*

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* Continued from page 504, Vol. xxiii

—of all the *similar* institutions in Cambridge. And the reason is, that, though it is probably the most ancient of them all, it has, more than any other, retained its ancient and original aspect. It has undergone no "modernizing;" it has suffered under no "beautifying" hand; nearly all remains (in outward appearance at least, which is what we are pointing attention to) as it may be supposed to have existed between three and four hundred years ago. Indeed, in many particulars, we are *sure* of looking on the very same objects on which those looked who still live in our daily memory, though they may have been lying in their graves for century upon century; and this it is which gives their chief and moral charm to places of this kind. Here we look upon the very same walls that were looked upon, loved, and inhabited, not merely by the gentle and fragile spirit of Kirke White, and its antithesis in all things, that of John Horne Tooke, but (to say nothing of such "small deer" as Broome, Hammond, and Mason), by Otway and Prior, by Stillingfleet, by "rare Ben Jonson," and by Roger Ascham, and Cecil Lord Burghley—the latter, names, the mere pronouncing of which conjures up, like a spell, a host of antique imagery, every object of which blends and dovetails in with that here present, as if each were made for and grew out of the other.—The principal entrance to St. John's is from the main street, by a stately old gateway of red-brick, battlemented at top, having a projecting octagonal tower at each corner, and ornamented on both sides with elaborate, however rude, effigies, emblazonry, &c. On passing the pointed archway of this fine old piece of antiquity, which should not be done without pausing for an instant to admire the rich fan-like tracery of its roof, we find ourselves in a somewhat irregular quadrangle, which offers the only exceptions that need be pointed out to what we have said as to the original and antique character of this great establishment. These consist in the Chapel on the right or north side, which has been covered with plaster in a most rude and tasteless manner, and the modern stone erection (handsome in itself, but grievously out of place here) which forms the left or south side of the quadrangle. The two other sides are of red brick—that opposite the entrance being chiefly occupied by the fine old Hall, with its light and spiry lantern—that singularly striking appendage to buildings of this kind. Passing through a low, pointed archway in the centre of this side, we reach the second quadrangle; and here it is that the spectator finds himself in presence of a scene which, if it will not bear any comparison with the gorgeous ones that have lately risen around it, luckily neither courts nor suggests any such comparison, because it has a character perfectly its own, and capable of sustaining itself by associations which are the more effective because no others of an incongruous or conflicting nature interfere with them. As little of the feeling excited by an actual view of this spot could be conveyed to the mere reader by a detailed description, we shall merely say that this court is of great extent, and that every portion of it exactly corresponds with all the rest, yet without that monotony which is invariably produced by too strict and mechanical an adherence to mere uniformity; the north and south sides being *literally* uniform, consisting of three tiers of square windows, each with an antique cornice worked out of the bright-red brickwork, and the roof terminating in an angular point above each set of windows; and the centre being occupied by a projecting window, ornamented with

stonework; while the west side presents, in its centre, a noble and massive square gateway, with an octagonal tower at each corner; the whole exactly corresponding with that by which we entered from the street, and pierced by a pointed archway, leading to, and showing through its opening, the inner, or third court. The low, open, and perfectly plain pointed archways, placed at wide intervals along each side of this court, and leading to the various apartments of which the different buildings chiefly consist, are by no means without their share in producing the general effect that is felt on contemplating for the first time this characteristic scene. The floor of this court consists of four equally-sized square plots of grass, divided from each other, and from the buildings on all sides, by walks, paved with those small, black stones which produce so good an effect for purposes of this kind, especially in connexion with antique buildings.

Passing through the spacious archway of the second tower, we reach the third court, which, though not so uniform as the second, is scarcely less characteristic and complete. One side of it, the west, is cloistered; the whole is built of the same red brick as that employed in the rest of the buildings; and the roofs are finished partly by the angular points used in the second court, and partly by that other form so prevalent in buildings of the same age, which consists of two right angles joined together, and surmounted by a semi-circle connecting them with two other angles similarly placed.—Before taking leave of this college, it should be mentioned (though it is no part of our plan to examine them) that it contains many very curious old portraits, which are ranged in the apartments of the Master's Lodge, and can therefore only be seen by particular favour. It should also be added that a most magnificent range of new buildings is at this time in the act of being erected on the west side of the river, which, when completed, will be opened as part of this great foundation. They will be connected with the old buildings by an exclusive bridge across the Cam, springing from the western side of the third quadrangle, above described. We may probably, if our limits permit, glance at these new buildings hereafter, when noticing a few of the detached objects connected with the University.

Quitting St. John's by the great portal through which we entered it, and passing the chief entrance of Trinity, we presently reach Caius' College. This college, though among the smallest and least imposing of the University, has a "something" about it which gives it an air of interest, which it would be as difficult to account for as to communicate by mere description. We shall, therefore, not attempt to do either, but shall describe it briefly nevertheless: venturing to premise of it, in illustration of the personal feeling which a sight of it is calculated to produce, that if we were called upon to choose a college of this University wherein to "set up our rest," Caius should be the one. Caius is entered from the street by a low gate, which opens upon an avenue of limes running to the extremity of the first court, and finishing at a second gate, consisting of a lofty Roman archway. The buildings in this first court require no notice. They are all situated to the right of the avenue, and form no portion of those which give its peculiar *character* to this college. Indeed, we could willingly see them disconnected from it, provided the avenue of trees could be retained which runs beside and belongs to them. Passing along this avenue, and through the second gate, we

enter the middle quadrangle; from the centre of which we look upon a set of objects, the effect of which probably goes far to make up that peculiar feeling which we have supposed to connect itself with the external appearance of this College. Right before us, on entering, we see nothing but a small low-roofed building, comprising some of the students' apartments, and having a look of snugness and comfort which is not exactly what we either need or seek in a place of this kind. Turning to the right, or north, we find the whole of that side occupied by the Chapel—a small one, but elegantly neat in finish and preservation, and most exact and satisfactory in its proportions, with reference no less to its own parts, than to the buildings with which it is connected: which latter is a point of taste too little attended to in objects of this kind. It is built entirely of stone, in the modern style, and finished along the roof by a set of elegant vases, which give a lightness to it that would otherwise be wanting, on account of its solidity as compared with its size. The third side of the quadrangle consists of the handsome Roman portico by which we entered, and some buildings on either side of it, which, though irregular, do not produce any thing like irregularity of general effect. The vista through this portico, and between the avenue of trees to the first gate, forms a most agreeable feature of this court. We now turn to the chief point in this quadruple picture; and it is one which, though not so gorgeous and striking as some others that we have described above, is neither less effective nor less characteristic and complete. The south, or left side of the Court in which we are standing, and to which side we now turn, consists of a low wall, forming an enclosure merely, in the centre of which is a gate of exit or entrance; and it is above this wall and gateway that a view presents itself, as impressive and affecting as perhaps any one can be which includes merely dead matter, collected and put together by the hand of man. But before gazing upward among the noble objects which here look down upon us, let us pay our tribute of pleased admiration to the little lowly gateway and its appendages, above which they rise, and to which the hand of Nature has lent an adventitious charm that no art could have supplied. The gateway itself is a little fantastic erection, consisting of three tiers of slight masonry, one piled upon the other, and finished by a little cupola and ball—the whole put together as if to show the artist's would-be skill in combining several styles and orders together in the least possible space; a sort of architectural toy, that, of itself, would look finical and trifling anywhere, and most of all in presence of the noble objects which here surround it. But, as if aware of this, and determined to remedy the defect, or rather to change it into a charm, (is it folly to say so?) Time and Nature together have been year after year wreathing a tracery of ivy-leaves over the whole gateway and its adjoining walls on either hand, till at length the former is more than half covered, and the latter entirely so, even up to the very tops of the adjoining chimneys that rise from the east and west sides of the Court; so that, from the centre of this mass of soft, yet solemn green drapery, portions of the little gateway peep forth innocently, —all its little frippery and nonsense changed, by the magic of dress, "to favour and to prettiness."

It is over the above pastoral screen that rise, in a mass of solemn grandeur, one behind the other, several of the noblest and most strik-

ing buildings of the University. On the left of the view, close to the ivy-coloured wall just described, projects forward about half of the western end of the Senate House; and beyond and above this fine Roman building, at about a hundred yards distance, are seen three of the four grave-looking, gothic turrets of St. Mary's Church, mapped against the grey sky. Then, an entirely open space of sky intervenes, about the centre of the picture; and the right portion is made up of, first the little ivy-clothed cupola of the gate of Caius, green to its very top; then a considerable portion of the antique part of the Schools; and lastly, rising in grave majesty above the whole, nearly all the length of King's Chapel, placed obliquely, so as to show all the elegant pierced tracery-work of the roof, together with one whole range of its exquisitely light and airy pinnacles, and one of its elaborately carved and jewel-like turrets, towering above all as if in the pride of its superior beauty. It should be mentioned (and may perhaps be looked upon as one chief reason for the entirely satisfying nature of the impression conveyed by the fourfold picture attempted to be described above), that no vestiges of any other objects whatever interfere with the scene, except those which have been pointed out. We must now take leave of this interesting College by stating, that the third, or inner quadrangle, is approached by a low archway in the right-hand corner of that where we now stand, and is, though very small, among the most handsome, uniform, and complete, of any in the University; and there is, moreover, an air of utter stillness and seclusion about it, which is even better than architectural beauty, and which no architectural beauty can either give, or compensate for the want of, in a place of this kind. Once more let us be permitted to say Caius is the college we would choose, and this inner quadrangle the part of it, in which to end our mortal career: to end it, be it understood, but not to begin it: for *that* we should prefer the gorgeous scenes of King's, or the more busy variety of Trinity.—Let us not quit this spot without calling to mind that, among other distinguished spirits, here was bred up and brought to perfection one of the gentlest, yet brightest and divinest, that was ever allied to humanity—Jeremy Taylor.

We have seldom found that it answers to pay too critical an attention to the interior of those public buildings which pique themselves on their external pretensions to architectural beauty. When, therefore, we meet with one that entirely satisfies us by its outward appearance, we are in most cases content to pass it by unentered, and "seek to know no more." Let not the reader imagine that we are led to this by any supposed analogy between objects of inanimate nature and the "human face divine;" on the contrary, as the presumption is, *à priori*, that the mind and face will correspond with each other, so we have almost universally found, as a matter of experience, that they do so correspond. The handsomest person in company, whether male or female, is generally the most intellectual: meaning by beauty, not, of course, the mere tincture of a skin, but that in which, alone, a living face differs from a dead mask—namely, expression. But in public buildings it is different, and most especially in modern ones. The architect lavishes the resources of his art on that which "those who run may read;" leaving the rest to shift for itself, under the hands of the decorator, &c. Feeling thus, and having bestowed our willing tribute of admiration on the

fine and imposing exterior of the Cambridge Senate House, we would willingly have passed on to other things; as in fact we did at the commencement of this paper. But it has since occurred to us that it is not fairly within our option, what we will show, and what pass by; but that, having offered to present the reader to the chief "Lions" of the place, we are bound to follow the example of our betters on the spot, and point out the interior of the Senate House as among the principal. This, however, is the utmost concession we can make to custom in the present instance; for we must add (at the imminent risk of having the orthodoxy of our taste called most vehemently into question), that the interior of this fine building is as little answerable to the exterior, as it is adapted, in appearance, we mean, to the purposes for which it is used; except, indeed, to one of those purposes, and one which the old gentleman who shows it will not long permit to remain a secret from the occasional visitor: we allude to the concert that is occasionally given within its walls, when "our Chancellor" (as the aforesaid old gentleman always takes care to phrase it) honours the University with a visit. For this purpose the frippery of its ceiling, finely executed, and designed with much taste, but still frippery, the gorgeous richness of its carved-oak gallery and wainscoting, and above all, the execrably frenchified air of three out of its four full-length statues, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be well enough adapted. But, for the ordinary purposes to which the place is applied, they are any thing but appropriate. And, in fact, they are any thing but what would now have been used, in erecting a building of this nature; for a much better taste in such matters has begun to grow prevalent of late years. What we have to wonder at and complain of, therefore, is, not that such is the character of the interior of this building, but that, being such, it should be lauded to the skies, as the very ideal of what it ought to be.

Quitting the above locality altogether, we now proceed past the front of the new buildings of King's, and continue along the same line of street till we reach, on the left hand, an entirely new range of Gothic buildings, comprising the principal front of Corpus Christi College. This range of buildings, together with the quadrangle, of which they form the west side, may be pointed out as, without exception, the most entirely pleasing and complete of any one set that have arisen during the prevalence of the late spirit of improvement in this University: and as we pointed out the second quadrangle of Saint John's as the most perfect and characteristic among the antique portions of the University, so we would name this quadrangle as holding a similar place among the modern ones. Not that any portion of it is to be compared, in point of architectural richness, with some of the new parts of King's. But, as we have seen when examining the latter, it presents from no one point an absolutely complete and consistent *coup-d'œil*; there being everywhere an intermixture of old parts with new, and a necessary adaptation of the new to the old. It does not strike us that a single glaring fault of taste or execution can be pointed out, in the external portions of this beautiful range of building; though it may be stated as a misfortune, arising out of its locality, that no one portion of it—and least of all the principal portion, the external front—can be looked at from a sufficient distance to admit of its producing its due and appropriate general effect upon the spectator. The street front of Corpus Christi

consists, in the centre, of a stately gate of entrance, the effect of which is at once massive from its breadth and the battlemented towers that flank it, yet light even to gracefulness, from the airy spring of its pointed archway, and the exquisite ornaments that are scattered over the upper part, in the form of niches, windows, &c. From this centre point spring out on either side three tiers of apartments, marked on the exterior by their tiers of windows respectively—the lower tier of windows being square, and the two upper pointed. There is, about the whole of this portion of the building, only just sufficient ornamental work to take away the bad effect which results from mere bareness. Beyond this plain portion of the front on either side, the whole is finished by a projecting portion, corresponding in form and effect with the centre tower, but wanting the gateway; and above, instead of the niche placed between two narrow pointed windows, we have one large square window, highly ornamented with carved work, but not nearly so elaborate in this respect as the centre portion. The whole range is surmounted by battlements, the centre department and the two ends rising into detached turrets; and finally, the effect of the whole is completed by an expedient which is much too seldom resorted to, considering its almost invariably admirable effect: we allude to the two shallow steps, the upper one very wide, which run along the whole length of the building, and seem, as it were, to detach it from the street, and give it a finished and self-included look, which buildings without this appendage are often felt to stand in need of. A great building, the exterior walls of which spring up direct from the soil, has always this unfinished look; as if it had grown up from out the ground, or had partly sunk into it. And this appearance, no doubt, it is, which has originated the modern English expedient—frequently so delightful in its effects on small domestic buildings—of planting shrubs close to the outer walls, and training against them. But great buildings, and especially public ones, do not admit of this, nor would the effect be appropriate if they did; and the alternative is that which has been employed in the above case. Upon the whole, the exterior front of Corpus Christi College may be pronounced as chaste, elegant, and altogether agreeable a specimen of the modern Gothic style as can anywhere be met with.

On passing the spacious gateway, the vaulted tracery of which commences half-way down the side walls, we find ourselves in a court corresponding in all respects with the exterior face that has just been described. The most striking portion of it is that which fronts us on entering. It might, from the character of its ornamental work, be mistaken for a side view of the Chapel. But in reality we see, of the Chapel, merely the door of entrance, with its rich appendages of ornamented spires, its pierced parapet, and the deep reveal of its arched doorway. From either side of this centre springs out a range of building, finished with highly ornamented spires, and finials to correspond with that portion belonging to the Chapel, but devoted to private apartments merely. The left, or north side of the court, is occupied by the Hall and Combination-room; and the right, or south, by the Library, &c. each being entirely different, in all its details, from either of the other sides, yet each corresponding with all the rest in a manner that shows a real feeling for his art in the architect, and at the same time consummate skill in carrying his ideas into practice. Nothing can be more

elegant than the manner in which the beautiful windows of the library, and the exquisitely light and simple face of all that side of the court, contrast with the richly ornamented character of the chapel side, and the massive solidity and grave dignity of the hall side, with its projecting buttresses and oriel. Yet the three sides, when looked at as a connected whole, blend and amalgamate with each other, in a manner and to an effect which show the natural conformity which exists between their styles respectively. In the Chapel of this college there is a fine painted window, in character something between the modern and the antique; and on the staircase leading to the hall there is another, of a similar description; both of them admirably adapted to the buildings with which they are connected—even more so, perhaps, than if they were of that entirely antique class which we had so rich an occasion of admiring in King's Chapel.

We repeat that, at present, this new portion of Corpus Christi College offers to public inspection the most complete range of modern Gothic architecture that can anywhere be met with. But we should add that, from what is visible of the new quadrangle in progress at St. John's, that promises, when completed, to carry away the palm from all its competitors, in point of mingled elegance, richness, and unity of general effect; which latter will be greatly heightened by the peculiar position of the new buildings, as the chief front will look, over a low cloistered screen, upon the open meadows and stately groves at the back of Trinity, Clare Hall, and King's.

Besides the colleges described in the foregoing pages, there are others belonging to the University, which merit attention, and will fully repay a passing visit. But our limits forbid a detailed notice of them, even if this could be given without falling into repetitious, and dwelling too long on dry particularities. We must, therefore, be content to refer, generally, to Peter-house, for its still, collegiate air; to Emmanuel for its handsome modern front, not surpassed in its way by any in the University: to Queen's, for its cloistered inner court; to Christ's, if it be but for the mulberry-tree planted in its garden by Milton's hand, and still growing there; and to Downing, if it be but to show how possible it is to expend large sums of money upon stone and mortar, without having any thing better to show for it than an hospital-looking erection on one hand, and a workhouse-looking one on the other, each terminated by an elegant little Ionic portico, that, if it could think, must

"Wonder how the devil it got there,"

into such very low company.

We must now close this paper with a brief notice of the Fitzwilliam Museum,—a point of peculiar interest in connexion with this University, and such an one as no other University in Europe can boast of. Having first provided yourself with a ticket of admission, in a shape no less imposing than that of a Master of Arts of the University *in propriâ personâ*,—without which you can by no means gain admittance,—you proceed down a narrow lane running out of Bene't-street, and presently reach, on the left, the outer gate of a rude old building, formerly occupied as the Free School, but now the temporary place of reception of this noble bequest, which was made to the University about ten years ago, by the late Viscount Fitzwilliam, together with 100,000*l.* (stock)

for the purpose of providing a fit receptacle for it. This Museum consists of a splendid, but not very extensive, library of books, manuscripts, and missals; a few objects of antiquity and *virtu;* some drawings; a vast collection of rare engravings; and a gallery of paintings. It is in these two latter sets of objects that the chief value and attraction of the Museum consists; and it is to a few of the paintings alone that our limits will permit us to refer.

Perhaps the most remarkable work in this collection is a gallery picture by Ludovico Caracci, which occupies the upper end of the first room, on the right as you enter. The subject is, Christ and the Angel appearing to Mary Magdalene. The picture is an upright one. The Saviour is advancing on the left, with an air of bland dignity, towards Mary, who kneels on the right; while the intermediate space in the centre is occupied by the angel—his "immortal wings" outspreading over the two figures, and thus connecting them mysteriously, not only with each other, but with that heavenly world of which he is the visible type. In the faces of these figures, the force and vivacity of expression necessary to act upon and excite the feelings of the spectator, are tempered by that dignified and religious quiet, without which the treatment of subjects of this nature almost invariably includes a something verging on profaneness. In the attitudes also, no less in their individual characters than when looked at collectively as a composition, there is that majestic repose, in the absence of which there can be no real dignity of either style or general effect. The colouring of this admirable work is also correspondent with the above: which, considering that it is almost as glowing in this respect as one of Rubens's, and as fresh as if painted yesterday, must be looked upon as evincing a most rare union of skill tempered by judgment. We do not know where else to point out so faultless an example of Ludovico Caracci's pencil as this picture presents. This fine work is opposed, at the other extremity of the room, by one of similar size, by Paul Veronese. The subject is that of Mercury and Aglauros; but the treatment of it is any thing but classical; and we notice the picture only to point out the striking contrast between the colouring and that of the work noticed above,—both being admirable in their way, yet so different, that it is hardly possible to look upon them as produced by the same means and materials: and it must not be denied that, about the last-named work, there is a look of reality, and at the same time of freshness,—as if a body of the bright morning air intervened between the objects and the spectator's eye,—which none but Paul Veronese ever produced in such perfection. Just to the right-hand of the door of entrance, there is a noble work of Titian's—the figures said to represent Philip the Second of Spain, and his mistress the Princess d'Eboli. The latter is depicted as a Nymph, or Venus, lying on a couch, attended by a winged Cupid; while the former is playing to her on a lute—his back, however, being turned, so as to almost entirely conceal his features. It is difficult to guess precisely what may have been the artist's motive for this singular arrangement; but the look of life which he has given to the figure so placed is truly wonderful. As you look upon it, it seems that instant to have turned from you, and you feel as if the traits of its countenance were still present before you, as they are in the case of one whom you have

just quitted; and this without your having seen those traits. We scarcely know whether this will be intelligible; but we merely endeavour to describe the impression which the view of this figure has always produced upon ourselves. In many other particulars, this picture is a most remarkable one, especially in the landscape part, which is seen beyond the great black curtain that half encloses the two figures; and the exquisite colouring of the female form. But we must not pursue the examination farther. This picture was formerly one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Orleans collection.

In the upper part of this room, on the extreme left, is a work of Old Palma, which is in some respects the finest we have ever seen from his most chaste and tasteful hand. It represents a Nymph and Cupid in a grand antique landscape; and what particularly strikes us, is the extreme sweetness of the colouring throughout. It is, in truth, a most lovely production. In a very different style, and perhaps upon the whole superior to every other work in this collection, is one by Giorgione, hanging at the other extremity of the room, a little beneath and to the left of Ludovico Caracci's great work. Its subject is, the Adoration of the Shepherds; and if ever what is called *gusto*, both in expression and colouring, was witnessed on canvass, it is here before us. There is, moreover, a tone of solemn gravity pervades the whole composition, blended with a general air of grandeur, neither of which is in the least degree impaired by the extraordinary force and vivacity of every individual expression in the picture. We would point this picture out as worthy of deep study and attention. Our limits being already passed, we must only add, in respect to the pictures forming so valuable and interesting a portion of the Fitzwilliam Museum, that there are among them at least twenty more, of first-rate merit in their classes respectively, each of which is worthy of an attentive examination; and they may now luckily chance to obtain one; for the Senate has just had the good sense to pass a Grace, permitting visitors to remain in the rooms as long as they please, without the actual presence of a Master of Arts; though the presence of one is still necessary, to gain admission in the first instance.

We ought not to conclude without stating that, besides the Colleges not noticed in the foregoing sketch, Cambridge includes an Hospital, occupying a neat stuccoed building, most advantageously placed as an ornament to the principal entrance of the city; a Botanical Garden of considerable extent and value; and an Observatory, situated at about a mile on the St. Neot's Road, which is connected with a handsome building of the Doric order, and presents to the spectator the only tolerable object of sight that the immediate environs of the University can boast.

AN EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

Fallentis semita vitæ.—Hor.

Near a small village in the West,
  Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
  To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
There stood,—alas! it stands no more!—
  A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
  My good friend Quince was Lord and Master.

Welcome was he, in hut and hall,
  To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
He won the sympathies of all
  By making puns, and making presents:
Though all the Parish were at strife,
  He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
And laugh'd, and loved a quiet life,
  And shrank from Chancery suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret, and his head;
  Warm was his double ale, and feelings;
His partners at the whist-club said,
  That he was faultless in his dealings:
He went to Church but once a week;
  Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
  And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, Hospitals, and Schools,
  He used to swear, were made to cozen:
All who subscribed to them were fools,
  And he subscribed to half a dozen;
It was his doctrine that the poor
  Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door,
  Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
  But was no flatterer, nor fretter;
He rapp'd his box when things were bad,
  And said, "I cannot make them better!"
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
  And much he scorn'd the placeman's snuffle;
And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
  With—"Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle."

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
  Had couch'd beneath her master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
  Had fatten'd in his master's stable:
Old Quince averr'd, upon his troth,
  They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
  With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring, or knock,
  Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smooth'd the frock,
  And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns;

Adine was studying bakers' bills;
  Louisa look'd the queen of knitters;
Jane happen'd to be hemming frills;
  And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain: and while Decay
  Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
  With no fair Nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
  His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powder'd hair,
  Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
  Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been cross'd in love,
  Before he came away from College:
Some darkly hinted, that his Grace
  Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whisper'd with a solemn face,
  That there was something odd about him!

I found him at threescore and ten,
  A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then,
  To take him from a world of trouble:
He prosed of slipping down the hill,
  Discover'd he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,—
  The next, he sent for Dr. Bailey.

And so he lived,—and so he died!—
  When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand, and "Ah!" he cried,
  "Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her, I hugg'd her rosy chain
  While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
  I'll bring a licence in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
  (I hope his master's shoes will suit him):
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
  To feed him for my sake,—or shoot him.
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox,—
  She'll find him an uncommon mouser;—
And let her husband have my box,
  My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

"Whether I ought to die or not
  My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
  And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid;—but Nature's debt
  Almost escaped my recollection!—
Tom!—we shall meet again;—and yet
  I cannot leave you my direction!"

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, NO. IV.

Mr. Brodie.

THE medical students of London, and I presume of every other place, are composed of two classes; those who study medicine *con amore*, and those who do not. The first class consists of, by far, the lesser number, but its paucity of members is amply redeemed by the eagerness, the vigour, and the enthusiasm with which these members pursue their studies. Indifferent persons can form no conception of the ardour and the *gusto* with which they follow those preliminary pursuits which are necessarily disgusting and filthy. All the abominations of the charnel-house,—all the disagreeables of dissection become positively pleasant, and day after day—often night after night, are they poring over the "subject," and storing their minds with that knowledge, which is in after-life to render them conspicuous in their profession. This is one class. The other is composed of those pupils, who, unmoved by the beautiful construction of man's mechanism, go through their studies much in the same way, and with much the same degree of relish, as a blind horse performs his diurnal revolutions in a mill. They have but one object in view, and that is, to "pass the College;" and for this purpose it is requisite that they should cram their brains with as much knowledge as will enable them to go through that terrible ordeal. Knowledge thus superficially and easily acquired, is as easily lost; and thus it is, that nine-tenths of the students at the end of a year after their examination, know as much of the principles of medicine and surgery as they did three years before. They "grind" for their examination—"pass" it—and obtain their diploma.

But the true, enthusiastic lover of the science is actuated by very different motives. Never weary of tracing the exquisite and minute machinery of the human frame—delighted with the unfolding of each new and beautiful contrivance, and interested beyond measure in the application of the facts which are displayed before him, the real student becomes a philosopher instead of a mechanic—a man of broad, liberal, and enlarged views. Has he other incentives to exertion besides the invigorating draughts, which gush from the fountains of pure knowledge? Has he any other stimulus besides that which the power and strength of knowledge impart? Doubtless he has. Few of us labour even in the most intoxicating departments of science, unmindful of fame. "Knowledge is power," said the founder of English science; and it is the hope of possessing this power that endues us with energy—that excites us to surmount innumerable obstacles, and to grapple with difficulties, which to many may appear insuperable. There is something supremely interesting in watching the progress of the child of science—in observing the gradual unfolding of the mind—the illimitable, excursive, comprehensive mind; and the philosopher himself must look back with intense interest on his own advancing career, when he was toiling on, struggling with the iron-hand of poverty, uncheered by the smiles of Fortune, but still proceeding "conquering and to conquer." This, however, is somewhat too digressive.

As a conspicuous member of the first class of students we may rank Benjamin Collins Brodie, the subject of the present article. Few men have launched their bark in the tempestuous ocean of busy life under

more favourable auspices than he. Educated in an excellent professional school, that of the illustrious Hunters—gifted with quick talent, untiring industry, and a mind comprehensive and well-prepared—the *protegé*, moreover, of a man, who, whatever may be his foibles now, stood once at the very pinnacle of his profession, Mr. Brodie entered upon the duties of his vocation with an ardour and a devotion seldom surpassed. From the very instant that he became the pupil, or rather the assistant of Sir Everard Home, every moment of his existence was devoted to the profession. He was either lecturing or demonstrating,* or " dressing" at the Hospital, or visiting patients from morning to night, and sometimes, from night to morning, for it is the duty of the assistant to sit up all night with such patients as have undergone some serious, or, in the language of the schools, some *great* operation, until all danger is over. No one but a man of strong nerve, great activity, and most enthusiastic attachment to his profession, could have undergone the toil and fatigue dependent upon the bustle and worry of the practice in which Mr. Brodie was now involved; but his whole heart was in it, and he not only endured it uncomplainingly, but he enjoyed it as a source of healthful, mental excitement; in short, he loved it.

All this time the young physiologist was diving deeply into the mysteries of science; and, like the bee, abstracting sweets from the flowers which were scattered in his path. Nothing escaped the penetrating acumen of his mind; objects which to others were trivial, obscure, dull, were to him sources of bright intelligence and wisdom. That quick, searching, sudden, and singular talent, which even now distinguishes him from his brethren, was in constant activity, seizing upon facts—sifting the wheat from the chaff, the ore from the dross, and astonishing even his elders by the mode with which it instructed its fortunate possessor. Was there a new question started in the schools—a new opinion broached, or a new theory introduced? Mr. Brodie did not rest—no, not even amidst all his numerous toilsome avocations—until he had carefully and minutely *dissected* it, and discovered its truth or its fallacy. To the decisions of his elders he always listened with deference and humility; but his was not a mind to receive as gospel a fact which was only sanctioned by the dogmatism of custom, or the formal, fusty, fallacious authority of long-rooted prejudice. Truth is to be discovered, not by an implicit obedience to pre-existing dogmata, but by a diligent, untiring, and careful use of reason and observation; and it is the active and proper application of these qualities, which so particularly characterise the present school of medicine in all its branches, as contrasted with the empirical, patchwork system of our predecessors. We will adduce one instance, on a subject intimately connected with Mr. Brodie, to show the broad difference between " those that *were*" and those that *are*. What did his predecessors—*our* predecessors, know about suspended animation? Did they understand its *rationale*—its philosophy—its essence? Not they! " Time was, that when the brains were out the man would die!" *This* they did know; but they knew no more. They knew full well that if a man was shot through the heart or the head, or any vital organ, that life would cease:

* The office of Demonstrator consists in demonstrating and explaining to the students the subjects on which the Professor lectures.

but did they know how a man died from suffocation—from the inspiration of mephitic vapour—from the swallowing of certain poisons, and from hanging?—or did they know how he died at all? No, they did not. They said, as the lungs cease to act and the heart to beat, the patient must needs "go hence, and be no more seen:" but people have been recovered after the lungs have ceased to act; and this opened the eyes of the wise men; and so the Royal Humane Society was founded by a man who deserves much gratitude, not only at the hands of his profession, but of the whole world—the late Dr. Lettsom. This is an inquiring, learned, knowledge-seeking, and knowledge-finding age—and we will explain what we mean by the *rationale* of suspended animation: if we should seem somewhat learned on the subject, our readers must pardon us, especially as we engage to render our dissertation so comprehensible that "those who run may read."

We have already intimated that our predecessors knew little about the *modus operandi* of death. Bichât, in his admirable work on the Phenomena of Life, was the first to place the inquiry upon a scientific basis. Before this, we saw men die from disease, from poison, and from accidents of various kinds; but how life was destroyed, we knew not,—that is, we knew not in all cases, whether it was injury of the brain, or heart, or lungs, which first contributed to the extinction of the vital spark. Men died—and that was enough. But Bichât taught us to reason on the subject, and to found all our reasonings on the mutual relation and connexion of the three great organs of the body—the heart, the lungs, and the brain; and on the consequent division of the phenomena of the living system into organic and animal life.

Organic life is the simplest mode of existence, and is dependent upon the proper functions of the heart and arteries; while animal life is supported by the functions of the brain and nerves, in conjunction with respiration, which, in fact, connects the two states with each other.

Death must, therefore, begin either at the lungs, or the brain, or the heart; the two first states being the most common. In many kinds of death, more especially in that which occurs from a suspension of the action of the lungs, there are two distinct stages. In the first, sensation, thought, and voluntary motion are destroyed; in the second, the circulation of the blood, and the organic functions, dependent thereupon, cease. In common parlance, we designate life as the presence of mental phenomena; and death, their absence: in a strictly physical sense, however, life may be existent, so long as actions are going on in the body, differing from any which can be explained upon chemical or mechanical principles. In considering, therefore, the order in which the phenomena of death occur, we do not merely depend upon the cessation of all indications of mind; but we pursue the changes, so long as any movement takes place in the body, inexplicable by the laws to which we have alluded. In short, there must be a complete extinction of animal as well as of organic life.

Death, instantaneously as it frequently takes place, is a process comprising many curious and elaborate changes. Bichât and Brodie have ascertained that in *asphyxia*, or suffocation, which is the most sudden and simple mode of dissolution, the changes are more complicated than even these physiologists at first imagined. They distinctly discovered that the heart partially continues its action after respiration has ceased.

By considering here what is the principal purpose of respiration, namely, the oxydisation of the blood,—we shall find that the lungs having ceased to play, while the heart continues partially to beat, the blood which is now circulated cannot be oxydised; and it is this circulation of unoxydised or venous blood which completely destroys life. As soon as a few waves of this black or venous blood pass through the brain, insensibility takes place, and animal life ceases; and, lastly, organic life still remaining, and the heart still propelling this (now) poisonous fluid through the other parts of the body, the action of the heart itself is at length destroyed by it, as well as the vitality of every other part through which it flows. Thus death by suffocation is caused by venous blood acting as a poison—first upon the nervous system, and then upon the other different parts of the body—animal life becoming extinguished first, and then organic.

Now, this proves how persons who have been half-drowned, or half-hanged, have been recovered. If organic life still exists, although the functions of animal life may have been perfectly suspended, and if the lungs can be excited sufficiently to oxydise the blood, life is restored. From this we see the necessity of perseverance, even after all apparent symptoms of returning life have ceased; and, discarding all the barbarous empiricism, which formerly characterized this branch of practice, we have but one sensible object in view, which is to excite the lungs to action.

To a mind like Mr. Brodie's, we can easily imagine the interest which this very important subject imparted, as well as the eagerness with which he pursued it. In this, as in every thing which engages his attention, he has succeeded to an extent almost beyond reasonable expectation. He has proved that in small animals, artificial respiration will support the circulation of the blood for many hours after the heart has wholly ceased to beat, and even after the heads of the animals have been actually cut off. This knowledge was not obtained, however, without much and repeated labour. It was not one or two flimsy experiments that satisfied him with the important result. Again and again were they repeated, until the fact was established beyond dispute or the possibility of doubt. It may appear strange, perhaps, that a surgeon like Mr. Brodie, who is engaged in actual practice from an early hour in the morning till midnight, should find any time for pursuits not immediately connected with the current practice of the day. But little do they know of the human mind, or its powers, who think thus. We know for a fact, that, notwithstanding all the physical labour to which Mr. Brodie is daily exposed, he finds a lack of excitement for his very active mind. There is little interest to him in the ordinary cases which come before him; and a recourse to some abstruse pursuit in physiology is absolutely necessary to preserve his mind in activity. There is one very conspicuous quality in Mr. Brodie, which is, a rapidity of perception, that enables him to seize, as it were, intuitively, upon the leading facts of the most intricate case. This, to a person who did not know his habits, would appear as the mere effect of a sudden and momentary impulse; but, in fact, it is the result of much deep, steadfast, and solitary study. We have seen him pause for a moment, after having heard the detail of an intricate case, and then give his opinion plainly and decidedly. There is no subterfuge—no

beating about the bush—no loop-hole left to creep out at—but all is plain, straightforward, decisive; and a man must assuredly have great confidence in himself to enable him to act in this manner.

A more estimable, and perhaps a more useful characteristic in Brodie's character, is his gentlemanly conduct to all persons, and his true, unvarying, unostentatious benevolence. We could tell many a tale illustrative of this; but to penetrate the *sanctum* of private life is no part of our purpose. His conduct at the hospital, both to his pupils and to the poor patients, is beyond all praise. He does not rest satisfied with merely going round from bed to bed, as the custom is, without communicating any thing to his pupils, or expressing any interest in the welfare of the sufferer;—no, Mr. Brodie does *not* do this. He informs his pupils, not only what plan he means to adopt, but why it is adopted, and what are the expected results. If there be any intricate or unusual case, he explains candidly what are his opinions—his reasons for them—the why and the wherefore, without any humbug, and so forth: and all this with so much kindness, suavity, and attention, that no one can doubt the sincerity of his interest for his pupils' welfare. This kindness is extended, also, to the patients; and we are very sure that much of the pain and terror of disease has been often alleviated by conduct such as this. As a lecturer Mr. Brodie is excellent; although there is a constraint in his manner, which sounds at first rather awkwardly—but this soon wears off, and is at length entirely lost in the mass of instructive facts, which he pours forth before his auditors. His style is particularly simple and unaffected, his lecture being literally a "plain unvarnished tale," full, however, of excellent instruction, and useful, impressive information; and his must be a dull capacity indeed, who does not carry away something profitable from every lecture which he hears.

In conclusion we must observe, that Mr. Brodie is surgeon to St. George's Hospital—an institution which has been honoured by the services and adorned by the talents of those luminaries of surgical and medical science, the two Hunters, and Sir Everard Home. Their successor has trodden well and diligently in their footsteps; and it must be a source of proud satisfaction to him to reflect, that when all distinctions are levelled in the dust, his name may be joined to their's as a benefactor to mankind—and as a large and valuable contributor to that science, of which he is now so distinguished an ornament.

EXPECTATION.

(SCHILLER.)

WAS it the latch that was stirr'd?
Or the wicket that open swung?—
No, 'twas but the breeze I heard,
That sighs yon poplar trees among.

Thou green and leafy bower, be new array'd,
To-day the loveliest Fair shall bless thy sight,
Ye branches, twine and form a cooling shade,
And cast o'er all the scene a gentle night,
And ye too, Zephyrs, sport around the Maid,
And fan her cheek with fluttering pinions light,
When her fair form is borne along the grove,
With footstep light, to seek the bower of love.

Hark! through the thicket is heard
A sound rustling loudly and near!
No, 'tis but the startled bird
Fluttering in the brake, I hear.

Oh! quench thy torch, bright Day, and thou arise
In gentle silence, calm, mysterious Night,
And spread thy purple mantle o'er the skies,
With friendly branches shade us from the sight.
Far from the listener's ear Love timid flies,
And hates the gaudy day's rude, glaring light;
Let none but Hesperus with twinkling eye
In silence gaze, from out the darkening sky.

Are there not soft voices near,
That whispering the silence break?
No, tis but the swan I hear,
That ruffling cleaves the silver lake.

My ear drinks in a harmony divine,
The fountain falls, with sweetly rushing sound,
The flowers to Zephyr's kiss their heads incline,
While every creature seems rojoicing round;
And where the peach lies hid in leaves, the vine
Embracing hangs, with purple clusters crown'd;
While round my burning cheek the breezes play,
And breathing perfume, steal the glow away.

Hear I not steps bounding free,
That rustle the leaves as they tread?
No, 'tis from the neighbouring tree
The ripe and golden fruit is shed.

At length is closed the flaming eye of Day
For sweet repose, and pale are all his rays,
Now boldly open in the twilight grey
Those chaliced flowers that hate his gaudy blaze,
And while the beaming Moon glides on her way
The earth seems half dissolving in her gaze,
While lovely Nature stretch'd before me lies,
And every beauty meets my wondering eyes.

Is it a form I see move
In silken robes glistening and bright?
No, 'tis in yon cypress grove
A marble column gleaming white.

Thou longing heart, be calm, thy transports spare,
'Tis but of fancied bliss thou art possess'd;
The arms that should enfold her, clasp the air,
No dream of joy can cool my burning breast.
Oh! let her stand one moment living there,
And let me feel in mine her soft hand press'd,
Or from her mantle catch a passing gleam——
Then o'er his senses stole th' illusive dream.

But as sudden descends from above
When unhoped for, the moment of bliss,
So lightly she treads through the grove,
And awakes her beloved with a kiss.

A TOUR IN MEXICO IN 1827.

Having made rather an extensive tour in the States of Mexico in the year 1827, and feeling reluctant to "bestow all my tediousness" on the reader, I have fixed my introduction to him at a place concerning which much interest has been lately excited,—the town of Real del Monte. The hospitality which I experienced among my friends engaged in the English Mining Company established there, as well as the objects of curiosity it afforded, induced me to prolong my stay a little at that spot. It is distant rather more than twenty leagues from the city of Mexico, and in the direct road thence to the sea-port of Tampico, whither I was proceeding. The town is situated on the side of a hill, yet on one of the most level spots in its vicinity; the surface of the country being, with hardly any exception, rugged and uneven for several miles around. The view, as far as the eye can reach, consists entirely of a range of mountainous summits, whence the district derives its name of Real del Monte. Most of these are well clothed with verdure; a peak here and there, however, exalting itself in naked majesty above its neighbours. The character of the whole is grand and beautiful. The size of the town would be very imperfectly estimated at first by a stranger. When I entered it (June 1st), the number of houses in absolute ruin nearly equalled that of the inhabited ones. The fury of the late Revolution, which freed Mexico from the Spanish yoke, was peculiarly felt around the mines, occasioning their total abandonment. The dwellings, chiefly built of unburnt bricks, and roofed with "tejamanil," slight shingles of fir-wood, if spared from the devastations of man, soon fell a prey to the ravages of the periodical rains. Three churches, besides several small chapels, remained unimpaired by hostile hand. The same forbearance with regard to places of worship, when all beside was spoiled, had prevailed here as well as throughout Mexico. In front of the principal church is a large plaza, or square; and, besides the few regular streets, a great number of huts are scattered around, so buried amid an ever-verdant variety of shrubs as not to be visible till you find yourself suddenly close to them. The numberless small winding paths which lead to these are in like manner so concealed that, till actually treading them, one has not the least suspicion of their existence. The whole population at this time, much increased since the renewal of the working of the mines by the English, was probably above three thousand souls. The English were numerous also, amounting to near two hundred, including agents, miners, and artizans of all kinds. Almost all the stone-built houses were occupied by them; and though purchased in a very dilapidated state, no cost or labour had been spared to render them fit for their accommodation.

The principal objects of interest in Real del Monte are its celebrated mines; and I did not omit, during my stay, to make inquiries concerning their state and prospects. I shall state a few such facts as came under my observation relative to them, wishing to place the truth in its strongest light, and leave arguments on the subject to others. I was informed that the dismissal of a mining captain had arisen from his having stated to Mr. Morier, the British Ambassador, with true Cornish bluntness, that he considered the whole adventure as "a miserable job." Notwithstanding, however, such an example, I found no great difficulty in obtaining the information I wished. The long discussions to which these speculations have given birth may, on a closer view, give way to a very plain tale. If the radical principle on which all the South American mining speculations were founded is shown to be false and absurd, it will spare the trouble of seeking, in the faults of their management, reasons for the disappointment with which they have been attended. The motives which induced Europeans to undertake the working of deep and extensive mines, in a state of utter ruin, long abandoned, and left as hopeless by the Mexicans, must have been founded on a confidence of their superiority to these latter in the art and means of working them. Four essential points of consideration are—capital, industry, eco-

nomy, and skill. As to capital, though the superiority of the English cannot be denied, yet it is also true that there exist even in Mexico, monied men well able and willing to advance large sums on a mining speculation which should seem to hold out a fair inducement. In proof of this, a Spanish family at Pachuca, only one league distant from Real del Monte, is at this time deriving great riches from mines not quite so deep indeed, but more profitable. Secondly, with regard to the alleged superior industry of the English, I will only repeat the expressions of the then managing agent, who told me that the labours of the very best of the English workmen amounted but to what in Cornwall are termed "stems," or work done "out of course." Nothing can be more evident than that these men had no longer the same stimulus to exertion which they possessed in their own country. The profits of a Cornish miner at home are proportioned to the quantity of work performed, or ore raised by him. In a foreign country, engaged at a fixed salary for a term of years, his only care is to save appearances, and spend the allotted period with as much ease to himself as may be. Add to this, that the possession of four or five times his former wages gives him temptation to dissipation, and to a consequent idleness, extremely difficult to resist. Thirdly, economy is a point which the English adventurers had it in their power to preserve, yet in this they seem most to have failed. It would be far too long, and beyond my power, to enter into particulars; but the stranger, on entering Real del Monte, cannot but be struck at the great abundance of surface-works—huge storehouses and other buildings, extensive walled and floored yards for the reception of ore, and expensive roads for the carriage of it. And if he is struck at the magnificent scale of these works, will he not be still more astonished, on inquiring whether the works below ground keep pace with those above, to be informed that little of the ore for which such preparations have been made is yet discovered? that, so far from the mines being cleared of their rubbish and drained of their water, to judge from the contradictory accounts respecting that hoped-for consummation, it seems very doubtful whether it will ever take place at all? I should omit the most heavy article of unnecessary expenditure, did I not mention the continual purchase of new mines, which were all set at work together, ere a single one had been proved. At one time, any kind of hole christened by the natives with the name of a mine, must have had bad luck indeed not to find a price. The last but not the least important point which I have named, of supposed superiority in the English, is, that of greater skill in the working of these mines than is possessed by the natives themselves. Herein I will again quote the inornate but very intelligible language of the Cornish miners, who confessed to me "that any old woman, born and bred on the mines, knew more about silver ore than they did." Yet, however curious the presumption of the new adventurers may appear in this particular, it is under this head that we must class the only real advantage possessed by them,—the introduction of the steam-engine. Natives, as well as English, whom I questioned on the subject, having, in truth, at that time some trifling interest in the adventure, all concurred in referring to the "maquinas" for its ultimate success. This solitary improvement, then, on the part of the English, is to be set against the numerous disadvantages laboured under by them, of which I now come to speak, and which are by no means of a light order. The first of these which I shall mention is one of more consequence than it may at first appear. This is their constant liability to deceit and robbery from the natives in their employ. These are, perhaps, hardly to be exceeded any where for a low kind of cunning. Their various arts of secreting the more valuable part of the ore are almost inconceivable. To reduce it to powder and plaster the hair with it is a common trick; but when they proceed on a larger scale, it is with the connivance of the person on the surface, who receives the bags of attle, or rubbish, which he wheels away to the appointed pile. By some signal, easily communicated from below, he is informed which of these bags contains a portion of ore, and takes care to

empty it in such a manner that it may be concealed for the time, and easily found again afterwards. In the former working of the mines, their owner, Count Regla, was invested with the arbitrary power of a judge in his own cause, and might at pleasure make an example of any detected person; yet the crime was still so prevalent, that he found it expedient to enact a law whereby any one succeeding in carrying off ore might immediately, with impunity, bring it to sale on the very spot whence it had been stolen, which was preferred to its being sent to another market. If, with the influence of the Count Regla, it was found impossible to suppress theft, how much more must the English be exposed to suffer from it! We may consider the greater propensity of the natives to cheat them, from the natural jealousy entertained against foreigners and heretics; and their greater capacity to do so, from the others' ignorance of their habits and manners, and even language. It is true, Veladores, or guards, are appointed in great number, but of what sort? Natives themselves; in whom the trust reposed may only enable the trade to be carried on in a more wholesale manner. Other disadvantages there will be no occasion to dwell on, as they need but be named to show their weight and moment. Such are, the allowance of profits to the Count Regla, no less than a clear half (independent of a duty to Government), in earnest of which he already receives what are denominated "alimentos," a yearly sum in advance, before any of the expected riches are in sight. If, with these drawbacks, we connect the unsettled state of the Government, to which recent and serious insurrections give ample proof, it will seem worse than doubtful, even supposing that the mines should yield profits, whether the English adventurers will ever be allowed to reap them. I will only add, that all I could collect from persons best qualified by experience to decide, but confirmed the impression which I had previously entertained, that the single advantage of the introduction of the steam-engine by the English, burdened by the stupendous and almost insuperable difficulties of conveying it to the spot, and the deficiency of proper fuel when there, is not sufficient to counterbalance the many disadvantages under which they labour; and that, by a natural and inevitable consequence, every South American mining speculation, conducted as they have been, must end sooner or later, to repeat the words of the Cornish captain, in "a miserable job."

I am now going to attempt the description of a ball which took place a few days after my arrival at Real del Monte, in honour of the establishment of a militia in the town. The warmth of the season proved no obstacle to this favourite mode, among the Mexicans, of celebrating any agreeable event, public or domestic. The entertainment was held at the house of the Alcalde, or chief magistrate for the year. The English party with which I attended, arriving early, we lighted our segars, and seated ourselves, as etiquette at first prescribes, at the end of the room opposite that allotted to the ladies. The apartment was spacious, furnished all round with good cushioned benches; and lighted by solitary candles, fixed to the walls at a respectful distance from each other, and having each a large tin reflector, which added much to the brilliancy of the assembly. The room being tolerably filled, the ball was opened by two or three couple waltzing, till their numbers having gradually increased, after a short time they formed into a country-dance. The waltz step, however, is still the favourite, and almost only one employed; though much diversified by the constant motion of the arms, with which they form a variety of curious figures. The dexterity with which both sexes shift their "cigarros" from one hand to the other in the changes of the dance is remarkable. These, which consist of a little tobacco rolled up in paper, must be held between the finger and thumb, and only applied to the mouth for occasional whiffs; thus, while one hand is employed in this office, the other is round their partner, and the fume ascends between for their mutual benefit. That females should use such things, will no doubt appear shocking at first view of the case, especially as they are always smoked through the nose; yet I can safely assert, from my own observation, that to the native beaux

who are accustomed to the sight, the fragrant steam issuing from the nostrils of the fair one is rather a provocative to gallantry. In a small room adjoining that of the ball, was a table spread with a profusion of cakes of different kinds, attended by a few bottles of Frontignac, some of bad sherry, and more of "aguardiente," strong white brandy of the country. After partaking of these potent refreshments, several of my countrymen, I observed, grew rather rude in their gaiety. "Esto es lo pejor de los Ingleses"—"This is the worst of the English," said an old man near me. One of them, in particular, was so disorderly as to salute several ladies, and among others the lady of the house, her husband, the Alcalde, standing by. The latter, though, I believe, a temperate man, and well inclined to the English, instantly exclaimed, "Amigo, se dan puñaladas"—"Stabs are given, my friend," said he, "among us for these things." In fact, it was high time for our young friend to be removed, and the company soon after separated. As I departed, I observed one of the lower classes, who, towards the close of the evening, generally intrude themselves as spectators, lying on his back dead drunk in a corner of the room.

On the morning after the ball, I was informed by the young gentleman whose deportment had been so over-vivacious at it, and who slept in the same house wherein I was quartered, that he had had a narrow escape from the vengeance of some of the annoyed party. They lay in wait for him where it was supposed he would pass; but, his rambles being probably rather devious that evening, he had taken an unexpected route and eluded them. Another Englishman, however, was stopped by them, his arms seized by one man, while others stepped up on each side of him, muffled in their cloaks. On finding their mistake, they let him go, but prevented his returning to warn his friend, whom they did the honour of inquiring after most particularly. We may conclude hence that such frolics as excite the jealousy of these irritable people cannot be indulged in without danger. Jealousy, however, is generally confined to foreigners. In their intercourse among themselves prevails a disgraceful laxity and indifference. The priests use their influence to instil into the female mind the most violent prejudices against English heretics. Their favourite illustration of our merits is by a comparison to asses. They arrive at this conclusion, no doubt, from seeing that their idol worship and solemn ceremonies, which they consider the highest offices of the soul, make no impression on us, which insensibility they impute to our having no souls at all. Hence the term of "monos" (monkies) is also frequently and obligingly bestowed upon us. A servant of the British vice-consul at Vera Cruz, on the first arrival of a party of Cornish miners, was heard to call to his fellow to come and see the fine monkies—"unos monos muy grandes." A gentleman who was among the first who visited this country after the Revolution had opened it to strangers, told me that on taking a warm-bath, the servant who assisted could not contain his expression of surprise at perceiving his want of an appendage possessed by most varieties of the monkey genus—a tail. But to return to our young countryman, who, however imprudent, had not deserved so heavy a punishment as assassination, I, at his desire, accompanied him to the house of a person suspected of having joined in the ambush laid for him. He denied the charge, but in such a manner as gave more reason to suppose him guilty. After a few angry words, my friend begged to inform him that he had a brace of pistols at his service. But this was a resource which by no means met the ideas of the other. He retorted, "Y yo tambien tengo un cuchillo à su servicio de su picho de V."—"And I also have a knife at your bosom's service," which was all the satisfaction to be obtained from him. Fire-arms are little understood, and much dreaded by the Mexicans. Neither are what are called the laws of honour held in much honour by them. One Colonel Cortazar, in the Mexican service, boasted to me of a trick he had played a brother officer in an affair of the kind. Happening to quarrel, he gave him one of a brace of pistols which was unloaded, reserving a loaded one for himself. In the result the other, though not aware of this inequality, did not possess sufficient re-

solution to put it to the test; which prevented the Colonel's reaping any advantage from his *ruse*, of which, however, he spoke with great glee. Assassinations are more frequent in Real del Monte, it is said, than in other districts of Mexico. They are most likely to occur on the Sunday, a day fixed on for the payment of the weekly wages of the workmen,* and by consequence chiefly devoted to gambling and drinking. The English have little temptation to frequent the common places of resort of the Mexicans on these occasions, and are the less exposed to danger; but among the natives scarcely a week passes without some sanguinary occurrence. The only case which came under my observation, was the act of an officer in the militia newly raised for the preservation of tranquillity. In the exercise of his authority he interfered between some persons quarrelling in the street, and cut off one man's arm at the elbow. His sword being as sharp as a razor, shaved cleanly through the socket bones, and the arm hung by a small bit of flesh or muscle. He said, indeed, that it was a mistake, and that he only meant to strike with the flat of the blade; but on my expressing some commiseration for the sufferer, replied that it was "very little"—"Es muy poco, señor, es muy poco." Such is the light way of regarding these affairs, in general, in this country. Even the women are by no means uninfected with the fondness for the knife; and many more murders are committed by them than those of the eye alone. It is when gazing on these belles, seated perhaps at a cock-fight, without an idea of any more refined recreation than seeing the poor birds kill each other with slashers—it is when contrasting them to the ornaments of female society in England, that one feels most being in a barbarous country, and the heart yearns for home. There was at this time a woman in prison at Real del Monte, under rather singular circumstances. Being in the employ of an Englishman as cook, she received a visit from one of her countrymen, who reproached her with having acquired a partiality for heretics in such gross terms, as provoked her to plunge a knife into his side, which caused his death in a few hours. The punishment of such a crime seldom exceeds a short imprisonment; after which an escape is usually connived at. Hardly any offence is so much persecuted and interdicted by the priests as that of two persons living openly together as man and wife, without the sanction of the marriage tie. The only reason for this is that they receive a considerable fee for the performance of the ceremony. In other respects the priests themselves are far from the purest examples of morality. A new era has, however, within a few years opened to the Mexicans; and it is to be hoped that many virtues will speedily spring up and grow among them, that were hid and depressed under the debasement of Spanish despotism. The dress of the common classes in Mexico is simple, and easily described. The principal garment of the men is a "zarape," much resembling a blanket, inwoven with a variety of colours, and large enough to wrap several times round the person. Their pantaloons are frequently of coarse brown leather, open at the sides in the fashion called "Wellington." It is thought a great ornament to show part of a loose white drawers hanging out at this opening. The women's upper garment consists of a "pano," a coarse cotton shawl: below this they have but their shifts, and their "enaguas" or petticoats, tied very tight just above the hips. In this, however, I am describing the dress of the lower orders: the richer imitate in most particulars that of Europeans.

I was so fortunate as to gain at Real del Monte an agreeable companion for the rest of my journey, in an English gentleman lately attached to the mines, and now, like myself, returning to his native country. As the roads to Tampico were represented as extremely bad, to be as little incumbered as possible, we reduced our baggage to two mule loads, which, with our own horses and that of our Arriero, or Muleteer, formed the whole of our little cavalcade. On the evening before our departure, we called on the Alcalde to

* This has been since happily altered by Mr. Tindall, who superseded Captain Vetch in the direction of the mines.

take leave. Our conversation fell on religion, and both he and his lady pressed us with great warmth, and apparent sincerity, *to think*, that we might be converted from the errors of heresy. Their daughter, who was one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood, sat by us; and I cast a glance at her occasionally, to see if she partook of the interest which her parents expressed for our conversion; but she showed a most provoking insensibility. I must mention, however, as one proof at least of what may be regarded as refinement, that, on extending my hand to this young lady at parting, she was so slow to reply to my advances, that her mother had time previously to approach and say, "Las señoritas Castellanas no dan la mano à los caballeros:" —"The Spanish young ladies do not give the hand to gentlemen." This, indeed, is a privilege which one may more easily dispense with here than in some other countries. The finger-ends of these fair creatures are tinged, not with henna, but with the smoke of their tobacco, which, exuding through the paper "cigarros," gives them exactly the colour produced by green walnut-juice. The old lady herself was eminent in this respect; and her face, she told me, had not been washed for fourteen years. Too frequent ablutions in cold water are supposed by the Mexicans to injure the softness of the skin.

We left the town of Real del Monte about noon on the 14th of June, descending by a road made by the English Company to the neat village of Omitlan, at about a league's distance. In this space we counted no fewer than thirteen bridges over the stream which encircles the hills along whose base the road is formed. These bridges are strongly built of timber, with buttresses of mason-work. The fury of the torrent was in some places very great, increased by the opposition of many fallen rocks, and sudden turnings in its course. At times, the rugged precipice rising on each side almost perpendicularly, gave an awfulness to the close dell between. The jutting rocks seem ready to fall on the head of the traveller, and the mountain goat is seen frisking on their top with the utmost fearlessness. At Omitlan we were kindly welcomed by El Señor Cura, a person of much consideration, having added to the profits of his cure of souls those of the cure of hides. He pressed us to enter his house, where we partook of a beverage of his own composition, called "rompompi,"a mixture of eggs, brandy, and spices. Hence we proceeded over a plain, rendered extremely slippery by some rain which had fallen in the morning, to the town of Grande, distant four leagues. The heat of the climate was already much greater than among the mountains we had left, though it had not yet become oppressive. About midway we were hailed from a "pulque" shop, and invited to drink, with an assurance that an opportunity so desirable would not again occur on the road we were pursuing. Huts by the road-side for the sale of pulque, the fermented juice of the aloe, are very frequent in regions where the plant flourishes, and often afford a welcome refreshment to the traveller. This beverage, which is in colour like milk and water, is most palatable when newly taken from the bullock-hides, where it is placed to ferment, and is then called "pulque-dulci." It is of an intoxicating and narcotic nature, and the prevailing sluggishness of the inhabitants of this country may be greatly attributed to the immoderate use of this liquor and of "cigarros," and the facility with which both are obtained by them. The road at the entrance of Grande is skirted by wild cherry-trees of an enormous size, but the fruit is small, and apparently worthless. The town is considerable and well built, and the "meson" or inn is, for the country, incomparably good. We should have been well pleased to pass the night here, but had previously settled to proceed to Soquital, a Hacienda about two leagues farther on. A Hacienda combines the characters of a country-seat and a farm, the centre often of an estate of immense extent. As it not unfrequently is the case that no other place of shelter exists within several leagues, it is open to passengers in general; and the traveller whose rank entitles him to distinction, or who bears a recommendation to the owner, is usually entertained by him with the greatest hospitality. The owner of a large Hacienda is looked up to with no little awe by his immediate dependents. Most of these are, in general, Indians, and virtually in a state of

bondage to him. They dwell around his mansion in miserable huts, built of "tejamanil," which serve both for sides and roof. Many of them having incurred a small debt to the proprietor which they are unable to pay, are held in consequence liable to him for their services on such terms as he may choose to grant. This, with a natural disinclination in others to change their habits and places of abode, seems to bind them his hereditary slaves.

Our host had three daughters, one of whom I felt a curiosity to see, from having heard the effects her charms had produced on a young English workman at the mines of Real del Monte. While living in the same neighbourhood, they had somehow formed an acquaintance with each other, easily effected in this country, where the difference of station is little or no bar to intimacy. Becoming enamoured, and thinking his case desperate, he was tempted to hang himself for her sake, and had nearly effected his purpose when discovered. I looked in vain in this young lady's face to find an excuse for so violent an expedient. At supper a grace was pronounced, not by either of the party at table, but by an attendant—a slipshod damsel. Some traveller in Mexico, I think Mr. Bullock, was much struck on a similar occasion at the spirit of devotion which prompted such an act. At least, this mode of performing it by proxy is more according to the Roman Catholic than to Protestant ideas of devotion. Our supper consisted of two or three hot dishes, with the never-failing "frijoles" or beans, and "chili," the principal ingredient in the cookery of all classes. Our liquors were Xerès, or sherry, strongly brandied, as is the case with most Spanish wines in this country (which are generally imported through the United States), and "aguardiente."

15th. After several leagues of a level country, we came this morning to the steep and rocky descent of Santa Monica, well termed the "dread of Arrieros." Instead of any attempt to form a practicable path here, it seems as if pains had been taken only to add fresh obstacles to those of nature; and though dismounted, and leading our horses by a halter, we were in a continual state of anxiety both for them and ourselves. At the base lies the great Barranca, a deep valley, or rather ravine, formed by the mountains on each side. Through this runs the bed of the Rio Grande, or great river, composed of the different streams from the mountains uniting in their course to the sea. There are two usual roads hence to the coast; one rough and circuitous over the mountains, the other more plain and easy, between them. But the latter being often intersected by the windings of the river I have mentioned, the swelling of the waters in the rainy season often renders it impassable. It must be confessed that the descent of Santa Monica, and the crossing of the river at its foot, where it is perhaps widest, afford fair specimens to the traveller of the difficulties which await him in his progress, so that he may choose between those of mountain and flood. Though the rainy season had commenced, we determined to try the Cañada, or valley-road; but our undertaking did not prove a very successful one. On this our first crossing, however, the depth not being great, our baggage-mules got over with little trouble. For ourselves and horses, as the streams ran with great rapidity, we thought it best to undress, and, fastening our clothes to the backs of the animals, led them across.

We obtained to-day at one of the few huts which we passed, a drink called "tipache," a substitute for pulque, extracted from rice and sugar. It is cooling and pleasant to the taste. It was very late, and quite dark, ere we reached San Bernaldo, our resting-place for the night. Here we were glad, after much trouble, to gain the shelter of an outhouse half filled with grain, where we stretched the mattresses we brought with us on the rush-mats of the country laid on the earth floor. Our greatest annoyance was from the multitude of moths, that breed among the corn, which being disturbed by our arrival, retaliated by constantly flying into our faces. We could get nothing for supper but some "tortillas," thin pancakes of maize or Indian corn; but this might be owing to the lateness of the hour. The owner of the house observing that I was about to lock the door after him, turned back, and rather rudely took away the key, saying we were among honest people ("hom-

bres de bien"), from whom no harm was to be apprehended. I did not much like this manœuvre, but it would have been useless to object; and on reflection I attributed it, and no doubt truly, to an honest feeling.

16th. In the morning we saw San Bernaldo to be a long, straggling village, nearly a league in extent; but all its houses, or rather huts, presenting the same poor appearance. Two leagues farther on is the town of Zacualtipan, nearly twice as large as Grande, and containing some thousands of inhabitants. It is not, however, so well built, and its church is an unusually mean one. We were here informed that the waters had already risen to such a height as to prevent our progress in the direction which we had intended; we were obliged in consequence to diverge from the accustomed route, towards an Indian village called Tianguistengo. On the road thither, our fears were chiefly divided between the chances of falling forward, from its steepness and ruggedness, and of being jammed between its rocky sides from its extreme narrowness. At a little distance from Zacualtipan we came to a beautiful clear stream of water, where, in the manner of the country, a large party of damsels were washing linen. The kneeling postures in which they were engaged, and their attire on such occasions, afford advantages for the contemplation of their various figures, which might strike a searcher after the picturesque. The first view of Tianguistengo on the road from Zacualtipan, whence it is distant about six leagues, repays all the difficulties of the way. After ascending the steep side of a mountain, the path slopes gradually downwards along the brink of a precipice. Here, just beneath, but at an immense depth, the village suddenly opened on our sight, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. The habitations display a remarkable neatness, having walks of communication between them, fenced on each side with great regularity, and overhung with festoons of the most beautiful shrubs. It seemed as if Nature had resolved to surpass Art even in its own manner, and in its most favourite walk. The spot on which this pretty village stands is perfectly flat: the contrast it affords to the mountainous scenery in which it is buried gives it, at a distance, the appearance of an enchanting vision. When at last we reached it in reality, we were no less pleased with the cleanliness and civility of its inhabitants. They allotted us a comfortable little shed for our beds, and cooked some fowls for our supper; while, forgetting the fatigues of the day, we sat smoking our segars at the door, and looking at our animals eating their maize before us. This room, however, did not seem at first to be exclusively appropriated to us, being filled by persons of both sexes, showing wonderful curiosity, particularly the women, concerning us, and every article of our baggage.

LONDON LYRICS.

Kemp Town.

QUOTH Ralph to Hugh, at evening's close,
As, in their sight, tall Kemp Town rose:
  (Did Babel e'er rise faster?)
" See, in its front, yon lamps of glass—
Strange that the town should waste its gas
  To illumine lath and plaster.

The houses yet few tenants hold,
Yet, in yon lamps, like burnish'd gold,
  The gas at night-fall quivers."
"Well! where's the wonder?" answer'd Hugh-
  " Here butcher's law is builder's too—
  The lights before the livers."

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. II.

The Lover's Leap.

Hei mihi! quòd nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

A WALK through a strange town after dark possesses fully as much interest as a walk in the day-time, if it be but well-timed and properly conducted. There is a pleasure in the very act of exploring, which can never be so fully enjoyed as when we find our way through any unknown place half hidden in the obscurity of night. But it is necessary that it should not be all darkness. We should choose our time when the greater part of the people have shaken off the load of cares which weigh them down in the light, and when national character walks forth freed from the bonds of daily drudgery; yet it should be long before man has extinguished his mimickry of heaven's best gift, and whilst most of the shops are lighted up, shining out like diamonds in the gloom around.

I had been preaching this doctrine to my friend, after dinner, till I fairly persuaded him to turn theory into practice, and try a night ramble in the town of Dieppe; though our landlord, Monsieur Petit, who doubtless counted upon our drinking another bottle if we stayed at home, informed us that there was absolutely nothing to be seen in Dieppe, for that the theatre was closed.

However, forth we sallied, like the knight of La Mancha and his squire, in quest of adventures. At first, we tumbled over some posts, and then had nearly fallen into the basin; but after this, we found our way into some of the principal streets, which were all filled with a sauntering do-nothing crowd, and ringing with the idle merry laugh which always springs from the careless heart of a Frenchman as soon as he is free from labour or pain. There is no medium with him; merriment or melancholy—and as much of the first, with as little of the last, as heaven chooses to send.

At the bottom of one of the streets was a low Gothic archway with a swinging door, which we saw move backward and forward to admit several persons of a more serious demeanour than the rest. After considering whether it was love or religion made them look so grave, we concluded that it was the latter, and determined, ourselves, to attempt the adventure of the swinging door, which soon admitted us into a long high aisle. All was darkness, except where, at the farther extremity, appeared an illuminated shrine, from which sundry rays found their way down the far obscurity of the church, catching, as they came, more and more faintly, upon the tall columns and groins of the arches, and throwing out the dark figures of the devotees, who knelt before the altar. The side aisles, and more remote parts of the building, were scarcely at all affected by the light; but passing up in the shadow of the arches to the right, we came suddenly upon a young couple engaged in earnest conversation: probably two of the many whose open communion is barred by the hand of circumstance, who had chosen that spot to show the feelings they were forced elsewhere to hide.

The facility which the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion lends to intrigue requires no comment. But too often the ever-open churches on the Continent are made a place of rendezvous; frequently

with thoughts which such a sacred spot should scare, but often, also, for more pardonable purposes. I remember a circumstance of the kind, which happened under my own eyes; and as I have my whole *evening* to account for, I may as well give it to the world, instead of *going* on with a dull ramble through Dieppe.

As all my stories are true stories, and as many of the people who figure in them are still acting their part upon life's busy stage, I must bargain with my readers for concealment throughout, and take care not to tell the name of the particular person who played Tom Fool on this or that occasion, as he might be somewhat ill pleased with the reputation thereof, especially should he have been since transposed into a more elevated character. Indeed most frequently I shall not even give, with any degree of accuracy, the name of the town or place in which the aforesaid Tom Fool gained his renown, for this very simple reason: I make no pretension to novelty or invention; all that I relate is simple matter of fact, well known in the place where it occurred; and thus the anecdotes I tell would be easily attached to those who were the principal actors therein. Like blind Fortune, therefore, I must cast forth all I have to give without any particular direction, for though

> "When caps into a crowd are thrown,
> What each man fits, he calls his own,"

few people in the world, I believe, would like to have some impertinent fellow come fitting on these said caps, whether they liked it or no, especially if he chose to adorn them with a Fool's cap.

Under this very discreet view of the case, then, the distinctive appellation of the town, city, or burgh, in which the following circumstances occurred, shall be as tightly sealed up in silent secrecy as a bottle of Hervey's sauce, Ball's patent mustard, or any other savoury thing which it is difficult to open.

However, though I do not give the name, I may at least give the description, which is indeed necessary to the right understanding of my story.

In a part of France, not a hundred miles from the fine port of St. Malo, stands a town containing some eight thousand inhabitants. Anciently a fortified place of considerable strength, it is pitched on the pinnacle of a high hill, with its antique battlements, covered with time's livery, the green ivy and the yellow lichen, still frowning over the peaceful valleys around, and crowning the rocky ridge which confines the river Rance. That valley of the Rance is as lovely as any in Europe; now spreading out for miles, it offers a wide basin for the river, which, extending in proportion, looks like a broad lake; now contracting to a narrow gorge, it confines the stream between gigantic rocks, that rise abruptly from its edge, and sombre woods that dip their very branches in its waters. But it is where the town which I have just mentioned first bursts upon the sight, that the scenery is peculiarly picturesque. Winding through a deep defile of rocks which cut off the neighbouring view, and throw a dark shadow over the river, the stream suddenly turns a projecting point of its shores, and a landscape of unequalled beauty opens on the sight. Rich wooded valleys with soft green sloping sides, broken with crags, and diversified with hamlets, are seen diverging in every direction, with the Rance winding forward in the midst of

them ; while high in air, lording it over all around, rises the stately rock on which the town is placed, with wall, and battlement, and tower, hanging over its extreme verge.

In front, and apparently immediately under the town, though in reality at about two miles distance from it, lies a high craggy piece of ground, which the water would completely encircle were it not for a narrow sort of isthmus, which joins it to its parent chain of hills. This is called the *Courbure*, from the turn which the river makes round it: and I notice it more particularly from being the exact scene of my story's catastrophe.

In the town which I have above described, lived, some time ago, a very pretty girl whom we shall designate by the name of Laure. Her mother was well to do in the world—that is to say, as things go in Britanny, where people can live splendidly for nothing at all, and do very well for half as much. However *Madame* could always have her *pot au feu* and her *poulet à la broche*, kept two nice country lasses, one as cook and the other as fille-de-chambre, and had once a year the new fashions from Paris, to demonstrate her gentility. Laure's father, too, had left the young lady a little property of her own, amounting to about eighty pounds per annum; so that being both a fortune and a belle, all the youth of the place, according to the old Scotch song, were—

> "Wooing at her,
> Pu'ing at her,
> Wanting her, but could nae get her."

However, there was something about Laure, which some called pride and others coldness, but which, in truth, was nothing more nor less than shyness, that served for some time as a complete safeguard to her maiden heart. At length the angel who arranges all those sorts of things singled out a young man at Rennes called Charles ——, and gave him a kick with his foot which sent him all the way from Rennes to the town in which Laure abode. It is but thirty miles, and angels can kick much farther if we may believe the Normans—(I cannot stop for it now; but, my dear reader, put me in mind by and by to tell you that story of Saint Michael and the Devil, and you shall hear how the saint kicked him from hill to hill for forty leagues or more.)

However, Charles's aunt lived not far from Laure's mother, and many a time had she vaunted the graces of her nephew's person. According to her account, he was as tall and as straight as a gas lamp-post, as rosy as a ribstone pippin; with eyes as brilliant as a red-hot poker, teeth as white as the inside of a teacup, and his hair curling like the leaves of a savoy cabbage. In short, he was an Adonis, after her idea of the thing; and Laure, having heard all this, began to feel a sort of anxious palpitating sort of sensation, when his coming was talked of, together with sundry other symptoms of wishing very much to fall in love.

At length his arrival was announced, and Madame —— and Mademoiselle Laure were invited to a soirée at the house of Charles's aunt. Laure got ready in a very great hurry, resolving, primo, to be frightened out of her wits at him; and secundo, not to speak a word to him. However, the time came, and when she got into the room she found Monsieur Charles quite as handsome as his aunt had represented; but,

to her great surprise, she found him to be quite as timid as herself into the bargain. So Laure took courage upon the strength of his bashfulness, for though it might be very well for one, she saw plainly it would never do for two. The evening passed off gaily, and Laure, as she had determined from the first, went away over head and ears in love, and left the poor young man in quite as uncomfortable a condition.

I need not conduct the reader through all the turnings and windings of their passion. Suffice it to say, that both being very active, and loving each other very hard, they had got on so far in six weeks, that their friends judged it would be necessary to marry them. Upon this, Laure's mother and Charles's aunt met in form to discuss preliminaries. They began a few compliments, went on to arrange the money matters, proceeded to differ upon some trivial points, grew a little warm upon the subject, turned up their noses at each other, quarrelled like Turks, and abused each other like pickpockets. Charles's aunt called Laure's mother an old cat—or something equivalent: and Laure's mother vowed that Charles should never have her daughter, she'd be —— Fie! what was I going to say!

The two young people were in despair. Laure received a maternal injunction never to speak to that vile young man again; together with a threat of being locked up if she was restive. However, the Sunday after Paques, Laure's mother was laid up with a bad cold; and from what cause does not appear, but Laure never felt so devout as on that particular day. She would not have stayed away from mass for all the world. So to church she went, when, to her surprise and astonishment, she beheld Charles standing in the little chapel of the left aisle. "Laure," said he, as soon as he saw her, "ma chère Laure, let us go out of the town by the back street, and take a walk in the fields." Laure felt a good deal too much agitated to say her prayers properly, and looking about the church, she perceived that, as she had come half an hour before the time, there was nobody there; so slipping her arm through that of her lover, she tripped nimbly along with him down the back street, under the Gothic arch and high towers of the old town gate, and in five minutes was walking with him in the fields unobserved.

Now, what a long, sad, pastoral dialogue could I produce between Laure and Charles as they walked along; but I will spare my reader that at least. The summary of the matter is, that they determined that they were very unhappy—the most miserable people in existence;—now that they were separated from each other, there was nothing left in life worth living for. So Laure began to cry, and Charles vowed he would drown himself. Laure thought it was a very good idea, and declared that she would drown herself too; for she had been reading all Saturday a German romance which taught such things; and she thought what a delightful tale it would make if she and Charles drowned themselves together, and how all the young ladies would cry when they read it, and what a pretty tomb they would have, with "Ci gissent Charles et Laure, deux amans malheureux!" written upon it in large black letters; and in short, she arranged it all so comfortably in her own mind that she resolved she would not wait a minute.

As the Devil would have it, they had just arrived at that rocky point which I have before described, called the Courbure, when Charles and

Laure had worked each other up to the necessary pitch of excitement and despair. The water was before them, and the only question was who should jump in first; for the little landing-place from which they were to leap would hold but one at a time. Charles declared that he would set the example—Laure vowed it should be no one but herself. Charles insisted, but Laure, being nearest the water, gained the contested point, and plunged over.

At that moment the thought of what he was going to do came over Charles's mind with a sad qualm of conscience, and he paused for an instant on the brink. But what could he do? He could not stand by and see the girl he loved drowned before his face, like an intruding rat or a supernumerary kitten. Forbid it Heaven! forbid it Love! So in he went too—not at all with the intention of drowning himself, but with that of bringing Laure out; and being a tolerable swimmer, he got hold of her in a minute.

By this time Laure had discovered that drowning was both cold and wet, and by no means so agreeable as she had anticipated; so that when Charles approached, she caught so firm a hold of him as to deprive him of the power of saving her. It is probable that under these circumstances her very decided efforts to demonstrate her change of opinion, might have effected her original intention and drowned them both, had not a boat come round the Courbure at that very moment. The boatman soon extricated them from their danger, and carried them both home, exhausted and dripping, to the house of Laure's mother. At first the good lady was terrified out of her wits, and then furiously angry; but ended, however, by declaring that if ever they drowned themselves again, it should not be for love, and so she married them out of hand.

FROM ARAMINTA TO MEDORA.

"Il falloit rendre miserable les auteurs de mes jours, mon amant, ou moi-même, sans savoir ce que je faisois, je choisis ma propre infortune."

La Nouvelle Heloise.

Ere your billet could reach me last Monday
They had dragg'd your poor friend to the Church,
Araminta is now—Mrs. Grundy—
Orlando is—left in the lurch.
By my side stood the youth of my passion,
In a total derangement of dress,
With his hair in a Werter-like fashion—
Oh! ye gods, that I ever said—"Yes."

At the Church door we parted, when snug I
Was placed in my Chariot and four,
While Orlando stept into a Buggy,
I was sever'd from all I adore;
Grundy scatter'd some silver about him,
Orlando look'd back in distress,
At the silver, or me, can you doubt him?
Medora, I'm sure, won't say—"Yes."

On the evening before he protested
We should feed upon love did we wed,
And his looks were so meagre and wasted
That I needs must believe what he said.

A top-boot, he could not abide one,
  And for mounting a Cob—can you guess?
Why, he never was known yet to ride one—
  You will say he han't got one—Why yes.

Then the City's so much his aversion,
  His bills he can't bear to defray 'em,
And sooner than take that excursion
  He'd make any shift not to pay 'em.
He never drinks malt with his cheese, love,
  Nor port after dinner, unless
Some Irish Bacchante to please, love,
  And then was obliged to say—"Yes."

My Orlando is all inspiration,
  Thinks reading the papers a bore,
Like all heroes, above education,
  But can Moore, Scott, and Byron adore.
When I've ask'd him to read, he'd so stammer,
  And all the hard words he'd so miss,
And make such false stops and false grammar,
  Don't you think 'tmust have vex'd him?—Oh! yes.

Grundy offer'd his fortune and hand, love,
  Indignant I spurn'd at the wretch,
Then a diamond necklace and band, love,
  With ear-rings and bracelets to match:
Then I thought of Orlando's endearings,
  His passion, our moments of bliss,
Look'd at Grundy—the diamond ear-rings—
  More dead than alive, groan'd out—"Yes."

Ah! the wretch I have wedded is wealthy,
  Is only just five feet and eight,
Looks cheerful and odiously healthy,
  Has lands and a service of plate.
Don't you pity your friend, my Medora?
  To be snatch'd from my day-dream of bliss,
From the portionless youth I adore—Ah!
  I think that I hear you sigh—"Yes."

May *you* never to wealth be allied,
  May you ne'er wed for houses or lands,
May a Grundy ne'er make you his bride,
  Nor be forced to wear diamond bands:
May you live upon love in a grot,
  Nor envy the wealth I possess—
You would spurn all such trash, would you not?
  Ah! I know my Medora'll say—"Yes."

Be advised, love—ah! think what a treat
  With the youth of your heart to live free,
In a grot with the moss at your feet,
  And a sweet pledge of love on your knee:
Ah! remember your wretched friend's fate,
  Nor be tempted by splendour or dress,
If a Quiz offers half his estate,
  Oh! never be brought to say—"Yes."

Though my lot in a Palace is cast,
  Though off gold and off silver I eat,
How I'll envy your frugal repast,
  Your brown bread and your Wedgwood's white plate.

When lighted by wax-lights a score,
(I don't like that gas, I confess,)
Then I'll think of your simple mould four,
And regret that I ever said—"Yes."

May you still have some ling'ring complaint
That may render you paler and thinner,
May you ne'er know the horrid constraint
To eat every day a good dinner!
Should your parents propose some rich bore,
Should they plead as excuse their distress,
Though Famine should stare at their door,
Ah! never be brought to say—"Yes." OC.

SPANISH HISTORICAL ROMANCE.—THE CASTILIAN.*

It may be deemed matter of surprise that the literature of the South, rich even to luxuriance, as it confessedly is, in almost every branch of fiction, should never, till very recently, have produced writers who adventured upon that higher walk of composition so successfully trodden by the sterner genius of the North. Could we here, however, inquire into the causes why the Historical Novel, under its present form, should have appeared only at this time of day, perhaps our surprise would soon cease. Nor would it appear strange that the first splendid model held forth, should have emanated from the very "ultima Thulé," as it were, of classic ground, where a new Athens has since arisen; and that Spain, among all southern countries, should have been the last to avail herself of the example. Already had the genius of England, Ireland, Germany, Denmark, France, and even Italy, entered the lists, ambitious, however vainly, of breaking a spear or two with the great magician of the North, ere yet the "land of chivalry and romance" evinced the least inclination to enhance its reputation by a display of similar inferiority at such weapons.

Still, though none can be said to rival, all may be content to follow in the track marked out. It would be needless here to specify those causes, moral, political, or ecclesiastical, (any thing, in short, but literary,) which have hitherto deterred the writers of the Peninsula from adding a new branch of fiction to the already prolific tree of their national romance. It may perhaps be made sufficiently clear by alluding to the simple fact of the first specimen of Spanish historical novel making its appearance in England, written by a foreigner in the English language, who was induced not only to adopt another country, but to enrich its literature with the talents which ought to have conferred lústre upon his own.

Waving, however, all remarks, either of a political or historical kind (for we should be sorry to enter into a catalogue of Spanish novels), we shall proceed to the actual merits of the production before us. To do this more effectually, we shall first give a brief sketch of the subject, which will of itself tell much, and after describing the manner in which the author has dealt with his subject, we propose to conclude with ex-

* By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, author of "Gomez Arias." 3 vols. 8vo.

tracting such a specimen as will convey an idea of the work, and go to confirm our previous remarks.

There is no period in the romantic annals of Castile more celebrated than the times of Don Pedro, if we except, perhaps, the more vague and traditionary exploits of the Cid. The novel and extraordinary picture presented during a chivalric age of a legitimate prince deprived of his sceptre by his bastard brother, and invoking the aid of England to reinstate him upon his throne, in opposition to his nobles, his clergy, and even his people, backed too by the flower of French chivalry, could not fail to attract the eyes of Christendom, and furnish ample scenes of terror and excitement for the future dramatist and novel-writer. The subject, therefore, could hardly have been more judiciously selected, connected as it is with the splendid achievements of an English prince—the mirror of courtesy and knighthood, as invincible in the field, as generous and gentle in peace, and, perhaps, singly deserving of that high encomium on a perfect warrior pronounced by our great dramatist. To depict such a character, doubtless, required no little boldness, and no slight confidence in his own powers. And we might add, that had it formed the most conspicuous feature of the story, the author would have shown more temerity than judgment in pourtraying it. He appears to have been aware of this, and, accordingly, to have abstained from bringing it more prominently into view than was strictly in keeping with the historical fidelity and costume of his work. In that of Ferran de Castro, the Castilian *par excellence*, the author treads upon safer ground, and exhibits the virtues of a true knight faithful to his prince, through "evil and good report," with a more lavish and fearless hand. The interest of the story does not entirely depend upon this unswerving loyalty to a very indifferent master; but, happily for the author and his readers, the work abounds in "metal more attractive," namely, a masterly and beautiful personification of female worth and loveliness in the character of Costanza de Vargas. It is here we are to look for that power which every good novel, independent of its historical pictures, ought always to contain. It is in delineating the passions of the human heart, in tracing the fortunes of beings worthy of its best affections, in teaching us to sympathize with all the conflicting feelings—the surprise, the terror, the all-absorbing tenderness of lofty and devoted passion, in which "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy" sanctify and raise it to the dignity of almost angelic love:—in this consists the real triumph of the novelist. Be his embodying of historical portraits as perfect as can be drawn, it is the soul of humanity infused into them, and the perils of love and honour, by which he is enabled to agitate the mind and rivet the eye of the spectator. To merit like this, the author of "Gomez Arias" and "The Castilian" may justly lay claim; and though his historical representations have a degree of correctness we could only expect from more mature judgment and experience, his invention and masterly developement of an interesting story, full of pathetic incident and domestic woe, entitle him to still higher praise. In this view at least, "The Castilian" will rank as a work of no common order, much superior, in our opinion, to "Gomez Arias," the author's first attempt. Its morality and dignity, like the interest it displays, are of a lofty and absorbing character; the incidents are rapid and well arranged; the suspense and surprise continue to the

close; and the final *denouement* is brought about in a skilful and dramatic manner. The characters are often drawn with a strength of fearful reality:—that of Rufino is bold, and even terrific;—Don Pedro's is nobly and equally maintained throughout; wrapped in a shroud of impending fate, goaded by remorse, impelled by the Furies, he struggles, like a giant, to the last. The Black Prince is a correct representation, as far as it goes; that of Trastamara the King's brother, of Sir Richard Duguesclin, with the French and English knights, are mere sketches, and are decidedly thrown too much into the shade. The same charge will apply to the character of Alvar de Lara, the Castilian's rival in the affections of the Lady Costanza, which is far too meagre for one on whom so much of the interest and fortunes of the other personages is made to depend. The more serious portions are enlivened by the introduction of various scenes, both descriptive and humorous, that tend to relieve the reader's mind, and enable him to pursue a series of fresh perils and adventures with renewed pleasure. To this reason, no doubt, we are indebted for the amusing portraits of Don Egas and the old Escudero Pimiento, both good specimens in their way—the one of a trimming, time-serving courtier, the other of a very worthy, chivalrous, but garrulous old dependent, whose wits are lost in admiration of the times of the Cid, and other famous heroes of Spanish story.

As regards the action, the reader is brought at once "in medias res," agreeably to the Roman precept, and soon becomes interested in a series of incidents—heroic, domestic, or humorous, the spirit of which is maintained to the close. Among the more striking and animated scenes in which the work abounds, we may point out, as deserving particular attention, those of the "Fugitive King," the "Sacrifice," and the "Victim Bride." To these might be added an animated picture of the "Battle of Najara," the "Riot at Seville," and the masterly description of "Don Pedro's death." We regret we cannot afford space to present the reader with separate extracts from these; but, in order to convey some idea of the style and spirit of the work, we shall subjoin the following specimen of an interview between the lovers in the outset:—

"In a garden on the banks of the Guadalquiver appeared two figures, seated upon the edge of a fountain, and almost concealed amid the rich and luxuriant foliage with which they were surrounded. They seemed to retain nothing of humanity but the form; for they spoke not, they moved not, apparently so absorbed in thought, as almost to become identified with the mournful tranquillity that reigned around. Amidst the uncertain shadows, that now stole across the scene, they might almost have been mistaken for two of the classical statues which adorned the place.

"The night was far advanced, and all was hushed, save when the sullen plunge of an oar broke upon the ear, or the hoarse voice of a fisherman was heard at intervals, beguiling the tedious hours by chaunting some wondrous story, or some fearful legend. The moon, whose beams fell broad and refulgent upon the river, soon sent her more chastened rays through the thick and clustering shrubs which adorned the garden, revealing more clearly to view those two silent beings, who had now advanced from their concealment. One appeared to be a youthful and elegant female, and her companion, by whom she was supported, a young man of courtly and gallant demeanour, but whose noble bearing seemed strangely at variance with the poverty of his garb. This induced the belief that he must be some distinguished person in disguise.

"'Then here we must part,' he said, turning to his fair companion, whose

expressive features betrayed her emotion; 'once more, my Costanza, fare you well! Nay, droop not thus; we shall meet again.'

"She looked mournfully in his face, a smile played upon her lips, but she could not speak what she felt; a silent tear upon her cheek was the only answer she could make to the soothing accents of her lover.

"'Shame on that tear, Costanza!' resumed her companion, in a tone of kind reproval: 'the daughter of Don Egas should not evince a weakness so little worthy of herself and him. You were once, I remember, praised for your courageous spirit and resolution.'

"'I did not *love* then,' she answered with a sigh.

"'Nay, but we have already parted once before,' said the Castilian, catching her emotion, and repeating her sigh.

"'Not under the same circumstances, my Ferran. Oh, no! think not so lightly of my fortitude. It is not only the danger that encompasses you, which thus fills my heart with anxiety, though it be not our first farewell: when you before departed from my side, it was to go to the field of glory. I beheld in you one of the gallant band that marched fearlessly to crush rebellion. You then only risked the fate of a warrior going to battle; and the dreadful image of death was not so appalling to my imagination;—but now—'

"'Now, may I not expect the reward of fidelity wedded to misfortune?' interrupted the Castilian. 'And think you, Costanza, my end will be less honourable, if, instead of falling in the field, I chance to meet death upon a scaffold? No, no; it is not the spot on which a sufferer meets his doom, that entails dishonour upon his name: it is the cause that brought him thither; and by that must his name abide.'

"'Alas, that we should live to see these changes!' exclaimed Costanza, in a tone of piercing grief; 'that I should ever have beheld Ferran de Castro, one of the first cavaliers of Castile, compelled to leave his country as an exile—a proscribed wanderer, to depend for safety and protection on the generosity of strangers!'

"'Deplore not my fate,' said Ferran; 'I do not so much deserve your compassion, when we remember that our King is my companion in misfortune.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Costanza bitterly, 'name not the King—who but he has been the cause of his country's desolation?—what but the cruelties and repeated crimes of Don Pedro?'

"'Hold, Costanza,' interposed Castro, with a more serious air; 'those words become thee not!—whatever be the faults of Don Pedro, they can never justify the base conspiracies, the open rebellion of an unnatural brother. He is a traitor and an usurper, who, to forward his own criminal views, joins in a vile league with the enemies of his country. Encouraging disorder and revolt amongst the disaffected nobility and factious churchmen, he plunges his country without remorse into the horrors of civil war, and hurls his lawful sovereign from the throne; such a man is Enrique de Trastamara!'

"As he uttered these words, his whole frame shook violently; he firmly grasped the hand of Costanza, and for a moment his agitation denied him the power of utterance; but gradually the cloud vanished from his brow, and his countenance regained its wonted composure.

"'Forgive, Costanza, this sudden ebullition of my feelings; I can never command my temper when the subject is introduced. I love my King from principle, and deeply do I deplore his errors; but I feel assured that he has been goaded to commit those excesses with which he is charged, by repeated machinations and plots hourly contrived against his person. But enough of this—we shall yet return triumphantly to quell the usurper's pride, in spite of his French allies and his ambitious friends.'

"Costanza answered not, but shook her head despondingly.

"'Nay,' resumed Ferran, 'add not to the bitter pangs of separation, the more dreaded anticipations of despair.'

"'Alas!' said Costanza, 'on what foundation do you build your hopes?'

"'On the firmest,' replied the Castilian, 'since Trastamara has set us the

example in seeking the aid of foreigners. Strong in the justice of our cause, we shall repair to the camp of the first warrior of the age—the most gallant knight in Christendom—he will not refuse us his assistance, and our triumph will then be certain, for victory never yet forsook the banners of Edward the Black Prince, the pride of England.'

"'No, Costanza,' he then added, in a more subdued tone, 'I should be sorry to despair, were I to view the prospect of our future fortunes more dreary than it is. I should scorn on that account to resign myself to the suggestions of fear, or the vain indulgence of regret; and yet I grieve to leave thee—for, alas! my fears are only for Costanza.'

"'For me!' echoed Costanza; 'surely you do not think so meanly of Trastamara as to suppose that he would wreak his vengeance on a woman, because she loved his gallant enemy!'

"'No,' replied Castro, 'my apprehensions are founded on a very different cause. Bad as the usurper is, I do not believe him capable of so mean a revenge; but say, can I enjoy rest, when I reflect that in the confidant of Trastamara you will behold Don Alvar de Lara, your discarded suitor, my sworn foe and rival? My fears are not groundless, when I consider the power which he will possess: no! spite of my confidence in your affections, I cannot feel tranquil. Don Alvar was your destined husband, and my bosom friend, until this difference in our political sentiments separated us for ever. His hatred to me, alas! is founded on too many reasons not to be dreaded by us both.'

"'Oh, Ferran!' cried Costanza emphatically, 'do not afflict me with these ungenerous surmises: whatever may be the power of Don Alvar, you ought to be satisfied with the religious constancy of my vows—my faith is pledged to you, and no sacrifice shall be deemed too great to keep it inviolable. The power of Don Alvar, even urged to its most fearful extremity, can command only my life—but not my love.'

"At this moment their conversation was interrupted by an unexpected occurrence. They perceived the figure of a man, stealing slowly along the garden, with all the cautiousness of one desirous of avoiding observation. He was of dark and repulsive appearance, and the object of his intrusion might be easily surmised. Crime alone could have directed the steps of such a being towards that spot at the dead of night. Costanza clung fearfully to her lover; nor were her apprehensions a little increased, when she perceived the stranger advancing towards them, with a quickened pace. Her emotion redoubled, while the Castilian, more anxious on her account than on his own, strove to soothe her fears by an assumption of indifference, which but ill accorded with his feelings. He conjectured that the ruffian before them was one of the many wretches who prowled about in search of him, in order to conciliate by his capture the favour of the usurper Don Enrique.

"'Costanza,' said Ferran, re-assuring his fair companion, 'tremble not—I am here.'

"'Alas!' she answered, mournfully, 'it is on that account I feel this terror. Oh! my friend—begone—save yourself—he comes—perhaps he is the forerunner of many more.'

"'Let them come,' resolutely replied De Castro; 'the time for return is past—I will not fly.'

"He stood undauntedly, and grasping firmly his sword, awaited the approach of his supposed enemy; meantime the person advanced, regardless of the weapon that shone in the hand of the Castilian, till within a few paces of the spot where he stood.

"'Stand!' cried Ferran; 'who art thou? unfold thy purpose, or by the King! thou liest a corpse.'

"The figure halted—yet it gave no sign of fear; it raised its arm, and made a motion as if inviting Don Ferran to sheath his weapon.

"'No,' continued the cavalier, 'not until I know who thou art, and what brings thee hither.'

"'I am a friend,' replied the stranger, in a sullen tone.

"'Thy name?'

"'Like yours, is proscribed.'

"'Explain thyself—I disclaim fellowship with thee—thy name, I say!'

"'Rufino!' he replied, in a low but impressive voice. Don Ferran started with surprise.

"'Yes!' he proceeded, 'I am that gloomy Rufino, who, in times past, experienced some marks of your regard. I come now to repay your generosity, and lead you from danger,—a thousand snares are laid for you;—but enough —this is no time for explanation—follow me.'

"'I cannot—I will not—until you explain the mystery of your conduct. What! dost thou tremble?'

"'No, no;' said Rufino, earnestly, 'you wrong me. Trust me—though my appearance alarms you, and well it may.'

"His agitation increased. Ferran looked intently on the man, who, in earnest supplication, again conjured him to follow. The moon, which had been partially obscured, now shone full upon them, and by her light was seen the agitated and terrific countenance of Rufino. A fearful expression shot from his eyes—he strove to look calm, but the exertion baffled his skill. A scream of terror burst from Costanza.

"'Oh! horror, horror!' she cried, clinging to Ferran.—'Look!' she exclaimed, with redoubled agitation—'look! there's blood on him!'"

In conclusion, we are bound to remark upon those faults of a juvenile writer, arising from haste and inattention, which, though not so glaring as in his former production, are still evident enough to deserve the author's attention. Such appears his predilection for laying on his colours, that sometimes—

"He fights his battles o'er again,
And thrice he slays the slain."

A few of his scenes and descriptions are overdone, and there are some trivial reflections and comparisons that he might as well have left the sense of his readers to make. Marks of haste and inattention are also here and there observable, that detract somewhat from the high tone and dignity of the general subject; as well as a few flashes of merriment, not always applied with the best taste. Apart from these faults, we may conscientiously bestow our warmest encomiums upon the brilliant talents of the author, who, to his other merits, adds the very unusual one of writing English with surprising fluency and correctness.

SADNESS AND MIRTH.

—" Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem and strange."
———" O nothing strange!
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
———O gentle friend!
Chide not *her* mirth, who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow!" JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
When the bright wine foam'd in sculptured gold,

Sadness and Mirth! ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air;
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,
Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
A thought and a shadow of the tomb;
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
To the rose a colouring not its own,
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—
Sadness and Mirth! ye had each your dower!

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,
With the Roman eagles through the sky!
I know that e'en then, in his hour of pride,
The soul of the mighty within him died,
That the void in his bosom lay darkly still,
Which the music of victory might never fill!

Thou wert there, O Mirth! swelling on the shout,
Till the temples like echo-caves rang out;
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
All the rich voices in air were thine,
The incense, the sunshine—but, Sadness! *thy* part,
Deepest of all, was the victor's heart!

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear;
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier!
As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,
Crosses the storm in its path of dread,
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer-sky—
Sadness and Mirth! so ye come and fly!

Ye meet in the Poet's haunted breast—
Darkness and rainbow alike its guest!
When the breath of the violet is out in Spring,
When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain-grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth?
Bright stream and dark one! Oh! never on earth!
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere;
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep!

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair!
Where ye have no part in the summer-air.
Far from the breathings of changeful skies,
Over the seas and the graves it lies,
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
And Joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun! F. H.

THE PATENT THEATRES.

The long pending disputes in Chancery on the subject of both the Patent Theatres, lead us to consider whence, and at what time, the difficulties that occasion them could arise. The monopoly of the national drama by two houses in the largest city in Europe, ought not to be an unprofitable privilege; unless, indeed, in proportion as an interest in science and a taste for literature have been gradually awakened in the middling, and even in the lower orders of society, dramatic representations, the most attractive of intellectual amusements, are declining in value, or growing out of fashion. It is not easy to ascertain the value of theatrical property in London at any precise date; but it could not have been deteriorated in 1802, since we find that Mr. J. P. Kemble, a competent judge of such matters, gave Mr. Harris 22,000*l.* for one sixth share of Covent Garden Theatre; the entire property whereof cost the latter gentleman 60,000*l.* in 1767. Mr. Garrick, also, who is said to have paid only 35,000*l.* for Drury Lane in 1747, retired from public life with an ample fortune, acquired in the joint capacity of actor and manager. In the various statements sent forth to the world by the proprietors of either theatre, to prevent competition, or with a view to enhance the price of admission to the public, different pretexts are assigned. In the memorial drawn up on behalf of Mrs. Richardson, (representing a quarter share of the patents and other remaining property of the late Drury Lane Theatre in 1810,) against the applicants for a third theatre before the Privy Council, it is broadly asserted that " the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre have it in their power to prove incontrovertibly, to any person whom your Majesty, in your goodness, may please to appoint for investigating the fact, that their theatre (and it is supposed that they might safely add that of Covent Garden) could have held, taking the average through every season since its construction, double the number it has ever received." In the next year we find Mr. Sheridan, in his place in the House of Commons, during the debate on the London Theatres' Bill, assigning something like a cause for the ill success of the Theatre under his management: "It was the taste of the town that perverted the Theatre. Mr. Kemble would much rather, he was sure, act on his own two legs, than call in the aid of cavalry; but the fact was, that the taste of the town was more gratified by them, that taste being perverted by the depravity of manners, and the alteration in the mode of living, which prevented people of fashion from attending and taking the lead in the theatres as formerly." At a later period (1818), when the Committee of Management of one house, and the proprietors of the other, memorialized the Lord Chamberlain against the Olympic and Sans Pareil Theatres, they complain that they find " their long established patent rights destroyed, upon the faith of which a million of money has been of late years embarked in their two theatres." In the same spirit with this declaration of " patent rights," Mrs. Richardson's memorial affirms the inviolability of the patents granted originally to D'Avenant and Killigrew; and insinuates that Sir Richard Steele's patent (an apparent infringement on their high authority,) was only granted because both the patents happened to be in the hands of one person, " there still being (after Steele's patent) but two theatres sanctioned in the metro-

polis." Sir Richard Steele himself (in his statement, published 1720, on the occasion of a misunderstanding with the Lord Chamberlain on the subject of this very patent, which was afterwards revoked,) negatives the inference attempted to be drawn by Mrs. Richardson's argument. "There is not," he says, "the least pretension, or colour of pretension, for disputing this authority (i. e. of his patent). Those who dispute it will assert that King George is not, to all intents and purposes, as much King of England as King Charles the Second."

These quotations may appear idle; but they are of immense importance, as regards the right which the public possess to control the performances of the Theatres Royal. Even the actors ought to feel some interest in the question, since, in the statement of eight of their body, (which will be cited hereafter,) they affirm, and with great reason, that "the patent being originally a grant from the Crown, we humbly conceive that it was bestowed equally for the protection of a profession, as for the advantage of an individual." When in opposing the claim for a third theatre, the patentees were called upon to assert their "rights," the highest legal authority which their counsel (Mr. Adam) could produce, was Lord Thurlow, who, in advising his Majesty not to grant a patent, makes use of these expressions: "If the Crown grants a patent, and induces people by that to lay out a great fund, it would be very wrong to grant a rival patent wantonly." To which Mr. Warren (Counsel for the petitioners) replied: "The learned Counsel, my Lords, should have mentioned, that the very next words after the long quotation he has given you, are 'The accommodation of the public is the principal thing to be considered.'" We repeat,—The public is the principal thing to be considered; and the O. P. warfare was the commentary on this text.

To return to the principal question, whether the public have of late years shown an apathy towards performances of the regular drama, and passing by Mr. Sheridan's "depravity of manners," which we take as a figure of speech, (since he could never seriously have meant to have applied it to the whole nation,) we affirm that in all times, within our own recollection, the regular drama has proved attractive, when a succession of new pieces has been produced, or something like variety has been thrown into the cast of the parts in the old ones. It cannot be expected that the same individuals will go every night to see Messrs. A, B, or C, eternally perform Richard, Othello, or Sir Peter Teazle. Refer to the respective eras of Mr. John Kemble, Mr. Cooke, or Mr. Kean. The latter gentleman filled the house to the very slips by the attraction of his Sir Giles Overreach; and we have heard that Mr. Sheridan himself, (on the only occasion that he visited the theatre during the management of the Sub-Committee,) expressed his surprise that Mr. Kean should have chosen such a part: a surprise created, no doubt, by his recollection, that it never filled the treasury books during his management. The fact is, that the ambition or cupidity of the patentees in building theatres so large that the public could not hear the performers, destroyed the relish for the legitimate drama except on particular occasions, when the talent of a new actor has re-awakened that interest, in despite of all the disadvantages under which the audience laboured. We cannot better describe those disadvantages than in the words of Messrs. Warren and Curwood, (Counsel for the applicant for

a third theatre.) "My position is this, that the houses are empty from the natural incommodiousness of them. They may be occasionally and accidentally filled by the representation of a new play, or the performance of a favourite actor; but in general, they will be deserted from the want of accommodation."—"Although they have increased the size of their theatres, it is no accommodation to the public, unless they could increase the powers of the human organs—the eye and the ear; for in their present state they are certainly more fit for a Spanish bull-fight, or an ancient Naumachia, than for theatrical performances. If curiosity ever induced any of your Lordships to visit the places appropriated for the accommodation of the humbler classes, you would find that the great size of the theatres entirely defeats the object of the drama; and looking down from the height through the vast concave, the actors appear like the inhabitants of Lilliput parading the great hall of the imperial palace of Brobdignag. Not a feature of the face can be distinguished, far less the variations and flexibility of muscles, the turn of the eye and graceful action, which, in an accomplished actor, give life and energy to the composition of an eloquent author. You would also find that it is impossible to exert the human voice to that extent as to be heard in those places, and still to retain the power of modulating its tones, to express with truth the feelings of passion and of nature."

With regard to the encroachments of the Minor Theatres, we agree with Mr. Elliston (in his answer to the Patent Memorial against the Olympic), that the encroachment commenced with the Patent Theatres. "The Patent Theatres have become theatres for the display of the *irregular* drama: the encroachment was, in truth, committed by the Patent Theatres on the Minor Theatres, and not by the Minor Theatres on the Patent Theatres; and it was in the rage of engrossing the whole store of stage exhibition, from the deep pathos of tragedy to the highest flights of tight-rope dancing—from the amblings of the poet to the amblings of the riding-house—from the splendid illusions of the scene-painter to the sloppings of the stage with 'real water'—from the Attic playfulness of 'Congreve' to the more congenial playfulness of 'Puss in Boots,' &c." Again—"Posture-masters must be found (for the Minor Theatres), who should writhe themselves into more contortions than Mr. Pack was employed to do on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane:—dogs must be found, who should bark more eloquently than the 'Dog of Montargis' was engaged to do on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden:—children must be found to support the dignity of the Minor stage, as effectually as 'the dignity' of 'the great national concern' of Drury Lane was supported, lately, by the little girl who personated 'Richard the Third:'—horses must be found to prance, if possible, more classically than those that sustained the 'regular' and 'national drama' of 'Timour the Tartar.' Poor Mr. Astley! (the original proprietor of the Olympic) used to exclaim pathetically, 'Why do they take my horses? I never tried to engage Mrs. Siddons.'"

One word, before we close this part of the subject, in behalf of the actors, who are alternately caressed, flattered, and abused. There are persons who attribute all the blame to the extravagant salaries paid to particular performers. They would establish a *maximum* of salary.

When Catalani made her first appearance at the Opera-house, those persons exclaimed against the encouragement given to foreigners (as if Genius were of any country); and a learned person is said to have expressed his astonishment at the enormous emoluments she derived, adding, that "he would not give five shillings to hear her sing all the year round!" If that learned person made use of such an observation, we know what sort of ears he must possess. It requires very little common sense to discern that in acting, singing, or dancing, as in every other pursuit—

> "The worth of any thing
> Is just so much as it will bring."

The proprietors of the Opera-house would not have agreed to give Madame Catalani an extravagant salary, if it had not been their interest to do so, or if such persons as Pasta or Sontag had been in existence. Neither would Mr. Braham nor Mr. Kean receive the salaries they possess, if the managers of the Theatres Royal could discover persons who could sing better than Mr. Braham, or act better than Mr. Kean. As regards the public, it is an incontrovertible truth, that every individual who enters a theatre goes to be amused, in expectation of seeing certain performers, and quits it without caring one doit about the performer who has afforded him the amusement. Nothing can better prove this assertion, than the fact that a benefit, unless the interest of private friends be exerted, is worse attended than the nights which are termed stock-nights. The actors and the town mutually cajole each other. The actor, in prologues and addresses, so frequently terms himself the servant of the public, that the public believe it, although they would not subscribe one shilling to keep him from starving. It was an old fashion to term themselves "the King's Servants," because the actors were once "the King's servants." Acting upon this presumption, a Lord Chamberlain sent to arrest Dogget, when he quitted the Haymarket and went to Norwich; but he applied for a *habeas* to Lord Chief-Justice Holt, who immediately released him; and "something private was said to him," which induced him to put up with the affront. But the public are greatly mistaken if they suppose (to parody the celebrated resolution of Dunning) that "the prerogative of the actor has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." In the year 1800, eight of the principal performers of Covent-Garden quitted the theatre in consequence of the following new regulations:*—

> "The unusual restrictions of performers' orders."
> "The increase of benefit-charges, from 140*l.* to 160*l.*"
> "And the excessive fine of 30*l.* instead of 5*l.* for the refusal of a character."

The arbitration of the Lord Chancellor was given against the actors. The orders, which, previous to the above-mentioned period, were allowed to be issued at discretion, are now, we believe, restricted to *two*, for the principal performers. The fine still exists; and every person who knows any thing about a theatre, can see how it can be made use of as an engine of oppression. The present charge for a benefit-night is, we

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* "Statement of differences between the Proprietors and Performers of Covent-Garden Theatre, &c. 1800. By John Johnstone, Joseph George Holman, Alexander Pope, Charles Incledon, Joseph S. Munden, John Fawcet, Thomas Knight, and Henry Erskine Johnston." We quote from the Monthly Mirror, 1800.

believe, *from 200l.* to *210l.* The performers who disputed the charge in 1810, endeavoured to obtain *items*, but were refused. They found it irreconcilable with calculation, and presumed that they were charged with "the complicated incumbrances occasioned by the original capitals of purchasers being very inadequate to the nominal possessions they acquire." We will make one farther extract from this spirited pamphlet, which was written by Mr. Holman. "There are no salaries in Covent Garden Theatre (at that period, 1800) equal, by many pounds per week, to the engagements given at and before the period alluded to: witness the salaries of the late Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Yates, Miss Catley, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, of whom the two last had, jointly, for the season, a sum more than equal to half the salaries paid to the ten performers before mentioned." The public imagine, that if a performer is rated at 20*l.* per week, he receives in the ratio of 1040*l.* per annum. It is a mistake: an actor's salary is rated per week, but reckoned per night. At the commencement of the season the companies play only three times during the week. Sundays and Fast-days are deducted. In fact, they are only paid when the house is open. Then there are fines, deductions for indisposition, and many other subtractions. The benefits (subject to the enormous charge above mentioned) depend upon private interest. The privilege of giving orders is chiefly instrumental in obtaining that interest. Those performers, who have not a large connection, dare not take a benefit. The country engagements, during the vacation, are dependent of course on the celebrity of the actor.

To return to the two theatres. The main cause of all their difficulties has been, not public neglect, nor expenses occasioned by actors' salaries, nor other legitimate purposes in support of the "national drama," but the accumulation of this very "million," so ostentatiously set forth by the memorialists. While Mr. Sheridan was making speeches in Parliament against the increase of the public debt, he was insensibly augmenting his own and the theatre's incumbrances. Debt, which, from the commencement of the present century, has pressed like an incubus on the national resources, began about the same time to intrude itself into the two principal preserves for public amusement. The old theatre, which Mr. Sheridan derived from Garrick, and wherein Garrick made his fortune, was said to be in such a dilapidated state in 1791, that Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Linley determined to pull it down and erect another. To commence on a grand scale, they issued proposals for a loan of 150,000*l.* "a moiety to be applied to the extinction of the existing incumbrances, and the other to the erection of a new theatre on the same site." The new theatre was erected in 1793; and its evil genius, like the wooden or leaden Apollo that surmounted its roof, presided over it from its birth to its destruction. The estimate made by Mr. Holland, the architect, amounting to 80,000*l.* "was," we copy Mr. Sheridan's expressions, "without attributing the slightest unfair conduct to that gentleman," deficient, as compared with the actual expenditure, only in an even sum of the same amount. The theatre opened in the beginning of the year 1794, "in a very incomplete state, with the intended surrounding buildings comprised in the plan and estimate not even begun, and a debt exceeding one hundred and sixty thousand pounds left unprovided for. Under these circumstances, the proprietors took the liquidation of the debt upon themselves, although

no personal responsibility could attach to them." Then followed Chancery, and its concomitant—ruin! Trustee-ships, old Renters, &c. arrangements in and out of Chancery, and a maze of confusion, through which we have in vain endeavoured to see our way. Suffice it that in 1810 we find the creditors classed under the order of Chancery in ten or twelve classes, and the amount of their claims stated at not less than from three to four hundred thousand pounds. Twelve classes of creditors! Mercy on us! one class is quite sufficient for an unfortunate individual. Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire in Feb. 1809.

During the interval between the destruction of the old, and the erection of the present theatre, the application, to which we have before alluded, was made to the Privy Council, and also to Parliament, for permission to build a third theatre, (under a charter of incorporation,) to be entitled, "The London Theatre." The time was ill-chosen: something was said by counsel about "smoking in its ruins:" and it seemed like taking an ungenerous advantage of the recent misfortune. Mr. Sheridan was present as a Privy Counsellor, and also pleaded his own cause. The Council rejected the petition, and Mr. Whitbread got rid of the Bill in the Commons by pledging himself that a new Drury should soon rise like the phœnix that was so often afterwards tortured in its service. We copy some of the proposals for the London Theatre, that the public may see what it then lost; and, should any such project be entertained again, benefit by past experience.

The memorial for the London Theatre was signed by the Right Honourable Thomas Smith, (then Lord Mayor of London,) and by nine other gentlemen on behalf of themselves and others. The capital subscribed was 200,000*l.* Among other resolutions, it was proposed—

"That, for the security of the public, and 'as a means of for ever protecting them against the advance of prices,' the profits above five per cent. if any, should be divided into three equal parts, and be appropriated as follows:—

"I. One third thereof to constitute a fund, to be set apart and applied from time to time to the repair, alteration, and embellishment of the theatre, or to answer extraordinary disbursements, or to come in aid of occasional calamities, so that there be no pretence for any farther call on the proprietors, or any increased demand of prices from the public.

"II. One third of the said surplus to create a fund for the encouragement of the drama, by giving annual premiums for new plays,* by establishing a school in the theatre for the histrionic art, and for its accessaries, music, dancing, and decorations, &c. and to provide a retreat to meritorious writers and artists, who, by a service of twenty years in the theatre, might entitle themselves thereto.

"III. The other third to go to the proprietors, as profit on the capital advanced."

The new Drury Lane Theatre was erected under the auspices of Mr.

* Is it not extraordinary that the manager of a theatre is the only purveyor who does not know the value of his wares? A bookseller will, if he approve of a work, pay a certain sum for the copyright, and risque an additional sum in the publication, at the hazard of losing by the fiat of a very capricious public—the reading public. But the writer of a drama must make up his mind to stake the labour of months on the fortune of a single night.

Whitbread, aud opened in 1812, with a fresh subscription, limited by the Act of Parliament to 300,000*l.* (to be added to the debt "left unprovided for,") under the management of a Committee and Sub-Committee. The trustees, &c. of the old concern were now ex-official characters. The Sub-Committee, on whom the conducting of the performances chiefly rested, were Lords, Members of Parliament, and gentlemen of fortune. Lords and Members of Parliament to manage a theatre! To listen to tragedy, comedy, opera and farce; actor, actress, or singer, on engagement, and at rehearsal; to consult upon casts of character, scenery, dresses, &c. &c. and to "divide upon the question!" Politics must have been postponed for pantomime, and bills of the play must have taken the precedence of Bills in Parliament. The very first act of the Committee (or Sub-Committee,) was—a joke; and gave rise to a much better joke—"The Rejected Addresses." The "Cobler of Preston" could not have been so puzzled as these dignitaries appear to have been between their two states of existence. Like the two Roman augurs, when they met, they must have laughed in each other's faces. Their memorial, in 1818, to the Lord Chamberlain contains the ludicrous assertion that they, the memorialists, would suffer "certain ruin" if the Sans Pariel and Olympic theatres were permitted to exist: this memorial is signed "Essex, Yarmouth, D. Kinnaird, T. H. Farquhar, P. Grenfell, Edward Codrington," &c. &c.

Lord Byron (a Sub-Committee man at a later period) gave the following humorous account of his duties to Captain Medwin: "I became a member of the Drury Lane Committee at the request of my friend Douglas Kinnaird, who made over to me a share of 500*l.* for the purpose of qualifying me to vote. One need have other qualifications besides money for that office. I found the employment not over-pleasant, and not a little dangerous, what with Irish authors and pretty poetesses. Five hundred plays were offered to the theatre during the year I was literary manager. You may conceive that it was no small task to read all this trash, and to satisfy the bards that it was so." Another Sub-Committee man, lately deceased, (an M. P. and a whig,) used to busy himself with the interior concerns of the theatre, and became the terror of the scene-shifter, dressers, and "such small deer." He attempted to curtail the privilege of the press, and provoked the following smart epigram from a witty reporter:—

> "What," says Dick, with some surprise,
> "Have they turn'd Peter from the door?
> From Drury's scenes, if they were wise,
> They'd turn one Peter *More!*"

Lordly management had nearly closed the doors a third time, when the discovery of the brilliant genius of Mr. Kean by the town (not by the Sub-Committee, for they could not lay claim to any foresight in the matter,) turned the tide in their favour. But to sustain their character as amateurs, they made use of this "God-send" in the clumsiest way possible. They possessed an excellent company of comedians, who had for a season, through the mismanagement of the Committee, lost their attraction. The theatre had become what is called "not fashionable." Now was the opportunity, since Mr. Kean's extraordinary success had restored the "ton," to try and charm the crowds who came to see tragedy, and attract them, by alternate and judicious exhibitions,

to the representation of well-cast comedy and opera. But, no: they thought that the public, like the actors in the Critic, "would never have enough of a good thing;" and were determined to cut up their goose and suck the golden eggs. They played tragedy as often as the lungs of Roscius would bear it. They did more: they tried to persuade the town that they had no other good actors, by printing the name of KEAN in enormous capitals, and sinking every other first-rate performer into common type. The theatre was afterwards let on lease; first to Mr. Elliston, and afterwards to the present lessee, Mr. Price. As we have nothing to do with their private concerns in a speculation, for the result of which the Drury Lane Committee are alone answerable to the public, we turn to Covent Garden.

Whilst Drury Lane was getting more and more in debt, her rival sister was following in the same unprofitable career. We have bestowed so much space on one of the family, that we must necessarily be brief in our account of the other. The Theatre Royal Covent Garden was also destroyed by fire in 1808, and the expense of the new building was not less than 300,000*l.*—it had a previous debt of 30,000*l.*, making the whole debt 330,000*l.* The sale of the old materials, money received from the insurance offices, and other property, reduced the debt, at the opening of the theatre in 1809, to 200,000 guineas.*

Since all these expenses, affecting both theatres, were made the pretext for raising the prices on the public, it may be worth while hazarding a few observations on them. The difference between Mr. Holland's estimate and the cost of the preceding Drury, is very extraordinary, and the liberality of the proprietors still more so. Who, in erecting an extensive building, would not require security for performance of the contract? and who would not enforce it? Again, when this theatre was destroyed by fire, the sum insured was found to be only 35,000*l.*; the sum expended in the building being 160,000*l.* The excuse for this is, that the Insurance Companies demanded 3*l.* 3s. per cent. for insurance of theatres from fire on 5000*l.*, and 4*l.* 4s. and 5*l.* 5s. on larger sums. We know that the Companies decline underwriting more than a certain sum, individually, on such hazardous property; but it is evident that, had the estimate of Drury Lane in this case been adhered to, it might have been insured, or the loss incurred would have been only 45,000*l.*; whilst, in consequence of this oversight, or carelessness, it amounted to 125,000*l.*

The proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre having expended a large sum, as they state, "for the accommodation and safety of an audience, and to the exterior beauty of the building, which they venture to boast of as a public ornament," thought themselves entitled to charge something for this patriotism. They accordingly raised the price of admission to the pit, from 3s. 6d. to 4s., and to the boxes, from 6s. to 7s., and endeavoured to smuggle some score, or more, of private boxes into the third circle. Our readers will recollect the O. P. war, and the negotiations, which terminated in the private boxes being restored to the public, and the price of admission to the pit being reduced to the former rate; the box admission remaining at the advance of one shilling.

* We copy these details from Mr. Sugden's speech in the Court of Chancery on the 16th of January, 1829.

Drury Lane opening three years later, had the advantage of this advance. A great deal was said about "exterior beauty" also; and Lord Byron, in the address to the public, told them it was

"A shrine for Shakspeare, worthy him or you!"

It was, indeed, a shrine where every man was obliged to deposit a piece of silver: this extra shilling demanded being the wages of improvidence, neglect, and trading with other people's capital.

We are glad to find, however, that both theatres are getting out of debt. It was stated recently in the Court of Chancery, that, in the interval between the erection of the present Covent Garden Theatre and the year 1821, the debt was diminished in so large a sum as 140,000*l*. Drury Lane, also, having escaped from the clutches of the Sub-Committee, and producing a handsome rental, is paying off her incumbrances. Neither theatre, therefore, can complain much of the want of public patronage.

Every play-goer, who has been in the habit of witnessing the representations of comedy and opera at the summer theatre in the Haymarket, or who was present some weeks since when Mr. Kean delighted the crowded audiences at the English Opera-house, with his fine bursts of passion, and deep pathos of subdued feeling, must sigh for a third theatre—a theatre so constituted, that every person in it can follow the performer through his part with gratified attention, can understand his by-play, and distinguish the lower tones of his voice, restrained within its natural compass. In such a theatre alone can genius be appreciated. But, as we are not likely to have a new theatre, we must rest satisfied with the old ones; and it is but fair to add that Covent Garden, under the late management of the accomplished actor (part proprietor), and Drury Lane, under that of the present lessee, have presented fewer instances of departure from the regular drama than we ever recollect to have known. While the patentees confine themselves within such limits, they have a right to be protected from the encroachments of the minor theatres. The Lord Chamberlain, who should long ago have prevented the patent theatres from being turned into puppet-shows for the representations of the *irregular* drama, should now exercise the power he possesses in London and Westminster, to restrain any minor theatre from performing plays in the English language. The magistrates, also, in the adjoining districts, should refuse to renew a licence granted to any minor theatre, the proprietor whereof will not engage to abstain from infringing the patent privileges of the Theatres Royal. Thus each will be confined within its proper limits; and those who wish to be amused, *with* instruction or *without* instruction, will know where to go.

We conclude by addressing to the managers of both theatres, the energetic verses of Johnson, which Garrick delivered, when he opened his theatre in Drury Lane (on the same site as the present), in the year 1747:

"'Tis yours . . . . to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage."

T. S. M.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

> " Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
> Against a heart depraved and temper hurt;
> Hurt too, perhaps, for life; for early wrong,
> Done to the noblest part, affects it long:
> And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
> If you can crown a discipline, that draws
> Such mischiefs after it, with much applause."—COWPER.

It is a pleasant and profitable employment for the observer of men and things to note the pertinacious adherence, not only of individuals, but of public institutions, to every stale and indefensible usage, because time may have made it familiar. The career of ages rolls on, and yet there are men foolish enough to imagine that the rules and institutions of one are equally suitable for all. If, indeed, we were retrograding in knowledge or virtue as time lapsed, something like a reasonable defence might be made for such a doctrine. " We cling to what our fathers thought best for us, because they were wiser than ourselves. We have fallen so low in the arts and sciences, in dominion, revenue, and empire—we are so far beneath the level of what we were in the days of Henry VIII. and Queen Bess, that we cannot do better than keep up to the marked excellence of their rules and customs in our institutions; rather than fall lower, we are content to remain as we are." Such is the substance of the only justification to be made out for many absurd and mischievous practices which still find defenders. But can such, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, looking at this country's domination in every quarter of the globe, calculating her resources, surveying her richly cultivated lands, her works in literature, science, and the arts, her increasing population and manufactures,—can they honestly plead such a justification? If they cannot, what is the inevitable conclusion of every common-sense individual respecting their understandings? Must they not be set down with the well-meaning, perhaps, but the nose-led of custom, who have discarded reason, and stand by usage as superior of the two, whether in support of good or ill? Truly has Bacon said, a man may marvel " to hear men protest, engage, give great words, and then do just as they have done before, as if they were dead images, and engines moved only by the wheels of custom."

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of a remarkably mild and gentlemanly letter to Dr. Williams, master of Winchester school, by Sir Alexander Malet,* upon the expulsion of his brother for resistance to the authority of an older boy—or, in plain terms, for resistance to the system of " fagging." This pernicious practice, concealed in the recesses of four or five public schools, and remote therefore from observation, has engaged little of the public attention. Though but a very small numerical proportion of the youth of England is educated in these seminaries, yet that proportion is an important one, when it comprises nearly all the sons of the higher orders of the aristocracy. Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and Winchester, are the places where, for the most part, until of age for college, the offspring of our nobility are educated, and our country gentlemen receive their first lessons in the

* Published by Ridgway, Piccadilly.

classics. There, by a deficient and most laborious routine, the foundation of Greek and Latin learning is attained, but little or nothing more. Paley said that a youth had once come to Cambridge from Eton, who could not spell "but." Circumstances something similar, no doubt, have occurred. Seven or eight years of life devoted to construing imperfectly two dead languages, is purchasing such a knowledge dearly. But the discipline of these schools is our present subject, than which the dark era of monkery never devised any thing more monstrous.

The existing modes of discipline are disgraceful on the general principle, and set out in error. They tend to cow the timid spirit, to repress talent of the higher order, to stifle genius, and to uphold the physically, in preference to the intellectually strong. Floggingi n teaching is a most vicious and absurd mode of instilling learning into youth: "even the wisest of your great beaters," says Roger Ascham, "do as often punish nature as they do correct faults." Fagging is even a more odious and detestable usage. The finest minds, which are almost uniformly lodged in bodies the least athletic and endued with the keenest susceptibility, have been injured by these practices, and many a generous spirit broken. These, however, are seldom the master's favourites. The best learners by rote in the school routine are most esteemed, and these are rarely among the highly-gifted. Hence most, who have gained great names in after-life, were generally pronounced little better than blockheads at these schools, or, at the utmost, as having only mediocrity of intellect, though their names have been connected subsequently with these foundations as honouring them! Surely capacity could not have been wanting in such scholars: the truth is, one rule, one rod, one routine of teaching are adopted in them for all. Then their very grammars are vicious; Greek is taught through Latin. It has been remarked, that passages from the Greek will in many instances bear translation into English, which the Latin idiom will not admit but awkwardly. The Greek words in Latin do not form a sufficient ground for this mode of getting one dead language through another, of which the pupil is ignorant. We have good grammars for the purpose in English, by excellent scholars; why are they not adopted? The reason is obvious: usage, too, has sanctioned a different method; and though the most imperfect, it must, on that account, be held sacred. The very pronunciation of the Latin is vicious, and no Englishman who speaks it can be understood by a foreigner—this subject might be commented upon in a separate article.

The public schools of which we speak are models of instruction in arbitrary power and abject slavery. The young scion of the "gentle" stock easily practises in them those pranks of oppression, which, as far as the laws will allow, he may imitate in manhood. The idleness of masters, or the paucity of ushers, not allowing a superior to be present at all times with the scholars, most probably generated the present execrable mode of discipline, particularly "fagging." In this the junior boys sustain a servitude to the senior, not merely in school hours for learning's sake, but in all times and places, as caprice or whim, or the pleasure of tormenting, may dictate. The basest and most servile offices, unconnected with the business of instruction, must be executed, or summary punishment by blows ensues. We have known a fag let down from a window by the senior boys to purchase wine clandestinely,

at ten o'clock at night. Had he told the master, the seniors would no doubt have been punished; but he knew better; what would have been his school days afterwards but tenfold misery? Dr. Williams must know that such a "tell-tale" would be the perpetual victim of his oppressors, the despised of all. Let not the Doctor, who we dare say is a very good man,—let him not write thus as a master, but remember his own school days, and he will be at no loss to weigh the value of such a remedy. Nay, the unsupported asseverations of a junior boy are always set aside by the contradictory assertions of his elders; and in any case, his subsequent misery is certain. But to the more immediate example. A youth, the brother of Sir Alexander Malet, had offended the dignity of an elder boy, by refusing to obey him in an arbitrary order.

"The prefects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of course-keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the prefects are at breakfast or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a prefect requires any thing to be done. During that part of the short half year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and it was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly; the consequence has been, that they have come to it older and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the prefects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper-time, and being seen by the senior prefect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the course-keeper, as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision. The course-keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall; and the prefect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement; to this, however, the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second prefect laid hold of him, that he might not evade the beating destined for him: a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two prefects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted. The prefects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled the boy who had refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the prefect from punishing him."

This line of conduct on the part of the prefects has been upheld by Dr. Williams, in a reply to the letter of Sir A. Malet; or in other words, the system of fagging has been tacitly justified by that gentleman. Never was a less satisfactory, or less rational answer given to a justifiable complaint. "The system of fagging must be supported for the sake of school discipline:"—this is the sum and substance of the reply.

The impotent remedy of complaint to the master, and the assertion of non-resistance to the senior being needful on the part of the juniors, is the defence got up for the expulsion of five youths who seem merely to have shown a proper spirit. All who have been at school must know that from the difference of study and class, the elder boys always possess ample power over the juniors out of teaching hours. There cannot be the smallest necessity for adding to this influence. What, then, must be thought of "fagging," (a cruelty so wholly unnecessary,) and of Dr. Williams's evasion of that topic in his reply? No one disputes with him an "authorised jurisdiction." Dr. Williams cannot but know that boys will bear any insult and torture rather than complain, be sent to Coventry, and be cuffed by their schoolfellows. Suppose the brother of Sir A. Malet had done this,—he would have been contradicted by the prefects, and declared contumacious: two, or three, or four to one, would be deemed conclusive evidence that the complaint was frivolous and vexatious; he must have pocketed the blows of his schoolfellows, happy if he did not gain a repetition of them. Appeals to the master by a junior boy for what happens out of teaching hours, are very good in theory, but if Dr. Williams will try back, he must recollect they rarely admit of practice. The truth is, the Doctor finds himself in a difficulty, but will not admit that his delegated authorities can do wrong, for, should he do this in the present instance, it would imply a censure upon the ancient but most vicious practice that the invention of the powers of darkness ever brought into use for the depreciation of manly feeling in youth. The power of inflicting public chastisement by one schoolboy on another is conceded by the teacher, and where such power is resisted on being unlawfully inflicted, (where physical force will permit, the junior boy must be a fool if he does not use it, and this will happen,) Dr. Williams replies, "that the prefects must be supported." Why did the Doctor not admit that the contumacy of the junior was a fit subject of complaint to the master by the prefect, and that blows from one boy to another were not admissible, either by elders or juniors, in any case? No, this would have touched the idol system of the *great* schools, as they style themselves. Established usage must be supported, if it cannot be justified. Fagging must flourish, as part of the glorious method of education which has been so borne out in its results, as our two great Universities can testify if they please. Well and rightly does Sir A. Malet say, "I will never suffer any one over whom I can exercise influence, to send a boy to that school while such a doctrine is maintained as the rule of the establishment." Every reasonable man will agree with him to a tittle.

We are told that fagging inures boys early to civil obedience, and teaches them to be humble when they are men. We are astonished if this be true, that the larger part of the individuals educated at these seminaries turn out the most overbearing, haughty, irrational men of their order upon the face of the earth. This is a notorious fact, and comes in the natural sequence of events. The more abject the slave, the more overbearing his conduct when he is a master. Blows and degradation do not teach humility, but the reverse. The slave wishes to become that oppressor in his turn whom he has long envied. The bold assumption of the contrary effect of slavery as a justification for continuing it, proves a miserable ignorance of human nature, and to what wretched resources men will apply to uphold favourite customs.

In other schools, which do not rate themselves so highly, none but masters, or ushers, are permitted to use blows. Corporal punishment is on the decline, or abolished, as it should be in other seminaries of learning. If two boys out of teaching hours come to blows, or if a junior beat a senior who has struck him, and the master sift the quarrel, he takes the aggressor only to task, and does not dream of expelling the junior for mutiny. According to the Winchester system, a strong boy must endure injustice, and blows from a weaker, because he is senior to him in the school; he must bear personal chastisement from him without grumbling, for not cleaning his shoes, getting his breakfast, lighting his fire, brushing his coat, 'warming his bed of a frosty night (by lying in it an hour before his tyrant occupies it), toasting his bread, or running on his errands, (thus losing his own meals, and leaving his tasks unacquired,) or other more objectionable services, at his senior's caprice. He must submit to be cuffed and kicked about like a football, that in return he may be taught humility! If he be of a feeble frame which a noble spirit inhabits, he may suffer till his heart be broken, or he may run away from his bondage.*

Perhaps Dr. Williams would argue that a school is to be governed like a regiment of soldiers; but blows are not allowed among them. If a wholesome subordination be kept up anywhere, it is in the military service, but we find nothing of this imperious kind tolerated in it out of Austria. It would be well if there were a mutiny act passed for schools upon the fagging system; parents would then know to what rules they were doomed to submit their children, and being acquainted with the discipline and punishment fixed for them, would judge how far they were conducive to the ends of instruction. They would understand why the existing practices in them are the bane of learning, the degradation of free spirit, the basis of servile, groveling dispositions. Fagging makes a youth mean, passive, and cunning, during servitude, and a tyrant when he becomes senior in his turn. Enough come into the world from these schools with this impress on their character. To assert that the present system is best adapted for conveying instruction to youth, requires unparalleled effrontery. What spirit would put up with unprovoked blows from a schoolfellow, that could return them with interest? What are the burning feelings of a high mind that cannot return them, but must submit to their injustice? Why, Dr. Williams will tell us that the one must be expelled, and the other, if hit too hard, must complain to the master, at the expense of doubling the mischief!

Most, in after-life, when speaking of school days, always mention how they got through the time of fagging. Some say they weathered it tolerably well; others, that it is a period of horror to reflect upon even now. Certain we are, that though many, constituted as the mass of mankind is, bear it sullenly, play the despot in turn, and forget it, and the little learning they were taught also, in mature life, yet all who possess superior faculties regard it as a period of most abject suffering and degradation. Is it not strange, then, that men should be found who cling to such vile usages as steadfastly as they would to their religion?

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* The writer once had a schoolfellow who went from grammar-school oppression of this sort to a hay-loft, in which, for a fortnight, he was supported by junior boys, who kept his secret. From thence he fled to a sea-port, entered on board ship, went abroad, and was never heard of afterwards. That school reformed itself from these vile customs more than thirty years ago.

The mischief produced by the determination of the heads of many of our institutions to preserve the most antiquated abuses inviolate, in every change of time and tide, is incalculable. Let us suppose the same blind prejudice prevailing in all our national establishments. When mail-coaches were set on foot for the conveyance of letters, they finished their journeys in far less time than the "diligences," as they were then called, which conveyed passengers. In a few years, these last outstripped the mails in speed, having first run neck and neck with them. Now, according to the precious system of non-innovation in the school system, as in many others, the mails should never have been accelerated in consequence, but kept to the pace at which they originally went, because it would be beneath the dignity of a public institution to change that which had been consecrated by time; ay, if the ancient rate of speed had been only a jog-trot, and the innovation had led to a gallop. Sir Francis Freeling would know better how to reason for the convenience of the public. "We must increase our speed also for the public convenience," would be his rational observation; and the thing would be done. Not so your supporters of venerable usages, your clingers to by-gone systems; they would say that the ancient mode worked best. "William of Wykeham established it, we will suffer no changes." Can any reply be more ridiculous?—can folly itself argue with more inanity? Take the consequences, Dr. Williams. Every boy educated at a school of "mutual instruction" shall put you and your scholars to shame, before long. You send a boy to college, able only to construe two dead languages and make bad verses. An improved school shall send a boy to Cambridge, perhaps not quite so great an adept in the particles, but what besides can he do? Why, he is able to *apply* all he reads in the classics; master of French; advanced some way in German; grounded in arithmetic, the elements of geometry, and drawing; well read in history, particularly of his own country, and able to compose grammatical, intelligible English. Which of the two will be best fitted for the University, or the business of life? It is fortunate that birth, wealth, or borough interest, will provide for the majority of the youth educated in these schools. They would have a good chance of starvation, had they to depend on their own exertions in after-life. Enough of their deficiency in useful instruction is visible in what are called fashionable haunts, on the race-course, and in the club-houses—ay, and in the Senate too. It is mostly younger sons of our nobility, and men of small means, (who know that their dependence must ultimately be on their own exertions,) who make up at college for the deficiency of their early education. They have so much to unlearn, and learn at the Universities, that by the time they leave them, and have acquired a knowledge of the world, they become advanced in life, and find the energy of early manhood rapidly diminishing. Most of our public men are old before they have attained situations which, of all others, require clear-headedness and energy of character. What an enormous waste of the brief span of life is caused by these schools! What might not be done in them under a wiser system of discipline and tuition!

Abandoning the tenure of this surpassing classical education, of which the scholars know not the application until they get to college, we are told that the obtaining gentlemanly manners, and forming school friendships, (which *perchance* may be useful in after-life,) are weighty reasons

for upholding the present practices, more especially as they may aid self-dependence. Nothing can be more ridiculous. For the chance of one school friendship, that may by accident do good in after-life, seven or eight years are to be sacrificed! The drudgery of the slave and the cruelty of the tyrant are to be acquired! Self-respect, and open, honest boldness of character, good temper, and noble feeling, must be injured! Gentlemanly manners are neither taught nor obtained at public schools, though an impudent self-consequence always is. It would be strange indeed, if that which good society in the world can alone confer, is to be attained by fagging, flogging, and absurd tuition. It is the youth of whom the system could make little that cuts a figure in after-life, and gives by his name an *eclat* to the rules of education to which he owes nothing. Many who attain consequence in public life, more especially political consequence, with very mediocre understandings, are pushed up by family connexions and wealth, and are then represented as proofs of the excellence of these seminaries, when in reality these individuals may not have talents beyond an ordinary shopkeeper, and in less fortunate circumstances would never have been heard of beyond their own counters. Look at the British Cabinet at the present moment, (with one splendid exception, and the individual so excepted, educated in France,) as an illustration of this. It is the younger son of the family, or the *protegé* of some kind individual, the youth who has his own wits to look to for the future, that makes the shining character: but what of all does he owe to the discipline of these schools?—We boldly affirm, nothing at all.

> "If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,
> Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain,
> Your son come forth a prodigy of skill;
> As, wheresoever taught, so form'd, he will;
> The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
> Claims more than half the praise as his due share."

In respect to gentlemanly manners, if they were to be thus acquired at these places, they are too dearly purchased. Hundreds may be found in the world begot and bred no one knows where, who, in the varnish of manners, are not to be surpassed by their better born and nobler companions. Seven years' drudgery and waste of life, according to the present system, is full dear payment for the art of appearing at Brookes's, or Crockford's, at the ball-room, or fox-chase, with the qualifications in manners of what is understood by the term "gentleman."

All scholars may be useful men in their day and generation, if all are not born to excel. A most useless, ignorant, vicious man in society may be a perfect gentleman in manners. It would be well if better qualifications were more looked after by parents; something that might make the individual contribute to the benefit of the community beyond the mere consumption of his country's produce. Nine out of ten leave these schools with a smattering of Greek and Latin, idle their time at College, and then enter life, able besides, perhaps, to write their own names, and that is all. Had they been properly managed in their early years, they might have taken their stand among the average of the qualified for the duties of life. Fagging fits them for tyrants on their estates; a few phrases remembered in their school-books, make them pass for classics; and with a good fortune, they are considered admirable members of Parliament, excellently well versed in the mono-

syllables "yea" and "nay," but with no one idea besides, political or moral, that they did not obtain in the nursery. Where are there men more tiresome in society (except to others with only one idea) than "gentlemen," as they are termed? In a numerous party, the polish of manners renders them agreeable, there is no opportunity of trying them beyond the surface; but meet them alone, travel with them, all will be found insupportably tedious. The power of reasoning right, and the scroll of knowledge, are sealed books to them. Their deficiency is to be ascribed to a false system in early education,—to a bad mode of forming the man in his plastic state.

We fear that the present character of our public schools will not be changed by any thing we can say. Flogging and fagging will still be the master's law of rule. We may, however, call the attention of parents to this monstrous mode of inflicting very little learning upon their sons. The "obscenity" of that flogging which grammar-school pedagogues seem to delight in inflicting, and the cruelty of fagging, may not suit the taste of discriminating parents who peruse our pages.

We now take leave of this most important subject for the present. We reverence our public schools for what they were in days passed, when in advance of their time; and we are sorry to see them behind it at present. They are noble foundations, which the public have a right to see well and usefully conducted. If nothing else alter the present system of discipline, and teaching too, shame will ultimately effect it They will be beaten in the race of useful learning, by every village seminary. If it should ever happen that talents become in this country the sole qualification for office and post, (as it should be, instead of interest, as at present,) there will be found but few from these schools in the service of their country, if they do not reform. The day must come when England will demand that no part of her interests shall be longer committed to blockheads—let them look to it. They must improve with the age. Flogging and fagging must be abolished in them, with many other absurd customs,—such, for example, as "Eton Montem," where the sons of our nobility and gentry absolutely extort money on the highway, a most ridiculous exhibition (unless they were practising for attorneys or highwaymen,) and if resisted in any instance, likely to be a serious one. Finally, the names of these schools have been endeared to learning and to England,—let them still be so, by making reasonable and timely changes. The admission of a little common sense, and an oblivion of a few nonsensical prejudices, would render them equal to all that could be desired, and restore them to what they once were, most respected foundations of England's learning.*

* A supporter of Dr. Williams and fagging, has appeared in the person of a Mr. E. Wilson: his lucubration is entitled, "A Letter to Sir A. Malet." It affords one of the best exemplifications possible of the sort of education we reprobate, or rather of what it enables its pupils to effect, in the way of argument and authorship. Was it for such a capacity for authorship and ratiocination, that the writer endured the birch and the drudgery of a "fag!" This person has attacked the Editor of the "Literary Gazette," as if he had him from the lower form, and were determined to fag him to his heart's content. Mr. E. Wilson's letter has nothing meriting reply; for his arguments, if they can be so called, mean little, and prove less. They are unanswerable, because they have nothing to answer. We doubt Mr. E. Wilson's affection for "fagging," though there is no accounting for *taste*. The Samoïed ambassadors, when in England, preferred train oil as an edible to our best viands!

LONDON LYRICS.

The Two Commentators.

Cæsar and Blackstone, mighty men,
One drew the sword, and one the pen,
One clear'd Law's antiquated den,
  One took to War's vagaries.
Both well contrived themselves to entrench;
One Junius fought, and one the French;
That sought the Throne, this found the Bench,
  And both wrote Commentaries.

These militant and civil elves,
One Easter Monday, found themselves,
Well bound, on Doctor Lettsom's shelves:
  They form'd his favourite study.
There would he read of statutes, cars,
Of special pleading, Picts, and scars,
Justinian Pandects, and the wars
  Of Julius fierce and bloody.

"Read these," he cried with buoyant speech
To Doctor Cooke, a fellow leech,
"There mount, and either volume reach:
  How each in style concise is!"
Cooke, by his Quaker friend thus press'd,
Made the selection he thought best,
And read what Blackstone writes on Test-
  -amentary devises.

"Doctors, experienced or raw,
Should learn" (read Cooke) "enough of law
To enable them a Will to draw
  Whene'er a crisis summons;
When call'd to deal with pains and aches,
'Tis needful for their patients' sakes:
Oft, by their aid, that writing makes
  Its way to Doctors' Commons."

"Is that in Blackstone?"—"Ay," quoth Cooke.
"Enough," said Lettsom; "close the book;
The public with derisive look,
  If this gets wind, will soon eye us."
"True," cried the other, with a wink—
"If such his heresy, I think
The Commentating Man of Ink
  Deserved to die by *Junius*."

"There bind him in his clasp of lead,
Re-lodge the slanderer over head,
And reach down Cæsar in his stead,"
  (Quoth he who wore the beaver:)
"His classic pen, undipp'd in gall,
Will ne'er on the profession fall;
Read, and thou 'lt prove, like me, of all
  He writes a staunch believer."

"They who" (read Cooke) "the fight pursue
On foot, but trivial mischief do,
Within their line of march but few
  Are found t' engage their forces:
But when on spoils of war they thrive,
And, arm'd in point, in chariots strive,
Death darkly follows where they drive,
  And carnage marks their courses."

" Hold there !" with something like an oath
The Quaker cried—" however loth
T' abjure my books, henceforth on both
I launch my prohibitions;
Cæsar, in mischief match'd by none,
Writes not of Britons dead and gone;
'Tis a decided libel on
The College of Physicians.

" Cæsar, avaunt !"—Quoth Cooke, " Amen !
The Roman strives with subtle pen
Our trade to countermine, and then
From practice to uproot us:
If, foe to physic, thus he feel
Regardless of the public weal,
The Commentating Man of Steel
Deserved to die by *Brutus.*"

SKETCHES OF CONTINENTAL CITIES AND SCENERY.—NO. I.

Stuttgardt.

STUTTGARDT might be named with equal grace and propriety, " The City of the Vineyards." Buried in the very heart of a valley fifty miles in length, whose green depths are enlivened by the course of the river Neckar, its sunny banks slope upward to the sky, clothed with a continuous series of wine-gardens. A solitary vineyard is usually a formal and disfiguring feature in a landscape; its stone walls and artificial terraces present a harsh outline to the eye. But when the face of a country is covered by an uninterrupted surface of vines, it assumes a softened and mellowed tint, as consistent with beauty of scenery, as that of pasturage or woodland. On the banks of the Rhine, where the vineyards are intersected by " high towers and moss-grown steeples," by precipitous masses of rock defying the intrusion of cultivation, and by the strongholds of feudal pride which cumber the earth with their fallen fragments, we can detect the varying characters of the several vintages—of Markbrunner, Asmannshausen, or Geissenheimer. But the unbounded growth of the Neckar has a solitary glory; and even the mighty sweep of that limitless corn-field which occupies one district of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, is not more completely " one and indivisible," than the vineyard that seems to line the beautiful valley where Stuttgardt, like a keystone, marks the confluence of several ravines, distinguished by a similar fertility and mode of cultivation.

Even the very palace,—the Versailles of Germany,—is thrown out in relief by a background of vineyards; which rise in acclivitous beauty almost within reach of its stately elevation. Every day at noon, a company of trumpeters appears in an external gallery surrounding the tower of the principal church; breathing in stirring blasts some psalm or other sacred measure, to summon the vintagers from their toil. Yes! despite the uninviting properties of its libations, which have won neither name nor fame from the general voice of Europe, Stuttgardt may fairly be called " The City of the Vineyards."

The traveller who enters Wurtemburg from its frontier of the Black Forest, shortly after the gathering of the vintage, is startled by encountering a numberless train of waggons bearing to the inhabitants of

the less favoured districts their annual provision of wine. In the adornments and setting forth of these equipages,—in the beauty and strength of the teams, the solidity and carving of the oaken tuns, which, as well as the brass-studded harness, are decorated with nodding nosegays of hollyhocks, or garlands of vine-leaves,—and above all, in the holiday array of the *bauer* who superintends the welcome consignment, the wealthy proprietors of the Suabian farms vie with each other in emulous rivalry. Nothing, by the way, can be more diverting than the contrast exhibited in the sober aspect of these solid-looking peasants, and the nature of their avocation. Their broad-leaved three-cornered beavers, straight-cut frocks with a profusion of plated buttons varying in size between a crown-piece and a moderately proportioned platter, their lank hair and formal countenances, present a living illustration of the wood-cuts contained in the earlier editions of the " Life and Doctrines of Master Martin Luther." And while the picturesque approach of these sober chariots of the drunken God wring from our lips the confession—

" In England 'twould be dung,—dust,—or a dray,"

the grave demeanour of the charioteers induces us to add "Lo! Bacchus turned precisian."

Notwithstanding the prevailing beauty of the environs of Stuttgardt, its river, its mountains, its banks blushing with orchards,—notwithstanding the splendours of its palace, and the air of gaiety introduced into the city by many an open area, and by the immediate vicinity of the royal and public gardens,—the *Anlagen* with their bright beds of flowers, and shady avenues of limes,—the first emotions which it excites in the mind are those of disappointment and contempt. " Can this be a city,—a capital?" exclaims the wondering traveller. " Where is the commerce which supplies its needs? where are the residences of its citizens? where the sinews and integuments of population? I see a gorgeous regal residence, a theatre, commodious public buildings, promenades of most inviting verdure; but *no city*, no stir of traffic, no busy speculative order. 'Tis a toy—a baby-miniature—the city of a fairy tale: ' once on a time there lived a king and queen!' There is no visible token that any one else resides in Stuttgardt."

But as soon as the eye, accustomed to its new focus, forgets to measure the diminutive proportions of the city, its real charm becomes apparent, in its rare union of rustic sites with splendid architecture, in a show of courtliness pervading even the meanest of its institutions, a smiling air, an ease of careless and indolent affluence, which altogether proclaim a colony belonging exclusively to the resident prince, rather than a city uniting the interests of a multitude of inhabitants. The members of the royal family are perpetually and familiarly visible in the public promenades, and churches, and theatre; and this flattering intercourse insures an almost ludicrous politeness of address among the inhabitants, who gravelysalute every well-dressed stranger, while their servants stand respectfully uncovered to every passing carriage! You encounter a series of gloomy countenances in your morning's walk, which elsewhere would augur of some mighty commercial failure, some unpopular political measure. You inquire,—and are answered, with pensive sympathy, that the little Princess Pauline is teething! You are struck on another occasion by the general air of hilarity; and are assured that the Duke

of Oldenburg is hourly expected at the palace; or that Her Majesty has lost her cold! A French writer has declared that *à Stuttgardt il est défendu de bailler, de peur d'infecter leurs Majestés;*" and certain it is, that the royal residence, whose central roof " the likeness of a kingly crown has on," colossal as the helmet of Otranto, new gilt and glaring in the sunshine, bears an absurd disproportion to the city in general;—it is, in fact, a Triton of the minnows!

This nobly-constructed and magnificently-furnished palace offers data unto prying eyes of the character and political alliances of Wurtemberg during the last thirty years. With the English princess came rosewood tables as bright as brass and Birmingham could render them; with the Russian Archduchess, the slabs of malachite and vases of porphyry, the porcelain and the tapestry of St. Petersburgh; and from Napoleon himself, the lofty *suites* derive many a glittering *pendule*, their hangings of Lyons satin, and vases of Sèvres. But in addition to the splendours for which they are indebted to the liberality of foreign princes, the stately apartments are adorned with many exquisite trophies exclusively national; among others, some showy historic pieces by Hetsch, the court painter, and several matchless specimens from the chisel of the celebrated Danneker, the court sculptor. But with these the interest of the palace, in the eyes of a lover of the arts, is altogether terminated. The upholsterer and the gilder have done their utmost in its decoration,—brocade, and crystal, and marble are lavished on every side,—but pictures there are none. Stuttgardt is rich in collections of MSS., of printed books, medals, and cabinets of natural history; but the few paintings of importance which it formerly possessed, have been transferred, by purchase, to the galleries of Munich.

One singularly elegant suite of state-chambers is shown as that inhabited by Napoleon, during his frequent visits to the kingdom which he had framed in the prodigality of his rego-facture; and it is still ornamented with the cabinets and *sachés* painted for the Imperial use by the late Queen Dowager, our Princess Royal of England. It may perhaps be remembered that this excellent woman was believed to have incurred the displeasure of her own family by her adherence to the Scriptural precept, that " a wife shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto her husband," and his interests: and that the reigning King of Wurtemberg, then Prince Royal, obtained high honour and credit among the champions of legitimacy, by his open defiance of his father's most cherished ally. Soon after the union of his sister with Jerome Bonaparte, the Prince of Wurtemberg, in order to avoid an alliance proposed for him by Napoleon with the lovely Stéphanie Beauharnais, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden, formed an ostensible marriage with a Bavarian Princess, under a mutual understanding that it should be dissolved the first favourable opportunity. On the downfall of the Emperor in 1814, a divorce accordingly took place; the Princess of Bavaria became the wife of the present Emperor of Austria, and the King of Wurtemberg, in uniting himself with his cousin the Duchess of Oldenburg, began a new and unexpected career of happiness. Sharing the activity and energetic mind of her brother, Alexander of Russia, this accomplished Princess appears to have laboured incessantly for the improvement and embellishment of Stuttgardt, and of the kingdom at large. Her sudden death has been proportionably

lamented; and although Pauline of Wurtemberg, the present Queen, has given an heir to the throne, she has not succeeded in effacing the remembrance of her predecessor Katharina, either from the heart of her husband, or the minds of his subjects. If, indeed, such regrets have power to "please the pensive ghost," the late Queen, who appears to have been peculiarly tenacious of the regard of posterity, must be fully gratified. In compliance with her death-bed entreaty, a mountain called the Kahlenstein, within view of Stüttgardt, has been purchased and a noble mausoleum erected on the summit, where an endowed monastery of Greek priests will be employed, to all eternity, in prayers for the repose of her soul. This elevated spot is unusually rich in natural beauty; and the highest efforts of art have been united to grace the royal sepulchre; and if the pre-eminence claimed for the palace of Wurtemberg be fairly denied, in her luxury of interment—of the *domus ultima*, its departed Queen is certainly unrivalled.

The tomb is ornamented with statues of the four evangelists; two of them by Thorwaldsen, two by Danneker. The St. John is still in the studio of the latter venerable sculptor, and deserves a higher degree of honour than mere words can convey. It is a singular circumstance, that the King of Wurtemberg should have selected for the site of the summer palace now erecting under his own immediate inspection, a spot whence the Kahlenstein and its monument form a prominent and beautiful object; and that his Majesty's taste and proficiency in the fine arts appear to have wholly expended themselves upon the stately mausoleum of his wife, and his elegant villa of Rosenstein, upon the Canstatt road. This graceful little palace consists of a single story constructed by an Italian architect, and richly decorated with frescoes by Italian artists. Frederick William, unattended, and with his usual manly plainness of dress and address, may be seen there daily inspecting the progress of their labours; and during the summer residence of the court at Friedrichshall on the Lake of Constance, he indulges in an excursion into Italy to collect objects of *virtù*, and acquaint himself with the merits of its living artists. Finally, the expenses of Rosenstein, and of the mausoleum, elicit as many murmurs from his subjects, as ever arose from the double mania of the late King,—his *ménagerie*, and his devotion to the chace.

In turning from the bright airy streets of Stuttgardt and their elegant luxury, to the squalid villages and degraded population of the provinces, these murmurs become gradually explained and excused; and the disgust which has rendered *Schwabe* a term of reproach for dirt and dulness throughout Germany, instantly seizes upon the mind of the traveller. The Wurtembergers, or Suabians, are ignorant, stupid, filthy, and miserable;—Lutherans by profession, they wholly invalidate the doctrine which assigns such qualities exclusively to the slaves of a Roman Catholic priesthood. Unfortunately, they share the poverty of their Swiss neighbours, without the hardihood by which it is dignified. Their dwellings also are constructed like those of Switzerland,—the basement story being occupied by the birds and beasts of the field,—but without the picturesque external staircases, which, in the Cantons, conduct the human kind to their more elevated department. A single and common entrance suffices to the ideas of decency entertained by a Wurtemberger; he is content to be jostled on his

threshold by a drove of heifers, who tingle the bells suspended round their necks in scorn of the attempt; and to endure the noisome vapours and other abominable concomitants of a poultry-roost, which infect his bed and his food. The villages and small towns offer a most singular illustration of the simple and inartificial habits of the middle ages; neither improvement nor aggregation have invaded their ancient extent or fashioning; and the stiff effigies of former Dukes of Wurtemberg, in complete armour, which commonly decorate the fountains or market-places, still fix their stony stare upon co-existent dwellings and familiar customs. These dwellings, cross-barred by external black beams, look, like Shakspeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, mounted upon stilts; the close streets admit but a single cart or carriage; the peasant girls stand vacantly gazing upon the passengers, unconsciously plying their distaffs;—spinning and knitting, and the distillation of *Kirschen-wasser*, appear indeed to be the sole manufacture pursued in these agricultural provinces. In fact, the Constitution recently accorded by the King, although it has relieved his unenlightened subjects from their iron bondage, has not obliterated the ravages of former abuses;—the chains are gone, but the impression of their grievous galling yet remains.

From this rude kingdom, however, the empire of Germany has received some of its most precious gifts of literature and learning. Cotta, the distinguished librarian, is resident at Stuttgardt; and the "Allgemeine Zeitung" and "Morgenblatt," two leading continental journals, issue from his press. The general society of the city, although more limited than that of many provincial towns in France or England, is cheerful and elegant. The family of our late ambassador, or, as he was interpreted by foreign accentuation "Milor Hareskin," was highly esteemed. The frequency of the court balls is the chief enlivenment of the higher classes and diplomatic residents.

Altogether Stuttgardt presents a novel and attractive scene; and although it may be viewed and appreciated with a single glance, the beauty of its environs frequently tempts to a prolonged pause. The early autumn is the season I should recommend for a visit.

SONG TO A SERENADER IN FEBRUARY.

Air—"Why hast thou taught me to love thee?"

DEAR Minstrel, the dangers are not to be told
Of those strains that have trebly undone me,—
A victim to pity, to love, and to cold,
I'll be dead by the time thou hast won me!

Oh! think for a moment—whoever thou art,
On the woes that beset me together,—
If thou wilt not consider the state of my heart,
Oh! think on the state of the weather.

How keenly around me the night breezes blow,—
How sweetly thy parting note lingers,—
Ah! would that the glow of my heart could bestow
A share of its warmth to—my fingers!

But though she who would watch while the nightingales sing
Should scorn to let cold overcome her,—
Though, like other sweet birds, you begin in the Spring,
I can't fall in love till the Summer! φ.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1829.

In La Fontaine's fable of "Le Statuaire et la Statue de Jupitre," the sculptor, having just received a block of marble, sets to work, exclaiming—

"Sera-t-il Dieu, table ou cuvette?"

A similar uncertainty exists respecting the future fate of France. Shall we, ten years hence, have a tyrant like Cromwell; an economical government, with an ill-paid president, like Washington; or shall we have a republic, with a Directory composed of five members?—These questions, which people do not openly ask, because they do not wish to be taken for Jacobins, are, nevertheless, mentally discussed by every body. Hence, the interest which is felt respecting all new political arrangements, and the indifference shown to literature. On the 1st of January, M. de la Ferronais experienced a slight attack of apoplexy in the King's closet, which has disabled him from attending to business. Under our feeble government, such an accident as this is sufficient to upset every thing.

"Serons nous Dieu, table ou cuvette?"

M. Cottu has just published an excellent pamphlet on this question, and M. de Pradt is preparing another.

During the last month, public attention has been in a great measure diverted from literature and the arts, and, accordingly, quackery has been triumphant. In France, charlatanism is so profitable a trade that it is universally tried. Every coterie establishes a journal, with the determination to speak truth on all subjects, except the merit of the works written by the conductors of that journal. The "Journal des Debats," the "Globe," and the "Constitutionnel," &c. belong to this class of publications. The only honest paper is the "Courier Français." The "Journal des Savants" is, to be sure, tolerably candid; but being in the pay of Government, it has fallen into such discredit, that it has not more than three hundred subscribers in France. As to the literary reviews, they are merely vehicles for puffing and forcing off the sale of works written by their own conductors.

These things could not be managed quite so easily, if the public had time to devote serious attention to literature; but till such time as France shall obtain something like a government suited to her interests, the reign of charlatanism will continue, and the existence of a good literary review is impossible. In France, a literary charlatan, if he manage well, may become a Member of the Academy, a Baron, a Knight of several orders, and what is better than all, he may obtain from Government eight or ten places, each producing about 100*l.* per annum. The King's object is to protect literature and science; but nothing can more effectually defeat that intention than the pensions granted to literary men, artists, &c.

There is, however, one subject on which the French public think and decide for themselves, and that is, the merit of dramatic productions. The Journals, it is true, boldly assert the success of the pieces manufactured by their own editors; and consequently, all the tragedies brought out at the Theatre Français during the last six months, have been said to be very successful on the first night; but on the third the house was empty; and in France the author's profits amount to about a tenth of the money taken at the doors. The French stage now furnishes Italy, Germany, and England, with what are called "petites pièces." How happens it that our tragedies are unworthy the attention of other countries? For two reasons: first, the bounty of the King, injudiciously applied, secures eight or ten thousand francs to each of the twelve principal performers of the "Theatre Français," the only place where tragedy is decently performed; secondly, Government protects the priests, or, to speak more correctly, the Jesuits frighten the Ministers, and hence our tragic writers cannot venture to imitate the example of Shakspeare, and to introduce historical characters on the stage. The "Theatre du Gymnase," which is not patronised by Government, brings

out all those little pieces, which are so successfully reproduced in Italy, Germany, and England. A young man named Lockroy, conjointly with M. Scribe and another, lately wrote a piece, entitled "La Marraine." Being a young beginner in the dramatic career, he received only a fourth of the profits, which fourth amounted to 240*l.*

In Paris, charlatanism is triumphant in every thing, except in the duration of dramatic success. Thus our theatrical managers find that they cannot dispense with clever writers; and M. Scribe has already realized an income of 4000*l.* a year. "Le Mariage d'inclination" still continues to be played with enthusiastic applause. People who have not been to a play for the last ten years, are now thronging to the "Gymnase," to see this clever imitation of Garrick's Clandestine Marriage.

M. Steuben, an eminent Painter, allows some persons of distinction to visit his gallery, to see a work which he has just executed. It is a picture representing Napoleon's bed-chamber in the Island of St. Helena, at the moment of his decease. All the French who were present, have stood to M. Steuben, and the strictest fidelity has been observed in the representation of the scene; nothing is sacrificed to picturesque effect. M. Steuben has in his gallery the little iron-bed on which Napoleon expired. The curtains, mattress, and bed-clothes are the same which were then on it. The pillow which supported, and the red cotton handkerchief which covered the head of Napoleon, are there still; even the knot by which the latter was tied has not been undone. Napoleon's elbow-chair, which M. Steuben has introduced into the composition, with Madame Bertrand seated in it, is beside the bed. But I ought not to use the word composition, for every thing is as it was, and all the persons in the picture are placed round the bed of the dying Emperor, precisely as they were situated when he drew his last breath. The head of General Bertrand is a master-piece of expression. The friend of Napoleon is overcome with a grief too profound to permit him to shed a tear. One of the Emperor's domestics who was at the time very unwell, judged from the cries he heard, that his master was dying. He rose from his sick bed, hastily threw on some clothes, rushed into the room just at the moment Napoleon had expired, and fell on his knees. The painter has most successfully availed himself of this real incident. The picture excites an uncommon interest, and it is not indebted for the celebrity it has acquired to any kind of puffing, for it has never been mentioned in the Journals. Every day some old General or other, may be seen looking anxiously at the melancholy scene with his eyes suffused in tears. The engraving of this picture, which has elevated M. Steuben to the first rank among our artists, will henceforth form a necessary appendage to all the histories of which the greatest character of modern times may form the subject. Colonel de Chambure is going to get this remarkable work engraved, and the engraving will be sold in Flanders and England.

M. Scribe has been signally successful at the Theatre Feydeau. He is the author of "La Fiancée," an opera in three acts, the run of which cannot have been less than eighty nights. The music, by M. Auber, is learned and well written, but there is a want of novelty in the melodies.

Our celebrated comic author M. Picard, has died poor. The King, always disposed to give proofs of the interest he takes in literary talent, has granted a pension of 1200 francs to M. Picard's only daughter. He was a native of Paris, had been an actor, and was the author of more than a hundred pieces. His last work is the comedy entitled "La petite Ville." The ridiculous manners of a small provincial town, the gossiping, trickery, and ostentation of the elderly young ladies, are exhibited with so much truth, that on the first representations of the piece, M. Picard received many letters accusing him of presenting on the stage exact copies of living characters. The name of Nina Vernon, one of the dramatis personæ of La petite Ville, has become a proverb. When an old maid displays a great deal of pretension, it is usual to say—"she is a Nina Vernon."

WELLINGTON AND EMANCIPATION.

The mystery in which one department of public affairs was lately involved, and the consequent difficulty of forming a just judgment upon it, have at length vanished, and highly do we congratulate our readers and the public upon the result. We shared deeply in the general uncertainty of opinion as to the measures which would be adopted in the present session of Parliament respecting Catholic emancipation, though we never for a moment doubted the fact of ultimate concession. We saw that the empire could not be distracted much longer, and nearly one third of its population subjected to a species of rule which ought to be exercised by the Government alone. We deprecated the continuance of civil disabilities for conscience sake, which had originated in the ignorance of past times and in an imperfect knowledge of the science of government. While we acknowledged the dangerous power of the Catholic Association, we never condemned its formation, for it was the only medium through which subjects so oppressed could make a call for the redress of their grievances effective. It assumed that impress of power which alone rendered the Government seriously anxious to grant a just demand—it was the least of the evils of Ireland's political position. While we condemned the intemperance of language of some of its leaders, led away by the ardour of excited feelings, we saw matter of praise in the moderation with which the enormous power of that body was exercised. The Catholics of Ireland might have petitioned the legislature for ever, the legislature might have acknowledged the justice of their cause, but concession would never have come, had they continued to act as the English Catholics have done. The most enlightened modern governments have made as yet but small advances in political justice. Expediency is their rule, and the policy of the moment their law of action. That the power of the Catholic Association must be extinguished, was plain. This could only be done, effectually, by the sword of extermination, and the butchery of millions, or by granting equal civil rights to all peaceable citizens; in other words, by legislating for human action, and leaving thought free. In favour of the first mode, the sanctity of the altar was violated by men calling themselves ministers of God. Hell, not Connaught, was the alternative invoked by certain episcopal incendiaries in Ireland, the Kirks and Jefferies of the Protestant church there, (whom their Catholic brethren might blush for, since nothing a tithe as hellish ever escaped the lips of the oppressed party against them.) The second mode, that of justice, policy, and christianity, has been adopted by one to whom scenes of bloodshed in war are familiar; to whom intimidation is an empty sound; who knows how to face unshrinkingly the havock of death, which these wolves in God's fold having been the foremost to provoke, would be the first to turn their cowardly backs upon. The brave soldier shudders at the sacrifice of innocent blood, which certain priests of his and our own faith would offer up, and puts forth a healing hand upon the wounds of his country. Glory be to Wellington! He has raised himself to a pinnacle of fame far more lofty than his military triumphs ever afforded. He has shown himself the friend of human freedom. The triumph of the mere soldier is soon forgotten; that of the benefactor of mankind is eternal. Independent as we are,

and will be, in our opinions, we shall never prejudge, in future, the acts of this minister, let circumstances be ever so strong against him; we shall wait his defence, and grant even to the mistakes of his honest manliness of character that indulgence of the pen, which the sophistical assuming every-day statesman shall never command.

The silence of the Duke of Wellington, which was considered a triumph by the foes of civil freedom, appears to have been a wise precaution. It freed him from a vast deal of harassing intrigue, from the bullying of the Cumberland Brunswickers, and the grey-bearded iteration of Lord Eldon's musty predications. This nobleman once joined Lord Kenyon in his recorded opinion respecting the coronation oath being no obstacle to concession! He was the foe of the repeal of the Test act, and of the Protestant dissenters, as he is the enemy of Catholic emancipation and of the kingdom's best interests. He supported the slave-trade to its last hour. He is hostile to freedom every where—the self-congratulator, even at this day, on the part he took against the members of the Corresponding Society, (now when the eyes of mankind are opened to the conduct of certain individuals at that period,) while the world is rapidly advancing under the auspices of the principles which he then as now would go any length to destroy. He is one whom time makes not wiser by experience, and who obstinately and doggedly opposes every step to human improvement. He is the Antæus of his faction; opposes his Majesty's ministers step by step, and, with his followers, presents a more obstinate resistance, in proportion as it becomes more mischievous. Does this nobleman desire that the only recollection of him that will survive his grey hairs, shall encrease the distaste of survivors to his memory as years roll on? We conjure him to afford us the pleasure of retracting our opinions of him: and not ours alone, but those of the country. A death-bed penitent is entitled to indulgence. Alas! we fear his lordship will continue the same to the end. "Quos deus vult perdere prius dementat!" We must abandon him to Lord Holland and the Duke of Wellington, during the remainder of his political career; and pray for a prodigality of charity, if it be our lot to chronicle him hereafter.

The character of the Duke of Wellington, as a statesman, is no longer in doubt. The straightforwardness of his conduct has restored confidence to the country. We repeat it, the clouds of uncertainty have cleared away. Ireland will be pacified, and six millions of population restored to civil freedom. England will no longer exhibit the brand of intolerance on her fair forehead. All her people will be linked in invincible union. Deeds, not thoughts, will alone be subject to the sword of the civil magistrate. The monarch of these realms will no longer be regarded by one-third of his subjects as the foe of religious freedom; but loyalty will take the place of suspicion in their hearts. He, too, has come forward to enchain in bonds of affection to his throne millions of emancipated men. We are glad of the triumph of this cause for the King's sake. He was slandered by the ultra-Tories and bigots, who asserted that he was uncompromisingly opposed to his subjects worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences, except under penalties and privations—they are proved liars and slanderers from the beginning.

The announcement of this gratifying intelligence was made in a

royal speech of extraordinary interest. It is the clearest and most explicit we ever read; tending to establish a confidence between the Crown and people, which never before existed. It was heretofore the custom to render the royal oration as ambiguous as possible. None of Lord Eldon's arguments were more inconclusive. It bore on its face the impress of reluctant condescension,—of a mighty favour on the part of the minister to the country, in making the people acquainted with the proceedings of their own functionaries. Wellington boldly innovated here, and gave us something intelligible; he stood forward as a bold reformer, and based his measures on their own merits, nor concealed under unintelligible expressions and a happy obscurity of allusion that which would not face examination in open day. We acknowledge our obligations to the celebrated soldier. When the interests of our country are concerned, we are of no party, but that which contributes to the good of the body politic. We wish all party distinctions were merged in one universal sentiment of patriotism and liberal feeling, and the terms of Tory, Whig, and Radical, were obsolete: he who is best able to promote the general good, being acknowledged by all most fit to be leader.

Where are now the hopes of the Eldon and Cumberland faction, that would let loose the horrors of civil warfare on the country? Where are the yells and howlings of the hired and carted labourers, sent in droves to Penenden Heath and Exeter to drown the arguments of the emancipatists by their clamours? Where are their leaders, the Winchelseas and Knatchbulls, the Exmouths and Falmouths, or Lord Rolle himself, whose skill and valour in the last Irish rebellion was so conspicuous, when he

"Made an old Dame prisoner,
And took away her whisky!"

A neat summary of his public services! Alas! for such—penal laws, the sword and gibbet, have been invoked in vain. The bitter complaint of the Austrians against Napoleon, in their early defeats, was, that he did not fight according to old rules. Wellington, in his character of statesman, will not govern according to old rules, because they will subject him to defeat: hence the slaves of bigotry censure his conduct, as they did that of all former advocates for Ireland's pacification. They will allow no change of time to operate in changing measures. They stick to their prejudices, as the fool to his folly; and the inveterate imbecility of their arguments is only surpassed by the unrelaxing obstinacy of their perseverance in annoying those who are wiser and better than themselves. Their gloomy and lachrymose countenances may be recognized daily in the streets by a doleful length of visage, and a more than Jesuitical scowl of disappointed expectation.

What advantages will not this measure confer on the country! It has been made a labour of love, and has attached millions of invincible hearts to the moral power of England. The increase of her physical strength through this measure is inconceivable. Taxes may soon be reduced, and the whole empire be ruled by the law and the constitution. The prosperity and opulence of a fine country will soon follow, and the Helot become the industrious citizen. Already speculations for employing capital in Ireland are contemplated; and though emancipation will not give bread to the hungry, or employment to the starving im-

mediately, it opens the door to these benefits, and a few years will show the result in the accession of her undivided energies to the onward impulse of the rest of the empire.

This measure has been effected by Wellington in the teeth of many individuals, from whom, it is evident, he would not willingly have differed in opinion; but a sense of the benefit which a different conduct must confer on the empire at large, made this a matter of little moment in his consideration. We cannot help giving the Duke credit for admirable foresight. Surrounded, since the resignation of the remnant of the Canning administration, by coadjutors of the most limited intellectual powers, and the least moral influence of any individuals of rank in the country, he has nevertheless profited incalculably by doing every thing himself, (which his diligent habits render easy,) thus escaping a harassing resistance to his measures in the Cabinet. Mr. Peel was the only name that could be coupled with his own, as having one efficient quality for office. The inflated dandyism of Lord Ellenborough, the long-known incapacity of Lord Bathurst, the mediocrity of Sir George Murray, the ruinous naval government of Lord Melville, the obscurity of Mr. Goulburn, and the classical predilections of Lord Aberdeen, were weak props for any premier but Wellington. He, however, could have done fully as well with so many automatons as with them, and it gave him the advantage of uncontested power instead of a divided reign. Hence the alarm felt on the appointment of the Duke as an untried statesman, is changed into a confession of his skill and boldness by his political opponents. Answerable alone for errors in policy, he determined his errors should belong only to himself. No one without his habits of decision and activity, could do as he has done. His talents and genius compensate for the non-entity of his coadjutors, and their consciousness of his moral influence ensures their passive obedience. Such is, no doubt, the developement of the mystery which seemed to shroud the Duke's conduct on his acceptance of office, when every one wondered how it could be possible for a cabinet constituted of such individuals, to stand. The power of strong minds over weak, genius in design, and energy in execution, make the whole clear. The Duke has now a right to demand the confidence of the country for what is to come. Who will regard the past or present sentiments of the other individuals of the cabinet, as of the slightest moment upon any public question? Upon him, and him alone, will all regards be fixed. We were never his Grace's flatterers, therefore our opinions of this great man's conduct will not be deemed the less worthy by the public.

But if we concede to the premier that praise so nobly won by him, what a melancholy picture is afforded of the delinquency of principle evinced by many who have made intolerance, till now, the cant word of the lip. We greet with satisfaction the conduct of the uniform and long-tried friends of emancipation, who, slandered as to motive, and denounced as enemies of church and state, have now their well-earned triumph. The noble avowals of Brownlow and Dawson, the results of honest conviction, we respect in common with all the world. But what is to be said for the miraculous converts on this question at the eleventh hour! What more than apostolic skill in working miracles does the Duke of Wellington possess, that his Grace's determination, made known only at the moment when it is to be acted

upon, should operate such supernatural conviction upon Dr. Philpots, —upon one till now a Becket in ecclesiastical hauteur, and a Laud in intolerance. Churchmen in all ages have shown a wonderful sagacity in scenting their own interests, and have not stuck at trifles in pursuing them. We do know that political subserviency has been long made a stepping-stone to clerical emolument; and though a principle or two sacrificed, have been often considered cheap prices for court favour, the present outdoes all of which we ever heard before. Shade of Canning, look down upon this delinquent! *His* change is, no doubt, from honest conviction! No glittering mitre in perspective dazzles his eyes, and causes him to fall at the feet of Wellington! No matter —we love "the treason," for it will be of benefit to the country. Of the traitor we will say nothing; he has brought over a good number of his brethren with him, we do not doubt: this is good service!

> "Churchmen are woeful, awkward politicians,
> They make lame mischief when they mean it well;
> Their interest is not finely drawn and hid,
> But seams are coarsely bungled up and seen."

So said old John Dryden in his time, and there has been, it appears, little alteration since.

The western champion of intolerance, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, has exhibited suspicious symptoms, if we augur rightly from the bearing of his speeches. Let him reflect that not "two short moons" ago he backed hirelings at the Devon County meeting: and that he was the resplendent luminary of western bigotry, deemed by his partizans equal to any state post. Let him beware how he is converted, lest his name be painted on all the windmill vanes of England, the steeple-cocks be new-named after him, and the cameleon be re-christened in his honour! Let him guard against a reversion of the example of the inconceivable, inexpressible Mr. Bankes, who in 1812 voted for the Catholic question, and now implores the House by all "saving considerations" to vote against it; nay, makes his place as Secretary to the Board of Control a sacrifice, in the hope of setting up for a martyr in the anti-Catholic cause. The "martyred Bankes" will be an excellent addition to an ecclesiastical muster-roll of saints; the 31st of January shall be devoted to his honour!

It is difficult to pass through this subject without alluding to Mr. Peel. As an accession to the cause of religious freedom, he is to be prized: at the same time, the lateness of his conversion is a two-edged circumstance. It leaves us painful recollections of past hostility, and yet in proportion as these recollections are painful, we must rejoice over his tardy conversion. Two very distinct points here deserve consideration: first, the absolute benefit of Mr. Peel's conversion; and secondly, the motives by which he was swayed. In our opinion, the first topic hardly permits a question; and we think the second will be settled by posterity in Mr. Peel's favour. Excited as we all are by competing enthusiasm for Wellington, let us not forget that Peel might have purchased great public importance by giving the only head endowed with brains to the anti-Catholic party, if he had persisted in opposition, and that supposing him to have dreaded civil war more than Catholic emancipation, he is only the more useful convert by having decided in our favour when the danger was at its height. With regard to his

motives—is this a time for unchristian and uncharitable suspicion?—or is it a time for condemning a man, whose changing sides, supposing his motives to have been honest, as we indeed believe them to have been, required more moral courage for the power of confessing a change, than would have sufficed for a hundred less important men announcing a change of their opinion? "The Scotsman" compares Mr. Peel's description of his mental struggles to those of Cromwell, when he turned the parliament out of doors. Positively we must quarrel with the Scotsman for this comparison. Where is the likeness? Is Mr. Peel turning parliament out of doors? No, he is helping England's parliament to be more popular than it ever was in the memory of man. Is he, like Cromwell, apologizing for descending downwards from good principles to bad practice? No, he is apologizing for doing directly the reverse. His principles on the Catholic question are still the same as before, and in our eyes they are bad principles; but he is struggling to reconcile a practically useful action with those principles. If he resemble Cromwell in this respect, so much the better for Cromwell.

The Duke of Wellington has "settled" the Catholic claims in a different manner from that hoped for by some of the intolerants. Their rage is beyond all bounds. Lord Winchelsea has exploded his spleen in a letter not more decorous to Parliament, than the carting freeholders to Peneuden Heath to clamour down his opponents, was to fair discussion of the question.* Lord Farnham will now work new miracles. Lords Redesdale and Eldon will invoke Heaven afresh, and weep after the manner of Chancellors, but all in vain—Wellington will carry his measure. Lord Falmouth lately stood forth among his voters, in one of his Cornish boroughs, (containing seven thousand souls, and twenty-five voters,) and carried a Petition against emancipation. In the House of Lords he informed their lordships that Devon and Cornwall were against emancipation, a notoriously unjustifiable assertion; and next catechized the Premier in the height of his indignation. It was the fly biting the elephant, the antennœ of the moth striking at a rock. The soldier will not retract what he sees is for the welfare of universal England. The King, the Premier, all the Nobles distinguished for intellect, rank or wealth, the majority of the Commons, all the intellectual part of the people, (including the better informed and least bigoted of the clergy,) justice, reason, and common sense, are in favour of the measure; in fact England, in the best sense of the word. They who have long consistently advocated the good cause will soon meet a triumphant reward. The Duke of Wellington declared long ago, that personally, he had no invincible antipathy to the measure but that his opposition was governed by events, and that if the time arrived when the interests of the empire demanded it in his view, he would not oppose it. The moment has arrived, and he has himself achieved the great work, triumphing over all obstacles, and there is not a name of influence in the country worthy record that is not in his train.

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* The "Western Times," a newspaper published at Exeter, asserts that a curate named Lyte, resident near or at Brixham, was instrumental in collecting fishermen for the Devon county meeting, who were paid three or four shillings a day for going there. Numerous labourers from other parts of Devon were paid for the same purpose. Hence the numerical superiority of the intolerants and the tumult are explained. The liberal party had no base hirelings there for such a purpose.

The prudence of the University of Oxford on the present occasion is remarkable. Mr. Peel tendered his resignation on his necessitous conversion, and the consideration of its acceptance was postponed. While the legislature was triumphantly receiving the royal announcement that is to heal the wounds of the empire, this learned body was deliberating on an address in favour of intolerance, and it was carried by 164 to 48! Forty-eight were even there in favour of emancipation. They refused to join the multitude to do evil. They reflected that true wisdom is a spare gift bestowed on the few, even in seats of learning, and were content to be in a minority—praise be to them, honest praise! The sister University has given a very different example. She has left Oxford to a stagnant repose in the blessedness of the "good old times," and shown that she is not ashamed to keep in view the lights of the age, and the increase of knowledge. Cambridge has spurned bigotry from her sanctuary of learning, and is now justly the first of our universities, for she is the most enlightened and tolerant, the most liberal and free, and therefore the most essentially British. Then as to learning—address Parliament when she may, her language will, we are certain, be English, and not like the Oxford address. We have heard among stage-coachmen of "Tom *as* drives the Portsmouth coach;" but we never before saw emanate from a seat of learning such a sentence as the following, deficient only in the phrases "was being" and "wery dangerous," to stamp it true Cheapside cockney. Well may "The Times" newspaper wonder at it. "We trust that the laws whereby Catholics are excluded *as* from the throne, *so* also from Parliament and the Privy Council, will be held most sacred." The youngest student of the London University could write better English than this already.

The speeches of the opponents of the Premier in the House of Lords have been remarkable for that obstinate adhesion to error which some persons imagine to be commendable firmness. The Duke of Newcastle was the St. Lawrence of his party, ready to be grilled over the coals for the glorious cause he espoused. Whether his Grace's deputies in another place would follow his example, is doubtful. Lord Eldon made a long speech, which only showed him as inconclusive in his oratory as he used to be in his Chancery judgments. Lord Farnham, chiefly known for his attempts at the conversion of Catholic sinners on an improved plan, opposed the measure, as did the Earl of Winchelsea and Lord Redesdale. From these noble Lords being the foremost opponents, the country may contrast their names with the supporters of this great measure, and form a judgment on which side of the question the weight of intellect in the peerage of England lies. In the Commons, the redoubtable names of Lethbridge, Bankes, and Gascoigne, were best known to the public as supporters of the intolerant side of the question. A Mr. Moore, a Mr. Trant, and one or two, with whose names, if not quite new, the public is little familiar, spoke against concession. Let the world judge, then, of its merits from those who are arrayed in favour of the measure, and thence deduce how groundless are the fears of the alarmists, and how despicable the faction which opposes the concession of civil rights to a third of its fellow-subjects. We again rejoice, and take credit to ourselves for having been the uniform supporters of emancipation from the beginning. To political sagacity we lay no claim, but our rule was the infallible one of right reason. We suffered no prejudice, no interest, to interfere in forming a judgment upon

the question, but looked at it as it respected the rights of one-third of the people of this empire, as it affected privileges which are the birth-right of man, and as it would physically strengthen the community. We are not among those who resist what is right, on the ground of its being for such and such an interest, or its being more expedient to be otherwise; for we believe with Fox, that "what is morally wrong, can never be politically just." The penal statutes of Ireland were morally wrong. No age or country in history exhibits such a mass of monstrous wickedness as the older enactments contained. These too were called into existence not to repress or punish crime, but to scourge belief; to make martyrs to a creed, and to promote, by terror, the doctrines of an opposite faith. They were mainly designed to do that covertly which Mahomet is accused of doing with less concealment,—the making proselytes to a creed with the sword. This monstrous legislation, be it not forgotten, originated in a state calling itself Christian! It was time such a flagitious system should be blotted out for ever from our annals. We are Protestants, who will yield to none in attachment to our religion and country. We look upon the Catholic creed as less favourable to the spread of freedom, and far inferior to our own in numerous respects. We think transubstantiation incredible; confession, intolerable; the invocation of the dead, absurd; but we should shudder to persecute those who differ from us and believe these things sincerely. We are willing to concede common temporal privileges to fellow-citizens, and not to persecute them if they choose to believe (as Swift has it) that "a brown loaf is as good mutton as any in Leadenhall Market." We would not have them excluded from civil rights because they eat their egg at the wrong end. We recollect that this very Catholic church was the depository of the Christian faith for fifteen hundred years, the Church of England being only the reformed Catholic. We cannot see one plausible excuse for persecution, in days when the professors of the Catholic faith share in the advanced knowledge of the times, and the Pope himself permits Protestants to have their churches and hold their worship in Rome, without being subject to pains or penalties. Catholic kings, now, too employ Protestant ministers, and *vice versa*, and the government of France pays both its Catholic and Protestant clergy (itself Catholic, as well as nineteen-twentieths of its people.) As to "bloody Mary's days" coming again, which some fools make a bugbear against the question, we should insult common sense by noticing such nonsense. We bequeath it to Lord Kenyon. We believe, that while a few, comparatively, have opposed the removal of the civil disabilities of the Catholics of Ireland from conscientious motives, the mass have been jealous of the loaves and fishes—of temporal things being acquirable by one-third of their fellow subjects as well as by themselves—by fellow citizens equally taxed, and equally interested in their common country.

The great Agitator has arrived in town with a numerous train of Irish gentlemen. It was his intention, when he left Ireland, to take his seat for Clare, and to try the question. The King's speech and subsequent proceedings were not known in Dublin when he quitted it. He will not now make the attempt; but, it is understood, will be quietly permitted to take his seat on the passing of the contemplated bill. We do not think Mr. O'Connell will make much impression in the House of Commons; his style is peculiarly adapted for his countrymen, on

whom it operates like a spell; and if his different mode of address in a law-court be urged, it may be answered that very few lawyers have succeeded in Parliament. Even Lord Plunkett, a better orator to an English ear, never produced more than a momentary impression. Mr. O'Connell shows his judgment by not agitating the question of his seat at present. The Premier's hands are sufficiently full, and it would embarrass Government at this moment. The bigots have sent for the Duke of Cumberland to their aid, in hopes his Royal Highness's distinguished piety will help their cause! He has come at their call. Lord Eldon's use of the Duke of York frightened the isle from its propriety once. Will the trick do again? What weight has the character, the oratory, the wisdom, or the religion of the Duke of Cumberland, with the British community! As respects his influence with his royal brother, is not the King's name pledged to the cause—is not the honour of the Crown committed?

Lord Grey has made an unanswerable speech in the House of Lords, in favour of the measures of ministers. His powers have not decayed with his advancing age. His arguments cannot fail to aid Ministers most materially. The Bill to put down the Catholic Association invests the Lord Lieutenant with powers of a most arbitrary character: it will be inert, however, as respects that body. Mr. Shiel, supported by the Catholic bishops, has already dissolved it, though, we believe, in opposition to the wish of Mr. O'Connell. In this, we think, Mr. Shiel acted most judiciously, and he deserves the thanks of the country: he risked his popularity by it, it is true, but he followed the path of duty and conciliation. Mr. O'Connell referred to the repeated betrayals of Ireland before, to show that it might be again betrayed. This is a proof of the great agitator's bad reasoning. When before did a Royal speech promise emancipation, or a Premier like Wellington announce that he would carry such a measure? Distinct pledges have been now given, and it would be bad taste to show a doubt of their sincerity, when there is no real foundation for doubt. In the mean while, the satisfaction in Ireland is universal. Protestant and Catholic shake hands in the streets of Dublin in a delirium of joy. A feeling of gratitude is diffused over the whole country, and peace and prosperity anticipated. The Cumberland Orangemen alone look sullen and discontented. Their little band abates none of its venom; but their leaders, who hold places under the Crown, are prudently silent. The Orange associations are armed, and collect funds; they have disturbed the country, and excite tumult everywhere—they must now be effectually put down. They have had a meeting in Dublin. It was attended by about a hundred of the Trinity College students. The rostrum was a chair, over which a plaster cast of King William was displayed. In the midst of the speaking, the platform gave way. Arms were displayed on the occasion; and Protestants opposed to the faction, as well as Catholics, were insulted, but no shots were fired. Up to ten o'clock at night, rioting was continued; but the numbers were too few to do more than display the feeling of the party, and fill a watchhouse or two. It is curious to reflect, that the act for suppressing associations will now, it is probable, be first enforced against the Brunswick Orangemen, if they have pluck to dare its enactments. Large sums of money have been remitted by them to *bribe the English press!* Will their funds not be attached? Challenges of jurymen for

religion alone, by Orange lawyers, must now be no longer allowed. Orange magistrates must be removed on the least symptom of partiality; and the entire island be brought under the dominion of an unbiassed, unprejudiced, administration of the laws. The result cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. The taxes of Ireland will be brought to meet her expenditure, and Government be relieved from a load of solicitude.

Addresses of the most flattering kind pour in from all parts of Ireland to the Marquess of Anglesey, on his removal from the Lord Lieutenancy.

The continued opposition of a great portion of the Church to emancipation is vexatious to the Minister, and injurious to the country. Why are so many of its sons so much in arrear in knowledge? Why will they force unpleasant comparisons upon the minds of those who know better than they, appear to do what is for the welfare of the state? Their interests will be guarded as much as they can reasonably require. They can suffer no injury. If they provoke the country to an examination of their conduct in opposing liberal measures, (for they must recollect that their immediate followers do not reckon one third of the population of the United Kingdom,) it will injure the noble institution to which they belong. Men will point to Spain, and to the cause of her retrocession among nations, and do our establishment an injustice. We conjure them, therefore, to leave a merely temporal question to the legislature of the country, and not presume to dictate to King, Lords, and Commons.

Mr. Sugden, a barrister, has published an opinion respecting the eligibility of Mr. O'Connell, at variance with that of the latter, also before the public. The Agitator accuses this Mr. Sugden of having forgotten only *one* important Act of Parliament which bears on the question. We believe Mr. Sugden is a member of the House of Commons. How will he vote on the Catholic question after his tergiversation, which the people of Shoreham have not forgotten? It is reported, that he formerly ratted on the Catholic question, to obtain the support of the electors, and lost the election after all.

What a doleful picture must some of our contemporaries make on this question! Our friend "Blackwood" will wear a face considerably elongated, and will, no doubt, soon follow Mr. Peel's example and come round. We anticipate a full recantation of past principles shortly. The "Quarterly" has already shown a spirit of conciliation. The "Monthly" ratted at an unfortunate moment the wrong way. The small fry of the press, late in turning, has been unlucky. The occupation of the "John Bull" will shortly be gone. The "Standard" will be reversed. The "Post" will fly for consolation to the embraces of Rosa Matilda, and the soporific strains of Hafiz. At first, like Sir Thomas Lethbridge, (and, if report say true, Lord Lowther and others,) they will affect an approach to neutrality, then become positively neutral; from positive neutrality, they will become applauders in the minor key; and lastly, full-blown, thick and thin advocates of the new measures. O then for a couple of gigantic sheets of paper, many a rood long, to display new and old passages, in the way of Cobbett's gridiron, and expose them broiling to the public gaze!

The contents of the Emancipation bill, and the result of its introduction, we shall notice in a continuation of this article. R.

LITERARY MISERIES.

———" I'll print it,
And shame the rogues."—POPE.

MY friend Fosbrook,—Dick Fosbrook,—for the abbreviation which his good-fellowship had won for him at Westminster and Cambridge did not desert him upon his entrance into the real man and woman world of society, was a very excellent personage. He was something more substantial than a mere "good fellow;" he was a well-informed, sensible man, with more originality of talent than a reserved disposition permitted to rise to the surface. His shyness at length took refuge behind a title-page; that which he found no courage to say, he resolved to write. "Some sin, his parents' or his own," indeed, had dipped him in ink very early in life; his infant elegy upon his mother's favourite tabby had been wept over by every maiden aunt of the house of Fosbrook: his translations had been applauded by Busby; his prize-poems had been printed at Cambridge; he had lodged in the same house with Lord Byron; his grandmother was a Hayley; his bankers, Rogers; Towgood, and Co. Such a concatenation of impulses was irresistible, and Dick Fosbrook became an author! One fatal and highly unpoetical stumble befell him upon the very brink of Helicon. He married!—neither a muse, nor a Madame Dacier; but a very pretty girl,—reasonably rich, and unreasonably silly;—a professional alliance, however, for she was the daughter of a master in Chancery, and Dick was already at the bar.

The duties of his legal vocation did not at present interfere with his homage to the Nine; or, as his wife persisted in calling them, the foolish virgins. He wrote, he published, and wrote and published again; and if "the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes," he was equally taciturn as to the amount of the printer's bill, which he annually pocketed with a genuine Christmas groan! He flattered himself he wrote for immortality; that post-obit bond, the dishonouring of which falls so lightly on our feelings!—and his wife and her relations, who regarded authorship as a lawless and cabalistic calling, inimical to the interests of church and state, and an increasing family, exulted in the premature deaths which unfailingly awaited his literary progeny. I dined with him once or twice at this period of his domestic felicity and public misfortunes, and I never beheld a happier or more contented man; he laughed at my bad jokes upon withered laurels, and Lethe, and the stream of Time; he told me that the indulgent public was a dunce, "sans ears, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing;" while his wife, half aside, whispered to me that the ingratitude of this senseless dunce had nearly alienated his mind from his former unprofitable studies.

"Sur ces entrefaites," my own equally profitless pursuits led me to the Continent; and in the course of the three years I was vagabondizing through Italy, an incidental paragraph in Galignani's Journal bore honourable mention of "Mr. Fosbrook, the popular author!" "Poor Dick!" said I, involuntarily, "no relation of thine, I fear!"

Yet 'twas the same,—the very Dick I knew! One of his least meritorious works had made what is called a hit; he was now the "darling of the Muses;" and what is better still, of the booksellers; one of the literary ephemera, basking in the transient sunshine of modern fame.

Soon afterwards I landed at Dover, and after the due proportion of wrangling at the Custom-house, and grumbling at the divers instalments of tough beefsteaks and muddy wine, wherewith Messrs. Wright defy the patience of the returning exile, I arrived in town,—heard the muffin-bell once more—that

——— "Squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore!"

and deposited myself and my yellow valet, Gioacchino, in an hotel in Brook-street. The next day I wandered to my old club, which was grown as fine and uncomfortable as "Ninette à la cour;" heard my contemporaries observe, as they glanced towards a mirror, that I was miserably altered; lost my way in a wilderness of new streets, and my footing in a plunge through the puddles of a Macadamized square; and just as I was recovering my equilibrium of body, if not of temper, I perceived a lank, rueful visage, gazing sympathizingly upon my mischance. 'Twas a strangely familiar face,—'twas Fosbrook's; not Dick's, but the "popular author's!"

His dolorous physiognomy expanded into smiles on this unexpected recognition. He took my arm, and my way onwards, and we turned literally and figuratively to the passages of our youth, till he almost became Dick again by the force of reminiscence. Nay! had it not been for the deferential salutation of two wise men, two very learned pundits, and the raised hats of a bustling Westminster-ward Member or two, whom we met scuffling down Regent-street, his popularity and his authorship would have been forgotten between us. "Dine with me to-morrow," said he at parting, "we shall be alone, and can gossip over our Trinity days."

"With all my heart," I answered. "At five,—in Gower-street?"

"No, no! at seven, in Curzon-street;" but the words came not trippingly from his tongue.

The morrow came, and I was delighted to find that, among the various removes of the day, dear Old Bond-street had not changed its town residence, although "almost ashamed to know itself;" and as I re-paraded my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood, I was startled by the sight of poor Fosbrook's face frowning in all the panes of the print-shops. There, at least, he was no Dick of mine; for his worthy countenance was distorted into a most cynical sneer, and he looked as blue and yellow as an Edinburgh review. Rain came on, and I was driven to the cruel refuge of a morning-visit; when, having excused myself from an impromptu dinner invitation, through my "pre-engagement to my friend Mr. Fosbrook,"—"The popular author?"—I was amused to find that even to be his friend was a rising point in the thermometer of fashion; and my intervention was humbly prayed to render him my friend's friend too. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when I scarcely contrived to procure a third man to make up dummy whist with him; he was considered a chartered bore, by right divine, and according to the most approved authorities!

It was, however, with a feeling nearly amounting to respect for his new honours, that I trod lightly upon the creaking step of my hackney-coach at the door of his new mansion, and was ushered by a sulky butler into a very literary-looking drawing-room. Over the marble

sphinxed chimney-piece hung a fine portrait of its master, in oils, and by Lawrence! and over a buhl sécrétaire, a spirited sketch by Hayter—being the original of the authorial print of the Bond-street windows. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when a paltry profile was the only copy of his countenance! Several proofs of splendid new engravings were "ordered to lie on the table," beside a few presentation copies of the latest works of the day. "Are they good for any thing?" said I to Dick, who found me with a volume in my hands.

"I really cannot take upon me to say," he replied gravely, and with the air of a man who is afraid of committing himself. "One of the worst consequences of scribbling ourselves is, that we have no leisure to look over these light productions, which are sometimes far from unamusing."

"*We!*"—thinks I to myself, editorial; while Richard (I will never Dick him any more) turned to the final page of the several works, and determined their length as the standard of their merits.

A very light production now entered the room—Mrs. Fosbrook; looking as dressy as the frontispiece of "La Belle Assemblée. But if her gown were *couleur de rose*, her brow was black as Erebus; the honours which had made him sad, had made her cross. I did not care; I had never abbreviated *her* name; so as it was the May of a London summer, I turned for consolation towards a fire bright enough to roast St. Lawrence. This movement necessitated a glance towards the card-rack, and I observed that its prominent features were "At Homes" from L. House and D. House, and a "requests the honour" from the Dowager Lady C. "Ah! ha!" said I to myself, "your popular author is ever a diner out."

I trust my friend Fosbrook was an habitual one; or at least, that he did not affect to be "L'Amphitryon où l'on dine." The solid joint and solid pudding of St. Pancras had been ill-exchanged, in his *ménu*, for the unapproachable *filets* and *fricandeaux* of St. George's; and hot *sauterne* and iced *Lafitte* were abominable substitutes for the old Madeira and old port of old times. By the time the cloth and the lady were withdrawn, I was as much out of humour as Mrs. Fosbrook with popular authorship. To judge by the lowering brow of my host, his feelings were tuned to as doleful a key as my own. As we were *tête-à-tête*, I ventured an apostrophe to the memory of the Gower-street port; it was a fortunate digression; the butler was summoned; the cork squeaked beneath the screw, and Richard was himself again!

"You have an excellent house here, Fosbrook!"

"Why, yes;—the situation is good, and the distribution better; yet somehow or other, even in my perfection of a 'gentleman's room,' I always regret my Crusoe's cave in Gower-street. There I was never interrupted by importunate idlers; my books ungilt and unprisoned behind the glittering wires of a library, came at my call; in short, I was able to read, and think, and write, as I liked."

"And as others liked," said I, courteously. "My return to England has discovered to me an old friend in the most popular author of the day."

Fosbrook literally shuddered at the word. "No more of that, an thou lovest me!" exclaimed he, in a tone of acute sensibility. "Keep the name for the first dog you wish to see hanged."

"Pho! pho!" said I, "the mere cant of affected modesty! You have won your laurels bravely; do not wear them like a coward. They were long, it is true, in putting forth their verdant honours; but now it would seem as 'Birnam wood were come to Dunsinane.'"

Fosbrook shook his head despondingly; and his whole air was so completely that of Matthews's admirable hypochondriac, that, spite of myself, I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. By good luck it proved contagious, and having roared and shouted "à qui mieux mieux," a happy tone of confidence was immediately established between us.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," resumed Fosbrook, lowering his voice, "that I have led the life of a galley slave since I came to my title—."

"Title?"

"Of popular author! a title good for nothing but to expose one without redress to the insolence of every scribbler whose pen is the channel of his venom. No one presumes to insult a gentleman, or to tell a man that he is a fool; but a popular author is the property of the public,—'its goods, its chattels, its ox, its ass, its every thing!' —a culprit stuck up in the pillory of celebrity to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of the times."

"And yet I can remember your eyes being upturned towards the Temple of Fame, as a devotee gazes upon the sanctuary."

"Ay, ay; I looked at it through a telescope:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!'

and the farther the better! I had not then assumed the 'foolscap uniform turned up with ink;' I had not donned the livery of the booksellers to 'fetch and carry sing song up and down!' I published, it is true,— but what then? The sin lay dormant between you and me and the press! I lived secure from criticism: not a reptile of a magazine deigned to tickle me with its puny antennæ. My wife, however angry, borrowed no sarcasms from the leading reviews—'I found not Jeffrey's satire on her lips,—I slept the next night well—was free—was happy.' On the strength of my uncut pages, I passed for a literary man, in my own select circle; my family took me for a genius, and my servants for a conjuror;—but now—my pages and myself are cut together."

"My dear Dick!" said I soothingly, for he had really talked himself into a fit of irritation, "remember how often and how philosophically you have declared yourself indifferent to the award of criticism."

"There you have me on the hip. My wife's family, and all the generation of bores at that, my former end of the town, are constantly reminding me that it is idle to value public opinion, since I have often proved to them that the world is an overgrown booby; to which I can only reply, like Benedict, that 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married.' When I wrote the public down an ass, I little expected to become a popular author!"

"But after all," I observed, "these are mere trivial vexations, compared with the glories of the daily incense burnt upon your altars,—of the solid gains achieved by your exertions."

"I will show some of the daily incense," said Fosbrook, opening his pocket-book; "unfortunately it is made to be read first and burnt afterwards. It is a paragraph from a morning paper."

"*Lege*, Dick, *lege*."

"We copy the following interesting intelligence from the Newcastle Mercury. 'Mr. Fosbrook the popular author. We are happy to be the first to congratulate our townsmen upon the near and dear claim we can boast upon the parentage of this celebrated man. Richard Toppletoe, formerly a master tailor in North Lane, but at the period of his decease a much respected member of our corporation, proves to have been his maternal grandfather. Many still surviving among us retain a lively remembrance of the full-buckled flaxen wig and brocaded waistcoat of old Toppletoe; and there can be little doubt that from this eccentric knight of the shears, Mr. Fosbrook derives much of his originality of mind, his baptismal name, and private fortune.'"

"Very provoking, certainly," said I, perceiving that some comment was unavoidable.

"Till I read that cursed paragraph," observed Fosbrook, "I had always believed and proclaimed myself to be of irreproachable descent, and the heir of an old Northumbrian family; had I never become a popular author, I should have remained in ignorance that I had a Toppletoe for my mother! But listen to another of these precious bulletins of the state of my reputation.

"'Bow Street. Mr. Fosbrook.—Another instance of the irregularities of genius came this morning before the attention of the bench. The above popular author, returning from a deep carouse with some brother wits,—some choice spirits, who appear to have been partial to proof spirits,—chancing to unite the rampant valour of Othello with the disastrous plight of Cassio, fell into an outrageous affray with the guardians of the night—('Guardians! I wish they would make her a ward in Chancery!' ejaculated Dick,) and was at length victoriously lodged in the watchhouse. Our worthy chief magistrate considerately gave this delicate case a hearing in his private room; and after a few pertinent (qy. *im?*) observations to the delinquent, upon the respect due to public decency, even from the *genus irritabile,* he fined him five shillings, and dismissed him with costs; judging, probably, that Mr. Fosbrook had already received poetical justice in the shape of two black eyes.'"

"Very provoking," said I again. "And did you pass the night in the watchhouse?"

"Not I!—I appeared before Sir Richard as a witness in favour of an Irish applewoman, whom I had caught the parish beadle in the act of maltreating, by virtue of some Street Bill. Unfortunately, I was recognised by some dirty reporter, who doubled his morning's pay by compounding this scurrilous attack."

"But of course you remonstrated with the Editor?"

"I did; and my very forbearing letter produced a second paragraph, headed 'Mr. Fosbrook. We are authorized by this gentleman to state that he did not appear before Sir Richard Birnie with *two* black eyes.'"

"Well, well!" said I, "these idle slanders, if they filch from you your good name, do not steal the trash from your purse. Think of the solid profits, my dear Dick."

"I do, and with regret; for they are all gone. Every poor relation (Toppletoes in particular), and every literary acquaintance I had in the world, gave me the preference of their first application for a loan, on the second edition of my last work; nor does there exist a literary

institution, or an establishment for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, for which my guineas have not been peremptorily claimed. Meanwhile, my law has long since left me in the lurch, and my father-in-law abhors me because I play shorts. He has persuaded my wife to send the boys to school, lest I should undermine their morals; for the old gentleman holds that all modern authors are atheists."

"But what is become of your orthodox friend, the Dean of ——?"

"We have not been on speaking terms these six months: he is persuaded he can detect my hand in the anatomization of his Emancipation pamphlet in the new review."

"And Lorimer, our college chum?"

"Has basely deserted my cause; he goes about, 'with his hand in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile,' whispering that I have been puffed beyond my strength; that I have no stamina for the tug of war, and shall run away, à-la Goderich, at the first shot. All my old friends affect to suppose that I have risen above them; and since I have been noticed by half a dozen rhyming Lords, my wife's relations say I am grown fine, and have given over inviting me; while Sophia, as if in retribution, will never visit half a mile from Russell-square,—the land of her ancestors!—She is gone there to-night."

"Mrs. Fosbrook gone out!" I exclaimed. "Then come with me to the Opera; we shall be in time for Brocard."

"Willingly,—I have a silver ticket."

We rose from table; the butler was hastily summoned, and entered with a huge and portentous packet in either hand. Dick broke the seal of the largest, and read aloud—

"Albemarle Street.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to forward you the Number of the —— Review, which appeared this day, and which contains some strictures on your new work. Permit me to say that I consider them highly illiberal, and that I have always thought the Editor an envious little man.

"I have the honour to be,"

&c. &c. &c.

"Don't read the article, my dear Dick. Pray don't. It will only make you bilious."

"I will not," he replied, resolutely tossing it aside. "Martin!—call a coach."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied the man, presenting the other pistol—packet I would say,—"Mr. Colburn's printer has been waiting impatiently these two hours. He says it is the 24th of the month."

"The devil!" exclaimed the unhappy Fosbrook in dismay. "Well, my dear fellow, you must go and see Brocard without me; it is not the first time my patience has been 'put to the proof.'"

I left him alone with his glory; but sympathy forbad my attempting the Opera. I went home to bed; where, thanks to Dick's deplorable destiny, or deplorable claret, I had an excruciating nightmare;—and the most appalling vision suggested by its influence, was, that I had attained to the honours of a popular author!

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR, NO. XXI.

Mr. Leslie Foster, continued.

I HAVE hitherto considered Mr. Foster as a candidate, and I should give an equally minute account of him as a Member of Parliament, but that I have not had the same fortunate opportunities of observation. I do, indeed, remember an incident, which may be considered, to a certain extent, illustrative of his influence as a legislative speaker; and in the lack of any other means of describing him, it may not be inappropriate to set it down. I was under the gallery of the House of Commons during the debate on the Catholic question in the year 1825. The House was exceedingly full. Mr. Foster rose to speak, and the effect of his appearance on his legs was truly wonderful. In an instant the House was cleared. The rush to the door leading to the tavern upstairs, where the members find a refuge from the soporific powers of their brother legislators, was tremendous. I was myself swept away by the torrent, and carried from my place by the crowd, that fled from the solemn adjuration with which Mr. Foster commenced his oration. The single phrase "Mr. Speaker" was indeed uttered with such a tone as indicated the extent of the impending evil; and finding already the influence of drowsiness upon me, I followed the example which was given by the representatives of the people, who, whatever differences may have existed amongst them upon the mode of settling Ireland, appeared to coincide in their estimate of Mr. Foster's elocution. From the Treasury Benches, the Opposition and the neutral quarters of the House, a simultaneous concourse hurried up to Bellamy's, and left Mr. Foster in full possession of that solitude which he had thus instantaneously and miraculously produced. I proceeded up-stairs with some hundreds of honourable gentlemen. The scene which Bellamy's presents to a stranger is striking enough. Two smart girls, whose briskness and neat attire made up for their want of beauty, and for the invasions of time, of which their cheeks showed the traces, helped out tea in a room in the corridor. It was pleasant to observe the sons of Dukes and Marquesses, and the possessors of twenties and thirties of thousands a year, gathered round these damsels, and soliciting a cup of that beverage which it was their office to administer. These Bellamy bar-maids seemed so familiarized with their occupation, that they went through it with perfect nonchalance, and would occasionally turn with petulance, in which they asserted the superiority of their sex to rank and opulence, from the noble or wealthy suitors for a draught of tea, by whom they were surrounded. The unfortunate Irish members were treated with a peculiar disdain, and were reminded of their provinciality by the look of these Parliamentary Hebes, who treated them as mere colonial deputies should be received in the purlieus of the state. I passed from these anti-chambers to the tavern, where I found a number of members assembled at dinner. Half-an-hour had passed away, toothpicks and claret were now beginning to appear, and the business of mastication being concluded, that of digestion had commenced, and many an honourable gentleman, I observed, who seemed to prove that he was born only to digest. At the end of a long corridor, which opened from the room where the diners were assembled, there stood a waiter whose office it was to inform any interrogator what gentleman

was speaking below stairs. Nearly opposite the door sat two English County members. They had disposed of a bottle each, and just as the last glass was emptied, one of them called out to the annunciator at the end of the passage for intelligence; "Mr. Foster on his legs" was the formidable answer. "Waiter, bring another bottle," was the immediate effect of this information, which was followed by a similar injunction from every table in the room. I perceived that Mr. Bellamy owed great obligations to Mr. Foster. But the latter did not limit himself to a second bottle; again and again the same question was asked, and again the same announcement returned—"Mr. Foster upon his legs." The answer seemed to fasten men in inseparable adhesiveness to their seats. Thus two hours went by, when at length "Mr. Plunket on his legs" was heard from the end of the passage, and the whole convocation of compotators rose together and returned to the House.

Some estimate of the eloquence of Mr. Foster may be formed from this evidence of its effects. I am unable myself to supply, from personal observation, any better detail of it. But it is not necessary; Mr. Plunket, in a single phrase, has described his legislative faculties, and on the night of which I have been speaking remarked that "he had turned history into an old almanac." I should not omit to mention, in justice to Mr. Foster, that in converting the annals of mankind to this valuable purpose, he exhibits a wonderful diligence. His speeches are the result of great industry, and he takes care not to deliver himself of any crude abortive notions, such as are thrown off in extempore debate, but after allowing his meditations to mature in a due process of conception in his mind, brings them forth with a laborious effort, and presents his intellectual offspring to the House in the "swaddling" phraseology in which they are always carefully wrapped up. It was, indeed, at one time believed and studiously propagated by his friends, that he did not prepare his orations, and that he poured out his useless erudition, and his mystical dogmas, without premeditation or research. That erroneous conjecture has been recently corrected; for, upon a late occasion, when the Chaplain of the House of Commons was reading prayers, at four o'clock, Mr. Foster, who appeared to those at a distance to be kneeling in a posture of profound parliamentary piety, with his hands raised, as is the fashion with the devout, to his lips, was heard to mutter through his fingers—"Had it been my good fortune, Mr. Speaker, to have caught your eye at an earlier period of the debate, I should have gone more at length, than I now, at this late hour of the night, intend to do, into the details of a question, upon which the integrity of the constitution, the sacred privileges of the Protestants of Ireland, and the purity of the reformed religion, entirely depend." Mr. Richard Martin, the then member for Connamara, who happened to hear Mr. Foster, communicated this important discovery; and it is now well ascertained, that Mr. Foster takes exceedingly great if not very meritorious pains at his oratorical laboratory, and passes many a midnight vigil in compounding those opiates, with which, at the expense of his own slumbers, he lulls the House of Commons to repose.

Mr. Foster may be considered in the various phases of barrister, scholar, Commissioner of Education, and counsel to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise. As a member of the bar, he is not very re-

markable. He is not in considerable business, which I am inclined to attribute to his dedication of himself to political pursuits; for he came to the profession under great advantages, having industry, a tenacious memory, and the patronage of the late Chief-Justice Downes. I think that he would have succeeded in the Court of Chancery, had he attended exclusively to the bar; for certainly he is not destitute of the powers of clear reasoning and perspicuous exposition. His great fault is, that he diffuses an air of importance over all that he says, looks, and does, which is not unfrequently in ludicrous contrast with the matter before him. Instead of speaking trippingly upon the tongue, he loads his utterance with an immense weight of intonation, and is not more ponderous and oracular in Parliament than at the Bar. That gravity, which Rochefoucauld has so well called "a mystery of the body," pervades his gesture, and sits in eternal repose upon his countenance. He advances to his seat at the inner bar, like a priest walking in a procession; he lays down his bag upon the green table, as if he were depositing a treasure; he bows to the court like a mandarin before the Emperor of China; quotes Tidd's Practice, as a Rabbi would read the Talmud; and opens "The Rules and Orders," as a sorcerer would unclasp a book of incantation. The solemnity which distinguishes him in court, attends him out of it. He traverses the Hall with a gait and aspect of mystical meditation; and when he has divested himself of his forensic habiliments, still takes care to retain his walk of egregious dignity upon his return to Merrion-square. Mr. Foster has ascertained, with exact precision, the distance from his house to the Hall of the Four Courts; and has counted the number of paces which it is requisite that he should perform, whether he should go through College Green, or by any of the lanes at the back of Dublin Castle. Both these ways have their attractions. In the centre of College Green stands the statue of King William, on which Mr. Foster sometimes pauses to cast a look, in which of late some melancholy has been observed. The purlieus of the Castle are, however, his more favourite, and perhaps appropriate walks,—especially since the order for Lord Anglesey's removal has arrived. But whichever route he adopts, he never deviates from that evenness and regularity of gait with which he originally enumerated the number of paces from his residence to the Hall. I was a good deal at a loss to account for this peculiar demeanour, until I had heard that Mr. Foster had spent some time at Constantinople. He was introduced upon one occasion to the Grand Seignior (a scene which he describes with great particularity), and has ever since retained an expression of dignity, which it is supposed he copied from the Reis Effendi, if not from the Sultan himself. Hitherto the negotiations with the Porte have been unsuccessful. If Mr. Foster were sent out as our minister, such a sympathetic solemnity would take place between him and the Grand Vizier, that many difficulties would, it is likely, be got rid of; and he would, by his Asiatic diplomacy of countenance and his Oriental gravity of look, accomplish far more than Lord Strangford was able to effect. As a scholar, Mr. Leslie Foster is, beyond all doubt, a person of very various and minute erudition. In every drawing-room, and at every dinner-table at which he appears, amazement is produced by the vastness of his knowledge; and under-graduates from the College, and young ladies whose stock-

ings are but darned with blue silk, wonder that even a head of such great diameter should be capable of containing such enormous masses of the most recondite and diversified lore. The President of the Royal Academy of Laputa, or the father of Martinus Scriblerus, could not have surpassed him in the character, the extent, and the application of his knowledge. No matter what topics may be presented in the trivialities of discourse, he avails himself of every opportunity to evacuate his erudition. He buries every petty subject under the enormity of his learning, and piles a mountain on every pigmy theme. If he finds a boy whipping a top, he stops to explain the principles upon which it is put into motion. He is versed in all points of science connected with the playing of marbles. Should a pair of bellows fall in his way, he enters into a dissertation upon the structure of the human lungs,—and applies to those domestic conveniences of which there is such a want in the modern Athens, his learning in hydraulics. In short, he is omniscient; and if I were a believer in the transmigration of souls, I should be disposed to think that the spirit of the professor at Bruges, who challenged all mankind to dispute with him "de omni scibili et de quolibet ente," had reappeared in his person; though I hope that he would be less puzzled in solving the question of law proposed by Sir Thomas More to that celebrated scholar respecting a replevin.*

I pass, by a natural transition, from the vast acquirements of Mr. Foster, to that office which, from its connexion with learning, it would appear at first view that he was admirably qualified to fill. He was, for a considerable period, a Commissioner of Education, with an enormous salary; and thus, with the sums which he has received as a Commissioner of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice, and his vast emoluments as counsel to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, Mr. Foster has poured an immense quantity of the public money into his coffers. But however the love of learning, and its unquestionable possession, might appear to render Mr. Foster an eligible person to investigate the progress of education, yet his predilections, both political and religious, were so strong, that the Roman Catholics considered the appointment of a person so legally orthodox, to report upon the state of their schools, as an injustice. In order to give some aspect of fairness to this proceeding, and to create a counterpoise to his prejudices, the Government united with Mr. Foster, a gentleman in every way well adapted to encounter him, the Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer, Mr. Blake. I believe that it was not anticipated that that gentleman would have approved himself so stout and uncompromising an

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* Mr. Foster is deeply versed in Irish antiquities. He alleges that he discovered, in the county of Kerry, a very singular building, which is called Staigne Fort. General Vallancey thought that it was a Phœnician theatre. I am not aware what conjecture Mr. Foster formed respecting it; probably he takes it for an old conventicle, employed by the Irish Christians before Popery was in use. Mr. Bland, the writer of an essay in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, makes the following observations upon Mr. Foster's claims to the discovery of this building:—"About nine years back, Mr. Leslie Foster visited this county, and passed Staigne by, unnoticed; but being prevailed on by me, he was reluctantly induced to return and see it. He afterwards published, in some periodical work or newspaper, an account of it; and being ignorant, I suppose, of what I have stated, respecting Mr. Pelham's correspondence with General Vallancey, he considered himself the first discoverer of this ancient structure."—Vol. XIV. p. 22.

assertor of the interests of his country and the honour of his religion. Mr. Foster had originally, from his previous habits of mystical research, and from his familiarity with the mysterious, great advantages over Mr. Blake, in examining the Catholic priesthood upon questions of dogmatic theology; but Mr. Blake, who has extraordinary powers of acquiring knowledge, and of fitting his mind to every intellectual occupation, resolved to make himself a match for this Aquinas of Protestantism, and threw himself off from the heights of the law into the deepest lore into which Mr. Foster had ever plunged. He rose from the dark bottoms of divinity as black and as begrimed with mysteries as his brother Commissioner; and thus prepared, they set off upon their tour through the Catholic colleges of Ireland. The object of Leslie Foster was to bring out whatever was unfavourable to the Irish priesthood; while Mr. Blake (himself a Roman Catholic) justly endeavoured to rectify the misconstructions of his brother inquirer, and to present the doctrines of his religion, and the character of its ministers, in the least exceptionable form. When Mr. Foster got hold of a country priest, and put him to his shifts by some interrogatory touching the decrees of the earlier Councils, Mr. Blake would intervene, and rescue his fellow-Catholic from his embarrassments by suggesting a solution of the difficulty; and, without getting into it, helped him out of the deep quagmire of theology into which his examiner had led him. If Mr. Foster attempted to quote a passage from some moth-eaten folio with any deviation from a just fidelity of citation, Mr. Blake would immediately detect him. Mr. Foster would rely upon the disputable ethics of some ancient Catholic schoolman; and Mr. Blake would straight produce a Protestant divine who inculcated the same doctrine. Sometimes Mr. Blake, not contented with acting on the defensive, would invade the enemy's territory; and if an ex-priest were tendered by Mr. Foster for cross-examination, the Popish Remembrancer of the Exchequer exhibited all his acumen and dexterity in exposing the renegade. A person of the name of Dickson, who had been a Catholic priest, was produced in order to vilify Maynooth, where he had received his eleemosynary education. Mr. Blake took hold of him, and, by a series of admirable interrogatories, eminently distinguished by astuteness and power of combination, laid this deserter of his altars bare, and tore off his apostate surplice. But this was not the most remarkable instance in which Mr. Foster was foiled in his efforts to convert his office into the means of promoting his religious and political opinions. He had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Provincial of the Jesuits in Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Kenny. A desire was, if I rightly recollect, expressed by Sir T. Lethbridge, that a Jesuit should be produced at the bar of the House of Commons, in order that some sort of judgment should be formed of the peculiar nature of the ecclesiastical animal. Mr. Kenny is the most perfect specimen of this class of Catholic phenomena that could be produced. He wants, it must be confessed, some of the external attributes which should enter into the composition of the *beau ideal* of Jesuitism. He is by no means gracefully constructed; for there is a want of level about his shoulders, and his countenance, when uninvested with his spiritual expression, is rather of a forbidding and lurid cast. The eyes are of deep and fiery jet, and so disposed, that while one is bent in humility to the

earth, the other is raised in inspiration to Heaven;—brows of thick and bushy black spread in straight lines above them. His rectilinear forehead is strongly indented with passion,—satire sits upon his thin lips, and a livid hue is spread over a quadrangular face, the sunken cheeks of which exhibit the united effects of monastic abstinence and profound meditation. The countenance is Irish in its configuration; but Mr. Kenny was educated at Palermo, and a Sicilian suavity of manner is thrown, like a fine silken veil, over his strong Hibernian features. The beaming rays of his eye are seldom allowed to break out, for they are generally bent to the ground, and habitually concealed by lids, fringed with long dark lashes, which drop studiously over them. Such is the outward Jesuit:—his talents and acquirements are of the first order, and in argumentative eloquence he has no superior in Ireland. Leslie Foster, in the spirit of theological chivalry, and having set up as a knight-errant against popery, happened to meet with this disciple of Loyola, and resolved to break a syllogism with him. Mr. Kenny was duly summoned to attend the Commissioners of Education, and upon this occasion the interposition of Mr. Blake was quite unnecessary. With a blended expression of affected humility and bitter mockery, the follower of Ignatius answered all Mr. Foster's questions, correcting the virulence of sarcasms by the softness of his mellifluous cadences, and by the religious clasping of his hands, which were raised in such a way as to touch the extremities of his chin, while he lamented, with a dolorous voice, the lamentable ignorance and delusion of the gentleman who could, in the nineteenth century, put him such preposterous interrogatories. Leslie Foster was baffled by every response, and amidst the jeers of his brother Commissioners, with Mr. Blake compassionating him on one side, and Mr. Glascot nudging him at the other, while Frankland Lewis trod upon his toes, was at length persuaded to give up his desperate undertaking. Some of the questions put to the Jesuit were rather of an offensive character; and one of the Commissioners, when the examination had concluded, begged that he would make allowance for the imperious sense of duty which had induced Mr Foster to commit an apparent violation of the canons of good breeding. "Holy Ignatius!" exclaimed the son of Loyola, holding his arms meekly upon his breast, "I am not offended—I never saw a more simple-minded gentlemen in all my life!"

Mr. Foster, so far as the receipt of the public money is concerned, does not bear out the Jesuit's ejaculation. He has not proved himself exceedingly simple, by uniformly adopting that course of political conduct which was calculated to advance his personal interests and to better his fortune. I have already mentioned that he received large annual stipends from Government as commissioner of education and of justice. His chief source of emolument, the fountain from which his Pactolus flows, is in the revenue of Ireland; and, as I conceive that, in his instance, a very unqualified job has recently been effected, notwithstanding all the boasted cleansing of that Cloaca Maxima (the Custom-house), it will be proper to treat the matter with more seriousness than I have hitherto discussed this gentleman's merits. I put all levity aside, because, in my judgment, the expedient by which an annual sum of 2000*l.* has been given to him calls for decided condemnation; and furthermore,

I am of opinion, that he is bound to resign his seat in Parliament under the Irish statute passed in the thirty-third year of the late King.

Mr. Foster was appointed counsel to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise in the year 1818. He succeeded Sir Charles Ormsby. It is necessary to state what the office of counsel to the Commissioners was, and for this purpose I shall refer to the eleventh report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the collection and management of the revenue in Ireland. Appendix, No. 38—2, Table C. page 482. There are five columns in the page referred to. In the first column, under the head of "Office and name," appear "Counsel-at-law, H. D. Grady, Esq. John Leslie Foster, Esq." In the second column their salary is set forth at 100*l.* a-year. Under the third column, entitled "Present duty," a blank appears. The third and fourth columns are entitled, "Present duty and observations." The following are the first words of the observations,—"On the establishment of the Customs there are two counsel-at-law, at salaries of 100*l.* per annum." Now, at first view, it would seem as if these counsel received 100*l.* a-year, and no more, for discharging their professional duty to the revenue. But upon looking more minutely into the matter set forth in the report, and especially into the document which I shall extract, it will be manifest that the office of counsel to the revenue was one of the most lucrative in Ireland. Besides the salary of 100*l.* a-year, the two gentlemen mentioned in the report received fees upon every case; and, in order to show by what means these fees were contrived, I shall quote the following passage published in the same parliamentary paper, from the report of J. Whitmore, Esq. and T. Morris, Esq. "It appears to be the practice in Dublin, in almost every case of seizure or penalty, upon which the Board have already given an order to prosecute either the goods or the party, for the solicitor to take the opinion of counsel,—first to advise whether an information can be supported; secondly, to advise whether the information be correctly drawn; thirdly, to advise what are the proofs necessary to support the information. In London, we believe, no instance ever occurred of a reference to counsel for advice upon either of the above points. In Dublin it takes place as a matter of course, and not only forms one of the principal sources of the solicitor's income, but occasions a heavy expense to the Crown in payments to counsel. In each of the above three stages of the proceeding, a draft of brief is charged by the solicitor, and three copies for three counsel, although it very rarely happens that more than one copy is actually furnished, or more than one counsel consulted. When the cause is in a state for trial, a fourth draft of brief, and a fourth set of copies for counsel, are charged as briefs for trial." This is but an example of the system upon which the law business of the revenue was carried on; and it is manifest that from such an alchymic system the most enormous profits must have been derived, not only by the solicitors, but by the counsel for the revenue. Not only were fees sent to each of them in cases where they were improperly consulted, but briefs were made out which they never read, and which were never sent to them, although the fees on those briefs were charged by the solicitors to the revenue. It is no exaggeration to say, that the fees paid to the counsel amounted, during several years previous to 1818, to upwards of

12,000*l.* a-year, although, since the year 1818, (the period of Mr. Foster's appointment,) they are estimated in the document which I shall copy, at only the moderate sum of 7460*l.* a year! What will my English readers say when they are informed that it appears, by the eleventh report, that these counsel, who were thus gorged with public emolument, were utterly useless, and that the report states that their offices (if they can be so called) ought to be abolished? I copy the report verbatim, (page 482.) In the Appendix to the second report of the Commissioners of Inquiry, folio 56, it is observed, "that there is no apparent necessity for these appointments; the opinion of the solicitor, with that of the law officers of the crown, taken when deemed necessary in cases of difficulty and importance, under the Board's especial advice, as is the practice in England, appearing to be fully sufficient for every necessary and useful purpose. The result of the further inquiry, which has now been made into the office of the solicitor, and the nature of the law proceedings, in the department of the Customs, appears abundantly to confirm the above observations." The report goes on to suggest that counsel had been consulted without necessity, and states the amount of the fees unnecessarily paid. It then proceeds as follows: "Over and above the fixed salaries of 100*l.* per annum each, paid to the Board's counsel, and the sums of 464*l.* 2s. paid to each of them for advice, they are allowed eight guineas a day each for duty out of Dublin, (!) and their personal expenses!! These latter are not charged at any fixed rate, but are paid on a certificate of each counsel, stating the amount of personal expenses incurred. The sums paid to the Board's counsel for day fees and travelling expenses in the last year were as follows: to Mr. Grady 558*l.* 10s. 9d.—to Mr. Foster 794*l.* 14s. Exclusive of the day fees and travelling expenses, the Board's counsel are paid with their briefs the same as other counsel. The charge, therefore, for day fees and travelling expenses, is an expense incurred by the Crown, in revenue trials in Ireland, over and above what is incurred in England, and over and above what is incurred in Ireland in those cases where the cause is conducted by counsel other than the Crown's counsel." Such is the opinion expressed in the report; and it will be observed that two positions are laid down: first that fees were improperly paid to the two counsel, and secondly that their offices were perfectly useless. No such offices exist in England.

Now for the job. This report having been made, and it appearing that Messrs. Grady and Foster were no longer to roll in the easy professional opulence which they had enjoyed, they both concurred in presenting a memorial, soliciting a compensation for their losses. The bare fact of such compensation having been solicited, will surprise. Their offices were unnecessary, and they had been exorbitantly paid. They then modestly solicit compensation for the loss of that which they ought never to have received. This application will strike the public as the more extraordinary, when I state that Mr. Peter Burrowes was counsel under the Whigs, and that the Tories, when they came into office, dismissed him without any sort of compensation. Thus, then, a Whig is turned out without an equivalent, and a substituted Tory, when the office is reported useless and a source of abuse, demands a compensation. I shall have farther occasion to apply myself to Mr. Burrowes's case. What course did the Lords of the Treasury adopt

with respect to Mr. Grady's and Mr. Foster's memorial? I shall copy the official documents which I have procured relative to a transaction which deserves the attention of Joseph Hume.

"Treasury Chambers, August 30, 1828.

"Gentlemen,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury to transmit herewith the copy of a minute of this Board, dated the 26th instant, on the memorial of Henry Deane Grady and John Leslie Foster, Esqs. Counsel to the Boards of Customs and Excise in Ireland, praying compensation for abolition of official duties and emoluments by the consolidation of the English and Irish revenue; and I am to desire that you will pay such allowances as are therein mentioned, to Mr. Grady and Mr. Foster respectively. I am, &c.

(Signed) "J. STEWART."

Copy of Treasury Minute, dated August 26, 1828.

"My Lords have again under their consideration a memorial of Mr. Deane Grady and Mr. Leslie Foster, late Counsel to the Boards of Customs and Excise in Ireland, soliciting compensation for the loss occasioned to them by the abolition of their offices in consequence of the consolidation of the Boards in Ireland with those in Great Britain.

"My Lords have before them an account of the fees received by Messrs. Grady and Foster during the ten years preceding the date of the abolition of these offices. They amount to a sum of about 74,600*l.* being at the rate of 7460*l.* a-year to the two, or of 3730*l.* a-year to each, independent of the small salary of 100l. a-year, Irish currency, which they severally received from the Board of Customs.

"In considering the question of what it may be proper to allow to Mr. Grady and Mr. Foster on the abolition of their offices, my Lords cannot entertain the idea of compensating them to the extent of the loss, which by a reference to the former income of the office they appear likely to sustain; a great reduction of the emoluments of the counsel would necessarily have resulted from the change of the system, and the diminished number of references which would have been made to them for legal opinions, even if the offices themselves had been retained; but on the other hand, my Lords consider that these gentlemen had, on accepting these offices, every reason to calculate upon their permanence; that their occupations as revenue counsel have materially interfered with the practice of their profession, and have induced them to forego other professional advantages to which they cannot now recur. My Lords are also sensible that the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry received, in the conducting of these reforms, the greatest assistance, more especially from Mr. Foster, without reference to the effects which those reforms might have upon his own personal interests; and adverting moreover to the great reduction of expense in the conduct of the legal business of the Customs and Excise in Ireland which has already resulted, and is likely to result from the new arrangement, they deem it right to make a more liberal compensation to Mr. Grady and Mr. Foster on the abolition of their office, than they should have felt justified in making under ordinary circumstances. My Lords, therefore, consider it proper that an allowance at the rate of 2000*l.* per annum should be made to Mr. Grady, to be paid one-third from the Customs, and two-thirds from the Excise, to commence from the date of the abolition of his office on the 5th of January 1828. If, however, Mr. Grady shall have subsequently to that date received any fees or other emoluments from either of the Boards, the amounts so received will be deducted from the sum which would under this minute be paid to him.

"With respect to Mr. Foster, my Lords would be prepared to adopt a similar arrangement, did they not consider that it would be more advisable, with a view to the public interest, that he should continue to act as Counsel to the Board on such revenue cases as may, under the new arrangement, require the assistance of a King's Counsel in Dublin. My Lords are uncertain as to what may be the amount of emoluments derived from this branch of

business; and they therefore deem it advisable that the allowance to be made to Mr. Foster by the Boards of Customs and Excise should depend upon what the amount of those emoluments may prove; it will be necessary, therefore, that the Commissioners of Customs and Excise should, at the end of each quarter, make out an account of the fees which may have been paid by them respectively to Mr. Foster during the three months preceding; and if those fees shall not have amounted in each three months to 150*l.* from the Customs, and to 350*l.* from the Excise, that they should respectively issue to him such a sum as may be necessary to make up his emoluments to those amounts. The allowance to Mr. Foster will, like that to Mr. Grady, date from the 5th of January 1828; any emoluments received by him since that date being in like manner deducted from the sum otherwise due to him.

"My Lords further consider it proper that the allowances herein proposed to be made to Mr. Grady and to Mr. Foster shall only continue so long as they shall not be in the receipt of equal or greater emoluments from other appointments under the Crown."

"Transmit a copy of this minute to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, and direct them to pay such allowances as are herein mentioned to Mr. Grady and Mr. Foster respectively.

"Write also to Mr. Grady and Mr. Foster, acquainting them with my Lords' decision on their memorial."

It will be observed that no ordinary ingenuity is exercised in the devising of excuses to invest this transaction with plausibility. But let us examine the grounds upon which this grant of two pensions to gentlemen, each of whom have received 3730*l.* since the year 1818, has been founded. After stating that the offices were useless, and when it appears that the counsel ought never to have been paid one half the fees which they received, even supposing that their offices should have existed, the Lords Treasurers allege three motives for giving them compensation—first, "that in accepting these offices, they had every reason to calculate upon their permanence;" secondly, "that their occupations as revenue counsel have materially interfered with the practice of their profession, and have induced them to forego other professional advantages to which they cannot now recur;" thirdly, "that the Commissioners have received, in conducting these reforms, the greatest assistance, more especially from Mr. Foster, without reference to the effects which these reforms might produce upon *his* own personal interests." Mr. Foster and Mr. Grady are to be paid 2000*l.* a-year, because in accepting these offices, which have produced 74,600*l.* since 1818, they had every reason to think that they would receive 74,600*l.* more, to be derived from useless offices and unwarrantable fees! Are the public to be taxed for their miscalculation? When they have been thus replenished at a banquet to which they ought never to have been allowed to sit down, is there a side-table to be provided for them where they may continue to gorge upon the same dishes, because they imagined that the feast must endure for ever? The matter comes to this: a lawyer is employed in a suit—it lasts for several years—he receives enormous profits—a hearing takes place—the Bill is dismissed, and then the lawyer turns round to his client, and says, "Really I thought this cause would have lasted much longer, and you must continue to fee me still." But I have not put the case as strongly as the facts warrant. I should rather present the case of a lawyer, who ought never to have been employed at all, and who had received enormous fees which should never have been given him, claiming at the termination of a suit a stipend

from his client, and computing its amount by the extent of his past unwarrantable gains, and the visionary avidity of his prospective calculations. But putting out of the case analogy drawn from the general rules of the profession, what was the course adopted with respect to Mr. Peter Burrowes, to whom I have already adverted? He held the same office. If the argument which is applied to Messrs. Grady and Foster be well founded, is it not equally susceptible of application to him? Mr. Burrowes had every reason to calculate upon his permanence in the office, as well as upon the permanence of the office itself; yet he was dismissed because his party went out of power; and, when he remonstrated upon the subject, he was told at the Castle, that the place was one of the appurtenances of the Government, and should be held by none but its supporters. The next reason given by the Lords of the Treasury is to be tried by the same test. Messrs. Grady and Foster sacrificed other professional emoluments. This is, in the first place, at variance with the fact; but again, I ask whether the claims of Mr. Peter Burrowes did not stand upon exactly the same title; and if Mr. Foster, who never was in full business in his life, (he was called in 1804,) discovered that his profession "was materially interfered with" by his occupations as revenue counsel, was Mr. Peter Burrowes, who was in full practice, less affected by this office, and had he an inferior right to compensation? But the allegation made by the Lords of the Treasury is utterly destitute of foundation. Mr. Grady held the office long before Mr. Foster, and having admirable talents for cross-examination, was in constant employment at Nisi Prius for many years during the time that he was counsel to the Revenue. And in what way did their occupations as such counsel interfere with their other pursuits? Were their minds engrossed by the perusal of informations which it is reported that they ought never to have read, or in the meditating of briefs, which were charged indeed by the solicitor, but never laid before them? The Attorney and Solicitor-General received briefs on every trial as well as the Counsel for the Revenue, and yet they contrived to attend to their professions. But if Mr. Foster was thus engrossed since 1818, how does it happen that he had leisure not only to attend in Parliament, but also to act himself as Commissioner of Inquiry into the state of our Courts of Justice, and also as Commissioner of Education? When he was getting his 3730*l.* a year from the revenue, how was he able to give value to the public for his other enormous salaries? The last reason suggested is sufficiently ludicrous. Mr. Foster gave great assistance in producing reforms, without reference to the effects which they might produce upon *his* personal interests. Be it noted that nothing is said of Mr. Grady's immolation "of his personal interests!" What course then do the Lords of the Treasury adopt? They give Mr. Grady 2000*l.* a year on account of Mr. Foster's public virtue! and to render the matter still more anomalous, they direct that Mr. Grady shall receive 2000*l.* a year for doing nothing (for he is no longer counsel); and to Mr. Foster, who is to be still employed as counsel, they give exactly the same remuneration. Why this distinction? Wherefore give the lawyer who is still to hold briefs, and the lawyer who is to hold none, and the lawyer who made a sacrifice, and the lawyer who made no sacrifice, precisely the same sum?

I have gone through the details of this job, not only because I conceive

that the public money is improperly wasted, but also because it forms a striking contrast with the course adopted in regard to inferior officers in the revenue who have been lately dismissed, and with large families thrown without compensation or resource upon the world. Hundreds of poor clerks, who drew their only bread from the revenue, and who had dedicated themselves exclusively to it as a profession, are now walking the streets of Dublin in idleness, squalidness, and want; but the counsel, who, since 1818, have received 74,600*l.* are still hampered with the public money, and while the one feeds upon a pension, the other thrives upon a sinecure. I do not complain of the grant to Mr. Grady so much as of the expedient contrived for Mr. Foster. Mr. Grady has great claims upon the Government. He voted for the Union, was promised a Judge's place, and that pledge has never been fulfilled. He has just reason to insist upon receiving the reward, which has been given to so many others without reproach. But what are the claims of Mr. Foster? What public benefit has he ever conferred beyond that of his devoted adherence to Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Peel? He is, indeed, the brother-in-law of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; and perhaps the gratitude which the empire owes to that statesman ought to be extended to his kindred, and Leslie Foster should be included in the comprehensiveness of the national thankfulness. But independently of the objectionable nature of the job itself, there is something in the stratagem, which has been adopted to obviate the necessity of his resigning his seat in Parliament, which is still more flagrant. It is suggested that he is still to act as counsel. What! when the Commissioners of Inquiry report that he ought not to act as counsel, and that the same system should be adopted in Ireland as in London! The Attorney and Solicitor-General are the only standing counsel employed in England. The Commissioners report that the same system should be adopted in Ireland. What is now the Irish practice? The Revenue in Dublin have got four counsel—the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Mr. Somb, the nephew of Mr. Joy, and Mr. Leslie Foster; and this is done in the teeth of the report upon which the consolidation has been effected. The Lords of the Treasury say that Mr. Foster should be still employed. Why? They give no reason.—Is any barrister similarly employed in London? No.—Wherefore then is there a difference in the practice? I can suggest a reason.

By the 33rd of George the Third, chap. 41. it is enacted, that no person who shall have a pension during pleasure under the Crown shall be capable of sitting in Parliament; and by section the 4th, it is enacted that, "if any member of the House of Commons shall accept any office of profit from the Crown, during such time as he shall continue a member, his seat shall thereupon become vacant, and a writ shall issue for a new election." The 41st of George the Third virtually re-enacts these clauses. Mr. Grady is not in Parliament, and there was no difficulty to be encountered in giving him a pension. But if Mr. Foster were to receive a pension, he would vacate his seat. It was therefore determined that he would act as counsel, with a salary of 2000*l.* a year, it having been previously reported that his office was always unnecessary, and that it should be abolished. Now, I think it manifest that this is an attempt at evading the Act of Parliament, equally unsuccessful and gross. He has received either a pension or a new appointment. If the

first, he must vacate his seat. If a new appointment, he is upon the other horn of the dilemma. Will it be pretended that a man who receives from the Lords of the Treasury 2000*l.* a year as a fixed stipend out of the public treasury, and is entitled to it, whether he holds a single brief or not, does not hold an appointment under the Crown? In point of fact, Mr. Foster has never been employed since the creation of this his new office, except in two cases. But if no single case should ever arise, he is to receive 2000*l.* a year by a regular periodical perception. What mockery it must be to allege that a man named to a place of 2000*l.* by the Lords of the Treasury does not hold an office under the Crown! The whole business is a mere trick, a sort of legerdemain, by which the public pockets are to be picked with so much skill as to fill those of Mr. Foster, and at the same time secure him in the representation of the county of Louth. It may be insisted (for in such cases upon what will not men insist?) that a counsel who is paid fees for the discharge of professional business, does not hold any office from the Crown. If he were paid according to the business he discharged, it might be so; but when he is appointed counsel, with a regular salary, which is to be independent of his professional services, surely the relation of counsel and client disappears, and that of officer, or pensioner, must at once arise. But it may be urged that it is not an appointment *under the Crown.* When the Lords of the Treasury pay away the money of the Crown, will it be said that they are not its agents? and when they act in behalf of the Crown in appointing and paying an officer, does not that officer derive his appointment and his salary *from the Crown itself?* The whole case may be reduced to a very few simple propositions. Mr. Foster was appointed in April 1818 Counsel to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, with a salary of 100*l.* a year, payable by the Board of Customs, with certain fees on each brief. The Irish Board of Customs was annihilated by the Consolidation Act, which abolished the employments held under their authority. The office held by Mr. Foster was abolished, and the Lords of the Treasury recognize that abolition. If Mr. Foster has lost his original appointment, and in lieu thereof the Crown retain him (is not every information in the name of the Crown, and is he not its counsel?) "to act as counsel to the Board, with a salary of 2000*l.* a year," to be payable without any reference to the extent or even the existence of business, this is a new office under the Crown; and if it be, he must resign his seat; and in that event, Harry Mills and the Doctor will again parade the streets of Dundalk; Leslie Foster will again wipe the cold exsudation from his forehead with an orange kerchief—but he will not again be carried in triumph through the woods of Cullen, amidst the applauses of the yeomanry, the hurras of the parson, the sexton, and the parish clerk, and the acclamations of the police.

SYBILL'S LETTER.

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little crow-quill, slight, and new:
Her small white hand could scarcely reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let a tear escape her,
The seal a Sun-flower 'Elle vous suit partout,'
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian,
The wax was superfine—its hue vermilion." BYRON.

SINCE thou hast left me, Youth is gone,—
Life flowing, like a stream, away;
And feelings turn'd almost to stone,—
And heart becoming cold as clay;
And thou hast almost ceased to be
Aught, save a dream-like form to me.

Yet oft at evening, 'mid the still
And silent music of my heart,
I hear a voice—I feel a thrill—
A sound that comes, and will not part—
A long, low murmuring—It should be
Thy Spirit's shadow over me.

And then a dark pervading sense
Of something near—yet still removed,—
A wild creation—so intense,
Of something long since seen, and loved,—
A strange revival of some scene
That scarce could be—yet must have been.

Such—such has absence made thee now,
And if thou glad'st not soon my eye,
Oh! even this will fainter grow,
Till Reason fade with Memory,—
And my lost heart become a cell,
Where nought but shapeless thoughts shall dwell.

There was a time when, for one hour,
In childhood, we were doom'd to part,
But when you grew a man, you swore
They should not sever heart from heart;
The spring of youth has left my brow,
Autumn is here—and where art thou?

And then you told me we should tread
Sweet foreign shores, and climes, together;
And press the wild flowers for a bed,
And make a pillow of the heather;
Oh! on a foreign shore I've slept—
Dream'd—turn'd to find thee—woke and wept.

Then, too, when pleasure grew to tears,
And music's spell was round us stealing,
You said those songs, in after years,
Should wake a deeper, holier feeling,—
Oh, I have sung them—oft, and long,
Till weeping choked the tone and song.

Thy pledge—the broken piece of gold,
Thou bad'st that I should wear, until
Thy memory—or my heart—grew cold,
Rests on it now—with icy chill,—
Come back—come back—if but to see
How I have kept my faith to thee.

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A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE CHEVALIER DU T——.

A LITTLE after the restoration of the Bourbons, an English gentleman and his wife were standing on the Quais de Voltaire, looking at a public building, when an old Frenchman, with a bow that contained as much introduction of himself as he appeared to think necessary, informed them that it was the Chamber of Deputies. "Over the way," said he, "is the Tuileries and the Place de Carousel, and a little beyond, Monsieur will come to the Champs Elysées." Having stated thus much, with an air as if he had entered on a pleasing duty, he again bowed with an anticipation of acknowledgment, seeming, at the same time, to deprecate the necessity of it, particularly from the lady.

The lady, however, thanked him with a smile, which threw into his third bow an expression full of gratitude; and he was proceeding still farther, and even to accompany the strangers, who had begun to move onward, when the husband, in a manner hardly civil, gave him to understand that the "Paris Guide" had informed him on all those points, and that, consequently, there was no necessity for giving himself trouble. The old gentleman first looked surprised, then a little offended; and finally resuming himself, with an air both of dignity and good-humour, said, "Monsieur will pardon an old Chevalier of St. Louis, who has lived in other times." Then, turning to the lady, and making a farewell bow, "Madam," said he, "you are charming."

Our Englishman felt extremely mortified. He had at no time a great opinion of French sincerity: he had just been reading the tricks of French sharpers; and to say the truth, had taken the stranger for one of them. The old gentleman's coat was a little the worse for wear; and our countryman was obliged to confess to himself, not without a blush, that what was, perhaps, a mark of honourable poverty, had been no small occasion of confirming him in his mistake. As he always acted for the best, however, when he was convinced of it, and had as much address under strong excitement as he appeared to want it in ordinary, he conquered his first feeling of pride; and fairly running back after the stranger, stood talking with him, to the great delight of his lady, who watched them at a distance, with their hats half a mile in the air. "Sir," said Mr. Forester (for so we may call him), "I have been unpardonably abrupt to a gentleman, whose manners, if I had considered them properly, I ought to have seen to be of the first distinction. I fear I have no right to claim his forgiveness; but the lady will be inconsolable, if Monsieur does not allow me to say that I have obtained it." The lady at a distance beheld her triumph in the expanding and pleased look of the Chevalier. "From something that caught my eye in passing," said he, "I found that Monsieur and Madame had not been before in Paris: perhaps I was a little abrupt myself; but to say the truth, there was something in the face of Madame that reminded me of circumstances connected with a very dear friend of my youth; and if you will permit me, it will be a great pleasure to me to return and say so."

This polite offer was accepted with due acknowledgments; the lady found herself highly flattered; and the old gentleman not only walked

about with them for upwards of an hour, but made himself so agreeable that the parties became acquaintances. The Englishman was not easy till the Frenchman dined with him; and the Frenchman, who said he lived like a bachelor now that his daughter was married, had the lady to make tea for him several times in the English fashion. "My Lady Fitzgerald,"* said he, "taught me to make tea; and I sometimes have an English evening with it, and read Mr. Pope and my Lord Shaftesbury. I know not whether our tea is as good as our books, for I am told it is a great science to make it. My daughter would have been charmed to be taught the duties of her tea-table better by Madam."

Our visitors were punctual to their first appointment with the Chevalier. They found him not only in very handsome apartments, but very handsomely, though unostentatiously dressed. The tea was brought in; the lady installed in her seat; and the garrulous, but always entertaining old gentleman, had soon made so many pleasant remarks on England and English ladies, and old times and new, and the Louvre and St. James's, and Pope, and Dr. Franklin, and Boileau, that the Englishman forgot his uneasy recollections of the old coat. "You are delightfully situate here, Sir," observed he, "and altogether (pardon me the observation) appear to me a very happy man." Our countryman had had his wine; and his heart doubly warmed towards the old gentleman, on account of his first mistake of him.

"Monsieur is very good," said the Chevalier: "I am indeed as happy as a man at my age well can be; for old people outlive their friends, and I have had some very dear ones. But I have no reason, thank God, to be ungrateful. Indeed, I am still happy, when not thinking of some that I have lost; and even then, am more serious than melancholy, for nothing can induce me to believe that I shall not see them again. Besides, I have such sons, and a daughter, as every body allows me to be proud of: and to tell you the truth, was a little gayer of late, than I am at present, on account of her having left me, as I told you, to be married." With these words, he rose and drew back a curtain from a portrait of a most beautiful creature, all bloom and life.

"What a burst of beauty!" cried the lady.

"You have daughters, Madam?"

"Yes, Sir; but none so beautiful as yours."

"Ha! ha!" cried the old gentleman, "there spoke the English sincerity. But, Madam, we have sincere people, too, in France, and this is one of them; and so," added he, in a gentler voice, "was her mother." He withdrew a second curtain; and a face as beautiful, but of a graver character than the other, was seen, and ten or a dozen years older.

"Many thanks, Sir," said the lady, after a pause, during which neither of the gentlemen spoke. The Chevalier kissed her hand, in a way which her husband, without knowing why, felt as a compliment to himself; and the curtains remaining undrawn, their host sat down with his back to his wife's portrait, and the conversation was resumed.

"Yes," said the Chevalier, "I have reason to be grateful, and I am

* Probably Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

so. Health is the foundation of all comfort, and I am in good health. One cannot taste the pleasures of life so briskly at sixty-five as one did at thirty; but then there is tranquillity, and books (I am very fond of books); and I have no time heavy on my hands. There is one very good thing in old age for a lover of books; which is, that the older you grow, the more you understand fine authors; and if I may so speak, grow up towards the height of their understandings. There are niceties in the great poets and philosophers, which I did not observe at forty. I had not become acquainted with the grounds of experience from which they drew their profundities."

"There is one bad thing," said Mr. Forester, "which you seem to have escaped in your acquisition of knowledge: I mean, an ill opinion of human nature. You hardly think worse of mankind, I should guess, now, than ever you did."

"Why should I?" returned the Chevalier: "I do not think ill of myself. I may not think myself quite so clever as I did at twenty, nor my betters quite so wise; but as I wish well to every body, I am bound to think others as well-inclined as myself, if they are as healthy and comfortable. There is a great deal of complexion in all that: ill opinions are bad blooded. So I rise pretty early in the morning; occupy myself before breakfast in writing some memorials of old times; walk about, as you saw, to look at books, pictures, and agreeable faces; dine; and either go to the theatre, or meet some pleasant friends elsewhere, or persuade them" (here he bowed) "to come and see me."

"Delightful!" said the lady: "I could almost wish myself a gentleman in your circumstances to live just like you."

"Ah, Madam!" cried the gallant old man, "that is a very different business. Your friends would rise in a body to beg you to remain as you are."

"These memoirs of yours, M. le Chevalier," said the husband, "must be very interesting. May I hope they will be printed?"

"It is very likely," answered M. du T. "I know that a great many people have written memoirs purely for their own amusement, or the edification of their children; but by the pains they take to inform you of their motives, they are evidently of opinion that the public, somehow or other, will get a peep. I confess I feel a pleasure in thinking I may talk a little to the world after I am dead. I shall still seem to be walking in the Boulevards. Besides, what I have got to say may be of a little use."

"I shall be delighted to see them published," said Mr. Forester, "especially as you think so:" (for our countryman, though not a professed Utilitarian at home, had the welfare of his species at heart, and was little short of a Benthamite when abroad.) "I shall expect," added he, "to find them a great deal more impartial than most works of the kind, for you appear to me remarkably so in your conversation."

"Sir," said the Chevalier, "I have lived in remarkable times, and been conversant with a remarkable variety of men. I have known D'Alembert, Malesherbes, and Carnot. I have dined one day with Beaumarchais, and the next with the good bishop (Gregoire). I have had the honour of conversing with Rousseau, with Voltaire, and with Joseph the Second: I have enjoyed all the delights of life with my old

friend the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the pleasantest of men; and I have laughed, sung, and chattered, and written verses and letters, with the Prince de Ligne: at least, he did me the honour of doing a great deal of all that to me; and I was satisfied with it, and so was the Prince."

The Englishman felt his breath almost carried away by this torrent of brilliant names.

"Finally, Sir," said the Chevalier, "my grandfather was one of the proudest and most bigoted of the old courtiers, and my daughter is married to the Duke de C." (Here the Englishman blushed about the old coat.)—"Whose grandfather," concluded the old gentleman, "was an ostler."

Our countryman again felt relieved. "And how is it, Sir," said he, "that you escaped during the Revolution? for impartiality was not a thing to save you."

"I was not impartial then," returned M. du T.; "I was very angry, particularly at not being able to make others impartial; so the Chevalier de Boufflers contrived that I should go and live with him in Prussia. I offended Napoleon (who was a great man for all that) by visiting Madame de Stael, so that he let me alone out of revenge, which at once flattered me and suited my way of life. You must know, between ourselves, that I was with La Fayette in America, and am one of the brotherhood of Cincinnatus. I acquired, however, sincere esteem for one of the members of Napoleon's family, who did me the honour to like my love of books; and so here I am, lounging about the Pont Neuf and the book-stalls, and loving the very same works and the same promenades that I did at twenty. Ah, Madam! when I look over the way, and see the same Louvre and the sunshine against the walls, and go and make the same turn round the corner to cross to the Champs Elysées, with a Boileau in my pocket that seems to be almost the same identical Boileau that I took there when my greatest pleasure, next to making love, was to think I could write a satire, I sometimes wonder to feel chilly as I go, and to be reminded by the stiffness of my knees that I am walking too fast."

"Surely, Sir," observed the lady, "a spirit like yours can never grow old: but there is one thing I wish to say, if you will give me leave. It is, that if you have not yet written the Introduction to your Memoirs, what you have just now said would make a very pretty one."

"Do you know, Madam," said he, "it is very dangerous to talk to an author of his Introduction? Why, he may have written whole volumes besides; and the reading of all ensues, if he once begin." The Chevalier's visitors protested that they should be flattered with hearing all; but he told them, he had really got but a little way in his first volume. "However," said he, "you shall have the substance of that, if you please, *viva voce*; and by way of illustration, as I have shown you two pictures, I will show you my third. Madame will then see what it was, besides her own beauty, that interested me so in her countenance."

The Chevalier took them into another room, and showed them the portrait of a lady in a nun's habit, certainly very like his fair visitor. The resemblance was acknowledged with the due expression of wonder by the gentleman, and with the proper modesty by the lady; and their

curiosity being now more excited than before, the Chevalier returned with them to the tea-table, and began:

"I was five-and-twenty years old," said he, "when some gay fellows and myself, who took ourselves for the successors of the wits of the past age, thought it incumbent upon us to make a *Voyage* in the style of Chapelle and Bachaumont. A second *l'ami Pompignan* had just made one, which we pronounced miserable; and part of our object was to render him miserable with making a better. We accordingly set out, and took as witty dinners as possible every day at the house of some acquaintance or other, disturbing, in truth, the pleasure of our commencement by too great an anxiety to be lively. By degrees, we grew too idle for writing; the fumes of the wine took the place of poetry and wit; and giving up our *Voyage* on paper, we enjoyed it the more in reality.

"The course of our excursion brought us to a chateau in Normandy, in the neighbourhood of which we became acquainted with one of the most charming of families. They were of high respectability; as good, and handsome, and cheerful as angels; and had a dash of something in their manners, which, without being rustic, was delightfully opposed to the grimaces of the capital. My friends, according to the fashion of thinking in those times, considered their good quarters to be secure, in more senses than one; but though the ladies (these were three daughters and a wife) were all as lively and good-humoured as innocence could make them, the witty hints and innuendoes of my companions were thrown away. We accordingly began to make love in a more serious manner; that is to say, to every one but the wife, who had an awkward trick of having no secrets from her husband. She could laugh ready to die at some of our stories; and then go and tell them to M. de B., who sometimes looked a little odd. So we let her alone. As to the girls, dear souls! the two eldest began to be doubtful, whether they should not take all the good qualities, which my companions attributed to themselves, for granted; and the youngest, who was assigned to me on account of my being the youngest of the men, very fairly owned to me, that if I did not think it too soon to make such an acknowledgment, she could marry me before the year was out, and love me to her dying day. The truth is, I had fallen in love myself without knowing it; and when I saw the tears come into her eyes as she made me this speech, I felt my own affected in like manner, which I took care not to mention to my friends.

"She was a fair beauty, with languishing blue eyes; tall, but exquisitely well shaped; and had a smile like an angel. She could be as giddy as the rest; indeed, the spirits of all three were excessive; and they were all, by the by, very handsome; yet, when you spoke to Julie of love (for such was her name), the breath seemed to die in her voice; and she looked so grateful, that one felt ashamed of not being good enough for her. How, thought I, can I deceive a person like this! Ah! little did I fancy at that time, that this tender and trusting girl would become one of the most judicious of mothers, and the charm of my life!"

The Chevalier paused here a moment, and his fair English visitor took occasion to give him another cup of tea. He bowed, and proceeded:—

"There came to our friend at the other house, a visitor from Paris, who was as profligate, and, between ourselves, as silly a fellow, as you could have found in the lowest chairs of the song-clubs. He was, however, a man of high rank and foppery, and professed to think it a capital joke to make an old country family believe it possible that one could marry them. At the same time, he thought nothing more easy; and accordingly, as the wife was 'disengaged,' he undertook to seduce her forthwith, upon the strength of a promise of marriage in case of her becoming a widow!

"This wiseacre, who took himself for another Count de Grammont, had the Memoirs of the Court of Charles with him, wherever he went; and nothing would satisfy him but he must be a Lord Rochester, and help us in our respective designs by playing the conjuror. Accordingly, we prevailed upon our excellent neighbour, 'the *bon-homme* of a Norman,' as he called him, to let us get up a kind of masquerade in his house; after which the Duke (for he was no less a personage) was to sleep there, and ourselves too. We did so. The ladies, who were delighted with the visit of so great a man, dressed themselves, to oblige him, in the costume of the time of Charles: we all did the like; and the Duke, in the course of the evening, changed his clothes, and, dressing himself like a conjuror, contrived to have the ladies brought before him, one by one, in a little room where he had installed himself. They were each, however, accompanied by a servant: my companions and I, pretending to help the others to see and hear in the door-way, contrived to let them hear as little as possible; and the Duke, enacting the beautiful part of a pandar, and repeating a number of things which he had got out of a book, inspected the palms of our fair ones, in order to tell their fortunes. He insinuated the merits of their lovers, in a style rendered more agreeable by the occasion than the oratory; and announced to them, that they were soon to have the most convincing proofs of our attachment for life. I shall never forget the lovely and trusting looks with which my Julie listened to this fellow, hanging on every syllable he uttered, and seeming to love him, as it were, by proxy. A little negro-boy, whom we had dressed up as her page, gaped and gazed by her side, as if he thought the Duke a real conjuror, though he had seen him dress; and a globe, and a proper gown and cap, completed the look of the room, though there was no alligator. The least enchanting part of the spectacle was the Duke's face, who could not look wise for the life of him.

"I was to sleep that night in a room, separated from that of my mistress by a long corridor and two other rooms, one of which was said to be haunted. Her maid-servant, who waited on all the sisters, had been gained over by the Duke; and, as it turned out, was the only conquest made by my dissipated companions. The two sisters sat up the rest of the night together in the old housekeeper's room, not because they intended to do so, but partly because the good woman was ill with her unlooked-for exertions, and partly because, talking together of the charming day they had had, and of the agreeable prospects before them, the time slipped away without their perceiving it.

"I had got, you must know, a good deal of wine in my head; and had the haunted room been twenty times as haunted as it was, there

was champaigne enough in my cranium to whirl its ghosts into nothing. The worse they had been, the better. I could have danced a saraband with a fellow clanking his chains; and looked upon the Devil himself as an ill-used gentleman, who was to be made merry. And this reminds me of a saying of De Castries, a fellow in the most profligate circles of the Regent Duke of Orleans, at a time, by the way, when profligacy and superstition went hand in hand, and people believed a ghost or a fortune-teller one day, as if for no purpose but to commit crimes out of desperation the next. It was told De Castries that a very wicked old father of a friend of his, shrewdly suspected of knowing more of a certain young lady than it is bearable to think of, had certainly appeared to the person in question, and opening the garment which he wore, showed him the heart in his bosom, enveloped in flames. 'More shame,' cried De Castries, 'for those who can treat a gentleman so ill. What the devil! are we to have none but a parcel of liars to teach us, and then go —— for not believing them?' This story made a great impression on every body, particularly my father. He took pains to show me why the offence attributed to the old man was full of evil consequences to society, and how much better it was to know this, and to cultivate truth and generosity as safeguards for virtue, than give rise to these dreadful recriminations. If ever you feel any movements towards superstition, said he, endeavour to turn them towards the kindly side; and keep yourself in heart with God and man.

"It was curious enough, but it so happened, that the only superstition which ever took hold upon me, was one of the very temper he spoke of. I was inoculated with it by a maid-servant, who used to give assignations to her lover in a room full of pictures. I had happened to say one evening, as I went at dusk with her through this room, that the portrait of a lady, with a beautiful but melancholy face, looked as if it could ask us to stop and sit down beside it, to give it consolation. The servant took the hint, and begging me not to repeat what she told me, because the family did not like to have it talked about, said, that in the time of my grandfather, something like that very circumstance had happened; for that the lady's face had moved, and looked at him as he went along, with the most beautiful melancholy smile in the world, as if she had some request to make; but the good gentleman was so frightened, that he could never bear to go through the room again. It was thought, she said, that the lady was uneasy about a grand-daughter of her's, then on a visit in the neighbourhood, who afterwards was seduced by the fine Marquis de V. and broke her heart.

"As I grew up, I saw very well what had been the occasion of this story, and yet, to show the nature of these things, I never could get the impression of it quite out of my head. In particular, whenever I saw a fine melancholy portrait, 'the sad lady' was sure to come vividly in my mind; and all ladies in pictures, with faces of that cast, appeared to me so many broken-hearted beauties, seduced by the Marquis de V. Had I seen a picture of an old sinner with a flame in his bosom, I should have laughed, and thought of De Castries; but I was not proof against reasonableness and the nursery thus coming together.

"Well, Madam, to come to my story, as my old friend Lecginski

used to say, at page 40 of whatever he was telling us;—I proceeded from my chamber, with my head full of wine, and my heart of tenderness, to go and persuade Julie to take the Duke for a real conjuror, having first endeavoured to persuade myself that it would be wrong to enchain her for life. I passed the haunted room, and was entering the other, when a female issued from the opposite door, holding a light. I confess, that, in spite of the wine in my head, I started. It was Julie herself, who, with a little surprise in her face, and more sweetness, asked me if I had missed the way to my bed-room. With all my love of truth, which was very genuine as far as it went, I had dealt in a hundred little disingenuous tricks which appeared to me very harmless; and was accordingly delighted at breaking through my first difficulty so well. I let her remain in her error, without positively answering in the affirmative; and, with the most delightful mixture of simplicity and tenderness, she directed me which door to go to. 'But how came you out of your room, charming Julie?' said I, at the same time showing no haste to be gone, and commencing a style of unusual earnestness. 'Oh, she was coming to play a hymn on the organ, (there was one in the room,) as she did every night when the house was going to rest.'—'What! would you ruin me?' exclaimed I, incautiously. 'How ruin you, Chevalier?' cried the dear creature, with unaffected astonishment. 'Suppose they find me here,' said I. She smiled, but with a blush, and said, 'that they would not think of coming to look for us; that the sound of the organ was expected every night by her father and mother, who would not go to sleep comfortably without it; that the servants were afraid of approaching the room, because it had the reputation of being haunted; and that if any body did come, what then? M. du T. had lost his way, and had only stopped to hear the hymn, —if you must hear it,' added she, 'for I have but a poor voice.' Here, thought I, is a mixture of opportunity and heavenly obstacles! 'And do you add then,' said I, 'the charm of singing to all the attractions that have already made me love you so unbearably?'—'Ah,' returned Julie, 'I am glad you loved me before you heard me sing; for though I am fond of music, and sing in time and in tune, my voice is really weak and poor, and I am afraid it will be poorer now than ever, for somehow you make it tremble.'

"The dear girl sat down, and with a face as abstract and devout as she could make it, began a prelude to her hymn, and then the hymn itself. I could not get it out of my irreligious head at first, that the family would be roused and come in; but the sound of that truly divine instrument, which, by its rolling into infinitude (if one may so speak), as well as its appropriation to the offices of worship, appeals to whatever piety we have within us, and which I had never heard in my sober moments without feeling at once all the strength of my aspirations and the weakness of my mortality, became a second check to the vicious part of my intoxication;—the idea of a ghost was the first. Thus my poor Julie had two baulks in her favour; and when I heard her pure and fervent voice, weak indeed, but the more touching under the circumstances, rising in a hymn to the Virgin, the subject of which was an imploring of her guardianship during the night, I felt that I loved her the better every moment, and so far could not cease to love her as I had fancied. But I was a poor Catholic. Something of the trickery of the creed

again became present to my mind, as the rest of it seemed to take part against me; and by the time she had done, I was prepared to excuse myself for resisting the truth, by reason of the falsehood that was mixed up with it. Religion, I thought, was bound to be very indulgent to those whom it threatened so terribly; and, besides, it really was so. The Catholic, after all, is a very indulgent creed.

"Accordingly, I resumed my attentions with more *empressement* than ever. 'And such, then,' said I, stealing an embrace, as if in a paroxysm of piety, 'is the charming ghost, the sweet angel rather, that visits the haunted room!'—'No,' said Julie, 'it is not I that am the ghost: it is sister Magdalen: don't you know poor sister Magdalen?' —'No, indeed; I know rich sister Adelaide, and rich sister Marie, both rich in beauty and goodhumour, and richer than all in the riches of sister Julie; but I know not sister Magdalen.' 'Sister Magdalen,' continued Julie, not at all smiling at her union of the two words, as she would have done under other circumstances, 'was an aunt of my mother's, who believed every thing said to her by a vicious man, and so she died of a broken heart. A little before her death, she had her portrait taken; it is there, on the wall; and the servants have got a notion that if any one looks at it in going through the room, it blushes and seems to beg they would not.'

"Behold a coincidence with the picture in my father's house; an appeal to me in the only way in which I was inclined to be superstitious! Julie rose, and going to the picture, held the light over it. It was the portrait of the female, Madam, in a nun's dress, that is such a resemblance to yourself. It is more pale, indeed, and has more sorrow in the face, than I trust will ever be in yours; but still it is very like, especially about the eyes. I could hardly help fancying that I really saw a blush stealing over the paleness; but the next minute I thought the look was that of warning, if not of threat. The eyes seemed to pierce into mine, and to say, 'Beware!' I need not add, that this expression was not in the picture. It was in my conscience.

"I turned aside, to take refuge in the eyes of my companion. Her right-hand was in my own, her left held the light, lifted up; and my arm being round her waist, I felt her heart suddenly beat still faster than before. 'How could a man,' said I, not very sincerely, 'ill-use a face like that!' and so saying, I polluted the first kiss of love with a falsehood. It was much the worse for it, too, sweet as it was,—sweeter than I ever tasted before. Julie's was disturbed also, but with another feeling. 'Good-night!' said she, 'dear M. du T.; I will pray for you before I sleep: and you will pray for me?'

"I detained her with the tenderest caresses, assuring her all the while that I was a very different lover from the deserter of the nun, and really loving her more and more, and resolving to be very good in due season. The sight of the picture had, in fact, completed my recovery from the ordinary part of my intoxication; and I felt certain that I could never desert so much love and goodness, or incur the worst reproaches of the face of poor Magdalen. Had the superstition been of the vulgar or terrific kind, I should perhaps have been more startled in the first instance; but, supposing it possible to have retained any belief in it, I should have been re-intoxicated in the worst way with a compound of doubt, anger, and scorn; and paid myself for my own fears,

and the hellishness of my threatener, with a desperate defiance of consequences. This is the 'glowing guilt' which your great poet, Mr. Pope, speaks of, in his letter of Eloise; and is a very dangerous drug to administer, particularly to the pampered palates of the rich and wilful. People may even take a pride in defying consequences to themselves, which they would shudder at, if handsomely shown their effects on the innocent and their posterity.

"Notwithstanding, however, my good intentions of reparation, enough danger remained to my poor Julie in my very tenderness; for I had been used of late to very ill companions, and should have been puzzled, after all, to know how to distinguish her kindness from that of any others of her sex, or to feel secure of her in the light of a wife. An argument came most unexpectedly to her aid, and out of her own lips. I had startled, and had frightened her; I had melted her into a paroxysm of tears and entreaties, which only served to make her more lovelily bewitching; but oh, Madam! the only safe thing in the world came to her aid, the only final security,—the habit of truth and openness. 'No,' said she, 'dearest Henri, I must not stay with you, even another minute. Hear me, O hear me, M. du T. I have no secrets from my mother; no, not one; nor could I, if I would. I could not hide them in my face; I could not hide them in my voice; I could not help speaking to her before she spoke to me, that she might not think I had for a moment wished to beguile her: for—nay, Sir, let me say all,—she has no secrets from me. If my mother, indeed——but that is impossible. I have been brought up with very different opinions. Oh, Sir, you have praised the love of truth in our family, but you know not to what an extent we carry it: we have none but transparent hearts among us; and to take the truth out of one, would go nigh to kill all; assuredly it would be the death of that one.' She sobbed on my shoulder, and was so unequivocally agitated, that I felt I had a new task in consoling her. 'We know,' resumed she, 'all the past life of our mother; we know even the commonest worldly affairs of my father: he advises with us, like friends: one interest, he says, makes one counsel; and the moment we arrive at a particular age, when our actions become of consequence to the rest, from that moment there is no such thing as a secret among us. Oh, Henri, think of the pain and misery——but no; do not think of that; think of the pride and pleasure, with which you could take me before my father and mother in your hand, and claim me, with sincerity on all sides, for your own; nay, if you will say not a word farther but to bless and agree with me, think of the pride and pleasure with which I myself, if it were allowed, could go with you before them this moment, and say, 'He helped to preserve me, and I love him! Come.'—She made a movement, as if, in leading me out of the room, she was really about to do what she said; and the light, as she held it up, glowing down on her face, showed me a countenance so radiant with sincerity and love, that I then, for the first time in my life, knew what it was, thoroughly to be enamoured. From that moment I had more pleasure in being simply in her presence, than in all the gratifications the world had yet afforded me.

"'Delight of my heart!' cried I, 'fear me not, though I embrace you once more. I feel ashamed of the shame which——but I talk unintelligibly. By and by, you shall hear all. Sweet and womanly angel,

your divine hymn was affecting; your poor sister Magdalen was more so; but it is the truth of that face, and the entireness of thy nature, that has done all; no coldness, no recklessness; all sweetness. May I prove myself not unworthy of it!'

"In short, Madam, I said a thousand fond things, as I suffered her to guide me back to the door, holding her hand all the while, and looking in her face. 'Utter the words *I love you*, once more,' said I, on taking leave, 'that I may feel you have quite forgiven, and will not think ill of me.' She replied, with an exquisite instinct of mingled fondness and care, guarding both of us, as it were, by the help of a graver sentiment, 'My father and mother sleep at the end of that corridor before us; my sisters lie to the right. I love you, and bless you.'

"Twenty years of as great happiness as man can enjoy, did I pass with the dearest of women. I sometimes fancy that I had too much happiness, and was bound to take my share of evil, by living all the rest of my days with her. She died a little after giving birth to my Felicie, whom I have endeavoured to make as like her as possible."

The Chevalier paused with emotion; but quickly recovering himself, added, "You may like to hear what became of my companions?"

"The very thing," said Mr. Forester, "that I was just going to ask."

"My father-in-law," resumed he, "was pleased to say of us, when I made my proposals to him, that he had seen from the beginning a good deal that he augured well of in myself, and a considerable quantity of rascality in my friends. 'Their talk overpowered me,' said he, 'in one respect; and to confess the truth, I was flattered by the visit of a Duke; but I was on my guard nevertheless.' So much, thought I, for simplicity! When truth itself begins to be suspicious, it is too apt to be in the right. Hearing the organ at the usual time, and being confident of his children, as well as inclined to think well of me, his attention had been taken up with my two companions and the Duke, whom he saw lurking about with one of the maid-servants. The servant was prevented next day from re-appearing; and the gentlemen never came again, 'leaving me,' as they said with a wink, 'in better luck.' I confess I was not sorry at the moment to have no opportunity of undeceiving them; so strong is the fear of ridicule, even from the worthless; but I gave them as early an occasion as possible to think their worst of me, by becoming a husband. One of them afterwards became a minister of police under the Imperial government; another turned out better than was expected, and is now a general officer with a fair reputation. As to the poor Duke, he underwent a sad fate, not for his vices, but his dukedom; which got him sent to the scaffold He there, however, had to undergo a moment more terrible than death, which he might have escaped, had he been less noble and better taught; for in the face of his executioner he recognized that of a man whose daughter he had seduced, and whose son he had ruined for killing some game. The man looked at him with a terrible eye, and said, 'Who is the game now?'"

LONDON LYRICS.

To Monsieur Laporte.—The Lament of the Orchestra.

Laporte, of Gallic breed and fame,
Purveyor chief in Music's name
  Of jigging and of singing—
Opera Ti-to-tum, whence the sounds
Of Discord that thy realm rebounds,
  Until our ears are ringing?

Methinks it was a scurvy deed,
To stint each journeyman in need
  The shilling on his tally;
Then stall the pit, and add yet more
To prices much too dear before,
  For foreign squeak and ballet.*

The Trombone growls a curse on thee,
The Viol roars, for hungrily
  Its strings unrosin'd grate;
The French-horn rumbles, hollow, weak,
Its breath full notes no more can make,
  It heaves in ptysick'd state.

The Clarionet is singing small,
And scarcely gives a note at all,
  Or but consumptive treble;
Bassoons groan deep, like starving bears,
Or Irish judges by the ears
  About an Orange rebel.

The Fiddles make a horrid din,
Enough to pour an anchorite's sin
  In oaths on their vile scraping:—
" O Tweedle-dum, our lord and master,
Our visceral strings will meet disaster,
  Music they are but aping—

" Thy bowels have no sympathy
For brethren worn as weak as we;
  Restore us to condition;
Alas! each hair that grinds a chord,
Vibrates some malison or word,
  That gives thee to perdition.

" Bochsa, thy moral music-mate,
Our lean cause will not advocate,
  Though life is nigh to sever;
Each note comes fainter every bar,
Eternal silence is not far,
  To hush our strains for ever!

" Great Tweedle-dum Laporte, we pray,
Consider our dire necessity!"—
  'Twas thus the Fiddles spoke;
As vain Duke Newcastle may try
To swear this Isle to bigotry—
  Their prayer dispersed in smoke.

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* Laporte, the manager of the Opera, has erected stalls in the pit, let at *advanced* prices, and dismissed some of the best performers of the orchestra, because they will not play at *reduced* salaries.

A TOUR IN MEXICO IN 1827.*

17th.—From Tianguistengo, we found ourselves obliged to make a still more circuitous tour among the mountains than we had been led to expect. Great part of this route is scarcely known but to the Indians, and was probably never before undertaken by an English traveller. Our Arriero being unacquainted with it, we were obliged to depend on casual information, and as passengers and habitations were alike rare, found ourselves often much at a loss. I do not remember that we saw a single inhabited hut this morning; but we were frequently disappointed at seeing what at a short distance appeared such, but on approach proved invariably deserted, having been only erected for use during the season when the crops of maize are collected. The scenery was very magnificent. Our path often wound down the side of some mountain, the direct descent of which was fearful to contemplate, only to ascend another equally steep beyond it. Their tops are chiefly covered with large fir, and their bases generally divided from each other by a swift, clear stream of water, overhung by trees of different kinds, dipping their boughs in its current. When, on attaining some high summit, we could take an extended survey of the mountainous scenery around, though impossible to satiate the gaze, the mind shrunk at the immensity of the landscape. Grand as it was, and seen only for a moment, it seemed beyond and above our capacity of enjoyment, like those hues

"Of the sky,
Which from our earthly memory fade away."

There was scarcely a sign of animated life in all the mighty range, excepting our own small party moving slowly on. Not even a little bird chirped on the bushes near us, but the harsh scream of the guagua, or maccaw, was sometimes heard, resounding at such a distance as only added to the dreary impression of solitude. In the afternoon we arrived at the village of Huchiquitlan, not above two or three leagues from our last resting-place. As it was Sunday, all the inhabitants of the environs were, according to custom, collected in the plaza, or market-place, in front of the little church, trafficking in their fruits and vegetables, and such pedlary articles as are usually exhibited at these weekly markets or fairs. The only fruit, however, which I remarked was a few plantains, apparently brought from a distance. We met a good woman here who lived at a place called Colouacan, about a league farther on our road; and being anxious to proceed as far as possible, she promised to give us a shelter there. We found Colouacan to consist of half a dozen huts, of which hers was the largest and best. The family consisted of a fine young woman, two little girls under twelve, and two children. The girls struck me as lovely specimens of the Spanish Creole race. The Spaniards themselves whom I met with in Mexico are in general of a harsh and dry exterior, while the pure Indian shows a dull, broad set of features, somewhat resembling those of an Esquimaux, and repulsive to a European. The race sprung from these different sources, however, is possessed of greater attractions. Black eyes, very long lashes, and good teeth, are found not unfrequently united to an oval countenance, decked with fine and flowing hair. Their charms also ripen more rapidly than in northern climates; and even children are distinguished by a pensive expression of features, and signs of maturity, the contrast of which to their light, infantine figures, renders their appearance peculiarly interesting. An European who looks at them, may sometimes forget the absence of that delicacy of skin, and beauty of complexion, which a torrid climate can seldom boast. Their prematurity, however, is balanced by as early a decay, to which the heating nature of their food, always seasoned with chili, and the charcoal fumes with which their habitations are filled, may, perhaps, contribute as much as the climate. With the evening, arrived at our hut a young fel-

* Concluded from page 162.

low, husband of the eldest daughter, and apparently lately married, which I suppose occasioned the allotment to them of a separate division of the hut, but did not prevent our sharing it for that night. The trouble and inconvenience thus imposed by our visit on this goodnatured family was not submitted to by them from a desire of gain. They asked only four rials (two shillings English) for our accommodation, including a fowl, with tortillas and frijoles, dressed for our supper, and a plentiful supply of milk in the morning. We had also brought a stock of chocolate from Huchiquitlan, which is one of the main resources of the traveller in Mexico.

18th.—On leaving Colouacan, we ascended a long, steep hill by a road which looked like a ditch dug out in the wet clayey soil. It was so deep and narrow as quite to exclude the rays of the sun, and prevent any view of the surrounding country. The sides were consequently always dripping, like those of a cavern, the moisture from which found its way downwards in a small dribbling rill between our feet. One of the baggage mules a little in advance of our party, made a violent effort to mount a gap on one side, but tumbling back, rolled over several times, and I thought would not have stopped till it had overturned all in the rear, and sent us rolling down the hill together. After toiling great part of the day up this tedious ascent, we reached Aguacatlan, a small village, prettily situated in a valley fringed with spreading trees. We rested here an hour or two, but could find no person who understood, or would appear to understand a word of Spanish. The only answer to our inquiries for some articles of sustenance was "Amounka, amounka;" equivalent to the Spanish "No hay" (there is none), so often encountered in this country. Any intimations of a disposition to enter the huts of these harmless, but extremely timorous people, filled them with dismay. One might have imagined that the invasions and oppressions of Cortez and his followers were still fresh in their recollections, and that the impressions then made unfavourable to the European character, had descended to them by tradition, with little diminution from subsequent opportunities of intercourse. At length, by the mediation of our Arriero, who knew something of the Indian language, we gained admission into one of their huts, where we got some eggs boiled, and a pot of some kind of young greens. This last was a very great treat to us; and the good people, who, now that we were quietly seated among them, laid aside their alarm, showed more amusement than disapprobation at the eagerness with which we appropriated what they had prepared for themselves. Our road to Calnales, another village, two leagues farther on, was tolerably level and good. Here we were introduced to a large public apartment as our place of lodging, the mud floor of which, though rather uneven, was swept clean. Adjoining was the prison, but untenanted; and in front, across a small plaza, a neat little chapel. In expectation of our supper, it was delightful to ramble among the beautiful orange trees surrounding every house. The fruit was fine, and almost as numerous as the leaves, but so green as not yet to be distinguished from them by colour. The village and valley are overlooked by a remarkable rock, called the Aguila, which struck me by its resemblance, though on a smaller scale, to the Ailsa rock on the coast of Scotland.

19th.—For our supper of the preceding night, consisting of three fowls, with the usual accompaniments of frijoles and tortillas, we paid only seven rials (three shillings and sixpence), and left Calnales highly pleased with the friendly and simple manners of its nearly Indian population. I could not help remarking to-day what seemed at first an army of small green insects, of the most various and fantastic shapes, but all crossing in the same direction the path we were pursuing. On examination, I found them to be ants, carrying every one a piece of the same kind of green leaf, large enough completely to cover and conceal their bodies. Ludicrous as the comparison may seem, I was irresistibly reminded of "Birnam wood marching to Dunsinane." I killed with my sword a snake lying asleep on the point of a rock, close to my path. It was rather longer and more slender than a European viper, and of a bright green colour. We entered to-day the district of La Mesa, or Table Land,

where the country, though flat, is still picturesque and well-wooded. We passed two small villages, but without stopping, till we reached Mexatlan, by far the worst quarters we were thrown in during our journey. Before arriving there, we saw a mountain, near which we passed, literally on fire. The grass and brushwood at its base having been ignited, according to the usual method in these parts of clearing the ground for cultivation, the flame had communicated itself, and the whole hill was blazing upwards like one immense bonfire, which even by daylight presented a splendid spectacle. At Mexatlan we could discover only three dirty, miserable huts, at some distance from the road, concealed among thick foliage. Here it was with grudging that they bestowed on us a draught of water; and though we saw no few poultry around us, we were peremptorily denied any thing to satisfy our hunger. The manners of the inhabitants were such, that I could not but say to myself, if these were fair specimens of the natives as found by the first invaders, they might be excused for all the cruelties inflicted on them. We deemed it advisable, however, to confine ourselves to more gentle methods, and the sight of some silver was the prevailing argument which at length induced them to part with a young turkey to us. Having paid the money, we were allowed to enter the huts, but were quickly driven out again by the stench and filth, which corresponded perfectly with their exterior appearance and that of their tenants. Neither was the courtesy we experienced from the female inmates of these dwellings such as to tempt us to prolong our stay in them. I had summoned all my gallantry on entering in the hope of softening the heart of a good dame who sat toasting tortillas: but she either did not understand my fine speeches, or was unwilling to waste her own in reply. Losing patience at last, I snatched up one of her cakes, at which she uttered the most dissonant scream, and had I not made good my retreat in the most hasty manner possible, would, I fear, have knocked me down with one of the stones she used in kneading them. There was even here a person calling himself Alcalde, who sold me for a rial his wand of office, the necessary appendage of that authority. We were obliged to lay our beds in a ruined cattle-shed, with little covering left overhead, and plenty of mud beneath. Here we were chiefly tormented by the sharp bites of a winged insect, which I never met with elsewhere. It seemed a very diminutive beetle, not much larger than a flea, and black in colour; which, burying half its body in the flesh, left a bloody mark that itched for days after. In this situation, the only alleviating circumstance was the natural beauty of the spot. We were surrounded by orange and lime-trees of every different species, and above all the high citron-tree, whose fruit had already acquired that magnificent size and pale golden colour which entitle it the "fairest of fruit."

20th.—We started earlier than usual this morning, glad to leave our unpleasant quarters. Our road still lay over La Mesa, and, though less grand, the scenery was equally romantic, and presented a greater diversity of animal and vegetable life. Our path often resembled the close smooth walk through a shrubbery, edged with the most beautiful and curious shrubs and plants. The bird called in Mexico the calandria, often darted before us, displaying in its colours the contrast of the brightest orange to the deepest jet. The beautiful cardinal, all red, even to the hue of its bill, frequently on some bush not far off charmed us as well by its note as its plumage. I should in vain attempt to describe the endless and gaudy variety of butterflies that floated in the air around us. Yet the most brilliant of these did not surpass a large species of dragon fly, some of which had a yellow, others an azure spot at the tip of each of their four wings. The texture of the wings being transparent, these colours, when in quick motion, are the only part visible, and playing around the body produce a magical effect. We crossed in the morning with some difficulty, and not without a wetting, a broad swift stream of water; and were not a little pleased to meet on the other side a party of Arrieros with loaded mules, which seemed to indicate that we were once more entered on a somewhat frequented path. They in-

quired anxiously concerning the depth of the stream we had just crossed. We rested at noon at a small neat village called Clapesco, three leagues from Mexatlan. On comparison of the two places, we were struck, as we had been on more than one former occasion, at the partial and capricious spread of civilization in the country through which we were travelling. Nothing could surpass the clean and cheerful looks of all the family in whose cottage we stopped to refresh ourselves. We saw here, for the first time, that troublesome insect the garrapata, which we had been taught by report to hold in so much dread. It resembles a bug in size and shape, but is of a light brown colour. Like a tick, it is accustomed to fix itself fast into the flesh, so that the head will often remain when the body is removed: but the application of a lighted segar, in the first instance, will speedily make it let go its hold. As we approached the coast, we found them literally swarming in the long grass and low shrubs, from which, with great speed, they transfer themselves to the animal, and thence to the person of the traveller. Between Clapesco and another village, called Aguatipan, distant five or six leagues, we passed through a grove of plantains on the bank of the river, the main channel of the streams from the mountains, to which our road had again brought us. The freshness of the shade afforded by these gigantic plants is truly delicious. The fruit, which hung down in enormous clusters towards us, was out of our reach even on horseback. But it was green, being usually gathered in that state to ripen. At the entrance of Aguatipan I observed a young negress, almost the only one I ever saw in the interior of Mexico. Her symmetry was admirable, and the bright deep hue of her skin lost nothing by comparison with the dull brown colour of the Indians. The houses are prettily disposed round an oval level space, skirted with trees. The huts themselves, much prettier than those we had hitherto met with, being built wholly of cane, and thatched with the leaves of the palm. Of similar materials are constructed a bed and table; and often seats in front of the habitation, under a verandah of the same work. The perfect uniformity and simplicity of these abodes produce a pleasing effect. Their inhabitants, indeed, were not much disposed to pay any attention to strangers, and our company was rather suffered than welcomed. Thus we were disappointed of our supper, but much pleased with our lodging, in a large shed, the lower part of which was intended as a shelter for cattle, but the upper part, separated by a layer of reeds, at a good distance from the ground, formed a comfortable kind of loft for our beds.

21st.—We entered this morning on a marshy country, in which we found the mosquitoes very numerous, though not so indefatigable as we were afterwards doomed to experience them. Proceeding about a league, we came to the river of which I have already spoken, over which we were ferried in a canoe, formed of the hollowed trunk of a large tree. Although the stream was scarcely one hundred yards broad, the crossing it was attended with much delay, it being necessary entirely to unload the horses and mules, and take across the baggage in the canoe at several turns. The animals themselves are transported by a rope fastened round their necks and held by some person in the canoe, by which, being dragged into the water, they are guided across. We reached in the afternoon Puerta del Calabozo, a village three or four leagues farther on, where we had again to cross the river; but finding the difficulties of embarkation still greater than in the morning, resolved to defer it till next day. This was evidently a very unhealthy spot. The ground was so swampy that it was hardly possible to pass from any one hut to another, without stepping in mud up to the ancles. Necessity, however, at first, and afterwards curiosity, prompted us to penetrate to the interior of several, which we found in a sad sickly state. Many were the deplorable objects, wasted away to pale skeletons, apparently in the last stage of virulent fever. We considered these as symptoms of our entrance on the dreaded region of the yellow-fever, and feared that we should find similar or progressively worse ones, throughout our progress to the coast, always the worst seat of infection. But these apprehensions proved happily unfounded,

though increased at the time by the gloomy predictions of the poor sufferers here. Every one seemed either under the influence of sickness, or of a sullen, silent melancholy, inspired by the dread of it. We hired an empty house at a dollar the night, which the owner, a sulky old woman, exacted in advance, observing that she had been once cheated by some of our countrymen. It was not till after several rebuffs that we prevailed on her to get something for our supper; but I fancied that she had been soured by the loss of some or all of her relatives, for the poor soul seemed quite alone and comfortless. Some milk which we obtained here had such a peculiar flavour as to induce me to content myself with a very moderate draught.

22d.—It rained heavily, to complete the inconvenience of our passage in a leaky canoe. The natives who assisted commented on this as the attendant of a sickly season. Not more than three leagues on the other side of the stream, we came to Tantayouca; the first place deserving the name of a town that we had met with since Zacualtipan, where we turned out of the main road, which we had just re-entered. Although we had made but half a day's journey, we felt constrained to halt on finding ourselves once more among houses built of stone, and shops furnished with European articles. The town is not large, but cheerful; and, as we did not see any symptoms of sickness, so neither did we find any gloomy forebodings of it. The schoolmaster of the place very politely resigned to us his own apartment, adjoining the public school-room. This, indeed, was rather a noisy neighbourhood, the boys bawling out their lessons all at once, on what, I believe, is called the Lancasterian system.

We spent most of the evening in conversation with the master, Don Manuel Manso, a person of more intelligence than had lately fallen in our way. He affirmed the Holy Alliance (Santa Liga) to be "una conspiracion contra las luces del siglo." Of his own countrymen he spoke in general as an unenlightened set, and was evidently desirous to convince us of his own particular superiority. The luxury of a clean tablecloth and a silver fork was not the less appreciated by us here, from our preceding meals having been for some time eaten merely with the aid of our fingers.

23d.—Soon after leaving Tantayouca, the road enters on groves of palm-trees, extending in every direction as far as the eye can reach. This view, though novel and striking at first, soon acquires a character of sameness from the uniformity of their round tops and straight trunks. About mid-day we stopped to luncheon at a few huts called Les Huevos. The inmates of one of these, a middle-aged matron and her young daughter, were both very lively in conversation, and showed great briskness at a repartee, which we attributed to their frequent intercourse with passengers in this part of the road. We saw only a few more huts, at a short distance from the road, and none of such an appearance as to tempt us to approach them till we reached, just before nightfall, Los Alacranes, nearly four leagues farther on. This is a rancho, or small farm, comprising two or three dwellings, inhabited by a numerous family. For our bed-room we were accommodated with a loft, such as I have described on a former occasion.

24th.—The same scenery as yesterday: a flat uninteresting country, with palm-trees. After proceeding between two and three leagues, we again crossed the river in a canoe, at a place called Chiquian. Here were a few habitations where we could obtain nothing eatable but some young palm-tree hearts; which, when newly cut, are as sweet and crisp as a chesnut; and, stewed, form a wholesome and savoury dish. A little farther on, at the larger village of Tanceme, we were saluted from the mouths of a hundred dogs at once. It is not the custom of this country to destroy any part of a litter, so that almost every house harbours a little pack of these animals, which fly out and bark with the utmost fury at passengers, but never bite. In the interior many betake themselves to the mountains, where they herd with the jackalls, and, I believe, intermix their breed with them. Here they are used to rouse the jaguar, or, as it is usually called, the tiger of America. This animal, which is of rather a torpid nature, when disturbed by their

barking, instead of turning on his hunters, is apt to seek refuge in a palm-tree, where they have a good opportunity of shooting it. The ocelot, or Mexican cat, called by the natives tigrillo, is also found in these palm-forests. I procured a skin of each kind. That of the jaguar measured about five feet, and its tail two more, and resembles the leopards of the old continent. The ocelot is not above half the size, but its fur is much finer, beautifully marked along the back and sides with dark stripes, and its belly white with a sprinkling of little black spots. This species was represented to me as more fierce and ravenous than the other, but neither will often attack man, if not provoked. We passed no more habitations till we reached, at sunset, the rancho of Canchegil, having journeyed in the day about eight leagues. The family here was small, and in a state of great poverty. Our supper consisted of a dish of "carne charqueada," charque', or, as the Americans of the United States term it, "jirked" beef. A lump of meat is sliced round, somewhat as one would pare an apple, in stripes not exceeding half an inch in thickness, but extending several yards in length. These are hung up to dangle and dry in the sun. They thus become rather hard, but that fault is remedied by an immoderate quantity of lard used in stewing them. The want of a candle was here poorly supplied by a slip of rag dipped in some kind of grease: this being ignited, flamed for a minute or two, and gave us an opportunity of casting a glance around the loft in which our beds were laid. There was great difficulty, however, in holding this flimsy torch so as to keep the lighted end uppermost, and not burn one's fingers. Hearing a rustling in the thatch over my head, I looked up and saw, just above, a scorpion, startled probably by the blaze, winding his bloated body and long train from among the palm-leaves. The light went out just as I had discovered the character of this disagreeable guest. I was rather alarmed, never having in the interior seen any of half the size of this, which was, I suppose, four inches in length. But the sting even of these large ones, as I have since witnessed, though indeed exquisitely painful, is by no means fatal.

25th.—Our mules taking fright and starting off at full speed as soon as loaded, in quite a different direction from that which we intended, gave us a long chase after them. One bore on his back a young parrot, of a small green species (cotorra), crimson on the top of the head and around the bill, which I had bought the day before for four rials. It was, as may be supposed, soon dislodged from its post in the race, and did not again make its appearance. After travelling a league or two, we found ourselves obliged to ford a large pool or lake. The water was very muddy, notwithstanding which I could not resist the temptation of cooling my limbs in it. Near at hand were a few huts, in one of which we found a delicious refreshment in some acoque, or sour milk. I obtained here for a couple of dollars two young parrots of the species called loro: green like the cotorra, but larger, and having orange on the crest and throat instead of crimson. Thousands of both kinds were continually flying and screaming around us among the palms through which we were still travelling, and in which they build their nests. Ere we reached the resting-place for the night, the scenery assumed a more diversified appearance, being very fertile and well-wooded with trees of various descriptions. We slept at a solitary rancho, named El Paso de Mayo, which is only at a short day's journey from the coast and the town of Tampico. We found, on arriving, only one woman, who repulsed our addresses with much discourtesy. But on her husband's return from the labours of the day, her demeanour suddenly changed, and she proceeded to cook for us a supper of "carne charqueada," and supplied us also with a little aguardiente, attending us in the most obliging manner. Hence it was evident that her previously impolite behaviour had been but the effect of her apprehensions of us as strangers, in the unprotected state in which she was then left. Here were some cattle beset in a most frightful manner by a species of garrapata, different from that which attaches itself to man, and of the size of a common English beetle. The ears and other parts of horses and cows, were literally filled with them. In a division of the hut in which,

separate from the rest of its tenants, we stretched our mattresses, I observed on the walls several spiders of marvellous dimensions. They do not appear to use webs either for prey or security, but trust for both to the speed of their long legs. One of these was holding crunched in his pincers, a cock-roach nearly the size of a man's thumb, and that with the utmost apparent *sang froid*. A blow which I made at him, he eluded with the quickness of lightning, and in a moment gained some remote part of the dwelling. I was told that they will sometimes bite people when asleep, out of mere "malicia," causing much pain and inflammation. Just as we had betaken ourselves to rest, a party arrived, principally of women, "flying from the pest," as they termed it. They gave the most dire accounts of the raging of the black vomit at Tampico, magnifying, as is usual, the dangers from which they had themselves escaped.

26th.—Though this day was to end our journey and its attendant privations, yet we may be pardoned if we were, in the course of it, somewhat affected by the uncheering reports of the preceding night. We met a good many travellers on the road from the coast, all whom our imagination represented as "flying from the pest," like those of the evening before. Soon after setting out, we started a buck, a doe, and two young deer in our path. I also picked up a turpen, or land tortoise. This creature, which I took to England with me, ate nothing during the voyage; and on my return I gave it to an old lady, who seemed struck with its abstemious qualities, and in whose keeping I will answer for it that it ate nothing afterwards. Before we reached the new town of Tampico, the sandy soil and freshening breeze gave signs of our approaching the sea-shore. On gaining the top of a hill, we saw the town lying close before us, and had at the same time a full view of the ocean. I never felt so much ecstasy at seeing land after a long voyage by sea, as now, at the first glimpse of that beautiful element, after several years' confinement to the interior of a foreign and barbarous land. There is to an Englishman a feeling of national pride connected with the sight, as well as the recollection of former pleasures. The new town, or rather village, of Tampico, is still at two leagues to the interior of Pueblo Viejo, or Old Town. The former is composed entirely of habitations of one story, roofed with tejamanil, and inhabited principally by those who supply the markets of Pueblo Viejo de Tampico. We reached the latter early in the afternoon, thus having travelled about two hundred miles in thirteen days. This is a large and respectable town, with some handsome buildings and many good shops. Of these, several were kept by Germans. They complained that trade had been almost entirely transferred to a third town, Tampico de Tamaulipas, on the opposite bank of the Rio Tampico, which is here about a league across. This is of equal population (near three thousand), but not so substantially built as the other. It has, indeed, only sprung up within the last three years; the site having been fixed on as more convenient for trade, and somewhat nearer the mouth of the river. Its distance from the Bar is about seven miles. It was supposed also that the ground being a little higher would prove more healthy; but I doubt greatly if it has been found so. The houses are less crowded together; but the vicinity of an immense marsh more than balances that and its other advantages. After a heavy fall of rain, it is accustomed to emit intolerable effluvia; and one night while I remained there, turned all silver articles and utensils quite black, requiring repeated frictions to restore their original colour. Houses newly whitewashed at the same time became perfectly yellow. The river between the two towns is choked in many places by small islets, which add to its beauty, though they impede its navigation. They abound with a great variety of cranes and other birds. Of these, the soft tinge of the rose-coloured spoonbill is extremely beautiful. We did not see so much cause for alarm from sickness on the coast as we had anticipated. Yet we were still very anxious to sail, as, in addition to the risk, the mosquitoes, sand-flies, jiggers, and many other plagues, combined to render our situation at best very uncomfortable. We were so unfortunate, however, as

to be detained at Pueblo Viejo and Tamaulipas three weeks for want of a vessel, Tampico being yet but a small trading-port. During this period, many persons were with great suddenness taken off by the vomito: among others, the captain of a vessel in which I had engaged a passage,—a cause of my farther detention. This poor man, who died after a few hours' sickness, was, a few hours after his burial, dug up again by the natives;—a liberty which these good Christians seldom scruple to take with the bodies of heretics, unless properly watched. Their motives are, partly a love of mischief, and partly a desire for the grave-clothes. The great evils to be avoided for the preservation of health are,—exposure to the beams of the sun, and any violent exertion either of body or mind. The game of billiards is a great resource, as affording a pleasing recreation to both, without fatiguing either. Accordingly, nothing is so universal. Among the worst foes are the mosquitoes and sand-flies, whose attacks, depriving their victim of his nightly rest, are often the primary causes of fevers. The croak, or rather roar, of the bull-frogs from the neighbouring marsh has, I think, like the cawing of rooks, a soothing effect, and rather tends to invite slumber; but this opinion of mine is, I dare say, singular. Lemonade, of which I drank great quantities, is, I suppose, of service in keeping the body cool; and I never felt the prickly heat. Having embarked at last on board a small American schooner bound to New York, I found the accommodations so bad that I ere long repented my too great haste, and wished I had remained even at Tampico, till a more favourable opportunity. Hi.

THE PREDICTION.

Yes, wreathe thy golden locks, fair Maid,
 Yes, deck thy blooming bower,
And tune thy lute, though clouds invade,
 And gathering tempests lower.

The storm will come, thy flowers shall die,
 Thy lute's sweet strings be rent,
And thou shalt view their wreck, yet sigh
 O'er them no fond lament.

For he, the loved, the cherish'd youth,
 For whom thou bidst them smile,
Ere then, shall own his changeful truth,
 And tell thee of his guile.

Poor trusting Maid! thy falling tears
 Too soon will mix with mine;
I weep to think how sad appears
 The fate of thee and thine.

Thy speech can like thy lute delight
 With music sweet and rare,
The roses on thy cheek are bright,
 As those upon thy hair.

Yet what, alas! in one short hour,
 Will this gay scene impart?
A broken lute—a blighted bower—
 A torn and bleeding heart!

M. A.

THE GREAT AGITATOR,—A RECENT PORTRAIT.

It was on a calm autumn evening that I had returned from a walk to the splendid seat of Lord ——, in the County of W——. I had sat down at the inn of the little village where I was sojourning, and had placed myself in the window, to while away an hour in observing the "passing events" of the place. The market was over; the people had gradually passed to their homes; the busy hum of the day was fast dying away; and a few straggling groups scattered here and there through the long wide street of the town—the only one it boasted—were almost the only persons who arrested my eye. The sun was sinking, and threw his lingering beams into the neat but ill-furnished apartment where I was sitting. To avoid the glare of his beams, I changed my position, and this gave me a more uninterrupted view of the long street above referred to, which threw its termination into the green fields of the country. Casting my eyes in this direction, I beheld a chariot and four coming towards me, enveloped in a complete cloud of dust, and the panting horses of which were urged on with tremendous rapidity. Struck with the unexpected arrival of such a vehicle in that place, I leaned out of the window to observe its destination, and beheld it still rolling hurriedly along, and sweeping round the angle of the street towards the inn with an increased violence. If my reader has been much used to travelling, he will be aware that the moment a postilion comes in sight of an inn, he is sure to call forth the mettle of his horses—perhaps to show off the blood of his cattle. This was the case at present, and a quick gallop brought the vehicle in thundering noise to the door, where, Shenstone says, is to be found "the warmest welcome." The animals were sharply checked, the door was flung open, and the occupier threw himself hurriedly out.

"Bring out four horses instantly," was the command he uttered in the loud voice of haste and authority.

The inmate of the carriage was about five feet eleven and a half inches high, and wore a portly, stout, hale and agreeable appearance. His shoulders were broad, and his legs stoutly built, and, as he at that moment stood, one arm in his side pocket, the other thrust into a waistcoat, which was almost completely unbuttoned from the heat of the day, he would have made a good figure for the rapid but fine-finishing pencil of Harlowe. His head was covered with a light fur cap, which partly thrown back, displayed that breadth of forehead which I have never yet seen absent from real talent. His eyes appeared to me, at that instant, to be between a light blue and a grey colour. His face was pale and sallow, as if the turmoil of business, the shade of care, or the study of midnight had chased away the glow of health and youth. Around his mouth played a cast of sarcasm, which, to a quick eye, at once betrayed satire; and it appeared as if the lips could be easily resolved into the "risus sardonicus." His head was somewhat larger than that which a modern doctrine denominates the "medium size:" and it was well supported by a stout and well-foundationed pedestal, which was based on a breast, full, round, prominent and capacious. The eye was shaded by a brow which I thought would be more congenial to sunshine than storm; and the nose was neither Grecian nor Roman, but was large enough to readily admit him into the chosen

band of that "immortal rebel,"* who chose his body guard with capacious lungs and noses, as affording greater capability of undergoing toil and hardship. Altogether, he appeared to possess strong physical powers.

He was dressed in an olive-brown surtout, black trowsers, and black waistcoat. His cravat was carelessly tied, and the knot almost undone, from the heat of the day; and as he stood with his hand across his bosom, and his eyes bent on the ground, he was the very picture of a "public character," hurrying away on some important matter which required all of personal exertion and mental energy. Often as I have seen him since, I have never beheld him in so striking or pictorial an attitude.

"Quick with the horses!" was his hurried ejaculation as he recovered himself from his reverie, and flung himself into his carriage. The whip was cracked, and away went the chariot with the same cloud of dust, and the same tremendous pace.

I did not see him pay any money. He did not enter the inn. He called for no refreshment, nor did he utter a word to any person around him. He seemed to be obeyed by instinct; and while I marked the chariot thundering along the street, which had all its then spectators turned on the cloud-enveloped vehicle, my curiosity was intensely excited, and I instantly descended to learn the name of the extraordinary stranger. Most *mal-apropos*, however, were my inquiries. Unfortunately the landlord was out; the waiter could not tell me his name; and the "hostler knew nothing whatsomever of him, except that he was in the most uncommonest hurry." A short time, however, satisfied my curiosity.

The next day brought me to the capital of the county where I was then on a visit. It was the assize time. Very fond of oratory, I went to the Court-house to hear the forensic eloquence of the "Home Circuit." I had scarcely seated myself, when the same greyish eye, broad forehead, portly figure, and strong tone of voice, arrested my attention. He was just on the moment of addressing the jury, and I anxiously waited to hear the speech of a man who had already so strongly interested me. After looking at the judge steadily for a moment, he began his speech exactly in the following pronunciation: "My Lurrd,—Gentlemen of the Jury."

"Who speaks?" instantly demanded I.

"Counsellor O'Connell," was the reply.

"Why he only arrived last night?"

"Late last night, and has had scarcely a moment to con over his brief. But listen."

I at once fixed my attention. As I do not write short-hand, I cannot give the detail of his speech; but his delivery I can criticise, and can here write down.

Were O'Connell addressing a mixed assembly where the lower orders predominated, I scarcely know any one who would have such a power of wielding the passions. He has a knack of speaking to a mob, which I have never heard exceeded. His manner has at times the rhodomontade of Hunt; but he is infinitely superior, of course, to this well-

* Cromwell—thus called by Lord Byron.

known democrat in choice of language and power of expression. The same remark may apply, were I to draw any comparison between him and another well-known mob-speaker, Cobbett. Were he opposed to these two persons in any assembly of the people, he would infallibly prove himself the victor. A balcony outside a high window, and a large mob beneath him, is the very spot for O'Connell. There he would be best seen, and his powers and person best observed; but were he in the House of Commons, I do not think I am incorrect when I say, that he would make little impression on the House, supposing he were heard with every prepossession in his favour. His action wants grace and suavity,—qualities so eminently fascinating in an elegant and classical speaker, but which, perhaps, are overlooked in an "orator of the people." The motions of his body are often sharp and angular. His arms swing about ungracefully; and at times the right-hand plays slovenly with his watch-chain.

Though I shall not, perhaps, find many to agree with me, yet I am free to confess that he does not appear to me to possess that very rare gift—*genuine* satire. He wants the cultivated grace of language, which his compeer, Shiel, possesses, and the brilliancy of metaphor. None is there else, however, peer or commoner, who can compete with him in the Catholic Association. His language is often coarse, and seldom elegant. Strong, fierce, and perhaps bold, it often is; but vituperation and personality make up too much of the *materiel.* His voice is sometimes harsh and dissonant; and I could wish more of that round, full, mellow tone, which is essential to a good delivery, and which so captivates the ear. "The voice is the key which unlocks the heart," says Madame Roland. I believe it. Let the reader listen to the fine round voice of Lord Chief Justice Bushe, and then let him hear the sometimes grating tones of O'Connell, and he will soon perceive the difference. The voice of the latter much reminds me of the harsh thinness of Mr. J. D. Latouche's (whose *conversational* tone, by the by, is far beyond his *oratorical* one); and yet the coolness and the astuteness which the latter gentleman possesses in an argument, would be no bad substitute for the headlong impetuosity and violent sarcasm in which O'Connell sometimes indulges.

As he cannot clothe his language in the same elegance as Shiel, he consequently cannot give the same insinuation to his discourses. In this respect, his contemporary has greatly the advantage. Shiel gives us the poetry of eloquence—O'Connell gives us the prose. The attempts of the latter at wit are clumsy, while the former can bring both that and metaphor to his aid, and he often uses them with much effect. O'Connell, however, can attempt humour with effect, and he has a peculiar tact in suiting this humour to the Irish people. I have not often seen a good exordium from O'Connell—an integral portion of a discourse which is extremely difficult to make; and I think his perorations want grace, point, and force, and that which the Italians would denominate "espressivo."

I shall follow him still farther.

The next place at which I heard the arch-leader of Catholicism, was at the Council-chamber in Dublin Castle, where he was employed to argue a case before the then Viceroy, Marquis Wellesley. His speech, voice, action, eye (for nothing in oratory escapes me) are as clearly be-

fore me at present, as they were on that day; and if this should catch his eye, I would call it to his memory by saying it was one of the best speeches he ever made. Mr. Goulburn, who sat at the lowermost end of the table, on the right of the Lord-Lieutenant, was busily employed in taking notes. The person who sat next the Chief Secretary was Lord (then Mr.) Plunkett; but he merely kept his eyes fixed on the broad green cloth which spread amply before him, and, with his arms folded, scarcely moved from that position the entire time. Lord Wellesley was at the top of the table, dressed in his orders; and as he was of the same opinion in politics with the person who was speaking, he seemed to listen to him with much pleasure. His words, tone of voice, and action, seemed more strictly attended to than when I heard him at W——; and even his step in the anti-rooms, on passing to the chamber, was also guarded. Into that chamber he could not come in the same hurried careless manner in which I have sometimes seen him fling himself into court. One day, while lounging in the latter place, I saw him rapidly fling aside the green curtain at the doorway; and as he dashed down the benches to the front of the bar, methought he would have almost strode over the thick files of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, witnesses, &c. who chanced to be in his way.

In walking through the streets, he pushes along in the same careless democratical manner; and his stout tall figure enables him to shoulder aside the crowds that might oppose his hurried march. He seems not to recollect that the slow pace is the pace of the gentleman; on he goes, business and emancipation borne mightily on his broad shoulders; and stops not nor stays, till he gets to the Four Courts; from the Four Courts, he is then off to the Association-rooms—from the Association to the Four Courts back again—from the Courts to attend some popular assembly, or keep an appointment—from the assembly to his house to dine—then a hearty dinner and a temperate glass—business, parchments, briefs, attorneys' clerks, and "unfledged lawyers" afterwards—retiring early to bed—and then, next day, behold him going through the same endless, important, and weighty routine of business again.

The setting up for Clare was the most daring, and the boldest step which this man ever took, or ever will take. Were he to live a century, he could do nothing which would show so much of daring and intrepid talent. He has been blamed for it; but the power, and the ambition, and the boldness which it has evinced, makes me admire where I am otherwise obliged to condemn. It was one of those steps that (to use the words of Voltaire) "vulgar men would term rash, but great men would call bold." Let me distinguish it from his mission to England. This last was a foolish step, but the first was an intrepid one. Men of talent forsook him in the last, but they supported and abided by him in the first. In short, the whole of Ireland was thrown into astonishment.

The last time I saw O'Connell was in St. James's Park. He had a long scroll under his arm—mayhap that which has since caused such controversy, "the wings." The next time I see him will, perhaps, be in that to me most interesting spot in London, or in all England—St. Stephen's.

THE VICAR.

A second Every-day Character.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
  Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
  "Our master knows you; you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's 'winsome marrow;'
The Lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
  And warm'd himself in court or college,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipp'd from politics to puns;
  It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius:

And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them;
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble Lords and nurses:
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet, or a turban;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
  And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
  And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
  The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learn'd the rule of three,
  Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus:
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in;
And make the puppy dance a jig,
  When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
  For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
  The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
  You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more;
  And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
  The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
  Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
  And construe on the slab before you,
Hic jacet
  GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS.*

The present volume is the fourth and concluding volume of a series, which commenced with Travels in Palestine, written in India under the disadvantages of absence from books, essential, the author says, to their illustration. The second consisted of Travels in the Decapolis, or Hauran, and countries east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, prepared for publication entirely on ship-board, during a stormy passage from India. The Travels in Mesopotamia were written and arranged in London, under the disadvantage of repeated interruptions from ill-health, and the anxiety and labour dependent on the prosecution of his claims for redress from the rulers of India, and others. The Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, which fill the present volume, have been composed under circumstances which he describes as without a parallel—meaning his numerous editorial labours. Mr. Buckingham is entitled to tell his own tale, and to claim indulgence for imperfections arising from extraordinary circumstances—to us they appear superfluous.

The Third Volume left the author at Bagdad, from which point it was his purpose either to go down the Tigris and Euphrates to Bussorah, or to accompany some caravan by the way of Ispahan and Shiraz to Bushire, and in either case to take shipping for Bombay. Circumstances, and especially the enfeebled state of his health, made the latter course the more desirable; but after waiting in vain a considerable time in the hope of being able to join a Persian ambassador returning to Teheraun, he was finally fain to make one of a company of pilgrims, whose patience, like his own, was exhausted. During his residence at Bagdad, at Mr. Rich's, the English Consul, he had collected a body of notes and materials for his journey, and through him became acquainted with an Affghan Dervish—no common person—who, taking a sudden liking to Mr. Buckingham, resolved to accompany him to the world's end, provided he kept to the land. This personage, of whom Mr. Buckingham talks a great deal, was by profession a stone engraver, for seals and rings, but which profession he pursued only by fits and starts; his philosophy, for he was a great philosopher and metaphysician to boot, being to follow the bent of nature—to enjoy, that is, without reserve for the present, or concern for the future—a perfect Epicurean, in Mr. Buckingham's and the popular sense; for the world, ancient and modern, chiefly by Cicero's intemperate zeal for the orthodox faith of the Academics, has been taught to assign to Epicurus and his followers, what correctly belonged to Aristippus and the Cyrenaics. Epicurus, unenlightened and uninformed as to the future, took the most rational view of our capacities for enjoyment, and the materials, and built the rules of life upon a large and embracing view of the consequences of human action. Excess and injustice, each brought their own penalties, and worked their own revenge—the one pernicious to health, the other subversive of peace. A crime was a blunder, prudence was wisdom, honour and rectitude true sagacity, the most virtuous the cleverest. Honesty is the best policy, is our modern maxim, more quoted than practised; for it is not every fool that penetrates the mystery and truth and vigour of it—its applicability to check every act and feeling that deviates but the breadth of a hair from the line of rectitude. But Buckingham's Dervish was no Epicurean of this cast, but rather a thoughtless and unreasoning profligate—ready to grasp at pleasure to-day, for how knew he that he should see to-morrow? Buckingham was going to Bushire; the Dervish had nothing to do at Bushire—he was neglecting his profession and his interests, but he took a fancy to the traveller, and travelled as a source of immediate enjoyment.

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* Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, including a Journey from Bagdad by Mount Zagros, to Hamadan, the Ancient Ecbatana, researches in Ispahan and the Ruins of Persepolis, and journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapoor to the sea-shore. Description of Bussorah, Bushire, Bahrein, Ormuz, and Muscat, narrative of an Expedition against the Pirates of the Persian Gulf, with Illustrations of the Voyage of Nearchus, and passage by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. By J. S. Buckingham. 4to.

At this man's persuasion, Buckingham assumed the turban, and as he could speak Arabic—the Arabic of Egypt—and had been in Egypt, the character of Hadji, or pilgrim, returning from Mecca; and luckily, sometimes also solely, by the dexterity of the Dervish, he escaped all offence. Prepared to be his own groom, cook, and valet, and occasionally his companion's, he set out as the acknowledged head of the party; for he had the mark and dignity of his Hadji sanctity, brandished a pike of fifteen feet, was master of two good horses, ridden by himself and his new friend, had good clothes on his back, and the reputation of money in his purse. The company consisted of fifty or sixty pilgrims, ragged as Falstaff's recruits, old, infirm, and miserable,—travelling, under his potent protection, a road confessedly dangerous, but which, in fact, scarcely produced a fright, except on one single occasion, in which Mr. Buckingham made a gallant charge upon a party of three robbers, and routed his opponents at the point of his formidable pike of fifteen feet.

In the course of the first three days' march, the party passed through three large straggling villages, containing from two to three thousand stationary inhabitants. Near the last of them, Kesrabad, Mr. Buckingham observed some ruins, called the Hill of Infidels. These, from a close survey, and some local inquiry, comparing the country with the descriptions he had read, particularly D'Anville's, and gathering up the reports of coins found there, and copper idols in peculiar attitudes, he was led to conclude, occupied the site of the celebrated palace of Dastagherd, built by Chosroes, and destroyed by Heraclius in his Persian expedition. The following day brought them to Khan-e-Keen, a considerable place of ten or twelve thousand people. This Mr. Buckingham determined, from the same authority, to be the old Artemita, a Greek city. Another march conducted them to Khassr Shirine, where ruins again appeared to a very considerable extent, covering a mile or two; the entire wall perfect in many parts, and the whole traceable. The tradition of the neighbourhood was, that this was Hellowla, built by Khosrou Parviz for the beautiful Shirine, of whom Persian poetry and the popular tales of the country are full, with whose adventures Mr. Buckingham found every body well acquainted, and each with his own version. Ferhad, the Georgian, the prince's architect and sculptor, in spite of distance and opposition, here enjoyed the affection and the embraces of the fair deceiver; for he had a horse that bore him from Kermanshah across the mountains of the Tauk in an hour or two, and enabled him to pass the night with the charmer, and be at his post in the morning. These are the ruins which Sir John Malcolm and Macdonald Kinnier determine to be those of Dastagherd; but independently of their obvious identification with Hellowla, the scene is entirely defective in at least three leading features which mark the site of Dastagherd, and all of which Mr. Buckingham finds at the ruins of the Hill of Infidels.

Proceeding onward to Zohaub and Serpool, the road led them through several Koord villages of straw huts, surrounded by fields of rice, cotton, tobacco, and melons. These Koords of the plain all live in a description of dwellings that may be called huts or tents, composed of materials generally used in both, and not altogether stationary. Occupied as shepherds and cultivators, they resemble, in their domestic economy, the half Bedouin Arabs on the eastern frontier of Syria. They are stout and well-made, but shorter and thicker than the ordinary standard. They are neither Arabs, Turks, nor Persians in feature; but with a face rounder and flatter, and more nearly approaching the Tartar. Their language is nearer the Persian than any other, but that is probably attributable to proximity of position.

At Zohaub, pretty strict inquiries were made into their business, from which they were extricated by the Dervish's promptitude. Hints had been providently thrown out, of business with one Mohammed Aga, (a sort of John Smith or William Jones,) and no less than four of the name presented themselves, when suddenly the Dervish exclaimed, "God knows! I have a suspicion that all is not right. It may not be so. God forbid, indeed, that it should. But I firmly believe this Mohammed Aga, to whom you lent the

hundred piastres at Bagdad, to be some scoundrel who merely assumed the name for his wicked purpose, and abusing your piety and generosity, cheated you under the semblance of a Zohaubi, without ever having been near Zohaub in his life." The traveller crossed the frontiers, over tho mountains of Zagros, by the pass of the Tauk or Arch. The Arch itself is a remarkable object, of a Roman form. It is a recess excavated from the rock, twenty feet high, twelve broad, and eight deep, with pilasters in front of no determinate order. The masonry of the sides and front is in a perfectly sound state, the outer surfaces a little corroded by the atmosphere. By the side of it a space of the rock, fifteen feet by eight, is planed smooth, apparently for an inscription; or from which, probably, we may add, the inscription itself has been planed. Mr. Buckingham refers it to the times of Alexander. The vestiges of a noble road are still visible, over which Alexander might have marched from Ecbatana to Babylon; the arch may have commemorated the event, or the making of the road, or the improving it. But this is merely conjectural.

Near this pass were placed some Bœotians "carried away" by Xerxes. Mr. Buckingham looked about in the expectation of detecting Greek features. But though he saw none he could not distinctly recognize as Arabs, Persians, or Koords, his inquiries brought him intelligence of a people called Nessereah, who inhabited these hills, and who, like those of the same name in Syria, paid divine honours to the pudenda muliebria, and held feasts resembling the ancient mysteries of Venus. Though professing Mohammedism, they were known to be exceedingly heretical—scarcely ever praying—openly making, selling, and drinking wine—living incestuously—with secret laws and opinions, which it was death among them to divulge. These people are now at Kerrund, where they form the majority of the population. Strange tales were afloat of the most abandoned profligacy of manners, attributable, according to Mr. Buckingham, and before him to Volney and others, to nothing but Pagan sanctions. No part of Mohammedism can have led to such rites, since that is as free from all mysteries and impurities, he adds, as Christianity itself. Of the Bœotians, all that is known historically seems to be this: Herodotus mentions the fact of their being settled in this spot by Xerxes. Alexander saw them (at Celonæ) on his way from Susa and Sittacone to Ecbatana; and, according to Diodorus, they had not altogether forgotten their laws, customs, and language, although, by intermarrying, they had learned those of the natives. This was only one hundred and fifty years from their removal. That no decisive marks of so remote an origin now remain, is not to be wondered at; but the singularities of these people must still be drawn from a foreign and distant source.

The first frontier town of Persia is Kermanshah, with the busy appearance of which Mr. Buckingham was particularly struck. The whole town seemed to be in a state of building, as if just rising from the ashes of some former one, or just founded by a colony of foreign settlers. All was like the bustle and activity of a perfectly new place. The shops were decked with finery, as if to catch the eye, and force themselves into early custom. Abundance was visible on all sides, both of necessaries and luxuries. Every thing afforded a contrast to the towns of Turkey and Arabia; and proofs everywhere presented themselves of ingenuity, comfort, cleanliness, and activity—building and repairing in the place of neglect and decay. The prosperity of the town, to this unusual degree, is attributable to the occasional residence of the Shah's younger son, the governor of the place. Mr. Buckingham spent a couple of days to survey the town completely. The Dervish had numerous friends in this place, and luxurious feasting followed, he entering zealously and intemperately into all possible gaieties and gallantries. Many pages are employed in depicting the manners and sentiments, and detailing the history of this somewhat singular being. As has been already hinted, he was a votary of present pleasure on principle—a deist in fact, though professing, for security, Mohammedism, and full of metaphysical distinctions. Mr. Buckingham had understood he was passionately attached, and allusions to the fair object were often made by him in the course of the journey. At Bagdad, too, he had seen him take leave of the father of his love, with tears

and the tenderest recommendations, till Mr. Buckingham's sympathies were powerfully awakened. What, then, was his surprise to learn, at Kermanshah, that this "love" was the son, and not the daughter of the aged Christian of Bagdad? Of the purity and platonism of this connexion, Mr. Buckingham entertains no doubt whatever: the Dervish was an ardent admirer of women, and indulged his passions to excess in the company of his friends. This strange fact recalled to his recollection the old stories of Grecian manners, and confirmed him in the truth or probability of stories we have all read rather with disgust and amazement, than tolerance or belief. Mr. Buckingham displays all his learning on this occasion, and, with Potter's Antiquities before him, no longer wonders at the good Doctor's simplicity, to the utter oblivion of Aristophanes. The subject, with our manners and sentiments and associations, is too revolting to discuss. Mr. Buckingham has prosecuted his inquiry with due decorum; but suspicion, and of the strongest kind, must ever hang over the heads of Agesilaus and even Socrates himself. The truth is, we take it, these connexions were never *creditable*, which will very well account for the pains Xenophon takes to exonerate both his heroes. We do not anywhere recollect a notice of these connexions, where any thing like approval is expressed or implied, but it comes from some one who is obviously colouring matters.*

But of the clearsightedness in the moral vision of this accomplished Dervish, a very curious instance is given, while the parties were at Kermanshah. The Dervish recommended to Mr. Buckingham a Faqueer, as a sort of servant for the remainder of the journey. "Is he a good groom? Do you know any thing of him?" asked Mr. Buckingham. "Oh, a Faqueer understands every thing; and as to his character, I am sure his heart is pure, and his tongue clean. He is not a philosopher—not *one of us*, it is true; but the man has loved the wife of another, for whom he has wept by day, and chased away his sorrows by smoking bang (an intoxicating drug) by night." It was in vain Mr. Buckingham contested these proofs of excellence—the man's heart must be good, because it is tender; and free from guile, because he intoxicates himself with opium.

Within an hour's march, after quitting Kermanshah, Mr. Buckingham crossed the Kara-Soo, which he considers to be unquestionably the Choaspes of antiquity, celebrated as furnishing the water drunk by the Kings of Persia. To this Milton has an allusion—"the drink of kings alone"—and Mr. Buckingham remarks of him, that, by a sort of poetical licence, he speaks as if none but kings drank of it, instead of its being the *only* water they drank; and then, in the same breath, by a curious blunder, a stroke of Nemesis, he observes, with respect to the present Shah's son—"he *alone* has the water, for himself and his harem, brought from this stream." The fact, however, is singular, accountable partly from its manifest superiority to the waters of the neighbourhood, but still exhibiting something of hereditary custom. But for this confirmation, the story would have been referred to that credulity, which has been so often and so ignorantly imputed to Herodotus—he is the original authority for the fact—who, though no doubt he relates abundance of nonsense, never rests it on his own knowledge. What he professes himself to have seen, modern authorities have found correct in a thousand instances.

Of the celebrated caves of Tauk-e-Bostan, in the neighbourhood of Kermanshah, Mr. Buckingham could get but an imperfect view—they being filled with a party of young people, who had come to spend in these agreeable retreats a day of undisturbed pleasure. They are hewn out of the solid rock, the larger about twenty-five feet square, the smaller fifteen; the walls are sculptured in alto relievo. In the larger are three figures of the size of life, representing, according to local tradition, Khosrou, Shirine, and the minister Shapoor. In another part is an equestrian figure of Rustam, the Persian Hercules, and numerous other figures, some single, some in groups—one a hunting of boars in lakes and marshes, full of confusion, and in contempt of all perspective. Exactly over the centre of the arch of one is a crescent, resting on what appears to be extended wings, which may be

thought to have some affinity with the winged globe of the Egyptians. "This device of a serpent, or a lizard, (for it has been called both) with expanded wings," says Mr. Buckingham, "as seen both here and at the caves of Nakshi Rustam, was taken by Dr. Hyde for a symbol of the soul, and by others for an Egyptian scarabæus; while Thevenot calls it a winged idol, and Pietro della Valle, the devil."

At Sadanah, a village about eight hours before Mr. Buckingham reached Hamadan, he met with a ragged and filthy dervish, with whom he and his friend had a long conversation; "in the course of which," says Mr. Buckingham, "he talked of Plato, *Socrates*, and Aristotle, whose *systems* of Ethics he had read in Arabic, with a freedom and accuracy that proved him to be better acquainted with the philosophy of these sages, than many who had read them in their original *languages*. Aristotle he conceived to have been a man of the greatest mind, but too universally occupied on all subjects of human inquiry. Socrates, he thought, was too fond of the neatness and pith of a saying, to be always just or excellent in its meaning; but Plato he considered to be the prince of moral philosophers, and estimated the worth of his *short* treatise on the Immortality of the Soul at a higher rate than all the volumes which all the other philosophers of his age and country had written. Here are signs that *none* of the party knew what they were talking about.

Hamadan proved to be in a miserable condition; ruin and desertion were apparent in all directions. The most conspicuous object—though Mr. Buckingham was prevented by indisposition from visiting it—is the dilapidated tomb of Avicenna, a distinguished philosopher, whose name is, of course, familiar to every body, but as to whose works we never met one who had read them. Both name and reputation appear to be almost forgotten in the neighbourhood of his tomb. Hamadan, on pretty good grounds, appears to have been the ancient Ecbatana which Sir William Jones identified with Tabreez; but Sir William Jones's authority is considerably shaken on subjects of Oriental geography, as well, we take it, as on many other matters. Macdonald Kinnier has discussed the subject clearly, concisely, satisfactorily. Ecbatana is spoken of by Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Arrian, Plutarch, and Ammianus Marcellinus; and so far as any distinct features of the country are pointed out by them, they are untraceable about Hamadan. Distances, too, correspond. Diodorus makes Antiochus's march to Persepolis twenty days; and Arrian assigns fifteen *forced* marches to Alexander's. Tabreez would be two hundred miles farther. Glancing at the memorable events occurring at Ecbatana, Mr. Buckingham speaks of the death of Hephæstion, and Alexander's grief for his friend, which he follows up by observing, "Of more *recent* events, the entombment of Esther and Mordecai, may be mentioned. The sepulchre of both is still shown there, and pilgrimages are made by the Jews of the surrounding country to this sacred building, the key of which is always in the keeping of the chief priest of the Israelites in the city."

Arrived at Ispahan, they presently heard of an Englishman, to whom Mr. Buckingham, though he could not even learn his name, despatched a note, and was immediately visited by him, accompanied by Assud Allah Khan, the commander of the artillery, and a man of distinction, and by whom he was magnificently and hospitably entertained during his stay in the town. The Englishman was a Mr. Armstrong, a builder long settled in India, but for the previous seven years employed by Abbas Mirza in establishing an arsenal at Tabreez. So much, apparently, beyond the occasion was the attention paid to Mr. Buckingham by these personages, that he was finally led to conclude it must have all been intended for some more distinguished individual. The mistake, however, if it was one, was of a very agreeable nature; for it gained him access to the Governor, by whose directions he was conducted to every quarter of the city, and every accommodation afforded, in the most splendid style.

Major Rennel considers Ispahan as one of the places to which the Jews were carried. The quarter of the town pre-eminently in ruins, is evidently

of much greater antiquity than the rest of it. In this quarter still live the Jews, and nothing can exceed their misery and degradation. "Their habitations," says Mr. Buckingham, "are of the meanest kind, and their labours, which seemed to be spinning and weaving silk, are carried on in subterranean cells, like the Serdaubs at Mosul and Bagdad, and which are seen in no other part but this, throughout the whole of the city of Ispahan."

From Ispahan they started for Shiraz, intending to take the ruins of Persepolis in their way. At Yezdikhaust the road divides, and this place they found full of soldiers, under the command of a Khan, who had come thus far from Shiraz to scour the road, which was infested with robbers. Mr. Buckingham's account of himself, and the object of his journey, was very far from satisfactory to the Khan, and little ceremony was made of arresting him. An interview, however, soon after took place, in which Mr. Buckingham, putting the best face upon the matter, set about conciliating him by talking of Egypt, and of the pilgrims of all nations assembling there to visit Mecca together, without knowing each other's language—nothing, in short, but the common bond of—"There is one God, and Mahomet is his messenger." At which the Khan bowed, and kissed the earth; and Mr. Buckingham followed the example, which was taken as irrefragable proof of learning and piety. The Khan then, according to the custom of the East, demanded a moral maxim for his guidance, and Mr. Buckingham suggested, "Open thine heart readily to strangers; neither let any thing remain secret between thee and thy friend:" which so delighted the Khan, that he invited him to dinner, and on Buckingham's again assuring him his chief motive for visiting Persepolis was the admiration he entertained for Jemsheed, he declared he would even accompany him, with all his troop of a hundred horse. Mr. Buckingham, with some reason, piques himself upon this "well-timed display of courtesy and boldness."

With the Khan, accordingly, Mr. Buckingham proceeded, and, of course, in perfect security. Under his protection, wherever they slept, they were well fed, well clothed, and provided with every comfort. The soldiers of Persia never pay for any thing on a journey, and are, in short, licensed robbers. Mr. Buckingham gave the Khan a hint on the doctrine of emulation, which will, probably, not soon be forgotten. "Some of the troop," says he, "were sent out to shoot pigeons for our supper, and they thought it hard service, as the practice was to select for this duty those who were not favourites, which made it a sort of punishment." Mr. Buckingham advised the chief to try the effect of a contrary system, making the duty a matter of honorary distinction, which he adopted with complete success; for on sending an order that six of the *best shots* of his train should go out on this service, there was a contention between the whole troop for the honour of deserving this title. Mr. Buckingham adds, he had tried the experiment himself often at sea, by inviting the smartest seamen in the ship to lead the way on some duty, which others had imposed as a punishment; and never knew any such appeal to the pride and better feelings, even of the commonest men, to fail. In the course of their journey, it became expedient to send out scouts to reconnoitre, and this service was again given to those in disgrace, and murmured at as a hardship. B. again proposed to try the opposite course, by selecting the bravest and best-behaved of the troops for the duty. The men were flattered and pleased by the proposal, and the Khan was delighted at the success of the experiment.

After travelling in this safe and commodious manner four or five days, they were met by a courier from Shiraz, with orders for the troops to join the Prince forthwith, for the dispersion of some robbers; but notwithstanding these peremptory orders, the Khan offered Buckingham an escort from his party, which he, however, declined, and proceeded in company with the Dervish to Persepolis, about two days' march.

At Fars, the day before he reached the ruins, he observed a custom, which, he says, prevails throughout all Persia, but particularly at this place, of giving the salute, "Salam Alaikem," whenever the first-lighted lamp or candle

is brought into the room in the evening; and this is done between servants and masters, as well as between equals. As this is not practised in any other Mahomedan country, it is probably a relic of the ancient reverence for Fire, once prevalent here, though the form of the salute is naturally that of the present religion. The same day, he observed a small rock, "on which stood two fire-altars, of a peculiar form; their dimensions were five feet square at the base and three at the top, and five feet high. There were pillars or pilasters at the corners, and arches in the sides. In the centre of each of these, on the top, was a square basin, about eighteen inches in diameter and six in depth, for the reception of the fire, formerly used by the disciples of Zoroaster in their worship." When at Shiraz, he observes—"There are but few fire-worshippers here. They come occasionally from Yezd and Herat, but seldom remain to settle. When they do, however, they live in a separate class, like the Jews, and observe their own peculiar customs of marriage, funeral, and other ceremonies, which resemble those practised by the Parsees at Guzerat and Bombay." At Shapoor, again, he met with two small fire-altars, both perfect and portable. Both together would only form a load for one mule, and might thus be taken to Bushire with ease, and so reach the Museum.

Arrived at length at the celebrated ruins of Persepolis, he finds them difficult to describe. There is no great temple, as at Thebes, at Palmyra, or at Balbeck, to attract the eye, and form the main figure of the picture. All is broken and detached, though frequent and numerous, and worthy of attention, but too much dispersed and disjointed to give any perception of a whole. Generally, the scene presents an assemblage of tall, slender, and isolated pillars—separate door-ways and sanctuaries—spread over a large platform, elevated above the level of the surrounding plain. This platform is natural rock hewn down, and faced round with masonry, solid and substantial—stones large and small dovetailed, like, probably, the Cyclopian works of Greece. The flight of steps ascending the platform is regular, easy, and grand. The two extreme gates are guarded by sphynxes, very finely executed—the attitudes good, and the details of the sculpture excellent. Two columns stand erect between these extreme gates—the plinth of the bases resembles an inverted lotus; the shaft has shallow flutings, and is formed of three pieces, a part of the upper piece being let into an aperture of the lower. The top of the shaft is covered by another inverted lotus; and above rises a capital, like the palm-leaved capital of ancient Egyptian columns. Above this are four scrolls; then a square fluted plinth, with Ionic volutes; and finally, above all, a broken mass of some animal resembling a ram. The effect Mr. Buckingham considers slender and mean, and very inferior to either Grecian or Egyptian.

The great mass of the ruins, however, are on a second platform higher than the first. At the sides of the steps ascending to this, are sculptured processions, sacrifices, &c. of all which Niebuhr has given tolerably faithful drawings. They are all (meaning the sculpture) admirably executed, and bear a striking resemblance to similar processions at Thebes and Edfud, especially the trees, victims, offerings of meat, cars and horses, armed men, &c.; all very much broken, and the parts least injured, discoloured by a thin moss grown over the surface. Horizontal lines of open flowers, like the rose or lotus, divide the compartments—this also is Egyptian. The columns in this portion are all fluted; there are many rows of them, once constituting apparently a portico.

Above this platform, again, is a third, still higher to the southward, containing an assemblage of sanctuaries—quite Egyptian in style. The first may be a square of thirty feet, with doors on each side. The inner surfaces are sculptured with the sacrifices of beasts. The priests have umbrellas held over them as in India, and the guards have spears. Between the doors are monoliths, like those in Egypt, for keeping the sacred animals. Some are quite perfect, and might, Mr. Buckingham suggests, be easily brought to England by the way of Bushire, along with the Fire-altars. These mono-

liths are covered with Arabic, Coptic, and Persian inscriptions. There are on this platform four other sanctuaries, in most respects similar. On one of the gates is a priest stabbing an unicorn, and a chief sitting on a chair, supported by a throne. The winged globe and the lotus are frequent, and the whole very Egyptian-like. Chardin speaks of mummies found in Khorasan, and Bactriana; and every thing reminding Mr. Buckingham of Egypt, he made inquiries if any had been found, especially near the two large cave-tombs, at the back of what was, perhaps, the great temple,—but could hear of none. No marks of fire were to be seen about the ruins; nor is there any appearance of either city or citadel in any direction about Persepolis. The place has the name of Forty Pillars.

Now briefly as to the history. Q. Curtius, after describing the debauch of Alexander and the subsequent destruction, says, the city, the forces of which were sufficient to make Greece tremble, was reduced to a state so deplorable, that it was soon abandoned, and but for the Araxes leading to the discovery of its position, the place would hardly have been known in his time. Yet he says, also, Alexander spared the citadel, and left a governor and three thousand Macedonians. Diodorus Siculus represents the satrap of Persepolis as giving a magnificent entertainment to the whole army of Eumenes, which implies a place of some consideration. According to the second book of Maccabees, Antiochus Epiphanes formed the design of pillaging the temple and city—of course there was supposed to be something worth the venture. The existence of Arabic inscriptions again implies a peopled city to a much later period.

That, after all, these are the ruins of the palace burnt by Alexander, rests on the testimony of Q. Curtius. Diodorus says, he abandoned the city to the soldiers—reserving only the palace. According to Arrian, Alexander burnt the castle. But these ruins never belonged to a castle, and do not at all accord with the minute account given of the castle by Diodorus. The ruins, in short, are neither those of a castle, nor a palace, and therefore belong not to the edifice burnt by Alexander. No marks of fire, as has been said, are traceable, which could not have been the case had the building been burnt. The ruins present, indeed, the appearance of five different buildings, and each of a different age—after the manner of the Egyptians. Long after Alexander a temple certainly existed. The Maccabees mention it. Diodorus and Justin represent Antiochus as plundering a temple of Belus. Tacitus speaks of a temple to Diana. The existing ruins, then, may well be the ruins of this edifice, composed, perhaps, of several temples, dedicated to different deities on the same spot.

Every thing about the ruins bears the marks of Egyptian origin. Now Diodorus records, that Cambyses, after the conquest of Egypt, transferred into Asia, the workmen and architects of Egypt, purposely to build the famous palace of Persepolis, of Susa, and some other cities. To this era, then, Mr. Buckingham inclines to refer the foundation. Cambyses, it is true, never revisited Persia, but his successors might have prosecuted his intentions; and between Xerxes and Alexander, there was ample time for the construction. The final ruin and desertion of Persepolis appears to have happened in 982, in the time of Sumeareh ud Dowla. Its desolation is now complete.

At Shiraz, whither the travellers now proceeded, they were treated with great distinction by an Indian prince, to whom Mr. Buckingham had letters of introduction. Every facility was afforded him of viewing the city, and all its curiosities and antiquities. The most attractive objects were the tombs of Saadi and Hafiz. Saadi died about five hundred and forty years since, and the tomb was built at the time of his death. He is said to have lived one hundred and twenty years—the first thirty of which he studied at Shiraz; the next sixty he travelled in India and other countries east of Persia, as a dervish, and on foot; and the last thirty were spent in retirement, in writing his odes, and lecturing on philosophy. The tomb of Hafiz, who died about four hundred and forty years ago, stands at the foot of a cypress,

planted by his own hands, which fell only about six months before Mr. Buckingham's visit. The trunk is still shown. Nadir Shah, once opening the works of Hafiz, found a passage so applicable to his own case, that it became a fashion to resort to them, as formerly in Europe it was to consult the Sortes Virgilianæ. Every visitor of the tomb is required to make the trial, and Mr. Buckingham, on dipping, found one inveighing against earthly fame and glory, compared with the enjoyments of the present hour; the rest of the party, he says, were *equally* successful, and the Dervish had no doubt but the spirit of Hafiz guided the inquirer. Shiraz is the residence of Shah Zade.

The only object of interest, after quitting Shiraz, till he reached Bushire, were the ruins of Shapoor, which he describes minutely, but which we have no space even to epitomize. From Bushire, he embarked in a vessel-of-war, which had been despatched against the pirates of the Gulf, for Bombay. Mr. Buckingham takes the opportunity of detailing the history of these pirates, and of the many abortive attempts of the Bombay government to suppress them. Soon after his arrival at Bombay, he obtained the command of an Indiaman, bound to Bussorah, which gave him new opportunities of completing his examination of the Gulf, and comparing Nearchus's Periplus, —all which we leave to the reader, repeating to him our assurances, that the perusal will repay the toil.

PAST AND PRESENT.

In earlier days, in happier hours,
I watch'd and wander'd with the sun:
  I saw him when the east was red,
  I saw him when the day was dead,
All his earthly journey done!
Looks of love were in the west,
But he pass'd and took no rest!

O'er the immeasurable blue,
Across the rain, amidst the blast,
  Onwards and onwards, like a god,
  Through the trackless air he trod,
Scattering bounties as he pass'd
By the portals of the west,
And never shut his eyes in rest!

Oh! how—in those too happy hours—
How deeply then did I adore
  The bright unwearied sleepless sun,
  And wish—just thus *my* course to run,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturb'd by rest or night.

But now,—since I have heard and seen
The many cares that trouble life,
  The evil that requiteth good,
  The benefits not understood,
Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
The hate, the lie, the bitter jest,
I feel how sweet are night and rest.

And, oh! what morning ever look'd
So lovely as the quiet eve,
  When low and fragrant winds arise
  And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave;
Such as between the alders creep
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!

MUSICAL OUTLINES, NO. II.

Tea and Music.

The paper I began for you, Mr. Editor, with a view to make good the promise given in my first number, has deservedly been consigned to the grate. It was penned under the jaundiced influence of ill-humour, caused by a surfeit of music of all sorts and shapes. The music I have undergone during the merry Christmas time, within doors and out of doors, is enough to excite commiseration.

I am not speaking of the waits; I bear no grudge to these adventitious harmonists, however frequently they broke in upon my rest, so precious in these rakish times. They have blown their last, for a twelvemonth to come. Peace to their shrill clarinets, to their whooping horns, to their grating violoncellos, and to their wretched anti-Logierian harmonies and accompaniments! I took the will for the deed; they had their fee at my door, as heretofore, on producing the regular document of their legitimate calling; in despite of my worthy old friend Mr. Rappelheimer's anathema against the whole craft, when he and I, on returning from a musical party, fell accidentally within the undulating vibrations of their tuneful blasts, close by the Vauxhall turnpike.

"How sweet!" exclaimed a youthful voice, muffled in shawls and fur, tripping past us, under the safeguard of an equally delighted beau or husband.

"Have you ever heard such execrable stuff?" exclaimed my German companion, nearly at the same moment. "Only hear how these villains are murdering our beautiful air 'Steh' nur auf, steh' nur auf,' which, even in the mouths of the untutored Rainers, excited universal admiration, although their harmony was not always the most orthodox. Upon the whole, however, it was fair enough for ears not over-nice in counterpoint. But here, that wretched clarinet plays the tune in D, the horn is a quarter-tone above pitch, and the bass, happy enough, I dare say, in having hit the key-note by chance, is pawing G, instead of the dominant.—My tear friend," stepping up to the violoncello of waits, "do me the favour to take A yust dere. Allow me to show you."

"Mind your own business, you drunken——," strengthened by some other strokes of forcible language, not to be repeated in this place, were all the thanks returned for the kind offer of Mr. Rappelheimer's scientific assistance. Some words ensued; all the small auditory, including a guardian of the night, were disgusted at the busy interference of the 'intosticated Frenchman;' so that, but for my pressing instances to pursue our path, it is more than probable Mr. Rappelheimer would have spent the remainder of the night in Lambeth watch-house, in order to explain the laws of counterpoint to Mr. Chambers next morning, at Union-hall, at the moderate charge of five shillings for immoderate indulgence in strong liquors.

Irritated as were the feelings of my otherwise placid companion, our way homeward was amply beguiled and shortened by a regular dissertation on the want of musical taste in the whole English nation, wound up by a thesis somewhat novel, purporting, that a people feeding upon roast-beef half raw—Mr. Rappelheimer is a sworn enemy to all bovine nutriment—must naturally be destitute of all susceptibility for music.

Mr. Rappelheimer's paradoxical doctrine refers to music of his own

liking. His inclinations are for the *grand genre.* Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and even Gluck, are the great divinities at whose shrines he devoutly tenders his oblations. Even Rossini is little more than a plagiarist pretender, in his eyes. In proof of the latter accusation, he has, with truly German patience, been at the pains of critically investigating and comparing all the scores of the Gran' Maestro, in order to show not only what ideas are borrowed—he plainly calls it "stolen"—from other authors; but also how often, and where Rossini has repeated the same thoughts, whether his own or others, in the operas that bear his name. All this my friend has most methodically set forth in a big book of his own making; which is really curious, and would, ere now, have appeared in print but for the "want of musical taste in England;" inasmuch as not above three subscribers could be found for the work, and several publishers declined the risk of printing it, even on being offered the copyright for nothing, if the sale fell short of three hundred copies.

The musical party, from which Mr. Rappelheimer and I were returning when we had the rencontre with the waits, was one of the numerous treats of sweet sounds which fell to my share since my former communication, and it turned out sufficiently interesting to occupy a space in the present paper. There are abundant reports of what is sung and fiddled at the theatres and public concerts, but nobody ever thinks of noticing the feasts of harmony given in private parties, many of which, while they do not yield in attraction to the concerts at the Argyll and Hanover-square rooms, are often of a more novel and curious description.

Mrs. Morrison's card simply and modestly announced "tea and a little music," and my friend attended *ex officio*, as the master of the two young ladies, for whose tuition I had recommended him some years ago. Poor man! he would much rather, as he honestly assured me, have crossed the Channel; although so averse to the briny element, that during many years' residence in England, he never once could muster the courage to revisit his native town of Schweinfurth on the Maine. His estimation of the musical capabilities of the Misses Morrison is so slender, that, after the first twelvemonth, he tendered his resignation; but Mamma was of opinion that, as long as she was satisfied with Mr. Rappelheimer's exertions, and Mr. Morrison's check was duly honoured in Lombard-street, my friend could have no possible cause for dissatisfaction. Besides, in Mrs. Morrison's judgment, (though she would by no means set up for a connoisseur in music as it is going now-a-days,) both Miss Morrison and Miss Fanny had got on surprisingly, and played a great deal better than ever their mother did; for all she had had Mr. Hook upwards of four years, twice a week. "They are not to gain a livelihood by the piano, Mr. Rappelheimer, as you may suppose,—nor husbands; though some young women now-a-days, that have nothing to look for, lay themselves out for it. Music, Mr. Rappelheimer, is a genteel and pleasing accomplishment in an unmarried woman, laid on the shelf in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when they get husbands and families. They then have plenty of music of another kind; and if they had a mind to keep up what they may have learnt, their husbands, somehow or other, are the last people to give them encouragement. From the time we were married, Mr. Morrison never once did so much as ask me to play, or to sing, for all

he paid me many a compliment on my singing while he paid his addresses. May be, a woman's voice is not quite so melodious after marriage as before, or that men become more difficult to please. But, whatever be the reason, Mr. Rappelheimer, there is quite reason enough for a young woman not to carry an accomplishment of this sort to the extreme of perfection; and all you have to do, is to go on as you have done, and not trouble your head about my daughters' taste or improvement, as long as you do your best, and we ourselves think so."

In spite of this soothing explanation, and of my advice to act accordingly, Mr. Rappelheimer would have given up his pupils, but for the great diminution he had already suffered in the number of his scholars, in consequence of the universal Logieromania then prevailing, which, by a Royal road, was to initiate the little misses into the mazes and mysteries of counterpoint, and render them not only adepts in practical execution, but skilful harmonists and composers.

On my arrival at Mr. Morrison's, the drawing-room was filled with a numerous assemblage of amateurs and non-amateurs of both sexes, and of all ages, two or three music-desks, violins, violoncello, &c. Mr. Rappelheimer sat in a retired corner, with a countenance sufficiently denoting that his presence was more a matter of obligation than free choice. That most delectable operation, the tuning of fiddles, flute, &c. to the pitch of the piano, was just beginning, when Mr. Rappelheimer from his retreat vociferated, "Halloh! has de duner not been here?"

"He has, Mr. Rappelheimer," replied Mrs. Morrison, "and he said you had sent him, which I could scarcely believe, as the instrument had been tuned thoroughly not above two months back, and Anne, who tried it yesterday, declared that it was quite perfect in tune. So I sent the man about his business."

Mr. Rappelheimer not being the man to yield his opinion when he knows it to be just, and Mrs. Morrison, on the other hand, insisting on the correctness of her daughter's ear in matters of "temperament," the case was referred to a violin-amateur, apparently looked up to by all parties, who declared the piano to be unfit for use without some little rectification, which Mr. Rappelheimer forthwith undertook to accomplish. Whether it be owing to the greater degree of difficulty in procuring tuners, or to a progressive diminution of musical susceptibility, I have often remarked in my suburban perambulations, especially during summer-time when windows are open, that the farther one recedes from the region of Golden-square and the Haymarket, the more forcibly is the ear offended by pianofortes out of tune. Going westward, for instance, matters are tolerable, though in a decreasing ratio, as far as Hyde-park Corner; a very sensible diminution in purity is observable at Knightsbridge; in Brompton things are much worse, especially the additional keys; and in Little Chelsea all Lord Stanhope's directions about *bi-equal fifths* and *thirds*, are wholly set at defiance.

Mr. Rappelheimer's praiseworthy exertions cost the sacrifice of a wire or two, at the bursting of which the features of Mrs. Morrison shrunk together as if under the influence of the *tic douloureux*. But in less than twenty minutes the instrument was pronounced passable, and fit to sustain a part in the performance of a peculiar novelty, Kreutzer's Overture to "Lodoiska," with accompaniments of violin, flute, and vio-

loncello, Miss Morrison presiding at the piano, and the knees of a middle-aged indigo-broker parenthetically encircling the bass-viol. The tuning of the other instruments was now resumed; the efforts to come to a unity of intonation were strenuous, especially on the part of the flautist, whose pouting and broken-out lips derived considerable alleviation from one of Wheatstone's patent mouth-pieces, and whose flute, although drawn out like a telescope at every joint, was still a full quarter-note too high. The violino in vain screwed his pegs, now a mile down, and again half a mile up; all approximation appeared to be hopeless. Mr. Rappelheimer, all the while on thorns, proffered his aid, which was civilly declined, "the thing being just done," as the gentlemen were pleased to declare.

Tap, tap! and the *Largo* began. Miss Morrison, being naturally of a vivacious disposition, could little brook the grave and sombre progress of the slow movement; a sort of *Allegretto* time appeared to her quite tardy enough; and in this, whatever might have been Kreutzer's intention, there would have been no great harm, as matters seemed to proceed, provided there had been some little previous understanding with her colleagues. This not being the case, every one of the four went his own way, so that Miss Morrison had fairly got through the *Largo*, and was just beginning the dum dum de rum dum dum of the *Allegro*, before the flautist had accomplished one half of the slow movement.

Some misgivings that all was not right now began to manifest themselves among one or two of the concerting parties; a dead stop and much parley ensued, every one was sure *he* had strictly abided by the proper *tempo*; the indigo-broker "rather suspected" Miss Morrison had played it too fast; as for himself, he was ready to lay a new hat that *his* was the proper time, for he had taken it precisely as it was done at the Surrey; "and now we understand each other," added this bass-man, "we shall get through it, I warrant you, if any one of the gentlemen will be so obliging as to beat time."

"What! do it over again?" exclaimed Miss Morrison, "I think we have had quite enough of this tiresome stuff, 'tis enough to give one the horrors. No, no, let's begin with the quick movement at once. It is vastly pretty and cheerful, they have turned it into a charming quadrille-tune."

Miss Morrison carried her point! Dum dum de rum dum dum was forthwith intonated, and pursued to the heart's content of all the concerting parties. In the present instance there was too much amicable concord of feeling to lead to any glaring musical anachronisms. Like the patient but well-trained team of a Flemish diligence, the harmonising four-in-hand went over their ground in an amicable jog-trot, quietly and coolly; for they had taken the *Allegro* in a time which enabled them to take their own time to get through it in due time. Nobody hurried himself; on the contrary, the greater the number of notes in the bar, the more slackened invariably was the speed. By this simple and judicious proceeding—not without its imitators among the professionals—not a semiquaver was lost; now and then a handful of notes came rather later than was expected, but better late than never. The audience was thus enabled to distinguish every sound, more particularly as the execution was extremely distinct and forcible. Every one played as lustily as he could, without troubling himself about *p*'s, *pp*'s,

or *fp*'s. Miss Morrison, in particular, showed great power of hand. Her execution not only was supremely audible, but plainly visible at the farther end of the room; inasmuch as not the fingers alone, but wrists and elbows were called in aid to impart *striking* effects. Nay, the feet were not suffered to remain passive, the essential and powerful assistance of the pedal being never for a moment neglected. With many a professional "pianiste," the dear dear pedal serves to cloak all manner of sins in execution, and to impose on the untutored vulgar. This was not the case with Miss Morrison, whose toes resorted to the potent auxiliary in question, solely for the sake of grandeur in effect.

Miss Morrison's praiseworthy efforts met the reward so richly due to them. Thundering applause instantaneously followed, nay, preceded the finishing chords of the overture. The elderly ladies, in particular, were enthusiastic in their encomiums on this "sweet piece." Their heads and fans had often, during the performance, covibrated, like Maelzel's Metronomes, with the rhythm of the livelier passages, which seemed to call forth the remembrance of livelier days. A Mrs. Nicks, in an unctuous masculine voice, declared she remembered extremely well when she first went to see the opera of "Lodoiska" at Drury Lane; and on her neighbour politely wondering at the permanency of such *early* impressions, Mrs. Nicks favoured the company with the whole of the original cast of parts, mentioning, among others, Dicky Suett, Michael Kelly, and above all, Mrs. Crouch, whose "beautiful skin and complexion" were not forgotten on the present occasion. The remembrance of the "sweet voice" of that singer, and of her "sweet song," *Ye streams that round my prison creep*, was equally vivid; and a delicate hint was thrown out on the part of Mrs. Nicks, indicative of the happiness she should feel if either of the Misses Morrison would be so obliging as to favour the company with this charming air of Mrs. Crouch.

The hint did not take. The date of the song in question was long before the time of "my daughters;" they made it a point to sing nothing but *new* music; and, besides, the performances of the evening, Mrs. Morrison believed, had been all settled beforehand. "If I am not mistaken, Fanny will now give you 'Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me,' accompanied on the piano by her sister. They're just going to begin."

All was hush! for Miss Morrison had already begun the symphony, and Miss Fanny was in position; stiff and cold as a marble statue, the extremities of the right-hand fingers resting on the piano, her eyes turned towards the ceiling, a countenance stern and mournful. A sly dab on the G having enabled Miss Fanny to pitch the beginning with tolerable accuracy, she proceeded in a lachrymose drawling ballad style, calculated to draw tears, if there had been a grain of expression in the execution; but all was a muddle of whining insipidity without spirit, rhythm, or emphasis. Of time there was not so much as a shadow, and, to say the truth, there was no need for its observance. Like a peculiar watch of Brequet's invention, in which two distinct balances force each other into simultaneous vibration, so did this sisterly pair, well versed in each other's peculiarities and failings, make mutual allowance on every critical emergency; and, in their philadelphic union, bid defiance to all time, without ever being asunder. Such is the rare

advantage of duets and concerted performances *en famille!* This precision, and the style of woe above adverted to, appeared to give universal satisfaction. The charm of "Oh Nanny" seemed to consist in the feelings of dejection which the magic of Miss Fanny's woe-begone strains spread, infection like, over the whole assembly. The greater part of the company seemed plunged and revelling in an ecstasy of delightful sadness: the plaudits at the conclusion were enthusiastic, and, I make no doubt, sincere.

The next performance, as the lady of the house informed us, was to have been an aria of Rossini; but the gentleman who promised to sing it had sent a note in the course of the day, to say that he had suddenly been attacked with a violent sore throat. "But," added Mrs. Morrison, "as Italian singing is so much the fashion, and as we are fortunate enough to have among the company a young lady who has had lessons of Signor Liverati, I have succeeded in prevailing upon her good-nature to favour us with something in the Opera way; and this gentleman, our neighbour, has had the goodness to send purposely for some of his 'Italian song books,' as, with the exception of 'See lamore,' I don't believe my girls have got one Italian song among the loads of music which they are constantly buying. I often wished them to try their hands a little in the Signor style, as it is getting so very fashionable of late; but they are determined to stick to their English, and to be sure, the language of one's own country ought to be the dearest to every body, but——

The arrival of the "Italian song books" put an end to the patriotic volubility of our hostess, who expressed a confident hope that, among such an abundant store, Miss Lake would meet with some of her own songs. "Here," said the good lady, "is a big book of the operar of 'Figāro;' how delightful, if you could favour us with something out of that: do look, pray!" The young lady modestly expressed her willingness to attempt any of the airs that were not too difficult, if some one would be good enough to take the piano, a task which my friend Mr. Rappelheimer the more readily offered to undertake, as the score was that of his "divine countryman," as he was pleased to call the composer. The young lady seeing him sit down and prelude with true German enthusiasm, asked whether Mr. Rappelheimer had any objection to take a part with her in a duet. "No oder obyection, Ma'm," replied Mr. Rappelheimer, "but dat I have no woice for singing; and I never regretted de want of it more dan yust now." Here the young gentleman, from whose house the "Italian song books" had been brought, stepped forward to say, that if the lady would excuse the errors of a raw amateur, he should feel proud in being permitted to make a feeble attempt at joining in a duet. "In that case," observed Miss Lake, "the necessity for excuse will be mutual, I'm sure; but not to lose time, we will settle the account of mutual allowances when we have done. What is it to be, Sir?—you, as our conductor, ought to name it."

Mr. Rappelheimer, whose spirits his pleasing functions had restored from a state of despondency to perfect cheerfulness, forthwith selected "Crudel perche finora," struck a few masterly chords of preparation in A minor &c.; and the young gentleman commenced the duet in a modest but firm and sustained style of execution, and with a mellow and extremely pleasing baritone voice, the conduct and modulation of which

bespoke a considerable degree of cultivation aided by innate taste. His musical diction, too, instead of exhibiting the barley-sugar and milksop drawling and mumbling so often to be met with among amateurs of the male sex, was marked by energetic enunciation and emphatic accent. Our amateur had scarcely ended "farmi languir così," when Mr. Rappelheimer, in winding through the momentary but beautiful transition from E major to C, muttered with inward delight, "Sharming, sharming! dat is de right sort o' ding."

Miss Lake now began "Signor la Donna ognora tempo ha di dir così." Her very commencement bespoke confidence in her powers. The voice was clear, silvery, and, without being of the first order, had a roseate sympathetic glow, which warmed all that heard it. "Roseate" is an odd word for sounds; but what is one to do when the poverty of language defies the expression of inward sensations and emotions not to be rendered into any living idiom? The varieties in the human voice are infinite; the B of one singer, as regards pitch and even purity of intonation, may be quite the same as the B of another, and yet there may be as wide a difference between both as between a B drawn by Spagnoletti from a genuine Stradivarius, and the same note scraped out of a well-powdered catgut by a blind itinerant. Whoever recollects the effect of the velvet intonation of Miss M. Tree, the magic sounds of Incledon, or of Mrs. Bland, will seize my meaning. There was a genial warmth in those tones, against which the notes of many greater artists appeared chilling. The latter might entrap us into mental wonder, whilst the former warmed our hearts. It was as if these underwent, before utterance, an organic process similar to the calefaction of a current of air, now adopted in many of our dwellings, while the others would come upon us in their untempered rawness.

Where these tones of roseate glow are dwelling, there can scarcely be a want of impassioned feeling; for feeling enters largely into their creation. It is the poesy of vocalization, and Miss Lake's bosom seemed to glow with the Promethean spark. But this was not the only qualification which gave zest to her part. Evidently master of the import of her text, she sang the above line with an archness and a winning smile, which reminded me of Ronzi di Begnis, only that it was less theatrical.

This line had a visible effect in dispelling a certain degree of bashfulness under which the young representative of Count Almaviva had laboured at the commencement of his part. "E non mi mancherai?" now came forth with all the anxiousness of an impatient swain. In short, the two debutants were now fairly matched, and seemed to rival each other, not so much in skill—for the lady was the more accomplished vocalist—as in the appropriate expression of the poet's sentiments.

The vocal pair had now reached the *a due* part "Mi sento dal contento;" and it was delightful to hear their united voices, in thirds, sixths, and other intervals, blend, nay melt into each other in sweetest concord. If, as we know from experience, there is a sympathetic co-vibration of harmonics between strings and instruments, shall we be surprised in witnessing a similar tendency in the singing of two or more human beings, especially when of both sexes, and when glowing with youth, and innate finer feelings? While the sounds of their voices coalesce

and blend externally into harmony, they seem to form a sympathetic link of internal communion between the souls of the parties, and in thus awaking tender emotions, often to give birth to feelings of mutual love. On this account, I hold duettizing a hazardons pastime between young folks. A woman is never more captivating than when she sings sweetly; while to sing out of tune and out of time, like Miss Fanny's "Oh Nanny," is not only a non-conductor, but a repellent. What is it that procures to our public singers admirers and husbands so speedily? What else but the co-vibration of kindred organizations? The dulcet harmonics of the witching syren, like acoustic telegraphs, in spreading themselves over the house, are sure to set in vibration the concordant heart-strings of some listening swain in the boxes or lobby, and, perchance, to win the instrument thus susceptibly strung.

But enough of these erotic, or perhaps erratic speculations, which involuntarily obtruded themselves during the charming duet of our Susanna and Almaviva. As to my friend Mr. Rappelheimer, his feelings were no longer at his command; his eyes glistened, and tears of delight trickled along his cheeks. Even the *ignobile vulgus* among the company must have felt something like gratification at the performance; for the *sotto voce* gabble of the most garrulous of the matrons changed into a *poco a poco morendo*, until it was hushed into what appeared to be a pause of admiration, wondrously sustained to the very conclusion, when a universal clapping of hands seemed to seek ample indemnity for the brief embargo upon tongues.

"Dank you kindly, my tear lady and shentelman!" exclaimed Mr. Rappelheimer, as he was concluding the ritornel. "Dat is what we call singing in Yermany; singing worthy of such divine moosic; you most have practized well togeder to sing so 'handsome.'"

"This is the first time," replied our Almaviva, "I have had the pleasure, I ought to say the happiness, of meeting this lady."

"Can it be posseeble! Well! all I can say is, dat I hope it will not be de last time; for, by Heavens! you deserve to sing togeder all de days of your lifes: excuse my freedom!"

Mr. Rappelheimer's teutonic bluntness seemed to find an apology in the thorough goodnature with which the words were spoken, softened down moreover as was their apparent impropriety by his foreign accent, which imparts a certain degree of impunity to expressions that, in pure English, would often be deemed offensive.

Mrs. Morrison very politely thanked the parties for "the delightful treat;" but, apparently not best pleased at the immense contrast between the "Oh Nanny" of her daughter and the "Crudel perche," she could not help remarking what a pity it was that such charming singing should be wasted on a language which nobody could understand, for surely most people, when they heard a song, liked to know what it was all about; but 'tis the fashion now-a-days, and that's all that can be said for it. After all, Fanny is in the right in keeping to her homely English in her songs, and thus affording a *treat* to the mind, as well as the ear. Come, my dear, I believe you are going to give us now "Crazy Jane."

On the somnolent, dirge-like execution of "Crazy Jane," I could only comment in terms quite similar to the account given of its anterior companion. Indeed, the space which this paper has already filled enjoins brevity, as regards the remainder of the evening's performances,

most of which, moreover, whether vocal or instrumental, were on a level with those which preceded them, excepting, perhaps, one of the twelve symphonies of Haydn, arranged by Salomon for two violins, one tenor, one violoncello, and one flute. But flutes being a sort of musical weed abounding in all places, it so happened, that, by the time this symphony had to appear, not less than four fluters had dropped in, all eager to have a bit of a blow; and a marvellous quadruple blast it proved, all piping away *unisono*, with the trifling difference of a quarter-note or so in pitch, one way or another.

Among other novelties—"for the Misses Morrison make it a point to sing nothing but new music"—we had also a glee, "Oh Lady fair;" Miss Fanny being soprano, some spectacled gentleman taking the second, and the bass part being assigned to the Indigo-broker, who had violoncelled in Lodoiska. Both declared it to be an attempt *at sight*; but this could scarcely be said to be the case, for, from their attitudes, it seemed as if they could see little or nothing of the staves. Their noses, one on each side, came within an inch or so in profane contact with that of Miss Fanny, who sang and pianized at the same time. Referring to my previous speculation about the coalescing of sounds, I will only add, that, in the present instance of nasal approximation, the pneumatic coalescence, first hand as it was, ought to have been perfect, and yet my hypothesis was far from gaining additional strength. The tonic streams refused to blend into concordant harmonies. The glee was a failure; and it is the last *morceau* of the "little music" on which I could offer a comment, for I had enjoyed more than sufficient to induce me to take a silent departure. My German friend, on overtaking me at some hundred yards' distance from the house, declared that he had been watching to see how long my patience would endure the torture of discords, and had lost no time in following my example. The duet of Miss Lake, however, he declared, made amends for all the sufferings of the evening. Miss Lake was the theme of his enthusiastic admiration until we fell in with the waits, and the ungentle treatment he experienced effected a sudden modulation into a minor tonic.

AT ATHENS.

It was a calm, cool covert, where the vine
 Unloosed its clustering ringlets o'er the head
 Of ancient pillars, and a streamlet fled
Whispering away amongst their shafts, in twine
Wayward, and waste for pleasure, and a pine
 Arch'd them, and answer'd to that streamlet still
 But in a haughtier music; nought of ill
Could dwell there;—and there sate a fair fond child
 Playing amongst those marbles, where the dead
 Had slept in elder days, and round were spread
Upon their sides, young Fauns, all flush'd and wild,
 Dallying with Nymphs and Naiads; so he play'd—
And now and then a gush of sudden joy
 Shot through his sunny eyes, and words unsaid
Seem'd burning o'er his cheek, and near her boy
 Hung the applauding Mother, as she pray'd,
And wept, and smiled. Ah me! that both should die! W.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.—NO XVII.

Roman Villas.

FORTVNAE. SALVTARI
SACRVM. *Inscript. Villæ Borghes.*

"Justisne de causis, cum tibi videor incolere, inhabitare, diligere recessum? quem tu nimis urbanus es, nisi concupiscis.—*Plin. Sec. lib.* vi. *epist.* xvii.

THE day was not yet much advanced, and I thought I could not more agreeably fill up the remainder than by a sort of circuit to the numerous Villas, with which the neighbourhood and interior of Rome so profusely abound. I drove from the Corso, through the Piazza del Popolo, and turning to the left from the gate soon found myself at the Villa Borghese.

The Villa Borghese, or as it is sometimes more classically entitled, the Villa Pinciana, from its vicinity to that hill, stands almost adjoining the city, towards the N. E. The approach, by a narrow dusty road, is immediately under the wall of Aurelian; the entrance is opposite that remarkable fragment which goes under the name of the Muro Torto, and which tradition ascribes to Domitian. You pass under a handsome portico, surmounted by a reasonable number of the family dragons and eagles, and are ushered into a narrow box and laurel lane, but not for the present into the park. The first building you meet is the Casino, with a range of picturesque-looking aqueduct arches, brought out in full brilliancy on the black-green ground of the pines and cypresses behind. The Casino itself is a mere *pied-à-terre*, habitable, I understand, and no more. Your valet will thence whirl you on, giving you glimpses of the grounds, now open, now shut, in passing, to the villa. It lies unfavourably in a gloomy hollow; you go down straight to it between a melancholy wall on either side, of evergreens, and over a slippery grass-grown road. The very variety of the ground is lost, or worse—it makes the approach more difficult. The Villa, in form and plan, is strictly Italian. You have the high and light, the rich and gay, instead of the low, sober, and simple of the ancients. Then comes the excrescence of the Belvedere, and the Loggie, and the incrustations of stucco and bas-relief. Here there has been a more than ordinary expenditure of these treasures. The architect was a Fleming. The interior distribution is appropriate, and, speaking to an Italian, comfortable. It has long been surrendered to statues and strangers. Notwithstanding this, and its recent spoliation, it looks clean and kept. Frequent visits, a well-fed Custode, a vigilant agent, and a rich proprietor, will do wonders in this way. Yet no one can visit it without now and then letting something like an imprecation escape him at the exchange of its former inhabitants for the 5000*l.* a-year in Piedmont. The place, like the Louvre, is still occupied, though a whole mob of statues will not make up the Discobolus. The Prince, however, is zealous and active, and has already covered the nakedness of its walls. I saw in the hall the colossal bust of Juno; and the empty niches were already preparing for the reception of many others. The miracle of this vestibule is the gaudy scenic decoration of the Sicilian Mariano Rossi. Camillus, a favourite family name, suggested the subject. Camillus is stormy, and not grand. The Olympus of the fresco, streaming away in glory, clouds, and gods, does not atone for the terrestrial division of the painting. The celebrated bas-relief of Curtius is a disappointment; it has more nature than beauty. The plebeian attitude of the hero, and the blind incertitude of the horse, are anti-ideal, but have a something even in their awkwardness, of redeeming truth. The first chamber has ten statues in niches, with their surrounding bas-reliefs; the second, a rare and almost unique vase;—both an Asiatic display of marbles, in tables, &c. and scagliolas, which are not eclipsed, even in such company as they meet here. The third chamber possesses the much-vaunted Apollo and David. The story is told with Ovidian ingenuity, translated or paraphrased rather into Italian. You see the hand, but the mind also, of Bernini, and a great deal too much of it, throughout. It is not the god,

radiant from the extinction of the Python, or casting forth, through various forms, in the sacred Nine, the inspiration of his shrouded divinity. Bernini's Apollo is the shepherd of Admetus; but far too sub-obscured. He is a cow-herd of the Campagna, stript of a little of his vulgarity with his clothes, but though a tolerable gentleman, he will not do to make a god. Daphne is somewhat better; she had only to look nymph-like and frightened, and though poor and prosaic, she does both. The mere mechanism of the work is above all praise.* It is a miracle surpassed only by the still greater miracle of the Pluto.† Canova, even in his later years, still continued to admire the unexampled dexterity with which the pierced hair, the delicately scattered leaves of the laurel, and the barklike metamorphosis of the feet, are worked out. In such a subject his *seicento* genius revels, and commits all that variety of sin, point, conceit, pretension, which belong to the sister arts of the same vicious period. He is the Silius of the Italian school, after which all is flat gewgaw mediocrity. The most laborious achievements of such a style are unsatisfactory beside the great Epic productions of the ancients. It is mere sonneteering in marble—smart love-verses—conventional, epigrammatic, sparkling with "hits" and difficulties: mere *tours de force* of a clever harlequin, beside the powerful massive stride of his great predecessors.‡—The David is in another manner. Here dignity was every thing, and every thing has been done to degrade. There is nothing in this miracle of the weak against the strong, of the calmness and might of a divine instrument. David is a mere killer of crows. This is not extraordinary; the head is portrait,§ without a single poetic deviation into the antique. The doubling in, or biting of the nether lip, the peasant coarseness of the attitude, the comic air of the whole figure, are the staring vices of this parody. Yet Bernini has done worse things, and this was one of his first. It immediately followed the *Æneas* and Anchises, and was finished a little after the age of fifteen. Michel Angelo treated the same subject, nearly at the same time of life; but there is not more difference between Michel and Bernini, than between their two works. The David of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence is, with all the errors of his chisel, and it has often dashed into the anatomy too deeply, the David of Jehovah, the destined founder of a new dynasty, the dethroner of an old.—In the same room are the Four Seasons, without originality, as without pretension, works of Massimiliano Laboureur, Professor of Sculpture at the Academy of St. Luke. Here also are the warm vapoury frescoes and right-lined designs of James Moore. The great saloon is a magnificent incrustation of gem-like marbles. The only goddess they have left in the shrine, or rather translated to it, is the celebrated Hermaphrodite of the Gallery. It is in preservation inferior to the Parisian, but as round, delicate, and voluptuously

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* This work was the exploit of an impetuous and adventurous youth; Bernini executed it at the age of eighteen, for the Borghese Pope, Paul V., or rather for his nephew. It bears all the want of judgment, taste, and knowledge of that age; but the freshness, "pastosità," and certainty of its touch, and the thousand other facilities of its execution, (never exceeded, seldom rivalled in his riper years,) fully justify the remark, "Che nella sua giovinezza non dava mai colpo in fallo." The character he either neglected or did not conceive. The verses of the Cardinal Maffeo Barberini on the base, are evidence how little the ancient fable was thought of.

† Cicognara's testimony in favour of the Pluto may apply to all works. "Assolutamente il ferro ha tagliato quel marmo in un modo da spaventare chiunque conosca scarpelli." This was carried to an extreme in the "woollen" draperies of his St. Teresa, the best, or, as he used to express it, "the least bad of his works."

‡ Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos,
Infelix operis *summa*, quia ponere *totum*
Nesciet. *Horat. Art. Poet.*

§ His own. "Il avait une taille un peu au dessous de la mediocrité, bonne mine, un air hardi." *Perrault; Baltard, Paris et ses monumens.* See also his portrait by Ottavio Leoni, which strongly resembles the David. Cardinal Maffeo Barberini just mentioned, held the glass for him whilst modelling it.

varied in its contour as its repetition, and far above its imitations, the Florentine, &c. There are about the room heads waiting for their bodies, and statues for their pedestals. The next chamber is a vestibule to the Egyptian; which has no greater merit than its name. The modern Greek personification of this very abstruse mythology is still more absurd than the Adriano-Egyptian of the ancient Romans. In the next, and last saloon, is the group of black Cupids *entassés* on a shield or a catina. They are cast sleepily and easily together. Here also was the false Seneca; the man dies, but we look in vain for the philosopher. You re-enter the hall, and ascend the first story, where the Italian house begins, but there are few symptoms of the guardianship of the Lares. The Custode recollected with regret the good days gone by, in the time of "the Young Prince," (now the old Prince,) and hardly entreated our admiration for any of the cloudy paintings of the long dining-room, except such as referred to the exploits he had just mentioned. The pageants of Paul V., to whom the lines of Thomson might be thought applicable, "a little, round, &c." are in all the pomp of that age of lace and brocade. One gives you a carnival exhibition before the Palazzo Borghese, on a colossal scale of expense; another a tournament, &c. his Holiness present. The knights are habited in the latest costume of chivalry, and appear gentlemanlike rather than earnest. I thought these gladiatorial shows of the moderns had been prohibited by ecclesiastical piety or good taste. The collection of family ugliness, in the next room, is hardly redeemed by a single line of strong character, or good staunch individuality. They have no other merit but being enframed in the recollections and the costumes of the past. Orizzonte's room, whither all his paintings have been removed from the gallery, and restored to the positions for which they were originally intended, is distinguished by a beautiful chimneypiece. These paintings are only different aspects of the men—they all come from the same kaleidoscope; it is reading the same book, and often the same page. The villa is unfurnished, but so is every thing in the shape of Princely Villa or Casino near Rome.

But the real attraction of the villa is the extensive and elaborate specimen which it presents of the landscape-gardening of the Italians. The Villa Borghese is the "ocellus Romæ," as the villas generally are of Italy. It is of parklike extent, stretching off, three miles and a half in circumference, to the North-east and East of Rome. This is again parcelled out into the Park, the Villa properly so called, and what the French would term the "Plaisance," or the "Enceinte." The Park is broken and waste, and waving with tall grass, and thick with underwood, and glancing here and there with a solitary deer. The Villa is professedly and pompously Italian, but of an amplitude and variety rare in Italy. It is here you are to read the improvement, rather than the style itself. The walks are straight, bold, and broad, bounded, or built in rather, by deep and solid hedges of ilex, box, or laurel, or all intermingled together—flanked at intervals by formal clumps of the same trees, or groves of obelisk-looking cypresses, or broad-roofed pines, stately and sad and proud, and whispering or wailing in the calmest summer day. This, again, is hedged in by other similar divisions, &c. squaring the intermediate plots into different uses. The ground is but slightly undulated, and lies low; but through its avenues you have glimpses of the rough outline of the Sabine hills, and the dusky purple of Soracte. Each of these squares has its appropriation. In one you have a Circus, with its cavea and seats, still visible through the obliterating turf; in another, a monopteral open Temple topping the swell of a gentle hill, and enshrining in its luxurious marbles a statue of the huntress Diana; in another appears an exquisite little Casino, diverging from the usual storied Italian form into the antique and diffusive, over the close and smooth sward; then in a fourth stands a sort of semi-fortress, with its courts and battlements, and bearing on its portal the quaint device of OTIA TUTA; from a fifth rises an imitation of the Republican Florentine Casino, with its rough and rusticated front. Then there are ruins (built, but not inappropriate,) and dolphin-spouting fountains, and

aqueducts, and an entire population of statues—elephants and lions, and heroes, and inscriptions numberless at every turn, in the best latinity and taste. The Enceinte is the gem of the entire piece. It is said to be framed upon an English model; but the model is of the school of Kent, or rather a mixture or linking of the two schools, the old and the new. A straight broad walk leads directly to a small lake of made water. On the opposite bank is a Greek temple, dedicated to Esculapius the Saviour. The Armida air of the lake, the Greek purity of the insulated temple, the economy and propriety of the statues, the admirable point of the inscriptions, the untutored negligence and sweep of the foliage, (willows and other trailing plants are introduced with great effect, over the ilex and the cypress,) the fine interchanges of simplicity and richness in the colours and forms, the deep olive of the waters, and the sparkling of the white swans on the surface, even in winter, when in the North all is an extinguishing bed of blank snow—these are elements of true enchantment, realizing in part the luxurious reveries of the poets, and shaping into body what in their pages must still appear as visions only and dreams.

Adjoining the Villa Borghese, on one side is the Villa Poniatowsky and the Villa Giulia, and on the other the Villa Nelli, once the residence of the divine Raphael; all without the walls. The Villa Giulia, built by Julius III. under the direction of Michel Angelo,* is admired for the beauty of its Corinthian order and its Nymphæum, and was once visited for its pillars of verd' antico, taken from the Baths of the Aqua Albula, and the unrivalled crater of porphyry, since transferred by Clement XI. to the Vatican. The Villa Poniatowsky, and Nelli, deserve more attention. They want architecture, but the deficiency is compensated by the grounds.

The Villa Poniatowsky is the recent creation of the Prince Poniatowsky, a philosophic voluntary exile to a city long celebrated for being the hospital of broken-down dynasties. It is a truly Ciceronian retreat. Small, but perfect in its arrangements, it multiplies, on a trifling capital, all the delights of these intellectual hermitages. There are two Casinos: neither noted for their architecture, one (the higher) for its whimsicality. It purports to be a translation to the Italian soil, of all the wayward but beautiful fantasies of the Alhambra. The statues, particularly a Thetis and a sedent Tiberius, are well chosen and better placed. The villa crowns a small tufted ridge immediately over the road from the Ponte Molle to the City, and commands a fine sweeping view of the rushing Tyber. It boasts little of the venerable and lordly aspect of the more princely villas of Rome; but no one can lean on its classic steps, or sit opposite its antique inscriptions, peeping with the fitful gusts of the wind from the flowers and foliage which crowd up around them, or look out on a fine evening across the eddying river, and purpled vale below, to the diadem-dome of St. Peter's in the distance, without feeling through his spirit the passage of that divine melancholy, which is, as it were, the presiding genius of Rome. The Prince could not have chosen a better transition between the Court and the grave. I often met him in the walks, and could not help thinking that I sometimes heard, in his mild and measured conversation, some murmurs of that expostulation of Pliny which heads these pages. He had a palace in town, but he passed all the intermediate period which he could steal from the frost of winter, and the malaria of summer, in this delicious retreat.†

The Villa Raffaelle—for despite of the odorous wine-casks, and the ugly Sabine-looking Contadina of Signor Nelli, (the actual proprietor,) it still bears that name, is of a very opposite description. It is low, close, and tran-

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* Sultzer gives the palace to Julius II. and the architecture to Vignola. But Donati and Ficoroni are more correct.

† The Prince has since quitted Rome and gone to reside at Florence, transferring thither his entire property. The cause of this was the refusal of the Pope to legitimatize his most unroyal marriage. It has since, I understand, fallen into the hands of an Englishman.

quil: just girt with a little irregular zone of wood, and though touching on the town, with scarcely a stir or recollection of a capital—

> " Was nought around, but images of rest,
> Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
> And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest
> From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green."

The residence is thus quite country; the architecture, size, distribution, simplicity itself; a little quiet portico, or arcade, fronts it. Here on one of those soft, thoughtful evenings, which generally close or begin the pleasant season of the year, I can picture to myself the young artist, with his younger academy around him, reposing himself on their familiarity and sportiveness, as on the freshness of the secluded lawn before him, after the glare and fatigues of the morning. Or perhaps if the biographer might intrude still farther into this sanctuary of his interior pleasures, he might be still seen clinging round the favourite Muse of his inspirations, and clothing into some new vision of transcendent loveliness, the charms of his own Fornarina. This is a pleasing little cabinet-painting, and I believe the idea has been seized. All these rooms (and the distribution is agreeably domestic) breathe of Raphael, and still seem, through modern profanation, redolent of his divine genius. He poured himself abroad in the fulness of his own nature upon these walls; you enter here into his homefelt familiarity. There are neither prophets, nor warriors, nor kings; but instead, what endless varieties of grace and gentleness! what innumerable delicacies of youthful touch and thought!... young-eyed Loves, tottering under the arms of Mars, or wrestling for a cumbrous trophy, or archly looking on,—maidens laughing and leaping beneath their baskets of fruits and flowers, to some high festivity,—archers girt up for their feats, or bending forward with their whole spirit on the shaft;—and then the concluding glory of the little gallery, the often imitated and inimitable Roxolana. Propertius, and Tibullus, and Catullus, seem to have breathed all their varied excellencies into that admirable figure. The "teneri sdegni" of the first, the "placide e tranquille repulse" of the second, and of the third the "cari vezzi e liete paci," seem to have been mingled in the cestus which the genius of Raphael has cast around her beauty. The Fornarina is the goddess of the shrine: her portrait recurs *four* times in his bed-room. She was the "Dame de ses pensées," the chief divinity of his morning and evening adorations. The whole villa is a domestic picture of the man. Here he sufficed to himself. His palace at Rome was "Urbi et orbi;" "Sibi et suis," should be inscribed on his villa.*

On the Pincian Hill, (the Collis Hortulorum, and still meriting the name,) stands another villa, immediately opposite the Villa of Raphael, re-calling by its name and situation, associations scarcely less interesting than his—I mean the Villa Medici. It stands on the site of the Horti Lucullani, as the Borghese on that of Pompey's. The building itself is not remarkable, at Rome. It is a tall, stately edifice; flat and Tuscan towards the road, towards the gardens rough with bas-reliefs from the Forum of Trajan, and now wearing away into smoothness, from the mouldering breath of the sirocco. The portico has some merit; and does honour, by its airiness and simplicity, to the genius of Annibal Lippi. The interior distribution is ingenious; I have seen a similar expedient used with success for a similar purpose at Tivoli, in the Villa D'Este, at San Martino, near Viterbo, &c. It once contained some of the noblest specimens of art which have come down to us from the ancients—the Medicean Vase, the Niobe and her children, a bust of Jupiter, the Lions, &c. Its present attractions are, in great measure, limited to its early recollections. In one of the rooms they point you out the Cabinet, as they

* Raphael had another villa on the Palatine, (now in the possession of Charles Mills, Esq.) where traces of his divine hand are also visible. This multiplication of residences, or rather galleries, is still a Roman passion. Torlonia has one at least out of every gate of Rome. "Tu secanda marmora Locas sub ipsum funus: et sepulchri Immemor, struis domos."—*Horat.* lib. 2. od. xviii.

call it, of Lorenzo. The authenticity of the tradition is doubtful, but the mind loves this localizing and steadying of shadows into things; and no worshipper of the age of the "Magnificent" can pass by this unostentatious little recess, with its modest and playful arabesques, (every space on which the eye lights suggesting or speeding on an idea,) without devoutly wishing to believe it true. The gardens are coldly and cheerlessly antique: mere architecture in box; right-angled walks; parallelograms of verdure; embosoming grim-visaged philosophers—grey Termini—mutilated Fauns, &c. but giving at intervals, "through its long alleys, which peep upon the town,"—openings of splendour; palaces, and domes, and pillars, and towers,—coming and vanishing at every step, like the

> ——— "Gay castles, in the clouds that pass
> For ever flushing, round a summer sky."

The Villa Ludovisi adjoins, but this is sacred, or rather sacrosanct ground. No Englishman, and few Italians, dare tread here. The Prince who inherits it, has had a quarrel with the strangers. He has some plea for this. Englishmen carry with them, too flagrantly at times, the destructive propensities of their country. One of his statues had been injured by the wantonness of a visitor. This produced the ban and bar, the wholesale exclusion. I had been a year at Rome before I could obtain a glimpse; and then a mere accident, rather than any drawing-room diplomacy, obtained it for me. The villa is a little less formal than its neighbour, and considerably more ample; but the merit of the gallery eclipses or absorbs every other. You rush along whole regiments of statues, starting at every step from out of the green, to the Pætus and Arria (its most convenient name), the Mars in repose, the Papirius, or Electra, or neither, &c.—works, each of which would immortalize any other collection. Here also is the group of Pluto and Proserpine of Bernini. These statues, and the famous fresco of Guercino, would require and repay an entire day. To such an opportunity I judiciously deferred them.

The Aldobrandini, improved into the Villa Miollis, is retired and peaceable. It stands in an inhabited part of the city, and seems to have banished Rome. It abounds with the usual gang of garden or third-rate statues,—"Dii minorum gentium,"—which here are thought as much essentials as trees. French taste, much to the delight of our lady-visitors, has added some attractive flower-knots, yet could not exorcise the malaria (as more than one noble family has experienced) from its refreshing glooms. This is the κακοδαιμων, which not only revels at large over the blue pools of the Campagna, but embrowns with a deeper horror the most *riant*, as well as the most melancholy and dilapidated retreats at Rome.

The Villa Altieri is disputed ground to the antiquarian, and merits a glance from all pugnacious aspirants to this kind of war. Its ruins have changed names, and settled into none. Here is an entrance of some pretension, perhaps merit. The artist will find some fine studies of pines, which may rival those of the Colonna, and an antique fragment or two, amongst which the paintings from the sepulchre of the Nasos claim and deserve the first place.

The Villa Strozzi, in the same neighbourhood, is consecrated by the residence and praise of Alfieri. His sketch may well suit the spot, and gives no unjust idea of the villa life of Rome. The villa itself borrows more from the locality, than the advantages of internal embellishment. But I should think it any thing but "gay."*

The Villa Negroni is the largest within the walls: the principal stradone, or great walk, is nearly a mile long. It stands near the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore on the Viminal—a deserted quarter of the city, where the country already begins and the suburbs end. The Casino, with its two mi-

* "La Villa Strozzi poste alle Terme Diocleziane mi avea prestato un delizioso ricovero," &c. He concludes, "Un soggiorno più gaio, e più libero, e più rurale nel recinto di una gran città, non si potea trovare. Mene ricorderò, e lo desidero finch' io viva."—*Vita*, tom. ii.

serable rows of windows, and its extravagant attic, has some atoning qualities in its interior distribution and Ionic portico. It occupies a large portion of the platform of the Diocletian Thermæ, one of the reservoirs of which (the walls incrusted with inscriptions) still remains unstifled by modern improvements, in the garden. It was prodigally enriched with the usual accessories of fountains, bas-reliefs, statues, by Sixtus V. who inherited with his tiara the villa-passion of his predecessors. Of these, there are many still remaining. The name of Eubulus consecrates one: he has been transmitted to posterity by the reputation of his father, Praxiteles. Here also is a Neptune of Bernini,—as usual, melodramatic. The bas-reliefs come from the Temple of Bacchus—at least, they ought to do so, say the antiquaries. The subjects are Bacchanalian. The mode of ancient tiling, in a bas-relief of this same temple, shows how trifles are preserved. The same process, tile, and arrangement, is still in use at Rome.

The Villa Giustiniani has fallen with the family. It was once rich in chef-d'œuvres. Such they truly were, even amongst the masterpieces of Rome. The celebrated Pozzo was here, the Minerva, &c. since passed, through the hands of the Prince Lucien, to the Nuovo Braccio of the Vatican Gallery. The Minerva was sold for 12,000 crowns, and is probably the nearest existing resemblance to the Phidian.

The Villa Mattei, modernized and dressed up anew by its actual possessor, the Prince of the Peace, is at first view a semi-English, common-place kind of country house, decorated, or perhaps spoiled, with a few acres of the usual plantation—all walk, all geometry—with their meagre divisions of black, rigid, solemn-seeming trees. It is a good spot, not so much for what you may see in it, as for what you may see from it. Near are the colossal ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, the wall of Aurelian, &c. The indifferent modern frescoes, flaring with light blues and yellows, send you at once to the statuary. But here is little of Ficoroni's catalogue.* In exchange, you have some starched and ultra-antique things of Alvarez, and the amphi-Hermes, or double bust of Seneca and Socrates. It is an odd companionship, but has delighted the antiquaries. They find it an extravagant likeness, though no other philosopher has been more notoriously or liberally caricatured. In the gardens are the fragments of the Capitoline obelisk, busts, torsi, &c.; and at the bottom of the wilderness is a labyrinth, where none can well lose themselves but his Royal Highness.

The Villa Albani.—I arrived here late, and could only glance at the Jupiter, the Pallas, the Adonis, the Marcus Aurelius, the superb Canephoræ, the Caryatids, the Emperors, &c. and was obliged to defer them in mass to another day. The Colonnade, the Ambulatory, are all on an ancient model: they convey the impression of senatorial state and almost Lucullan magnificence. The gardens, like the rest, are antiques: with an elaborate attention to the Pliny principles, they offer little modern innovation, no modern improvement. Walls of verdure inclosing platforms of brown grass; walks or roads unbordered by flowers; stiffness, architecture, regularity, yet scarcely simplicity, in every quarter, meets your feet or eye.

The villa may be divided into three distinct buildings. The Casino, which we did not visit, nor is it worth visiting—it is used for the Villegiatura; the Villa itself, with its flanking succession of Camerine or Diætæ; and, lastly, the semicircular Xystus, or Arcade, in front. The villa might have been in good taste, had the Cardinal lived a few years later. The disfigurements are more of the age than of the architect. The mass—the simple and perceptible divisions, are not very ordinary excellencies in Italy, and belong perhaps entirely to himself. The starved windows, narrow arches, double and broken pediments of the windows, the lavish discordancy of the surmounting embellishments, and the mob of statues over-head, is an error, or vice, of this period of palazzo building

* Ficoroni, *Vestigia di Roma*, lib. ii. cap. ix. One of them may compete with the Mannequin at Bruxelles.

The Vestibule is indeed a scene for the Ciceronian groups of the Tusculum and Academy. The floor is marble; the walls are marble; all is marble. Every thing is propriety, taste, grandeur. The vaulted uniform arcade, broken by uniform arches, stretches on without interruption: on one side are the finest full-length statues of the Emperors; on the other, the wooded ridges of the Alban and Tusculan hills;—between them come huge masses of the aqueducts,—solitary towers,—red dashes of the City wall,—calmness, solemnity, repose. What a solitude for the rulers of the world!—what a seat for those master-minds, who were to legislate for the taste, and stretch their spirits over the opinions and destinies of future millions and generations!

The staircase is unworthy of this preface, and the rooms, perhaps, too like the staircase. They are closet, and cabinet; much too small for a villa, much too close for summer. Yet the room of the Pallas, and Jupiter, is one sheet of marbles, too beautiful, surely, to have needed the vulgar embroidery of gilding and stucco heaped overhead. These rooms, with the exception of the last, and that of the Adonis, are crowded with ludicrous, or pessimism, in the way of painting. Where it is not, there is cobweb and nakedness. The wings branch off into the halls of the Hermes on each side, and from thence to the small chambers already noticed. Each of these (notwithstanding the wholesale robberies of the French) still retains its characterizing gems. The colonnade in front sweeps gracefully round; plain, but not heavy, it is what a well-chosen frame should be to a good picture. The statues and reliefs are placed precisely where they should be. Nothing is wanting but togas and senators for the costume and inhabitants.

The stains of this villa, for it has its stains, are not yet noticed. On the right of the Vestibule stands a poor built ruin, on the left a poor built temple with Asiatic capitals, contending with each other in bad taste.

The Villa Lanti stands on the Janiculum. Its merits are its Loggie, Ionic pillars, and the Giulio Romanos. These last would ennoble any villa.

THE OPERA BOX.—NO. IV.

A Box on the first circle near the stage.—Occupants, Lords Chesterton and Venables.

Chesterton (*arranging a silk fan to protect his vision from the light.*)—I am sorry to have hurried you, Venables. But you know I dote on disturbances; and, as I gather from these sibilatory symptoms, we shall have one to-night.

Venables.—I hope you appreciate the favour. My dinner has been destroyed, my constitution injured, and my character has sustained an irreparable injury, solely to gratify your passion for noise and uproar, which shatters every nerve in its system. (*Hissing.*)

Chesterton.—Did you see the letter addressed to the Subscribers by the Band?

Venables.—No! I confess I am little interested in these matters. Those people should settle their differences amongst one another; at least not trouble us with their quarrels.

[*The Overture commences amidst a storm of hisses and applause.*]

Venables (*putting his hands to the side of his head.*)—This cannot be tolerated much longer.

Chesterton.—I sincerely compassionate you. But (*rising*) who the deuce is in the pit that I know? I must find somebody to tell me what the alterations are like. *Apropos*, there is George Scarsdale, a man I must make known to your Lordship: he is a prodigiously clever fellow.

Venables.—If he writes, don't bring him. I have a horror of authors,

especially *fashionable* novelists. They are a very low kind of people, who share with our valets in the cast-off sayings and fashions of their superiors.

Chesterton.—True. But Scarsdale is a gentleman; and what he does, he does well. I shall not tell you what he has published, but he is an author, and a successful one. I have caught his eye. He comes.

Venables.—You are a wilful ——

Chesterton.—Silence, *mon cher, écoutez à Madame Monticelli.*

(The hissing subsides.)

Enter Mr. Scarsdale.

Chesterton.—Scarsdale, my boy, I am overjoyed to see you; and am happy in the opportunity of introducing you to Lord Venables, my very worthy and approved good friend. *(Scarsdale slightly and haughtily returns Lord Venables's formal and reserved salutation.)* And now be mute, for I am musically inclined. *(Another pause.)*

Scarsdale.—Monticelli is a pretty woman; but they are profane who institute the slightest comparison between her person or voice, and those of Ronzi de Begnis, the most impassioned singer I ever heard, and one of the most beautiful and voluptuous women I ever beheld! There is a slight shadowy resemblance, a note in the voice, a somewhat of the figure, and a feature here and there; but where do we discern the grace, the tenderness, the passion, or *the poetry*—to sum up in that word the excellence of her delicious prototype? The *soul*, the *inspiration*, is wanting.

Chesterton.—I incline to think she is a failure. You have heard Pisaroni in Paris, Venables?

Venables.—No; circumstances prevented me. *Mais que voila*; here she is:—her personal *defects* have not, I own, been exaggerated. But what a delicious voice!

Chesterton.—Exquisite, by the gods,—brave—brave.

Scarsdale.—Bravissimo!

Chesterton.—Do you find the alterations in the pit for the worse, Scarsdale?

Scarsdale.—On the contrary; the entrance is an improvement. I like the mode of descent. Laporte should give us glasses on either side, *pour ajuster les cheveux et la cravate.* As to the stalls, I don't believe they will be found any great inconvenience. The loungers have only lost a few paces, and they're not so exclusive as I anticipated. But, lo, Donzelli! a spirited commencement, i'faith.

Chesterton.—Magnificent. The Prince of Tenors.

Venables.—Chesterton, *au revoir.* You will find me in Lady Emily's box. *(Exit.)*

Scarsdale.—That man's departure is a relief. I am subject to antipathies, and like him not.

Chesterton.—His manner, certainly, is repelling; but I cannot allow you to abuse him, for he has done me the signal honour to propose an alliance. He met my sister, Lady Emily, at Spa on her return from Germany, in the Autumn, and professed himself her devoted admirer when she returned to Paris. But that *manière froide* was but ill-calculated to please the Lady; and it is only within the last few days that the Lady has consented to take him on trial. But whom have we in the pit?

Scarsdale.—A collection of nobodies, relieved by a sprinkling of the Life Guards, and the boys from the Foreign Office. How devilish ill the men dress!—Really it is quite intolerable to meet with nothing but boots and black neckcloths

Chesterton.—Yes, the age of dandihood has departed; undress is dress I cannot suffer that white handkerchief of yours, with such precision of tie. You must not think of appearing so now. I will give you a rule or two about these matters, which you may insert, if you like, in your next novel, provided you take care to acknowledge your authority, and profess yourself duly obliged. Let the style of your dress be *neglígé* in the extreme; or rather let there be no appearance of dress The coat you wear must be of sad and sombre hue, the vest close and dark, with a double row of buttons, and displaying no symptom of the *linge*; the neckcloth *black*—this is indispensable; the nether garments somewhat tighter than those of the morning;—*boots* of course. I do not object, in this inclement season, to a pelisse, or great coat, if the one be lined with fur, and the other particularly well made. Neither should I quarrel with a baton, provided, for distinction's sake, it were large, and well mounted with pebble, or silver chased.

Scarsdale.—Your description, I confess, tallies with the appearance of not a few of my acquaintance. I would it were in some respects a caricature; and should be glad to see a better style of dress at the Opera.

Chesterton.—You shall now have my code of conduct for the pit. Enter, not too early in the evening, with a gracefully gliding and deliberate step, and gaze around, as you descend the steps, with an air of tranquil *insousiance*. Lean for an instant's support against the side of the boxes, and smile upon your *prochain ami*, but beware of betraying the slightest interest in what is going forward Draw forth your double-glassed lorgnette, with handle of mother of pearl, wipe it with the finest of cambric handkerchiefs, and apply its focus to the Beauty Boxes. Should your process be interrupted by the casual converse of a passing acquaintance, do not suffer yourself to be roused from your state of quiescence, but respond without removing the glass from your orbs of vision. As to your ultimate *locale*, do not, I counsel you, advance far in the house. The *allée* is as vulgar as its name. Nobody but the commonest people haunt it now—newspaper persons, and others with whom we would not delight to be classified. Proceed no farther than the bend of the house in the outer *allée*, and there continue, till you think fit to make your calls above stairs. Do you keep a box and like society? let it be pit tier, about four or five from the centre This is capital for hearing and seeing, and you may talk *to* and *at* every body. The stalls I have nothing to say to. They may suit people to take their wives to; me they do not suit.

Scarsdale.—You are oracular, my Lord; and I doubt not, that when I shall publish your axioms to the world, we shall have them followed to the letter, to the infinite honour of his Majesty's liege Managers. *Mais cessons,*—we must hear Pisaroni's exquisite "*La mia Spada.*"

Chesterton.—What women are there in the house?

Scarsdale.—I cannot conjecture. Since my disappointment in Germany, I have no eye for beauty.

Chesterton.—You allude to your companion on the Rhine, I suppose.

What! is not that romantic crotchet out of your head yet? How enchanting is fidelity!

Scarsdale.—You have a right to smile at these fancies, and the rather that you are heart-whole, for *la belle Louise* does not, I presume, claim too great a share of your Lordship's affections. But the manner of meeting this beautiful unknown, (all unknowns are beautiful,) the scene, the sudden separation, have, I own, made an ineffaceable impression.

Chesterton.—A steam-boat is, I confess, the most sentimental place in the world, especially a Rhenish one, for half the time is consumed by a dinner of three hours, beginning at twelve, and the other, with hock and Seidlitz water. But where lost you your incognita?

Scarsdale.—At a moment's warning, she and her lady companion, (Mamma, I conclude,) landed on the beautiful Island near the Drachenfels, where there is a charmingly situated hotel. You must recollect it.

Chesterton.—Excellent well. At the Island? This is strange—If it should be—*(aside)* But no, I should be more romantic than he to indulge such a thought for a moment.—Scarsdale, did you never happen to meet my sister? She was on the Continent when you were, and in the same part of the country.

Scarsdale.—No; I might have seen her unconsciously, but never had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Chesterton.—You *shall* see her then; we will go and view the Ballet in her box. Afterwards I engage you to a little *tête-à-tête souper chez Madame Louise. Allons, mon cher.*

[*Exeunt.*

[*Another Box (nearly over the one described) in the second tier; present, Lady Chesterton (la mère) and Lady Emily Marchmont. Lord Venables in the back-ground.*]

Venables (to Lady Emily.)—You do not think, then, that Pisaroni's unfortunate appearance will operate against her?

Lady Emily.—No; her ugliness, if I must use so harsh a term, is rather a merit than a defect; and ought to be so considered, nay, will be, I am sure. It is talent we come here to admire, and talent of the highest and most exalted order Pisaroni possesses.

Lady Chesterton.—Donzelli seems an instance to the contrary; look at his fine face, free open air, and will you tell me that they do not assist and lend effect to his energetic and *enjoué* delivery?

Lady Emily.—Yes, I admit it fully; but I deny the necessity of personal attraction as an indispensable accessory to a singer, and I hope Pisaroni's success will prove the truth of what I assert.

[*Lord Chesterton and Mr. Scarsdale enter the box.*]

Chesterton.—Lady Emily and Lady Chesterton, Mr. Scarsdale. Emily, my love, you change colour—Am I wrong? do you know Mr. Scardale then?

Lady Emily.—I believe we have met. (Heaven! that the stranger I met, and about whom I felt so much curiosity, should turn out the Mr. Scarsdale whose talents I adore!) *(aside.)*

Scarsdale (aside to Chesterton.)—By all the castles on the Rhine, Lady Emily, *your* sister, is my fair incognita!

Chesterton.—I knew it, man! I knew it! I was sure of it from the first! Here's a *scena!*

Scarsdale.—This is an unlooked for happiness! *(to Lady Emily.)* I am absolutely overwhelmed with joy and astonishment!

Chesterton (aside to Scarsdale.)—This will form a pretty passage in your next book.

Scarsdale.—Engaged to Venables! it must not, shall not be! *(aside.)*

Venables.—I was not aware, Lady Emily, of your intimacy with Mr. Scarsdale. I fancied I had heard you speak of his performances, and express a wish to know a person who interested you so much as an author.

Lady Emily (blushing and confused.)—You are perfectly right. I did not—I was not aware of Mr. Scarsdale's identity with one who, upon a former occasion, rendered me a signal service, and whose entertaining conversation, and fund of traditionary story, and local recollection entertained us so much during our passage down the Rhine. Mamma will be charmed to recognize in our agreeable *compagnon du voyage*, Mr. Scarsdale, whose book she dotes upon.

Lady Chesterton.—I am indeed delighted *pour faire votre connoissance*, Mr. Scarsdale. You see an involuntary tribute has been paid to your powers of amusement; and I trust you are fully sensible of, and grateful for the compliment.

Venables.—Will Mr. Scarsdale allow me to solicit a knowledge of the agreeable event to which these ladies allude? *(sarcastically.)*

Scarsdale.—The circumstance has escaped my recollection, my Lord. —I would give worlds to affront him. *(aside.)*

Chesterton (noticing the change in Lord Venables's manner.)—This is the turn things are taking! Venables, you must come with me:—nay, no excuses; I want to display your gravity behind the scenes.

[*Lord Chesterton and Venables go out.*

Lady Chesterton.—Pray come forward, Mr. Scarsdale, and look at this charming Ballet. The little Pauline is delightful, so *naïve* and simple.

Scarsdale.—And then so fairy-like and frolic. Those eyes are irresistible!—Ah! Lady Emily!

Lady Chesterton.—Montessor did not please me so much.

Scarsdale.—The Somnambule is a ballet *absolument à mon goût*. The French understand these things; they have a *sentiment*, or, as somebody has well said, *nature in their art, while we have art in our nature.* See how well every point of this tells—that little artful escape, full of girlish vivacity, from her lover—how exquisite! that jealous quarrel with her rival—how true to nature, and yet how free from vulgarity—how utterly unlike the common-place *acting* of the best of our English school! In the hands of our ablest actress, that would have been hoydenish. These things are peculiar to the people. The *Chat metamorphosée*, in which Jenny Vertpré excelled so much, would make an excellent ballet; but could not be given on the English stage; neither our language nor manners would permit of that fine and airy *plaisanterie*.

Lady Chesterton. — Who is ballet-master this year, Mr. Scarsdale?

Scarsdale.—Deshayes. But see, this is the great scene; the music is very pretty, is it not?

Lady Emily.—Beautiful! The interest is almost painful. Pauline! —the dear little creature—I shall always love her.

(Lords Chesterton and Venables return.)

Chesterton.—I hope you like the Ballet, ladies. Shall we have the honour of conducting you to your carriage?

Lady Emily.—*Nous sommes toutes prêtes.*—Mr. Scarsdale, will you afford me an arm? I have a little secret to tell you.

Scarsdale.—I am beside myself. Venables, I think, will now readily concede me the satisfaction of dismissing him to the vaults of his ancestors. (*Aside.*)

Venables.—Mr. Scarsdale, are you aware——

Scarsdale.—My Lord, will you suffer me to trespass—

Venables (*sternly, in a whisper.*)—Sir! you shall bitterly repent this!

Scarsdale.—A thousand thanks, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

JOHN-BULLISM.

In the first part of my article, already published, I said that I possessed one hundred maxims of John-Bullism, similar to those given therein, though room only allowed of my sending at that time a portion of them. I was happy to see them extracted in the newspapers, and am, therefore, tempted to print the others. Reformation has been brought about, heretofore, by means fully as humble, and if honest John applies the corrective with a due sense of humility, though, by the by, I am fearful his natural obstinacy of character will be the means of preventing it, the most beneficial effects may be expected to follow. It requires a long time to convince him of the rectitude of a precept, or the necessity of a measure conducive even to his interests, unless the benefit be as palpable as noonday sunshine. Exceedingly sensitive in his pocket, if the crown bestow a pension upon a public servant, ever so trifling in amount, he is at the same moment stock-blind to the extravagant waste of a million a year paid for an armed force, to render neutral the cut-throat propensities of two parties, of whom the Devil cannot make peaceful subjects. He calls for constitutional measures, and allows this standing army to exist in time of peace, because he will not suffer one class of people to go to heaven their own way, or rather, leave them to enjoy a ridiculous belief in quietude. Thus will he sacrifice even his boasted constitutional liberties to his prejudices. He has of late taken to praise himself so voraciously, that a second lesson of humility may not be misplaced. Elliston himself, when Sultan of Drury Lane, never sounded louder the trumpet of John's courage, loyalty, honesty, glory and surpassing virtues, in any of the rich farces or songs which immortalize his career, than self-complacent John has sounded for himself. I have, therefore, some ground to fear that the impression I may make will be superficial; for I do not pretend to rival King Solomon, or Rochefoucault, in my prescriptive receipts. Maxims have, I fear, not half the weight they ought to have had in the world. Those consecrated by the approbation of ages, have been ruthlessly attacked, even in the New Monthly, by the pen of Elia. It is quite painful that any person should be found in these days with temerity enough to impugn what our venerable grandmothers and Lord Eldon call "the wisdom of our forefathers." We are all a doubting generation, and wickedly given not to take things

for granted. We believe in the Copernican, and disbelieve the system of *Ptolemy*, which time has consecrated. Then we have Galvanism, and the manufacture of real diamonds, for using either of which practices our venerable forefathers would have been inclined to burn us, according to Acts of Parliament, made and provided for such cabalistic doings. With these innovations, maxims have unmeritedly declined, and therefore, in recalling them to use, I recommend myself to honest John's prepossessions. Silver or gold have I none for him, or through them I might do much in impressing the truths I would inculcate upon his mind, which is so susceptible of these attractions. I hope Wisdom will not cry, and none regard her, though she come not from the Bank of England, spangled with bullion and loaded with the pleasant works of Henry Hase.

I have mingled all sorts of topics, and made the aphorisms depend upon what came uppermost to my pen at the moment. What matters regularity in such a case? The mind will generally take the best road, and the figure on the die of truth is not changed by the irregularity of an impression.

XLV. When you travel in a stage-coach, make all the passengers, both inside and outside, fully acquainted with your name, business, and objects in travelling, before five minutes have elapsed. Among the rest, be sure you give them to think you are a man of property, and the personal friend of at least half-a-dozen nobles or members of Parliament. If in trade, inform them you have something very handsome in the three per cents. and live on terms of perfect familiarity with the great Jew.

XLVI. Let the standard of your political, as well as private notions of justice, be self-interest. If stealing flesh and blood, and selling the stolen goods, or purchasing them, knowing them to be stolen, will fill your pockets, don't hesitate about the matter. Always support the convenience or expedience of such dealings on the ground of profit rightly obtained according to the old law of the land, which could never have sanctioned any thing morally wrong.

XLVII. Honesty is the best and most profitable policy in the long run, but there are a thousand exceptions to this rule in private practice.

XLVIII. If you meet a female in the street, never give her the inside, unless it be her right, except, indeed, she be a customer at your shop.

XLIX. If you are given to play-going, always applaud the serious passages in the performance as loudly as possible. Do not suffer even the gravediggers in Hamlet to slacken their labours for want of encouragement. It is excellent taste to afford the performers the power of acknowledging the effect of the poet's moral sentiment upon the audience.

L. Send to the tread-mill the unfortunate and betrayed female, whom you first, by broken promises, led into vice, if she ask a shilling of you in the streets, where she wanders shivering and houseless. Go to the Opera, pay half-a-guinea, and gloat, if you be an old man, on the harlots that by strained and indecent posture-making attract your notice or please your hoary-headed fancies. Put on your spectacles, praise, admire, and carry the *artiste* the next day a Bank of England note, in token of your approbation.

LI. Never dare to think or do any thing which you are not sure has been thought or done by others before you. To deviate from established usage, or act and think for yourself, is not to be tolerated; where, too, in religion, politics, and every thing else, so many are hired to act and think for you.

LII. Do no charity by stealth, it is never repaid in this world to any advantage; do it openly, and there are chances of its returning cent. per cent.

LIII. You may keep a running horse, or two, though you are a magistrate sworn to put down gambling: you need not bet upon the race-course yourself. You may subscribe to Fishmongers' Hall, and go there without throwing the dice. You may share the profits of a *roulette* table without venturing your luck. It is strange that vulgar understandings cannot discriminate in these matters!

LIV. Leave another man's wife alone, but do not so with his religion, unless it be the counterpart of your own, and consequently the only true one.

LV. Never omit an opportunity of going to law. When you are once fairly in it, you need not dread the place the name of which fashionable parsons have banished from sermons, out of consideration to ladies' nerves.

LVI. When you have made up your mind finally to do any thing, ask the advice of your friend about it. The act of consultation will please him, and you will be none the worse.

LVII. Never marry a woman of a cold constitution; it is better to run all hazards under a genial sun, than be frozen in the Arctic circle.

LVIII. Be orthodox in politics, as well as in religion. Tell an American that republics must end in monarchies, and their career be short; —for example, take Greece, Rome, and the later Helvetian States. Say you understand the question better than he does. Tell the Russians they are rogues and savages for making war upon the gentle Turks, because you sell them goods and it spoils your traffic. Tell the French that Don Miguel and port-wine are better than champaign and Burgundy, because the former are *natural* enemies. Tell the Irish Catholics that if they will give bail at a thousand pounds a-head not to occupy any place of honour or profit that a Protestant can occupy, they may believe chalk is cheese if they will, and preach transubstantiation in Old Palace Yard.

LIX. Human happiness is more or less complete in a ratio with successful pecuniary accumulation.

LX. Office is in all cases substantial authority as respects credibility and the true faith, even that of King's play-licenser.

LXI. If you enter a drawing-room before dinner a little time too early, and find yourself *vis-à-vis* with an unlucky visitor as forlorn as yourself, do not utter a word. The chances are, nine out of ten, he will not speak first, that is, if he be a true Briton. Stare at him as hard as you can.

LXII. If you meet a lady in society, old or young, married or single, who equals you in argument, or rises superior to the thousand and one automatons disgorged monthly from fashionable boarding-schools, report her a *bas bleu* to your male acquaintances, and warn her own sex to shun her.

LXIII. Never allow in your house that infamous foreign practice of rising from the dinner-table as soon as the repast is ended. Always get drunk first, press your guests to do the same, and go to the ladies afterwards.

LXIV. When you meet an inferior in a public street, it is your duty to cut him, if any one who knows you is in sight. If you cannot escape a recognition, do it with as little parade as possible—a movement of the lips is sufficient—and walk on at a quick rate. Who knows but the Lord Mayor, or Mr. Alderman Blowbladder, may observe you?

LXV. A grain of impudence will fetch more in the market than twelve bushels of modesty.

LXVI. Humility is no virtue in a man's carriage now any more than it ever was in divinity, law, or physic.

LXVII. In the scale of dignities two Cheapside chaises make one Stanhope; two Stanhopes a cab; two cabs a landaulet and pair, and so on up to the state-coach; and as their numerical relation, so is the degree of respect they may justly exact.

LXVIII. Abuse all men at the State helm, no matter of what party they have been or are. Out of the vessel, they may be neither wiser nor baser than other men.

LXIX. A successful knave is a highly respectable member of society.

LXX. If you visit foreign parts and meet a countryman who may be useful to you, do not hesitate to avail yourself of his services, but be sure never to acknowledge him should you meet in your native land, unless he receive some other introduction to you, and you have it on creditable evidence that he is a man of good property.

LXXI. Never allow a servant for a moment to lose the feeling of abject inferiority to yourself. Rather omit an act of kindness towards him, than permit your dignity to be lowered by the minutest condescension. The very name of servant implies poverty, and poverty, *per jura tauri*, is a crime. See the Statutes.

LXXII. Never allow reason weight in any thing you have resolved to be right that is opposed to it. Reason may be useful in mathematics, to men of genius, and to scholars; but it has little to do with every-day existence, with the Three per cents, the national revenue, the Stock Exchange, or the India House.

LXXIII. It does not imply an assent to any doctrine to attend your parish church. Religion keeps subordinates subordinate, and in fear. Thus social order profits by an act political. Going to church helps out the sameness of life; and while it need commit you to no creed, bolsters up your superiority of station.

LXXIV. Never get acquainted with your next-door neighbour, unless you find he is in good pecuniary circumstances. If you meet on the highway, or touch elbows at your respective fore-doors, look at each other like two strange tom-cats, and pursue your way.

LXXV. Instil into your children's minds solemnly as an eleventh commandment, that the end of marriage is money; that a compensation for the loss of wives' or daughters' honour is money; that the end of church preferment is money; that God created men only to make money; that parental love is regulated by money, because a parent will love those children most who are most dutiful from hope of it, or most visibly diligent in acquiring it; that social respect is according to

money; that the object of loyalty is money; that the end of all earthly ambition worth aspiring after is money. If virtue, or patriotism, love, religion, or kindheartedness, assert the contrary, tell them "they lie!"

LXXVI. Commiserate the fate of a Thurtell, a Probert, or a Corder, sent (ripened for heaven in a forty-eight hours' probation by a Newgate-chaplain) out of the world their hellish acts have so sullied; but sympathise not with a Riego or a Canaris. Heroic vice was always spiriting; heroic virtue is phlegmatic. John Bull's constitution is only acted upon by strong excitement.

LXXVII. When you dine with the Lord Mayor, or any of the Aldermen of Brobdignag, and they attempt to exhibit their skill at repartee, be sure decide the wealthiest to be the wittiest. It will assure you a good dinner another time, perhaps something more.

LXXVIII. In choosing a wife, prefer even Bristol ugliness to beauty, especially if there be a fortune. Beauty will change, intellect may be too much for you, but ugliness will be true to you as to itself; besides its advantage of preserving you from the effects of conjugal frailty.

LXXIX. The vulgar have a right to their sports, as well as their betters; therefore, cocking, bull-baiting, bullock-driving, ought not to be put down.

LXXX. When you dine at a public dinner, always take your seat opposite a favourite dish. Carve it yourself, and select the choicest bits, then leave it to your right-hand neighbour to help the rest of the company.

LXXXI. Do not measure the heinousness of a crime by abstract notions of any particular vice; the magnitude of the guilt must depend upon collateral circumstances, as the rank of the offender, his interest with power, and whether he have titled or wealthy friends.

LXXXII. When you follow a pretty-shaped girl up the Strand, admiring her well-turned ankles, as soon as you get alongside her be sure, in passing, to elbow her off the pavement into the dirt.

LXXXIII. A Judge's wig is a Delphic mystery, whether brains be in it or not. It is a symbol of sublunary wisdom—an umbrella over an oracle.

LXXXIV. A clerical magistrate is the acme of magisterial perfection, and a striking proof of our adherence to the truths and meek spirit of Christianity, joining to them most happily the functions of Pontius Pilate. Was the Centaur half so congruous? Is the affinity of wax for water half as complete?

LXXXV. Never wear a new coat but of a Sunday. Who would look the same thing every day? If you shave but once a week, do it on Saturday night, that the lather may not work the next day.

LXXXVI. Always stick your napkin in your button-hole at the dinner-table, if you admit such French superfluities at all. Eat with the sharp edge of your knife towards your mouth; forks won't take up gravy. Never wipe your lips when you take wine with a lady, and fill both her glass and your own until daylight is not visible through the crystal.

LXXXVII. When Mrs. Bull is obstreperous, go to the coffee-house and call for your glass. It is an excellent cure for her complaint, and you will get the latest news retailed in the most engaging manner, with the pleasure of knowing she is biting her lips at home in vexation.

LXXXVIII. Parsons, churchwardens, and beadles, are above the errors of common humanity; therefore believe in select vestries with closed doors, as you value all you possess in the world.

LXXXIX. When seated at dinner between two agreeable ladies, direct your conversation solely to the gentleman opposite you at the other side of the table.

XC. Cherish regard for a downright fox-hunter; he is the pink of refinement, the flower of all intellect, the pattern of soberness in wine and abstemiousness in eating, never a tyrant on his estate, the most profound of senators, the most pious of country gentlemen, (from the company of clergymen at the " death,") and the most loving and delicate of men in his conduct to horses and dogs of both sexes.

XCI. Never hold any intercourse with people of whom the world speaks ill. 'Tis true they may be, and generally are, among the very best of mankind, but as they are not reputed to be so, what is that to you?

XCII. Encourage every species of quackery, medical, moral, and religious.

XCIII. Between many men of honest repute and thieves, as between many regular and irregular practitioners of physic, there is only the difference in the sum extracted.

XCIV. Clubs and club-houses are admirable inventions for avoiding female society. Patronise them all, from Crockford's to the Cocoa Tree, from the Odd Fellows to the Cock and Hen. The ladies will soon find out the convenience of them too, and discover how they may employ their time more agreeably than in the presence of family men.

XCV. Never hesitate about a white lie if it bring grist to the mill. There are certain beneficial falsehoods which are perfectly lawful, as they know on the Exchange. How would the Bulls and Bears get their livelihood but by the honest use of a thing which in the abuse is a vice?

XCVI. A vice takes a different meaning, according to the subject to which it is applied. Thus, to a man of wealth or power, no matter how vicious, the word " pious" may be applied, that to an immoral plebeian would be ridiculous.

XCVII. Some persons cant about the wickedness of the times: believe them not; this is the most saintly of ages, the most pure of generations, considering its temptations.

XCVIII. Vice at the east and west end of town, is different only in form; in substance it comes to the same thing, and in quality is equal to a grain.

XCIX. Always be positive when you have a lurking consciousness of being wrong; it will gain you the reputation of firmness.

C. Never leave a dispute to be settled by arbitration; if you are rich, always appeal to law, especially if your opponent be poor. The lawyers will manage for you long before the case gets up to the Lords, and perhaps secure your rival *in banco regis* for expenses. In an arbitration, the case may be decided against you in a twinkling. It is a capital thing that justice and a long purse are sworn brothers; besides, moneyed men should have some advantage in society.

CI. There is no verity in a tale that tells against yourself.

CII. Swear in conversation; it is a relief to the heart. Swear at your own table, in your counting-house, in the custom-house, in the tavern, at home and abroad, while chastising your son for the practice, when paying Government duties, sleeping and waking, walking and riding, always and every where, the two national oaths,—"so help me, &c." and "d—n my eyes!" It does good politically and generally, to your allegiance as a subject, and your spirit as a man. It often heaves a load from the conscience, which will take a long time to accumulate again. So little is the value of an oath understood by any but the Bull family, that none but the postboys and the vulgar use oaths in foreign nations, America excepted; but that country being a chip of the old block, already rivals honest John; outdo him she must not.

CIII. Breaches of promise in business are not debts of honour. They may be discharged at perfect convenience to yourself.

CIV. Cheat the King, if you can do it with impunity, in duties, in contracts, by smuggling, or in your tax returns: what matters it that your neighbours pay a halfpenny more each, as long as you save forty shillings? Honesty in these cases is bad policy; besides, how can the country miss so small an amount as that of which you deprive it?

CV. Lard your butter, wet your tobacco, pipe-clay your flour, sand your sugar, sloe-leaf your tea, coal-ash your pepper, deteriorate your drugs, water your liquors, alloy your gold and silver, plunder your lodgers, and, while none know it, who is the worse! Then to church, and thank God you are not as other men.

CVI. Never take your corn to market while there is cash in your purse.

CVII. Enforce honesty on your labourers and workmen. Send the peasant's family to the workhouse, who labours for too little to support nature, and bid justice punish the gleaner in your fields as a thief, and the schoolboy who steals your sour crabs. Then, in the parish vestry, talk of the crimes of the lower classes, in spite of the humanity of masters and farmers.

CVIII. Live and talk as if you were to live for ever. If you have accumulated tens of thousands, try and make them hundreds of thousands. Why should you retire and make way for the industry of others, while you are able to treasure up more? Go to death like a millhorse, with harness on your back. Die game; your heirs will enjoy your treasure, and the grave will prevent retrospective glances, and the question of "Cui bono?"

CIX. Give credit, take credit, live upon credit; if you are wealthy, your own money will be gathering interest at the same time. If you are poor, you have no other means to live by.

CX. In matters of business, let there be no favour. If you are dealing with your own father, give nothing to him. Screw the uttermost farthing, and, if need, sell him.

CXI. Subscribe to all public charities, with your name and trade at full length; it is a most excellent mode of advertising.

CXII. Pay well, pray well, prate well, and you are certain of success in business.

CXIII. The banking trade and the Old Bailey have got closely allied of late years; from the grasshopper on the Exchange to the drop at Newgate is but a step.

CXIV. Give only to receive.

CXV. Men of genius are fools; the truly great men know how to make money, and money is power—the power of making more money. Your men of genius are at best but harlequins with empty pockets.

I have done. Perhaps the reader will exclaim it is time, especially if he be one of the grave relatives of the "Gloucestershire bumpkin." Don Miguel, Nicholas the Czar, "our ally" the Porte, Stephenson's defalcations, the murders in the "modern Athens," Catholic emancipation, and the meeting of Parliament, press upon John Bull's attention, and distract his mind, never very comprehensive; so that I fear I may not make the impression that at a more favourable moment I should have assured myself of doing. To have attempted it a second time, will, notwithstanding, be my consolation, joined to the hope that I have not cast seed upon the waters, but that, on the contrary, some portion of it may survive and fructify.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1829.

The Third Volume of the Memoires of M. Fauche-Borel, who was at the commencement of the revolution a printer at Neufchatel, and for twenty years a spy in the pay of the Bourbons, has had what the Parisians term a "succès de scandale." It is extraordinary that the ministers of the reigning family did not purchase the manuscript of this indiscreet agent. M. Fauche-Borel adduces historical evidence of facts which were very well known in Paris. But there are certain matters of very serious importance, which prudent people are not very ready to talk about, unless they happen to have the proof of what they allege in their pockets. Every fact stated by Fauche-Borel is accompanied by a multitude of details, by which either its truth or falsehood may be very easily established. I have myself had an opportunity of ascertaining the correctness of various particulars related by M. Fauche-Borel at the commencement of his third volume.

When, on the 18th Brumaire, Napoleon overthrew French liberty, which, in the opinion of many, was his only crime, France was sold to the Bourbons by Barras, for the sum of two millions of francs. Sir Walter Scott and others have accused Napoleon of cruelty on the occasion of the conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal. The confessions of M. Fauche-Borel, who is still a zealous royalist, prove that no government ever carried indulgence to so great a length. Of this, the following fact affords an example. A nephew of M. Fauche, an officer in the service of the English East India Company, came from London to Paris for the purpose of communicating with a fellow who had persuaded the English ministry that there existed in Paris a conspiracy against Napoleon, in which numerous distinguished individuals were concerned. The officer arrived, carrying with him a letter concealed in his walking-stick. This letter was, however, discovered, and on the evidence of its contents, together with the suspicious nature of the officer's conduct during his stay in Paris, he was condemned and executed. Fauche-Borel was at this time a prisoner in the Temple, and it was proposed that he should be compelled to write letters to England which would have the effect of inducing some of Napoleon's enemies who were in London to come to France, where they might be easily seized. After the explosion of the infernal machine, Napoleon had had sufficient proof that these men entertained the design of assassinating him; and yet the plan suggested for entrapping them was not adopted. The ordinary tribunals, however unfavourably disposed they might be to the fortunate soldier, who entertained no very high respect for law or lawyers, or, as he himself expressed it, *mepri-sait les avocats*, would have condemned these English agents of conspiracy to perpetual imprisonment or perhaps to the scaffold. When it was pro-

posed to make Fauche-Borel write to London, one of the heads of Bonaparte's police exclaimed:—"One victim is enough in one family!" If we compare this mode of proceeding with the measures taken from 1815 to 1828 against the Carbonari and other disaffected persons by the most respected governments in Europe, it is impossible not to be astonished at the moderation of Napoleon's police. Considered with reference to the principles of true morality, all these political sacrifices are alike barbarous; but the Memoires of Fauche-Borel prove that Napoleon's police is far from being more sanguinary than any other. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to compare the number of punishments during two intervals of fourteen years, namely, from 1800 to 1814, and from 1814 to 1828.

Napoleon, in his Memoirs, relates, with his natural eloquence, the painful apprehension he experienced on knowing that there were in Paris foreign agents employed to assassinate him, and that his police could not discover them; and the Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo (though the manuscript was revised by two friends of the Duke, who took the precaution of cancelling any thing that might be prejudicial to his interests) contain an interesting account of the apprehensions of Bonaparte's police, who knew there were assassins in Paris whom they could not detect. The account of the landing in Normandy is highly picturesque.

Nothing is more curious than the account, given in the third volume of the Memoires of Fauche-Borel, of the mode in which Bonaparte's police, in its turn, harassed and annoyed the agents employed to put him out of the way, which was the phrase generally used to designate the revolting measure then contemplated. To throw a complete light on the celebrated period of the conspiracy of Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau, nothing now is wanting but the Memoires of M. Talleyrand, and the publication of the official documents which Fouché carried away with him when he quitted France. M. Joseph Bonaparte lost some valuable papers when his house in America was burnt, a misfortune for which perhaps he has to thank some hired incendiaries; and the aristocratic party in Europe will, no doubt, deny the authenticity of the copies of those documents.

The ex-King of Spain lately transmitted to Paris several original papers, two of which appeared in the "Courier Français," the only French journal that can now boast of not having sold itself. These two papers consist of the orders addressed by Napoleon to King Joseph in 1804. Their publication, however, alarmed the Bonapartist party, and the rest of the papers were returned to King Joseph, with an intimation that they could not be printed.

The most curious portion of the Memoires of M. Fauche-Borel is that which relates to himself. What interest could have induced a rich printer residing at Neufchatel, and a subject of the King of Prussia, to expose himself to the greatest dangers in the service of princes to whom he owed no allegiance, is a question that has engaged the malice of the Parisians; and the mystery is thus solved.

Some unfortunate emigrants, passing through Neufchatel, were received with every mark of kindness by M. Fauche. These emigrants proceeded to other parts of Switzerland, but they furnished their unfortunate friends with letters of introduction to M. Fauche's hospitable roof. The rich printer was not without vanity; and some of the emigrants taking advantage of this weakness, persuaded him that in return for the important services he had rendered to the good cause, there was no doubt that, on the return of the King, he would be immediately made "Prévot des Marchands," and invested with the "cordon bleu." In Switzerland, the restoration of the royal authority was then confidently looked forward to. The prospect of the "cordon bleu" absolutely turned the brain of poor M. Fauche-Borel, and instigated him to all the heroic enterprises in which he embarked. His Memoires would have been a respectable sort of publication, had he not entrusted the revisal of the manuscript to a royalist named Alphonse de Beauchamp, a man totally devoid of literary talent.

In the winter of 1814, Fauche-Borel, who had returned to Neufchatel, left that town to proceed to Paris, there to receive the reward of his heroic

devotedness. The weather was excessively cold. He travelled in company with Count de ——, one of the Emigrants, to whom he and his family had afforded protection. The Count, in a cheerful strain, began to talk over the time he had passed in Neufchatel. "You gave us many good dinners, my dear Fauche," said he, "and love consoled me for all my misfortunes." At these words M. Fauche's countenance lengthened; for he was strongly tinctured with Swiss Puritanism. "Count," said he, very solemnly, "do you mean to avow that you have intrigued with some poor country girl?" This mortified the Frenchman's vanity. "Country girl! What do you mean? Parbleu, I allude to one of the proudest ladies in Neufchatel; and if she were now living, you should hear the truth from herself."—"A truce with this pleasantry, Count," said Fauche, impatiently; "I am at a loss to comprehend what it all means."—"And yet, Sir," returned the Emigrant, "the whole affair passed before your eyes; and since you press me to the point, I must confess that I allude to your god-daughter, Madame P."—"Count," exclaimed Fauche, in a furious passion, "you must give me satisfaction for the calumny you have uttered against a family on whose bounty you have been dependent. Our swords are here, and the postilion shall be our witness." They were now in the defiles of Jura, near Besançon. Fauche-Borel jumped out of the chaise, vociferating, "I will have satisfaction." The Count good-humouredly endeavoured to appease him. "My dear Sir, suppose you should kill me. How will that prove that your god-daughter was not the most affectionate of women? Besides, my death would deprive her children of my protection, upon which they have the strongest claim." At these words Fauche became more angry than before; and the Count, who despaired of bringing him to reason, took his portmanteau out of the chaise, and threw it into the road, which was thickly covered with snow. He then ordered the postilion to drive off, leaving poor Fauche standing sword in hand with his luggage at his feet, to reflect at leisure on the uncertainty of fate.

SONG, BY T. CAMPBELL.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine;
Now whilst our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit, and wine;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That Love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell—
Though Love has fill'd my chequer'd doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom.

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day:
That hour of hours beloved will be,
That hour that gives thee back to me!

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES, NO. I.

The Yeomanry Cavalry-man.

THE yeomanry cavalry-man is no more. Faded are his glories, fallen is his pride, forgotten are his services, and the world seems to go on as well without him as it did with him. This is mortifying; but there is no help for it. It is the way of the world. What could the Marquis of Lansdowne be thinking about, when he put forth his edict for the dissolution of the yeomanry cavalry? What harm had the poor creatures done? Little did his Lordship think how much innocent amusement he was spoiling. He never could have seen the cavalry in its glory, or he would not have had the heart to dissolve it. But though the state be unmindful of the gay and gallant body, and though the troop be no longer in the present tense or the potential mood, nor the commander in the imperative mood, yet from the memory of those who have seen, heard and known them, they never can pass totally away. Provincial delineations would not only be incomplete, but absolutely ungrateful, without mention of the yeomanry cavalry; for that body was so perfectly, essentially, and supremely provincial, that it never had its prototype, and has not left behind a shadow or semblance of what it was. People in London may endeavour to form an idea of a yeomanry cavalry-man, and may fancy that they have succeeded: but they must by a necessity of nature be infinitely wide of the mark. So far from being able to form an idea of the article, it is questionable whether persons of exclusively metropolitan associations could comprehend it when described, were it not for their own City Light-horse. When told of military men in blue uniform, mounted on horseback, the cockney forthwith pictures to himself something like the guards or dragoons, such as are sometimes seen in Regent Street and its vicinity, soberly, gravely and monotonously pacing along. But no two things in nature, bearing any thing like similarity in name and attribute, can differ so widely as a dragoon from a yeomanry cavalry-man. The dragoons may be called a fine body of men; but the yeomanry cavalry were a body of fine men, or, to ring another change upon the words and speak more accurately still, they were men of a fine body. The dragoons and the guards by no means look plump, whereas plumpness was an essential attribute of the yeomanry cavalry: and if it be true, as has been said, that British bravery has its elements and basis in good living and substantial fare, a braver set of men could not exist than the yeomanry cavalry. The yeomanry cavalry-man had an advantage over all other military men, in that he might be contemplated separately and individually. Soldiery, for the most part, looks glorious in troops; but the yeomanry cavalry-man had an individual and personal glory. He, no doubt, felt his bosom glow with military ardour and conscious pride, when galloping in the troop about his commander's park, and brandishing his polished sword by way of getting himself an appetite for his dinner, or when on grand field days he frightened the geese from the common, and when whole troops of ducks and ducklings fled in wild disorder from the terrors of his beaming helmet and rattling scabbard. But perhaps he never was so completely himself as when by himself, and never less alone than when alone. For when away from the troop and riding alone through some small town or village, then

all the idle boys and girls, and lads and lasses, who had nothing else to do with their eyes, would fix them upon him. And well they might; for it puzzled them grievously to understand how so mighty a change could so suddenly take place in the person and deportment of John Hodges by means of a military uniform; and John, to do him justice, did sometimes seem to wonder at himself. Very curious, no doubt, to John's own mind was the effect of the constant alternations of the military and the agricultural character; but, like Kean who could play Harlequin and Richard on the same evening, he was perfect in both. In his uniform there was an uniformity. It was not a thing of shreds and patches. It fitted him well, and while he wore it, it seemed made for him, and he for it. He evidently had a sympathy with every part of his dress and decoration, and he manifestly enjoyed it thoroughly. To see him mounted, one would imagine that he ate, drank, and slept in his regimentals, and on horseback. He had but two eyes and two hands, and as he cantered along in military glory, they were all fully occupied; and he looked as if he might have found use for another set. For to look at, there was his own sweet self collectively, and his curveting charger, for which he had the satisfaction to think, that he was not charged by the assessor, and the admiring spectators on either side; and in his looks there was nothing forbidding or repulsive. He did not seem to say to those who looked at him, "What are you staring at?" He was not so much surprised at being looked at, as he would have been had he not been looked at. He was an object at which he himself would have stared with mingled awe and veneration. He fairly and truly thought himself worth looking at; and though not overburdened with modesty, he was not aware that he was or was likely to be of any other use. But though the only use of the yeomanry cavalry-man was to be looked at, yet he ought not to be therefore undervalued. The most thinking people in the world, to wit, the English, spend a great deal of money for the indulgence of the eye; and the yeomanry cavalry-man was comparatively a cheap luxury of that kind. Moreover, the hands of the agricultural hero were not idle as he rode along; for though the right hand enjoyed a comparative sinecure, as not being under the necessity of carrying a whip, yet that hand was not inactive. It would occasionally employ itself in patting his horse's neck, in regulating the glove on the left hand, in arranging the position of his pendulous sword, or in adjusting some of the parts of his multitudinous dress and decorations. And then he was so happy and good-humoured withal, and he looked so pleasant in the midst of his military glories, and so innocent in his fierceness! He did not seem to have the heart to kill any one, especially a fine-looking man with a sword by his side. So much for the military character of the yeomanry cavalry-man. He had a political character also, in which he gloried most proudly and sincerely. His was a most rampant, roaring loyalty. To say that his zeal outran his discretion, is not saying much; for that it might easily do, and not run very fast nor very far. He actually revelled in the delights of loyal sentiment; and could hardly believe it possible, that there should exist on the face of the earth, or breathe the air of England, a wretch so base, a miscreant so utterly abominable and detestable, as to entertain the most distant or remote suspicion that there could be in kings or ministers aught but perfection. The yeomanry cavalry-man was loyal throughout the day. He was loyal

when he buckled on his helmet and girded on his sword, he was loyal when he took leave of his wife and family after breakfast to ride nobody knows how far to meet the troop, he was loyal as he galloped along amidst rows of admiring bumpkins; his loyalty was not worn out by a trotting and counter-trotting of an hour and a half, nor was it wearied by the condescending eloquence of his commanding officer. But most conspicuously did his loyalty shine forth after dinner, when he had been dining with his troop in the august presence and at the expense of his commanding officer. If Napoleon Bonaparte had ever seen and heard a troop of yeomanry cavalry after dinner, he would never have entertained the mad project of invading this country. To give an adequate description of the cordiality with which every loyal toast was received, is more than difficult, and almost more than impossible. Even when the tongue was mute, the eye was eloquent, and tears started at the toast of "The King, God bless him, four times four!" But in those days corn was not quite so low as it has been since. Let us not, however, insinuate that the loyalty of the yeomanry cavalry-man was founded in selfishness. A decisive contradiction is given to this suspicion by the heart-breaking pathos with which these worthies separated at the barbarous fiat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and also by the unshaken loyalty which to our certain knowledge yet cleaves to those individuals who erst were members of the yeomanry cavalry. How distressing was it to minds of any sensibility to read, in the papers of the day, the pathetic and mournful solemnities of the parting of troops and captains! One commanding officer is reported to have been so touched as to give to each individual of the troop a glass of brandy. Poor things, they needed something to cheer their spirits! To be sure, there was one consolation in this painful parting. They did not altogether lose sight of their beloved captain. They no longer met in the field on horseback, but they met occasionally in the quiet walks of peaceful life, and as they met, they might naturally sigh over departed glories. The most painful parting of all was to part with their regimentals, and to part with their horses, or pay a tax for them: and nothing puts loyalty to the test so strongly as paying taxes; for some of the most loyal men in the kingdom have at times been guilty of evading the payment of duties. But the unkindest cut of all was stripping the poor creatures of their regimentals! It was as cruel as plucking the feathers from a live goose, or tearing the skin from a live eel. These regimentals had, as it were, grown to them, and become part and parcel of themselves. There was the helmet, too! Could not that be spared? Why that was at least three quarters of the head. Think of the yeomanry cavalry-man's head with the helmet on, and then think of his poor head with the helmet off! Oh, shocking! It will not bear thinking of. A fine speech and a glass of brandy are but a poor compensation for such losses and denudations. It is one comfort, however, that, as was above hinted, though the troops are no more, yet the spirit of loyalty still cleaves to the individuals who composed the troops. They may have forgotten the broad-sword exercise, bnt they have not forgotten those lessons of loyalty which they learned from the eloquence of their respective captains. There is scarcely an individual of them who does not abominate most heartily, and execrate most cordially, Shiel and O'Connell. What would the Duke of Wellington do, if they were still in a body and should petition against farther concessions to the Catholics?

THE LADIES PETITION.*

To the Air of "Merrily kiss the Quaker's wife."

Ye Ladies all, attend my call,
And hear my proposition;
Let's write the King some funny thing,
By way of a Petition—
That Anglesey forthwith may be
Restored to us, with gay days;
He'll not say nay, if you but pray,
He'll never refuse the Ladies.

Each dame who springs from Irish kings,
I'm sure I know a dozen,
Each royal name, your rights proclaim,
To call the King your cousin.
O'Connor Dons, O'Sullivans,
Ye Burkes, ye Blakes, ye Gradys,
In each sweet face there's so much grace,
He'll never refuse *such* Ladies.

The Captain great who rules the state,
Though e'er so high his station,
We'd soon disarm, did we but form
A Fair Association.
Nor Brunswicker would dare to stir;
For they are no true Paddies,
Who do not side, or e'er denied
Petitions from the Ladies.

And sure small blame to each fair dame
If Paget she delight in;
We'll have him back, or they shall lack
Our Irish boys for fighting.
The King must grant whate'er we want,
And dry the tears of sad eyes;
For people say, 'tis not *his* way,
To ever refuse the Ladies!

Dublin, Feb. 2. O'C

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.†

Emancipation Bill.—Proceedings of Parties.

We freely confess that, if any thing had been wanting on the side of reason or sound policy to convince us of the justice of Catholic concession and the wise conduct of the Duke of Wellington, we should have found it in the character of the opposition to that measure. Never, even in the most virulent times of anti-Jacobin warfare, thirty years ago, was there more scurrility used, with more impotency of argument. The ultra press has shown how little conscientious motive has to do with its

* The above lines were composed, adapted, and sung *à l'improviso*, to the Piano-forte, at a Musical Soirée in Dublin, on the subject being given of Lord Anglesey's departure from Ireland.

† Concluded from p. 210.

regulation, of whom its disciples consist, and of what stuff they are made. A cause which is upheld by such advocates, in so bad and inargumentative a manner, cannot but be intellectually and morally evil. Abuse is the last resource of the folly that, conscious of its own imbecility, clings to innate recklessness of principle for weapons to annoy when it is powerless to injure. This, however, ceases to be wonderful in a country where money has so much influence as in our own. The negro drivers of the West Indies can find minions here ready, for gold, to support shamelessly the cause of torture, and advocate the morality of trafficking in the muscle and blood of their fellow-creatures. That the Orangemen of Ireland should find their supporters among the same class of unprincipled advocates, ready upon the same terms to write in a cause far less odious in every point of view, is not surprising. There is a sympathy, too, between West Indian slavery, and every relic of oppression at home, that imparts an apparent earnestness in its behalf even to the icy pen of corruption. The union of the greater part of the ultra press in support of both these causes, we trust, our readers will not fail to notice and remember; it is a remarkable though not a miraculous coincidence. Lord Eldon is the guiding star of these parties. He has declared that slavery is not abhorrent to the spirit of the British constitution; and that the Cumberland ascendency faction is the only safeguard of the country. Thus, too, Colonel Wilson, of York, was the other day as *eloquent* a supporter of West India slavery as he is now of intolerance. It is the characteristic of the "servile" part of the press blindly to follow its leaders. To dare to think for themselves with the narrow powers they possess, or to go one step out of the miry trodden track of past time, even if they possessed the talent to be original, would be a heinous offence in the eyes of their masters. We fearlessly ask, whether any portion of the late opposition press ever assailed its political opponents, at a moment of the highest provocation, or any of his Majesty's ministers, in their utmost warmth, with a thousandth part of the acrimony, the inane abuse, which these pens have prodigally lavished upon the highest characters in intellect, rank, and disinterested patriotism which England holds, and upon some, too, whom it lately exalted to the skies? The throne itself has not been spared. The Sovereign has been assailed in the most indecent manner in these diatribes. Such conduct affords a too melancholy picture of the perversion of one of the greatest blessings in a free country: without argument, solely by abuse and vituperation, these writers gratify the malice of their party at the expense of laying open their own servility, ignorance, and venality.*

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* The Duke of Wellington (who has now added to his military talents the character of a statesman, and put an end to all doubt on that subject,) is a mere soldier, the leader of brute force, obtuse in apprehension! Vulgar and common-place: all his infirmities are now disclosed, and his conduct will be flung back upon his original pretensions with derision—Waterloo will perhaps save *him* from oblivion! Mr. Peel, whom they lately proclaimed the reformer of criminal law, sole and alone, now obtained all fraudulently from Sir S. Romilly, and sundry assistants did the executive part! He is a base betrayer, shines only by a borrowed lustre, and will, it is to be feared, commit suicide! Such is the language of the most guarded and temperate of the ultra scribes, respecting those who were of late the gods of their idolatry. Of the less temperate effusions of the faction, we will not sully our

But if the conduct of a part of the press has been so base, the opposers of the great question, which the firmness of Wellington has brought so near to a consummation, and on which the tranquillity of the empire hangs, have abated none of their virulence. Under the notion that this question would be impeded, if not stopped, by numerical signatures attached to petitions against the measure, every unjustifiable mode has been used to obtain them. Felons in the jails were solicited for their marks or signatures (the hulks were not accessible); children nine years old, whole schools of children, were made to sign or mark these precious documents (to show the sense of the country on this difficult question!); names were forged by the gross; and Lord Eldon, in his zeal, absolutely presented signatures of women, (old women,) in behalf of his cause, to the House of Lords,—on which Lord King remarked, very pertinently, the peculiar appositeness of the signatures to the cause. From Bristol, a most marvellous petition was presented to the House, purporting (as a salvo, we suppose,) to be from Bristol and ten miles round. It pretended to be signed by 38,000 persons. Bristol and its vicinity contained at the last census 87,779 persons. Now, half these would be adults, or nearly, namely 43,889. Half these, for the male population, would be 21,945. It so happened that a counter-petition was got up, and the anti-Catholics breeding a riot about it, the petition was withdrawn, with part torn away, and yet it was presented to the Lords with 1700 signatures. Now, we have been credibly informed, that no inconsiderable proportion of the inhabitants signed neither one petition nor the other. Bristol cunning outwitted itself. Mr. Bright, the member, stated that 24,712 inhabitants of the city had signed the petition. Mr. Hart Davis says 60,00 is the number of inhabitants in Bristol; take this, we have 15,000 male adults. Now 1700 actually sign a counter-petition, which reduces this number to 13,300, and of these a great many sign neither document. Mark how a clear tale puts down these intolerants! The schools, the malefactors, double and triple signatures, and like artifices, supplied the rest. It was the rogues in buckram suits over again, "eleven grown out of two." This is of a piece with other petitions; one from Birmingham gives that place 144,000 souls, and yet a counter-petition, numerously signed, comes from the same town. A parson of a parish tells his parishioners they must sign a petition to keep out bloody Mary, racks, and thumb-screws: the clodpoles believe him, and the thing is done. We have been told of one county town where a leading man is pro-Catholic. He got up a petition, and the householders nearly all signed it in favour of Catholic concession. The clergyman took fire, and got up a counter-address, and actually obtained more than one half of the signatures which remained appended to the former. Such numerical modes of settling a complex question will not do. The intellect of the country, which can alone decide, is not found in jails or schools. Public opinion is not the result of the impulse of the untu-

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paper by giving the reader an idea: they are baser, if possible, than the venal hands that executed them. One good effect will be produced from this evil; it will show Ministers what part of the press is governed by principle.

tored multitude in a civilized community, acted upon by faction, but the expression of the great body of the nation, following the train of the more enlightened portion, uniting in and echoing back its sentiments. We do not doubt that a large majority of the twenty-two millions in these kingdoms would be favourable to a settlement of Irish affairs and content to leave them to the government of the country, for they understand them not, but they are alarmed by the cry of "raw heads and bloody bones." The large towns and cities, all show a favourable feeling to the measure. Mr. Peel has received an address from the City of London in a gold box, expressive of satisfaction at his conduct; and petitions in favour of concession have been presented from Westminster. An Anti-Catholic petition has been got up by some unknown individuals at the Crown and Anchor, and presented to parliament with the signatures of double the number of housekeepers Westminster contains!

While we censure the clergy for their conduct, let us not be mistaken as to the enlightened men of that body. Mr. Peel has lost his election for Oxford, for which five hundred of the members of the House of Commons would think it no compliment to sit. But there were in Oxford 609 votes for Mr. Peel out of 1364. These included almost all distinguished for talent or learning. Out of 152 first-class men, 101 voted for Mr. Peel; of prizemen, 23 voted for Peel, and 4 for Inglis. Of Christchurch first-class men, 39 voted for Peel, and 8 for Inglis; of Christchurch prizemen, all voted for Peel. Here is the talent of the University with the concession party, at all events. Cambridge, we have already said, has declared on the liberal side, and that University has, we believe, more names on her books than Oxford. Thus the unprejudiced clergy *do* support Ministers; and though not numerically equal to the bigots, it cannot be denied they are the better part of the body—the leaven of the lump. What, in the present case, do the opinions of the opposing Oxford doctors weigh with the reflecting people of this country? We boldly reply, not a grain. Who hears of their labours for the faith? Where are the weapons of polemical or Christian warfare wielded by them for the support of our church? They cry, in substance, "Popery will put down the church, and Catholicism become the established religion, unless the sword of the civil magistrate prevent it." Do they not feel, if idleness and good living have not deadened their powers of understanding, that such avowals are a bitter satire upon their own inertness? If Popery is to overcome a more mild and rational creed in these days, it will be indeed very extraordinary, when, too, our national faith has such self-sufficient champions on its side as these Oxford doctors. Alas! we see no labours from their pens that can save it by the only lawful warfare, that of argument and expostulation. Thus, either conscious of their own sloth, or careful of their ease, they call for the continuance of penal laws to do that which they are educated to assert, and well paid by the nation to champion. As to any real danger to the church establishment by Catholic concession, we have great doubts whether they believe it themselves. We incline to think with the Duke of Wellington, who said, in reply to the Duke of Newcastle and the

Bishop of Bath and Wells, "that many of the opposers of the bill pretended to entertain fears of the consequences of emancipation, which every sensible man in the country ought to know, and did know were wholly unfounded;" again, respecting petitioning, "he rejoiced most cordially with the reverend prelate in the number of petitions they had presented, while they (the people) are under apprehensions—apprehensions which, he was sorry to say, had been suggested to them." The character of the doctors has been always that of a body behind the age—always bigoted, and, as a great scholar said of them, "too furious in politics, too rampant in loyalty, and too orthodox in religion." Oxford clung to passive obedience and the Stuarts, until the reign of George II.; and, excluding the minority of clever men it possesses, its majority is still, we fear, better adapted for the era and opinions of James I. than George IV.* Its past glory reflects its present renown, in the light of which these learned doctors strut about haughtily, fancying it to be projected by their own living lustre. The Bishop of Winchester, with several of his brother prelates, nobly support the *true* interests of the church and country.

There are, no doubt, some conscientious persons who think concession mischievous; but they make the avowal at the expense of their understandings. On the presentation of a petition from Lonsdale, it was mentioned by Lord Stanley, that one clergyman had distributed a printed form of prayer in his church, to deliver the King from vain and wicked men. A still more remarkable effect of the fear of Catholic concession was stated respecting him, an undoubted proof of his sincerity, we fully admit,—admired, but rarely imitated, among his sleek anti-Catholic brethren, we will dare assert,—he even sacrificed a dinner in horror of the measure. A person in the North, named Fulton, burned the bed in which Mr. Peel once slept, if the newspapers are to be credited. We presume this fool would fain imitate the Irishman, who burned the bank-notes of a firm to ruin the house. At Mold, in Cheshire, on the news of Mr. Peel's loss of the Oxford election, the church bells were rung; fires were lighted; neighbouring gentlemen were carried in effigy, and a poor Irishman was torn from a house and flung into a large fire. All this happened close to the dwelling of a justice-parson—where was he? These excesses, it is true, happened in the worst informed part of the country. It was not far off, we believe, from this place, that a woman was tortured for a witch a year or two ago!

Besides the no-Popery call, a cry has been raised by the faction for a dissolution of Parliament. The factious in opposition, who, when it does not suit them, jeer at the people, now talk of appealing to them. Some peers (who, constitutionally, have no right to interfere with the election of members of Parliament,) have made the sitting members

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* In 1709, Oxford pronounced it "false, seditious, and impious," to assert that all civil authority is derived from the people, and that there is a compact between the King and his subjects. When this decree was burned by the order of the House of Lords in that year, the University had not an advocate in it. From the partizan of the Stuarts, it is at length converted to the side of King William, a century and quarter having elapsed since his death: such is the slow progress of reason at Oxford!

turn out of their boroughs, and put in tools of their own. This Lord Falmouth has done at Truro; his fifteen electors, out of twenty-five, having put in Lord Encombe, the son of the Earl of Eldon (query, is it the same, if police reports may be credited, whose education cost his grandfather so much money that he could do nothing lately for an old servant in distress?—he must, with so costly an education, be a formidable foe to ministers!) The uncompromising Duke of Newcastle has returned a Mr. Sadler, and ejected one of his members at Newark for non-obedience. This Mr. Sadler is, or was lately, a linen-draper at Leeds, and a noted speaker at the Pitt Club there. We do not state this in disparagement of the individual; we are, on the contrary, pleased to see the Duke of Newcastle (like Napoleon with his crown) pluck the jewel from the dust, and place it on the forehead of his party. In his sore extremity, the peer, despairing of finding talent of his way of thinking in his own grade, and conscious that the minority in the Commons is a sad slur upon the intellect of his party (notwithstanding the efforts of Sir C. Wetherell), has the sagacity to hunt for intellect among the people. Mr. Sadler is a worthy leader for him. His maiden speech established his superiority over those with whom he has enrolled himself, in Demosthenian qualification at least. He is flashy enough, and but for the deficiency of his arguments in a common-sense foundation, he might give well-founded hope of being long a "Triton among the minnows." His speech, however, was a written one, and not spoken off extempore. Had Lord Falmouth not been so sadly deficient in cerebral developement as he is, he would have followed the example of the Duke of Newcastle, and given a couple of Ciceros more to the cause at Truro, instead of Viscount Encombe and his coadjutor.

The Catholic Association, in winding up its accounts, has numbered its members. They amounted to between twelve and fourteen thousand of the higher and middle ranks, and among them were *fourteen hundred Protestants*. This, and the petition of the Protestants drawn up at the Rotunda in Dublin, presented by Mr. Brownlow to the Commons, and by Earl Grey to the Lords, signed by 2 Dukes, 17 Marquesses, 26 Earls, 11 Viscounts, 2 Counts, 22 Barons, 35 Baronets, 52 members of the Commons, and 2000 other persons, who know the state of Ireland, and have property therein—(therefore best understanding the state of the country)—is proof of the soundness of the measure. Would so many persons risk their property by supporting a step pregnant with danger? The supposition is preposterous—the inference unanswerable. A petition has been presented in favour of Catholic concession, from 370 barristers out of 450 at present in London. Lord Eldon admitted the talent and respectability attached to it, though, by one of his Lordship's felicitous deductions, he told the House its prayer ought not to be complied with. Immortal reasoner, profound arguer, inimitable judgment-giver, how will posterity admire his logic!

The bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association has passed; but that body being first dissolved, its enactments are a dead letter, except with Orange societies, whose patriotism being "number one" is never ferocious but where it can be so with impunity. We thought this bill useless from the beginning; and Ministers only passed it, we presume, as a palliative of future measures with certain troublesome

adherents, who could not see beyond their noses, yet count as votes in Parliament. These must, therefore, be propitiated in some mode. This bill reminds us of a naval officer, lately deceased, who fought an imaginary enemy during a fog. On the mist clearing up, no foe could be seen; he had flung his powder and shot, courage and fury, into the air: hence he was afterwards called the "cloud-admiral." It is surprising how little effect the inflammatory addresses of the enraged Ultras produce among the people.* Duke Newcastle flies to the King and arraigns Parliament; Lord Winchilsea raves; Lord Kenyon prays; Lord Eldon talks, but has not yet wept, deferring his lachrymose oblation until the final reading, we suppose; Lord Falmouth twaddles; Lord Longford, who has been christened the "ancient Pistol" of the faction, explodes harmlessly. One says the King of Sardinia will soon be on the throne; another, that we shall have the Pope to reign over us. Colonel Wilson, of York, plays comedy before the House of Commons, meaning tragedy all the while. Sir R. Inglis, elated with his return by the Oxford electors, proclaims the intellect of England on his side, with 348 members of the Commons in favour of concession, and 160 automata adverse. Never was there such a minority as that of the 5th ult.; not a name of talent or intellect in it—not a name known to the public as coming up to the common every-day average. Even Sir T. Lethbridge has forsaken his comrades, after all his hubbub in Devon, as we had before prophesied he would. Like Falstaff, he exclaims, "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souc'd gurnet!" Among this oblivious minority, one member lamented that country gentlemen had not the talent of speech to do their duty effectually on the question. We never found they wanted speech at a fox-chace, or at dinner afterwards, and we therefore suspect the gentleman who made this unlucky allusion should have said "intellect." What would they not have done had they been orators? Tom Thumb, we suspect, would be acted to perfection in St. Stephen's: they'd make the giants first, and then they'd slay them.

The emancipation bill is clogged with several unnecessary clauses, about the Catholic clergy appearing in their insignia, and the titles of the prelates, which it seems must not be those borne by the Protestant bishops, though the latter took them originally from the former. There are very proper enactments to keep the Jesuits in order, which do not interfere with the Catholic religion; but why exclude such individuals from visiting England? What mischief could the mere visit of a lite-

* To show the character of the addresses and placards got up by the Ultra faction, Mr. Spring Rice read one in the House of Commons, published at Bath to obtain signatures to petitions. "Since Catholic emancipation first began"—the first motion was by Fox, in 1805,—"not less than 50,000,000 of unoffending and innocent persons have become the victims of Papal vengeance. All the tortures that the fiends of hell could invent have been practised—burning, broiling, thumbscrew, rack, pully, &c." An infamous and lying placard, adorned with prints of tortures, and headed "Queen Mary's days," was printed by the "Religious Tract Society of Paternoster Row." A most flagitious and wicked perversion of the object for which that society is supported, covering its authors with merited infamy. Surely no individual of sense will subscribe a shilling more to this "Tract Society," until it be purged of the persons who thus basely misuse it We trust our readers will look to this before they give another penny.

rary Jesuit, for example, do in a free country like this? The bill has been accompanied by one for the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, making the qualification 10*l.* When East Retford or Grampound are attacked for corruption, the rights of the *innocent* voters, against whom bribery is only *not proved*, are urged as the plea for leaving what Lords Falmouth or Lonsdale would call "well alone;" in Ireland they are not at all to be considered. Still there is great evil in the present system. Deeming the bill objectionable, the Whigs were in doubt about giving it their support, and the subject was well weighed by them, we believe, at a meeting of the leaders convened on purpose. But emancipation was dependent on the disfranchisement bill. The interest of the Whigs, joined to the Ultras, would have destroyed the greater and more important measure. Had they voted for the emancipation and turned round on the disfranchisement bill, the present Ministry would have been shaken, and the great, the patriotic, the praiseworthy objects of carrying a very important measure, of supporting a vigorous Minister, and of keeping down the most mischievous, ignorant, factious, but powerful (from borough intrigues) party this country ever saw, have been longer delayed. These were the reasons of the Whigs, and we do not hesitate to say they are satisfactory, honest, and disinterested. Emancipation began with them; they steadily advocated it, and when a straightforward Minister like the Duke of Wellington showed he was in earnest to carry it, would it have become them to withhold their support, and endanger their own measure?

It has been industriously impressed on the minds of the ignorant that all the Irish members will now be Catholic, and that a hundred of them may dictate to the House of Commons. This is so utterly absurd, that we have no hesitation in asserting it to be an allegation the falsehood of which was known to its makers. Not more than eight or ten individuals are likely to be returned to Parliament for several elections. The Catholic in Ireland is not the bigot he is taken for; he votes for his friends, but he does not care about their faith, if they are staunch to his interests. The Irish boroughs are almost all in Protestant hands; and the Catholic gentry are some too poor, others too wise, to risk thousands in an election contest. We repeat it, from the *best authority*, that not more than eight or ten Catholic members are likely for a long time, to take seats in the House of Commons. The peers who will sit are Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Shrewsbury, Lords Petre, Stourton, Arundel, Dormer, Stafford, and Clifford (English Catholic Peers); Lords Fingal, Kenmare, Gormanstown, Netterville, Taafe, Southwell, Trimlestown, and French (Irish); and Earls Traquair and Newburgh (Scotch). We are pleased to record the impartial conduct of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The recollection of Lord Anglesey, and the fear of an untried governor, made his successor be received without any demonstrations of joy from the assembled people. His grace makes no distinction in political parties; and at one of his dinners, Dr. Murray, a Catholic bishop, was present. Ireland was never more tranquil, nor her criminal calendar less.

A duel has been fought between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea. The latter nobleman had penned a letter (as fine a speci-

men of stultified spleen as ever we read) to the Secretary of the King's College subscription. Its allegations against the Duke were so grossly and ridiculously false, that Lord Winchelsea's party did not believe a syllable of them, nor, we venture to say, did he himself. Had they been true, a combat after the feudal custom would not deteriorate them, or purify the Duke in public opinion; but they were so palpably and ludicrously untrue, that we are surprised the Duke took notice of them, since he of all men would be above suspicion as to motive in so acting. The Duke thought otherwise, and we have no right to impugn his decision as far as his private feelings are concerned; but we do think, circumstanced as he was, at a time when an accident occurring might have ruined the peace of these kingdoms, that he should have smiled contemptuously on the trash when he read it, and thought of it no more: such a letter from such a quarter, could have injured him with none. Private feeling should give way to public duty. Professional feeling, it is probable, stifled the lofty reason that whispered an opposite line of conduct was best for the statesman. We are happy that no accident occurred to either party. Lord Winchelsea is a man of animal courage in common with the majority of mankind. He has the open bearing of the blunt athletic temperament with the general concomitant of less intellectual power in proportion to the greater extent of physical developement. He has the reputation of being an excellent shot. He is an adept at pugilism if report speak true, and able to combat a poacher at his own weapons, as all who live near him know. With these accomplishments, but rather too much honesty and frankness of character, who is so well adapted to represent the meekness of ultra-tory piety, and to champion the political faith of Lord Eldon and the Duke of Newcastle? The correspondence of the Duke of Wellington on this occasion, his temper and mildness in the whole affair, giving his slanderer every opportunity to get out of the scrape before going to the field, are admirable. The animal courage of Lord Winchelsea made him jealous of making that apology for his hasty and foolish letter, which his good-heartedness told him he could have no hesitation in doing when he had received the Duke's fire.

On the second reading of the Catholic Bill, the same display of intellect and talent against noodleism was visible as before. On a division there were 353 for, and 173 against the Bill, notwithstanding the speech of Mr. Sadler, the Duke of Newcastle's forlorn hope, and one of the most extraordinary specimens of an Attorney-General in delirium, that ever showed himself up for the general amusement. An ambition for the leadership of the Opposition in oratory after the display of Mr. Sadler on the first day's debate, seemed to animate the "*eternal* Sir Charles Wetherell," as he has been called. It was now not the usual tedious prosing, but the furious declamation of the speaker, that was most remarkable. Sir Charles, too, suited the action to the word. Now, he bent forward towards Mr. Peel, as if he would annihilate the Home Secretary. *He* had no speech to eat up"—"*he* had no apostacy to explain"—then, "*he*," Sir Charles, "was the King's Attorney-General, and Attorney-General he would remain!" He was surprised at the irresistible laughter of the House, which greeted the climax of his sentences. He became enraged. Now he turned his back on the Speaker in fume

and fury, and displayed his "inexpressibles" loosened from their suspenders, and his shirt displaced from its position, which heightened the comedy—then he stooped nearly two double, to urge out with reinforced exertion his anathemas against "the *atrocious* Bill before the House." Mr. Sergeant Lefroy's seditious denunciations in Dublin the other day, against the friends of the measure, found here their equal. Sir Charles would not be a Noy, and betray his duty; he would rather be the humble Member for Plympton, (which any one may be who applies to its patron the right way,) than be guilty of apostacy like the Lord Chancellor. He mis-quoted Falstaff, and applied the quotation to Mr. Peel; and told the House among other things, after a vast deal about the Coronation Oath, and other exploded arguments against the Bill, and after a great deal about Ireland itself, that "it was *foreign* to his purpose to enter upon the subject of Ireland!" Mr. Peel's bitterest enemy must have admired the way in which he replied to this infuriated declaimer. The coolness of temper he exhibited, did him high honour. Poor Sir Charles has overdone the thing; the maiden speaker, Mr. Sadler, remains the pole-star of the party, the compass of the few friends left to an exclusive and intolerant doctrine. This violent personage threatens the country with what he will *do*. He will move that the King shall no longer be required to be a Protestant. Bravo! member of his Grace of Newcastle.

—— in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do!

On the first reading of the Disfranchisement Bill the House divided 17 against, and 223 for the Bill. On the second reading there were 220 for, and 20 against it. The incomprehensible Mr. Bankes was in the minority. Lord Kenyon, following the example of the Duke of Newcastle, obtained an audience of the King as a last resource. It was in vain; his Majesty was deaf to the remonstrances and supplications of both, and remained firm to the interests and welfare of the empire. The King must have endured persecution enough from every hand of late, and the country views with gratitude and affection the energy displayed in its behalf by the throne.

An attempt to obtain a formidable Meeting in Surrey has failed; not indeed altogether, for there was a meeting, but in assembling one of respectability. In truth, the energy of the party has begun to slacken, and it will shortly exhibit nothing but disappointed intention.

A meeting has been called in Edinburgh, remarkable for embodying among its conveners the intellect of that country of opposite political parties. The venerated name of Scott appears in unison with that of Jeffrey, in supporting the great object of uniting and tranquillizing Ireland, and upholding ministers in their laudable work. The chief part of the talent of the bar, the church, the clergy, half the professors of the college, and nearly all the wealth and influence of the Scottish capital, were present. The speeches were numerous; but the most remarkable was that of Dr. Chalmers, professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. His speech was one of the most eloquent convincing appeals to the reason of men and Christians which we have ever read. We are sorry not to be able to afford space for it entire. The logic and rea-

soning were unanswerable. The speaker said that he came there because, in the emancipation of Papists, he saw for Protestants "a still greater and more glorious emancipation." Dr. Chalmers attributed the increase of the Catholics to persecution, and agreed with the Duke of Wellington and every man of sense and reflection, that the spread of Protestantism in Ireland will follow the removal of political distinctions. He has exalted himself still higher in the sight of men of intellect, and increased that admiration which he had before so universally attracted. What a contrast does Dr. Chalmers exhibit to the bigotry and fanaticism of the Rev. Edward Irving!

In the committee, the Catholic Bill has received considerable opposition. The house divided for going into a committee, with a majority of two hundred in favor of the step; and on several clauses there were large majorities on the side of ministers. The progress of the Bill through the Commons is certain, and in the Lords it is probable that the fierceness of party spirit has well nigh exhausted itself, so that it will pass with comparative ease. Petitions continue to be presented, many from individuals, among them one from Sir Harcourt Lees, the contents of which are no doubt curious enough. We trust that the Isle will in no long space of time return to its propriety, and that the opposers of emancipation will confess the folly of their opposition.

There has been enough of alarm and of public excitement. Trade and business have been impeded, the very thoughts of men have been diverted from their usual objects exclusively to this one. Nothing has been read but politics, no theme on the lip of young or old but the Catholic question. Yet, wherefore? There was no danger, no well-founded ground for fear. The jealousy of the people, a natural jealousy, was incited by a perverse faction for its own ends, that would in other circumstances have scouted an appeal to the multitude. In no country but this, could the scene lately exhibited be displayed for such a cause; we pray that nothing like it may ever occur again. We trust the general welfare will no longer be the care of a part of the nation, but of the whole, united in an indissoluble phalanx. That England will be one entire union of men, "high-minded men," irresistible against all the world, mighty in energy, and exalted in power.

Lastly. We rejoice that the character of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman is settled, and that he who has displayed genius and physical courage in the field, is endowed with the far rarer quality of moral courage in the cabinet. However, the noble Duke may have boasted hitherto of his nerves, we can easily imagine they have had their trial lately. May he long persevere in his present honest and manly conduct as a minister, and continue to reap the more enduring laurels of peace, supported by all that is respectable in intellect and talent in the country. Then no British statesman that ever preceded him, will compete with him in the glory of his career; he will leave behind him a name of deathless splendour, hallowed by the gratitude of a freed people.

R.

COUSIN EMILY'S LETTER FROM BRIGHTON.

Dear Sophy, we are still at Brighton,
  And I'm so desp'rately in love!
But don't tell Pa—for if you frighten
  Him, he will hate poor Colonel Dove.
He half suspects me, Soph, already,
  So don't make mischief, Cousin mine:
Besides Aunt Tab, who's old and steady,
  Told me to keep within "the Line."

And she it was who gain'd permission
  From Pa, and Ma, for me and Tom
To go with her and her Physician;
  They'll wish they'd kept us snug at home—
For Master Tom has not been idle;
  You've lost him, Coz—sit down and cry,—
He one day caught a lady's bridle
  Just as her horse began to shy:—

Some women are such awkward creatures!
  But Tom took care she should not fall.
(I don't quite think you'd like her features,
  She's rather *thin* and VERY *tall!*)
My gallant brother though—he's raving—
  Calls her his "own Amelia Brown;"
Dove swears she was not worth the saving,
  He always cuts her with a frown.

I wish you knew my handsome Colonel—
  Oh, Sophy! such a charming man!—
He vows his love will be eternal;
  Don't scold, he broke your ivory fan.
Papa, alas! will think him horrid,
  Because he smokes cigars, I fear;
But then he has a *lovely* forehead—
  He's in the Tenth Hussars, my dear.

I felt myself obliged to mention
  Pa's partner's dreadful eldest son!
That Dove might know 'twas their intention
  To join Paul Phipps and me in one:
I really thought I should have fainted,
  The Colonel kindly said—"Damn Phipps—"
Then ask'd if we'd been long acquainted?
  And kiss'd my hand, but not my lips.

However, as ill-luck would have it,
  Tom popp'd his head in at the door—
Dove started—I resolved to brave it—
  Now, Sophy, wasn't this a bore?
Yet you'd have laugh'd to see the trio,—
  Not that I like such jokes at all;
For entre nous—Cavalier mio,
  I must own, look'd immensely small.

Tom took a monstrous pinch of snuff,
  I hoped " Miss Brown was pretty well,"
The Colonel thought *he'd* done enough,
  Or what was worse, his courage fell.
By way of making matters better,
  I said we'd walk upon the Steyne;
But Thomas vow'd he'd write a letter
  Up to Pa, of what he'd seen.

This I at once prevented, Cousin,
  (Thanks to his not rememberin g you,
For I declared I'd write a dozen
  To tell Papa, Miss Brown won't do.
So, barring my slight agitation,
  And flurry to my dear Dove's wits,
In spite of all the botheration,
  It's clear that Tom and I were quits.

'Tis thus, my dear, we stand at present,
  I wonder how it all will end?
Tom has just sent Miss Brown a pheasant,—
  Will that sad fellow never mend?
I'm sure he used to love you dearly,
  I wish you had not grown so fat;
This girl is always dress'd so queerly,—
  He says he does not care for that.

Do, Sophy, send me down a bonnet,
  The Colonel likes me best in pink;
Some feathers I should like upon it—
  I'm writing with such wretched ink!
I have not told you that the Doctor,
  Instead of curing poor aunt Tab,
Is making love to Mrs. Procter,
  And borrowing her husband's cab.

That woman is so sweetly pretty,
  She makes Miss Brown look quite a fright!
She's rather like your sister Kitty,
  And looks quite young—by *candle-light.*
Why—what a quantity I've written,
  And told you too a lot of news;—
I hope you have not lost my kitten;—
  I've been with Dove to three reviews!!

Adieu, dear Soph—we're now all going
  To see the packets from the pier;
The Colonel's very fond of rowing,
  So am I—when the coast is clear.
As for Amelia and my brother,
  They always stay so far behind;
She neither cares for wind nor weather,—
  You must not think poor Tom unkind!

March 1829. EMILY.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS, NO. XVII.

PART II.

In wandering along the Janiculum, I at last reached the Villa Pamfili. The situation is amongst the best of the many good at Rome;—" totam licet estimare"—you have the scale and compass of the great map in your hand. The villa is not of very considerable extent, but it is cloven and ridged into a great variety of ground. There is more wildness here, if they would allow it to be seen, than in any other villa at Rome; but there is the usual line-and-square monotony striving against nature—you cannot get rid of this traditional distribution. The " pinetum " constitutes the glory of the villa. When the wind is lulled everywhere else, it is a noble thing to sit listening here to its rushings overhead, like the crowding of mountain waters, or the careering of chariots in the distance, and then to look out on the sunshine sleeping tranquilly and evenly on the spread of roofs below.* Looking back to the villa itself, it is full of vices and virtues. The architecture, of the Bolognese Algardi, and I believe his best, is perfectly Italian. A small, agreeable Palazetto, airy, elegant, and cheerful, the interior distribution excellent—for a villa even comfortable, is the concise amount of its deserts. The Croce Bianca, near Bologna, (the sojourn of Richardson's Clementina,) is on the same plan; a circular sala, lighted from above, with chambers branching off on the sides. The gardens in front, and in the immediate vicinity, are in the very extreme of the fantastic: a modern, loose translation of every absurdity of the antique. Here Pliny has been remembered as well as Hadrian ;† every stage whim, in which the lunatic genius of Borromini would have luxuriated, has been played off in box. The Doria Dove is seen figured in close-cropped hedges and borders, pushing out with every shower into new blots, or cut down or eaten away into hiatus and lacunæ, by snails and other insects, every spring. Then come the hydraulic wonders of the place—organs, and pipes, and never-playing Fauns, and ever-gazing Narcissi, and melancholy piscinæ, and moss-grown fountains, and tricks, and deceptions, stale and flat, and, as it may be imagined, unprofitable; of no earthly use at present but to keep up a good stock of bad air, and to drain a full purse, for the gaze and marvel of strangers. You wander through the chilling region, seeking for pleasure, and finding only effort and insipidity, which weighs the more from the recollection of the Casino near, and the broad bright sky overhead.

The Villa Madama is the last on this line; but it is at some distance on the Monte Mario, and requires time, riding, and climbing to get at it. When there, you have a beautiful portico, though on pedestals—desolation before it, decay within, the admirable frescoes of Giulio and Raffaelle vanishing from the stained walls—the Olympus and the Pantheon nearly extinguished by the effacing touch of the Malaria. Giovanni da Udine has been here too, and his Phœbus and his steeds are not unworthy of such society. But the chief charm of the spot is the recollection of the House of Farnese, girt with all its princely elegancies, and listening to the performance of the Pastor Fido in the groves near. This adds the last and saddest feature to the many melancholy memories of the place.

There are many more of these edifices, scarcely less magnificent than those described, stretched out in the sunshine below you. Wherever you cast your eye, you see, through the clear, sharp green of their perennial gardens, the dazzling white of these delicious little retreats. " Littus ornant, varietate

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence, Canto i. st. 4.

† The stuccoes are imitations of the exquisite " volte " of the Villa Hadriana. Algardi was a man of more judgment than genius, yet he was not always so felicitous as in the Casino. The Fountains, for instance, are by him. " This is enough," says Ficoroni; but those who know his other works will scarcely coincide with the honest eulogist.

gravissimâ, nunc continua, nunc intermissa tecta villarum, quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem, sive ipso mari, sive ipso littore utare." (*Plin. Sec.* lib. ii. ep. 15.) The Campagna at last supervenes, and drowns every thing in its unwholesome obscurity.

Italian Landscape-gardening is a favourite topic of very indiscriminate vituperation to every English visitor. It has shared the fate of Italian *comfort*. Our acknowledged supremacy in the art seems to have given us a prescriptive right, in this, as in other matters, to a sneer. Yet nothing can be more limited than our view of the case. The personages of the Aminta, or the Pastor Fido, may be admired with Milton's Adam and Eve:—Shakspeare does not exclude Racine.

We judge the Italians, as if our objects and theirs were precisely the same. Now, nothing can be more diverse. We English are all for unsophisticated Nature: the Italian, on the contrary, for classic copy. Both have succeeded in their several ways. The Italian never had it in his contemplation to form Parks. The Park, synonimous with the Chasse, was a feudal creation—the Boschi and foreste of the Cavaliereschi poets—the defence first, then the embracing ornament and magnificence of the Baronial residence. Of these, few vestiges now exist in Italy. Wherever there are such, we find them almost universally leaning upon some feudatory village (the "Seigneur du Village" is still an expressive title), or the village, more properly speaking, creeping for shelter and protection under the Baronial walls. The Park, in such cases, usually stretches out, in loose and uncumbered prodigality, in rear. The Giustiniani woods at Bassano, near the Lago di Vico; the Palace of the Prince Cardinal Albani at Soriano; the Castle of the Duke of Bracciano, at the place of the same name; the Chigi Palace at La Riccia; the Musignano forests near Canino, and many others I could instance in the Patrimonio, rival any English residence in their extent and park-like beauty, and often surpass them in the variety and native luxuriance of their scenery. Convents, often fortresses, as they still are in the East, and even in Italy, retaining, in the more early specimens, evidence of the same double application, are distinguished by the same accompaniments. Their "sable, silent, solemn forests," and engirdling woods, generally occupy a stanza or two of preliminary description in the Bernesque writers. San Martino, near Palermo; La Cara, near Naples;—in Tuscany, La Verna, and Vallombrosa in particular, from which Milton has obviously sketched the larger outlines of his Paradise,* are all superb and existing proofs. These flourished longer and more generally in France and in England, than in Italy. In Italy, the establishment of the Republics, springing up one after the other, in the intervals which the crumbling of the greater powers had left between them, altered or retrenched this taste. These little communities, closely bordering and constantly warring on each other, soon drove the Contadini for protection to the city, with the exception of some Conte Guidi, who, from Condottiere, became tributary, or proprietor of a Republic, and was strong enough, in his *own* strength, to disdain the shelter of their walls. They carried with them from the country the desire and the enjoyment of country pleasures. In the "Cortile" of the palace, and the "Pratello" of the convent, were soon seen many attempts to transplant to the closeness of a populous town some memorials, however dwarfed and faded, of the larger and fresher beauties of the vale and the mountains. The Florentine writers, in particular, faithful to national man-

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* "—— Eden, where delicious Paradise
—— crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the *champain* head
Of a *steep wilderness*, whose *hairy* sides
With *thicket overgrown*, grotesque and wild," &c.

No one who has been fortunate enough to ride from the neighbouring village up the Vallombrósa, and particularly from the hamlet of Frattini to the Convent, and above all, to the Paradisetto which overtops it, but must have perceived the perfect accuracy of every one of these features:—the "*insuperable* shade" of pine, fir, the "*engulphed* river," &c. all, all are there.

ners and predilections, are minute and graphic in their sketches of rural scenery. The Villa (now Poggio Gherardi); the Villa di Schifanoia, or de' tre visi (now Villa Palmieri); the Valle delle Donne, in the Mugnone, must all live in the recollection of every reader of Boccaccio.* Nor is it less remarkable, that this wholesome spirit should be more distinctly marked in the first freshness of their poetry, than in any after-attempt of the modern copyist. The "chiare, fresche, e dolci acque" of Petrarch; the graceful Albano landscapes of Politian;† the enchanted gardens of Ariosto,‡ and of Tasso,§ have left but faint reflections on the pages of their more street-loving successors. Modern Italian poets, with the exception of Foscolo, and Pindemonte, and Manzoni, never risk themselves with mere external nature. But till the period of the revival of the Arts in Italy, landscape-gardening does not seem to have taken any precise form. That great mental revolution produced upon this branch the same impression precisely as upon all the others. The imitation of the ancients was the all-in-all of the new orthodoxy. The veneration soon became absolute idolatry. In dramatic composition, it banished the Ludi and the Mysteries, and substituted feeble "replicas" of Sophocles and Euripides in their place;—in architecture the field was narrower, the Tedesco ceded to the Roman;—in oratory, Ciceronianism, and affectation trampled on nature and the Lingua volgare. The same mannerism soon ran down to gardening. The only admissible type was sought in the ancients: circumstances I have remarked already, favoured this corruption. The confined precincts of an embattled city retrenched all superfluities. Trees were there rather hints, and suggestions, and memories, representatives to recall the larger beauties of the forests, than complete or finished pictures.|| They went up, like the obelisks, and pillars, and statues, as flowers and shrubs still do in houses, to the richness and fulness of the theatrical decoration. They formed a spectacle, a drop scene with the noble; with the philosopher, and scholar, and artist, a literary cabinet in the open air, where the "dulce otium, pene omni negotio, pulchrius," was the presiding genius, and all was graced with the same staid and meditative sobriety which might best suit the gest and gait, moral and intellectual, of the public and private teacher. Here age, "cui industria sera, turpis ámbitio est,"¶ might rest its experience on the minds of the young, and the young drink in wisdom from the lips of age. These alleys were the Stoas and Lyceums, as well in Florence as in Greece. The climate in both countries admitted of this in-and-out-of-door kind of philosophising. The garden was only a larger hall—a more ample gallery. Destined often for similar purposes, both were conducted by a certain analogy of rule and taste. The Italian sala often interchanged characters with the garden; its immense walls were covered, by such artists as Vignola and Peruzzi, with interminable perspectives of alleyed walks, sleepy fountains twinkling in the distance,—courtly terraces,—for the rest or sport of Dame or Prelate,—spreading staircases, glorious with the illustrious and brightest of the age,—dusky vistas, each with its concluding divinity, birds sparkling from their aviaries, &c. In return the garden borrowed also from the sala; the walks were straight clear ambulatories,—the Camere and Camerine were exchanged for Casinos, Tempiettos, colonnades, porticoes, &c. all framed with a view to the Academical exercises of

* Particularly the Valle delle Donne.—*Giornat.* 6. *Nov.* x. "Era pieno d'abeti (a Florentine tree), di cipressi, d'allori e d'alcuni pini sì ben composti," &c. It is cultivated nature, but totally devoid of Italian art.

† "Vagheggia Cipri un dilettoso monte," &c.—*Giostra di Giuliano*, stanz. 70.

‡ "Culte pianure, e delicati colli."—*Orlando Furioso*, canto vi. stanz. 20.

§ "Poiche lasciar gli avvellupati colli."—*Tasso, Gerusalemme*, canto xvi. stanz. 9. In both the last instances, the transition to the studied and ornamental is observable.

|| "In opere urbanissimo, subita velut illati ruris imitatio."—*Plin. Sec.* Ep. l. v. Ep. 6.

¶ "Quam pulchrum illud, quam dulce secretum, quantum ibi antiquitatis, quæ facta, quos viros audias, quibus præceptis imbuare."—*Plin. Sec.* Ep. lib. iii. ep. 1.

the age. The Orti Rucellai, the chosen retreat of the anti-Medici party, the Boboli, at Florence, the Medici, the Barberini, the Parrhasian gardens where the Arcadians met, the Villa Madama at Rome, the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, were all, more or less, indebted for their celebrity to this application of their beauties to intellectual purposes. It was the peculiar boast of that period, the stately age of learned and magnificent leisure, which succeeded the family quarrels of the merchant republics, and was the eldest born of their industry, as their industry was of their freedom, that they succeeded in gathering around their citizens a court of high and brilliant men who formed the halo to their wealth, and have transmitted to posterity with a lustre far beyond the bloody glare of our northern feudal pedigrees, a name and blood, which, but for them, would probably have sunk to obscurity. Rome and Florence was the centre of all this. They became the joint arbitresses of the elegances of all Italy. They were soon imitated, "pari passu," by the rest of the Republics. Even Venice had her Tusculum and Tibur, on the Brenta. But this taste, after all, was exceedingly conventional, and peculiarly exposed to abuse. Men soon arose, who aimed at some impossible perfection with giant ambition and pigmy means; rather than not change at all, they were content to change into fault and corruption. Music, painting, poetry, became figured over, with a strange complication of every folly and conceit. The stiff but dignified, rushed into the whimsical and fantastic; of the ancients, nothing was retained but the worst:—a lower empire succeeded:—the Claudians despised the Virgils:—harlequinades were played off with wood:—water was put through every posture:*—Nature was not indeed in question, but art was abased to mere legerdemain and trick. The very age of Leo began the degeneracy; the toy-shop Rome, of the Villa d'Este, is worthy of the clumsy enchantments of the Villa Pamfili. In the next age, it spread off into new ugliness; and at last terminated in such freaks as the marine and other monster Villas near Naples, and that miracle of architectural madness, that extravagant menagerie in stone, the Villa Bagaria, near Palermo.

This taste through all its varieties, from its first excellency to its last perversion, reached France and England. In the former it maintained its drowsy reign, with great adhesiveness, down to the death of Le Nôtre. In England it shrunk before a succession of revolutions. Milton travelled, Cosmo visited; it came in with the same Italian taste which gave us the ottava rima in the Spenserian Stanza, the Sonnet, and the Favola Boscareccia, in those gems of Milton the "Comus," the "Arcades," &c. But the Spensers soon fell off into the Wallers and Cowleys; and the Italian gusto of Elizabeth had to yield to the French prettyisms, the Watteau beauties of Charles II. and the Dutch adulterations, the ponds, swamps, painted atrocities, of William. We at last began to think for ourselves. Kent and Browne, with abundance of self-sufficiency, and some genius, dared to invent. They attempted an English taste. It succeeded somewhat better than Mr. Nash's orders. The Chinese and Turkish garden, indeed, suggested, and so far diminished their title to the honours of creation. Besides, they felt the principle, but soon abused it in the execution. They committed flirtation with Nature, but there was no marriage. They did not only attempt to convert art into Nature, but they attempted to make Nature more natural. In their unbounded Liberty-system, like most other system-mongers, they had a pattern liberty of their own. They had a Procrustes form to which they clipped or swelled up Nature. Their belts, clumps, lakes, are often only another manner of being formal and stiff. But these "capability"

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* Water is the great passion of all the Southerns. The Villa Aranjuez is distinguished by the power, profusion, and, what is still more rare, the judicious management of its fountains. See also the predominance of this feature in Spanish poetry—

> "Corrientes aguas puras cristallinas,
> Arboles que os estais mirando en ellas."—*Garcilasso*, Eclog. 1.

men did what they could. Planners, and fortune-makers, it was far too much to ask from them the eye or hand of a poet or a painter.* They, too, disappeared in their turn; but from their ashes, the legitimate system under the better auspices of Price and Knight has at last arisen. We now claim to legislate, and the claim is admitted, for the rest of Europe.†

A traveller should not, therefore, look for English gardening, no more than for coal fires, and Brumagem manufactories, in Italy. It is not of the soil. Copies there are, to be sure, but like all copies and translations, they are meagre, flashy things. The Villa Borghese, I mean the Enceinte, is half Kent, and half any one. The Villa Marglia, near Lucca, is less suburban, and more modern. A Scotchman has the glory of the toy. These are the only specimens I have seen in Italy, and they have given me no desire to see more.

But in return, if he be a lover of antiquity, or feel a just pleasure in reading a country or an age in its works, he will see much to console and amuse him for this loss. He may trace the ancients in every line of these cinque-cento paraphrases. The Italian garden is a pure work of art. All the elements are to be found in the ancient villa; it is there he must go for the key. and not to Stowe, or to Blenheim. The building portion has, indeed, been departed from, but domestic changes necessitated this. The closest resemblance to a Roman villa is the small Casino in the Villa Borghese. It recalls, under a very abridged form it is true, but still recalls, the Villas of Pompeii. But even this is not satisfactory. The landscape is far closer its original—the *materiel* is precisely the same, the distribution similar. The nearest resemblance to the ancient arrangement is perhaps the Albani; the farthest removed, the Borghese. But there is scarcely a villa where you do not perceive distinct and frequent illustration of the decorations of the Laurentinum.‡ In the Albani, for instance, you have the "pratulum," the "areolæ," the "Xysti," the "Porticus," the "Crypto-Porticus," the "Diætæ," &c. In the Pamfili, you have in equal perfection all the freaks with the box and laurel, which I am sorry to say are grievously classic;§ the "pulvinus," the tricks also with the water, the Crater, the "fonticuli," the "siphunculi," ‖ &c. In the Borghese, finally, an admirable example occurs of the "Hippodromus," and its hemycycles, inclosing pines, &c. and on every side the seats, the cubicula, the recesses, which formed the delights of the courtier-philosopher.¶

The elements, the colours for these compositions (trees and shrubs), are in greater variety, and of far nobler and richer character than in the North. Yet colour and outline—grouping in all its combinations—is neglected. The pine (Pinus Pinea of Linnæus) is the favourite at Rome. The soil and the malaria produce this preference: "amantem litora pinum," says Silius, (*Bell. Pun.* l. x. 554.); and it is still to be found in robust luxuriance all along this sandy and volcanic shore. By itself it is picturesque, rather than beautiful—in combination, both. Singly, its branches are too sharp and stakelike, even for the sharp and brilliant blue of Southern Italy; in conti-

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* *Delille*, Jardins, (Chant 1.) with his usual point and epigram, has ridiculed the extravagances of this system—

"Des lors on ne vit plus que lignes ondoyantes," &c.

† Tivoli, by Boutin, was the first instance in France; it was soon followed by the Trianon, Malmaison, Morfontaine, Falaise, &c. In Poland, Pulhavi (see the description by the Princess Radzivil)—in Germany, Rhinsberg, &c. The gardens of the latter now surpass every other in Europe.

‡ *Plin. Sec.* lib. ii. ep. 15.—but still more particularly the description of his Tuscan Villa, lib. v. ep. 6. which he preferred to his numerous other residences at Tusculum, Tibur, Præneste, &c.

§ "Ipsa buxus intervenit, in formas mille descripta, *literis* interdum, quæ modo nomen *domini*, modo *artificis*," &c.

‖ "Fonticulus, in hoc fonte crater, circa siphunculi," &c.

¶ "Hippodromus medius patescit," &c.—*Plin.* l. v. ep. 6.

nuity, they are too Chinese, and too Japan. The chesnut, a luxuriant flowing tree, is seldom seen here, though common in Tuscany; it has given place to the ilex, and to the plane-tree. The last—"pene liquidus," as Pliny says of the Acanthus, is distinguished for the beautiful flexibility and delicate undulations of its foliage and branches. Mingled with the pine, which is too frequently shown off in *têtes-à-têtes*, it is susceptible of the most exquisite arrangement. Olives and vines are deserving of attention for their grey and bright-green tones, and quickly-twinkling shadows. They marry admirably well with the tall cypress, and the cedar. No trees better adapt themselves to the sculptural and architectural. As obelisks stand well in gardens, they stand well in conjunction with buildings. The ancients knew their value. Their Mausolea adopted the cypress as an essential portion of their decorations; so much indeed, that at last it became typical. Statues are scarcely more frequent. The palm is an exotic, and a curiosity at Rome. There are only two—that in the convent of San Giovanni e Paolo, and another in the Maronite Convent on the Esquiline. The laurel, the myrtle, the box, rank nearly in the same category. They are here considered as mere materials for garden architecture; good for walls, flounces, millinery trimmings to the rectangular parterres,—though they might be of the most piquant effect, if well chequered with the olive and vine. With the command of so many gradations of contour and tint, it is singular that there should be so little painting. But so it is: the Italian gardener is an antiquary, but not a painter.*

I had nearly forgot to notice the most honourable peculiarity of all this. In all seasons, at all hours, these walks are open to the public. They are really and literally, the gardens of the Roman people. The Italians, it is true, are not a walking people—you see it in the legs of the lady, and in the gait of the gentleman; but instead, they are a people of enjoyment and repose—they like to taste, placidly and tranquilly, their existence: they allow pleasure to come to them; and, in this "pleasing land of drowsy head," receive with deep and intimate delight, the lapse of thoughts, which witchingly

"Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,"

and fall smoothly and languishingly, drop after drop, upon their spirits. Such a retreat, then, as this, is to them a great luxury; and the liberality which gives it, is worthy of better Romans than those of which the city can at present boast. Compare the churlish selfishness of the proprietor of Fonthill Abbey, with the munificence of the Prince Borghese. He made a large addition to his fortune by a speculation in corn—created the Villa, and threw it open to the public. This was noble: but the inscription which announces it, might be inscribed on the gates of every other Villa in Rome—

"Quisquis es, legum compedes ne hic timeas. Ito quo voles, petito quæ cupis, abito quando voles. Exteris magis parantur quam hero."

COUSINS.

"L'Hymen, dit-on, craint les petits Cousins."—Scribe.

Had you ever a Cousin, Tom?
  Did your Cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
  But a Cousin's a different thing:

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* See a picturesque catalogue of all these in Petronius Arbiter. They are a little out of the hackneyed colour—

"Nobilis æstivâ Platanus supereminet umbrâ," &c.

Contrast this with Homer's kitchen-garden—*Ενθα δε δενδρεα μακρὰ πεφυκει τηλεθοωντα, κ. τ. λ. Odyss.* vii. v. 114.—and you have the two extremes of ancient taste.

And you 'd find, if you ever had kiss'd her, Tom,
(But let this be a secret between us)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they 're not of the Sister genus.

There is something, Tom, in a Sister's lip
When you give her a good-night kiss,
That savours so much of relationship,
That nothing occurs amiss:
But a Cousin's lip if you once unite
With yours, in the quietest way,
Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
You 'll be dreaming the following day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,
With a Cousin to hear you talk;
And no one feels any alarm, Tom,
At a quiet cousinly walk:—
But, Tom, you 'll soon find what I happen to know,
That such walks often grow into straying,
And the voices of Cousins are sometimes so low,
Heaven only knows what you 'll be saying!

And then there happen so often, Tom,
Soft pressures of hands, and fingers,
And looks that were moulded to soften, Tom,
And tones on which memory lingers;
That long ere your walk is half over, the strings
Of your heart are all put into play,
By the voice of those fair demi-sisterly things,
In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the song of a Sister may bring to you, Tom,
Such tones as the angels woo,
But I fear if your Cousin should sing to you, Tom,
You 'll take her for an angel too:
For so curious a note is that note of their's,
That you 'll fancy the voice that gave it,
Has been all the while singing the National Airs,
Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a Cousin that sung, Tom,
And her name may be nameless now,
But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so:
'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there is not a leaf on the tree;—
But 'twixt walking and singing, that Cousin has been,
God forgive her! the ruin of me.

And now I care nought for society, Tom,
And lead a most anchorite life,
For I 've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
And out of the wish for a wife:
But oh! if I said but half what I might say,
So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
And from Cousins—as long as you live.

φ.

GOOD SORT OF PEOPLE.

"Vir bonus est quis?" &c.

"A good sort of man is a sort of a quiz,
Who lives within law, and does nothing amiss."

There is a class of unfortunates to whom society is pre-eminently ungrateful, and for whom I am just at present inclined to take up the cudgels for an odd half-hour—I mean those almost proverbially known by the appellation of "good sort of good-for-nothing people." Man is in all things a mere bundle of inconsistencies, and is never so contented as when he is the dupe of two contradictory absurdities; but in nothing is he less accordant with himself than in his treatment of these "most respectable" persons. While the great end of all social institutes is to abate eccentricity, moderate passion, and reduce every exuberance of personality to a civilized level, in which nothing is salient, nothing irregular; yet when laws and education have done their work, and have succeeded in moulding the greater part of the species to this golden mediocrity of mill-horse thought and action, opinion turns short on the patient, and coolly stigmatizes his acquired nullity as an intolerable nuisance. This trifling error is, perhaps, only a part and parcel of that original defect in our constitution, which predisposes us to admire nothing, but in proportion as it is injurious, and to disdain whatever is homely enough to be merely useful. From the beginning of time, poets and historians have been at once the dupes and the ministers of this absurd leaning, and have given themselves and their pens to the exclusive service of the great men who have bathed the earth in tears and blood; while ridicule has constantly directed its shafts against those who have not had the wit to be mischievous, or have been withheld by a timid conscience from doing all the harm of which they were capable. There is something horribly base in this sycophantic admiration of mere brute force, that tendency to devil worship; and nothing can illustrate more strikingly the efficacy of good education, in taming the beast within us, than the fact that it has at length, in this nineteenth century, considerably abated so innate and so inveterate a propensity. As far, at least, as public life is concerned, men are beginning to awaken to a sense of their injustice in this particular, and are slower in surrendering their esteem, without some eye to the "valuable consideration" by which it is to be purchased. Heroes and kings have fallen to a great discount; and an epic poem, stuffed to the very margin with fire and carnage, will no longer make a god of a madman, or preserve even its own existence through a second edition. Historians, also, have discovered that nations are not confined within the precincts of a court; and that the intrigues of ministers and mistresses do not embrace the sum of public affairs. Nay, so potent has "the schoolmaster" become, that there are many who prefer a Bentham to a Wellington, and have more affection for a Franklin than a Pitt. Statistics and political economy have taught philosophers to think more of the interests and welfare of the meanest mechanic, than of the vicissitudes of the proudest wholesale butchers of the species; and there is scarcely a "scrubby boy" who would not be disposed to throw the Catholic question into pounds shillings and pence, or to stop the march of an hundred thou-

sand men, horse, foot, and artillery, with a *cui bono?* This is a wonderful revolution; and if it goes on, and prospers, it will effect surprising changes in the destinies of man. It is not, therefore, without some hope of success that I propose carrying the same line of reflection into private life, and saying a good word for those whose purely useful qualities have caused them hitherto to be treated with unmerited contempt by their neighbours and acquaintance.

Of the comparative importance of good sort of persons in the world, it is sufficient to observe, that a single statesman may govern the nation, a single general lead an army, and a very small knot of wits and philosophers will earn, for the times in which they live, the title of an Augustan age, and preserve the scientific reputation of an entire people at high eminence; whereas it is essential almost to the existence, and certainly to the peace and quiet of every community, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of its members should consist of beings whose biography is amply exposed in the entries of the parish register. Wisely and justly, therefore, does the State provide books of morals, and sermons, for the better propagation of the breed; books in which the very *beau ideal* of religion and virtue is set forth in all the traits and characteristics of a good sort of person. To what other end, indeed, are directed all the orthodox declamations against the education of the people, and the exhortations to a prostration of mind, but to establish the greater number in their due station in the category of good sort of persons? The desire to be separated from this useful class must, therefore, be taken as a marked symptom of that original sin, which gives us all—God help us!—an upward-spark-shooting tendency to go wrong. Yet the meanest of the rabble is not less anxious to escape from the crowd, and to become somebody, (though it be but in the pages of "The Newgate Calendar,") than the loftiest-crested of the notables of the land. Every body sets up for something; and folly and impertinence are freely resorted to for distinction, by those who have neither wit nor wisdom to render themselves conspicuous. It is safer to call your enemy ——, or rogue, than to designate him, or her, as a good sort of person; and I verily believe, there are few individuals who would not prefer having a hump, and being called my lord in virtue of that crooked pre-eminence, to walking uprightly and unnoticed in the mob. This is mere weakness,—a suicidal abandonment, which in a certain sense justifies the popular contempt of a class which every body is so anxious to desert. The good sort of people, if they knew their own value, would hold their heads at the highest. Why is it that the most atheistical Machiavellians are so fond of repeating that religion, if good for nothing else, is necessary to the people, but in deference to the utility of good sort of persons? It is a specific admission that those who will think for themselves are not half such good citizens as their less talented or less obtrusive fellow subjects; and that if pains were not taken artificially to decrease their numbers, and to add to the stock of good sort of persons, there would not be enough beasts of burden to grow corn, and to pay tithe and taxes. A nation of priests and nobles, of wits and philosophers, is a mere political chimera, an architecture exclusively composed of Corinthian capitals, a plumb pudding made entirely of citron. All qualities which tend to remove the individual from the class of good sort of people, are purely exceptional in nature;

and are only tolerable while they are so rare, as to be diluted by the negations and nullities of the greater number : and it is as clear as demonstration can make it, that in whatever order a man may set up for distinction, whether it be for rank, wealth, sense, science, or fancy, he is at least as much indebted for success, to the want of such qualifications in the many, as to their concentration in his own proper person. How else can be explained the care with which the male sex direct their best energies to preserve the women in their present happy state of ignorance and folly? How else can we account for the manifest reluctance with which the strongest-minded persons connect themselves in matrimony, with any woman of conspicuous talents, or of striking propensities? Projectors and inventors may boast of their ingenuity and adroitness; they would have a bad time of it, in this best of all possible worlds, without the co-operation of that more valuable portion of society who would never be suspected of setting the Thames on fire. So likewise the ministry, if they sometimes find themselves upon beds of roses, owe their happiness exclusively to the representatives of the good sort of people in the House; who, like their constituents out of doors, take no trouble to inquire too deeply, and confine their oratorical talent to the simple enunciation of an "ay" or a "no." Folks may talk as they please of their Mackintoshes and their Humes, of their Broughams and their Burdetts; but if all the Commons had their "gift of the gab," business would come to a stand-still. If Parliament ever do the public any service, it is to the good sort of people that we are indebted for the entire benefit. Good sort of people, in short, are to society, what the balance-wheel and the oil are in machinery; and the one could as little go on without the addition, as the other. If the oil has not the sharpness of vinegar, neither does it corrode, the wheels and levers; and if the balance-wheel adds nothing to the motive force, it never, like the steam-boiler, blows the whole concern into the air. Nor are these virtues of a good sort of person matter to be overlooked or despised by the wise and knowing. To prevent friction in the movements of society, gives more trouble to modern statesmen than any other portion of their duties; and the effective balance-wheel of the British constitution, (if it lies not among the good sort of people,) is an arcanum as difficult to find, and at least as desirable to be got at, as the discovery of the longitude. Hence the uncommon esteem in which so many members of this class are held by the minister, as is manifested in the distribution of places and pensions, which seldom follows a display of striking abilities, or an eccentric devotion to the public good,—but is directed towards those whose highest praise is placed in an inoffensive nullity, and a claim to be rated as good sort of people.

In the beginning of this paper I have qualified the class as "most respectable;" and this I did advisedly, and after due consideration of the value of the epithet. A certain police magistrate, I am aware, and a great lexicographer withal, has given a somewhat different definition of the term than is implied in this use of it,—a definition which makes it synonymous with wealthy. The collision of sentiment is, however, more apparent than real; for if wealth confers respectability, it is as an efficient substitute for every virtue, or rather as combining in itself every excellence, that of the good sort of person inclusively with the rest. This quality of riches is so strictly intrinsic, that the bare pos-

session of much money, though it be locked up in a strong box, or buried in the funds, will render a man respectable, though he suffer his relations to perish in the street, or deny his dearer self the common necessaries of life. Inasmuch, indeed, as the individual must have more, the less he spends, a miser is more respectable than the most generous of mortals, who parts with his respectability at the slightest sign of distress. Wealth, however, though it may be the principal title to respect, is not the only one; and the great stipendiary already quoted, did not, himself, go so far as to give a monopoly of the quality to the fellow-commoners of Newgate, or confine it to those rich rogues, who deserve to graduate in that university. Not but that it is sufficiently difficult to attain to respectability by the mere dint of personal qualities. There are too many who cannot, for the life of them, discover any worth in a poor devil, however undeniable his claims: and in spite of Dryden's ridiculous boast of the fleecy hosiery comforts of "virtue though in rags," the rich alone are commonly greeted as "warm men." Besides, it cannot be forgotten, that whatever amiable qualities the aforesaid virtue may possess, fidelity in adversity cannot be reckoned as one; the virtues being as likely to abandon a man in his distress, as any other of his velvet friends; "without money honour is but a disease," dignity degenerates into pride, elevation of mind is absurd punctiliousness, and common honesty, no better than sheer impracticability. Fortunately, however, for my hypothesis, it is not reduced to depend on the few exceptional cases, in which respectability is at odds with wealth. If none but the rich, on the average, are respectable, there is something about the good sort of people, that admirably fits them for the business of money-making. If they are not all in the very highest walks of life, they are, to a man, at their ease; and you may as soon find a quaker in rags, as a good sort of person. The negative qualities of this class accord admirably with the higher official duties; they make an excellent gold stick, and a most efficient privy purse. "What is a gentleman's *post?* to be the *pillar* of an antichamber;"* and who so fit to range among the state caryatides, as a thick-headed good-sort of person? Who, again, can so well support the decent gravities of a bishoprick, or endure "the dull suspense from pleasure and from pain," of a country curacy? Accordingly, the most able administrations have abounded in good sort of people. Pitt could no more get on without his Bathursts and his Westmorlands, than without George Rose and Dundas Good sort of men must abound in the upper house, or it could not fulfil its specific function of a drag-chain upon the down-hill precipitation of the Commons. None but a good sort of person could harangue by the hour on Moses's opinion of the Catholic Question; and none but good sort of people could listen with patience to the oration. There are lots of good sort of persons among the heads of houses in our Universities, and on the bench of Aldermen. There are some who rank high among the Judges; and they are, with a few exceptions, the only Justices of peace that are not a nuisance to the country. Two at least out of three of the most thriving merchants upon Change belong to the class, and almost all tradesmen that are not downright rogues. A shopkeeper who aspires to more than this cha-

* "Qu'est-ce qu'un gentilhomme? un pilier d'antichambre."—*Racine.*

racter, loses his customers, by looking beyond them; or if he pretends to genius, he ruins himself by over-speculation. But your true, civil, obliging, attentive nonentity, who is neither abstracted by personal nor public ambition, by scientific views, or literary pursuits, whose soul is in his shop, will certainly thrive; and he ought to do so, for he is as good a citizen, and as worthy a member of society, as the greatest wit upon town.

Then, on the other hand, if a man of decided volitions and strong intellects happens to force his way to wealth, or to stumble upon it, nothing is more likely to cut him down to the level of a good sort of person than this improvement of his fortunes. It is truly astonishing how much the accumulation of a little yellow dirt deadens the sympathies of human nature, and predisposes for that siding with the few, and that indifference to the many, which form the essence of a good sort of person. Sancho Panza says, that when the belly is full, the bones will be resting; and by a parity of causation, when the purse fills, the brain and the heart will often be caught napping. One way or other, then, the two classes become identified: either the good sort of people are rich, or the rich are good sort of people; which comes to the same thing in the end. It follows, therefore, as plainly as $A+B=X$, that good sort of people are pre-eminently respectable; and there is no more to be said on the matter.

One of the leading objections, which enthusiasts and hot heads ordinarily bring against good sort of people, is what they foolishly call their selfishness, or the complacent indifference with which they bear the sufferings of their best friends. But to a clear-sighted philosopher this very trait constitutes the chief excellence of their character. If every body would but attend to their own affairs, every body's affairs would be well attended to. The Abbé Gagliani* has said that "mankind are born with a disposition to meddle with other people's business, and liberty consists in nothing else than the power of indulging this propensity." Now, the object of most European governments being to prevent such an interference, it follows, that those who, of their own nature, possess no tendency to the indulgence, are the very best of subjects. If the good sort of people view with equal eye the fall of an hero and of a sparrow, what more could the most promising disciple of Seneca and Epictetus effect by a long life of study? What more, indeed, can religion itself teach, than this perfect submission to the decrees of Providence? It is the undue prevalence of some master-passion that hurries mankind into so many crimes and misfortunes. Virtue is but the *beau milieu* between opposite and conflicting errors; and in the good sort of people, this middle state is not attained by a painful effort to control the natural propensities, but is the spontaneous product of the play of their organization. Of the virtuous man,—according to the more ordinary and improper signification of that word,—we can never be sure. His goodness is a forced condition. His passions, however subdued, may break out when it is least expected. But the Devil himself can make nothing of the man whose heart is a blank, who is actuated only by a few appetites, and who possesses the means of their law-

* Grimm, Memoires, Partie Première, vol. ii. p. 384.

ful gratification in its utmost plenitude. Happy is the man (if humanity can ever be made sensible of its own felicity) who is blessed with a good sort of woman for his wife, good sort of children, good sort of servants, good sort of friends, and is surrounded by good sort of neighbours. He has no domestic cares, no lawsuits, no parish squabbles, no epigrams to dread, no anonymous letter to despise. He is sure that no one will scrutinise too keenly his pretensions, nor pry too closely into his professional practices. The good sort of man never questions the skill of his apothecary or the learning of his curate, but swallows a draught and a dogma with equal confidence. The workhouse may be a pest-house and the church a dormitory, but he will never pester you with his outcry for reform. A good sort of person takes no part with vagrants or poachers, nor cavils at the equivocal doings of a great unpaid. He has nothing to do with the laws but to obey them; or his activity, at most, goes not beyond the signing the Rector's anti-Catholic petition, or addressing the Throne on a birth or a marriage. He leaves the East Retfords in the undisturbed possession of their time-honoured privileges; and he pockets his election-fee without crippling a candidate by pledges and cross-questions. He is (*quod magis ad nos pertinet*,—what concerns the book-trade more especially) an excellent reader, and by no means critical. He peruses a Leadenhall novel and a prosing essay with equal avidity. He rejects no facts, and refuses no conclusions; or, if now and then he so far forgets himself as to think that he is thinking, he takes his conceptions from the standing authorities with unsuspecting confidence. From this class come the most excellent clubmen, the interminable smokers of pipes, the patient listeners to an old song, the unwearied laughers at the oft-repeated story. In short, there is no department in life, no circumstance in society, in which the good sort of person does not bear his part, and prove himself the great benefactor of his species.

The only accusation against good sort of people, which it is difficult to refute, is that they are—a bore! And yet this is only partially true. Let us not be the dupes of cant. A good sort of person, with a reasonable man, will often be highly agreeable. He is, for example, the best of next neighbours at dinner, when one is hungry. He stops not your spoon in passing between the soup-plate and the mouth, to force an answer to a *mal-apropos* question. He does not let your fish cool while you explain an hypothesis for him; or choke you with a paté by raising an ill-timed laugh. If he draws you from your meditations on your *entré*, it is only to invite you to a glass of champaign, or to direct your palate to something that is unusually exquisite. A good sort of person is good company as the fourth in a rubber; and he is often an excellent chess-player. Rochefoucault, who knew the world, and saw deeper into the human heart than many people care to acknowledge, has said that your wit would be often embarrassed without the company of good sort of people;* and we often find men of even forty-parson powers of conversation, silenced by too near a contact with a rival wit. Parties formed exclusively of clever persons, are notoriously apt to be failures.

* "Un homme d'esprit seroit souvent bien embarrassé sans la compagnie des sots."

Either individuals strive to put each other down, and then he who pauses to cough is lost for the day; or they sit sulky, and afraid to commit themselves; whereas a good sprinkling of good sort of persons sets every one at his ease; each plays his part, the amuser and the amused, and all is right. Your good sort of person is neither a saint nor a pedant—a dealer in tracts, nor a blue-stocking. If, every now and then, he is, unhappily, a proser and a venter of long stories, I must confess my partiality for a nap after dinner, which helps digestion, and is a good substitute for English coffee and no *chasse.* But my half-hour is out; and though an amateur of the *genre,* like the rest of the world, I have my weakness, and I wish not to be taken for a good sort of person myself. The art of fatiguing, a French wit has well said, lies in exhausting a subject; and for the sake of my character, I must stop here, humbly begging the reader, in the words of Diderot—" If you thank me not for what I have told you, at least be grateful for all that I have *not* said."* M.

MY MINSTREL LOVE.

I stood in my gay and lighted hall,
And my person was deck'd with gold and gem,
Vows were sigh'd by my lovers all,
But I turn'd with wearied ear from them;
Music pour'd its sweet breath around,
Voices came from the dome above,
But I saw no form, and I heard no sound,
Save the look and tone of my Minstrel Love.

I sat in my calm and fragrant bower,
And the leaves were waved by the breath of morn,
Dewdrops wept o'er the passion-flower,
And sunbeams smiled on the blossom'd thorn;
Gay was the woodlark's song of glee,
Soft was the coo of the lonely dove,
But their tuneful notes were dull to me,
Till I heard the strain of my Minstrel Love.

I left that bower in its rosy bloom,
I left that hall in its torchlight blaze,
And a wandering life has been my doom,
Far from the friends of my summer days;
But the hour that I bent at Love's sweet shrine,
Gave me a bliss all wealth above,
For the dearest gifts of life are mine,
In the voice and smile of my Minstrel Love. M. A.

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* " Si vous me savez peu de gré, de ce que je vous dis, sachez m'en beaucoup, de ce que je ne vous dis pas."—*Jaques Le Fataliste.*

PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH PLAYERS, NO. II.

Jenny Vertpré and Jenny Colon.

We choose the occasion of the French Players being again among us, to resume our sketches of the principal ones that at present grace the Paris theatres, and we shall, as in gallantry bound, select our specimens for this month from among the lady portion of our subjects; and the rather as the public have the means immediately at hand of verifying our pictures.

If either of the ladies (no matter which) whose names we have placed at the head of this paper, could by some "happy alchemy of mind," appropriate to herself, in addition to certain of her own qualities of mind and manner, certain others possessed by her rival, she would probably present a more perfect example of the art, sought to be embodied by each, than was ever yet witnessed in our day. Nay, we will venture to say, that in the particular qualities in which each of these actresses excels respectively, nothing can go beyond them, and that whatever should seek to go beyond them, would produce something "*from* the purpose of playing." It will of course be understood that we restrict this last observation to the particular line of "playing" adopted by the persons in question: namely, the comedy of Real Life—of real life as it is modified, and in a great measure created, by the manners, customs, and modes of feeling, of that particular state and condition of society in which we live at the beginning of the nineteenth century. High tragedy, we of course, put out of the question; and we do not even include in our observation that *something* (what it is, we shall probably endeavour to explain at full hereafter) which has been created by Mademoiselle Mars, out of materials furnished by real life, and which will assuredly die with its creator. The acting of Mars we take to be a thing absolutely unique, and no less original than unique; and we conceive it to present something like a *pendant* to the highest species of tragedy. It is the poetry of real life—as tragedy is, or ought to be, the poetry of passion. No series of events that ever happened, in whatever stage or condition of society, would, in their actual state and relative position, present fit matter for high tragedy. It is, indeed, real events that have furnished nearly all the subject matter, and much of the actual details of that subject matter, of which all existing tragedy consists. But no repetition of any series of events that ever occurred would be felt to answer to the word tragedy in its poetical sense, till moulded and arranged by a poetical imagination, and attired by a poetical hand. And thus it is with the comedy of Mademoiselle Mars. By the force—the sweet force—of her exquisite genius, she converts, or rather elevates, the actual life of the day, nay, the actual *French* life—into a peculiar kind of poetry, answering (at the opposite extreme of the scale) to that with which tragedy presents us—answering to it, no less in its immediate and ultimate effect on the spectator, than in its own essential character.

We have been led into this (perhaps injudicious) anticipation of our notice of Mademoiselle Mars, by the circumstance of the actresses whom we are now about to describe, having each of them obtained the title, among her professed admirers, of "the Mars of the Boulevards." But the comparison, or the distinction, whichever it may be, is no less

uncritical than it is invidious. What each of these ladies may wish or endeavour to produce, is more than we can pretend to say. But what they do and do not produce, there can be no mistake about. It is certainly not the exquisitely polished poetry produced by Mars. Quite as little is it that which the above comparison or distinction would seem to indicate—namely, a coarser sort of poetry, adapted and addressing itself to the coarse and vulgar. On the contrary, it is a thing as pure, as true, as touching—nay, as refined—as the acting of Mars herself: but not so high. In a word, the one is to the other, what the actual sight and scent of wild-flowers, and the sound of birds, is to the same things repeated in the strains of some of our dead, and one or two of our living poets. It is the truth as it is in Nature, as contradistinguished from the truth as it is in poetry. And it may fairly be made a question whether the former is not sometimes even more effective than the latter, in producing that which all of us mainly seek, when we fly to external objects and influences, as a refuge from ourselves. Unquestionably it is so in the case of those who have passed a certain period of life, and have grown somewhat *blazé* by a too lavish use of the artificial stimulants of existing manners and society. If we might be permitted to speak for ourselves on this matter, we would say, that though (to take a single instance) we can still read the verses of Chaucer, of Withers, and of Wordsworth, to the Daisy, with feelings of delight that are "too deep for tears;" yet of the two we had rather be cut off from *them* than from the sight of the daisy itself. In like manner, and to return to our subject, we are by no means sure that some of the exquisite commonplaces of Jenny Vertpré do not touch us more nearly, and strike more exactly on the vulnerable point, than even the fine and penetrating subtleties of Mars herself.

We shall speak of Mademoiselle Vertpré first; because, though the peculiar qualities in which she excels are perhaps of not so high an order as those which chiefly distinguish Mademoiselle Colon, they are more various, infinitely more difficult of attainment, and the application of them to practice produces a much more complete, consistent, and satisfying result. In fact, we look upon Vertpré as one of the most finished and perfect artists that her own or any other art ever produced; whereas Colon is little else but a fine-toned instrument, played upon by Nature and Passion, to the utterance of harmonies which she can control indeed, but not resist.

The person of Vertpré is extremely small, and moulded to a degree of delicate beauty, that it would be difficult to convey even a faint impression of by mere words. There is at once a firmness and a fragility about it, which produce together an effect that in its way we have never seen equalled. She seems to blend in one the fairy and the woman,—the characteristics of each at once heightening and softening those of the other. Titania is her name, and her office to charm us "human mortals" into a sweet forgetfulness of all things but the pretty dream in which she steeps our willingly deluded senses. It must not be supposed, however, that her person, exquisite as it is, is capable of producing the effect we speak of, without the "so potent art" of *manner*. Of all women in the world, none have so distinct and marked a manner as the French; and of all French women, no one has that manner more distinctly marked than Vertpré. And yet we will venture to

say that no spectator, not even the least modish and artificial of her English ones, ever feels that manner to be too marked, too exclusive, too French. And the reason is, that her exquisite natural taste has prompted her, and her perfect pliability of temperament enabled her, to adopt all the good qualities of the French manner, and to reject every one of its faults. In short, she has woven together, into one exquisite and uniform web, all the graces of the natural woman and of the French woman respectively; and however she may wear the tissue "with a difference," according to the character she is performing, it is always about her, and always fresh-coloured and gracefully disposed, in virtue of that ever-active intelligence which is the spring of all her attractions.

The first quality that strikes the observer in the acting of Mademoiselle Vertpré is its exquisite simplicity—a simplicity which, even in the absence of every thing else, gives (so to speak) a pathetic effect to almost every word she utters, whether serious, comic, or partaking of neither one nor the other, but merely expletive or connective of other things. An "oui" or a "non" from her lips is "eloquent music," even when it has no particular meaning; but when it has a particularly pointed or condensed meaning, its effect is more potent than a whole speech uttered by those less skilled in their art. Nay, there is no moment when, though she "says nothing," she is not speaking,—either by a dead statue-like stillness, or a half-imperceptible movement, advancing or retreating, of her delicate body,—or an indescribable and nameless motion of one or both the shoulders, too gentle to be called a jerk, and too graceful for a shrug,—or, finally, that ineffable little female toss of the head, which (together with the motion of the shoulders last alluded to) is exclusively French, and the effect of which it is as impossible to escape, as to either describe or account for. This exquisite simplicity in the acting of Vertpré goes hand in hand with another quality which she possesses in an equal degree, and the effect of which is equally remarkable; and the two qualities together produce a something which we conceive to be unique, and the result of which amounts to what, for want of a better word, we must call fascination,—using the term in its ultra-natural sense. The quality we speak of is the intensely feminine air which pervades every thing she does,—seeming to arise from an ever-present and ever-active feeling of sex, which reproduces and perpetuates itself wherever it is apparent. In listening to and looking at Vertpré, you never for an instant lose sight of the woman in the character: and this we take to be one of the great secrets of attaining and preserving that personal ascendency over the audience which none but women ever possess, and which even they cannot maintain in connexion with any very striking representation of any one or more particular dramatic characters. The secret of Miss Foote's attraction is, that she is but little of an actress. She is not Virginia one night, and Maria Darlington another, and Sophia Hardcastle a third, but Miss Foote always. And thus it is with Mademoiselle Vertpré, but from a different cause. In the English actress, it arises from a deficiency of art; in the French one, from the perfection of it. It is the cue of the latter to act, not this or that character, written for her by Scribe or Desaugiers, but the character of Jenny Vertpré, written for her by Nature.

Next in value and effect to the exquisitely feminine grace, truth, and purity of Vertpré's style, we would point out its curiously delicate precision, and the force, the gentle yet irresistible force, that it possesses in consequence. Without ever seeming to aim at making a point, she never fails to make a multiplicity during every performance, yet without disconnecting any one of them from the general body (so to speak) of the representation. The seeming contradiction which, on examination, one seems to find in her acting, is quite extraordinary. She will certainly disappoint, at first, many of those who will see her for the first time after reading this sketch of her character as an actress; and chiefly because of the quality we have last alluded to. Her performances are, speaking of them as wholes, so sweetly quiet, simple, and uniform, that they may probably give an impression of sameness, and almost of insipidity, when compared with the laboured attempts at point and effect which are so common and so admired on our own stage. Her dialogue has the air of what the actors call "level speaking," from beginning to end; and this arises from the exquisite delicacy and truth of the transitions, distinctions, and contrasts that she introduces. She has the taste and the courage to put in the lights and shadows of her pictures, not in conformity with the principles laid down and adhered to by other artists with a view to contrast and effect, but in conformity with the practice which she finds to prevail in nature—not with the view of playing off one against the other, but of making the two together produce a natural truth of effect. There is no actress, Mars alone excepted, whose looks, tones, and expressions pierce to the heart more surely, and penetrate it more deeply, than those of Vertpré, and none that keep possession of it more tenaciously. And if they do not produce so striking and immediate an effect as those of some other performers (our own Miss Kelly for instance), it is because they are so delicately polished, and so subtly administered, that they do not tear and abrade the parts by the way. It is said, that in the new surgical process of *acupuncturation*, if properly-pointed needles are used, they pierce into the flesh of the patient with little or no pain, and draw away his disease imperceptibly. Something like this is the acting of Vertpré. It pierces unfelt, like a finely-pointed instrument, infusing a subtle balm as it goes, that, for the time being, no mortal disease of mind can resist the healing effects of. But we are becoming too general. We were speaking of the singular *precision* of her style, as one of its most striking characteristics. What is most remarkable in this precision is, that it never produces any of the ordinary ill effects of precision—such as hardness, dryness, &c. On the contrary, all flows on like a gentle melody, or a winding water, or the undulating line of an English landscape. There are no stops, no breaks, no brilliancies even. All is smooth, soft, and uniform—the one part growing out of the other, and, as it were, creating it—as the little waves of an inland water create each other, and break upon the shore with a sweet, monotonous melody. If it is the cue of Vertpré to laugh, the laugh grows upon her lips, and rises in her eyes—not flashes to them at once; and if she weeps, it is by melting, not bursting into tears. In short, if ever there was an actress who obeyed (unconsciously) the instructions of Shakspeare and of Nature in these particulars, it is she. Of all the actresses we have ever

seen, she alone never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature"—she alone "uses all gently," and "begets a temperance to give it smoothness."

Let not the reader suppose, from what we have now said, that this exquisite actress is, or even can be if she would, insipid. Only second to the gentle stillness of her acting, is its liveliness and spirit; and this whether the character she assumes be sad or gay. The attention that you pay to her, when once it has been excited, is never allowed to flag, because there is never absent from about her an atmosphere of intelligence and feeling, which pervades every motion, colours every look, and attunes to intellectual music every tone of her sweet voice.

Another quality of Vertpré's acting, which calls for particular mention, is its exquisite and ever present *finesse*. We are not sure that this word fully or exactly expresses our meaning; but we use it in the absence of any English one so well suited to our purpose. There is no acting we have ever witnessed, which, being so artful, so entirely conceals its art. In this respect we conceive Vertpré to be without a fault—at least, in those characters which suit her peculiar powers. As we shall have to observe more particularly hereafter, passion is not her *forte*, though she frequently performs characters in which much of passion is mixed up. Yet her performance of these characters can never be called failures. They fall short of the mark, but are never wide of it. And in these characters her art shows itself—as, indeed, it always must where they are the result of art merely, or even chiefly. It may, perhaps, be taken as an axiom in dramatic criticism, that the marks of deep passion cannot be mimicked. To be represented, passion must be literally felt—it must be there. Miss Kelly touches, and occasionally tortures the feelings of her audience; because, by the absolutely realizing power of her imagination, acting as it does upon a quick, natural sensibility, she touches and tortures her own heart. Her frame is sometimes, as it were, torn to pieces, under the influence of her, not seeming, but real emotion; and she has frequently been known to faint under its effects. In fact, in the passionate part of her acting there is no art; and this is the secret of its power upon others, and its success. It is altogether different with the passion of Vertpré. It is a refined production of art, and is comparatively powerless in consequence; but only because art cannot, in the nature of things, imitate passion. It may and does assist in calling it forth; but it will be more or less true and intense, in the exact proportion that a more or less deep fund of it exists within, and is at the same time more or less available, from circumstances of habit, temperament, &c. But there is another reason why Vertpré cannot realize characters, the leading points of which consist in the exhibition of strong passion. There is necessarily something coarse (though assuredly nothing vulgar, as Madame de Staël asserts) in the exhibition of strong passion: and Vertpré presents us with the very ideal of a sort of natural, as contradistinguished from conventional, refinement. We can no more conceive of her fairy frame being shaken and convulsed by contending passions, than we can that of a flower. We will venture to say that, when she quits the scene immediately after the performance of any character whatever, even that of Annette in "La Pie Voleuse," there are no marks of exertion upon her—no traces of the emotion which she has been imitating merely—not feeling, and therefore not

making others feel. But how is it with Miss Kelly, after the performance of the same part? Faint, pale, trembling, and utterly exhausted and depressed,—it must be as affecting to see her immediately after, as during the performance of that character. This illustration will perhaps sufficiently explain the difference between these two actresses, in their attempts severally to exhibit strong emotion.

One, and only one other characteristic we must mention of this charming performer. It is her humour. This is a rare quality to be possessed by a female, and one not very safe in female hands, especially if, as in the present case, its possessor owes her distinction to the exclusively feminine character of all her other qualities. But so paramount are these latter qualities in the instance before us, and so exquisite is the taste by which they are directed and held together, that no ill effects, and often the most charmingly novel and agreeable ones, are produced by the presence of this quality in Vertpré's acting. It would be difficult to explain in words the manner in which this is effected; but we may allude, by way of illustration, to one character in particular, in which the quality we have alluded to predominates, but yet is so subtly and tastefully woven into the web of the part, that it is never for an instant too distinctly visible.—A young German student half turns his brain by a mixture of muddy metaphysics and misty romance, till at last he fancies himself in love with his cat. Meanwhile his pretty cousin (played by Vertpré) really is in love with him, and contrives, by concert with the people about him, to persuade him that by the possession of a certain talisman which she conveys to him, his utmost wishes will be accomplished on the instant. He of course wishes his favourite Minet into a woman; and his sweet cousin (whom he has not seen from infancy) appears before him,—bringing with her, however, some of the pretty, but under her present form, somewhat perplexing propensities of her late, supposed, condition,—such as an ear for the most secret motions of a mouse—an irresistible impulse towards cream—and a fancy for flirting with her own, missing, tail! Nothing was ever seen more truly fascinating—more *séduisante*—than Vertpré's performance of this little part; and brief and slight as it is, we do not know of any other which so well displays the various charms of her acting—its feminine grace, its *naïveté*, its tenderness, its touching sweetness and simplicity, its airy delicacy, and finally, its occasional glimpses of comic humour.

The English spectator, who for the first time looks delighted upon the exquisitely youthful form and features of Vertpré, will be surprised to learn that, whatever she is now, she was—we scarcely dare mention how many years ago: at any rate we are disclosing no secret in saying that she is the original Annette of "La Pie Voleuse." But there is no cause for wonder in this. There is one secret, and only one, (known to but few, and practised by still fewer,) for preserving perpetual youth upon the looks: it is, by preserving it in the heart. This is your only true and infallible kalydor. To conceal age is impossible; but to preserve youth is easy: and to look young, you have only to be so. Jenny Vertpré may at this present writing be about nineteen years of age—not a day older. And those who pretend that they can remember her what she is now during all that period, will do well to keep their secret to themselves whenever they feel disposed to promulgate it with

an ill-natured view; for its effect will be precisely the opposite of that which they hope for. Royal tastes are apt to run into extremes; and therefore we will not answer for the attractions of a "girl of sixty." But if there be any thing more irresistible than a beautiful girl of fifteen, it is a beautiful girl of five-and-thirty.

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. III.

The Journey.

> "Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti et millia, rhedis
> Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est:
> Signis perfacile est: venit vilissima rerum
> Hic aqua." HORACE.

WHAT can it be? It cannot be food, nor climate, nor customs, which make two races of people, living side by side, so very different from each other. Certain it is, that beauty stops short at the gates of Rouen, and that from thence to Bernay they are the ugliest, misbegotten, ill-looking generation that ever I beheld. Not a pretty face was to be seen for love or money. Nature seemed to have expended all her beauty upon the scenery.

About three leagues from Rouen we stopped at the foot of a high hill, and climbing amongst some fine oaks to the left, arrived at the top of a pinnacle which commanded the whole country round. It was as beautiful a view as can be conceived—one vast forest, with innumerable valleys winding away towards the horizon covered with rich wood: but as the withering touch of time had not affected all the trees alike, the thousand autumnal tints of the foliage, and the various shadows thrown by the undulations of the country, offered a variety and richness of colouring seldom to be equalled.

The height where we stood had anciently been fortified, and some parts of the walls are still remaining, which bear the name of the Chateau of Robert le Diable. Whence this name derives its origin I know not. The only account I could obtain was from an old woman who was not to be relied on.

In the old times, she said, when Normandy was separate from France, the lord of that castle, the Comte Robert, was a bold wild young man, rather famous for doing what he ought not to have done. His lady mother had been a strange solitary being, living separate from all the world after her husband's death, only entertaining herself with books, which the people judged to be of sorcery, because nobody but herself understood them, and only talking with spirits. So the people said, though nobody had ever been present at any of these ghostly conversazioni. Be that as it may, in her last moments she was attended by a Capuchin of the neighbouring monastery, who was so horrified (it appeared) at the confession of her monstrous sins, that he was seen to stagger out of the castle like one distracted; and when one of the servants, entirely from love to his mistress, and without any curiosity whatever, ran after him to ask what was the matter, he replied like a man out of his senses, swearing that he would not drink the other bottle, and crying out that the young Count was—the devil, and his mother not a whit better. Now, the valet, who was a very religious man, and believed every thing a Capuchin said to him, returned to the castle, and told all the people that his young master was the devil.

"*C'est le diable*," said the valet. "*Le diable!*" cried the butler, laying his finger on his proboscis. "*Le diable!*" exclaimed the Ecuyer, pulling up his boots. "*Le diable!*" said the Countess's maid, getting closer to the Ecuyer. "Do not be frightened, Jeannette," whispered he, "the devil himself shan't hurt you to-night, for I intend to keep sentinel over you."—"Fie! Don't be blasphemous, Roger," cried Jeannette, "who knows what may happen?" And so they talked it all over, and agreed that it was very possible the young Count might be the devil.

When the old lady was safely dead and buried, Count Robert ordered his cellar to be replenished, for it had fallen much to decay; and getting together a great company of young knights and nobles, they fell into all manner of excesses—hunting till they were tired, eating till they were full, and drinking till they were drunk, bespattering the old women with dust from their horses' feet, and kissing the young ones in a very unbecoming manner. So that every body cried out that Count Robert was—*le Diable.*

Now it so happened that the Count fell in love with the Abbess of the Convent of Beauchamp, whom her brother, the Marquis of Millemont, had caused to take the veil; he having some religious scruples and qualms of conscience as to paying the dower her father had left her in case she entered into the carnal state of matrimony. Nevertheless, the Count, who cared little about religious matters, set his brains to work; and having habited himself and six of his wild companions like nuns on a pilgrimage, set out, and came to the convent by night, where he demanded hospitality for himself and his companions, which was thereupon accorded by the Abbess and her six nuns, who treated the strange ladies with all manner of kindness. What farther happened nobody knows; but every body cried out more than ever that Count Robert was certainly—*le Diable.*

The news of this occurrence was not very palatable to the Marquis of Millemont, who had great objections to sons and heirs appearing in the female branches of his family. But Count Robert heeded not whether he liked it or no, and went on in revelry and feastings, till one night the Marquis, with a large company, suddenly broke in upon him, and began to lay about him without mercy. Now, though the Count was as drunk as the sow of a certain celebrated personage, he fought so hard, that every one swore Count Robert was—*le Diable;* till, overpowered by numbers, he was driven, with the few of his followers who remained alive, from chamber to chamber, even to the outer wall; whence, sooner than be taken, he threw himself down into the ditch of the castle, and all those who were by vowed and averred that the water where he fell hissed and frizzed as if a piece of hot iron had tumbled into it, which completely convinced all the world that Count Robert was really nothing but—*le Diable.*

From that time to this, said the old woman, the chateau has gone gradually to decay. I remember it standing high above every thing around; but now the upstart trees measure their height against it, and in the greenness of their youth seem to mock its forlorn old age, forgetting that they shall decay and fall, like it, and like me. Every year robs it of something; and it is only wonderful that it has not fallen before, as for many a century it has never been inhabited. For who would dwell in the chateau of Robert le Diable?

I hate sentiment, and, as the old woman was beginning to get somewhat sentimental on the old castle, we wished her good morning, and proceeded as fast as we could to Bernay. The post-master, or rather the post-mistress, for it was a woman, was very civil and good-tempered, and, as she kept an hotel into the bargain, we should have lodged with her, had it not been for a wet court-yard between the inn and the street. It had been originally carpeted with straw, which had since been beaten into a mash and wetted with a fortnight's rain, together with the contributions of a number of oxen, horses, goats, and pigs, so that it was quite impassable. We went then to L'Equerre, where we were shown through the kitchen into a single room with two beds. I hinted to the landlady that we should require two rooms; and here began our first battle. She had no idea, it appears, of people occupying two rooms when one would do. But I kept to my point, and told her that an Englishman always required a room to himself. She said, that it was very extraordinary. I agreed to that, but told her that the English were an extraordinary nation, and when they could not get two rooms they always went away. Thereupon, she instantly gave us what we required, though she had vowed fifty times before that she had but that one apartment vacant.

While dinner was preparing, we went out to visit the churches, and walked through the beautiful valley of Charentoune. We stayed a moment in the cemetery, but there was only one tomb to be distinguished from the routine of epitaph common-place. On this I speak of, appeared a broken rose, rudely sculptured in the stone; and below were written some lines, the idea of which was better than the versification.

> "Flower of a day, that blossom'd but to die,
> In native earth thine earth-born beauties lie;
> Not so thine odour; though thy stem be riven,
> It on the blast that broke thee rose to heaven."

On our return to the inn, our dinner was placed before us. It consisted of some soup and bouilli, some abortive trout, that I believe, on my conscience, were originally intended for gudgeons, a stewed hare, or "civet de lievre," (which probably was some poor unfortunate cat, for I never could get a sight of the hare-skin,) and some plates of vegetables. I saw by this that our bill would be high; for on the same principle that "he ne'er forgives who does the wrong," an innkeeper who serves you ill, always makes you pay for it.

I was not disappointed. Our charges, the next morning, were at least twice as much as by any reasonable calculation they ought to have been; and consequently I struck off one half of the bill. The landlady vowed she would not take one sous less than she demanded, and I vowed that I would not give her one sous more than I offered. She swore I should not quit the house till I had paid it. I informed her that the carriage was at the door and I was going. She said she would go to the Maire. I told her to make haste then, for that I was in a hurry. She flew into a violent passion, and I into another. I counted out the half of the bill upon the table. She took it up, and put it in her pocket; and the matter being thus settled, we both recomposed our faces. I wished her good morning and perfect health, and she expressed a hope that, if we again passed through Bernay, she should have "le plaisir infini de notre pratique."

Happy, happy, happy people! An English landlady would have growled for two hours afterwards.

There is more of the beau ideal of cottage life in France than in England. One meets with more of those bright and striking points of original character among the peasantry of France in a day than one would find in England in a month. All over the world cultivation has put nature out of fashion, and man is all the smoother, but none the brighter for it; but, however, it sometimes happens, that in our wanderings we find little bits of pure unadulterated nature that are worth any price, and when I meet with such, I ask Memory to pick them up, and put them in her pocket for me. It is true that she, careless slut, often drops what is good, and hoards up what she had better cast away; but still I have a little treasure in her hands, consisting simply of bright pictures, that I have gathered together as I journey on. Things seen for a moment and past by—a group of children playing—a girl drawing water—a striking effect of light and shade, or the passing away of a storm, will give me more pleasure, and remain longer on my memory, than all the graces and attitudes of a Paul or a Biggotini.

In passing through Normandy alone, a painter, who could sketch rapidly, with taste and imagination to guide him, might soon fill his portfolio with groups that would set him above all the artists in the world. I remember, as we drove out of Bernay, there was a girl standing at the window of a cottage by the road-side; she was young, and her form had all the loveliness of youth, the wild grace of nature, and the richness of simplicity. Her hands leaned upon the bar of the window, and she seemed watching the progress of a cloud that flitted across the blue sky, with her eyes raised towards heaven, and her brown hair falling back from her face. She was worth all the Magdalens that ever were painted.

The gardens of the guingettes, too, are prodigal of undisguised nature. In the evening of a summer Sunday all the youth of the neighbourhood assemble there to dance away the afternoon, and all is harmony and joy. Nature has full room to act, and she always does it beautifully.

I know not well which is the cause and which the effect—whether a French peasant's peculiar amusements render him a better-tempered animal than an Englishman of the same class, or whether it is a disposition naturally gentler that leads him to those amusements. Certain it is that his amusements are generally milder in their kind, and more good-humoured in their execution, than an Englishman's; and I cannot help thinking that if our country magistrates would but encourage and revive the nearly-forgotten rural sports of our ancestors, many good feelings which have been lost would come back with those innocent pastimes.

The object of all mankind is happiness, and the object of all good lawgivers is to secure the greatest possible portion of it to those they govern. Every thing that renders the people gentler among themselves renders them happier, and there is no greater bond of union amongst a whole nation than general attachment to ancient customs.

In France every thing is done for the people's amusement. The Government aid it, the magistrates encourage it, and the rich look on with pleasure while the poor enjoy themselves. It unites all classes of

society by the strongest ties; and while an Englishman sits drinking before a public-house, abusing the laws he neither knows nor understands, a Frenchman dances away his hours, contented with himself and all the world. Among the lower classes of the peasantry (I do not speak of the inhabitants of cities) the evils of the Revolution were little felt. The conscription was the only thing that affected them, and whilst almost every other class lost the better part of its character, they remained the same. They may be savage in their resentments, but it needs real injury to excite them; and in their amusements they are mild, cheerful, and orderly. At the fairs, and at different fêtes, where there are various sports and prizes supplied at the expense of Government, it is truly astonishing to see the general goodhumour and regularity which prevails; and in spite of the Gendarmes, who stand looking on like the ushers of a school on a half-holiday, Nature is not at all checked to produce it. On the contrary, she is always breaking forth, and it is the very spirit of happiness which she breathes, well pleased with herself and with all around her. I have often wished for the pencil of Wilkie, to sketch the faces I have seen grinning at a Merry Andrew, or watching the efforts of a poor devil on a tourniquet,* striving to keep the unsteady machine on the balance till he arrives at the prizes within his view; and just when he fancies that he grasps success, round flies the tourniquet, and down he falls amongst the people. And what then? Why, the people laugh, and he laughs too, and takes his place at the end of the file to try his luck again.

I once saw a country-girl watching her lover trying hard to win a tempting *mouchoir*, which, no doubt, they had both determined to be the finest thing in the world to deck her out next Sunday at Mass. She looked timidly around her every now and then, as if she feared that the eagerness she felt in her heart should shine out before the world. And then she fixed her eyes upon her lover again, while he got on by degrees, till at last the mischievous tourniquet turned him and his hopes upside down together. The long-compressed breath burst from the girl's lips in a deep sigh; but the lad gave a gay look through the crowd, and a smile to where his mistress stood, as much as to say "I am not beaten yet," and took his place again. But there were half a dozen to try their fortune before him; and as they came nearer and nearer the pole on which the prizes hung, he regarded them anxiously, and I could see that it was not because he hoped they would fall, but that he feared they would take the very mouchoir he had fixed his heart upon. I do not know why, but something had made me determine that, one way or other, the girl should not go away without a mouchoir, and so now having an interest in the matter, when it came to his turn again I watched him

* The tourniquet consists of two triangular pieces of wood, fixed at about three yards distance from each other on a horizontal pole, which serves them for an axletree: from each angle of the one to the corresponding angle of the other is drawn a rope, and the whole machine is suspended at about four feet from the ground; at one end is placed a pole, on which hang the prizes, and at the other is a ladder for the aspirant to mount. The tourniquet is held steady till he is firmly fixed, with each of his feet resting on one of the side ropes, and his hand clasping the centre one, and then he is left to make his way to the prizes at the other end. As long as he can keep himself exactly balanced, all is well, but the least pressure more to one side than the other destroys the equilibrium, and round goes the tourniquet.

as eagerly as any one. But he managed well, and proceeding slowly and cautiously, came near the prizes, gave a spring at the mouchoir, and brought it to the ground. In the triumph of his heart, he could not help holding it up to his mistress, which called a laugh from the people. But it mattered little; the girl paid for her mouchoir with a blush, and taking the arm of her lover, walked away as happy as a princess; nay, a great deal happier.

We met a troop of conscripts on the road; forced from their homes, torn from all early and dear associations—and there they were, as gay as larks, singing and laughing till the welkin rang. Yet the French people do not like the conscription. The government of Napoleon had become intolerable from it; and the irksome taxes comprised under the title of *droits reunis*, were another source of discontent. It is a very general mistake to suppose that words are merely the representatives of ideas, when every-day experience shows us that a change in words is often of much more consequence than a change in things. The Bourbon family, on their restoration, promised that the conscription should be abolished, and that the *droits reunis* should no longer exist, and consequently their names were expelled from the catalogue of Government terms; but as it was found absolutely necessary that the King should be supplied with soldiers, and the State with money, the name of *jeunes soldats* was substituted for *conscrits*, and *contributions indirectes* for that of *droits reunis*. This has proved highly satisfactory to all, and there are only a few weak-minded individuals, who take snuff, and pretend that in reality things remain just as they were!

LONDON LYRICS.*

The Auctioneer's Ode to Mercury.

Air, a German Bravura.

HERMES, god of cheats and chatter,
Wave thy smooth caduceus here—
Now that, pulpit-propp'd, I flatter;
Hermes, god of cheats and chatter,
Smile, oh smile on Mr. Smatter,
Aid an humble Auctioneer!
Wave thy smooth caduceus here,
O'er an humble Auctioneer!
With its virtues tip my hammer,
Model my Grammar,
Nor let me stammer.

First, here 's Sackbut's Song of Slaughter;
Verse and prose, the Laureat Otter,
Floats along, diluting song
In milk and water.

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* We have to apologise to a very old and most valuable contributor for the inadvertency which permitted the words "London Lyrics" to remain over the lines to La Porte, page 242, that title being the sole property of the aforesaid gentleman. We regret this more especially as our excellent contributor is laudably anxious that his writings should be correctly attributed to him, when after his death (which Heaven long avert) his highly prized MSS. shall have found their way into the British Museum, and become the subject of copious commentary. We trust that our readers will bear in mind, to use his own phrase, "that, as Partridge has it, 'this Mr. Jones is not that Mr. Jones,'" while we do our part in future that Prince Posterity shall not be cozened by our saddling the wrong horse.

The Auctioneer's Ode to Mercury.

Next (who'll buy?), here's Love in Little,
Smooth as glass and eke as brittle;
Here are posies, lilies, roses,
Cupid's slumbers—out in numbers,
Pouting, fretting, fly-not-yet-ing,
Rosa's lip and Rosa's sigh—
For one pound six—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Doctor Aikin, Sims on Baking,
Booth in Cato quoting Plato,
Jacob Tonson, Doctor Johnson,
Russia binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Mr Hayley, Doctor Paley,
Arthur Murphy, Tommy Durfey,
Mrs Trimmer's little Primer,
Buckram binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Colley Cibber, Bruce the fibber,
Plays of Cherry, ditto Merry,
Fickel, Mickle,
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter,
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tropes purloining, graces coining,
Glibly I, without repentance,
Clip each sentence
But, to give each lot its station,
Ere from pulpit I dismount,
God of recapitulation,
Hermes, aid me while I count
Aikin, Baking, Cato, Plato,
Cibber, fibber—Cherry, Merry,
Hayley, Paley—Secker, Decker,
Fickel, Mickle—Tonson, Johnson,
Literary Caliban
Forty seven! Oh, far too thrifty—
Thank ee, Ma'am—two places—fifty!
Must it go? oh, surely no!
Only eye me, then deny me
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter—
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tongue of Mentor, lungs of Stentor,
Hermes, thou hast made mine own
Cox and Robins own, with sobbings,
I'm the winner, Dyke and Skinner
Never caught so glib a tone.
Dull and misty, Squibb and Christie,
When I mount look pale and wan—
Going, going, going—gone!

ECONOMY.

"Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five!"—*Burns.*

Christmas appears to me the most inappropriate time imaginable for the celebration of a festival; and if our ecclesiastical rulers wished the feelings of their flocks to be in unison with the notes of rejoicing suited to the occasion, they would obtain an Act of Parliament, commanding tradesmen to settle their books and send in their accounts at Midsummer. What a time for merriment, when every hour brings some fresh, perhaps unexpected, call upon our purses! What a season for feasts and entertainments, when we have just learned the startling amount of those of last year! How pleasant to be disturbed from sleep by hymns and carols, when the most harassing calculations and disagreeable reflections occupy every waking moment! How delightful to be mocked by congratulations when each sounds like sarcasm or reproach, and "the happy year to come," thrown about in shuttle-cock fashion in all directions, presents to our jaundiced eyes one dismal scene of sacrifices and retrenchments! Christmas may be a cheerful period for boys and girls, who eat turkeys without caring for the price, dance quadrilles without fearing a demand "to pay the piper," and in whose young minds holly-oak and misletoe, twelfth-cakes and Christmas-boxes, are associated with none but pleasing recollections. These days have long since passed, and my present insight into the mysteries of domestic life has explained the meaning of my father's grave face and querulous tones during the merriest season of my boyish year, which, while my knowledge was only *exoteric*, used to strike me as a peculiar instance of bad taste on his part. I have become, in my turn, a "triste Arlequin" and "taciturne Polichinelle," as Madame de Stael expresses it; and having procured the customary means of feasting and merriment for my family, my "conscience de carnival" is satisfied, and I sit silent and gloomy amidst the cheerful circle. I can now readily distinguish, in my walks about town at Christmas-time, the responsible heads of families from their subordinate members; I sympathize with that extra chilliness of countenance, which I know to have a deeper cause than mere physical cold; I detect in the abstracted air some less-pleasing subject of doubt than the respective merits of rival fishmongers and poulterers; I know full well how the mind is occupied, when the lips mutter and the fingers move unconsciously in calculation. Domestic harmony, too, receives its severest jar at this delightful season of family union and general rejoicing. It is now that we feel, for the first time, the full impropriety of a son's extravagance or a daughter's costly dress; tandems and wine-parties, fashionable tailors and expensive milliners, the ghost of claret drunk two terms back, the spectres of ball-dresses long since discarded, rise round our blazing Christmas-hearth, to rehearse the errors of our children, and condemn our past indulgence. Now, too, a wife's management is suspected, sarcastic comparisons with other households are instituted, reproach and recrimination, accusation and defence alternate, and the foundation is laid during this cheerful season for many a wrangling hour and bitter quarrel during "the happy year" to come. The baleful influence extends beyond our fireside, servants are accused of peculation, tradesmen of exorbitance, Government of unnecessary

taxation, our apothecary falls in our good graces, our attorney becomes an extortioner, we mourn over the deeds of charity which custom prescribes, grudgingly calculate the cost of our hospitality, and gloomily give orders for the expense of being gay. In early life indeed, in the commencement of our career of housekeeping, these impressions are speedily effaced, we soon recover our equanimity, resume our former habits and ordinary frame of mind, and wave all considerations concerning the cost of our enjoyments, or our means of defraying it, till another Christmas festival brings its snows, its bills, and its miseries. Surely, this state of things ought not to be permitted to last, and all who have the welfare of our Established Church at heart should join in petitioning the Legislature to command the settling of accounts during Lent, or at least during any season, except one appropriated to festivity and rejoicing. Tradesmen would find the advantage of this arrangement, we should all give twice as many Christmas dinners, and spend far more freely, if the hourly arrival of bills did not so forcibly remind us of the necessity of ultimate payment; and I always attribute the selection of Spring as the season of London gaiety and entertainments, to its being the farthest removed from the manifestation of the consequences of expenditure. Earlier, our spirits would not have recovered their recent shock; later, and those anticipations of the future which the strongest minds cannot always resist, would begin to spread their withering influence over our minds, and induce a low habit of calculation and reflection, so fatal to the splendour of a fancy ball, a series of *recherché* dinners, or any other species of fashionable hospitality. Far be it from me, however, to recommend as a remedy of the evil I lament, the weekly or monthly payment of bills; this would be a most injurious arrangement, it would exchange a short, though severe, annual illness, for a lingering, wasting, incessant disease; keep the mind in perpetual irritation; multiply domestic bickerings; and utterly prevent the repose and refreshment which many enjoy, even under the present system. During the first years of domestic life, as I have before observed, this happy state of forgetfulness is complete and lasting—it begins, perhaps, about the end of January, and continues till the commencement of December; but as time rolls on, expenses increase and difficulties accumulate, this Lethean interval gradually shortens at both ends, bitter recollections encroach on one side, bitter fears on the other, till at length the narrow space between them ceases to exist, our enemies meet, and our whole year becomes one long Christmas, as cold and cheerless as that of December, as full of importunate demands, family quarrels, anxiety, and discontent. It is now that the mind of a prudent man is roused, now that he begins to feel that the season for lavish expenditure is over; that the spring-time of enjoyment is past; and that duty to his family and regard for himself require that a new era should commence. It is now that he must attempt the task so feelingly described by Burns in my motto, he resolves "to make three guineas do the work of five," and he vigorously begins his labours. Nor is his new course altogether dull and cheerless; the mind is exerted, the ingenuity exercised, the invention taxed, and as he brings his sacrifices to the altar of his new Goddess, he finds, that hateful and repulsive as he has hitherto considered her, even Economy has some smiles to bestow on a faithful worshipper. It is, indeed, only in secret that he must approach her

shrine, for worlds would he not openly avow his devotion, and in the society of his most intimate friends her name and attributes must still be mentioned with loathing or contempt, or at most with that humorous tone of approbation which every one construes as real infidelity. Nothing can, surely, be more remote from genuine economy, according to either my notion of it or that of Burns, than any outward demonstration of it, any visible change in our mode of living. To reduce our establishment conspicuously, lay down our horses and carriages, give fewer dinners and less expensive wines, is the conduct of an ordinary character, and is merely to make three guineas do the work of three; while it is the part of those of stronger minds, and greater experience of the world, to make them do the work of five without one external symptom that the labour is not performed by the due number of workmen. Happily, however my wife and I may differ in other particulars, the utmost harmony exists between us on this point; we both strongly feel the personal disgrace, the injury to our families, the loss of our station in society, of our acquaintance and friends, which any wild and absurd alteration in our general plan of living would inevitably occasion. "Pauper ubique jacet," the poor man is always despised; he can find no patrons for his sons, no husbands for his daughters, no guests for his table; he who appears most evidently to need friends and assistance is sure to be the last to obtain them. Such were the maxims I imbibed from one of my earliest and dearest friends, who practised what he preached, and whose embarrassments were scarcely suspected by his most intimate acquaintance till after his death. His countenance was always serene, and afforded a contradiction to La Bruyere's assertion, that if features denote the disposition and habits, it is "la mine qui designe les biens de fortune," and that the amount of a man's income may be read in the expression of his face. This is, no doubt, usually true, but my friend was of too superior a character to suffer any such telltale evidences to appear, for "daws to peck at;" and, like a certain great statesman, he would have shaved his head if a hair upon it could be supposed to know its owner's secret. His hand was always open when there were witnesses of his expenditure, and he would lavish with the most graceful carelessness sums which he had promised to half-a-dozen claimants. By the reputation of his wealth and the splendour of his entertainments, he succeeded in marrying his two eldest daughters remarkably well: one to a Baronet with 20,000*l.* a year, to whom nothing could be objected but his age, which was certainly a little advanced; the other to a rich young banker. Difficulties soon after began to press upon him; but, like the inhabitants of a besieged town, who throw bread over the battlements when they are starving, in order to deceive the enemy, so he became most profuse in his expenditure, most constant in his entertainments, when ruin was sitting at his elbow. He had more daughters to marry, he had a son to establish in the world, and he felt that exertion and dissimulation were still necessary. Poor fellow! a sudden aberration of intellect occasioned a melancholy catastrophe, and interrupted his well-formed plans for the good of his family. He gave a magnificent ball, and shot himself the following morning. Some attributed this sad event to the elopement of his eldest daughter from her husband with a half-pay captain; others, to the threats of an execution; but I, who

knew him best, am convinced that it was solely occasioned by the folly and ingratitude of his only son, who had always shown symptoms of eccentricity. This young man first refused to marry a rich heiress, who evidently preferred him because he was not what boys call *in love* with her; and afterwards, on discovering by chance his father's embarrassments, insisted upon giving up his horses, carriages, &c. and taking to the study of the law, in that earnest, ungentlemanly, plodding style, which proclaims poverty in tones never to be misunderstood. It was this, I am sure, which broke his father's heart; and as I see this degenerate son pursuing that vulgar course of mediocrity, that quiet style of living so totally unfashionable and undistinguished, I do not wonder at his shrinking from the society of which his parent was the life and ornament, and give no credit to the happiness which friends as dull as himself fancy he enjoys. His sisters were at first obliged to go out as governesses; and, for the sake of my friend, I would have engaged one of them in my own family, had not economy forbade the measure. They asked a higher salary than I could feel justified in giving, and, as my wife justly observed, would have expected many indulgences which would have occasioned expense and inconvenience. I believe they now live with their brother, who has married some Miss Nobody, and pretends to be extremely happy. We quarreled soon after his father's death, and I see little of him. It is said he has plodded himself into a handsome income, but that his brother-in-law the banker having failed, he has been obliged to assist in bringing up his family. Such is the excuse offered for his not keeping a carriage, or giving French wines; but his own narrow and inelegant mind is probably the genuine reason.

For my own part, I intend, while adopting some of my friend's maxims, to avoid the ruin he encountered, by means of a strict system of domestic economy. It is not necessary to play either the hero or the Crœsus in one's own family; and provided all looks well in the eyes of the world, we are at liberty to sacrifice as largely as we please to Prudence in departments concealed from its inspection. It is, indeed, by this means alone the "Consumption of the purse" which my situation occasions, can be remedied; "borrowing only lingers and lingers it out;" the disease is incurable except by the regimen which Economy prescribes. It is now several years since I began to place myself under her guidance, from which period every Christmas has witnessed new and more minute plans of retrenchment. These have not as yet by any means answered my expectations; but after a long altercation with my wife, who endeavours very selfishly to place the weight of sacrifices upon my shoulders, I have arranged a system for the succeeding year which will, I trust, not only reduce my expenditure to the level of my income, but leave a surplus for extraordinary contingencies. I would not give up my annual visit to Scotland for grouse-shooting, as I consider it necessary for my health after the dissipation of a London season, but I have consented to go down by steam, a sufficient sacrifice for a man who is sure to be sick during the whole voyage. I could not persuade my wife to resign entirely her trip to the sea in the autumn, as she says it is so very unfashionable to remain in town when every body of even the least consideration is out of it; but she has promised she will only run down for a fortnight by herself, just to say she has been somewhere;

instead of taking the whole family with her for six or eight weeks. She will give the children bark, to compensate for the bracing effects of the sea-breezes, and pretend that one of them has delicate lungs, to account to the world for their remaining in London. She has also agreed to discharge my daughter's governess, who has 50*l.* a-year, and procure one for a less exorbitant salary; but, although I have generously engaged to pick a quarrel with Stultz, and employ a less expensive tailor, she has obstinately refused to leave her present mantua-maker, extravagant as her charges are, and declares she would rather pretend a miscarriage in the Spring, and give up her usual ball on the plea of indisposition—"turning diseases to commodity." I am to give away a dog or two to avoid the tax, take in the "St. James's Chronicle" instead of the "Times," use less Eau de Cologne, withdraw my subscription from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and send fewer presents to my mother in the country. My wife has in return agreed not to invite her sisters to stay with her so often, to have some of her dresses made at home, and to discharge her head-nurse and lady's-maid, and procure some one capable of acting in both capacities. She will also keep a stricter watch over the expenses of the table, order inferior meat for the kitchen, make the children leave off butter and sugar in their tea, and allow only one candle for the school-room. In short, by these and various other expedients, we hope to reduce our expenditure the two-fifths recommended in my motto, without giving our friends the satisfaction of supposing that we have become the disciples of Economy—of her whom all revile, and all in secret obey. Yes, I have at least the consolation of knowing that I am but one of an immense crowd who own her sovereignty. Who, indeed, is exempt from it? Scarcely ten in twenty-thousand, and of these, nine finish their brief career in the King's Bench, while the tenth stands by himself, a man almost as rare as a Socrates or a Milton, whose wishes are completely satisfied by his means, who possessing a good income, keeps his desires so within it, that he need never check an expenditure which procures him all he wants. But such a man in these days is like a phœnix or a unicorn, whose existence is not impossible, but is totally unsupported by modern experience. The rest of the world are all engaged in that hard labour described by Burns, from the King on his throne, who tries to make four millions do the work of five, through all the gradations of society down to the inhabitant of a cellar, who is trying the same multiplying process on the aliquot parts of a penny. A box at the Opera is, perhaps, as much the gift of Economy, as the tradesman's weekly trip to Highgate, or the labourer's Sunday dinner of meat. Economy is, indeed, at once a "pleasing and dreadful thought;" it is the preserver and destroyer of gratification, the daily physic which alone enables us to digest delicate and luxurious viands, but which leaves a bitter taste in the mouth to impair their flavour. It is true that Economy is sometimes enlisted in the service of Avarice, sometimes in that of wide and romantic Benevolence; that it is occasionally made the pretext for the preference of the vulgar and insipid pleasures of domestic life, sometimes pleaded as the insufficient excuse for dowdy dress, or the absence of French wines; but we should not condemn a principle on account of its misapplication, or revile the crystal stream and balmy air because they are often compelled to minister to low and sordid purposes. Economy,

when properly employed, is truly deserving of our respect; and, in my opinion, its proper employment is to provide by the sacrifice of petty conveniences, inconspicuous comforts, and useless charities, sufficient means for those elegant pleasures, and that fashionable style of expenditure which the present constitution of society imperatively requires. I hope next Christmas will evince the success of my own endeavours thus to perform my duty to myself, to my family, and to the world.

W. E.

THE YOUNG SURGEON, NO. I.

It may, perhaps, be thought that but little interest can attach to the adventures of one who, like myself, has passed the greater portion of his time in the dissecting-room and in the hospital; but, as it was my fortune to be not unfrequently thrown into the society of persons whose characters and conversation were not unworthy of being recorded, and as some incidents have occurred to me, the singularity of which may afford amusement, I have less hesitation in giving to the world this brief piece of auto-biography.

My father was a gentleman in the West of England, who inherited from his father little more than 300*l.* a-year, and an invincible love of ease. Attaching himself solely to literary and scientific pursuits, he contrived, by economising his small fortune, to avoid all the cares and toils of business. It was his custom to spend a portion of every year in London, where he became intimate with many of the most celebrated persons of his day, and formed various friendships, some of which, I am proud to think, descended unbroken to myself. At length the time arrived when I also was despatched to town to study the profession, to which, from my earliest years, I never remember to have been indifferent. I took small lodgings in —— Street, where the first thing that happened to me was the loss of half the money which I had brought with me. My desk was one night broken open, and 25*l.* were carried off. In vain I stormed and raved, in vain I summoned the police. Fortunately I had hid 20*l.* at the end of Celsus, and this treasure escaped. Putting it into my pocket, I sallied forth to Mr. Brookes to pay him my fee. No man intrudes upon another when he goes to pay him money. I found Mr. Brookes extremely polite and courteous. He was busily employed in his Museum, putting up some preparations. He entered my name in his book, and I paid him my fee, and a most reasonable fee it was—ten guineas for attending his lectures, as long as he lived to lecture and I to attend. As we were walking about, he mentioned a curious incident which had once occurred. "A gentleman, whom he had never seen before, was ushered into his study, and, after a little conversation, said, 'Mr. Brookes, I have waited upon you to ask rather a strange question, but I am sure you will excuse it, Sir.' —'Oh, certainly,' said Mr. Brookes.—'Well, Sir,' continued the stranger, 'I want you to point out to me the exact situation of the heart.'—'Sir,' replied Mr. Brookes, 'if you will do me the honour of attending a course of my lectures, I have no doubt that you will receive a satisfactory answer to your enquiry.'" The stranger looked confused, bowed, and retired. He appeared, according to Mr. Brookes,

to exhibit no symptoms of derangement. On another occasion, a man waited on Mr. Brookes, and begged him to give a certificate of the insanity of a young woman whom he had never seen in his life. The rascal was, of course, ejected without ceremony. I once heard a surgeon-apothecary, in a party of six or eight persons, state that he had placed the mistress of a friend of his in a mad-house, in order to break the connexion between them. I could not forbear loudly exclaiming against this piece of dark iniquity; and I afterwards told the gentleman at whose house we were dining, that if he had acted rightly he would have driven the wretch from table.

It was the opinion of the late Dr. Joseph Adams, who wrote an excellent work on morbid poisons, and whose name is well known in the medical world, that Mr. Brookes was by far the best teacher of anatomy in London. I breakfasted one morning with the Doctor at his residence in Hatton-Garden, and we had a great deal of interesting conversation on medical subjects. He spoke much of John Hunter, a name venerated by all medical men, and by none more than by Dr. Adams. He said that Mr. Brookes taught anatomy very minutely, but remarked that by learning it minutely, you were sure of retaining the more essential and important parts in your memory. "In some years," continued Dr. Adams, "it will be said, such a man was a pupil of Joshua Brookes."

Certainly no man ever took more pains with his pupils. He was daily with them in the dissecting-room for hours, pointing out the principal objects of attention, and making surgical and pathological remarks. It was quite a picture to see the old gentleman admiring a good dissection. His countenance lighted up, and his eye beamed with pleasure. In his manner of teaching he was very methodical, and by his plan of classifying the muscles, bones, &c. he added greatly to the facility of acquiring and retaining anatomical knowledge. Once a week he held a conversazione in his anatomical theatre, where many important practical points were discussed, and each pupil examined as to his progress. I wish the pupils had been aware of the great benefit attending these meetings, but Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane demanded the presence of the greater number. I recollect, one day just before lecture, there was the Devil's own noise in Blenheim-street—such shouting and such scampering! It was a number of people pursuing a mad dog. Pincher was soon slain, and of course fell into the hands of Mr. Brookes. Being brought into the theatre, and laid out in due form on the dissecting-table, Mr. Brookes set to work to examine the state of the digestive organs,—a task in which he evidently delighted. We had now a long lecture on hydrophobia, with the signs of its having existed when a dead animal is examined. The dog's stomach was found to be in a diseased state, with here and there dark-coloured spots and marks of inflammation visible. This was not the only mad creature with which Mr. Brookes had to deal. He kept a great number of animals in a yard attached to his house,—dogs, and foxes, and rabbits; and amongst the rest a wolf-dog, a savage devil from New South Wales. This beast one day got loose, and was worrying one of the pupils, when some others coming up rescued him. One of the foxes went mad, and jumping at Mr. Brookes bit him on the head, and the injured part was cut out. Besides these creatures, there were all kinds of birds, eagles, owls, &c.

Such a curious assemblage of life and death as was here gathered together I never saw before.

I was one day heartily vexed at my own ignorance. Mr. Brookes asked several of us if we talked French. I for one said, I was not accustomed to speak the language. The fact was that Cuvier, the famous French naturalist and anatomist, was going to dine with him, and he asked several of his pupils who could speak the French language to join the party. Sir A—— C—— was asked, but he declined meeting Cuvier: I dare say his French prevented him, as mine had prevented me. Cuvier was very pleasant and cheerful, and admired the Museum greatly, particularly the collection of the skeletons of animals, which he pronounced to be the next to that preserved in the Jardin des Plantes, which is indeed superb. Nothing gave Mr. Brookes more pleasure than showing this Museum, especially to those who were able to appreciate its value, and the infinite labour and undaunted perseverance of its founder. He had devoted himself to it under all circumstances; he had sacrificed his property, his health, and even his reputation as a practical surgeon, in promoting this his favourite object. To the disgrace of Government, and of our great public institutions, this noble Museum has been dispersed.

Soon after my arrival in town I had the good fortune to be introduced to Fuseli, and we subsequently became very intimate. He was a noble specimen of a great man in a little compass; for though diminutive in size, his soul was capacious and his genius lofty. His conceptions were all on a grand scale, and when he gave full stretch to his imagination, and roved abroad through the worlds of his own creation, how delightful were the emanations of his genius! They who can understand the intimate union of poetry and painting, will ever admire the works of Fuseli. He was fully conscious of the powers of his mind, and of the singular strength of his intellect. I remember talking with him one day about his celebrated friend Lavater, when he made this remark*—"Lavater," said he, "did ten times more than he had genius for, and I have done ten times less." When he used to say things of this kind, he would look at you like a lion. I frequently talked to him of Haller, of whose experiments he gave me an account, accompanied with some curious anecdotes. I had been reading a life of Haller, and ventured to correct Fuseli in some details. "Oh!" said he, in his sarcastic way, "I beg your pardon; you lived with Baron Haller, I dare say!" No man ever possessed a more tender heart than Fuseli. He hated cruelty of every kind, particularly cruelty to animals. To hear his abuse of anatomists for operating on living animals, was tremendous. His eyes flashed with indignation, and he would pour forth his eloquent denunciations with a vehemence almost overpowering. Sometimes, in order to rouse him and enjoy the display, I used to tell him that the students had been operating on a dog. Often, after lecture at Brookes's, I tripped down to Somerset House. "Well, Samuel," said I to the old porter, "how is the Governor to-day?" for such was the name by which Samuel always designated his master. "Oh, in great spirits." Then I used to proceed to his painting-room, tap at the door, and I shall never forget the "*Coom in!*" "Oh, is it you? How do you do, Mr. ——? Have you washed your hands? How is Mr. Brookes?—he is a nasty fellow; always dissecting. By G—! Michael

Angelo was almost killed with dissecting a woman; it destroyed the powers of his stomach." I have often heard Fuseli regret that he got into the habit of swearing so much. Though in joke, he would say to Mrs. Fuseli, "Why don't you swear, my dear? it will ease your mind." I recollect going to the Academy one day, and finding Samuel highly amused. The "Governor," finding the students' hats in his way, had thrown them all down stairs. He then shouted out, "Samwell! Samwell! Sam! damn you all together, and Mrs. Fuseli too!" He was an admirable companion; full of fun!

He had a great aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He told me that he had never laboured seriously in learning Greek, and that he found it so easy that he seemed never to have bestowed any trouble on the acquisition. Yet he was, I believe, a good Greek scholar, and had Homer almost by heart. He wrote Latin with facility, and said he thought he could acquire any language in the course of three or four months. Mathematics, he told me, he could never make any thing of; that he had once looked into Euclid's Elements, but that he could not master them. His mind certainly was not of a mathematical cast. Fuseli's English style was admirable—rich, nervous, and classical.

One of Fuseli's arguments in favour of a future life was, that this life was so short that few men had time to perform a quarter of what they were capable of doing; and that, as nothing was created in vain, therefore, those powers were to be exerted in some other state of existence. I have heard him exclaim, "I have done nothing! I am capable of doing ten times more than I have had time for doing." By way of urging him on, I said that was no proof of a future life. "It is enough for me," said he; "I know that I am immortal, and shall live again!" Looking at me and laughing, "I know nothing about you; you may be a clod of earth for what I know—I know I am immortal! *Coom* here again as soon as you have time, but mind and wash your hands before you *coom*. That Brookes is a nasty fellow; Oh, by G—! he is a nasty fellow!—dissect! dissect! dissect!—every thing is death with him!" So I said, "Well, Sir, I'll see you again very soon." Accordingly, the next day I gave him a call; and as soon as he saw me, he said, "By G—! but you seem to have a deal of spare time on your hands!"

Of his friends—and he had known most of the celebrated people of his day, both here and abroad—he often told me many amusing anecdotes. In his youth, he had travelled in Italy with the well-known Dr. Armstrong, the poet; but they quarreled and parted. He was in company, too, with Smollett a short time before he died. Mary Woolstoncraft's attachment to him is well known. The late bookseller Joe Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, was one of his best friends, and he used often to dine at the weekly dinners given there. Mr. Bonnycastle, the professor of mathematics at Woolwich, Mr. Joyce, and Mr. Belsham, frequently met him at those parties. At one of these dinners, a gentleman asked him what he conceived to be the aggregate value of the pictures then exhibiting at Somerset House? "Five hundred guineas!" said Fuseli. "Oh dear, Sir! only five hundred guineas!" "I tell you *I* have only *one* picture there—I think it is worth it." At the house of Johnson's successor, Fuseli met the late Mr. Edgeworth and his celebrated daughter. He was not much pleased

with Mr. Edgeworth, who kept the conversation to himself, and would not suffer Miss Edgeworth to have her proper share of it. Joe Johnson was a real friend to Fuseli, and when he wanted a little cash had pleasure in supplying him. In his earlier days he was much distressed for money, and frequently had not a shilling to buy canvass, so that once when a picture was ordered, he was obliged to paint over another which he had finished! In the latter part of his life he passed much of his time in the country, at Lady Guilford's. One of the greatest pleasures he enjoyed was rising at five o'clock in the morning, and walking in the gardens. "Oh, my God! it is delightful!" he used to say. He had been long intimate with Mr. Coutts, whose kindness to him he always duly appreciated. When Fuseli had finished his picture of the Lazar-house, Mr. Coutts came to see it. He viewed it attentively for some time; at length the scene of hopeless misery, so touchingly depicted, softened him to tears. He asked Fuseli the price of it—I think it was three hundred guineas. Taking up a piece of paper, he wrote a check for that sum, and presented it to Fuseli, desiring, at the same time, that the picture should retain its station in his rooms.

Fuseli had great quickness and discrimination. A friend of mine, and the best friend I ever met with, asked me one day if I would introduce him to Fuseli. "Oh ay! I'll introduce you," said I; "but you must not mind what he says. He'll perhaps ask you what the devil you came to disturb him for." So we fixed to go the next morning. Fuseli, I knew, was engaged in painting the Descent of the Fallen Angels, and on our way to Somerset House I said, "You must tell the old gentleman that the hand of Satan starts from the canvass!"—"Well," said my friend, "I will." After we had looked at the painting, he said to Fuseli, who stood between him and myself, "Why, the hand looks as if it started from the canvass!" Fuseli, instead of answering him, turned to me and said, "Thank *you*, Mr. ——, for the compliment!"

When the King of Prussia was in London, he expressed a desire to see the Royal Academy, and it was the duty of Mr. Fuseli, as keeper, to attend him. On the appointed morning the old gentleman was in waiting, looking with great impatience for the arrival of the royal visitor. At length he grew too nervous to sit still, and striding about the room with steps as long as his body, he exclaimed, "Why does he not *coom?* Why does he not *coom*, I say? I wish the man would *coom*. By G— the spittle is leaving my mouth!"

Fuseli generally went into his painting-room between ten and eleven in the morning, and remained there till between four and five; and it was there that I enjoyed so many delightful conversations with him. It was wonderful to see the old gentleman painting, when he was above eighty-five years of age, and talking with all the vivacity of youth. He told me one day that he was almost worn out. "By G— I may tumble over any day. My strength is gone, I tell you." He always dressed like a gentleman, and had the hair-dresser every day, who knows many an anecdote of him. He possessed the property of being able at will to eject the contents of his stomach. He told me that he could eject his dinner with the utmost ease, and without any feeling of nausea; and that when he found any thing disagreeing with his stomach, he retired and threw it off. Cases of individuals possessing this power are not common. He was very temperate, both in eating and drinking, and

only occasionally took a teaspoonful of spirits in his tea, which he called "a Doctor."

I must now close my account of Mr. Fuseli. When I was last in town I went to the Exhibition, but how altered did the place appear in my eyes! There was a strange man at the door, and I said, "How is Samuel?"—"Who, Sir?—Samuel?—Oh! you mean the porter who died some time since, I suppose." As I went up-stairs, I looked into Fuseli's little dressing-room, where I had heard him tell so many strange stories and utter many a piece of wit. I thought of the happy hours I had passed there with the old gentleman—but it was all over. "He is gone," said I, "to join the illustrious men of former days; and Homer, and Milton, and Michael Angelo, and Raphael, will welcome his shade."

I saw Nollekens but once. A friend of mine, a young sculptor, who has since acquired the highest honours of his art, offered to introduce me to him, and to show me his rooms. I was quite shocked at the sight of such a poor, miserable-looking creature. —— had not informed me how Nollekens dressed, and in the yard I saw a wretched old man, who looked as if he had just come out of a workhouse. To my infinite surprise, I was introduced to him as Mr. Nollekens. He appeared to be a disgreeable man, and I never went again to see him. When I mentioned my visit to Fuseli, he said, "Nollekens is a poor creature."

Amongst the adventures which befell me during my residence in London, was one which I have never been able to explain. As I was going to bed one night, and had reached the head of the staircase on the second floor, I heard close to me a terrific scream, more like the cry of a maniac in distress than any thing I had ever heard. I said, "Oh, good God! what is it?" but could see nothing. The girl heard it below, and she and the landlord of the house came up, and we searched every room in the house, but no one was found. A short time after this event the landlord hanged himself on the very spot where I had heard the scream. While I lodged in this house, there were several attempts made by some rascals to get into the premises, and one night I thought I heard them in the yard. I got up, and opened the window very quietly, and there I saw a man standing. Taking the basin, and filling it with water (which I could hardly do for laughing), I went softly to the window, and dropped it. Unfortunately, it did not hit the fellow, but I had the satisfaction of thinking that the horrid noise it made must have shaken his nerves to the very brain.

There are no persons better acquainted with the miseries of human life than medical men, and especially the younger members of the profession. The pupils of the Dispensaries have ample opportunities of witnessing all kinds of distress. I remember, when I was a pupil, seeing a whole family at St. Giles's lying ill of the putrid sore-throat. They were five in one bed, and they lay with the heels of some towards the heads of the others. The cellar was above four inches deep in water, and you stepped on a few bricks to keep you out of it.—I shall never forget another scene I witnessed in the same quarter of the town. I was appointed by the professor of midwifery to attend upon a poor woman in her confinement, and accordingly I sent my address to her, and one night, about ten o'clock, I was summoned. I followed my con-

ductor till we came to a narrow street, and here we went down an entry or passage, at the bottom of which I saw a slaughter-house. We then went up to the second floor of a miserable house, where we tapped at a door which was opened by an old woman, more like a fiend, or a witch, than a human being. In the middle of the room on the floor lay nearly a cart-load of bones, with a dead fowl on the top. In one corner of the fire-place sate an idiot girl of seventeen or eighteen, and opposite her my patient. I had no sooner entered the room than I heard two or three people coming up-stairs, making a tremendous noise, and in rushed three Irishwomen, drunk and reeling. They wanted money, which, to get rid of them, I was compelled to give. I then began to talk to the grandmother, who told me that her daughter's husband was a ballad-singer, and was out late that night singing a new ballad. "But Lord bless you, Sir!" continued the old hag, "we must bolt the door—we must not let him in; for he is not quite right in his mind, and he swears if he ever finds a doctor here, he'll finish him, and throw him out of the window. He says he is sure my daughter's child is not his, but belongs to her last husband, God help his weak brain! who died fourteen years ago." Here was pretty encouragement for me! I said to myself, "I wish to heaven I had never studied physic!" and went to see that the door was fastened. Thank God, the ballad-singer never made his appearance, and when I next went to visit my patient I took a friend with me. Such is St. Giles's!

Though I was not a pupil of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, yet I was induced, from the great celebrity of Mr. Abernethy, to attend a course of his lectures on surgery, which fully answered the expectations I had formed of them. There was so much good sense conveyed in so striking and forcible a manner, that the doctrines he inculcated could not fail to be impressed on the minds of his pupils. He never makes use of notes. His lecture is a pleasant conversation on the subject of surgery, illustrated with many cases and interesting examples. He is one of the few lecturers who know how both to amuse and instruct. A lecture is a very dry affair without some humorous anecdote to enliven it. To sit for an hour or two to hear one trite truism following another without a single sally of mirth or sparkle of wit, is indeed intolerable. But to hear Abernethy give an account of what he says to his patients, and what they say to him, would make the dullest fellow laugh. Some of the medical men think Abernethy mad; —— says he is more knave than fool; but be he knave or be he fool, he has done more to advance the diffusion of sound pathological knowledge than any man of his day, and his pupils will be found in almost every county hospital in England standing high in public estimation.

I was one day walking along Holborn, when a very modest, decent-looking young woman came up to me and said, "Sir, I cannot let you pass without thanking you; you may have forgotten me, but I shall never forget you, Sir!" Egad, thought I, what can she mean? "I am very comfortably married, Sir," she continued, "to an excellent young man."—"Very good," I replied, "but I do not exactly see what I have to do with that."—"Oh, Sir," replied the poor girl, "have you forgotten me? you saved my life!" I immediately recollected the circumstances, which were these: I was passing one day near the Haymarket, when a little girl came running out of a house crying bitterly,

and exclaiming, "Oh! Margaret has poisoned herself!" I stopped the child, and went back with her. In the house I found a very pretty young woman suffering the deepest anguish. Several small bottles were before her, which had contained laudanum, bought in small quantities at different shops to prevent suspicion. The contents of all these she had swallowed. I immediately sent for an emetic of sulphate of zinc, and having procured the ejection of the laudanum, I proceeded to question the young lady. "Come now, my good girl," said I, "how came you to do so rash a thing?"—"Well, then, Sir," said she, "I will tell you the real truth of my affair. Some time ago a dancing-master fell in love with me—"—"Why!" I exclaimed, "you surely were not going to kill yourself for such a creature as a dancing-master!"—"Yes, indeed, Sir; he said he loved me so, and that he would never have any other woman but me for his wife, and now, oh dear! oh dear! he has forsaken me!" and the poor creature began to weep. "Come now," said I, "let us have a little conversation with some good sound sense in it. I think you told me this fiddlestick fellow was nearly forty years of age; in ten years' time he will be good for nothing, and here were you, a girl of twenty, going to kill yourself for such a creature! He may break his leg any day, and then what becomes of his dancing? Come, come, I'll engage that you shall meet with a better sweetheart; and if nobody will take you, why I'll take you myself!" At this the girl laughed, which was a good sign. I had her well watched for a time, and then lost sight of her for some years.

THE BAIRAM.

—— "Patrum servavit honorem."—*Virgil. Æneid.* v. 550.

After a nine days', or rather a nine nights' journey over the luxuriant plains of Asia Minor, we finally embarked from the Piræus of Bursa, a small sea-port hamlet, pleasantly intermixed with gardens, on the southern shore of the Marmora. We travelled during the Ramadan, the Mahomedan Lent, a period of fasting and supplication throughout all Islam. Nothing could be more edifying, in the way of fleshly mortification, than the conduct of these Moslim. Our Janissary was the pink of sanctity: he was a well-dried, bony, yellow-looking man, past fifty, who divided his time between prayer and riding, and entertained a lively faith in the condescension and charms of the Houris. I wish a Benedictine from the marble convents of Catania had seen him: he would have returned to his summer refectory, or promenade through the Corso, somewhat humiliated at the spiritual perfection of the Publican. He ate nothing and drank nothing; and what is the very gall and wormwood of the concern to a Mahomedan, smoked not during the entire day. This was more easily arranged than might have been imagined: civilization has advanced in Turkey, and the precepts of the Khôran are rendered as little inconvenient as possible to all true believers. The Turk, if rich, sleeps during the day, but feasts at night; for he has this advantage over the Giours, that the precept does not extend beyond sunset. Hassan disdained this privilege, and could [illegible]ly be induced to take a few cups of coffee in the evening; he [illegible] on his pipe during the night, and passed the hot hours, stretched

out, in utter oblivion of all care, on his carpet. The length of our night's march was extremely fatiguing: we generally arrived about ten or eleven in the morning, under the glare of a burning sun; our horses and ourselves jaded, and with little other shelter to protect us than the thin wooden cabins, scattered, like the temporary habitations of an encamping army, over this part of Turkey. But our repose was sound, and we rose refreshed, at four, to the enjoyment of scenes, the most teeming with every variety of loveliness which it is in the power of the pen or the pencil to pourtray. The heat, after three o'clock, is usually tempered by the Etesian winds from the north-east. They blow periodically, and create in the very bosom of summer, a life and freshness which would seem to belong exclusively to the spring. All the flowers open; the dews fall; the whole air is impregnated with the richest perfumes; the hoofs of our horses at every step pressed forth some new fragrance;—the "ambrosial" night breathed in all its luxury around us. After sunset, during the Ramadan, the minarets of the mosques are festooned with varied-coloured lamps, and rejoicing and revelry are heard in every village. The privations of the day are tolerably compensated for by the indulgencies of the evening. The songs of the caravan, the bells of the long, lingering line of camels are heard;—every thing is slumbrous, smooth, and balmy. Then comes up the summer moon—such a moon as Homer describes, over all this, and the soft and milky-looking stars, just twinkling through the rising vapours, still farther mellow the gentlest features of the landscape. The plains were here and there broken up, by unexpected ridges running out from the larger chains, and covered with masses of low wood, which scarcely allowed a tangled passage through their depths. These became more frequent as we advanced; and Bursa itself, situated on the declivities of the ancient Olympus, is embosomed in the richest verdure. Our ride down to the sea-shore led through lanes of pomegranates, myrtles, tamarisks, &c. interwoven with all those endless varieties of flowering shrubs, which give such a flush of luxuriance to the gardens of the East. After an hour or two's delay in the portico of a ruinous-looking caravanserai, we embarked, in high spirits, for Constantinople.

The boats which are most in use for this "trajet," however beautiful, offer little security to the traveller. They are long, six-oared barges, rising extremely high fore and aft, very narrow, and with a single Lateen-rigged sail. They are prodigally embroidered with the most fantastic Eastern tracery, sculptured in wood, and gilt. The breeze fell towards evening, and we took in our sail, reefing still close to shore, until the rising of the moon. The sea was like molten lead, as clear and still as marble, except where the oars and boat left long trails of phosphoric light behind them through the gloom. In an hour or two, we saw the moon gradually swelling out over the summit of the mountains behind the ancient Chalcedon, and the rippling on the waters betokened that with it had also returned the favourable breezes of the morning. We soon neared the Prince's Islands, and landed at a small village on the sea-shore, overhung by a bold mass of rock, connected with the line of mountain which runs through the interior. We found the Greeks, as usual, in all the turbulence of the "Albanatikò," before the door of the principal caffé. This dance, which is extremely violent without being as warlike as the Pyrrhic, was accompanied with all sorts

of strange discordancies, in the way of tamborine, drum, triangle, nasal singing, &c. The deeply-foliaged plane-tree, which swung over a small platform at the entrance, at once invited us to take our seat. With our coffee and pipes, we passed an hour agreeably enough. The boatmen, in the mean time, had joined in the amusements of their countrymen; their Palinurus, who was a Turk, watched by, with the usual phlegmatic superciliousness of the Moslim, and evinced no desire to encourage or interrupt their merriment. At last, the full splendour of the night, the smoothness of the water, and the fair winds, roused him from his reverie. He collected his scattered crew, hoisted his sail, and once more put out for the white walls of the faithful city.

We rowed all night, and the motion of the barge, the drowsy and measured stroke of the oars, and the hum of prayer which proceeded from our Turk above us, soon sent us to sleep. We lay down, cast our Bournoos over our heads, and composed ourselves, as well as circumstances and our philosophy might permit, for the night. All this went on without any interruption for a time, but about two o'clock in the morning we were roused from our dreams by an alarming shout of Allah! from the entire crew. We concluded, of course, that our steersman, like his predecessor, had gone overboard in the midst of an ecstasy, or, as in other countries, devotion had put him and his friends asleep. The Turk, however, had kept his place, but had very nearly done something worse than falling over—he had very nearly drowned us all. He had taken the sail into his stupid keeping, and forgot it and us with the recitation of his Khôran. The water had washed over, and so wetted the place where we were lying, as to render it very nearly untenable. We were angry, and tried to say so, but our Greek failed us in the midst of our passion, and we could not extort any kind of emotion from our adversary beyond a sullen "Ain'shallah." With the exception of this, and a few other similar misadventures, our voyage passed on smoothly enough. At dawn we saw the minarets of the city, rising like thin shafts of smoke, in the red and dusky air. Presently, the base of buildings on which they reposed displayed itself to the eye. In the background was the sullen line of the Thracian peninsula, stretching away into the distance; and before us the beautiful Propontis, sparkling with innumerable sails from all parts of the shores of Asia, with ice for the use of the luxurious capital. At a little after ten, we landed immediately opposite the Seven Towers, and resuming our journey, an hour later we found ourselves in the midst of Constantinople.

The Ramadan was about to close, and was immediately to be succeeded by the festivities of the Bairam. The Bairam is the Turkish Easter; and in eating and drinking, killing lambs and devouring them—making up by extra gluttony the time lost to such joyful indulgencies during the late month—certes the Turk has the advantage of the Christian, and does the joy far more riotously and gloriously. The doors, as we advanced through the narrow lanes of Galata and Pera, were significantly adorned, wherever the Turk inhabited, with garlands and lamps, and other preparations for the festival. But here my Christian eyes were gratified with occasional blanks, which showed that the "Infidel" had made some inroads on the Mahomedan. The children were ornamenting the windows; the fatted Paschal victim was trained to die gracefully; the mosques were richly illuminated; old Turks were

preparing their pipes; the bazaars were thickly strewn with the most gorgeous habiliments for the young; every thing was eagerness, bustle, and anticipation. Even the very Greeks, as in duty bound, were obliged to look as gay as their masters; and every mouth, ear, and eye, seemed to be filled with but one idea—how to make the most of the festivity.

The next morning was announced by the roar of a hundred pieces of artillery. The Serai of the Sultan, the Tophana, the Barracks of the Janissaries, pealed forth with unusual solemnity. They were answered by the crowded flags of I know not how many nations, and the salutes of their guns in the whole circumference of the Golden Horn. Nothing could be more magnificent than Constantinople at this moment. From the boats, in which we were passing the port from Galata to the opposite shore, we had a full and embracing view of the amphitheatre. The volumes of smoke rolled off towards the land; through their gloomy folds were seen at intervals, as in a broken dream, fragments of mosques, and minarets, and red houses, and dark green gardens, and tall cypress cemeteries, and red ancient battlements, mixed and scattered one upon the other, in proportion as the cloud passed irregularly over them. All this, too, seemed cast, by the exaggeration of the medium through which it was viewed, into a colossal mould. We seemed wandering about in the heart of a mightier land. Every thing about us looked gigantic. On landing at Constantinople, we were literally dazzled by the profusion of every colour which met us in the costume of the inhabitants. It is quite singular, the richness and elaborate workmanship of these dresses. There is no poverty, no rags—and some say no poor rates, and no church establishment. The dress of a peasant might well vie with the ball display of our Lancers. The Bairam, a state-dress of every family, is a hereditary affair; some, where the wearers have not been unreasonably long-lived, have descended through three or four generations, and though they have lost a little in their freshness, still retain a serious, mellow look about their splendour, which is scarcely less pleasing. They are produced once a year, and make a far better show than a birthday ode. There is no fashion in Turkey, in the European sense, and dresses high in reputation in the days of Mahomed II. or Sultan Orkan are still orthodox, and people may look handsome in them if they think proper. Yet dandyism in no region more truly flourishes, and the coal-black, triangular, well-trimmed beard, the dash-off set of the turban,* of which there are infinite varieties, setting altogether at nought our cravat-tying classification, the peculiar curve of the yellow "papousches," the dyeing colour, the half-tone shade of the Giubeh, to say nothing of the thrice-gemmed pistol and the figured hanjar, are all matters of toilette-deliberation, quite as serious as the morning occupations of our most brilliant *merveilleux*. The lower class of Turk partakes, in some degree, of these affectations, and the turban, &c. afford endless opportunities for their display. As in Italy, the Province may be read by the first glance of the eye through a crowd; the striped shawl of Syria, the Emir green, the Mamlouck white, are instantly distinguishable. All these different nations were cast together in crowds, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Sultan.

* The Candiote, the Salonichiote, the Mamlouck, the Stambouline, &c. are all various modes of adjusting the turban.

The Sultan usually makes a solemn passage through the city on the first day of the Bairam. He leaves the mosque of Sultan Achmet, crosses the Atmeidan, or ancient Hippodrome—as its name designates—and takes his way from thence to the Serai, which he enters by the Sublime Porte. We took our station in a small Turkish shop, at the head of one of the streets through which he was to pass. The street was extremely narrow, and allowed an almost direct communication between the inhabitants on either side. It was also totally unpaved, and as dusty as the month of August, and the passage, almost perpetual, of horsemen during the morning, could make it. At twelve o'clock, the distant buz of the multitude announced the coming up of the "Brother of the Sun and Moon." Oh for the pencil of Scott, or the genius of a Garter or Ulster King at Arms, or that spirit of change, never ending, still beginning, improving from lace to lace, and from expense to expense, which presides over the regulation of Hussar uniforms and military ministers! The Lord Mayor's procession is very magnificent, but not at all to be compared to the Sultan's. However, like the Lord Mayor's, it has its blurs and blots too. Now it so happened, the very first thing I saw was one of these blots. I had always a very sublime idea of the Janissaries. I thought them as valiant, and nearly as well-conducted (considering they, too, were favourites) as the Orange yeomanry of Ireland. I knew them also to be a very religious body of men—never cutting a man's throat, except from the love of God and out of respect for the Khôran, which they had the talent of understanding without reading; —then so mild, that they always asked your permission to do you an injury; and loyal to a degree, and obedient to their sovereign as long as their sovereign obeyed them.* Of course, they dressed like gentlemen, were the only proper persons in the land, the only good, wise, &c.—and all that. I was as much surprised at their display as others have been at one of our village reviews. I saw a set of rambling, ill-washed, rickety-looking artificers with tall caps, from which depended the famous canvass sleeve, with long white wands in their hands, and shouting, without any consideration for unbelievers, the "Mahomed Resoul Allah!" in every body's ears. It was very astounding to be told that this Falstaff's regiment of recruits were in reality the far-famed corps

* The Janissary bears a much closer analogy to the Orangeman than is usually imagined. The body is politico-religious, as well as military. Each town has its branch Oda, regiment, or lodge. It is at the discretion of any of the different trades to enroll themselves on the list, on complying with the secret regulations, &c. of the order. The majority of the members are artizans, who, during the greater part of the year, are employed at their respective trades; but in the capital, at least, like the local-militia, are obliged to give their military service in the barracks appointed for the purpose, for one entire month. The slightest insult or injury to any member of the order is avenged with the most unrelenting severity by the rest of the body. Their devotion to their sovereign was perfectly conditional, and implied a corresponding devotion on his part to their interests and will. Like the Prætorians of old, their services soon rendered them insolent and overbearing: they ruled the state, insulted the monarch, trampled on the people, and claimed the merit of exclusive loyalty, religion, and attachment to the country. Spoil and impunity was at the bottom of all this:—the Ulèma thought the State must perish with the Janissaries, and the Mufti exclaimed, without the Janissary, the mosques were in danger of falling into ruin. The secret of the matter was very clear,—both were afraid; and it was not until the sultans got tired of having sultans over them, that they had the good sense to crush these Janissaries ere it was quite too late. They are now as little talked of as will be the Orangemen in 18—.

which at one period shook all Europe to its centre. They sauntered on, without any regular rank or file, stopped or marched as their fancy tutored them, and seemed to have no sort of idea of *ensemble*, discipline, or effect. Yet these gentlemen-Janissaries still retained the full glory of their former name, at least for home achievements. The strong grasp of Sultan Selim had only scotched the snake, not killed it: and it was this imperfect extinction of the Hydra which was the immediate cause of his death. Sultan Mahmoud, the very sovereign who then followed them, was wiser; he did not relax his hold till he had fully crushed the monster. He fought the Janissaries like a Janissary, and reigns, at last, without any faction over him. Immediately after this mob came a more decent-looking body of men, with some pretensions in their accoutrements to the character of soldierly. The Delhis followed—the "madmen," as they technically are called in the Turkish army, with their long, flaming caps in lieu of turbans, their javelins, &c. The Topgees succeeded; they are the most regularly-disciplined force in the empire. Their officers receive a sort of semi-scientific education at the Tophana, in some instances under the superintendence of French professors. To the French engineers they are likewise indebted for their fortifications, and to French builders for their navy. The great dignitaries of the empire then appeared. There was an amazing exhibition of gold and silver brocade, which can be likened to nothing but the flaunting display of the Roman senator on Easter-day, when he has the honour of doing suit and service to his Holiness on the steps of the papal throne. Both these costumes have come down directly from the Byzantines: it is not the only instance in which the diverging streams may be traced to the same parent head. There is no carriage visible at Constantinople, except the litters constructed for the Kharems, and the covered cars drawn by bullocks, which are so much in favour with the Armenians. Each of these personages rode, and was pointed out to me as he passed by; they seemed to think nearly as much of their importance, as if they had just come in and were never to go out—a common error amongst ministers, and particularly amongst Turkish. Most of these gentlemen have since sunk, like their imitators in Europe, into complete oblivion, after having first lost their heads. The Mufti, and the Ulema, and the Kislar Aga, particularly fascinated me. These are odd personages to be found together in any country but Turkey: the Chancellor—Archbishop—conceive! with the gravity and mystification of the Bench beside him, and the whole brought up by the Chief of the Black Eunuchs! This would have given great scandal to any of our Church-and-State men, however it might have won the esteem and applause of Mr. Malthus. What was most to be deplored was, that the Chief looked the ugliest and sagest of the three. He was a surly, chubby, Caliban-looking monster, with yellow eyes like a South-sea idol, sour as Cerberus, but withal magnificent, somniferous, and profound. I liked the *ton*, and think the fashion, as far as the look went, might with advantage be imported into Europe. The Kislar Aga is master of Athens, has the largest kharem at Constantinople, and conducts his department, and many others (just as a General might the Treasury), exceedingly well. The Mufti was a model for chancellors and archbishops; he had no wig, but a beard, which, like his decisions, &c. was all his own. I looked out in vain for the controversial curl between the nose and lip.

Doctor Magee would indubitably have converted him after his fifth antithesis, and turned him from a religionist without a church, into that common animal in his own country—a churchman without a religion! Then came the Reis Effendi. I am not quite certain whether he was not then in his first course of geography; but government goes on here, as elsewhere, like a steam-carriage, without much necessity for a driver. The "great untaught" are numerous even in this best of all possible governments, and they are as candid and straightforward in avowing it as if they had been suspected, like our Premier, of information. Immediately beside the Vizier rode a fat, thinking, stubborn sort of man, who seemed to care as little about other people's heads as about his own; a military personage, and the very minister whom Fortune should have chosen for a sultan. The Sultan himself came last. He even then gave promise, in his very expressive countenance, of that high and resolute temper which has distinguished him ever since. The eye was still, deep, overmastering: the nose, somewhat turned up, bore about it the indication of an intrepid and audacious spirit: his lips, scarcely visible through the profusion of his coal-black beard, were swelling and imperious: his whole physiognomy calm, concentrated, and smoothed in appearance of every trace or stir of human passion, was cast in the finest mould, and of a perfectly soft, uniform olive, through which there was not even the symptom of circulation or blood. In comparing him to those who had preceded, his supremacy in mind, as well as dignity, was striking. The eyes alone seem to think. Every thing else was stern, and pale, and marbly as death. He held in his hands the fates of millions, and he felt it. He bore himself like a master of men, like a king of kings. His subjects, as he passed, veiled themselves before him, and placed their hands (an Eastern adulation imported into Rome) between their eyes and the excess of his majesty. His costume was magnificently simple. The black martin or sable, and the diamond aigrette, were the only insignia of his power. Before him rode his Treasurer, scattering newly-coined parahs in showers (some of them came into our faces) on the heads of his faithful people; and behind, his Secretary, receiving in his yellow portfolio the memorials of the unfortunate and the aggrieved. The escort which surrounded him was the favourite guard. Their fantastic helmets, another corrupt memorial of the Lower Empire, threw a strange, yet gorgeous glare over the scene. The whole was closed by detachments, nearly as numerous as those which had preceded him; and in this manner he entered his Serai, amidst the veneration rather than the shouts (it is too indecorous and laborious for a Turk to shout) of his accompanying subjects. During the entire procession he appeared scarcely moved. It is quite out of etiquette for the Brother of the Sun and Moon to give any evidence of mortality.

The remainder of the day was spent in sacrifice and prayer, eating virtuously their lamb, praising the Prophet, and doing a great number of absurdities, in his honour and that of the "prophet" Abraham. The Paterfamilias slays the animal, and goes through all the ceremonies, bloody and disagreeable as they are, of the old Law. This is one, amongst many traces, which the two preceding religions have left on the ritual and code of the Mahomedan. Yet one is hardly prepared for any thing so grossly material, as this carving of limbs and drawing off of

blood, in a religion which so piques itself upon its spirituality. It is very probably the old Oriental fashion which is retained, like some mountain idiom, in the midst of the more cultivated dialect of the plain, without any obvious means of accounting for the intrusion. Whatever may be the case, I never heard a Turk complain of its propriety: it is so pleasant to eat and get through divine service at the same time.

The next day far exceeded in brilliancy the preceding. The great Djereed match was to take place before the Sultan, in the plain near Foudoukly. Foudoukly is a beautiful suburban villa of his Highness, immediately opposite the Serai point under the brow of Pera. Here he spends a portion of his summer months, when he wishes to get rid of the state and sublimity of his capital. The whole of the Bosphorus is studded with these retreats, and in sailing up to the Black Sea you are every moment tempted to stop by their long white fronts (the orthodox colour,—the Giours, as befits them, being condemned to black), by the perfect beauty of their embracing woods, the gaiety and richness of their kiosks and fountains, and the simplicity and exquisite taste of the whole arrangement. No nation (and I say it without offence to the English) has so true and intimate a sense of the picturesque as your Turk. I can compare with him no other person, than the Benedictine monk. Wherever you see a Turkish fountain, or a Benedictine convent, you may assure yourself there is something to be seen *from* it. Take them in their travels: if they dismount, it is always for the thick shade, the magnificent mountain opposite, the glorious rushing river below. Half their days are spent in this out-of-door enjoyment of nature: they drink in a sort of sombre placidity, which sways all their nature. The Turk makes existence a reverie, and death to him is only a sounder sort of sleep.

At an early hour, all Constantinople poured out its inhabitants to the scene of their favourite entertainment. The djereed is a blunted javelin, of the very heavy, elastic branches of the palm-tree. The word in the original language is (as well as I can recollect) specifically applied to this species of tree. The javelin is used on horseback, and is flung with a skill and dexterity unrivalled in Europe. The game is, I believe, originally Saracenic; it still prevails to a much greater degree in Egypt, Bagdad, &c. than in the northern part of the empire. From the age of twelve, it is the principal exercise of the young Mamloûck. I have seen them on the plains near Boulah and Cairo, in small squadrons, wheeling and galloping about amongst the tombs of the Khâlifs during an entire day. In Spain it assumed a more perfect form, and the poems of their early minstrels still re-echo with the "Lelies" of the Moorish cavalier. How far such influence was felt by other countries in Europe is a matter of doubt. I should be sorry to wrong our Northern knights by supposing they stood in need of such suggestions from the Chivalry of the Infidel; but it is remarkable that the costume and *ménage* of the two nations produced a corresponding distinction between the tactics and military exercises of both,—a distinction not altogether obliterated from either, even in the present age. The "Tournament" and the "Djereed" thus became the type of their respective warfares, and Vienna and Constantinople still offer images of both.*

* The Congress of 1815 exhibited a splendid renewal of these ancient festivities

The spot which was fixed on for this exhibition was singularly well-adapted to the purpose. It had quite the character of the ancient List. Mounds, like the seats of a theatre, arose on two sides; on the third was the platform for the Sultan and his Court; the fourth was bounded by a line of trees. The women occupied one of these mounds, the men the other. His Highness and the great dignitaries, &c. stood between. The spectacle was indeed glorious. The population of an immense capital ranged in perfect order, in the presence of their Sovereign, a sky of intense blue, a nature of the most admirable richness and majesty spread around, were all circumstances which blew a bold and stirring music through the spirit, and prepared it well for the high feats which were intended to follow. The women were all habited, to the number of many thousands, in the same uniform costume; the white veil and cloak, which blots out all peculiarity from th[illegible]m, reduced all to the same level, and contrasted strongly with the exceeding multiplicity of dress and look, the pomp and pride of the opposite groups, flaring with scarlet, and gold, and steel, and silver, wherever the eye was carried along their lengthened lines. The Sultan sat somewhat higher than the rest; he was encircled by four hundred youths, "all robed in white linen," and placed in equal ranks on the four sides of the throne. The officers of state followed next; they wore nearly the same costume as the day before. The guards shut in the square. His Highness had just received their homage, and the present of a virgin, the most beautiful which his provinces could furnish, an annual offering to his khârem from the "Grands de sa Cour." A little after he had been seated, the signal was given, and there was seen rushing from below what the old chroniclers would have called "a plump of spears"—a splendidly-accoutred squadron of the nobles of the Court. They were not confined to any particular costume, but the general character of the dress partook of the Mamloûk. There was the proudly-caparisoned charger from Yemen, or Dongola, or rather of that better breed than either, which springs from the cross of both; the high crimson velvet saddle, the bright brass back, the gilt stirrups, the gold embossed poitrails, the diamond-hafted ataghans, the flowered Cashmere turbans, &c. Then followed another, and another, similar to the last, and advanced in tolerable order to the centre of the Hippodrome, or lists. There was perfect silence on all sides as they prepared, front to front, their white djereeds, and wheeled back for a moment, preluding to the general onset. I thought myself for a moment in the midst of those famous jousts of the flower of Grenada, pictured with so much fervour by Hita from his Arabic traditions, and that I had the Zegris and the Abencerrages, once more, in living form and vigour before me. Then came the still more glowing memories of the Baiezids Ilderim, and the Salaeddins, and the Timours; and I recurred to the descriptions of Ebn Arabshâh, which I had been reading a day or two before:—" And the

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at Vienna. All the chivalry of Europe, and much of the beauty, seemed gathered together on that memorable occasion. The tournament "en rhamp clos" was conducted with an adherence to all the pedantry of early rule, which Sir Walter Scott or his brother minstrels could have desired. The quadrilles in the evening were arranged on a no less admirable model. The characters were taken from the novels of our celebrated countryman, and got up with a magnificence and truth unwitnessed in Europe since the ancient masques.

points of their darts trembled," says he, glancing, probably, on such a scene as that immediately before me; "and their djereeds were shaken in the air; and the banners of their squadrons were rolled out, and the glorious flowers of their strength were seen afar on the summit of the hills. And like the shining swords of that army are the lightnings of Spring, and like their shouts are her thunders; and her thick clouds are as the dust which arises from their feet, and her gardens and small hills are as their trappings and embossed saddles, and her anemones are like to their glittering banners, and her waving and far-spreading trees to their tents, and their branches to their darts. And her mighty winds are as his strong commands (Timour's), and her green leaves as his dark cohorts, and her blue flowers even as his rich vases, and her rushing rivers as his advancing army; and the agitated flood of his legions even as her glorious gardens, when the evening winds breathe proudly upon them. So on strode Timour," &c. There was scarcely a feature of the poet which was wanting, every line was recognizable in the reality. After a slight pause, the Turkish jarring drum gave the signal, and they closed, but at first without any violence. They had no lance in rest, or vizor bent, or any of the usual accompaniments of the Christian tournament. The first feat was a mere display of horsemanship. They mingled their ranks, then disentangled them, then confused them again; and this threading of the labyrinth was managed with a delicacy and perfection, which the most severe and persevering practice does not always attain. It was at this moment that a half-shut eye might seem to see, tossing and rolling before it, "the glorious gardens" of Ebn Arabshâh. The richest vicissitudes of shape and colour passed rapidly at every turn, and horses and riders, as their movements became more impetuous, were soon lost like evening clouds, and suddenly melted, as it were, into one. At length the first djereed was thrown. Then every thing took a more decided form. Most of the cavaliers wheeled suddenly round, and sprang forward in the next instant, brandishing the javelins over their heads, and flinging them full against the first horseman they chanced to encounter. In a moment the plain was covered with a shower of these darts. But this produced a new variety in the combat. Each combatant was armed with a djereed, and a staff with an iron hook at the extremity. When the javelin was thrown, this instrument was used to hook them up; and the extreme agility with which it was achieved, was a subject which frequently elicited the applause of the multitude. The battle, if so it may be called, now became general, and was sustained with great spirit for several hours. I seemed to have before me the original of Virgil.*

During the entire encounter, though several contusions were received,

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* "Olli discurrêre pares, atque agmina terni
Diductis solvêre choris, rursusque vocati
Convertêre vias, infestaque tela tulêre:
Inde alios ineunt cursus, aliosque recursus
Adversis spatiis, alternisque orbibus orbes
Impediunt, pugnæque cient simulacra sub armis,
Et nunc terga fugâ nudant, nunc spicula vertunt
Infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.
Ut quondam Cretâ fertur Labyrinthus in altâ," &c.

Virg. Æneid. lib. v.

there were no wounds of a sufficiently serious aspect to warrant the interruption of the amusement. This is not always the case. The majority of these performances terminate rather fatally. The very next day, the repetition of the scene cost two of the most distinguished of these performers their lives. The Djereed was celebrated at the "sweet waters;" and at the very outset of the affair, two of the gentlemen fell.

The lists were closed to the sound of the same atrocious music with which it had commenced, and was followed by a succession of whimsical performances, in the way of comedy, farce, bear-baiting, &c. for the entertainment of his Highness. The comedy was particularly serious and absurd. Five or six boys, dressed in a sort of semi-female costume, intermingled with one or two actors of the other sex, grouped themselves on the green sward immediately opposite the throne. There was no stage—so far they were more barbarous than the barbarous Greeks—no scenery, no enclosure, no symptom of theatre, or decoration whatsoever. After various inexplicable manœuvres, and a muttering of Turkish, which his Highness only could hear, the melancholy attempt closed, and they had the good sense to surrender their places to a much more lively performer, the Bear. The Mufti seemed especially delighted, and to be of the opinion of Lord Sussex, in "Kenilworth," who decides against Shakspeare, and in favour of the Bear. The leader was a Turk, and he did his duty with the utmost propriety, not laughing more than the Bear himself, and frequently bowing, with instinctive respect, to the approving powers immediately above. They at last got tired even of this amusement, and on the Sultan's intimating his *ennui* with something like a yawn, the Court yawned also, and highly approved of his intention. In a moment after he arose, and bear, leader, cortège, and spectators, successively disappeared.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and the second day of the Bairam was on the close. The third passed off like the second; and in a day or two more every thing returned to its former sobriety, as if they had never escaped from the penance of the Ramadan, or had no Easter afterwards like the Bairam, to console them for the privations they had so patiently endured. Two or three apoplectic fits, and several score of bilious attacks, marked the termination of this Lent; but then there was abundance of piety generated in its stead; the Muftis were more venerated than ever, and the Khôran was read with such appetite that several thousand copies were ordered from the Calligraphists. I returned home ashamed of my Christian acquaintances, I found them so surpassed in prayer and penance by these Pagan Mahomedans. But the more a man travels, the more he is subject to such mortifications. He sets out with having a thousand incontrovertible opinions, and he runs a risk of returning in the best humour, to be sure, with every one, but with something like no opinion at all.

TO THE LORD HOLLAND.

Winandermere.

Ask not what charms I find in scenes like these,
Wild hills, and clamorous brooks, and inland-seas!
In the sweet face of Nature to delight,
Will not, in thee, surprise or scorn excite.

But 'tis not only mountain, lake, and stream,
Though here as fair as a young poet's dream,—
No! here a generous peasantry we find,
Of graceful form, and cultivated mind:
Here, too, a gentry that may well preside
O'er men thus gifted and not void of pride.
To them the earth her annual tribute yields,
As lords, not tenants, of their native fields:
Yes, to their sons the sires bequeath'd far more
Than land, herd, flock, and heaps of glittering ore:
It was not Want but Ignorance they fear'd,
In every village, schools, though rude, they rear'd,
And of their little largely gave, to ensure
Their children's children should be taught, though poor.

Blest be their memory! what is man untaught?
Alike unfit for action and for thought;
Selfish and wretched, ignorant and unjust;
And now by hunger goaded, now by lust;
Fraudful not wise, revengeful but not brave,
Savage a tyrant, civilized a slave;
Much like the brutes that groan beneath his sway,
A beast of burthen, or a beast of prey.

How many a gentle, many a noble child,
Train'd thus to vice, or left to wander wild,
Might—had it been his better lot to share
A mother's fond, a father's sterner care,
A little knowledge, and a little praise,
From good men round, the lowly fond to raise,
Might—have been honest, happy, and aspired
To be of all esteem'd, beloved, admired!

Though the plant vigorous and though rich the soil,
The fruit is worthless, unimproved by toil.

Hard, hard, indeed, is woman's ceaseless task!
Even from the cradle, all her cares we ask;
Cares that a mother only will bestow,
A task that only love can undergo!
All must we learn, and most 'tis her's to teach;
The foot to step, the lip to move in speech.
See! now, disdainful of her proffer'd hand,
The ambitious boy essays in vain to stand;
And hear the little Mimic lisp her name,
Vain of success, and, failing, tinged with shame!
With thoughts and feelings mind and heart she sows,
And plucks each weed that still unbidden blows;
Beyond this world, too, she extends her care,
And, on her knee, unites his hands in prayer.

Soon stronger, bolder, from her arms he flies,
Prone to alarm her fears, and to despise;
Now, at his father's heels, where'er he strays,
He learns his sayings, and affects his ways:

Then come the school, the college, rivals, friends,
And but with life man's education ends.

All must conspire—yet all conspire in vain,
Unless the STATE be just, the CHURCH humane.
'Tis from the cherish'd Faith, and dreaded Law,
That men their maxims learn, their motives draw.
Govern'd by fraud and force, a people must
Be, or become, unfeeling and unjust.
What can avail the nursery, and the school,
Should priests misguide, and magistrates misrule?
To whom can helpless youth, perplex'd, repair,
Should precept and example both ensnare?
Setting their busiest hopes and fears at strife
With the pure lessons of their early life.
Can they esteem their good old teachers wise,
Whom thus the learned and the great despise?
Or love their God, and neighbour, as they ought,
Should falsehood, as the truth from Heaven, be taught?
If endless bliss be promised, as the meed
Of bigot-zeal, or a presumptuous creed?
And all the terrors of a future world
Against the best men found in this be hurl'd?

But lo! the clouds disperse, the horizon clears!
The sun of science through the mist appears!
Pierced by his beams, the brood obscene of night,
With shrieks and murmurs, fly the hated light.
Long since from this blest Isle the foulest fled,
A loathsome band! by Superstition led;
And the scared Demons of the lagging rear
Are on the wing—soon, soon to disappear.

Knowledge, of old, in one deep current stream'd,
And on its banks the narrow harvest teem'd;
All else a thirsty waste of shifting sand,
Or cursed by weeds, that choked the uncultured land:
But now fresh rills break out on every side,
Diffusing health and pleasure as they glide;
Flowing through town and city, village, farm,
And lending each a blessing and a charm!

The "Teacher is abroad," the poor are taught,
Home to each door the precious gift is brought,
TRUTH, to exalt and purify the mind,
For where TRUTH comes, VIRTUE's not far behind.

Distrustful are the ignorant, fierce, self-will'd,
Fickle, yet fix'd their judgments ne'er to yield:
Seditious, servile, rash, yet wanting nerve,
Easy to dupe, but very hard to serve.

Not thus the instructed, for though, haply, proud,
When self-compared to the benighted crowd,
Yet have they ears to learn, and eyes to see
Their duty, dealt with as men ought to be.

Rarely, if ever, is good given to man
Unmix'd with evil, such is Heaven's high plan!
Yet can there still remain one generous doubt
Whether a people with sense, or without,
Is happiest, best, least liable to err,
Or which an honest statesman must prefer?

Oh! 'tis a pleasant dream (if dream it be)
The brightening prospects of mankind to see!
Far more of Nature shall they daily know,
Their mastery o'er her powers far mightier grow.
How many evils shall become more light!
How many more, perhaps, be banish'd quite!
How many comforts added to the store
That bounteous Providence had given before!
Not to the selfish, indolent and blind,
Who trust whate'er they wish to beg, or find,
But those who have the wisdom to discern
That man is born his happiness to earn.
All but the FEW are for their bread each day
Destined to toil, as well as taught to pray;
And all, of every rank, who would enjoy,
Must both their body and their mind employ.

Nothing is had for nothing, all is sold,
Not to the great for silver and for gold;
By strenuous action, and by patient thought,
All our best blessings ever must be brought.

Each gains full oft the object he pursues,
But 'tis most rare that object well to choose.
Could thine be wealth—wake early, and watch late;
Or, scorning dross, wouldst thou be still more great?
The world's reproaches and thy own despise;
Be servile to rule others, creep to rise.
Or wouldst thou Fame? court Science or the Muse,
An ardent lover neither will refuse:
Be oftener heard in Senates, now to still,
Now stir, their charmed passions at thy will.
To be renown'd, some health and life expose,
Cross Afric's sands, or pierce the polar snows,
Or in the field, the bravest of the brave,
For glory seek, and find it in the grave.
Thy hopes, I know, have a still loftier aim
Than riches, rank, vain learning, or a name!
Of love, true honour, happiness, the price
Is fix'd, and must be given—SELF-SACRIFICE.

This, through thy life, has cheerfully been made,
And the rich recompense as freely paid!
It is thy praise the same just sense to have shown
Of thy loved country's welfare, and thy own.
Still has it been thy fate—thy choice—to oppose
Power and corruption, formidable foes!
And ah! how few the victories thou hast won!
Yet wilt thou deem thyself o'erpaid by *one*,*
The last, the most desired, a victory!
Long due to him, who still survives in thee!

Oh! should even now his generous spirit feel
For Justice, Freedom, but its ancient zeal,
Think with what heartfelt joy he must have view'd
Evils, that foil'd even him, by thee subdued!
One conflict more, and soon shall ALL be free
To enjoy their Rights, whate'er their Faith may be!

* The Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

THE HAPPY DAY.

It was about two o'clock on a fine blazing morning in July 182-, that a plain-looking man might have been seen reclining against the blue sofa pillows which ornamented his lodging in Dover-street. This person was the Lion of a season. He had written sixteen pages of satire, and might be considered as immortal until Christmas. If the reader desire to know his name, it was—Lambert. Lambert was in prodigious request. He had lived sixteen summers in London, and had passed off as a sensible man. But *now* he had written rhymes (!) and was to be distinguished. Accordingly, every body assaulted him with kindness. He was overwhelmed with invitations, just as they pelt people with sugar-plums at a carnival. Commoners looked up to him; lords smiled upon him; and ladies ——! But they went beyond all. Nine and twenty maids and matrons formed themselves into a society, and called themselves "The Lambert Club." Three young spinsters who had written anonymously, announced their passion and despair in sonnets. In a word, the world of fashion was very nearly forgetting itself; and the world of azure blushed purple with intense delight.

But we are introducing the reader to Mr. Lambert. He was, as we have said, an author of sixteen pages, and was seated on his sofa in Dover-street. A cup of cold coffee stood by him; the urn had ceased to sing; the thin slices of dry toast remained undisturbed in the rack, while the "lion" read, with a languid and somewhat dissatisfied aspect, a newspaper of the day. Like Seged, "Lord of Ethiopia," he had said scarcely five minutes before, that he *would* at last have *one* quiet evening. "I am resolved," said he, "to see no one on—*Friday*." That was the evening that he fixed upon for tranquillity. The words were scarcely uttered, when—lo! in the newspaper which he held, he saw a masqued ball proclaimed, in which he was implicated, but which he had forgotten. This jarred upon his patience. But, *n'importe*, there was but *one* obstacle; and that one he determined to surmount. He would not go. "What is man?" &c. said he, and was about to proceed in a moral strain, when his servant entered with a letter.

Lamb. Now, Tyson, what bad news have you brought, that you look so cloudy? (*Reads.*) Um—um—um—on Friday! Friday? Pshaw! Impossible. Bring me my desk. I must accomplish a billet, I see, and refuse that odious Alderman's invitation for the three hundred and fortieth time. (*Writes.*) Why cannot these City cannibals tear their beef and pudding to pieces without my being present at the ceremony?—There—it is done; and I am once more free to enjoy my own exquisite society on Friday. [*Servant exit with Letter.*

Lamb. (*takes up the newspaper.*) Now let me forget myself awhile. But in what?—in poetry? yes, it shall be in poetry. What have we here? an acrostic—Umph! L—A—M—B—E—R—T. Pshaw! 'tis that old fool, Mrs. Bluebell. I always know her by her bad grammar. I'll try a paragraph. *We hear*—um—um—um—*that it is expected that the Countess of Slabberwit's masque on Friday will be*—um—um—*pre-eminent for elegance—characters—grace—beauty—wit*—um—um—*and above all, that diamond of fashion—the celebrated—accomplished—witty*—

Charles Lamb—Pah! I meet my own figure at every turn, like the man in the haunted house. And then this scribbler—this varlet! His praise is fit for the meridian of Ispahan. I *have* my patience, and might endure a little; but, by Phœbus, I cannot digest this fellow's fare. 'Tis *all* honey, i'faith; and of very indifferent quality. But I'll fly from it all. A walk into the green fields—(*rings*)—or the green park will set all right for to-day, and on Friday——

[*Servant enters.*]

Serv. Captain Cucumber's compliments, Sir, and begs that you won't forget Friday.

Lamb. How! what? won't?—why I *have* forgot it. What shall I do? Umph!—a—Tyson—My compliments to the Captain, and my aunt Chamomile is now so *seriously* indisposed, that I am *obliged* to deny myself the pleasure of visiting my friends; and—a—a—that will do.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lamb. Soh! there's another impediment overcome, and at last I am safe. Now then I can read the paper with ease. Now I can *enjoy* the paper. Let me see—Oh!—here is a full, true, and particular account of the Duchess of Ducat's party. She always has her good deeds recorded at length, I know, and pays the printer by the yard. (*Reads.*) Um—um—*her grace—noble hostess—profusion of diamonds—ostrich*—ha, ha, ha! she wears her feathers like a Cherokee, and carries double the quantity of paint. Um—um—*the Marchioness of—the Countess—Lady—Lady Tippet*—Bah! That old woman carries Christmas about her all the year long, and has left directions, in her will, to be buried in a blanket. What doth *she* out of sables?—Oh!—*elegant furs*. I thought so—um—*black velvet*—ha, ha, ha! a Kamskatchan!—But, allons! *Sirs—Sir William Witless—Hairbrain—Bullfinch—Gargle*—um—um—*Messrs.*—a brave list of these, however,—*Dashet—Dicer—Effet—Foles*—(his family abolished the second *o*)—*Gouthead—Gracious*—ay, that's the solemn commoner, who tells us over his tough mutton and potatoes, that he *might* have been a peer, but that the family name, &c.—*Gubbins*—who the devil is Gubbins? he is novel—*Holmes—Horseman*—why he wrote me from Newmarket that he was confined by the spavin; how *he* distinguisheth himself on two legs is beyond my power of prophecy—*Hilldown—Highbred—Halfbred—Ireton*—a very gentlemanlike fellow Ireton—*Impost*—Ah!—the citizen who always looks like a bill of lading: he hasn't more than half a dozen words in his mouth, but a thundering sum-total in his pocket—*Kornish*—Kornish? Oh! the country gentleman whose fat wife ran away from him and her three and twenty children, with Dick Minifie of the 20th—*Klapperhausen—Martlet—Monson*—Monson's dinners are more select than any man's in town—*Mawkish—Minifie*—Diavolo! what, is the Cornet here too? By Vulcan, he's a bold man to approach so near the Esquire Kornish. I wonder the man doesn't toss him on his horns. Um—um—but enough, and more than enough. Stay! what is that—*We hear that her Grace will again on Friday*—Tush! what have I to do on Friday, but muse in meadows, or by silver springs? Let me see—how do the lines run—

> "Let me wander all unseen
> By hedgerow elms and hillocks green—"

Serv. (*enters.*) Sir, here is Lord New——

Lord Newgate (*entering.*) Ha! my dear Lambert—how are you? how are you? I've just dropped in to mark you—to fix you—my mother's-kick up, you know.

Lamb. I really do *not* know.

Lord N. Oh! yes, you do—on Friday—you know.

Lamb. On Friday?—

[But here we must take upon ourselves the quality of historians. We are fearful lest the valiant patrician whom we have introduced may be unintelligible, and seem to belie his nobility. A word or two will explain this. John, Lord Newgate, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Kettleton, by Dame Martha his wife, (who was sole heiress of Jonathan Lord Carbon and Viscount Newgate—formerly Jonathan Colepitts, Esq. an emiment miner and member of Parliament) was at this time about thirty-one years of age. He was a person of various accomplishments. He was a pugilist, a jockey, a dog-fighter, a cock-feeder, a bully, and a gambler; and, in short, distinguished himself in every possible fashion in which a dunce may become eminent. He was a knave by nature, and a senator by descent; dirty, coarse, cunning, and illiterate. He wore his own straight matted black hair; had the low look of a sot; dressed in short breeches and boots; talked slang, and whistled in company; swore at the maids; spat in the candle; blundered in grammar; despised women; hated books; and stood up five feet eight inches complete, a specimen of what a peer of the realm may arrive at, when nature is pleased to laugh at the fantastic tricks of fortune.]

Lambert was naturally appalled at this apparition, and echoed his last words once more. "On Friday?" repeated he, rather disconcerted.

Lord N. Why, to be *sure*; an't I to carry you off to the Grange, as —as—Pooh! as the fellow in the fable did Proserpine.

Lamb. "Your Lordship means to liken yourself to the devil," replied Lambert. "Lady Charlotte, who plays the airs of *Il Ratto* so divinely, would have told your Lordship that the 'fellow' was Pluto."

Lord N. True, true, I remember now, it *was* Plato. He was own brother to Socrates, the man who drank poison in the 'dock.' By the way, do you know old Glauber actually prescribes hemlock for my father. By gad, Sir, I shouldn't wonder if the old Earl was to topple off one of these odd mornings, and then we shall have *him* in history, I suppose, as well as Socrates.

Lamb. There may be some mistake—

Lord N. Oh! no,—no; true as a die. Hyacinth—you know Hyacinth—a d——d deep scholar, I'm told,—well, Sir, *he* did it into English. Poor old Ruddle (our chaplain) couldn't manage the Doctor's Latin—so my sister Jessy wrote up post to the young Reverend, and the thing was untied in a twinkle. But, stay, I've got a square of pasteboard for you—wouldn't let the servant bring it—Ha! why where is it? I *had* it. Where can it be? I must have left it in the stable. Let—me—see. Here's the receipt for the spavin—and the case bottle of brandy—and the half-crown for Sir Thomas Saddleback's man Jem—and the two dog-whips—and the whistle—and the new sneezer—and the Wit's Companion—and—ha!—here it is, at last.

Lamb. (*reads.*) Um—um.

Lord N. Why, what ha' you got here? (*goes to the bookcase.*) Oh! —books. Um—Ha!—Old—Mortality?—Oh! Sam Swiftwell's horse, that run for the Sillinger.—No, it an't, (*reads.*) Um—Claverhouse—Balfour—um—um—Humph! deuced clever, I dare say. What's next? The dog—of Venice? Well, I never heard o' that breed how-ever. Live and larn, as they say.—Ah, ha!—what ha' you got here. So, ho! one of the little Marlboroughs, I see—Come here—Pompey! Pompey! (*Pompey bites him.*)—Ah!—you little devil——

Lamb. (*stifling a laugh.*) I hope your Lordship is not hurt. I'm really sorry that any friend of mine should so far forget your Lordship's station as to—

Lord N. Oh! never mind. I'm used to these things—There—that's my way.—I put my finger in my mouth—tie my pocket handkerchief round the part, and all's well again before you can say "Jack Robison." But, come,—you've read the square, and must go with me into the country.

Lamb. Must?—My Lord, I am not a faun.

Lord N. A fawn? No, I know that; nor a stag neither. But we'll teach you to run like one before we've done with you.

Lamb. Your Lordship is good enough to mistake me. I was mythological.

Lord N. I don't care what you was—but go with me you must and shall. My sister Charlotte swears it; and so—the thing is settled.

Lamb. What—what can I do to slay time? I cannot dig—

Lord N. Do? Why, you shall flog the water a little with a may-fly—or trowl for pike—or pull a pair of sculls—or take my two tits out in the break—or we'll have a steeple hunt—or a cock fight—or set the terriers together for a bit o' sport—in short, there are plenty of ways of amusing you.

Lamb. My Lord, your Lordship is a senator, and, as a consequence, a wise man. I should be happy to join you in some original project —some legislative enactment—but to turn waterman or dog-fighter—! My Lord, I cannot humble my opinions.

Lord N. Why then you shall eat and drink five times a day, and sleep between your meals. I always let my pointers do so, when the season's over.

Lamb. (*smiling*). Ay,—now, indeed, I begin to recognise your Lordship's fine sense and liberal feelings. Eating—(though laborious) is not to be despised; and sleeping—is Epicurean! I begin to think that I may be tempted to forsake the town, and transgress a little with the Sylvans. Will your Lordship insure me against any metamorphosis?

[*Servant enters.*]

Servant. Mr. Foolscap, Sir.

Lamb. Show him up.

Lord N. Insure you? D—mme, I'll insure you for ten thousand in the Atlas: that's where the Earl insures.

Lamb. Does your Lordship mean the—the Mauritanian? (*Foolscap enters.*) Good morning, Mr. Foolscap.

Lord N. Dash me, if I know. I mean the place where the little yellow figure stands over the door,—a little stout rascal made all of brass, and carrying a ball on his back.

Lamb. Ay, 'tis emblematic.

Lord N. No, no, 'tis *brass*, I tell you—all over from top to toe.

Lamb. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot resist so many inducements. Your Lordship shall hear of me on Friday.

Lord N. Why, then,—*bon soir*, as the women say. [*Exit.*

Lamb. A good morning to your Lordship. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—

Foolsc. What are you laughing at? I *wonder* you can laugh at ignorance. I never laugh at ignorance. It moves my pity—my contempt.

Lamb. It moves *mine*—but it moves my muscles also.

Foolsc. The philosopher says that laughter——

Lamb. Is good for the spleen. So I always laugh when I am able.

[*Servant enters.*]

Serv. Sir Thomas Turnpenny, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Thomas. Ha! Lambert, my boy—such a set—I've come here at full gallop—on Friday.

Foolsc. Why Friday is the day that——

Lamb. Gentlemen, on Friday I am—inaccessible—engaged—invisible—what you will.

Sir Thomas. Are you mad? I tell you there is a match—a match! Five Thousand's the sum—you and I against——

Lamb. I am really very sorry, but——

Sir Thomas. Lambert, you must——

Foolsc. Mr. Lambert; I am deputed by the Society for Promoting Grammatical Knowledge, to invite you to become a member—a member, Sir, of that learned body, and to appear and be admitted at their dinner on Friday, Sir.

Lamb. I am much flattered by the compliment, my dear Mr. Foolscap; but on Friday, I really *cannot*—

Foolsc. I have done, Sir. I have delivered the message of the Society, Sir.

Lamb. But, hear me. I really am unable, because——

Foolsc. Good morning, Sir. I will not distress you, Sir, for reasons. Good morning, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lamb. I——an old fool!

Sir Thomas. Fool?—he's an ass. Grammatical knowledge, quotha! What's the use of grammatical knowledge? Had *I* ever any grammatical knowledge? Had my father, or my grandfather, or any of their fathers any grammatical knowledge, I should like to know? Never. And yet we've always been returned for the County without opposition, and one of us spoke twice in "the House!"

Lamb. Amazing!

Sir Thomas. It's true, by jingo. And now doesn't all this prove that——

[*Servant enters.*]

Serv. Miss Lilac will be here directly, Sir.

Sir Thomas. Then I'll be off.

Lamb. Stay a moment, I dare say there's nobody with her.

Serv. Only Miss Bobbin, Sir. [*Sir Thomas runs out.*

Lamb. Ha, ha, ha! well, "'Tis a bad wind," &c. The old proverb reconciles us philosophers sometimes into a toleration of existing evils; and here comes one. Hark! What a pretty little knock, for an authoress.

Now here is a damsel who dips her fingers in ink till she dreams that she is immortal. She comes to visit us bachelors, too, in order to show her contempt of the graces. What can she want? I never saw her but twice in my life, and the last time was fatal to my night's rest. She gabbled so incessantly about the "march of Intellect," and the equality of genius in the sexes, that she fretted me into a fever,—*me*, who am a Stoic by profession! I must not suffer again;—so, allons!

Serv. (*entering*). Miss Lilac and Miss Bobbin, Sir.

[*Enter Miss Lilac and Miss Bobbin.*]

Lamb. Ladies, your most obedient servant.

[*They curtsey profoundly.*

Miss L. I am come, my dear Mr. Lambert——

Lamb. Will you not take chairs? (*offers them: they sit*). And now, ladies, may I beg to know how I can serve you. Miss Highluck, I think? (*addressing Miss L.*)

Miss L. (*offended.*) *Lilac*, Sir!

Miss B. This is Miss Lilac, Sir! a name well known to the present age, as it will be to future generations.

Lamb. (*aside.*) This is the trumpeter, I suppose.—Miss Lilac, I beg your pardon. My servant mentioned your name but indistinctly.

Miss L. I should have thought, Sir, that I could not have been mistaken.

Lamb. When you were once known? undoubtedly not, madam, undoubtedly not. But I am an unfortunate bachelor, madam, dwelling in Bœotia. Your merit, Miss—(*to Miss B.*) *Lieluck*, I think you said, was the name—your merit, Miss Lieluck, is, I am certain, prodigious; but there are some quarters of the world where civilization has never reached—some where the sun itself has no influence. Why should I be ashamed to confess, Madam, that I have yet to learn and admire both your reputation and your genius?

Miss L. (*rising.*) Really, Sir, this is——

Lamb. Pardon me, Madam, it is a sincere tribute to your genius—unknown.

Miss B. I thought, Sir, that you lived in high society.

Lamb. It is true, Madam, that I am banished—to the land of nobles and senators, of field officers and admirals, of foreign ambassadors and the blood royal.

Miss L. The march of intellect takes another course.

Lamb. Yes, Madam; it enlists amongst its supporters now the humble, the youthful, the virtuous. Poets now are matured at the boarding-school, and philosophers at the plough. The youth of genius from school—the tailor (some Abrahamides) from his board—the young lady from the sampler—the—Why cannot I live amongst authors?

Miss B. Shouldn't you like it, Sir?

Lamb. Inevitably, Madam; they are so sincere, so free from vanity!

Miss L. That is a philosophic observation. Even *I myself*, who am allowed to be the first——

Lamb. Ah! Madam, how glad am I to find that you confirm my crude opinions! But, let me know how I can be of service to either of you, ladies.

Miss L. Service, Sir? I really require no——

Miss B. To be candid, Mr. Lambert, we called merely to see you. We are above the common every-day ideas of decorum. The march of intellect——

Miss L. Hold your tongue, Aramintha. To be brief, I expect a few friends, Mr. Lambert, to come and take tea at my lodgings, and communicate their ideas.

Miss B. Our conversazione is on Friday, Sir, and we shall be proud——

Lamb. Ah, unlucky that I am! On Friday is it? Then I fear it is impossible. If, however, it be within the compass of my——

Serv. (*entering.*) The Reverend Mr. Stanley, Sir.

Lamb. (*aside.*) Thank God!—only a country clergyman, ladies; a grave, pious, humble man, I assure you. He has probably a sermon or two in his pocket, which I perhaps may persuade him to——

Miss L. I'm sorry, Sir, but I'm obliged to go.

Miss B. We really must go, Sir. The sermon——

Miss L. Come along, Aramintha. (*Turns round at the door, like Belvidera.*) *Remember,—Friday!* [*Miss L. and Miss B. exeunt.*

Lamb. I shall never forget it, Madam,—never. Adieu! Tyson, open the door.

[*Mr. Stanley enters.*]

My dear Stanley, I rejoice to see you. You come like the man of charity to the hungry beggar—the physician to the despairing patient.

Stan. Why what's the matter? I saw nothing but a couple of girls going down stairs. They seemed respectable?

Lamb. Oh yes, dreadfully respectable. They are authoresses!

Stan. What, those little things?

Lamb. Yes, those little *things*, as you call them; they are philosophers.

Stan. Ha, ha, ha, philosophers, too! What science do they profess?

Lamb. Oh! they profess no *particular* science.

Stan. What art, then, do they understand?

Lamb. No *art*, that I know of; but—but——

Stan. But what? Can they make a pudding?

Lamb. No; I suppose not.

Stan. Can they make their own gowns, or bonnets? Can they embroider? or make petticoats for the poor? or——

Lamb. I don't know that they can.

Stan. In what way, then, are they useful?

Lamb. Useful! You have such strange phrases. I did not say that they were useful: they are women of *genius*. That does not imply a necessity for being useful, I suppose?

Stan. Not in the least, my dear Lambert. I now understand their merits perfectly. I have written a sermon, touching these—these——

Lamb. You want a word, I see: these "stars"—these "meteors."

Stan. These little hectic disorders, which flush the aspect of the age, and grow pale while we are looking at them. Come, you shall hear me deliver it in my own parish church on Friday.

Lamb. Friday! Friday again!

Serv. (*entering.*) Thirteen cards, Sir; from Lord Lapland, Sir Simon Scatterbrains, Lady Dawdle, the Countess of Crowquill, the——

Lamb. Stop, stop, thou villain—begone! [*Servant exit.*] For what?

for when? (*Reads.*) Ha! fatal, fatal Friday—all for Friday! My dear Stanley, I see that it is in vain to contend against Fate. Some way or other I must become a martyr; and so, as yours is really, after all, the pleasantest invitation I have met with, I will e'en go down to you on Friday, and listen to your country sermon.

[*Exeunt, Stanley laughing.*

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, NO. V.

Mr. Lawrence.

"Expende Annibalem."—*Juvenal, Sat.* x.

Mr. Lawrence has, in his day, excited a greater sensation in his profession, and, perchance, out of it, than many men of his standing. Gifted with great talent, with an enlarged and liberal mode of thinking, and with a boldness of expression and of action, unusual in a profession the members of which are removed, or ought to be, more than those of any other, from all political and polemical disputation,—he appeared upon the arena of public life, an object of fear to some, of suspicion to others, of admiration to all. The novelty of his views—novel, at least, as being promulgated by a man of his calling—the fearless, unshrinking, and peremptory manner in which they were pressed upon the public, the apparent sincerity and disinterestedness of his motives, and the contempt in which he held all direct or indirect opposition to his principles, stamped him at once a man of a bold, uncompromising, daring spirit. "My opinions are published:" these are his words before the College of Surgeons, in reply to the "Charges of Mr. Abernethy," (what these charges were we shall presently see,)—"my opinions are published; they were not brought forward secretly, they have never shunned the light, and they shall never be concealed nor compromised. Without this freedom of inquiry and speech, the duty of your professors would be irksome and humiliating; they would be dishonoured in their own eyes, and in the estimation of the public. These privileges, Gentlemen, shall never be surrendered by me. I will not be set down, nor cried down by any person, in any place, or under any pretexts. However flattering it may be to my vanity to wear this gown, if it involves any sacrifice of independence, the smallest dereliction of the right to examine freely the subjects on which I address you, and to express fearlessly the result of my investigations, I would strip it off instantly!"

The venerable elders appointed to guard the portals of the great edifice in Lincoln's-Inn Fields (for thus has Mr. Lawrence designated the seniors of the surgical profession) were amazed and utterly confounded at language like this. It was not what they had been accustomed to hear in a place dedicated to the harmless recreations of a few quiet old gentlemen; and, gazing inquiringly at each other, they exclaimed, "Surely, this man is mad: much learning has turned his brain." But if he were mad, they soon discovered that there was "method in his madness," and, at the same time, a display of labour, research, and knowledge; for his lectures, to which the assertion quoted above refers, contain an immense body of information, collected and arranged with great dexterity, and copiously enough embellished with all the boldness of their author's

opinions. At that time, Lawrence could scarcely have passed his thirtieth year; and well might such avowals have startled the sages, who sat listening to this surgical Solon.

His "Reply" to the "Charges of Mr. Abernethy" is a specimen of true eloquence, cutting sarcasm, and stinging humour, and must have been keenly felt by his accusers. As this dispute was a subject of intense interest to the profession, and as no account of it is extant in any unperishable publication, we shall enter more fully upon it here than we otherwise should have done. Mr. Lawrence, then, was accused by Mr. Abernethy, in the professor's chair of the College of Surgeons, of "the unworthy design of propagating opinions detrimental to society, and of endeavouring to enforce them for the purpose of loosening those restraints on which the welfare of mankind depends." He was charged, in short, with advocating *Materialism*, and of endeavouring to prove that man is merely a machine. There was no lack of acrimony and violence on the part of his accuser, who, after designating him and his party "modern sceptics," thus concludes his charge:—"If what I said in the introductory lectures has irritated the party of sceptics, what I now say may anger them still more. But I fear them not; they can only shoot at me with the shafts of ridicule, or spit at me the venom of their malice, both of which modes of assault I actually laugh at; for the experiment has been tried, and I know that, though these things may tickle, they can never annoy me. To express my opinions on this subject a little technically, I may say such means have no effect upon sound or naturally defended surfaces: some point must be exposed, or morbidly susceptible, ere they can occasion either pain or irritation. If, however, the sceptics had even the power to injure me, still I should not fear them, because I place between us the undisguised truth, which they can neither conquer nor confront. For Truth possesses a power which poets have represented by symbols. Like the ægis of Minerva, or the spear of Ithuriel, it has the power, not only of protecting and maintaining what is right, but of revealing, abashing, and appalling what is wrong."

The gauntlet being thus thrown, and the efforts of the sceptics being set at defiance, it was reserved for Mr. Lawrence, as the reputed leader of the sect, to combat the accuser; and he did so with such boldness and ability, as to have made, we suspect, rather more than a *ticklish* impression upon his assailants. Mr. Lawrence's reply was a masterly production. In addition to the high and fearless spirit which prevails throughout, it contains some observations which would have conferred credit on the talents of a more matured judgment. "To fair argument and free discussion," said the youthful respondent, "I shall never object, even if they should completely destroy my own opinions; for my object is truth, not victory. But when argument is abandoned, and its place supplied by an inquiry into motives, designs, and tendencies, the case is altered. If vanquished in fair discussion, I should have yielded quietly; but it cannot have been expected that I would lie still and be trampled on, lecture after lecture; cut and mangled with every weapon, fair and foul; assailed with appeals to the passions and prejudices—to the fears of the timid, the alarms of the ignorant and the bigoted; and this, too, when nothing is easier than to destroy the ill-constructed fabric, to crumble its very fragments to dust, and to scatter them before the wind."

Again. "And here I take the opportunity of protesting, in the strongest terms, in behalf of the interests of science, and of that free discussion which is essential to its successful cultivation, against the attempt to stifle an impartial inquiry by an outcry of pernicious tendency; and against perverting science and literature, which naturally tend to bring mankind acquainted with each other, to the anti-social purposes of inflaming and prolonging national prejudice and animosity. Letters have been called the tongue of the world; and Science may be regarded in the same light. They supply common objects of interest, in which the selfish, unsocial feelings are not called into action, and thus they promote new friendships among nations. Through them distant people become capable of conversing; and, losing by degrees the awkwardness of strangers, and the moroseness of suspicion, they learn to know and understand each other. Science, the partizan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. She never inquires about the country or sect of those who seek admission; she never allots a higher or a lower place from exaggerated national claims, or unfounded national antipathies.* Her influence on the mind, like that of the sun on the chilled earth, has long been preparing it for higher cultivation and farther improvement. The philosopher of one country should not see an enemy in the philosopher of another; he should take his seat in the Temple of Science, and ask not who sits beside him. The savage notion of a natural enemy should be banished from this sanctuary, where all, from whatever quarter, should be regarded as of one great family; and, being engaged in pursuits calculated to increase the general sum of happiness, should never exercise intolerance towards each other, nor assume that right of arraigning the motives and designs of others, which belongs only to the Being who can penetrate the recesses of the human heart:—an assumption which is so well reprobated by our great poet:—

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land
> On each I judge thy foe."

There are two points to be considered as connected with this dispute. Firstly: Was Mr. Lawrence guilty of the offence with which he was charged? Secondly: Was he sincere in the opinions which he advocated? We can only judge of the tree by its fruit; nor can we completely comprehend a man's motives except through the medium of his actions. Now, we have no right to assume any knowledge of Mr. Lawrence's motives in this matter; neither *do* we know any thing of his history, beyond that which he himself has forced upon us, and upon the public generally, through the medium of the press. To say that we do not know him personally would be wrong; because Lawrence being a public character—public, that is, as the deputed reformer of alleged abuses—is well known to the majority of his professional brethren: but this we will say, that Mr. Lawrence has not only never seen us, but is most probably unconscious of our existence. We think it neces-

* The reader should be acquainted that Mr. Lawrence was suspected of participating in the opinions and doctrines of the French Materialists; while Mr. Abernethy was a vehement advocate of the principles of his countryman John Hunter.

sary to make this declaration, that our remarks may be properly and fairly appreciated. To return, then, to our subject.

Was Mr. Lawrence guilty of propagating the doctrine of *materialism?* Our readers know—at least many of them must know—that the publication of Lawrence's Lectures was pirated; and that, upon applying to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the robber from pursuing his iniquitous design, the late Lord Chancellor, with that sensitive regard for the public, for which he was so notorious, refused the injunction, because the book was said to be of an immoral tendency, thereby permitting any rogue and vagabond to circulate it as widely, and as briskly as possible! Setting up too his own opinions (confessedly, in all things but law dogmas, the most narrow and bigoted in the land,) as tests of what was or was not pernicious in science as well as morals. This, then, was *prima facie* evidence of the author's guilt; but it is rather too late in the day for the public to pass an immitigable sentence of condemnation on a decision from such a quarter as this, or to pin their faith on a "judgment" of Lord Eldon, when by chance he did happen to be delivered of one. Let us see, then, of what character and intensity Mr. Lawrence's crime was, as it stands recorded in his published Lectures; let us see what opinions these were, that Mr. Lawrence so boastingly gloried in, and that were never to be "concealed nor compromised."

After his introduction, after inveighing most energetically against prejudice and errors, and after descanting with great power and ability upon "reason and free inquiry," as the "effectual antidotes of error," he proceeds to examine "*physiologically*, as he particularly expresses it, the constitution of the human mind. This, he says, is material, perfectly, decidedly, tangibly material; it declines with the natural declination of the other organs of the body, becomes decrepit in old age, and "finally extinguished by death." "What," he asks, "do we infer from this succession of phenomena? The existence and action of a principle entirely distinct from the body? or a close analogy to the history of all other organs and functions?"

"The number and kind of the intellectual phenomena in different animals," he continues, "correspond closely to the degree of the developement of the brain. The mind of the Negro and the Hottentot, of the Calmuck and the Carib, is inferior to that of the European; and their organization is also less perfect. The large cranium and high forehead of the Orang-otang lift him above his brother monkeys; but the developement of his cerebral hemispheres, and his mental manifestations, are both equally below those of the Negro. The gradation of organization and of mind passes through the monkey, dog, elephant, horse, to other quadrupeds; thence to birds, reptiles, and fishes, and so on to the lowest links of the animal chain."

This is plain enough, because this is physically demonstrable. It is upon this principle, in fact, that phrenology is founded. Phrenologists, too, have been accused of very terrible perpetrations—of materialism, of infidelity, of fatalism, and Heaven knows what beside; and unjust, indeed, has such accusation been, let their notions be well or ill founded. What does the phrenologist attempt to prove? That the mind is material, wholly and perfectly material? No such thing; he merely points out physical indications of moral effects. This is the "head and

front of his offending," the sum total of his enormities. We all know very well that the more widely the brain is developed, the more intellect is its possessor blessed with. Let any one look at the noble and towering foreheads of Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Byron, *cum multis aliis*, and then doubt this fact: let him, moreover, scrutinize the skulls of his own intimate acquaintance, and he will surely find that those who have high and expansive foreheads, are more talented than those who have mean and contracted ones.

This, then, is Mr. Lawrence's "case." As to the soundness of his doctrines, we shall enter into no discussion about them in the way of refutation, because the subject is not at all adapted to our pages; and if it were, it would occupy a much larger space than we could afford to give it. One thing, however, we must observe, and that is, the extreme indecorum and folly of introducing such a theme in such a place and upon such an occasion. We can readily believe that many of Mr. Lawrence's *juvenile* auditors (for students are admitted to these collegiate lectures) felt highly delighted at the bold and fearless discussion of so interesting and important a question. Mr. Lawrence was himself, as we have already intimated, a young man, and he advocated his doctrine with all the energy and fire of youth, vowing, as we have shown, that his opinions should "never be concealed nor compromised." It is true that he treated the matter "physiologically;" at least, he declared that he did so. But he knows, as well as every one else, that the question was not a physiological one, and never could be so discussed. We must acquit him, notwithstanding all this, of any improper motives in thus standing forth as the advocate of materialism. Mr. Lawrence was a talented man, and he knew it. He felt the workings of his spirit strong within him; and were the energies of this spirit to be wasted upon a dry detail of bones, arteries, and muscles? Mr. Lawrence was, moreover, young, *very* young, for the distinguished office which he held: and who does not know that youth is fiery, impetuous, and imprudent? It was not to be supposed that a man of his talent and fearless energy would hide his light, although it certainly was *not* "light from heaven," under a bushel.

Mr. Lawrence's hot and zealous friends, more especially the converts to this creed, may deny the culpability of his conduct in this affair. But not only have we this gentleman's own confession that he had behaved very foolishly, in introducing the subject within "the portals of the great edifice in Lincoln's-Inn Fields," but also that which very closely resembles a complete abjuration of the doctrine itself; and this, too, after the bold assertion that his opinions should "never be concealed nor compromised!"

In the year 1822, at the annual election of Surgeon to Bridewell and Bethlem hospitals, the Governors, having taken umbrage at Mr. Lawrence's conduct, as connected with the subject above-mentioned, were strongly inclined to discard him from an office which he had filled for some time before. An attempt was accordingly made to render him ineligible; but Mr. Waithman, in what the newspapers called "a most able speech," told the Governors that they ought to be ashamed of such a narrow and bigoted spirit; and the motion was lost by 52 to 26. There being no other candidate of any note, Mr. Lawrence was re-elected, as a matter of course. There was a little bit of manœuvring

by-play connected with this affair, which is not known to every one. Previously to the election, Mr. Lawrence, well aware of the strong prejudice which existed against him, and naturally anxious to retain a situation, which, although honorary, was not without its benefits, wrote a letter to Sir Richard Carr Glynn, the President, which exhibits a great "falling off" from the high and fearless tone of his "Reply."

"Experience and reflection," quoth the candidate, "have only tended to convince me more strongly that the publication of certain passages in these writings (the lectures, namely,) was highly improper; to increase my regret at having sent them forth to the world; to make me satisfied with the measure of withdrawing them from public circulation, and, consequently, to resolve me, not only never to reprint them, but, also, never to publish any thing more on similar subjects." We need not quote any more. The recantation was kindly received, and Mr. Lawrence was duly elected.

That a man should recant opinions, which "experience and reflection" have proved to be untenable, is not only no crime, but actually meritorious; because it evinces that candour and a regard for truth are inherent qualities of his disposition. Indeed, at the very beginning of this discussion, Mr. Lawrence avowed that his object was "truth, and not victory." We would willingly believe that Mr. Lawrence felt fully aware of his errors, and that "experience and reflection" really did convince him that his behaviour was very, very wrong. But then, again, the election! Had his retraction appeared unconnected with this event, we should have received its sincerity with much more gladness.

We have the highest respect for Mr. Lawrence's professional talents. There are few men whom we would more readily intrust with a difficult surgical case, or a delicate and important operation. As an "operator," indeed, he stands very high. Not even Sir Astley himself, famed as he is for handling the knife, is his superior. As a lecturer, he is clear, eloquent (as we have seen), and impressive. As a practitioner, he is acute, sensible, and attentive; and has the art, like Mr. Brodie, although not to such an extent, of quickly comprehending all the leading features of a case, and of energetically acting upon them. Pity it is that, with these qualifications, Mr. Lawrence should be addicted to a passion for popularity. In the great question of redress from the alleged abuses of the managers of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Lawrence was fixed upon by the oppressed as their champion and deliverer. Meetings were convened, resolutions were proposed, measures were concocted, and, to a certain extent, executed: and Mr. Lawrence, supported by the Editor of "The Lancet," was the champion of the aggrieved.

But this was not all. In the affair, Mr. Lawrence behaved most strangely. After casting no small vituperation upon the "venerable elders" of the profession, he accepted a seat in the College Council, and united himself to those very "elders" whom he had hitherto stigmatized as oppressors!

Surely, surely this is not consistent or reasonable. We must again express our regret that a man so highly gifted as Mr. Lawrence undoubtedly is, should "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven."

May we hope, now that "experience and reflection" have carried conviction to his heart, and now that Time has begun to "thin his flowing hair," that his energies may, for the future, be directed only to the bestowing of benefits upon mankind? Mr. Lawrence has the means, more than any other man we know, of conferring innumerable advantages upon his fellow-creatures; and it would be infinitely more gratifying to his *real* friends to find him in future solely occupied in thus directing his talents.

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS.*

It is but fair to warn all glancing readers from entering into these premises in pursuit of light reading and mere amusement. There is neither fine writing nor merry conceits—neither scenery nor poetry—no fanciful speculations nor sparkling refinements—neither wit nor satire—no matters of current gossip or scandal, scarcely the mention of any living individual, of whom the world has ever heard, save Mahomet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt—no fashionable science even of any thing on the earth, or under it, or over it—nothing of plants and animals, sticks and stones;—but, nevertheless, the book is full of a quiet yet pregnant interest, for it tells abundantly of a country with the characteristics and traditions of which we have all been familiar from our childhood—of a country which none visit for pleasure, and few for business, and of which, of course, the opportunities for learning any thing must be scarce—of a country which is the seat and centre of a besotting superstition, rivaling in extent, and almost in duration, the religion of Christendom—of a country, which none but the votaries of that superstition are permitted to enter for the worship of relics and localities, and into which the author was enabled to penetrate solely by being so thoroughly imbued with the associations and sentiments of the natives, as to pass unnoticed and undetected; and all this in a plain and palpable style, which carries a conviction with it that nothing but the possession of copious knowledge, and the desire to communicate honestly and distinctly, could possibly sustain.

Yet the real value of the book consists almost exclusively in the complete and particularizing view it gives us of Mecca and Medina—the chief cities of the sacred soil—embracing the whole succession of ceremonies connected with the visits to the temples, the numerous objects of adoration or respect, and the performance of the pilgrimage—of all which very little was before known from any authority to which implicit credit could be attached. For, as to the details of the topography of these towns, and the employments of the inhabitants, as minute as a London Directory, or the tour of a watering-place—these are far beyond the *wants* of any class of readers, and seem calculated only to prove that the writer had visited every corner and cranny in obedience to the exactions of his taskmasters. With the dress and manners the author assumed the character and religious profession of an Egyptian gentleman of decayed fortunes, visiting Mecca as an Hadji, or pilgrim, and under this disguise, which he was well qualified to sustain, uninterruptedly surveyed the forbidden scene. How far such disguise and dissimulation may seem justifiable, even for much higher objects than the advantages of which Burckhardt was in pursuit, it is at least superfluous to inquire, for few are likely to incur the same labour of qualification; and as to any seduction in the example, that is so entirely uninviting, that any severity of reprehension, or any effort employed in tracing the consequences of such perversion, would be mere Quixotism—for where is the danger of example, when none will imitate? Nevertheless there is something revolting in a *course* of dissimulation,

* Travels in Arabia; comprehending an account of those territories in Hedjaz, which the Mahommedans regard as sacred. By the late John Lewis Burckhardt. In 1 vol. 4to.

though for unselfish, and even for scientific purposes; for while we admire the fortitude of the individual, and his powers of endurance, we cannot but be somewhat shocked at the capacity it exhibits for roguery, and must naturally shrink from coming too closely in contact with such an adept. The *capacity* only—for in all other respects, in all the relations of domestic and social life, his integrity was unimpeachable; but all delicate sense of rectitude, straight-forwardness, and naturalness of feeling must, by such a course, inevitably become warped, and it will be well for such a man, if he be not exposed to extraordinary temptations. He *must* be more accustomed to look to the end than the means—to think the doing ill for good, and nothing is so delusive, a venial matter;—if, in one instance, he find a sanction for obliquity, he will be the less disinclined to seek it, or rather he will be more prepared to discover it in another. Here is the danger, generally, of enthusiasm—at least of giving way to a master passion:—it absorbs or obscures all other considerations—it removes difficulties by not looking at them, and blunts moral perceptions by acting in defiance of them.

Of Burckhardt's story every body, to some extent, knows perhaps something; if not, in few words, he was the son of a Swiss gentleman, who was involved in difficulties by his resistance to the French revolution. The young man was sent for his education to Leipsic, in 1800, then sixteen years of age, and where, and at Gottingen, he remained five years, and then returned to his friends. Diplomacy, or the army, appears to have been his first object; but his detestation, generated by the oppression suffered by his family, of all French connexions and French principles, precluded him from all chance of finding employment on the Continent,—for there all were subject to France, or in alliance with it. In 1806 he finally came to England with letters of introduction from and to persons of the highest respectability, and among others from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks. Mingling with the friends of this latter gentleman, he soon became acquainted with the views of the African Association; and this at a period when Horneman was despaired of, and Nicholls was known to be dead, and new candidates for the perilous office were in requisition. With no definitive purposes of his own, and no prospect opening before him, this opportunity for activity caught his imagination, and he offered his services, which were readily listened to—for he was a young man of good natural, and considerable acquired talents, and possessed of a constitution apparently of great vigour—his *birth* too, for that is particularly singled out among his qualifications, recommended him with the aristocracy of the institution. Early in 1808 his offers were finally accepted; and the interval, till his departure, something less than a twelvemonth, was spent at Cambridge in the study of "Arabic, and those branches of science which were most necessary for the situation in which he was going to be placed." This is the account of Colonel Leake, his biographer we may call him, and affords a ludicrous specimen of the whimsical conceptions, entertained by persons wholly ignorant of them, of the English Universities. The very atmosphere, they evidently suppose, must be saturated with learning in *all* its branches, which must of course be inhaled by the alumni of the place, if they will but keep their mouths open;—though the truth is, Oxford and Cambridge offer no particular advantages, and for a man in Burckhardt's circumstances, who had already gone through a University course in Germany, and one far more general and effective than any thing of the kind in our own, the chances and means of acquiring all preparatory knowledge would have been ten times greater in London. At Cambridge, however, he could and did allow his beard to grow, (was a grace passed for this?) and assume the Oriental dress, and attend (thus equipped?) lectures in chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, medicine, and surgery, and in the intervals of his studies exercise himself by long journeys on foot, bareheaded, in the heat of the sun, sleeping upon the ground, and living upon vegetables and water.

Destined, as Burckhardt was, to penetrate into the interior of Africa,

Arabic was a prime object; and accordingly, Cambridge having done every thing else for him, he was directed, in the first instance, to go into Syria, and take up his residence at Aleppo. From Aleppo, after two years, he was to go to Cairo, and from thence by the Fezzan caravan, to Mourzouk, and from that spot, finally, he was to set out, as he best could, for the interior. Fate, however, settled the matter somewhat otherwise. From Aleppo, before his final departure for Egypt, he made several excursions—one to Palmyra, another to Damascus, a third to the Libanus and Anti-Libanus, and the unexplored country of the Auronitis. On his route to Egypt, he passed through the Decapolis, Nazareth, along the Jordan, and onwards to the east and south of the Dead Sea. From Cairo he went up the Nile nearly to Dongola, and in a subsequent excursion, quitting the Nile a little to the south of Thebes, he stretched boldly along the desert of Nubia, directly south, till he reached the bank of the Astroborus, in the latitude of 18°; and from thence crossed nearly at right angles to Suakin on the Red Sea. These last excursions were all he accomplished in the interior of Africa;—but these, or at least the last, led to a tour in Arabia—a not less interesting country, and scenes scarcely less original than his Nubian journeys

His travels in Syria and Nubia were published, the last in 1819, the first in 1822. The tour in Arabia was made in 1814–5, and, in 1817, Burckhardt died, exhausted by repeated attacks of illness, at Cairo. The materials of the present volume, soon after, reached the hands of his employers; and why they have thus for ten or twelve years been withheld, at a time when the greatest avidity for geographical knowledge has been shown, seems perfectly unaccountable; for the reason assigned—Colonel Leake's numerous engagements, and the ultimate abandonment of the office of Editor, is scarcely satisfactory. Sir William Ouseley at length undertook the task, and possibly more labour has been required from the Editor than appears upon the surface—for Burckhardt's language was not always English, and *redaction*, as the French have it, was probably often demanded to considerable extent. More materials still remain, ample enough, it seems, for another quarto, consisting of details relative to the Arabs of the desert, and especially the Wahabys, which we have no doubt will prove of more value and interest to many readers than any thing we have yet had; and we do hope the Society will allow them to see the light, before the Wahabys are wholly forgotten. The public has scarcely any thing that comes with authority about them.

We turn now to the volume before us. Crossing from Suakin, Burckhardt landed in Arabia, in July 1814, at Djidda, which may be called the port of Mecca, though probably from forty to fifty miles distant—at least Burckhardt rode an ass over the distance in thirteen hours. His first business was to present his letter of crédit; but he had left Cairo full eighteen months, and advantage was taken of the date to resist payment. He was thus compelled to sell a trusty slave for present subsistence. Finding, however, that Mahomet Ali was at Tayf, five days distant, prosecuting the Wahaby war, he despatched a messenger, and through an Armenian physician in Mahomet's service, solicited an order upon the treasury in return for his bills payable at Cairo. In the mean while he luckily met with a person desirous of transferring 100*l.* to Cairo, who frankly took his bill. Scarcely was this negotiation concluded, when a message arrived from Mahomet, not bringing a compliance with his request, but a present of clothes and a few piastres—Mahomet had heard he was in a ragged condition—and an urgent desire, that is, a command, to visit him forthwith in company with his messenger. Mecca lies between Djidda and Tayf, and the messenger was ordered to avoid going through Mecca; this, however, he evaded, and Burckhardt—what he ardently wished, but could not venture to ask—got a glimpse of it. At Tayf, Mahomet received him with some distinction and a show of cordiality, but let out on more than one occasion his suspicion that Burckhardt was connected with England—was a spy upon his actions, and

on his way to India, from whence he had reason, he thought, to apprehend an invasion—recollecting, it may be presumed, Sir David Baird's expedition. Burckhardt was lodged with his friend the Armenian physician, and soon found himself under close surveillance; to escape from which he had recourse to an expedient, which it seems is infallible in the East, and equally so, probably, in the West, which was, as nothing can be refused to a guest, to make himself as troublesome as possible, and in this he succeeded so admirably, that Bosari, the physician, was glad to get rid of him at any rate, and accordingly represented him to the Pacha as a perfectly harmless person, who might be safely allowed to go where he pleased. Nor, in fact, though he was at both Mecca and Medina, when the Pacha was there, was he again in the slightest degree interfered with, nor did he himself seek his protection. No policy is so mistaken, in Burckhardt's opinion, as seeking the favour of a Turk, or accepting one from him; to do any thing with him, you must play the great man, and if he makes presents, return him double, and then he is your very humble servant. We suspect these airs and graces are beginning at least to suit the latitude of London as well as of Cairo.

Thus released, Burckhardt lost no time in repairing to Mecca: and, as the great point of interest in the book is the ceremonial of the holy cities, we shall confine our notice to a hasty, but perhaps not inadequate, sketch of them. They have never been offered to the world with the degree of authenticity and punctilio they now are, and though in themselves insignificant and childish, the description discloses what has long been clothed in mystery and wrapped in fable, and a description of the plain and unvarnished kind before us, is valuable precisely because it removes the mystery, dispels prejudice, refutes falsehood, and, by telling all that is to be told, puts a complete stop to farther misrepresentation.

Burckhardt's first object was to go strictly through the whole ritual of observances; and accordingly, at some distance from Mecca, he assumed the Ihram, a dress imperative upon the visitor for the first time to Mecca and the temple. It consists of two pieces, linen, woollen or cotton, one of which is wrapped round the loins, the other round the neck and shoulders, leaving the right-arm bare, and indeed the rest of the person. It must have no seam, and no silk or ornament, and be white in preference to any other colour. The head must be uncovered, except in sickness, nor must it be shaved till the ihram is laid aside. On entering Mecca, the first duty, to be immediately performed, is the visit to the temple, and cicerones of course in troops are in attendance, who carefully instruct and attend the stranger through the ceremonies. These consist chiefly of certain rites in the interior of the temple—the walk, or Say, between Sfaza and Merona—and the visit to the Omra. First as to the temple,—at the entrance, on the first sight of the Kaaba, some prayers are recited with four prostrations, at once in address to the deity, and in salutation of the mosque. In passing under the arch of the Kaaba, more prayers are delivered. Then approaching the Black Stone, which in size and form is an irregular oval of about seven inches the longest way, the devotee utters more prayers, and touches it, or if the crowd be not too great, kisses it. He now walks the Towaf, that is, he walks the tour of the Kaaba seven times, for reasons which, as well as for other parts of the ceremony, we, for want of space, must beg to omit, but all are of the most puerile cast. Every circuit is accompanied with appropriate prayers, murmured in a very low tone, and the black stone in the N.E. corner is touched or kissed every time it is passed; another stone also, in the S. E. corner, not equally sacred, but entitled to certain distinctions, is honoured with a touch, but never with a kiss. The touring over, he is directed to stretch out his arms in the space between the black stone and the door, and press his breast to the wall and pray; then stepping to an adjoining spot, he makes four prostrations and more prayers, and finally completes the ceremony of the interior by a pious address to the well, which is close by, and a copious draught of the water. Through the whole of this course, the

guide follows close at the heels of his employer, reciting the prayers, which the devotee repeats after him.

From the Mosque the guide conducts the novice to the Hill of Sfaza, a slight ascent, about fifty yards distant, on the top of which are three small arches, connected by an architrave, with three broad stone steps leading up to them. Here the pilgrim begins to pray, preparatory to his encountering the Say, or walk between Sfaza and Merona, and then descends along a level street of six hundred paces, till he arrives at the end of it, where is a corresponding elevation, called Merona, on which stands a platform, raised some six or eight feet, with several broad steps ascending to it. This walk must be performed at a good round pace, and a part of it, too, which the guide indicates, must be run, and running or walking the performer must pray aloud all the way. Arrived at Merona, he ascends the steps and prays, precisely as at Sfaza, to which spot he must forthwith return; and this space of six hundred paces must he traverse in the same way seven times. Exhausted, generally, by these exertions, he proceeds with all the speed that is left him, to a barber's shop, and gets his head shaved; the tonsor praying all the while, and the patient repeating carefully after him. He is now at liberty, if he chooses, to throw off the ihram; but, if he be a man of despatch, and of competent muscle, he defers the doffing of his sacred robe till he has been to the Omra, which, if not done immediately, must be done within a day or two.

The Omra is an hour and a half's distance—walking or riding, distances seem to be much the same in the East—from Mecca. Here, in a small chapel, he prostrates and prays, and then returns to the city, chanting a pious ejaculation, beginning "Lebeyk, Allahumma, Lebeyk," which we shall not undertake to construe. Returned from the Omra, not only the Towaf, but even the merciless Say, must again be renewed, and the shaving be again repeated, if he has a hair left, and then, at last, he is allowed to put off his ihram, and go in search of lodgings. But so laborious are these offices, that usually the Omra-visit is deferred for a day or two, and performed in the cool of the night; but this relief is purchased apparently at the cost of some repetitions, or additional ceremonies.

These ceremonies constitute no part of the Hadj, or pilgrimage; nor was this the season. Burckhardt reached Mecca during the Rhamadan in September; and at Mecca he remained, for the most part, till the arrival of the pilgrim-caravans, and on the 24th of November commenced the preparations for the due performance of the Hadj, which consists of a procession to Mount Arafat—a distance of six hours—and in certain ceremonies there, which we shall detail as briefly as possible.

The arrival of pilgrims from all quarters of the Mohammedan world render Mecca, at this period, a scene of continued bustle:—they come from Timbuctoo and Samarcand — from Georgia and Borneo, but not with their former magnificence nor numbers, nor annually. The multitudes appear to have lessened perceptibly from year to year, attributable, Burckhardt suggests, to the growing indifference, and the increase of expense, though it is a duty rigorously enjoined by the law. It is got over, in many cases, by dint of praying, or more effectually by sending a substitute, or empowering some convenient person who undertakes commissions of this kind for a few dollars, and makes a comfortable livelihood by it.

To perform the pilgrimage with a due degree of respectability, Burckhardt hired two camels for the four days occupied in going and returning. Early in the morning of the 24th the procession was in movement, the Syrian company leading the way, headed by a sacred camel, and the Pacha of Damascus and his ladies in splendid palanquins suspended on pairs of camels, decorated (the camels) with feathers and tassels and bells, and the populace shouting as they paced along. Then followed the Egyptian caravan, with almost equal splendour, and headed, in like manner, by a sacred camel, and the Pacha of Egypt and his soldiers and suite. Before mid-day all the pilgrims, not attached to particular parties, likewise mounted their

camels, followed by the greater part of the population of Mecca and Djidda, who go every year to Arafat, to partake of the festivities.

As Burckhardt had a character for piety to support, he set out in the afternoon, on foot, (this is a highly meritorious act,) with a companion and a slave mounted on his two camels. The march is one of six hours only, but the crowds obstructed the road, and retarded his arrival till three hours after sunset. Some did not reach the ground till midnight, and several hours elapsed before the clamour subsided. Few, indeed, seem to have slept, or even attempted it. The devotees prayed and chanted—particularly the Syrians. The Meccawys, with whom it is merely a holiday—the nearer the church, the farther from God—made parties and sang songs and shouted and clapped their hands, and the coffee-houses, abounding on all sides, were crowded the whole night. The night was cold and dark and somewhat rainy, and Burckhardt had but just found a resting-place by fastening a carpet to the back of a Meccawy tent, and settled himself for a nap, when the guns of the Syrian and Egyptian caravans announced the dawn of the day of pilgrimage, and summoned the faithful to early prayers. All was in an instant stir and bustle, and Burckhardt hastened to the top of Mount Arafat to obtain a more distinct and general view. This hill is a mile or more in circuit, and rises two hundred feet from the plain, broad stone steps leading to the top of it. From the summit he counted three thousand tents stretched over the plain, of which about two-thirds belonged to the caravans. The greater part were, like himself, without tents. Full twenty-five thousand camels were dispersed in different directions. The tents of the two Pachas were very conspicuous objects; but the most magnificent of all was that of the wife of Mahomet, the mother of Tousoun and Ibrahim. She had arrived with a royal equipage—five hundred camels being necessary to transport her baggage. Her tent was an encampment of a dozen tents of different sizes, filled with her women, the whole enclosed with a screen of linen, eight hundred paces in circuit; and around were pitched the tents of the men who formed her numerous suite, splendidly decorated.

All are said to encamp on the Mount, which is reported by some to have an accommodating, expansive power; but a provision, says Burckhardt, has been carefully made against the *impossibility*, by declaring the plain to fall within the limits of the hill. Burckhardt estimated the numbers at seventy thousand. The camp covered a space of between three and four miles, by between one and two broad. The scene was a perfect Babel; he reckoned forty different languages, and had no doubt there were many more—the hearing of which seems to have had no other effect upon him than prompting a desire to penetrate the inmost recesses of *all* their countries—such was his indomitable mania for travelling, and such the absorbing nature of his ruling propensity. Amidst the tumult and confusion of this obstreperous crowd, no very nice observance of ceremonial was to be expected:—the early prayers should be performed at a particular mosque, and thither the Pachas, the only persons whose movements were liable to be much observed, repaired; but the greater part quite neglected them, and the mid-day ones too—no one appearing to concern himself with his neighbour's punctuality, or the want of it. A complete ablution is also enjoined after mid-day prayers; but the weather was cloudy and cold, and nine-tenths, shivering under the thin covering of the Ihram, ventured to omit this chilling performance, and content themselves with the ordinary washings. At three was to begin the sermon—that for which the whole assembly had specifically met; and as the hour approached, every one pressed towards the Mount, and covered its sides from top to bottom. At the exact moment the preacher presented himself on the platform of the hill, mounted on a restive camel, from which he was quickly obliged to alight, and commenced the sermon, which lasts till sunset, the being present at which constitutes the main ceremony of the Hadj, and entitles the hearer to the name and privileges of Hadjy.

The moment the sun sunk behind the western hills, the crowds made a sudden rush down the mount, in pious emulation, and speedily all were in

motion on the plain, and ready to set out again homewards; the Pachas preceded by torches; cannons, the while, roaring, muskets popping, rockets soaring, with deafening shouts rising on all sides. At Mezdelfe, two hours march, the whole multitude stopped for the night, which was passed much in the same way as the preceding one at Arafat. Before dawn a gun was again fired to start the pilgrims, and at day-break commenced another sermon, at which, though attendance be equally enjoined, comparatively few attended. It lasted only till sunrise, when the whole mass again moved forward to Wady Muna, one hour's march, still in the direction to Mecca. The first duty imposed here was *throwing stones at the Devil.* At each end of the valley of Muna, fifteen hundred paces in length, and in the middle, are pillars of six or seven feet high, against which every pilgrim throws seven small stones, of the size of a horse-bean, gathered at Mezdelfe, at least by the more devout—the careless, the larger class, pick them up on the spot, and, doubtless, throw what have been thrown before. Thus prepared and protected, they kill the animals brought for sacrifice. Between six and eight thousand sheep and goats were ready for the occasion, under the care of Bedouins, who exacted large prices from the improvident. Though every part of Wady Muna is equally permissible for the sacrifice, there is, of course, a favourite spot—a smooth rock, where several thousand sheep were killed in the space of a quarter of an hour. This duty completes the business of the Hadj, and all hasten to the barbers' shops, of which there is a row of thirty or forty near the favourite killing-spot, and get a fourth of their heads shaved—the remainder being reserved till the final visit to the Kaaba is paid. The Ihram is thrown off, the ordinary dress resumed, and mutual congratulations follow, and then nothing is thought of but the feast. Tekabbel Allah rings on all sides, and every body seems elated. Two days more are spent at this place, mainly, or solely, to throw more stones, on the noon of each day, to complete sixty-three jaculations. The rest of the day they spend as they please. The merchants looked after their merchandize. The Pachas paid mutual visits, and reviewed their troops. At night the valley was in a blaze—grand illuminations before the Pachas' tents, and bonfires on the hills—guns and fire-works. The second day of the feast was very like the first, except that those who had noses might have been annoyed by the smell of putrifying carcases. No sooner is the devil belapidated on the last day, than all start for Mecca, singing, shouting, laughing, and talking, in perfect contrast with the gloom which pervaded all in crossing the same valley in the progress to Arafat. Finally, on arriving at Mecca, the Kaaba is again visited, the Towaf is again performed, the Say is again traversed, the Ihram is again resumed to visit the Omra—and again on returning from the Omra are repeated the Towaf and the Say, which, however, at last consummates the laborious ceremony of the Hadj.

At Mecca, Burckhardt was detained by circumstances nearly two months, before he was able to set out for Medina, when he at last joined a caravan of fifty Hadji camels, to visit the Tomb of the Prophet. Quitting Mecca the 15th of January, they reached Medina on the 28th, halting two days. With the aid of a cicerone, a very indispensable person in these places, he quickly procured comfortable lodgings; and the baggage being safely housed, he was called upon to go to the mosque—an imperative duty before business of any kind can be undertaken. This, however, was precisely Burckhardt's business, and he lost no time in performing the important ceremonies, which are comparatively insignificant—as to time and labour we mean—for the whole was accomplished in a quarter of an hour. The precious jewel, as Burckhardt calls it, of Medina—what places it almost on a level with Mecca—is the great mosque, which contains the tomb of the prophet. Its dimensions, a hundred and sixty-five paces by a hundred and thirty, are inferior to those of the mosque of Mecca. It is of the same form—an open quadrangle, with covered colonnades all round, and a small building in the centre. In the south-east stands the Tomb, in a space defended from the too near approach of visitors by an enclosure of about twenty paces square. The railing is close

fillagree-work, with here and there small windows of six inches square, and five feet from the ground. Entrance into the enclosure is permitted gratuitously to persons of rank, and generally permission is purchaseable for twelve or fifteen dollars distributed among the chief eunuchs in attendance. Few avail themselves of this, because it is known nothing more is to be seen than what may be observed through the little windows; and Burckhardt forbore, from unwillingness to draw attention upon him. What *does* appear of the interior is a curtain carried round, which takes up almost the whole enclosure, leaving only a very narrow space between it and the railing, and is of the same height with the railing. Within this curtain, which embraces the sacred precincts, no person whatever is permitted to enter, except the chief eunuchs. According to the reports of these eunuchs, there is a covering within of the same stuff as the curtain—a rich silk brocade of various colours, interwoven with flowers and arabesques, with bands of inscriptions in gold characters. According to the historian of Mecca, the curtain covers a square building of black stones, supported by two pillars, at the entrance of which are the tombs of Mahomet, Abou-Beker, and Omar. The tombs are deep holes, and the coffin containing the body of Mahomet is cased with silver. This is all that is to be learnt about the matter. The stories of the *suspension* are unknown, Burckhardt says, in the Hedjaz—that is, throughout the sacred territory. The tomb of Setna Fatme, Mahomet's daughter and Ali's wife, is brought within the enclosure, but some doubts are entertained of the identity of her remains.

The ceremonies incumbent on the visitor, we have already hinted, are far less onerous than those of Mecca. The pilgrim, or devotee, before he enters the town, is to purify himself by a complete ablution, and if he be able to perfume, so much the better; and the moment he comes in sight of the Mosque, he utters some pious ejaculations—his cicerone will both remind him of the duty, and supply him with the materials. He enters, also, by a particular gate, and steps in, right leg foremost. His first point is the Rhoda, the most holy part, save one, of the fabric, praying all the while, and in the course of his progression making four prostrations, and during the prostrations reciting two short chapters of the Koran—how much at each prostration, with all Mr. Burckhardt's particularity, is not stated; and really, considering how minute he affects to be, and, in some respects, is, it is wonderful, but now singular, how incomplete these small matters are. From the Rhoda, he now advances to the Hedjra, the sanctum sanctorum, where the ashes of the prophet repose, and where, with arms half-raised, he invocates Mahomet, according to a formula furnished for the occasion, and enumerates about twenty of his sirnames and most honourable titles—concluding with a prayer for his intercession for himself and all that belong to him. Pressing his head against one of the little windows in the fillagree railing before described,—nearest the tomb—he is now directed to remain in that position in silent adoration for some minutes; and then retreating a step or two, he performs four prostrations. A similar ceremony, at least as to praying, and probably prostrating, is then gone through at a second and a third little window, nearest to which are presumed to lie the tombs of Abou-Beker and Omar. From these positions he moves onward to Fatme's tomb, where, after four prostrations, he addresses a short prayer to the "bright and blooming." The devotee now returns to the Rhoda, where a final prayer, as a sort of leave-taking, completes the whole ceremonial, the performance of which occupied Burckhardt at most twenty minutes, and might of course, by a man of activity, and whose time was precious, be accomplished in a quarter-of-an-hour as he elsewhere fixes the period. At every prayer-spot sit numbers of persons with handkerchiefs spread to receive the *gifts* rather than the alms, and tolls rather than gifts, of the faithful. Before Fatme's tomb is a party of women; and in the Rhoda stand the eunuchs, waiting to wish the performer joy, and receive their fees; and at the outer gate appear crowds of poor, with the porter, who, of course, claims a douceur by right of office. The whole visit, however, cost Burckhardt only fifteen piastres, and ten, we sup-

pose in addition to the fifteen, were demanded by the cicerone; but, he adds, he might possibly have got through for half the sum.

We have gone into these details, and that with all practicable brevity, because, as we said, they come before us, at last, with undoubted authenticity, from a man whose sole and immediate business was to observe them, who was very capable of observing, and of communicating his observations—from a man who had always his one ultimate point in view, to satisfy his employers by his activity and his accuracy, and whose diligence was constantly under strong stimulus. We have left ourselves no room for other matters, but the volume supplies the minutest information relative to the two holy cities, as to trade, employments, habits, and government, as well as of the two sea-ports, Djidda and Yembo—far more minute, indeed, than the common or the uncommon readers of travels can in the least desire. But if any such there be, here are ample means of gratification, even to the ground plans of the towns, and all but the names of every shopkeeper in every street.

EPIGRAM.

The Catholic Question.

Quoth Richard to Thomas, "Afford me a clue
To a puzzle I vainly have trie'd
To unravel. Of all recent speakers, how few
Talk well on the *orthodox* side!"

"The cause," answer'd Thomas, "'tis easy to state:
When their eloquence sets them afloat
On the sea of Saint Stephen, they're sure to debate
With a *Newcastle* bur in their throat."

FOOL'S DAY.

"I am the first foole of all the whole nauie,
To keepe the Pompe, the Helme, and eke the Sayle.
For this is my minde, this one pleasure haue I,
Of bookes to haue great plentie and apparayle,
I take no wisdome by them, nor yet auayle,
Nor them perceaue not, and then I them despise;
Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise."

So sung honest old Barclay in his "Ship of Fools," somewhere about the year 1500. I know not whether he concluded his poem on fool's day; but it seems from his honest chronicling, that the lack of fools was as little to be complained of then as now. Indeed, I know no era more appropriate, no time when the day has more claim to be celebrated with due pomp and circumstance. The Romans kept a festival in honour of Venus, on the 1st of April; whether intending to imply thereby that lovers are more fools than other people, it is not now practicable to determine. If this were the case in the days of Augustus, of which there can be no doubt, nature being the same in all ages, we have the pleasure of reflecting that, in one thing at least, we rival the masters of the world in the zenith of their glory:—would to heaven we were as great imitators of them in some other things which I could name! From the Romans, the early Christians, who lost no opportunity of turning to account the superstitions of the Pagan worship, transmuted the observation of the day into a Christian festival. It is singular, however, that we have no St. Fool. We have saints of every other

name in our calendar; but St. Fool, it is to be feared, stuck in the throats of the popes and councils, to whom we owe most of these characters. The nomenclature was an unlucky obstacle. When the day consecrated to the Goddess of Beauty was thus transferred to another creed, it is to be lamented that the sprigs of myrtle, the flowers, and the lively and joyous part of the ceremonies of the day, were forgotten. The church perverted it to mummery. The Bishop of Fools officiated in old St. Paul's; and the absurdity of the rejoicings and mountebank trickery displayed there, rendered more awkward by northern barbarity, ill replaced the elegance of the Pagan ceremony. Boys were mitred and crosiered, and preached sermons full of buffoonery at the very altar; the clergy, more interested in temporal matters than zealous for spiritual decency, either assisting, or shaking their sleek and plethoric sides among the tumultuous and jeering spectators. These abuses were done away with afterwards, I believe by royal interference.

The French, who are the first people in the world at a joke, not only for its wit but its application, have long enjoyed fool's day. Among them ridicule is the most successful weapon for correcting folly and holding vice *in terrorem*. A Frenchman of the capital is more afraid of a successful *bon mot* at his expense than of a sword, and the first of April is a day therefore, of which he can make a double application; he may gratify his love of pleasantry among his friends, or inflict a severe wound on his enemies, if he possess the art and wit to invent and perpetrate a worthy piece of foolery upon him. *Un poison d'Avril* is the name given to the unlucky party who may be fooled—I rather think originally derived from *poison*, mischief, and, not as commonly taken, from *poisson*, a fish. The best trick of this sort I recollect among them is the well-known trick of Rabelais, who fooled the officers of justice (when he had no money) into conveying him from Marseilles to Paris on a charge of treason, got up for the purpose, and when arrived there, showing them how they were hoaxed. For this purpose he made up some ashes in different packets, labelled as poisons for the royal family of France. The bait took, and he was conveyed to the capital as a traitor, seven hundred miles, only to explain the joke.

The tricks commonly played off on fool's day have been current coin everywhere, and are for the most part of the most miserable character, without wit or meaning. It would be more desirable were the day in future dedicated to rivalry in repartee round the fire-side, and to family or social emulation in the art of *bon-mot*. Punning is the lowest and meanest grade in the same order of rhetoric, and may be safely left to Theodore Hook, who is unrivalled in the art. Repartee of the species to which I allude, is much more intellectual, and demands faculties very much superior to the punster's. It may be ill-natured, jocose, or serious; the means of punishing folly and vice, or the gentle corrector of ill manners; it may amuse or wound, scatter mirth, or provoke anger. "Pray where did you get your education?" said a prelate to a sectarian clergyman. At such an academy, my lord, was the reply: "May I ask where your lordship received yours?" "At Brazen-nose College," replied the prelate.—"I thought so, my lord," answered the sectarian.—Of the severe character also is that attributed to a young officer, in reply to a sneering question of Pope—"Pray, Sir, what is a mark of interrogation?" "A crooked thing that asks questions," was

the answer.—Such, however, are the class we recommend not, unless our readers will first take the advice the late Lord Coleraine (better known as Colonel Hanger) gave to his brother, who had got into a quarrel, to soap their noses before they make them. There is an endless field for an April day's innocent recreation, without having recourse to wounding the feelings of others. Complimentary repartees alone are an extensive branch, and always please; and good things may be said on almost every incident that occurs. We entreat our readers to think of the march of intellect as affecting fool's day, and bring some use out of it, leaving the old usage of it to the clown in the pantomime.

"What a large spider is crawling on the window-frame!" said a pretty-faced child belonging to a Scottish friend of mine, on fool's day last year, just as I had seated myself in his parlour during a morning call. Though the little sawny looked very arch as she made the speech, I dreamed not of the day, but turned my head involuntarily towards the supposed object, when the little thing broke into a laugh, crying out, "A gowk, a gowk!" the meaning of which I could not comprehend. Her little heart was exulting at the trick she had put upon me, as she told me I was the third "gowk" she had made that morning. It was not until her mother entered the room and explained the thing, that I found a "gowk," in the Scotch brogue, signified a cuckoo, or silly bird, and is used in the north to designate what a cockney would call an April fool.

There is a very common practical joke on fool's day in the metropolis: it consists in despatching a letter by an unlucky dupe who is to wait for an answer. The answer is a second note to a third person "to send the fool farther." A young surgeon, a greenhorn in practice, fresh from St. Bartholomew's, his instruments unfleshed on his own account, and his surgery bottles full to repletion, was called a few years ago from the Strand, to a patient in Newgate-street, very rich, named Dobbs. It was the first of April, and it was his first patient. The young Esculapius was ushered into the presence of the supposed patient, who was busy writing in his counting-house. The surgeon explained his errand, and Mr. Dobbs, having an excellent mercantile discernment, soon saw through the affair. He bowed and said, "It is a mistake, Sir, my name is Dobbs, but I am, thank God, hale and hearty. It is my brother, the sugar-baker on Fish-street-hill, that has sent for you—he is subject to illness: I will give you a line to him." The young surgeon bowed, expressed his thanks, took the note and walked off to the sugar-baker on Fish-street-hill, (carriage or horse he had none,) three fourths of a mile farther, entered among the pyramids of snowy sweets, and found Mr. Dobbs the sugar-baker of Fish-street-hill, as hale as his brother of Newgate-street. The refiner of saccharine juice understood his brother's note, stammered out a pretended apology for his mistake, and said he supposed, as the young man's directions were to Mr. J. Dobbs, that it was Mr. John Dobbs, and not Mr. Jeffry Dobbs, that was intended: that his name was Jeffry, but his brother John, a third member of the family, and in business, lived at Limehouse, whither he thought, if our surgeon proceeded, he would find him the person he sought. An address was handed the young tourniquet at the extreme end of Limehouse, which address, it is needless to say, was false. What will not a surgeon do to obtain his first

patient, and a rich one too! Away he posted to Limehouse, and soon found how far he had travelled for nothing. Tired and disappointed, and scheming vengeance on the authors of the hoax, he set off on his return home, cursing the Dobbs family every step he went. As he passed along Upper Shadwell, he saw a horse gallop furiously down Camomile-street, and fling its rider a heavy fall on the pavement. He ran and lifted up the fallen man, whom he found insensible. He conveyed him to a shop hard by, bled him, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. It suffices to say that on being conveyed home our young surgeon attended him until he was restored to health; and so gratefully were his exertions taken by the stranger, who was a rich East India merchant, far advanced in life, that he took him into his house as a medical attendant and friend, and ultimately left him the bulk of his property. Thus, out of an intended fool's-day hoax, by the inscrutable caprice of fortune, a frolic led its dupe to wealth. This anecdote may be depended on as true, nothing in the story but the names adopted to conceal the real actors in the drama being fictitious.

Sacred to fooling as the first of April will be for a long series of years to come, (unless the march of intellect goes on much more rapidly than at present,) I would honour it by restricting within its limits the usage of a large proportion of those fooleries, which now occupy other times and seasons, so that the useful, in the short span of human life, may claim a greater portion of the other days of the year. I would recommend that the Lord Mayor's Show should be fixed for that day, to which it is especially appropriate. The patent theatres (in the very teeth of George Colman and his fees) should enact a religious mystery of the olden time, or a royal pageant, and close with Tom Thumb. The learned professions should scrupulously honour it. The judges and barristers should put on their new wigs and gowns annually on the first of April, taking up at the same time all the wisdom, dignity, and grace, those hideous appendages confer for the other three hundred and sixty-four. The College of Physicians should then hold their annual meeting, and detail the progress of their disinterested services in putting down quackery and encouraging men of merit in the profession, regardless of all but the public good. Then, too, should the Gresham lectures be delivered, gunpowder-plot, Stuart restoration, and martyrdom sermons be preached. The Royal Society of Literature should concentrate its meetings for the same anniversary, and fix a standard for the English language to decide the fate of all publications for the year, guide public opinion, and reward the friends of "social order," for which laudable end it professes to exist. On that day should its fiat consign to oblivion for ever the writings of those authors who are perfectly indifferent about soliciting its approbation; and then should its mysterious transactions be published, and the application of its funds be made known. All the fashions for the year should be issued on that day under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Bell of St. James's-street, and Miers, the professor of broadcloth drapery. (The whisker department might be superintended by the Duke of Cumberland, with Lord Petersham for his deputy, in case the kingdom of Hanover cannot annually dispense with his highness's presence.) Mr. Seguier, professor of the art of sinking in taste, should

on that day settle the ideas of his noble amateur pupils for the year, and choose pictures for their collections. Then, too, should every petty tradesman change the lure at his door or window, by which he entraps unwary buyèrs; the snuff-dealer removing his highlander and mull, and putting a French emigrant of the old regime, or a new device, in its place: the sloe-tea dealer replacing his mandarin with a Leadenhall-street director, or a statue of Confucius. All these matters concentrated on the first of April, to which alone they are relevant, the rest of the year would be marvelously relieved of a heavy load of business, and much space be assigned for new pursuits or healthy recreations.

The first of April is part and parcel of the custom of the land, the observation of which has been handed down to us from our forefathers, and therefore all innovation in the way of abolishing its observance altogether is out of the question, at least while a certain ex-Chancellor is alive. I have not dared to touch upon the propriety of such a measure, but rather to turn its existence to account. Were the Premier to bring a bill in for such a purpose, a second commotion might be excited in the country; and, therefore, as no bloodshed is likely to accrue from having it as at present, and as no taxes would be taken off were it abolished, it is better to save Parliament the penance of listening, and myself the tiresome task of reading it. Sacred to its votaries, therefore, let it be still. Hallowed be it to the sons of folly, of all ranks and degrees, of each sex and every age!

I have already observed that most nations have some observance of fool's day; and it is singular that in all Oriental, as well as European, countries, the joke is nearly similar,—consisting in the deception of the object, and a laugh at his credulity. How might this idea have been lately extended to the community! The fools that have been made on the Catholic question, for example, are innumerable, and will be laughed at by and by, or will laugh at themselves for dupes. "Murder, murder!" exclaims a bigot to his open-mouthed dependents. "Should Catholic emancipation be carried, you will all be murdered in your beds. If you do not make a mark on this petition, your wives and daughters will be violated by the Pope, and burned in Smithfield. Bloody Mary will be here again!" The unhappy fool believes what he is told, and calling in his silly offspring, makés them sign in potcrook hand also: the fooled little dreaming the truth all the while, namely,—that the foolers are only apprehensive for number one; in quantum of brains being scarcely half a degree above themselves.

I might fill the present number with accounts of political, literary, and fashionable fooleries; but my end is rather to persuade their authors to honour the day, the name of which stands at the head of this paper, than to enter upon a matter so copious in detail. Let them unite, then, in future upon the first of April, and after the manner of London's Corporation first hear a sermon. Sir Harcourt Lees, or the Rev. Mr. Dillon, (the latter, author of one of the best fool's-day books of travels we ever read or heard, in an account of the Lord Mayor's perilous journey to Oxford by land, and return by water,) being installed perpetual chaplain. Let a grand procession of religious, political, and trading fools be formed to traverse the cities of London and Westminster; let the insignia be the usual appendages, caps and bells; Harle-

quin, Punch, and Judy may assist, and, if need be, may embark in Alderman Atkins's barge, borrowed for the occasion, and proceed to the Westminster law-courts to receive legal recognition. In that neighbourhood, they may select a numerous brotherhood from a certain chapel, ready to return with them to a sumptuous repast on ostrich brains, stuffed peacocks, barn owls, and other rarities.

But I fear I trespass on the space allotted to me, and conclude by recommending the reader to peruse old Barclay's "Ship of Fools," the doing which, with the approaching anniversary of the brotherhood, prompted this paper. Never might a better freight for such a vessel be found than at present, three hundred years after old Barclay set sail in his; nor were the following words, with which I conclude, ever more applicable.

"Eche is not lettred that now is made a lorde,
Nor ecne a clerke that hath a benefice:
They are not all lawyers that plees do recorde,
All that are promoted are not fully wise,
On suche chaunce nowe Fortune throwes her dice,
That though one knowe but the yrishe game,
Yet would he haue a gentleman's name."

STANZAS ON ITALY.

THERE is a charm upon thy ancient shore,
There is a spell upon thy classic breeze,
A something that untwines the thoughts, of yore
That clung round home and all its sanctities.

Make me *my* home upon Italian plains
Beneath the shadow of Rome's mighty wall;
And let me dream, that bound in willing chains
The world still clusters round the Capitol.

Still let me gaze on those divinest forms
The magic marbles of creative mind,
Still let me drink the living light which warms
The canvass where immortal art is shrined.

Still let me feel the airs, with sweets opprest,
That float from yon enamell'd mountain's brow,
'Mid heavy vines, that weave their jewell'd vest
Along the light Casino's front of snow.

Still let me gaze upon that glorious sky,
An arch of glowing and intensest blue,
Unequall'd, save by ocean's kindred dye,
Flashing to Heaven its own resplendent hue!

And that sweet language, liquid, graceful, strong,
Still let its cadence my pleased senses soothe,
In bland accordance with the land of song,
The charms of nature, and bright lips of youth.

But no! it must not be—my soul returns,
Pluck'd by a chain, invisible, though fast—
—Fond memories! sleep within your silent urns,
Nor mock me thus with visions of the past!

C. M. W.

PROGRESS OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Now, when this important institution is advancing rapidly to maturity, amid the greetings of the liberal and wise of all parties, a few remarks on its advanced state, and present usefulness, may not be unacceptable to our readers. That the bigoted and ignorant should still labour to misrepresent its constitution and objects, can excite no surprise. At first it was sedulously promulgated, that there was no want of such an institution, and that the great universities (from which two-thirds of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are excluded by a difference of religious faith, and nine-tenths of those agreeing in religious faith, by the enormous expense they require,) were enough for every necessary purpose. While other European nations possess numerous similar establishments, we were told that, in this free country, two of an exclusive character were equal to the public demand. These arguments, being notoriously untenable, were necessarily abandoned; and in the very breath of their opposition, those who denied the necessity of the new university, set about establishing one themselves upon the footing of exclusion, thus absurdly refuting their own arguments, and tacitly admitting the usefulness of similar institutions.

The great charge made against the London University has all along been, that it does not "teach religion;" or, to express the real meaning of the objectors in the simplest terms, that it does not exclude all students but those who will make attestation (as in the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge) that they are members of our established church. It is evident that, were this the case, the diffusion of education through its agency would be extremely confined. Situated in the midst of a vast population, composed of every religious sect, where the pupils must be non-resident, it would have been a sacrifice, indeed, to the hydra Bigotry, had it been determined thus to limit instruction. A peculiar religious faith is rightly, therefore, not inculcated there, but left to the more seemly care of parents and guardians. The return of the students to their families, after spending a few hours daily in the university, leaves ample opportunity for the acquirement of religious duties, according to the tenets held under the domestic roof. Thus the greatest possible number may receive the advantages proffered. We might here ask what, after all, is meant by "religious instruction," as it is taught at our two old national establishments. We think there is a great misunderstanding in the term "teaching religion," in our universities; we candidly confess we can discover nothing religious, except the attestation by the student that he is of the church of England. An attendance now and then at prayers cannot surely be denominated "religious instruction;" and what more than this religious form an old college education implies, we should feel happy to be informed. The student at the London University may attend his church or chapel daily, if it be thought necessary by his parents. We are certain that the parental roof is a better security for good morals than any college residence, or indeed any residence beyond the reach of parental care. We fear that the external form, and not the essence of religion, is the stumbling-block of the cavillers at the London University—the mere empty form, which arrays a written signature on the side of a creed to which the mind may be wholly indifferent. But even these objectors have been

met by the establishment of a place of worship, according to the rites and doctrines of our church, close on the confines of the university. Nearly all the professors are members of the establishment. What more can be desired, unless the real wish of these objectors is to keep all but those of an exclusive faith from the benefits of a university education, and prevent as much as possible the spread of knowledge among the larger proportion of the people?

We should not have touched upon this part of the subject at all, it having been already gone into, did not a recent occurrence seem to demand the allusion. We refer here to the recent foolish letter of a very foolish nobleman, who sees, or pretends to see, heresy and Socinianism in those who do not admire his bigoted hallucinations, and bow to the idol he has set up for the object of his furious idolatry. When the Duke Wellington is accused of base motives, duplicity, and atheism, the London University may well bear, without being very sensitive upon the subject, the accusation of teaching every thing wicked, to which the fearful syllable *ism* can attach. We do not believe the writer of the letter to the Secretary of the London College, can define what Socinianism is, or in what points of doctrine it differs from our established church. An officious and raging zeal is too often employed as the agent in effecting political purposes, and in operating upon the credulous. This zeal is seldom a zeal unto godliness. In our times we constantly find it the cant word on the lips of those who care nothing in reality about vital religion; nay, we know some who are clamorous in its behalf who are not believers in revelation at all. This is a most detestable species of hypocrisy, rife at this moment among those who appear attentive to the decencies of religious form, but who in private aver it is for example's sake alone—that by this means the inferior pays a blinder obedience to the superior, religion being useful principally for keeping up a due subordination in society. These motives, and this profligacy of mind, deserve universal execration. If such think to uphold their influence much longer over any portion of society by this detestable double-dealing, they will ultimately find themselves mistaken. The London University will aid in putting down this system of duplicity. The spirit of knowledge is abroad, and respect arising out of blind ignorance will soon be at an end.

The London University flourishes in despite of its enemies, and, we venture to prognosticate, will go on flourishing. It is very singular that so many who appear sound in judgment, and are sufficiently acute in penetration in the common affairs of life, cannot apply the principles thus familiarised to them, to matters of greater magnitude, or of less frequent occurrence. It is impossible, one should imagine, for a mind constituted in the most common-place manner, to look abroad at the events of the last twenty years, and not to perceive the start which the age has taken—not to perceive that old examples are passing away, and giving place to new combinations, new circumstances, and to the production of results, in the causation of which old rules are inefficient guides: that every thing must be fitted to the change, and adapted to that progression of events which is everywhere working yet more novel events around us. The London University is a most important instrument to bring up the minds of no inconsiderable portion of the youth of the metropolis to that pitch of general knowledge, to which it

is now become indispensable they should be raised on starting into active life. A little Greek, Latin, and mathematics, will not in future qualify a man, as he should be qualified, for all the duties of a useful citizen. The new era requires a more varied mode of instruction in our Universities, a less limited system of education; in short, to use comparison, something analogous to what the Americans imply in the remark, that "an English artisan who emigrates to their shores has served seven years to learn how to make a pair of shoes, and at fifty knows nothing more, while an American of the same age is a farmer, carpenter, and a dozen other things, and equally expert at all." Let this be applied to future mental instruction; he who knows most will be the individual best adapted to do the community service. The exigencies of life, the increase of population, and new discoveries in art and science, demand new and varied qualifications. He who has been taught but one thing will often run the hazard of passing his days in idleness and hunger, if he belong to the lower class of society; or of being stigmatized as a man of narrow parts, a useless fool in public life, if he belong to the higher. The past system of education has tended to stint the mind, and make it satisfied with the developement of a portion only of its powers; the future will be directed to call every faculty into the fullest action, and to exercise the utmost power of every individual member.

We hope the time is not far distant when the countenance of Government will be afforded to this and to all institutions which have for their object universal good. Our church has its two exclusive seminaries of learning, and a third is about to be established upon the plan of the London University. Though we deplore the spirit of opposition in which it originated, we rejoice to see the still farther extension of the blessings of education. While we think the London University would have answered every reasonable end for the most scrupulous, we are pleased to see that its plan of a universal education will have its imitators. We cannot think, however, that the Government of a great empire is justified in patronizing alone those places of education in which only one-third of the people can participate, and in looking with implied jealousy upon institutions for the education of the other two-thirds, where they do not involve its sanction of any particular religious belief contrary to the natural support of our church. Education is a general good; and the study of the living and dead languages, of the arts and sciences, have no more to do with one system of faith than with another. It has somehow or other got into fashion to imagine, that because priests in ancient countries were most commonly, from their then superior learning, the instructors of youth, none but ecclesiastics have a right to be instructors now. Thus our two lay universities are now, practically, made wholly and entirely ecclesiastical. The necessary consequences are, that, as the clergy can only teach a couple of the dead languages and a little mathematics, education is necessarily narrowed, not only in what is taught, but in the number who receive the benefit of instruction. The rulers of a great nation are bound to look to the good of the whole body politic, and to promote the extension of knowledge in every possible way. We do not mean that our rulers should countenance the religious creed of the sectary, in preference to that of our established church; we contend here, that no

question of religion is at all implicated—that instruction in the arts and sciences should be promoted by the State, for the general good, as it depends on no particular faith, and that, therefore, the rites of our church would not be impugned by such patronage.

We cherish the hope that we shall speedily see seminaries for public instruction, on the plan of the London University, spring up in all our great county towns. The interested animosity of one class of persons, and the recent exhibition of their influence over their dependents on the Catholic concession question, show how backward in knowledge the lower classes have been kept, and how little confidence in their own reasoning powers too large a proportion of the people in this country still have. Were the higher order of education as diffused as it might and ought to be, it is impossible that lying placards, emblazoned with martyrdom fires, and portraits of bloody Mary, dispersed among the people by the agents of borough dealers and select vestry-men, could have cajoled the inconsiderate, or affected the sober temperament of the English character. Recent events have read a useful lesson to our rulers on the advantage of education among the lower classes of the people, by which we trust they will know how to profit. They have seen enough of the effects of blind ignorance upon all orders. However this may be, such institutions as the London University will contribute far more than was at first apprehended to this great end: and if such institutions are multiplied, we shall soon find that on those great political and religious questions which we have been accustomed to see set the country by the ears, the excitation of the people by narrow-minded and bigoted men will be as impossible as for them to re-assemble and re-excite a Birmingham mob again to burn out and hunt down a great philosopher like Priestley.

The chief excellency of the London University then lies in its not being exclusive, but open to individuals of every religious belief; in its extended system of education; in its principal care being to fit youth for the business of life; in its situation near the centre of a great capital; and in its better security for the morals of the students, than the congregation of young men far from their families, in the heyday of youth, with little effectual control from any authority which they really hold in fear.

It may now not be amiss to advert to what we intended by the term "maturity" in the beginning of this paper, and to lay before our numerous readers, and particularly those at a distance from the metropolis, the progress actually made towards perfecting this most important and useful establishment. We will, therefore, briefly go into a few facts relative to its conduct and actual position at the close of February last.

We find the finances are in excellent condition, a prudent management having kept the outlay considerably within the estimates. Even since the 20th of January, besides various donations, no less than forty-one shares have been taken. The total number of shares on the 25th of February last was 1567, and consequently the capital amounted to 160,000*l.* of which 119,000*l.* only had been called for. The main body of the building was completed at an expense of 86,000*l.* and so prudently were the expenses regulated, that if the entire of this elegant edifice (for it is both a large and truly elegant building) were completed, the sum expended would not amount to more than two-thirds of what

was originally contemplated to be necessary. It is calculated that the annual current expenses of the University will occasion a charge of 5500*l.*: this will be covered by eleven hundred students, of which number nearly six hundred have been entered on the books of the University since it opened on the 1st of October last. As the capital of the institution increases, the wings of the edifice will be completed; and an increase of shareholders at the present ratio will soon enable the Council to accomplish this, more especially as the experiments hitherto made have exceeded in success the expectations of the most sanguine. Six thousand volumes have been collected, partly by purchase and partly by donation, towards a library. An anatomical museum is opened, and promises to be of the most valuable kind; a museum of natural history has been begun. Collections of apparatus for chemical experiments and natural philosophy have been made. Prizes are offered for competition to the students. A hospital and dispensary are attached to the University, that nothing may be wanting, and the students of medicine have the privilege of witnessing the practice at the Middlesex Hospital. The Royal College of Surgeons in London and Edinburgh have both shown that the interests of science are paramount objects in their consideration, and that they are far above all narrow prejudices, for they have declared themselves ready to give effect to such arrangements as it may appear most advisable to introduce into the medical classes of the University. As a school for students of medicine, the London University is likely not only to be useful, but most eminent and distinguished. A plan of Law study is in preparation, which will be of singular service to those designed for the profession. In short, the parent or guardian may adapt the studies of the student most exactly to the objects in view for his future life, from among the multifarious branches of knowledge taught.

A pamphlet, detailing the course of education adopted at the London University, has been some time before the public, and to that we must refer the reader for more minute details. The endeavours of the Committee of Management have been directed to render the system effective and provide education at a frugal cost,—the great considerations in enumerating its advantages. An examination of the plan of education laid down, with remarks on its merits or defects, would occupy more space than can be afforded here. We can only say it appears to us to be practicable and judicious, and to hold out no benefit which it will not fully realize. The different professors are individuals of acknowledged merit, and most of them bear names well known for the superiority of their attainments.

There is an advantage in this establishment for one class of youth which nothing in this country of a similar nature possesses. It will be able to receive immediately from school, and show how to apply what learning has been acquired there, hundreds whose friends would never otherwise have dreamed of giving them any university education at all. Here the extension of its benefits is manifest; and an observation of its effect on the youth of the metropolis will soon hold forth an animating example to the country. Let those who cavil at the institution consider this; and unless they are prepared to assert that the spread of a good education is an evil (it is to be feared there are some such), they will, as reasonable beings, concede at once its invaluable character.

The academical session of the London University commences on the 1st of November, and continues till the middle of July; the medical session alone commences on the 1st of October, and closes on the 1st of May. There are but two short vacations, one at Christmas and one at Easter. There are professorships both of Greek and Roman languages, and antiquities; of the English language; of English literature; of the French language and literature; of the German language and literature; and the same both of Italian and Spanish. There is a professor of Hebrew, of Hindostanee, of Oriental literature, of mathematics, of natural philosophy and astronomy, of chemistry, of mineralogy and geology, of botany, of logic and the philosophy of the human mind, of moral and political philosophy, political economy, jurisprudence, ancient and modern history, English law, anatomy, dissections and demonstrations, physiology, comparative anatomy and zoology, surgery, nature and treatment of diseases, midwifery, materia-medica and pharmacy. Hospital attendance, with the dispensary before-mentioned, and other advantages, will render the medical education equal to that of any other school in the kingdom. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge have any thing worthy of remote comparison with its medical department.

The expense of four years literary and scientific education at the University of London, the medical and surgical excepted, is under twenty-seven pounds a-year. The medical school, which is governed by the regulations of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Company of Apothecaries, costs thirty-seven pounds, to which the expense of one year's attendance at the Middlesex Hospital being added, namely, twenty-two pounds more, the total expense is fifty-nine pounds. For an apothecary student, including half a-year at the Middlesex Hospital, the expense is forty pounds, or for nine months at the University Dispensary, thirty-seven pounds. We do not affirm too much when we again assert that adequate instruction could not be afforded for less, and that therefore economy is a leading recommendation.

To note the progress of the students, weekly examinations are held, and a public examination concludes every session. Documentary evidence of the attainments of the students is preserved, and precision in the regulations carefully kept in view. The outlines of the courses of lectures are to be obtained of the booksellers, which will confirm in the mind of the reader our impression of the usefulness, the economy, and the clear, simple, but effective plan of education which has been laid down. In all universities the progress of the student must mainly depend upon his own habits of diligence and attention: the coercion of the schoolmaster has ceased, and the student is cast upon his own governorship in learning. To take a proper advantage, therefore, of the benefit afforded by any university must depend much upon himself; and we are certain, as far as external aid will go, the London University will not be wanting in doing its part. Of five hundred and fifty-seven students enrolled, two hundred and sixty-nine have entered for branches of general education—one hundred and twenty-three for law—one hundred and sixty-five for medical classes. In the last report of the council it is stated, that modern languages are taught with great care, not by lectures only, but by a system combining with them the benefit of private tuition: this is of great moment to be known.

Not only does the London University hold out, as we have before observed, the promise of incalculable usefulness, but it has the merit of stimulating other institutions to new exertions. That it has called into existence, from some motive or other, which we do not pretend to define with exactitude, certain proposals for an exclusive institution, nearly similar in plan, we have already adverted to; but farther, it is said to have aroused the medical schools of the metropolis to exert themselves afresh. At Guy's Hospital, one of the best medical schools in England, a large sum has been expended in building a museum. Models are now constantly made of all new cases. Anatomical drawing is taught to the pupils, and that activity and energy, which are the life of every scientific pursuit, are put into full play. Thus the community will profit, in more ways than one, by an institution that none but the stupid and bigoted rail at or censure.

It will take time to disclose the progress of the students. There are thousands in this great metropolis who have gone from the school to the counting-house, and forgot all they had been for years acquiring, save a little commercial arithmetic; and this mainly for want of knowing how to apply the knowledge they obtained in their elementary studies. There are others desirous of following up their school studies, but are unable from want of adequate pecuniary means, or, having these, who are debarred from entering our great universities by religious scruples; and there are foreigners in our colonies, and in remote countries, who have been until now unable to avail themselves of that system of education from which, for most incomprehensible reasons, they have been shut out by Oxford and Cambridge. A Parsee in India has become a shareholder in the London University, everjoyed at its non-exclusive character, and pleased at the benefits it tenders to inhabitants of the East. We rejoice to find this remarkable circumstance occurring, because the principle of knowledge is universal, and the happiness, liberty, and strength of nations are in proportion to its extension. We regard the diffusion of education in the remotest corners of the earth, unfettered by the commentaries and dogmas of polemic or politician, as the greatest earthly blessing. We know those who would crib and confine it to a very few in their own country, of their own way of thinking, and who look upon it only as the means of upholding the sinister objects and influence of one class—who would lay a duty, so to speak, upon its export and its import; who think learning dangerous in the people, and only respect it as far as it promotes temporal advantages and self-aggrandisement. We bestow our contempt upon such—the schoolmaster shall triumph, the pen shall yet rule the world!

We conclude by enforcing attention to the advantages of this institution on all classes of our readers. Churchmen, Dissenters, Catholics, Parsees, all the family of man may imbibe knowledge here alike, and each indulge his own particular religious belief. Like the blessings of the Christian faith itself (not to speak it profanely), which were equally proffered to Jew and Gentile, men from the remotest corners of the earth may drink of the waters of knowledge, and enjoy the precious draught, which inebriates not, but the more largely it is imbibed, yet more strengthens and invigorates the soul.

SUCHET'S MEMOIRS.*

Marshal Suchet was unquestionably one of Napoleon's most splendid and most useful officers; and the only thing wanting to his equality, if not to his superiority, to the greatest military geniuses of his country, was the coincidence of his career with the zenith of Napoleon's success. Lannes, Soult, Ney, and Massena, were generals when Napoleon commenced his first Italian campaign, and their course was cocentric with that of their leader; but Suchet was only rising to his zenith when Napoleon's star began to set. He was born in 1770, and died in January 1826. He was a colonel at twenty-six, chief of the staff at twenty-seven, and lieutenant-general at twenty-nine. He commanded the first division of the fifth corps, under Marshal Lannes, and having contributed to the success of the French arms at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, and Pultusk, he accompanied the fifth corps in its march to Spain. After the siege of Saragossa, Marshal Lannes repaired to the assistance of Napoleon in the great campaign upon the Danube, and Suchet was appointed military and civil governor of Arragon. He continued in this command from the departure of Marshal Lannes for Germany in 1808, to the invasion of France by the Duke of Wellington in 1814, during which time he extended his operations to Catalonia and Valencia, carrying on the most incessantly active and severe warfare with every species of force, and governing the Spanish provinces with a singular union of genius, courage, and justice. He had to prepare for battles on a large scale, for endless skirmishes in partizan warfare, and for some of the most severe sieges upon record. Napoleon observed, "that if he had had two such marshals in Spain as Suchet, he not only would have conquered the Peninsula, but likewise have retained possession of it." In the latter part of his life, the Marshal wrote the present memoirs, which evince his great talents, and his amiable disposition, whilst they put upon record the valour of his army, and furnish important materials for history.

After so much has been said of the valour of Palafox in the defence of Saragossa, we are surprised to find that the French loss was so small, and that they were never defeated but when, in contempt of the enemy, they advanced contrary to the rules of art.

> "It would be impossible correctly to describe the spectacle which was then presented by the unfortunate city of Saragossa. The hospitals could no longer admit any more sick or wounded. The burying-grounds were too small for the number of dead; the corpses sewed up in cloth bags, were lying by hundreds at the doors of the churches. A fever had created the most frightful ravages. The number of deaths in the interior of the city, including those killed by the enemy, has been estimated at upwards of 40,000."

The state of the French army after the siege, is thus described.

> "The infantry was much weakened. The newly formed regiments were in a deplorable condition. Nearly all the men belonging to the artillery had left for Germany. The recruiting of the corps was incomplete, the pay was in arrear, the military chests without funds, and the receiver of the province had fled. The means of subsistence were barely adequate to its wants, nor did there exist either magazines or establishments of any kind in the midst of a country wholly exhausted by the ravages of war."

So demoralized was the army, that the mere report of the enemy would put regiments to flight. Out of this chaos, Suchet produced all the elements of military glory and of civil security. Having organized his troops, the execrable stupidity of General Blake enabled him to gain the battles of Maria and Belchite. By this last, the regular Spanish army was annihilated, and now commenced the guerilla warfare in Arragon. Marshal Suchet had cleared the province of these bands, and so organized his government that—

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* Memoirs of the War in Spain from 1808 to 1814. By Marshal Suchet, Duke D'Albufera. 2 vols.

"The Corregidors and Alcaldes ventured to give open support to an administrative system which was gradually gaining ground. A former chief of a band of smugglers was the first to set the example of confidence. He solicited permission to raise, at his own expense, a company of foot gens-d'armes, and offered as a pledge for his good conduct his family and a fortune of 2,000,000 of reales. General Suchet was determined to accept this offer, persuaded that such a company, if well organized, led by a chief thoroughly acquainted with the country, would be the terror of all the armed bands of the interior of the province. In a short time, these small scattered corps were unable to conceal any of their movements from our knowledge."

Thus did affairs continue till

"A young student of the name of Mina was the first promoter of disorders. He at first placed himself at the head of a few armed men, obtained some slight advantages, which stimulated him to fresh exertions, and he succeeded in bringing in many prisoners to Lerida.—His activity and zeal induced the governor of that town to supply him with arms, ammunition, and reinforcements. Shortly after, his commission, and a pair of colours, which he had received from the Junta at Seville, were the means of his raising a band of regular soldiers with which he continued his system of annoyance. His activity and energy, the severity he exercised towards every Spaniard convicted or accused of having rendered us the slightest service, however compulsory, enabled him to assume a formidable attitude, and ensured the secrecy of all his operations. Whether he placed himself in ambuscade at Carrascal, a dangerous wood between Tafalla and Pampelona, where he often attacked us, or marched forward to surprise our advanced posts, or retreated to elude our pursuit, he was dreaded wherever he appeared, and was never discovered or betrayed."

His success prevented the French sending the three corps to the South; and every nerve was strained to capture him. When Suchet thought he had him in his toils,

"Mina escaped by a rapid march, and boldly advanced to the attack of Tafalla, with 1000 infantry and 200 cavalry, at the moment when his appearance was least expected. This bold attempt induced us to double our exertions."

The French now scoured the country in every direction, with flying columns and mountain cannon carried on the backs of mules; and in the midst of this severe pursuit Mina

"Exhibited a trait of his adventurous character by posting himself in the garb of a peasant on the high road to Olite, and in the midst of a group, for the purpose of seeing General Suchet, who was on his way from Saragossa to Pampelona."

Mina at last was driven into the neighbouring province of Navarre, where, not equally acquainted with the country, he fell in the midst of the French advanced posts, and was sent prisoner to France. General Suchet says—

"We shall soon find his uncle Espoz y Mina succeeding him and gradually taking a still higher flight than his nephew, the young student."

It is horrible to read of the manner in which the population partook of the fate of war. At the siege of Lerida—

"The troops endeavoured to drive the garrison and the inhabitants from street to street and house to house, towards the elevated part of the town, and towards the castle, in which it was our object to compel them to seek shelter. The firing from the castle upon the town, contributed to hurry them along pell-mell towards the ditches and bridges. They hastened to shut themselves up in the inclosure, the governor not having had time to order their being driven back, or courage to enforce such an order. Our mortars and howitzers never ceased firing the whole night, and being aimed at the narrow space in which this crowd had taken refuge, each bomb fell upon groups of soldiers and unarmed men, all huddled together. It was natural that the efforts of the most determined men should be checked by the presence of the women and children, the aged men and the unarmed peasantry, who suddenly fell from the height of popular frenzy into the dread of death."

The town surrendered.—The greatest exploit of Marshal Suchet was the capture of Tarragona. He commenced the siege with twenty thousand men

and one hundred pieces of cannon, the place mounting three hundred, and being assisted by the English fleet, which continually brought reinforcements of men and ammunition. On the first assault of an outwork—

"The vast amphitheatre which Tarragona presents appeared to be in a blaze with the fire of cannon, mortars, and musketry, and the *pots de feu* and grenades bursting on all sides amid the darkness. The (English) fleet too, either by rockets and luminous projectiles, or by firing at random at different parts of the coast, added to the effect of this nocturnal conflict. A spectacle so magnificent would have sufficed to give energy, had it been needed, to our combatants."

When the French subsequently took the port, the Marshal tells us, that—

"All the (English) ships set sail, proceeded along shore, and passing rapidly before our flank, fired their broadsides by turns. They poured upon our camps, into our trenches, and on the lower town, a shower of balls which did us no mischief."

On one occasion the French contrived to enter by the accidental discovery of the vestige of an aqueduct; and on the final assault—

"The voltigeurs discovered a knotted rope which the enemy had used to let themselves down at night by the embrasure of a casemated battery. By this they penetrated into the interior, and were followed by as many brave men as the narrow passage allowed to enter."

After several points had been carried—

"Their excitement (the assailants,) had reached the highest pitch. They were inebriated by noise, smoke, and blood, by the recollection of danger, by the desire of victory and the thirst of revenge. Their uncurbed fury would listen to nothing; nay, they were almost deaf to the voice of their officers. A mass of Spaniards had retired to the cathedral—our soldiers pursued them, and had to sustain a galling fire as they ascended the sixty steps which lead to the entrance—their rage knew no bounds, but they paused at the sight of nine hundred wounded stretched within it, and their bayonets spared them. Seven or eight thousand Spaniards fleeing from almost certain death in the town, had hurried by the ramparts through the embrasures, or by the gate to the Barcelona road. The dragoons and the hussars, with the field artillery, stopped this column, cut it up, and drove it back upon the sea. The English firing upon us, aggravated the horrors of the vanquished, mingled with the victors. The Spaniards threw down their arms; some drowned themselves, others attempted to flee again towards the town: our dragoons pursued them."

We cannot proceed in the horrors of this scene. Suffice it to say, that General Suchet acknowledges that the French

"Lost 4293 men, killed and wounded; and of the wounded, scarcely half could be restored to the service, or survive their wounds, so dreadfully were they mutilated."

After this memorable siege, Suchet was created a Marshal, and, subsequently, Duke d'Albufera. He then overran all Valencia, and at length came in contact with the English under Sir John Murray. It is known that nothing more than affairs of advanced guards and outposts occurred, until Suchet finally relieved Tarragona, and obliged the English to embark, with the loss of their cannon. Some of these affairs are thus related:—

"The English began their retreat in good order; but whenever they took up a position, they were again attacked. The Marshal caused them to be closely pressed by the cavalry. Lieut. Brosse, of the Hussars, charged them several times with vigour. At night, they hastened their retreat to Castalla, leaving in our power about one hundred prisoners, and two pieces of cannon."

The following is the Marshal's style of narrating what was evidently a defeat:—

"Four battalions, led by General Robert, then ascended to extricate the voltigeurs; but these battalions drew upon themselves the efforts of the enemy to such a degree, that they were forced to abandon a ground to which they had climbed with the greatest difficulty, and to descend the hill again, leaving a great number killed and wounded."

In plain terms, we had defeated this General Robert. About this time, we find that a plan to capture the elder Mina had so nearly succeeded, that

> "Mina escaped in his shirt over the roof of his house: his baggage and papers were captured; about sixty of his men were killed; and eighty lancers, with their horses, were taken."

The following, on the other hand, is one of Mina's exploits, who, watching a favourable moment,

> "Presented himself before the Cincovillas at the head of three thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry, and attacked the detachment of gendarmerie which formed the garrison of Exea. This post, after a gallant defence of two days, succeeded in effecting its escape during the night through the hostile line which surrounded it, and fell back upon Saragossa. Mina ordered it to be pursued as far as Las Pedrosas; his object in so doing was to spread alarm in the capital of Arragon; and in this object he completely succeeded. But he was unable to venture beyond a mere demonstration on that point. He shortly afterwards marched against Ayerbe and Huesca, the fortified posts of which he invested, and intercepted the road to France by way of Jaca. During the absence of General Musnier, the commandant of Saragossa, who was not sufficiently alive to the extent of the danger, very incautiously adopted measures wholly inadequate to the object of repelling this attack. He despatched to the relief of Exea an Italian battalion of the 7th regiment of the line, with a company of voltigeurs of the 2nd regiment, and fifty horse chasseurs. Ceccopieri, the officer who commanded that battalion, met, near Zuera, on the 15th of October, the small garrison of Exea, which had eluded Mina's vigilance. He proceeded thence towards Ayerbe, with a view to restore the interrupted communication, met the whole of the enemy's forces, which were united at that place, and found himself involved in a most perilous situation. Being unable to attack, or to avoid being attacked, he formed his men into a square, and marched towards Huesca in a compact body, and in perfect order, trusting to the chance of his reaching that town, which was only at the distance of four leagues, and defending himself there with a better prospect of success than in the open country. But the battalion was completely surrounded in its march, and so closely pursued, that, finding itself overpowered by superior numbers, having lost its chief and several of its officers and men, who were either killed or wounded in the retreat, it was compelled to surrender at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of October, within two leagues of the town of Huesca."

After the Duke of Wellington had crossed the Bidassoa, several plans were suggested for Marshal Suchet to act upon his right flank, in aid of Soult, who was retreating upon Thoulouse. But objections were made to every scheme, and Suchet proved of no embarrassment to our army. The whole of the work proves what Napoleon said,—"That the occupation of Spain did not succeed, for want of some master mind in chief command, to combine the movements of the different Marshals to one object." The French system was one of eccentric, whilst ours was of concentric movements; and hence our ultimate success. The inutility of Marshal Suchet's forces during the advance of the English into France is very singular. His forces at this period consisted of 20,000 veteran troops, in the highest state of discipline, and which might have turned the scale in favour of Soult. These things remain to be explained. The Marshal recapitulates the services of his corps, from his first assuming the command of it, to its evacuating Spain. It consists in the capture of 82,101 men, 94 standards, and 1415 pieces of cannon.

It is known that Soult succeeded, in an eminent degree, in subduing Andalusia, in organizing the public departments, and in reducing the public mind to a passive obedience to French domination. Marshal Suchet seems to have been equally successful in reconciling the people of Arragon and Valencia to his government. Suchet receives directions from the Emperor to make the war feed the war, the letter concluding—

> "France is impoverished by the removal of the enormous sums which the public Treasury is constantly sending to Spain."

At the same time he was ordered to send to Madrid the plate of Neustra Senora del Pilar:—

"This church which was held in great veneration by the Spaniards, and enriched by the gifts of many sovereigns, possessed a great number of vases, candlesticks, and statues, in massive gold and silver. The people of Saragossa set a great value on their being preserved, and the Commander-in-chief took upon himself not to allow of their removal. This first feature of an administration which indicated a respect for property was duly appreciated by the Arragonese."

Such was the depravity produced by the priests, that the following catechism was published for all classes:—

"What duty do we owe our neighbour?—To love him, and do him all the good in our power.—What is meant by our neighbour?—All mankind, except Frenchmen.—Are we at liberty to kill the French?—Not only we may, but it is our duty to do so!"

The Junta of Cadiz offered promotion to all military officers who should break parole granted by the French. But General Suchet tells us that—

"The Arragonese fancy they possess more physical strength, and spring from nobler blood than the Castilians, and in no part of Spain is the cause of justice more loudly advocated. The native of Arragon spontaneously yields obedience to whatever he considers right, but revolts against any arbitrary act. This characteristic feature, added to a natural enthusiasm for glory, explains the conduct of the Arragonese towards the French. The name of Saragossa recalls the first and most strenuous resistance ever offered to the French arms, and it also exhibits the first example of candid and sincere submission to the government which the law of necessity had compelled that city to acknowledge."

The saving of the candlesticks of Neustra Senora del Pilar wrought miracles on the public mind:—

"General Suchet drew around him the few men of talent who had remained in the province, and upon whose uprightness he could place some reliance. Foremost in the list was the titular Bishop of Huesca, the truly venerable Father Santander, whose persuasive eloquence instilled a peaceful and conciliatory disposition in his flock. The military ex-intendant of General Palafox, Don Mauano Dominguez, had recently displayed consummate ability in the defence of Saragossa. He was well-acquainted with all the resources of the province, and by attaching himself to France, he rendered us very considerable services. The code of judicature remained unchanged; a watchful and active police was established; no alteration was yet introduced in the mode and principle of collecting taxes. An extraordinary contribution was imposed on Arragon; the clergy being called upon to contribute to it, fixed their own quota, and displayed on this occasion a disinterestedness highly creditable to them."

At length General Suchet not only contrived to support his army, but to drain marshes, open roads, construct dykes and aqueducts, to repair hospitals, rebuild the circus for the bull-fights, and to establish academies:—

"During sixteen or eighteen months, there never existed the slightest disturbance, not even when the course of military operations had compelled us to leave a very weak garrison in the town. Not a single assassination was committed, whilst at a former period upwards of three hundred were computed to have occurred (in Saragossa) every year, in time of a profound peace."

Almost similar results were produced in Catalonia and Valencia; and it wanted but the expulsion of the English army from the west of Spain to consolidate the power of France in that country. To this Marshal Suchet would have pre-eminently contributed, and experience has proved that it was a consummation devoutly to be wished, for the sake of virtue, humanity, and the common benefit of mankind, though the immediate and apparent object was but the gratification of a conqueror's boundless ambition.

NEAR LARISSA, IN THESSALY.

I saw a village tenantless, where men
  Had shrunk to ashes—where no living sound
  Stirr'd the sick heart—but all about its bound
Fester'd small grave-hills—and beyond a fen—
And through the yawning roofs, which ne'er again
Shall hear the quiet prayer of morning tide,
  Came glaring rankly out the unwholesome rose ;*
  And near, the fountain, mid green patches, close
To household hearths lay stifling—and beside
Half hid in moss, its urn. No living thing
  There bided, save the lizard on the wall,
Which crumbled under him,—or the owl on wing,
  Wroth at being roused so early.—At whose call
Was wrought this change?—Go ask the Sultan King—
  Go ask the Christian—they will tell thee *all*.

W.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES, NO. II.

Rank.

Caste is of great antiquity, and of universal operation in all countries approaching in any degree to civilization. Perfect and absolute equality is scarcely to be found; and it is matter of doubt, whether the human animal be the only victim to diversity of rank. Horses are decidedly proud, cocks crow on their own dunghills, sheep, cows, ducks, and geese, have all a notion of precedence. Now if it be true, as Madame de Stael has somewhere said, that civilization is man's natural state, and that barbarism is an accidental degradation; and if in all civilized conditions there be a distinction of rank, and even among irrational animals, if there be traces and symptoms of a sentiment of rank, then the distinction is not unnatural; and if not unnatural, then not ridiculous. The distinction of rank or caste is certainly not so strong in Europe as it is in other quarters of the globe; and it is easier in Hindostan to find out who is a Brahmin, than it is in London to ascertain who is an esquire. This is clearly an irregularity, by which dignity is in this country too lightly esteemed. The patrician families in old Rome were strongly and sternly separated from the plebeian; and yet, with all the loud talking that there is in England concerning aristocratic pride and exclusiveness, the House of Lords is on very good terms with the House of Commons; and though there is a distinction talked about between people of family and people of no family, yet that distinction is not very strongly apprehended, and the line which separates is so subtle and fleeting, that few can define it, and none can fix it. There is, no doubt, some distinction of rank in the metropolis, but it is much greater in the country. They of the Heralds Office would have much trouble in a country town, for where their business ends in London, it would have to begin in the country. The subtle and minute distinctions which exist, especially in genteel towns, require

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* The rhododendron grows in the most marshy and unwholesome situations.

for their discernment a species of heraldic microscope not yet invented. It would perhaps be thought a little encroachment on the liberty of the subject, if Parliament, in its wisdom, should attempt to fix and perpetuate the existing distinctions of rank in the country towns of this great empire, and prohibit, by legal enactments, the intermarriage of individuals of different castes. And yet from such an enactment many benefits might accrue, more especially one that would mightily please Mr. Malthus. But it would be difficult to ascertain the distinctions, and of course difficult to fix them. The worst of the matter is, that in this kingdom there is no impassable barrier, but from the lowest situation a man may rise to the highest. In genteel country towns, however, the ascent is not quite so easy. There is always a pertinacious remembrance of ancestry and origin; and though there be no Heralds Office in a country town, yet the whole community resolves itself into a kind of heraldic committee. That there are transgressions of the dictates and enunciations of this heraldic committee is not to be denied; and it is among the proofs of the degeneracy of the age that our notions of gentility are much less superfine than were those of our ancestors. In every country town that makes any pretensions to gentility, there are to be found one or two of the old school, who look with ill-suppressed contempt on that mushroom race with which they are now doomed to associate; and they will speak with mighty exultation, mingled with regret, of those good old days when no retired shopkeeper, and no country lawyer, or apothecary, would have presumed to class himself with the gentry, or have dared to enter his name as a candidate for the honour of belonging to the subscription assembly: but now, alas! almost all the genteel old families are gone, and their places are filled with a set of upstarts. It is not in the power of pen to describe, or pencil to delineate, the lamentable evils that have arisen from upstarts. They are like the frogs in Pharaoh's court, they are found hopping about everywhere. If the genteel old families evaporate and disappear for the next fifty as they have done for the last fifty years, the whole kingdom will become a horde of upstarts. The few genteel families that yet remain had better make the most of their gentility while it lasts, for that will not be very long. And when it is gone, what will the world do for gentility? It will not, perhaps, be quite so straitened as may be imagined, for the spirit of distinction extends itself downward to the very lowest grades in society, and there it exists in a degree of vigour and discrimination little known or thought of but by those who have seen it. Nobility itself is a comparatively slight distinction, when contrasted with the dignity of an individual who is by some undefinable circumstance placed a little a-head of his next-door neighbour in a country town; and if any thing can equal the contempt with which the superior looks down upon the inferior, it is the envy with which the inferior looks up to the superior. In the fashionable and other novels which have been published of late years, there is much talk of exclusiveness, and there are many humiliating delineations of the commercial and struggling part of the community. Moreover, it is set forth in these pictures of society, that people of high rank keep at a distance people of low rank. Now, so far as concerns the great metropolis, there is not much practical truth in these delineations. If a man by commercial enterprise has made a

noble fortune, and if he has the good sense and good manners of a gentleman, he may spend his fortune in the society of noblemen, and not one in a hundred will insult him by alluding to his lack of titled ancestry. But, generally speaking, there is not in London that collision of classes, which there is in country towns. The fashionable and the unfashionable are kept separate; while in country towns they all live together, and every body knows every body, and every body meets every body every day. It is by this perpetual and unavoidable collision that the discrimination of rank is felt, and becomes at once ridiculous and annoying. In the East, where the distinction of caste exists in all its fulness and severity, one of the lower must not, even at the peril of his life, come in contact with one of the higher. And as the distinction is known, ascertained, and acknowledged, it is borne patiently, and the manifestations of superiority are not regarded as insulting or unfounded. But it would be very different if the degraded and humbled caste felt that his humble condition was, on the part of the superior, an act of injustice; and if he of the higher caste had an apprehension that the inferior yielded a forced, imperfect, and reluctant homage, then would the insolence of the superior be proportionably increased. And this is precisely the case in a country town. The shopkeeper thinks himself quite as good as the apothecary, and the apothecary thinks himself far superior to the shopkeeper. Furthermore, the attorney who is the son of an attorney, thinks himself superior to the attorney who is the son of a shopkeeper; while the attorney who is the son of a shopkeeper, thinks himself quite equal to the attorney who is the son of an attorney. And the shopkeeper who is the equal of the shopkeeper who is the father of an attorney, thinks himself equal also to the attorney aforesaid; and the attorney aforesaid despises shopkeepers as an inferior caste. The apothecary who keeps a boy in livery to carry out medicines and wait at table, thinks himself, by virtue of the liveried urchin, on a par with a gentleman who keeps a footman. The shopkeeper who has two parlours is of more consequence than he who has but one; and the grocer or draper who keeps a gig with iron springs, feels himself to be in a higher rank than one whose gig has only wooden springs, and is therefore but one degree higher in dignity than a taxed-cart. As some shopkeepers have genteeler kindred than others, these ramifications are also taken into consideration, and influence or determine the station which the said shopkeeper is allowed to take in the society of shopkeepers. He who is in a business which requires no shop, thinks himself in a higher rank than the shopkeeper; while the shopkeeper thinks himself equal in rank with any one who is in business. Thus there is a reluctant acknowledgment of superiority on the one side, which is met by a more arrogant assumption of it on the other. There are little books published, which are called guides to the different watering-places; some publication, by way of a guide, would be useful in all country towns for the direction of new settlers, and might be serviceable in assisting them to take their proper station. Errors of this kind will in time be corrected; but it is better to learn at once than to acquire knowledge by a long and tedious process; for an individual of obtuse perceptions, who cannot readily take a hint, may live in a country town for many years without being aware of his real and proper place in society. But every thing is degenerating, nothing

is as it used to be, and nothing is as it ought to be. That the seasons are not as they were when we were young, every body knows, from thirty years' old to fourscore years and upwards. There is also a degree of deterioration, as above hinted, in the matter of provincial gentility. Shopkeepers are still kept at an awful distance; but retired shopkeepers, and the widows and daughters of those who once were shopkeepers, are admitted among gentlefolks. Where all this will end nobody can tell.

THE "WINE OF BLOOD."*

Night closed the scene of blood;
With gore the river roll'd;
But redder pour'd the mountain-flood,
The life-stream of the Bold;
Hurl'd over crag and rock
By the keen spear's death-shock,
They fell the hunters' prey,
Down deep that day.

The risen moon changed the dead
With the blight of her pale beam;
And Silence in the midnight said:—
"What now to you is fame?"
Let the red torrent fall,
They hear it not at all—
Who hears vague Honour's cry,
From his mortality!

The phantom Honour flies,
The dead heed not her lure,
She mocks her votary's obsequies,
And seeks for game more sure.
She has deluded him,
And hunts fresh life and limb,
To dupe with airy schemes
Of her vain dreams.

War has no virtuous crown,
Save for the patriot's brow;
Ambition's crumbling renown
Fleets as the spring-shower bow—
Fair to the eye and bright,
Quick melting from the sight,
Its crime and blood and care,
How vain they are!

None patriot deeds forget,
Basle still tells their tale,
Ages are pass'd, and Switzers yet
Rejoice in their proud vale;
Where their sires to battle pour'd,
Until the sword devour'd,
Pledging Birs' torrent-flood,
In wine of blood.

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* The Swiss annually pledge the dead in the combat of Birs, in which sixteen only survived. This toast is drunk in wine, denominated the "Wine of Blood."

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA, NO. I.

" In the wilds of fiery climes he made himself a home."—BYRON.

Introduction—leaving cantonments in hot weather.

WHY should I feel half ashamed of being a sportsman? Alexander only asked for kings as his competitors, and surely Ferdinand VII. Charles X. and his late Majesty "Le gros de Naples," are authority sufficient to sanction a subaltern's amusements. But I confess these illustrious examples do not satisfy me, and I feel anxious to say what I can in palliation of my practices. I commenced sportsman in chase of health. The Doctors told me I required exercise, and I found that I walked farther and felt it less, when I followed an antelope, than when I strolled to the ruined Serai, which our quizzers had christened the Temple of Hygeia. But I soon began to take an interest in this pursuit, and still more in the beautiful scenes to which it led me. Amid them I caught a fever, which drove me from India; but even while I suffered most, it was a delight to me to think of them. In every dreamy doze I used to fancy myself back in those beloved wildernesses, and felt as if I floated mingled with the elements of their beauteous combinations. A consciousness of my perilous state would often intrude upon this fanciful happiness, but it failed to dissipate it; I thought I knew the very spots (always the most lovely ones) where I had inhaled the poison that seemed consuming me, and I hurried to them, revelling in their beauty and sunniness, and franticly reiterating the desperate draughts that I felt had caused this drunkenness of the mind. On the plain, too, if there was less of beauty, there was all the excitement of most manly sport, and an exhilarating freshness of feeling, in ranging over so bright and boundless a domain, free from the masquerading monotony of our cantonment-life. I am not one who regret the times when the " wisdom of our ancestors " allowed officers to mount guard in dressing-gowns, and enjoined them, " in case of an alarm, to fire three guns rapidly" from a battery, of which but the muzzle of one long-18 was visible above ground. I only mean to insinuate the melancholy truth, that there have been shamefully-long intervals of peace in India as elsewhere, and that many gallant and good-natured men, from having had nothing but drilling to do, form an opinion that there is nothing in this world but drilling to be done. They worship an image, thinking but little of the object it represents; and altogether fashion out a system of discipline, which, if the commencing line of Mr. West's poem, (" Oh goodly discipline from Heaven y-sprung!") be true, one would imagine to have been ejected from on high with Lucifer and his followers, as one of those things incompatible with the existence of harmony and happiness. Thinking thus, I considered the time I passed in sport, as spent in a pursuit more calculated to develope and perfect my real professional qualities, than being caged for twenty-four hours in a guard-room, or forming one of the perspiring units of a new alignment, or a hollow square. There was a dash of enterprise and adventure in it; we acquired the use of the spear and rifle, and a quickness of eye, hand, and expedient. Our marches were of all lengths; we thought " a man was not half a man till he could defy wind and weather;" and we prided ourselves in doggedly braving the sun and rain, and passing days or nights on the saddle, as enno-

bling our amusement with something of the risk and exposure of military service.* But though I say what I can in self-defence, I desire no one to follow my example. Let no hippish gentleman consign me to the devil, as he presses his side and draws up his breath, to discharge it in the doleful sigh that anticipates salivation or abscesses. I tell all such that I have been seldom out without making myself unwell. I have been alternately drenched and roasted through half the hours of a day, and have passed a night naked in pacing a deserted house, which sheltered me from a storm that had soaked my clothes so that I dared not wear them, and swollen the river which separated me from home into a torrent that was impassable. I have been washed out of my saddle at noon where in the morning I had passed almost dry-shod; and have seen natives of India drop senseless, and one drop dead, beneath a sun, which, but for these sports, I should not have braved. I mention the very worst I can to which they are liable, because in all their varieties there is a risk of health and safety, and it depends entirely upon the value a man sets on himself, whether he will consider the game worth the stake he must venture at it. I was sure to win—the sport, if I retained my health—a return to England, if I lost it:—as to the possibility of dying, the hope of escape has taken with me a character of expectation which has strengthened with every risk; and happily for my consistency, the accident which proves its fallacy will cut short any unhandsome reflection I might be inclined to make on a rational delusion, to which I owe half the happiness of my life.

Four black and grinning urchins were wielding their damp cuscus† fans above our heads, and scattering the mosquitoes into corners, as four of us sat with our legs upon the table, enjoying the melody and perfume of our hookahs. The "demi-jour" produced by the tats, which blocked up every window, and translated the hot wind into a cool and fragrant breeze, would have concealed, from one entering from the glare without, the convenient, and not unbecoming dishabille of shirt, slippers, and silk long drawers, which our united wisdom had voted dress at breakfast. Even these were wet through, for it was the genial month of May, which (especially when aided by the contents of the diminutive punch-bowls we call tea-cups) multiplies upon us the penalty which obliges man to pay for bread with perspiration, and almost justifies the ingenious supposition of a gentleman, "that some mischievous imp had run his finger through the paper partition which separated India from the Pandemonium," to which unhappily, in more senses than one, it seems to have been intended as the anteroom. Besides the bipeds of the party, there was present a leopard, which stood at the stretch of his chain, looking steadfastly at his master for the egg which was daily given

* After riding the whole night, I have found at day-break that the rocks or jungle round me seemed peopled with fantastic shapes, that appeared to start from behind each bush or cliff as I approached it. I have known very severe fatigue produce the same visions in several instances. Hard study will have a somewhat similar effect; and when the pestilence that walks invisible at noon-day has touched a victim, he not unfrequently sees "the plague-woman." I should think the very numerous and various facts of this nature that could be collected would furnish useful data for "a theory of apparitions."

† It may be superfluous to state that the root of the cuscus grass has a pleasing scent and is made into different sorts of fans, as well as framed and damped to fill up the window places and cool the air as it passes through them.

him to civilize his taste: he was a wonderfully well behaved fellow, if we except a few outbursts of original sin, which cost us two or three very promising pups, and lost him several particularly fine teeth. Nothing but a blow that would fell him convinced him of the impropriety of these proceedings. After receiving one of these he would lie motionless some time, and several tremulous twitches of his lip and whisker would mark returning hope; an eye would then be slightly opened, then wholly, then both, when, if he disliked our looks, they would instantly close again; but if not, a deprecatory sort of howl accompanied his roll upon his legs, and with a swirl of his tail he would turn and press his hind quarters against the person he was anxious to conciliate. This usually induced an expostulation on his conduct, to which he would listen with becoming attention, till he waddled off on receiving his dismissal in a kick. He was easily managed, but we found it more difficult to satisfy a gentleman who, stretched on the mat of our couch, sent out from the depths of the cushion, in which his head was sunk, a variety of objections against our approaching excursion. He was a happy specimen of one genus of our Anglo-Indians:—a good-looking pale-faced fellow, never quitting his couch, or hookah, but when dinner, duty, or the more essential claims of his long light hair dragged him from them. The indolence which at first was but an indulgence of inclination, had become in him a matter of vanity, since we had remarked and ridiculed it. He had given up all verbal communication with his servants, and had drilled them into the interpretation of nods, looks, and pointings to a degree of perfection, to which, it must be confessed, his success on the parade ground was by no means commensurate. He threatened us with the thermometer at 110; we were to be choked and blinded by the dust; dried up by the hot winds; our tables and boxes were to be warped, and our tumblers were to fly in our faces. The horses were to go in the loins; the dogs to get the liver; and we, if we did not somerset out of our saddles with "coups de soleil," were inevitably to try conclusions with the cholera. The objections we could not refute, (those relating to the dust and furniture,) we affected to despise, and asked, "who cared about such things?" We asserted our superior prudence in remaining behind a tent wall in a steady temperature, rather than going from a tatted room into the noon-tide blaze; asked if an oven of a house, when entered in a morning, (for nearly all sleep in tents at this period,) would feel like the delicious air in which we made our toilettes; and as to cholera, we appealed to him if it did not always visit the cantonment in May, and intimated that, as the indolent and lethargic seemed particularly susceptible of it, he could not do better than apply for leave and accompany us. I think I see him smiling and opening his large blue eyes at the extravagance of the proposal, as rising on his elbow he asked, "Is it me? Yes! I think I see myself galloping over cracked cotton-ground* in a tin hunting-cap and boots like a French postilion, for a fox or hog." "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!" was murmured near him; but he replied, "Not at all; give me a hog that may be eaten cold the day after he's killed, and I'll say he's worth something. You'll eat yours, I suppose, as the Abyssinians do beef, while you follow them. No," (he

* A black crumbling soil common to India, which is full of clefts and holes.

continued, as he accoutred himself in the harness which his boy had brought, in obedience to one of his eloquent signals,) "no, no, I don't volunteer for purgatory, and I only hope you'll get credit for your sufferings on some future occasion, as a Brigade-Major promised my countrymen they should, when he hung eleven instead of ten of them one morning. Well," (a look being answered by a bow) "my charger's at the door, so adieu, boys; bridle your passions, and give way to restraint, as O'Riley says: Here, give this sword to the horse-keeper—and now——" (seizing and preparing to open an umbrella, which our cry of "Oh, you won't take that machine," only checked for a second, as he replied) "The devil I won't! I'm half a Catholic, and the Pope's guards always do: —never fear—I'll bring it into fashion, as I did sleeping in sheets, and turning out in boat cloaks on the gate guards. I shall see you at mess!" But we saw him no more; something kept him from dinner; and while we were out, his sister arrived in India, and, having obtained leave, he started off at a rate that, at the end of 200 of his 1000 miles, had left his people half way behind the spot where he died, exhausted by fever and fatigue. His death, induced by this reckless abandonment to feeling, to which his habits seemed so opposite, made a deep impression upon several of us. As he left us, we adjourned to the compound,* where cobblers were mending straps and saddles,—tent makers at our tents—blacksmiths shoeing horses—Lascars rolling straw and wrapping bottles—bullocks coming in—servants going out, and all our preparations proceeding, in spite of the officious interference of a well-meaning European, who had prepared himself for the labours of the day by a libation that had effectually incapacitated him for any thing but delaying them. We soon got rid of him, for every thing went wrong in his eyes, and his mode of correcting matters was somewhat too summary, believing, as he professed to do, "that them natives was greater fools at understanding a man than even Portegese or Flemminers, and that for his part he didn't think they was naturals as we was."—It would be an endless task, and would go nearer to prove the folly of our proceedings than all our friend had urged, to attempt to describe the trouble of a start in India. I sicken at the recollection of it, and must conclude it done—our month's supplies packed, loaded, and the blessed hour of their departure passed. Had any one just from Europe seen them filing through our gate in the moonlight,—our four spare horses, dozen dogs, with some twenty bullocks, and threescore ragamuffins, men, women, and children, some carrying bundles, others guns, swords, sticks, and spears of all lengths, with a variety of costume amongst them, from that of the well-clad dubash† to the cooly,‡ whose twisted hair formed his turban, and some inches of old rag his wardrobe, each yelling out his peculiar jargon, but all to the very extent of their voices, while the guard of Sepoys would be endeavouring to give some order to this chaos,—it would have been difficult to persuade him that a shooting excursion of four subalterns could have been the sufficient cause of so prodigious and preposterous an effect! A manilla, our adieus to some "of the kindliest men that ever struck with sword," and four restless hours on a friend's couch, round which the riotous mosquitoes sung loudly as they quaffed our

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* Enclosed space about the house. † Butler. ‡ Porter.

claret, brought us to the eventful moment when, jaded and half asleep, we paraded to take our stirrup-cup of coffee, and mount. Two of us being ball shots turned out in drab jackets, nankeen trowsers, and seal-skin caps, all assimilating in colour to the long dry grass. A third was in white, with a straw hat, comfort being to him more than concealment: while the fourth had a half-military cut in his equipment, in which we, who knew him, could recognize the mind to which (though he was an admirable shot) the risk and fatigue of our parties was more attraction than their sport. But I question if any of us could tell his neighbour's dress when we passed through the cantonment; and before the last challenge of the sentries had greeted us, commenced the doze, which the soothing freshness of these delightful nights renders irresistible. An angry exclamation would now and then be heard, as a check of the bridle reproved a stumble; or a sudden catch of the breath, as the head that had bobbed too low and awoke its owner with a start, would, in the phraseology of our Serjeant-major, "regain its perpiticular." We had passed over some miles before the morning rose-tints that blend with the deep blue of our sky began to assume a brighter glow, which gradually brought into light the rocks, the clump of trees and minarets, with the line of rice-fields beneath the castellated mud walls and palmyras, which broke the uniformity of the low jungle through which we passed. The rock of Golconda, and the neglected tombs of the Kootub Shawee dynasty were far upon our left.* We rode bareheaded, but still silent; for though awake, it seemed as if a word would have disturbed the voluptuous dreaminess we enjoyed, as our horses bore us through the balmy air which fluttered against our half-shut eyes and throbbing temples. There is no temperature like these day-breaks. Existence is delight while they continue. But no sooner did the sun rise nakedly above the horizon, and seem almost to dry up the delicious breeze, than every eye became wide open,—every head covered,—the spurs seemed instinctively to touch the horses' side, and followed by our people, we broke into a trot, in spite of some partridges that set up their syren cry beside us. In about an hour the breeze had died away—the sun continued to mount the sky, that afforded not a single cloud to intercept his beams,—all inanimate nature, as if it had revelled through this balmy night, had sunk into repose, except the air, which began to assume a tremulous and

* When Melrose asks for moonshine, I hope there is no offence in saying these tombs are only fit to be seen after sunset. It was late in the evening when, for the first time, I scrambled over the grass-matted wall that encloses them, and stood within the endless shadow of their domes. The singleness and simplicity of these square masses, with their gigantic cupolas and arched piazzas, was at once tomb-like and kingly. The light of the interior was barely sufficient to show the Arabic inscriptions on the wall, and the black slab that marked the monarch's resting-place; but the eye vainly strove to trace the height or extent of the dome. All was sombre, chill, and awful, and the clank of a horse's foot that some one led in, was reverberated in a sound that made me shudder. I came away full of these impressions, and was very sufficiently laughed at in consequence some years after, when I was so unlucky as to take a party in unpoetical daylight to look for gloomy grandeur in white-washed walls and parti-coloured pilasters. I was inclined to exclaim with half the heroes of our tragedies and melodrames—"Can I believe my eyes?" and almost to question the identity of the stone and mortar,—in imitation of a friend of mine, who, finding himself peculiarly unintelligible in Flanders, declared the French language had altered amazingly since he was there in 1793!

glittering motion. A mirage* was commencing on the right, which, before we had lost it, had spread itself among the distant hills, forming bays and inlets; and mingling with the sky at the horizon, gave to eyes (that had not looked on it for years) a perfect picture of the ocean. On passing a string of laden camels, whose stately step and slow clinking bells were appropriate additions to this stilly scene, a pishash, or whirlwind of dust, came twirling amongst us; and as we shut our eyes and mouths, and held our caps, our horses (startled at the camels, and the rushing of the dust and wind,) came foul of each other, and mine, an elegant extract from Cutch, called "No earthly vice," lashed out. A deep dig of the spurs marked my sense of his brutality, and a doubly furious lash showed the value he set on my displeasure.†

The sultriness was now getting more and more oppressive, and was only interrupted by warm puffs of wind, that swept up the dust in streaks across the sky. We rode on resigned, *i. e.* in silent sulkiness. Some pilgrims, each carrying their two encased chatties‡ of Jumna water, passing us, gave occasion for some muttered remarks about "holy water and humbug all the world over," which, with an exclamation of "Where is this tope?"§ and a general growl of "Ay, here it comes, hot and hot," as the wind opened its full fire in our faces, were all we sported in the way of conversation. We had a full half-hour of as blazing a breeze as ever heated blood, or cooled water,|| before the melodious howl of our dogs welcomed us to the tent, which, under the impervious shade of some mangoes, half white with their mignionette-like blossoms, was the half-way house of this day's march. A pinching of paws and noses with the canines, and the application of a basin of water, occupied a few minutes, before, squeezing our dried skins into caricatures of smiles, we shook hands, and sat down free, happy, and half roasted, congratulating each other on our arrival under the green wood.

LINES TO JULIA M——,

Sent with a copy of his Poems, from Thomas Campbell.

SINCE there is magic in your look
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm
By Beauty's most resistless spell.

The sunny dew-drop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and wither'd bays:
Smile, and I will believe my rhyme
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

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* A deceptive appearance resembling water, common to hot and sandy countries. It is also called Siraub. "As to the unbelievers, their works are like the Siraub, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran*, cap. 24.

† This was a sad beast, but "cela va sans dire," after saying he was a dun and a country horse. I remarked that hard work, which ruins the temper of Arabs, improved his. It would seem as if the generous animal became soured and reckless under ill-treatment, while the mere brute learned to crouch to it.

‡ Earthen pots. § Grove.

|| By evaporation. We put a wet towel round the earthen water vessels, and the hotter the wind, the cooler the water becomes.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue

PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH PLAYERS, NO. II.*

Jenny Colon.

We have not left ourselves much room, nor indeed much occasion, to enter into details respecting the character of Mademoiselle Colon's acting, since much of what we have said of Vertpré is applicable in a great degree to her younger rival. But there is this most essential difference between them,—that in the one case all is the result of art, and in the other it is effected by Nature chiefly. In all that appertains to manner—(and in the female acting of the French stage nearly all is an affair of manner)—Vertpré is the more finished performer of the two; and we venture to think that there is that about Colon which will for ever prevent her from equalling her rival in this respect. But the very quality (for it is a possession, not a negation, to which we allude) that prevents Colon from ever equalling Vertpré in some things, enables her to go beyond her in others. The quality to which we allude is complexional, and cannot be explained farther,—unless it be by adding that she is a *blonde*, with rich fair hair, and blue eyes. Mademoiselle Colon exhibits infinite grace, *naïveté*, and simplicity, whenever these are required by the part she is performing; but they are the grace, *naïveté*, and simplicity of the natural woman—(the natural Frenchwoman, be it always understood,)—not the accomplished actress. But that in which she excels, is a certain passionate tenderness and truth, whether of grief or of joy, the effect of which is irresistible. And we conceive her great merit to consist in that, the absence of which is the great defect of Miss Kelly in the same line of representations. Mademoiselle Colon never oversteps those limits which keep her pathetic class of performances from giving pain. She makes them instruments of pleasure, by means of mental excitement; whereas Miss Kelly occasionally makes her's the instruments of torture, by the same means. There is nothing but truth and nature in the performances of both these actresses; but in those of Miss Kelly, we have no hesitation in saying that there is often too much of these qualities; just as in those of Vertpré there is sometimes too little. But Colon hits the exact medium. And accordingly, taking any one performance which is exactly suited to her powers,—Annette, for instance,—we have no doubt whatever that her's would be more attractive than either of the others: not so finished as Vertpré's, nor so forcible as Kelly's, but more attractive than either, because more consistent with "the purpose of playing:" which, no doubt, "was and is, to hold the mirror up to Nature;" but a mirror, the magic powers of which should present nothing to the spectator that is incompatible with present and immediate pleasure.

There is one other point connected with the performances of Colon,

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* The present portrait of Jenny Colon was annexed by the writer to that of Vertpré, page 333, which the reader will bear in mind. Together, they extended to a much greater length than we were justified in devoting to them in one number.

which we must on no account pass over without notice; because besides being the most popular quality she possesses, it is one which may be made, and in fact is made, to cast a charm, exclusive of herself, about every thing she does. We allude to her singing. The singing of Colon is, in its way, the most touching, sweet, and altogether delightful thing on the French, or, we fear it must be said, any other stage. Being the perfection of chaste and unpretending simplicity, we of course do not mean to compare it with the brilliant and scientific efforts of those among ourselves who are singers by profession and exclusively. But, regarding it as a thing, the sole object of which is, to appeal, directly and at once, through the medium of the senses, to the heart, we have no hesitation in placing it above every thing else of the kind, on our own stage at least, with one only exception, in Miss Stephens's execution of some of the old Scottish songs. A little while ago, indeed, we had something equal to, and very much resembling it, in the singing of Miss M. Tree; and what is singular, or rather, what is not singular, for precisely similar physical causes and adopted habits and tastes can scarcely fail to produce similar results—Miss M. Tree's acting was (still, with the exception of Miss Kelly's) the only thing our own stage has possessed in the present day that could, with truth, be likened to that of the French actress whose pretensions we are now examining—the only thing at once so simple, so true to nature, and so kept in check by a perhaps instinctive and unconscious, but yet ever-present and all-pervading art.

It will be observed that we have, with one or two slight exceptions, not illustrated our remarks by a reference to particular performances. There have been several reasons for this. Our very restricted limits is one. Another is, that we write chiefly for those to whom even the names of the persons we speak of will be new, much more the characters they embody, the very essence of which is to be ever changing with the changing events and feelings of the hour. But our chief reason for paying but little attention to the details of particular performances is, that, in fact, the modern French theatre, and especially that lightest portion of it, to which the performances in question belong, is a thing of manners and feelings exclusively, where it does not (as in its melodramatic department) descend into a thing of mere facts and incidents; and consequently nearly the whole of what is by courtesy called the character belonging to it is communicated by the actors; with an express view to some one of which the chief parts are always written. Nevertheless, it may be a matter of convenience and interest to many of our readers, if we point out two or three of the pieces in which the peculiar powers of that one of the above named actresses who is at present among us, may be best judged of and appreciated; for without something of this kind, the probabilities are that she would be seen for the first time under great disadvantages—especially if looked at with a view to the almost unqualified admiration which we have felt ourselves no less gratified, than compelled in justice, to bestow upon her.

The first of these performances that we shall mention in particular, is called "Les Premiers Amours; ou Les Souvenirs d'Enfance." The leading idea of this little piece is very natural, *piquante*, and at the same time quite original; and the details of it are very cleverly contrived with the view of displaying some of the features of Colon's style—its (occasionally infantine) simplicity and *naïveté*, its feminine grace and

sweetness, and its archness and humour. Emmeline and her cousin Charles, by dint of reading novels together, under the amiable auspices of a romantic aunt, have, just before the departure of Charles on his travels, and while he was a mere boy and she a child, "vowed an eternal attachment" to each other, which Charles of course very soon forgets in his intercourse with the great world, but which Emmeline (as it appears at the opening of the piece) has carried forward into womanhood, and still cherishes as fondly and romantically as ever. In the interim, however, the father of Emmeline has contracted a fitting marriage for her, with the amiable and accomplished son of an old friend, which, at the commencement of the piece, he announces to her, accompanied by the information that her intended (whom neither father nor daughter have ever seen) is every hour expected to arrive at their house and claim her hand. She is, of course, thrown into despair at this intelligence; but, as her old father dotes upon his only child, and desires her happiness above all things else, he is soon persuaded to give up his project of marrying her at present, and consents (on her confessing to him her affection for his nephew Charles) to dismiss the expected suitor, by acquainting him (in a letter) with the real state of Emmeline's affection. This letter, however, by the negligence of a servant, does not reach its destination till the expected lover arrives at the house; and as it so happens that the proposed marriage is exactly conformable to the views of this party, he determines not to resign his hopes so easily, especially as he learns from the letter that the cousin Charles has not been seen by either party since he was a boy, and that, consequently, not only must the supposed affection be a mere piece of child's play, but the person of its object must be unknown to both father and daughter. He therefore determines to assume the character of Charles for the moment, in order to see the lady, and to gain time for his future plans; and, as Charles himself is expected to return at this time, his plot succeeds with both parties. The daughter in particular rushes with ecstasy into the arms of her (supposed) "Cher cousin Charles," recognizes every feature of his face—but particularly the eyes, which, she says, "ne changent jamais!" and is at the very *comble* of girlish and romantic felicity—which, however, her father any thing but partakes in, for he has just learned that Charles has, during his absence, run in debt, committed all sorts of follies and vagabondages, and is, in fact, little better than a "mauvais sujet." It is of course out of this portion of the plot—her delighted recognition of a person she never saw in her life before, and the recalling to him and to herself of all their innumerable little "souvenirs d'enfance,"—that the humour and pleasantry of the piece, and the charm of Colon's acting arise; and to point out anywhere else one which includes such a delicious fund of girlish sweetness, simplicity, and *naïveté*, is more than we are able to do.

Perhaps it must be admitted, however, that the *forte* of Colon is the pathetic, for in this she excels Vertpré, and is in no degree inferior, in truth and nature, to our own Kelly. But she has not played many characters here which turn exclusively upon this quality of acting. The chief of those which she has played are that of "La Somnambule," which is so delightfully performed by Miss Kelly, and which, therefore, we need not allude to farther; and a part in "La Vielle de Suresne." This last piece turns on a marriage contracted in direct oppo-

sition to an ardent passion for another party, and from a sense of filial piety and affection—there being no other means of preserving from abject poverty and distress a beloved and doting mother. Charming as this latter performance is, we must not enter into particulars in regard to it. But one instance we must mention, of the power which this actress possesses (in common with all those whose talents amount to genius), of conveying a world of meaning through the medium of a single word. The instance to which we allude is a double one. Her accepted husband, observing an air of extreme melancholy grow upon her as the (to him) joyful moment of their union approaches, is induced to inquire with some solemnity, whether it is by her own free will that she has consented to bestow her hand upon him? Her reply is simply, "*Oui!*" He then asks her, in a still more solemn manner, whether, having consented to wed him, she loves him? Her reply is, "*Non!*" Not a syllable more—and none of the usual accompaniments in such cases, of agonized sobs and convulsive sighs. But the effect in both instances is touching to the last degree. It is like—what shall we say?—it is like that of a sweetly-uttered poem, breathing forth the very essence of pathetic grief! In the first case, it is a requiem on the dead hopes and departed joys of the past; and in the second, a fearful prophecy of the despair that awaits her in the future.

Finally, the little part of Ketly, in "Le Retour en Suisse," is that in which, above all others that she has played here, we would commend this charming person to the admiring attention of our readers. The piece itself is the merest trifle—a little pastoral sketch, ingeniously enough contrived, and prettily executed, with reference to the object in view—of calling into play, in the performer of Ketly, those peculiar qualities and characteristics of female nature which are supposed to exist in their entire purity and simplicity among meads and mountains alone, and the mimic representations of which are sought and admired in great cities, in proportion as the realities are scorned and eschewed. At the opening of the piece, Senneville,—a young and high-minded artist, who had a year or two before sojourned, in pursuit of his professional views, in the native hamlet of Ketly, and for whom she had then (though scarcely more than a mere child) conceived a passion, which she had ever since cherished, secretly and hopelessly,—returns to Switzerland, and to this very spot, with the view of settling there for life; having succeeded to an ample fortune, and at the same time grown disgusted with the heartless and hollow intercourse which he had met with in the great world. During his absence, however, Rutly, the foolish son of a rich innkeeper in the same village, has wooed and, as he imagines, won the affections of Ketly; and on Senneville's arrival and recognition in the village, his now powerful influence is sought, both by the lover himself and by Ketly's father, to overcome the scruples, or rather the proud determination, of Rutly's rich mother, against her son's match with the poor cottager's daughter; for the representations of Rutly as to his child's avowed inclination for him, added to her altered manners and drooping health, have at length convinced Ketly's father that she secretly loves her rustic admirer. The unexpected arrival of Senneville of course renews and heightens all Ketly's tender feelings towards him; but the strong instinct of female delicacy impels her to hide those feelings still more studiously than ever; while Senneville's involuntary admiration of the unchanged simplicity

and perfected beauty of the sweet cottager whom he had left an unformed girl, is checked and repressed by her supposed feelings towards her foolish lover. In this position of affairs it is that Senneville, at the joint request of Ketly's father and her lover, having first ascertained, as he imagines, that Rutly (however unaccountable it may seem) really is the object of her choice, removes the only supposed obstacle to the match, by offering to present her with a dowry adequate to the views of Rutly's mother. This brings matters to a crisis. Ketly of course refuses the offered gift, and is induced to confess to her beloved father her reason for so doing; and this avowal, being not absolutely unexpected by Senneville, is overheard by him, and leads to an immediate offer of his heart and name.

To all those who have not witnessed Mademoiselle Colon's performance of this little part (and even to many of those who have), we expect to be thought extravagant in the admiration we have to express of it. But we shall express that admiration nevertheless; for we cannot help thinking, there is no feeling more contemptible than that which impels us to withhold the payment of a tribute of delighted gratitude where we know it to be due, merely from a paltry fear that our admiration may, possibly, not be echoed by those who hear it. We will say, then, that in Colon's performance of the little part of Ketly, there are things, which in point of purity, sweetness, and subtlety of moral effect, no poetry ever surpassed, or probably can surpass; and which affect the mind in precisely the same manner, and to the same end, that poetry of a corresponding class affects it. And it should be expressly understood that this effect is produced solely by the acting; the words uttered, where there are any, having one merit alone—that of being not inappropriate to the feeling and situation from which they are supposed to spring. And even this merit, great and unquestionable as it is, can only be looked upon as a negative one; for in almost every case of this kind to which we could allude, many other forms of expression would have answered the purpose just as well, because they would have been turned to equal account in the acting. In the case of a performance, the very name of which must be entirely unknown to a great body of our readers, we should not be justified in going much into particulars, even if the matter were one (which it is nôt) where mere description will avail much. But two or three little touches of beauty we must allude to, if it be only to recall them to the memory of those who have witnessed this sweet performance, or to induce others to seek a confirmation of our opinion through the medium of their own feelings and perceptions. For a *naïve* and touching expression of feminine delight—perfectly natural and unrestrained, yet strictly within the limits of female delicacy—nothing was ever more enchanting than Ketly's reply to Senneville, when, on her withdrawing to a little distance while he partakes of the refreshment she has placed before him, he asks her if she will not come and sit beside him on the bench at her father's door. Yet what is there in the mere words which she utters on this occasion? Let the reader see what he can make of them on paper: " Je le veux bien." Again, when Senneville is confiding to her the sorrows and disappointments which have driven him to seek a solace from them among the scenes which had so charmed him in his early youth, he asks her whether she is not horrified at the treatment he had received from *one* person in

particular—a lady, to whom he had offered the homage of his affections, and who, after first deceiving him with a show of love, had finally scorned and rejected him. Ketly's reply consists of a single syllable: "*Non!*" Yet this one word, as she pronounces it, and accompanies it by a commentary of speaking-looks, is more full of meaning, and more effective, than the longest speech in Racine. It is hazardous to compare small things with great: but as we cannot persuade ourselves to regard any thing as really trifling or insignificant which is the result of a deep feeling for the truth of nature, united with a perfect power of embodying that feeling in visible symbols for the delight of others, we will not scruple to compare some of Colon's touches of this kind with similar ones in the acting of one of the finest geniuses of modern times—Pasta. In another style, equally sweet, but pathetic even to tears, is the confession she makes to her beloved and doting father, of the secret feeling which had prompted her to refuse the offered dowry of Senneville, and the hand of Rutly. The way in which, during this outpouring of her feelings, she several times half drops on her knees, to deprecate his anticipated anger, produces an impression more appropriate to the situation, and more affecting to the spectator, than a whole vocabulary, even of passionate words.

Finally, we will venture to say, that no visible depicturing of human joy was ever more exquisitely true, intense, and touching than that which is painted on the face of this fair creature, from the first dawning smile which comes to it with her dawning hope of Senneville's love, till, growing gradually as that hope grows towards certainty, it beams into a bright intensity of bliss, that seems to radiate on all about it, and fill the very air with its penetrating sweetness—even as a sweet star beams and radiates more and more brightly, as the blue depths of its beloved Night advance and close upon it.

THE IMAGE OF THE DEAD.—BY FELICIA HEMANS.

To ———

——— True indeed it is
That they whom Death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them,
The Future cannot contradict the Past.
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone. WORDSWORTH.

" The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow. BYRON.

I CALL thee blest!—though now the voice be fled,
Which to thy soul brought dayspring with its tone,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne'er look'd on thine but light was thrown
Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord, since *He* is gone,
Feeling all this, ev'n yet, by many a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the *brightly* lone!
I call thee blest.

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
  As mid the waste an Isle of Fount and Palm,
For ever gone!—the world's breath enters not,
  The passion-tempests may not break its calm:
                'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn,
  From weary words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,
  That fill'd with waters of sweet Memory lies
                In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home!*—there is no power in change
  To reach that Temple of the Past;—no sway
In all Time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
  To sweep the still transparent peace away
                From its hush'd air.

And oh! that glorious Image of the Dead!
  Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
  Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee blest,
                If only *there!*

Blest, for the Beautiful within thee dwelling,
  Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
  To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust,
                With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
  No false mirage for *thee,* the fervent love,
The Rainbow still unreach'd, th' ideal gleam,
  That ever seems before, beyond, above,
                Far off to shine.

But *thou,* from all the daughters of the earth
  Singled and mark'd, hast *known* its home and place,
And the high memory of its holy worth
  To this our life a glory and a grace
                For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved?
  —Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away
Was not for earth!—a treasure but removed,
  A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
                Thine still in Heaven!

AN ARTICLE FOR THE NEW MONTHLY.

"Sed eloquentiæ magister, nisi tanquam piscator eam imposuerit escam hamis quam scierit appetituros esse pisciculos, sine spe prædæ moratur in scopulo."—*Petr. Arbiter.*

The month is fast wearing away, and no article yet written for the New Monthly. There is no time to be lost. What then shall it be about? "If I know, I am a brewer's horse." Sooth to say, I am as much in want of a subject as an Edinburgh anatomist; and almost as ready to commit a misdemeanor to obtain one. Literary subjects, like the human, are becoming marvellously scarce, there is such an unconscionable consumption; and in these piping times of peace, the supply is so miserably defective. The newspapers afford little or nothing to "sack up" for the literary dissecting room; and as for books, their

subjects are too often of " no use to any one" but the reviewers. God be with the good times when " thoughts on virtue," essays on " delicate sensibility," and " lines on love," were marketable commodities, when riddles and acrostics had their place in the price current of the Row, and when " a sonnet to my mistress's eyebrow " commanded a valuable consideration from an editor.

Yet why should I say this? If the talent and labour bestowed on these things were formerly small, and if the idleness and dulness of the monthly contributors to periodicals were flattered to their bent, in the demand for such trifles, there was a corresponding exiguity in the payment they obtained, by no means so consolatory to the sensibility of the stomach. The modern multiplicity of competitors, it is true, has not only improved most inconveniently the quality expected in the goods, but very much exhausted the materials for essay writing; but then the disease has brought its remedy with it, and the public, more scrupulous as to the execution, are less fastidious respecting the originality of what they read, and have a less decided objection to meeting an old friend with a new face, in the pages of a journal. In this respect the public are right, and infinitely wiser than the sour-faced critics of the olden time, who were perpetually calling out " plagiary" upon every accidental coincidence, just as the saints and the blue stockings did against poor Byron. (Alas! for the fate of genius and sensibility, for ever at the mercy of the dull and the unfeeling.) If a reader will give himself the trouble to reflect, he will discover that the very newest novelties are not so original as they pretend to be. The human machine has gone on thinking, time out of mind; the same causes eternally reproducing the same effects, till all the triple bob majors of the intellectual belfry are fairly exhausted, and the ringers have nothing left but to begin the old chimes over again. The temple of learning is, at best, but an old clothes-shop, and Printing-house Yard a sort of literary rag-fair, in which the torn wardrobe of antiquity is pieced, and vamped, and darned, and made, in the technical jargon of the trade, " as good as new." There are learned persons who maintain, and that too with no inconsiderable show of reason, that the knowledge of the ancients themselves was not their own, and that the sciences then taught were not so much the rude discoveries of an infant civilization, as the fragments of more perfect systems, derived from the antediluvian Bacons and Newtons. If this be admitted, there will be no answering for antediluvian originality. The intellectual, like the physical world, may be composed of the relics of an effete planet, or an extinct sun: and Adam may have been but the residuary legatee of a race of Titanic philosophers, from whom he inherited the whole encyclopædia of their science and learning, except only an acquaintance with truth. Why then should an author or his reader trouble himself about the novelty of an essay or a squib, when it is not mathematically impossible, that the whole New Monthly Magazine may have been printed again and again, just as it stands, somewhere and somewhile in the infinity of time and space?

Still, however, if the matter to be indited need not affect to be absolutely virgin, and untouched of human pen, it must at least not be threadbare. Yet, when there are so many ill-disposed young Irishmen going up and down, and seeking what they may scribble, when

essay-writing has become little better than a scramble, it is no small matter to hit upon a tolerably unworn idea, that has not been snatched from hand to hand, and tumbled and tossed like a hank of maccaroni amongst a rising family of half-famished Policinellos.

Really, I believe the whole world have given each other rendezvous for no other purpose than to take the bread out of our mouths, and cut up by the roots all the debatable matter, in morals, politics, and fashionable life. There is Mr. Peel, for instance, that lost man, who has chosen to cut his old friends, the incurables, and determined to settle the Catholic question wisely—the fruitful theme, which has so long afforded breakfast, dinner, and supper, to whole legions of disputants, diurnal, hebdomadal, monthly and trimestrial. This pet dish of the periodicals, thus unmercifully cut off, was the more valuable to those who had obtained an interest in it, inasmuch as there was no necessity for understanding the subject, in order to touch upon it. Witness the elaborate and convincing speeches of the Winchilseas and the Inglises, which were so recently in nightly course of delivery; not to speak of the matchless specimens of close logic, no less than of pathetic eloquence, "eloquence that would split a rock,"* (as Rousseau calls it,) to be met with in the "John Bull," the "Courier," and the Negro-driver's Journal. Would it not puzzle a conjuror, to elicit a single grain of common sense or common history out of the bushels of noise and nonsense of any of these respectable authorities? Talk of the Church being in danger indeed from Catholic Emancipation! What is the danger of the Church, compared to that of the magazines and newspapers, which must die of sheer inanition as soon as the public refuse to be longer entertained with the Jeremiads and fulminations of the anti-Catholic rump? To add to the provocation of this most unwise, not to say anti-constitutional and despotic admission of damnable heretics into the sanctuary of place and pension, it is about to cut off the supplies of the literary world just at a time when the theme has received a new and a piquant interest in the treasonable manner in which it has become good taste to treat it. How truly delightful it is for an essayist to grow seditious in good company; to threaten the King with deportation to Hanover, on the authority of a lord or a bishop; and to release the recalcitrant ascendency-man from his oath of allegiance, at the dictum of a sergeant-at-law and a going judge of assize. Then, what immense facilities it affords to the jaded muse of a dull or indolent scribbler to be allowed, after a morning's visit to Bedlam or St. Luke's, to set down in black and white all that he has heard, and pass it off as a pleading for the Orangemen and for Mr. Moore the member's constitution of 1688; subject only to the risk of an injunction, sued out by a Cornish boroughmonger, or a doctor of the University of Oxford, on a charge of infringement of copyright. If abuses are thus put down, if the wisdom of our ancestors is to be set at nought, and if Reform is to show its Jacobinical head upon the very Treasury benches of the House of Commons, there will be no earning an honest penny by being wiser and more critical than one's neighbour. Yet not one of the Titus Oates cabal have touched upon this most important and ascendency view of the case. I throw it out, therefore, for their consideration. One misfortune, says our sensible pro-

* "A fendre les rochers."

verb, never comes alone. Not contented with depriving poor authors of their Catholic question, the confounded Liberals are taking a dirty advantage of the existing ferment and preoccupation of the public mind to smuggle away the materials for many prime articles on Resurrection-men and the politics of the anatomy house. How delightfully could I have tickled the sensibilities of my readers, making several married ladies miscarry, and frightening a whole ward full of old women into epilepsy, by a little embroidery on the narrative of Burke and Hare! What interesting anecdotes could I have inserted of pickled subjects exchanged with the North for pickled salmon; and of misdirected parcels, conveying the turkey and chine to Mr. Abernethy, and the candidate for a place in the Hunterian collection to his own first cousin, a tobacconist in the Poultry! But the subject is losing its interest; for down comes Mr. Warburton, at a moment when Lord Eldon can think of no resurrection but that of bloody Queen Mary, and when the Yorkshire member has banished every thing tending to a *grave* discussion from the Commons, and brings in a bill for the better putting down pitch-plaisters, and taking from me all the apropos of my intended articles. This, if you will, is "too bad,"—"most tolerable, and not to be endured."

Next to the closing for ever of these great questions, there is nothing more to be lamented than the settlement of the question of eating and drinking. That subject has died a natural death, being fairly exhausted and written out. It is no longer possible to put together a "clever article;" no, not even a fashionable novel (that flimsiest of all common-place nonentities), on the strength of Very's *carte*, or a page out of the new editions of Ude or Kitchener. All the wit of the "Almanac des Gourmands" has been hashed, and minced, and scolloped, till it is no longer fit to appear at table. For however it may be with the reality of *salmis* and *entrés*, their description will not bear a daily repetition, though varied and spiced with all the ingenuity and invention of a *cordon bleu*. If "a dinner repeated is not worth a farthing,"* how must it be with an endless succession of chapters and articles, in which the same ideas have been tossed up and served to the public until it is sick? A similar fate has attended Dandyism, which has so long been the mainspring of periodical literature. The dandies are at a discount. A cravat will no longer find employment either for an author or a washerwoman. The cut of a coat will scarcely yield three lines to the florid journalists of fashion in the "Belle Assemblée;" and Brummel is as much out of date as Bel and the Dragon. To add to these losses, the magazines have to deplore the drying up of that once copious fount of amusement, a journey over Mont Blanc. Bless my soul, one might as well pen a journey to Brentford! Nay, better; one *might* make something pretty out of that,—as, for instance: Notes for a tour to Brentford—White Horse Cellar—The Brentford stage—Cart of Thespis—My companions, (a copious biography, with characteristic sketches)—Cad *versus* Cod, or a dialogue between a waterman

* "Un dîner réchauffé ne valoit jamais rien." Nothing can show the fundamental difference between French and English cookery more satisfactorily than this axiom. Every body knows that the day after a feast in England is the delight of a genuine epicure, the hashed venison alone being well worth all the dainties of the preceding dinner. This in France would be downright heresy.

and a fishwoman, very full of humour. We start:—Hyde Park-corner; ode to a deceased turnpike—Epigram on Macadam; "are there no stones in Heaven?"—English order of architecture—Achilles and the Duke of Wellington—Lord Eldon practising the long-bow in the character of Paris—London out of town—Hyde Park—Mural authorship—Dr. Eady and Sardanapalus—Mural essays on Popery—"the tall bully that lifts his head and lies"—Governor Wall and the great wall of China—Oil cloth manufactory at Knightsbridge—Treatise on painting and the arts in general, Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, and improvements in lithography—Sloane-street, with an episode on Sir Hans and his museum—Sir Joseph Banks and the Queen of Otaheite—Horse-Guard Barracks, "God bless their pigtails, though they 've cut them off"—Rejected Addresses—Addresses to kings and cook maids—Hogarth's march to Finchley, &c. &c. Here 's "matter for a May morning," with a vengeance; and all within the first mile of the itinerary! It would make an article to be continued monthly for a twelvemonth. But, on second thoughts, I 'll keep it for two octavo volumes: the town wants something new in the octavo line; so I beg, Mr. Editor, you will reserve a place for me in your literary notices. Pray do the thing handsomely—"interesting tour—scientific traveller—various and amusing information—incognito author—either a Russian nobleman, or Spanish grandee of the first class."

Suppose I write an article on the North Pole. It is a nice cool subject for the summer months. I can insert my learned conjectures on the materials of the earth's axletree, and the probable duration of the world, calculated on the effects of friction. Oh! John Wilson Croker, and you, Mr. Barrow, why have you so abused the patience of the public, by converting the Quarterly into an iceberg? The North Pole has no longer any attraction—"I 'll none of it." No; I'll write on the Russian war. Nobody knows any thing of the Balkan, and one may lie, like a bulletin, with impunity. There is a field, too, for the picturesque in dress and scenery, interesting adventure, and names delightfully unreadable! But shall I take part with the Turks, or the Russians? A paper is "nothing, if not" polemical. In the former case, there is much to be said—of the unprincipled ambition of the Emperor—wanton invasion—magnanimity and beheading—firmness of the Sultan—breach of balance of power (that *pons asinorum* of diplomatists); and there's a fine opportunity for flattering John Bull's self-conceit and bellicose propensities, which is always a sure card. On the other hand, in siding with the Russians, there is the moderation of Nicholas, (who is perfectly contented with one half the globe for a cabbage-garden)—Greek oppression (somewhat the worse for wear)—the delivery of Europe from the infidels—and an exposition of the superior morality of the Christians—with a superfine tirade against Mahomet; which may be the more safely let off, as my Lord Kenyon and Mr. Bankes have not yet taken up the Turks as the counterpart of Orange ascendency. Here is a rich alternative! "How happy could I be with either!" or, as Mr. Moore has it, "'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose." It would pose even Crocky himself to determine on which side to lay the odds—Turk or Russian, Russian or Turk; they are as like as two pins. I must take time to reflect on this,—"soft fire makes good malt,"—and my article, therefore, must keep till a future number.

Turn we then, for the present, to the seat of war in the—Opera House, with an original and appropriate motto:

"Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

An honest Paddy (says this morning's paper) was bound over yesterday to keep the peace. "Must I keep the peace," said he, "with all the King's subjects?—that's very hard—'what all at one fell swoop?' Then, by Jove, I'll go and give the Italian singers the greatest beating they ever got in all their ugly yellow lives." Here, then, I have a precedent, which every body knows is worth all the reason imaginable; and so, to begin:—"In the earliest history of nations, before Orpheus sang his wife out of Hell, (our modern musicians would rather sing their wives into it,) and before Amphion turned his dolphin into a post-horse,"—No; that will never do. The Opera House war is out of date; the stalls have been forestalled, and the orchestra revolt enters into the common category of unlawful combinations, which belongs exclusively, by right and by courtesy, to Joseph Hume, Esq. and M.P. Besides, to do any good with the subject, one must write against the management. To defend it, would be as bad as Jean Jacques writing in defence of the fine arts; and La Porte is so good a fellow, so industrious, and so obliging, that it would be a sin and a shame to attack him; and then, he is a foreigner, and to run him down would be ungenerous. I've a great mind to try my hand upon poetry. To be sure, like Audry, I hardly know "what poetical is:" and there are more reasons than ever for asking "Is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?" Be it remembered, however, that literature began with poetry; and that folks wrote in metre because they had not yet learned to write in prose; those, therefore, who are not versed in prose, may lawfully prose in verse. A London Lyric, for instance? that's poaching on my friend S——'s ground. Or shall I try "a common-place character?" Φ will cry, fie for shame! Then for the sentimental, can I hope to rival Mrs. Hemans, or come athwart the editor's hawser, without being upset? and then Love's labour will be lost. By Jove, there's nothing left for it but scurrility. That "ever new delight" is sure to please. Do not the bishops take in "John Bull," for the sake of religious readings between morning and evening service? Calumny, therefore, must be orthodox, and backbiting of divine right. The matter, too, is inexhaustible. But into whose bosom shall I plunge my dagger? We must not meddle with the court; that belongs to the exclusively loyal press. To avail oneself of the indiscretion of scullery maids, or the corruption of postilions in the royal household, would be a breach of Tory privilege. All the Whigs, too, and their wives and daughters, have been roasted till they are as dry as Horace's thrushes on the road to Brundusium; and the Tories have such hard hides there is no making them flinch. Besides, the Deputy Licenser means to get an act of Parliament to suffer no one to be licentious in print but himself; and, above all, "The New Monthly" is too scrupulous to allow the literary assassin a place in its pages. But there's no accounting for tastes. What is to be done? Is there no plague, no fire, no flood, no foreign catastrophe, nor domestic controversy, to "please the studious youth,"* and make

"* Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias."

matter for a spirited paper? It is exceedingly provoking that the French do not dabble a little more in periodicals. Our dramatic writers get on so pleasantly, quickly, and profitably, by the aid of the *Vaudeville* and the *Varietés*, that it sets one's mouth watering. Besides, it is so economical to take the best things out of a French comedy, and place them in an English tragedy; and that, too, without paying a single sixpence of duty! But, alas! the old hermit of the Chaussé D'Antin has left no offspring, worth plundering, behind him; and he himself has been made use of wholesale and retail, till there is not a periodical in England that cannot show a specimen of his disjointed limbs. Our essayists, therefore, must depend upon their own resources, and strive to be original at home as well as they can.

In this distressing emergency, I have endeavoured to meet the necessities of the case, and tried whether articles may not in future be written without a subject. If my plan succeed, the discovery will be of more importance than Vallancey's pea-shooter, or travelling by kites. It will, in fact, be a literary perpetual motion. I hereby, therefore, put in my caveat against all piracy of my invention; strictly charging all and every of his Majesty's lieges to abstain from writing, printing, publishing, cutting on steel, or lithographizing, any manner of literary composition that has not a specific end or object; and that no man be so bold as to put together any aggregate of words, either in prose or verse, without some definite and intelligible meaning, be the same more or less. This injunction is not to be construed as interfering, in any respect, with the vested rights of law-stationers, or the established clergy of the realm. God save the King!

M.

CONTINENTAL CITIES AND SCENERY, NO. II.

Vienna.

VIENNA is the city, of all Europe, which I have heard named with the most unanimous admiration and interest, by those who have resided within its walls, and mingled with its society. It is difficult to determine the origin of this general favour; for excepting in beauty of site, of the river and mountains and forests which embellish its immediate environs, it has not a single claim to distinction that can measure with those of Paris or London. The partiality of its panegyrists may be traced in part to the hospitality so profusely lavished upon travellers arriving in Austria from the more civilized quarter of Europe; and in a great measure to the character of the travellers themselves. The majority of English visitants, or residents, have been lordlings condemned to beguile their puppy days by the tour of Europe; or diplomatists, who are instructed to discern nothing in the land, from Dan to Beersheba, but kings and kaisers, and the policy of their cabinets. Family tourists, or literary wanderers, do not often bend their steps towards a city which is, in fact, the *cul de sac* of enlightened Europe! They turn to or from Italy, through the Tyrol, taking upon trust the glories of the Prater, and of Schönbrunn, from the representations of De Staël or Russell.

And they do wisely; for saving to those who have a superabundance

of leisure to bestow upon the gratification of their curiosity, the capital of Austria affords but little to counterbalance the inconveniences of the journey. Many, *very* many fine things may be found there in detail: splendid collections both in art and science—the drama in various and full perfection—music in its highest state of instrumental cultivation—public institutions of great merit—and a few edifices of considerable beauty of elevation; but as a whole, the capital of the modern Cæsars is deficient in grandeur, in refinement, and above all, in that character of intellectual enlightenment essential to the metropolis of a mighty empire. If Paris exhibit an inferiority to London, in the comforts and conveniences of artificial life, the Viennese are at least a century in arrear of the Parisians, of whom they offer a gross and awkward imitation; and few things strike the mind with a more vexatious disappointment, than that the seat of government of so many interesting kingdoms and states should boast so little originality or peculiarity in its aspect, either moral or physical. The seal of mediocrity is over all; and, after traversing the nobler half of Europe, and approaching the frontier of its barbarian confines, the traveller finds his expectations of the characteristics of an unknown nation, exchanged for a caricature of obsolete French fashions, and a clumsy travestiment of English habits. But the Viennese have neither the graceful airiness of the French, nor the rational and manly plainness of the English; they are heavy, sensual, unlettered, and unpolished; servile and superstitious in character, and vulgar and trivial in expression; while, to balance these besetting sins, we must acknowledge them to be cordial and hospitable, true in deed and word, and respectable in their domestic relations. These observations, however, either in their good or evil report, do not level their definitions at the higher classes, which offer but little diversity throughout the various countries of the Continent; where a constant interchange of society insures a similarity of tastes and customs, and topics of common interest. It is in the middling class, or in the populace, that traits of national character are prominent; but a total deficiency of this intermediary order of society forms the most remarkable characteristic of the Austrian capital.

The nobility which graces the court of Francis is virtually of a higher order than that of any other existing sovereign. He is the suzerain of many high and puissant princes; his subjects have subjects of their own; those who guard his person have a body-guard to secure the safety of theirs; and those very Princes Esterhazy and Lichtenstein, who mingle with so little pretension in the London crowd, become Paul the Tenth, and John the Twenty-fourth, the moment they set foot in their own dominions. Nor do they stand alone in the lustre of their rank and opulence; twenty noble houses rival their almost regal splendour; and it is in the palaces of these, and such as these, that the charm of society in Vienna begins and ends. Even there, its duration and extent are grievously limited. During six or eight weeks of the Carnival, the city suddenly becomes animated into a frenzy of dissipation; and eating, drinking, and dancing absorb the whole time and attention of the entire population. But at the height of this delirious and unnatural gaiety, Ash Wednesday comes with its paralyzing hand; and from a hurricane of riot and intemperance, the city subsides by an instantaneous transition, into the death-like calm which hangs like lead upon its

existence during the remainder of the year. In other countries Punch and Harlequin, in doffing their carnival array, retain some involuntary show of their energies; but in Vienna, like "Le Diable, étant vieux—ils se font hermites!"

In fact, the society of a city, consisting of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and twelve hundred houses, (it must be acknowledged that they are severally as populous and as economic of space as the Ark itself,) cannot extend its season of dissipation beyond a certain limit. The same faces and the same voices are to be met with in every ball-room, and afford but the nightly contingent for a single entertainment; while the *beau-monde* of London can divide itself into twenty at least. But pass this lordly limit, and all is blank; there is no step between the Court and the City; between the nobility and their tradesmen;—professional men, artists, and men of letters, taking their place in the latter class. A few illustrious exceptions may occasionally be found in the *coteries* of the Herren Gasse; but they wander like pale and mournful ghosts through the Elysian Fields. It is to be lamented that this mean spirit of exclusion, this "proud man's contumely," has not been without its influence upon the character of the class itself. Frederick Schlegel and Grillparzer have houses in Vienna, and Collin a monument; but the annals of German literature have derived few pages of importance from the capital. Maria Theresa bestowed her liberal and exclusive patronage upon the sciences and the Italian drama; and the name of Metastasio engrosses all the records of her literary munificence. Her successor was too deeply absorbed in ambitious scheming, and plans of political reform, to bestow much attention upon the republic of letters; while Leopold was equally occupied in regathering the dust and cobwebs of the state which his brother had swept away; and the present Emperor has graced his long reign by no single act of liberality towards a body of men, whose labours for the enlightenment of his subjects are equally abhorrent and terrific to his feeble mind.

The same narrow creed of despotism and bigotry, that has laid the benumbing weight of "the leaden mace of Austria" upon a class which, forming the arteries and the nerves of the gross body of the people, infuses animation, and sensibility, and vigour into the national character, assigns to the populace of Vienna a low and groveling tone. Sensual, ignorant, and unaspiring, their pride attaches itself to the overflowing plenteousness of their markets; their pleasure to the frequency of their church festivals, and to the incomings and outgoings of the Imperial family. So long as *Staberl* and *Kasperl* sputter their *patois* at the theatres of the suburbs—so long as they can dance and smoke in the *Apollo-saal* at the cost of a few *kreutzers*, they care not who censures the press; who stations the spies of the police, which infect every corner of the city where two or three are gathered together; or whether "the dog beat the hog, or the hog the dog."

A prevailing sentiment amongst them is that of *personal* loyalty to the Emperor, which is at once genuine and enthusiastic. They readily acquit him of all share in any unpopular measure; regard his lean and withered effigy with adoration; and even *endure* the Empress, his fourth and least-loved consort, in consideration of the politic tenderness with which she continues to cocker his old age. They assign as the motive of their partial predilection for Francis, the calamities, public and

domestic, with which he has been afflicted; but another and very natural cause suggests itself, in the confessed and boasted nationality of his Imperial Majesty, and his warm participation in the rude and ignoble pleasures of his people. The Viennese when questioned, will always reply that "Franzl is a hearty good man;" by which they imply that he dines at two o'clock; loves garlic and sausages, smoking and spitting; sits out a lachrymose comedy without a yawn; and after a heavy supper of dumpling soup, retires to bed about eleven; displaying in his familiar discourse all the untutored coarseness of the low Austrian dialect.

It is remarkable that, whenever the empire or its government is spoken of in the other countries of Europe, it is united with the name of Metternich. Prince Metternich is regarded as the political sponsor, who promiseth all things in its name. But in Vienna, if still worshipped, it is as a veiled prophet. "They never mention *him*; *his* name is never heard;" lest peradventure a bird should carry the sound even unto the King's chamber. Whenever I reached Austria, I had left every tongue in France and Belgium busy with his extraordinary marriage; but from that moment the subject appeared forgotten. Whenever the Princess was spoken of, it was as a lovely and interesting woman; without one qualifying comment upon her Jewish origin or histrionic education; and that in the most aristocratic court in Europe! To have hazarded any inquiry on the subject in good society would have been considered ill-bred; and in a less exalted class it might have been dangerous to the querist. This universal sobriety of tongue, which must be attributed to the iron despotism of the police, is said to have been maintained in a most unparalleled manner throughout the education of the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son and—not heir, but representative, of Napoleon. It is generally believed that his studies in modern history have not been permitted to extend beyond the period of the French Revolution; that his father has been described to him as an obscure usurper, not as the elected Emperor of France. Residing in a wing of the Imperial palace, appearing only at a few court balls, the theatres, and public promenades, and then under the closely-vigilant observation of his Governor, Count Dietrichstein, it is true that he is secluded from all dangerous access; but I have seen him riding through streets placarded on every side with "Scott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" and the quick animation of his lively eye assures me that those startling words cannot have been lost upon his curiosity: if forbidden to read, a young man of eighteen years' assurance cannot be restrained from questioning. The word *assurance*, however, applies itself very ill to the Duke of Reichstadt. Gentle and graceful, and very delicate in his appearance, he has nothing of the bold eaglet of France in his demeanour. A first glance at his pale countenance yields only a mortifying perception of the Austrian contraction of its contour, and of the disfigurement of its high, narrow forehead; while of his father he retains but the worst attribute, the saturnine air. But after a repeated scrutiny, after watching the varying expression of his face, during the representation of some of Schiller's spirit-stirring plays—of Tell, for instance, and Wallenstein—I could not help feeling persuaded that young Napoleon would have made but an indifferent Cardinal—a vocation to which he is said to have been formerly devoted. So gay and animated is his real

disposition, that he is sent for whenever his illustrious grandsire becomes tired of feeding his pigeons and scraping his violoncello, in order to dispel the *ennui*, the evil spirit of the Imperial Saul! While by his attendants, and all who have been in personal relation with him, the young Duke is truly and fervently beloved.

I have said so much of the society of Vienna, that I may spare my readers an elaborate description of its character as a city. Three-quarters of an hour suffice for a walk round the extent of its ramparts; three quarters of a page must serve to commemorate all that is contained within. Like every other fortified town, where space is the one thing precious, the streets are extremely narrow and crooked, and the houses disproportionately lofty; many of them, indeed, have an elevation of eight or more stories, which, as at Paris, are inhabited by distinct families. There are about twenty palaces of the nobility, chiefly resembling that of Lord Spencer in the Green Park; but as they are viewed from an area inferior to that of St. Martin's-lane, they contribute but little to the embellishment of the city. The Imperial palace is, externally, a mere barrack; but it is a barrack of prodigious extent, uniting a theatre, a convent, a magnificent riding-school, and still more splendid library, two chapels, and several offices of state. The principal thoroughfare of the city traverses the quadrangle inhabited by the Imperial family; and the most frequented walks of the bastions lie immediately under their windows. In all instances, they court rather than avoid the contact of their subjects; the Emperor may be constantly met upon the ramparts, either with a solitary chamberlain, or alone; and the most despotic monarch in Europe is confessedly the most simple and frugal in his habits, and the least pompous in his address; and this is the true source of his popularity. Francis of Austria has another supereminence among the allied sovereigns; he is, individually, the richest prince, although reigning over the most impoverished treasury in the world: and it is imagined that he will alienate this acquired wealth from the Crown Prince, his natural heir, bequeathing it to his second son, the Archduke Francis, who is married to a Princess of Bavaria, sister to the reigning Empress. The differences existing between the Crown Prince and Metternich have led to a report that the Imperial crown itself might possibly be diverted from his head; but a line of succession cannot be subjected to ministerial caprice, even in Austria, and the national army is devoted to the cause of the Crown Prince. Although past the age of thirty, he is still unmarried. Having been thwarted in an early attachment to a very lovely princess of the house of Lichtenstein, he has declined all overtures of alliance, declaring that his coronation and wedding-day shall be one; or, in other words, that he prefers his own choice of a consort to that of Prince Metternich.

The bastions surrounding Vienna are sixty feet in height, and are pierced by eleven gates of entrance; the most modern of which, the Burg Thor, is a massive and magnificent structure. The chief residences of the nobility overlook these bastions and the glacis; but, although many among them are grand and imposing, a want of uniformity gives to the external aspect of the city nearly that of Park-lane. The glacis is, however, the main attraction and distinction of Vienna; consisting of a broad belt of greensward, newly planted, and separating

the city from its handsome and populous suburbs. It forms a *bel respiro*, of very fortunate intervention; for so close a mass of human habitations as that within the walls, unpurified by sub-drainage, or by water otherwise dispensed than through the public fountains, causes a noisome and insalubrious atmosphere. The city contains several paved squares of sufficient extent, but of no architectural beauty. The basement stories are occupied by shops, low and mean, as those of the old quarters of Paris; and the double casements, universal throughout Austria, from the palace to the cabin, give a sombre and uninhabited look to the *façades* of the houses.

The suburbs, which replace those burnt during the Turkish siege, are airy and elegant; and contain among some noble summer palaces and public gardens, those of the Belvedere, repurchased by the Empress, of the heirs of Prince Eugene, to contain the national gallery of paintings. Since the death of Maria Theresa, only two public buildings of any importance have arisen; and while every other capital in Europe is at present deformed by scaffoldings and heaps of stone and mortar, Vienna appears unconscious of the possibility of improvement or extension. It is, however, remarkably free from ancient or ruinous buildings: excepting several fine Gothic churches, the antiquarian would find no object of interest throughout the city.

The hotels for the accommodation of strangers are such as would scarcely be found in a second-rate provincial town in France; but extreme civility and attention almost compensate their defects. The inferior classes are universally courteous, and obliging, and respectful; and the sentence scarcely ever out of their mouths is one with which I will conclude my rambling commentaries—"I kiss your hand."

BASILIA.

A Tale of Modern Athens.

> "The hearts within thy valleys bred,
> The fiery souls that might have led
> Thy sons to deeds sublime,
> Now crawl from cradle to the grave
> *Slaves*—nay, the *bondsmen* of *a slave*,
> And callous, save to crime."

In a note appended to the above remarkable lines from "The Giaour," Lord Byron informs the reader that "Athens is now the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode;" but in what manner the seat of freedom was first assigned to a race of menials, or by what extraordinary circumstance the city of Cecrops became the heritage of an Ethiop, no modern historian has yet declared.

Immediately on the conquest of Constantinople, and the destruction of the Lower Empire by Mahomet II. Greece and the still surviving dynasty of the Dukes of Athens became the prey of the victorious Sultan. The mind of the romantic and chivalrous conqueror was, however, too richly imbued with generous and poetic feeling to permit him to treat the fallen city with the same indignity displayed towards the less renowned and interesting spots which had yielded to his triumphing arms. He seemed to have sighed for its possession rather as an object of *virtù* than of ambition, and to have considered the empty title of "Sovereign of Athens" an enhancement to the glory

of "the King of Kings."* He took possession of its ruined walls with mingled feelings of pity and respect, and the earliest acts of his government were those of kindness towards the widowed city. To the present hour his memory is revered by the Athenians, as that of a generous warrior rather than a lordly barbarian; and, whilst the remnants of many of his institutions are still to be traced amidst the tyrannic enactments of succeeding sultans, the name of Mahomet II. is ever associated with those of the friend and restorer of Athens, Themistocles and Adrian.

During the century and half which elapsed between the death of Mahomet and the accession of Achmet III. the institutions of the former remained on record in the documents and charters which he had conferred upon the Athenians; but, unfortunately, their existence was not enough to secure their observance, and tyranny and exactions were continued and countenanced by the very monarchs who professed to revere the authority of their victorious predecessor. The Waywodes of Athens were the mere creatures of the Court, who had obtained their authority by extravagant purchase, and were forced to reimburse themselves by grinding tyranny and heartless extortion. The subordinate offices of the government were filled in like manner by wretches equally debased, and equally barbarous, the whole system being thus one linked dependency of despotism and cruelty on the side of the oppressors, and of groveling subserviency on that of the oppressed. Far removed from the seat of empire, the Athenians had no resource but calm endurance; they had no representative in the Divan, no controlling power between them and the Waywode, and no intercessor at the capital to lay their wrongs before the Sultan; a complaint never reached beyond the walls of the devoted city, where all within was wounding tyranny and festering disaffection.

Such was the position of affairs in Attica, when, on the decease of Mahomet III. in the year 1604, the sceptre of the East descended to his son and successor Achmet III. surnamed "the Voluptuous," the fourteenth sultan from Othman the founder of the Turkish dynasty, and the seventh who had ascended the throne from the conqueror of Constantinople. Unlike the representative of that warlike race, who had led the tribe of Seljuk from the wilds of Asia Minor to the fairest garden of Europe, this prince sought rather to enjoy, in inglorious ease, the dominions won by the valour of his ancestors, than to add fresh conquests to the inheritance of his successor. On his investiture with the imperial sword, his first negotiation was a truce of twenty years' continuance with the monarchs of Christendom, which was followed by a rapid suppression of hostilities on his Asiatic frontier. During his long and peaceful reign, the camp and the field were deserted for the harem and the serai, and the hours set apart by his fathers to war and to empire were consumed by him in luxury and retirement. Throughout his domains the manly pursuits of the Ottomans were exchanged for the soft delights of peace; the hardy spear was replaced by the light djereed; the flashing cymetar was abandoned for the amber chibouque, and those energies once devoted to conquest in "an empire's strife," were now solely bent on superiority in the games of the Atmeidan. The halls of the seraglio resounded no longer with the clank of the warrior's mail, but gently echoed back the dulcet notes of the voluptuous lute; the arsenals and magazines of Stamboul stood idle and unimproved, whilst the countless hoards of former sultans were lavished upon gay pavillions and glittering kiosks, in the gardens of Achmet on the banks of the Bosphorus. His harem was crowded with the fairest daughters of the East, and each revolving month saw a fresh succession of beauties arrive at the palace of the luxurious monarch. Throughout the divisions of his empire, power was no longer to be purchased with money, nor place to be maintained, unless its possessor would furnish to the seraglio the loveliest females that the respective provinces could produce. The aim of every Sangiac, therefore, and of every Bey, was bent on the discovery of the brightest charms

* One of the titles of the Grand Seignior.

in his dominions; and these were in turn secured and seized on, to be transported to the harem of the abandoned prince. The privacy of domestic life was on all occasions outraged by the minions of provincial despots; the rights and property of individuals were no longer held sacred throughout the empire; and from the throne to the cottage all was abandonment and exaction, oppression, and misery.

During this epoch of debasement, one of the most distinguished citizens of Athens was Theodore Palæologus, a descendant of Thomas, the brother of the "last Constantine," who, on the conquest of the Morea by Mahomet II. had fled from thence to Corfu, and finally settled in one of the States of Italy. It was upwards of a century afterwards that Theodore had fixed his residence in Greece, and preferred a dwelling in the land of his fathers, degraded as it was, to an inheritance, however splendid, amidst strangers. Here by sedulous industry, in the cultivation of his olive groves and vineyards, he had succeeded in amassing considerable wealth, and by the upright dignity of his demeanour had raised himself to distinction among his fellow-citizens. He had been appointed one of the "Vecchiados," or council of the people, and his person and authority were alike revered by the Athenians.

His growing influence, however, soon raised against him the suspicious jealousy of the Turkish authorities, whilst his wealth was of itself a sufficient bait to induce them to attempt his overthrow. Already in the reign of Mahomet III. he had been stripped of his landed possessions by the local government, and was forced to pay to his oppressors an annual sum for permission to till the very vineyard, which years before he had purchased from their predecessors. His house too, near the base of the Acropolis, had lately been seized by the officers of the Waywode, and Theodore, aware of the inefficacy of remonstrance, was obliged to retire with his wife and daughter to a wretched cottage beyond the walls, on the banks of the Ilyssus. Basilia, his only child, was now entering on her sixteenth year, and possessed in an eminent degree all those charms for which her countrywomen have been, in all ages, so celebrated. Her figure was slight, but cast in the purest mould of elegance; her glossy raven hair would almost sweep the ground, when it hung in unbraided clusters around her; and her dark luxuriant eye combined at once the sparkle of the lynx and the languishing gentleness of the fawn. If her figure possessed one fault, it was that of too much delicacy, and an air of weakness and relaxation arising from her close confinement to her own apartments, in order to secure her from the prying eyes and ceaseless insults of the Turkish tyrants around her. Her mind, too, was of no ordinary cast; and in the downfal of his fortunes, its cultivation had been the almost exclusive occupation of her father. From him she inherited an unmeasured detestation of her Ottoman lords, and from hour to hour her resentment was kept alive by tales of new acts of cruelty, and fresh indignities heaped upon her unoffending countrymen. From the endurance of these, Theodore flattered himself that he had escaped for ever; it only remained for him to behold and to deplore them: the last visitation of tyranny had torn from him the remnant of his wealth; avarice had nothing more to grasp at, and the decaying energies of a poor old man were, he thought, too powerless to attract the attention or draw down the vengeance of despotism. It was now but seldom that he entered the gates of Athens; his time was solely spent in the seclusion of his comfortless dwelling, and his attention devoted to his wife and his beloved daughter. With them, it was his determination, in a short time, to bid farewell for ever to the devoted city. He had still living one brother, who was resident at Rome, and supported by the munificence of the Vatican; to him he was resolved on returning, as soon as his affairs in Attica could be so arranged as to admit of his departing for Italy; and in the mean time he was sedulously employed in the disposal of his remaining interests at Athens. It was now spring, and he hoped by the end of autumn to have his preparations completed, and, ere the close of winter, to be settled for life in the vicinity of Rome. Month after month rolled rapidly away. Summer, with its flowers, had faded into the sere and yellow leaf; and at length towards the

opening of September the desolate household began to make ready for their departure. Ere he bade adieu for ever to the haunts and the home of his youth, Theodore prepared to pay a final visit to those scenes which had been so long familiar to his eye, and take a last farewell of the fields and the ruins of Athens. The Turkish festival of the Ramadan had just commenced, and all the Ottoman inhabitants of the fallen city were occupied with their devotions, or confined to their own homes, awaiting with prayer and fasting the arrival of sunset, ere which the injunction of the Prophet forbids them to taste of meat. The streets were all silent and untrodden when Theodore, accompanied by his wife and daughter, closely veiled, took their last walk through the melancholy passages of the mouldering city. They had strayed round the foot of the Acropolis to the columns of Jupiter Olympius, and thence returning by the Arch of Adrian, had visited the monument of Lysicrates and the Temple of the Winds. They passed out at the Piræan gate, and turning up the hill towards the Theseium, seated themselves on the steps of the temple to contemplate in mournful silence the frowning cliff of the Acropolis and the gigantic Parthenon on its summit. Evening at length closed in around them, and the sun was fast declining towards the hills of Argolis, when Theodore, awaking from his reverie, warned them to return ere the Turks should be hurrying out to the plains to enjoy the cool sports of the evening, in compensation for the morning's privations. They were descending the path, and taking the direction of the Ilyssus, when an officer of the Waywode, mounted on his prancing Arab, and followed by a crowd of attendants, rode furiously towards them. Basilia drew hastily her veil across her features, but not before the Disdar had obtained a full view of her beauty, and reined up his impatient steed to admire her. Theodore hurried past after a slight salutation, and the Disdar again touching his steed with his pointed stirrup, dashed on impetuously towards the gates of the city. In a few minutes more Palæologus was seated on his own divan; his coffee was presented by the hands of his daughter, and long ere they retired to rest the incident of the Disdar and his attendants was forgotten.

It was nearly a month afterwards, when the fast of the Ramadan was concluded and the Beiram feast began, that one morning before Theodore had left his house to pay his accustomed visit to his olive-grove on the road to the Piræus, he was surprised to see the Waywode and his suite approaching his cottage, at a quick pace, by the bridge across the Ilyssus. Basilia and her mother immediately retired to their own chambers, and Theodore himself advanced to meet them. Suleiman approached him haughtily, and without farther preface informed him that he was come to demand the surrender of his daughter, in order that she should be forthwith transmitted to Constantinople. The insulted father asked indignantly on what pretence; the Waywode answered with a sneer, that he could not possibly pretend ignorance of the tax which sets apart a portion of the children of all the rayahs throughout the empire to the service of the seraglio. "But you," replied Theodore, "must be well aware of the provision made by the charter of Mahomet, which exonerates the inhabitants of Athens from the *devissirmè*, and prohibits any claim from being advanced against the child of a citizen." —"The inhabitants of Athens, I grant you," rejoined Suleiman, "are free; but do you, who dwell without the walls, presume to call yourself a citizen? or do you not observe that all the giaours who till the fields around you, pay from year to year the forfeiture we now demand of you?"

Theodore was but too well aware of the inefficiency of argument or remonstrance; he perceived in an instant the advantage which the Waywode had taken of his change of dwelling, occasioned by the poverty he himself had created. He offered no reply; and Suleiman having coolly repeated his demand, rode off towards the city gate, after directing that Basilia should be sent in the morning to the citadel, else his Janissaries should be despatched to bring her by force, and her parents should pay the penalty of resistance to the firhmaun of the Porte.

The wretched father returned to his miserable household, and communi-

cated the substance of the Waywode's commands. Tears and terror were their *only* answer; and all were but too conscious of their melancholy lot to attempt consolation or suggest relief. Escape was impossible: the port of the Piræus was too closely guarded to admit the possibility of concealed flight; and, without a passport from the Cadi, no subject was permitted to leave the empire, or even to pass from port to port. The remainder of the day was spent in sadness and despair: night brought no solace to their suffering; and with the dawn of the following day, the family prepared to set out on the melancholy errand of bidding a last farewell to a beloved child, and delivering over an only daughter to dishonour.

They entered the chamber of the Governor, and Basilia, veiled as she was, was committed into the hands of the Waywode's attendants. Theodore parted with her apparently without a struggle; but when her mother advanced to claim a parting kiss of affection, and press her for the last time to her bosom, her emotions were almost too powerful for endurance. "Basilia," she at length addressed her, "for yourself, there now remains in this world nothing more to hope for; your name and your happiness are blasted and banned for ever, and no future honours or exaltation can wipe away the fadeless stain of your disgrace. For your family, they will soon cease to live and to regret you; for them your grief is unavailing, and your only consolation for their woes must be forgetfulness. But there remains one object still worthy your ambition. You are destined to be the companion of the monarch of the East; your youth, your innocence, and your charms, may one day win the way to his affections; and should the hour ever arrive in which your influence can be beneficial, my last and my only injunction is, that you be ever mindful of the religion of your fathers and the woes of your country."

At the degraded court of Achmet, it is natural to suppose that the influence of his political advisers was powerless when compared with that of the ministers of his pleasures. The government of the empire was, in fact, transferred from the members of the Divan to the guardians of the Harem; and the swarthy Nubian, who watched over the slaves of the seraglio, dispensed at the same time the places and the honours of the crown. Aware of this important fact, the females transported to the palace of the monarch were charged by their respective patrons with gorgeous gifts, to be presented to those who might have the readiest means of advancing their interests with the Sultan; and each, as she left her home, assumed the double character of the abandoned *paramour* and the political *intriguante*. Amidst the crowd of attendants who formed the household of Achmet, none possessed so easy an access to his private ear as the Kislar Aga, the chief of the Ethiopian Odalics: under his immediate inspection were all the affairs of the harem and its inmates; and it was he who, on each fickle change in the affections of the inconstant Prince, recommended to his notice the newest charms and the freshest beauties of the seraglio. He was, in fact, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman court, and to his all-powerful influence the officers of the empire, from the Mufti to the meanest Sangiac, owed their elevation and their honours.

On the departure of Basilia from Athens, Suleiman seemed to form a true presentiment of the future eminence to which fate had destined her. Ere she bade adieu for ever to the land of her birth, he visited her on board the Kirlangitsch, in which she was embarked for Stamboul, and displayed before her a mass of wealth, which seemed the vast accumulation of long years of prosperous extortion. He told her that all she saw was hers, and that on her judicious disposal of the treasures she beheld, amongst the officers of the Palace, must depend her future advancement, and the acquisition of those honours for which nature had destined her, and which fortune now placed within her reach. Basilia spurned the dazzling heap with a glance of proud disdain. "She owned," she said, "no treasures but her name and her parents; he had already despoiled her of the one, and the other was too soon to become a disgrace and a by-word. The honours which he spoke of were

founded upon guilt; the path which led to them was only to be won by vicious servility; and far be it," she exclaimed, "from the daughter of one in whose veins was still flowing the blood of a long line of kings, to purchase distinction by the borrowed hoards of a tyrant, or deem that eminence an honour which springs from debasement, and is sustained by infamy." Threats and persuasions were alike employed in vain by Suleiman, to induce her to accept and to make use of the glittering gifts; her only reply was reproaches, and her only emotions were scorn and abhorrence of her oppressor.

The vessel in which she sailed soon reached its destination, and Basilia, as she landed at Constantinople, was conducted to the gardens of the seraglio. As she passed beneath the gate of the harem, the Ethiop who opened it to admit her, whispered in her ear a hope that she might be more fortunate than her last predecessor, who brought no gifts for the Odalics, and, after pining in obscurity, had died unnoticed. Her heart was full of other thoughts, and she cast on him a mingled smile of pity and contempt. She passed along in silence to the *cuchuc-oda*, the chamber in which the newly-arrived inmates of the harem are first received. Here, as she unveiled her charms before the Kadun Kiaia, the chief female attendant of the women, the aged beldame started with an expression of admiration and surprise. "What Pacha," she exclaimed, "or what fortunate Bey, has sent such surpassing loveliness to glad the eyes of the monarch of the East? From thy auspicious arrival may he date the seal of his fortunes; thy charms, my daughter, will procure his pardon for a long life of crimes, and thine eyes alone are sufficient to expiate a thousand avaniahs!" Basilia made no reply, save her blushes and her tears. She was ushered into the apartment of her fellow-slaves, who each saluted her, and gazed in admiration on the lonely and mourning Athenian. Her innocence, and the melancholy gentleness of her air, soon won the way to every heart, and each in turn caressed and soothed her sorrows by assurances of coming triumphs and future years of happiness. "Oh, never!" replied the weeping girl, "never shall my bosom know the voice of happiness again; it is a stranger in the palaces of princes; I have abandoned it, alas! for ever. A court, with all its pageantry, bears no charms for me, when compared with my home and the love of my parents; and our cottage by the stream of the Ilyssus is fairer a thousand-fold than all the domes and minarets of Stamboul."

Day after day rolled past, and still she remained the beloved but unnoticed inmate of the harem. Often when her companions, unable to understand her sadness, would ask of her, had she no patron in the palace, no influence with the chief of the slaves, or no friend to introduce her to the notice of Achmet, she would sigh and answer them, that "she longed not for admiration or for eminence; and even if, by chance, her heart had harboured one thought devoted to ambition, she had no golden flowers with which to strew the path that led to it, she had no wealth but her contentment and her family, and no friend but her parents. How, alas, could she confer gifts on her guards, since she came from a land of slaves! Her home was the dwelling of penury; and even could she assign to them the ruined city of her birth, the worthless gift would be too poor for their acceptance." Under the endurance of such protracted and hopeless melancholy, the charms of Basilia began to fade with the lightness and buoyancy of her spirits: her eye lost in a great degree its fire and brilliancy, but its gentleness was heightened a hundred-fold; her cheek was no longer tinted with its pure vermilion hue, but its softened tinge was now more pleasing and attractive; her voice was less loud and joyous than in her days of happiness and retirement, but oh, it was far more melting and melodious than before.

She was one evening straying beneath the orange groves in the gardens of the harem, whilst her thoughts were bent upon her parents and her home; she ascended a gentle acclivity which commanded a view of the rolling Bosphorus, and seated herself in a rich pavilion on its summit. She gazed upon the bright glad waters beneath her, which were rippling and shining, and

flashing back in a thousand lustrous tints the golden dies of sunset; her eyes were bent upon the sea, but her soul was wandering

"In far abstractedness away, away."

She was unaware of the approach of any one, till, all at once, the favourite Sultana appeared before her, leaning upon the arm of Achmet. She started instantly from her seat. It was the first glance she had gained of the Sultan; but conjecturing from the splendour of his dress that it could be no other than the Prince, she bowed herself to the earth whilst he should pass, and prepared to retire from the pavilion. Achmet surveyed her with astonishment. A vision so lovely had never before shone within the walls of Stamboul; and as Basilia withdrew in confusion, he halted on his step, and followed her retreating figure with a gaze of intense admiration. She disappeared in one of the winding passages of the garden, and the Sultan turned in breathless surprise to ask of the lady who rested on his arm the name of the beautiful stranger. The Sultana had marked with alarm the emotion of the Prince; she replied hurriedly, that she had never before beheld her; but a single glance at the features of Achmet sufficed to convince her that, since the appearance of Basilia, *her* reign of beauty was closed for ever. Achmet returned to the Serai, with his thoughts still bent upon the enchanting Greek, and Mustafa, the Kislar Aga, was summoned to attend him. Of him, he eagerly inquired the name and history of Basilia; but the chief of the slaves could only inform him that she had arrived at the Harem some months before, from Suleiman, the Waywode of Athens. He directed that she should, without farther delay, be introduced to his presence; and Mustafa, bending himself to the ground, retired to prepare her for the interview.

The following morning she was introduced, decked in all the dazzling apparel of an Eastern queen, to the presence of the delighted prince. He was sitting at the moment in one of the gorgeous chambers which overlook the Sea of Marmora, surrounded by a crowd of his favourites, who were amusing themselves with the motions of a piece of splendid mechanism, which had just been purchased by the Sultan, of a Christian merchant who had lately arrived at Stamboul. On the entrance of Basilia, the attention of all was directed towards her as she stood with her arms folded gracefully across her breast, and eyes bent calmly on the ground. Achmet addressed her with an expression of tenderness, and she raised her head with a mournful smile, which shone for an instant above the fixed expression of her saddened features. At his request she approached the seat where he reclined, and the Sultan questioned her concerning her birth, her parents, and her home, whilst every look bespoke the emotions of her heart, and every glance of his dark flashing eye was attempered by love and admiration. The ladies of the harem retired one by one to the recesses of the latticed windows to criticise her charms, and finally withdrew in envy and disappointment to their own apartments, whilst Basilia remained alone with the monarch. He inquired how she came to have been so long in the seraglio and yet had never once been presented to him. She replied with a sigh that she had entertained no wish to court the advances of preferment; and that even had she been ambitious of the honours he designed for her, she was too poor to offer a sufficient bribe to the officers who possessed the means of furthering her advancement. Achmet raised himself upon the divan, and thrice clapping his hands above his head, a slave entered the apartment, to whom he gave a hasty message, and motioning him to retire, again resumed his discourse with his new favourite. She told him of her parents, and her childhood, of being torn from her home, and of her arrival at Stamboul; Achmet listened to all with the eager attention of a lover, and was about to reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two mutes, bearing the most costly sabres, jewelled yataghans, embroidered vests, silken shawls, and purses of gold, which they deposited at the feet of the Sultan, and retired in silence as they came. "These," said the prince, in pointing to the invaluable heap, "are

destined for you, Basilia; for it must not be said that the fairest treasure of my harem has entered the palace of Achmet less richly portioned than the crowd of my ordinary attendants. With these you will secure the favour of my Odalics, and the guards of the Serai; but their interest or influence you can no longer want. Take them, and let their distribution be worthy of the Sultana of the East."—"Never," replied Basilia; "no never shall it be said that a descendant of the royal line of Constantine accepted gifts at the hand of her enslavers, or purchased the favour of menials by the wages of guilt. Fate, it is true, has placed me in the power of the Sultan, but ill would it become the daughter of an Athenian to gild instead of rending her chains." The Sultan was struck with her magnanimity, and awed by her demeanour; her air convinced him at once that her resolution was taken, and without farther entreaty he ordered the rejected presents to be removed.

It was some days ere she was again summoned to an interview; as she passed through the antichamber of his apartments each slave of the harem came clad in the garments which had been offered to her by the Sultan, and arrayed in the arms and jewels she had spurned, to cast themselves at her feet and pour out a flood of thanks for her princely munificence. It was in vain that she declined these expressions of gratitude, and assured them they were mistaken in supposing her the giver, since all assured her that the gifts they wore had been distributed to them by the Sultan in the name of the beautiful Greek. She entered the saloon, and found Achmet reclining on the divan, in anxious expectation of her arrival. He rose to meet her, and she received his impassioned salutation without emotion or excitement, whilst the gentle coldness of her manner at once charmed and embarrassed the voluptuous monarch; his expectant glances, too, showed that he awaited her acknowledgments for his kindness to her attendants; but Basilia rewarded him neither with thanks nor approval, and after the lapse of an hour withdrew, in order to permit the Sultan to join the council of the Divan.

Time gradually rolled along, but its lapse produced no change in the feelings or situation of Basilia. She was now the chief favourite of the Sultan, and to her his every hour and every moment was devoted, whilst the other beauties of his seraglio were disregarded or forgotten, and on none did he cast an approving glance, save her, alone, who valued not his favour, and to whom the unenvied distinction was only productive of disgust. Her charms, in the mean time, were fast fading away, and the inward workings of her agonized mind were making deadly ravages on the graces of her form. Achmet beheld the change with alarm and anxiety, but Basilia contemplated its progress with delight and exultation; she would soon, she felt, be freed from the stigma of dishonour, and that name would shortly be forgotten, which disgrace had rendered a burthen to her who bore it. To the Prince her demeanour never underwent any alteration; the consciousness that she was his slave rendered her at all times respectful and submissive, but her air, her melancholy, and her fading form, all declared that she was disconsolate and unhappy. At that moment she held the key to the heart of the Sultan; but never did she deign to make use of the power she possessed; the petitions of her attendants to exert her influence in behalf of themselves or their friends were, on all occasions, affectionately but firmly denied; and, in like manner, the offers and entreaties of Achmet to be permitted to gratify her most ambitious or trifling desires, were declined with firmness and dignity.

She felt that she was dying, and her only longing, anxious wish was for the arrival of that hour which was to terminate her sufferings. For the Sultan, habit at last began, in some degree, to teach her a sort of attachment, if not affection; but it was rather as an indulgent lord than a devoted lover. She could not avoid seeing that he deeply and sincerely loved her; that for her alone he had abandoned the society of all his former favourites; and love, under any circumstances, can never fail to engender a corresponding passion, however slight be the degree in which it may exist. Besides, in all his actions, he was more than kind to her; and for this she was forced to cherish a feeling of gratitude towards him: his manner was always impassioned and

devoted, nor could she recall one instance in which he had failed to treat her with dignity and respect.

On the other hand, the bosom of Achmet was glowing with the fiercest flame of adoring love: the opposition made to his advances by Basilia merely operated as a fan to increase its intensity; and at the same time he could not avoid observing that, in some degree, she was attached to him. In her absence he had no moment of happiness, and when by her side, her coldness and her beauty kept his mind in one continued fever of dissatisfaction and excitement.

Frequent illness and increasing debility began at last to preclude the possibility of her leaving her own apartments, or receiving so often as formerly the visits of the Prince; confirmed sickness at length confined her to her couch, and the physician of the seraglio, after many days of anxious attention, was on the point of announcing to Achmet the slight probability which remained of her recovery. It was during this awful crisis that Basilia sent to make her first request of the Sultan; it was a simple and unambitious one. Achmet was delighted at the announcement of an incident so new and unexpected, but his chagrin was excessive when he learned that the only wish of the dying girl was that a message should be sent to Athens, to learn some particulars of her family, and to bear to them her last and affectionate farewell.

Her desire was readily complied with, and in the course of a few weeks the Tartar, despatched on the errand, was expected to return with a reply from Suleiman. Basilia awaited his arrival with the mingled anxiety of hope and dread; whilst the excitement served to revive her spirits, and during that month of suspense her colour was more vivid and her eye more bright than it was wont to be for a long series of time before it. It was during one of those rich and glorious evenings, that are only known in the clime of the East, that the Tartar returned to Stamboul. Basilia was seated with the Sultan in the same bright pavilion in which she had first met him, when a slave approached bearing the despatches of the Waywode. They contained the melancholy intelligence of the decease of her mother, and the departure of Theodore for Rome, which had taken place but a few months after her removal from Athens. The facts were little other than she expected, but still the dreaded confirmation of her fears was overwhelming in its effects. Achmet beheld her grief, and felt at the same moment the cruel inefficacy of any efforts of his to check it. He rose, and placing in her hands a small packet directed to herself, retired from the pavilion, leaving Basilia drowned in tears, and her face buried in one of the silken cushions of the ivory sofa.

After a short interval she arose, and examined the parcel which she held in her hand; it contained a small silver coin of Athens, which bore on one side the head of Adrian, and on the other the inscription ὁ φιλος των Αθηναιων "the friend of the Athenians." This simple relic was enveloped in a shred of crimson silk, embroidered with a small golden cross, which Basilia recognised in a moment as the work of her mother. For some moments she gazed on it in silence; she could not doubt from whom it came, but still it was rather an unusual pledge of parting affection. Suddenly, however, recollection seemed to flash across her mind; she awoke as if from a long dream of forgetfulness: the cross, the coin, the name of Athens, the effigy of its benefactor recalled like a magic spell the last, and she blushed to acknowledge the forgotten commands of her departed mother, "to remember, in her exaltation, her God and the woes of her country." Abashed at the consciousness of her fault, she again and again condemned herself for the unworthy motives which had so long actuated her grief; she felt that all her vain regrets had sprung from selfishness; her own sorrows alone had lived in her remembrance, although, for them, she knew that her despondency was unavailing; whilst the miseries of her home, which her influence might have alleviated, were forgotten or disregarded. She threw herself on the ground, and pressing warm kisses on the precious memorial of her parents, vowed upon the cross which lay before her, that from that hour, during the few remaining days of her existence, her energies should be solely directed to the

fulfilment of her last promise to her mother. She rose strengthened by her new determination; she brushed a gathering tear-drop from her eye, and, forcing a faint smile as she placed the invaluable relic of her country in her bosom, resolved that, from that moment, sadness should be banished from her brow, however heavily corroding sorrow might press in secret at her heart.

Achmet advanced to meet her as she issued from the pavilion, and was surprised to find her composed and cheerful. In reply to his fond inquiries she answered him that she was now convinced of the impotency of impassioned regret to assuage the cureless agony of a wounded heart. The last tie which connected her with humanity was loosed for ever; her parents were no more; she stood alone in the crowd of existence; henceforward her grief for others was to cease, and she was now to begin to live solely for herself. If she was destined to be blessed by the envied smiles of the Commander of the Faithful, what had she to seek beyond them? If her eyes were to be brightened by his approving glances, and her heart made glad by the possession of his love, what more had Basilia to regret or to sigh for? From this hour the current of her days would glide calmly as the streams that bathe the bowers of elysium, and the residue of her life would be one endless succession of delights; a golden dream of pleasures, as unalloyed by care as that of the houris who throng the blissful gardens of paradise. The Sultan hailed with rapture the long looked-for change in her feelings; he lavished on her a thousand fond endearments, and vowed that henceforth Basilia alone should be the light of his harem and the peerless mistress of his heart.

From that day her manners and her habits underwent a thorough alteration; no more did she pass the long mornings of summer in lounging about her apartments, or its evenings in gazing from the jealous lattices of the harem on the snowy sails that glided across the dim blue waves of Marmora; the embroidery which once she plied with a listless hand was now abandoned for the notes of the languishing lute, or the lively measures of the sprightly mandolin. Her spirits, which before seemed oppressed by one endless simoom, were now buoyant as the breezes that sigh along the vales of Erivan; and her heart, which so lately appeared the abode of sadness, became light as when in the days of her childhood she sported amidst the olive-groves of her own beloved Attica. Her raven tresses, which lately flowed unbraided over her ivory shoulders, were now plaited into glossy bands, and folded gracefully above her brow; a string of golden coins was wreathed around them, and a dropping pearl of dazzling whiteness shone upon her snowy forehead. Her dress, in every particular, combined the rarest grace with the most unwonted elegance; her light papooshes were covered with spangles and sparkling flowers; shawls purchased by the wealth of provinces were draped around her; her dresses were wrought from the richest silks of Damascus, and her jelic was bound around her waist by a zone glittering with jewels from the mines of Bukdiri. When she moved, a cloud of perfume floated around her, and when she reclined on her luxurious divan, every voice was hushed, and every eye was chained in admiration.

Beneath all this assumed pageant of happiness and splendour, however, the cankerworm was silently gnawing at her heart, and hours of convulsive sorrow and writhing despair, in secret, served to produce a reaction of excitement which supported her exertions to appear delighted amidst the admiring crowd. She now applied herself with eager, but concealed anxiety, to discover the hidden springs of the Divan, and the secrets of the Ottoman court. Her well-known influence on the mind of the Sultan served to procure her the requisite information from the officers around her; and in the course of a few short months she learned, without appearing to court the information, the cabals and intrigues of every pachalic from the Danube to the Nile. By means of attached and faithful emissaries, she was enabled, at the same time, to carry on her correspondence with her countrymen, and inform them of her wishes and opportunities of befriending them. Their only reply, however, was, that they sought no other reform than the enforcement of the

hitherto violated charters of Mahomet; that their constitution, as granted by him, was more mild than the other less favoured spots of the Empire could hope for beneath the sceptre of a Moslem, and contained few points which necessity could not render tolerable. But unfortunately they were placed at too great a distance from the throne to be enabled to speak of their grievances; and their complaints, if uttered at all, died away like an unrepeated echo ere they reached the ear of those who alone could redress their wrongs. Under these circumstances she found that it must be to some fortunate event, some lucky occasion, that Athens must be indebted for deliverance; and the advent of the propitious moment she applied herself to watch for, with the devotion and anxiety of a captive who awaits some unexpected, but certain accident, to procure his freedom.

The delight of the Sultan on the recovery of his favourite could only be equalled by his astonishment at the suddenness by which it was effected. For himself, he had long forgotten that the bounds of his dominions included the fairest gardens of Europe and of Asia; his empire was, in his mind, confined to the walls of his seraglio. Here his sole ambition had been the pursuit of pleasure, but hitherto he had never fully attained his object; some item was ungained, and some trifling end as yet unanswered. But his desires were now crowned with full fruition. Basilia, he imagined, loved him; and at that moment he felt, for the first time in his existence, that he was truly a monarch in the dominions which his heart had chosen. No hour now saw him apart from her he loved; in the harem and the hall, the gardens, the groves, and the kiosks of the seraglio, Basilia and Achmet were inseparable; and days of pure, unalloyed delight, the first he had ever known, shone upon the lot of the enchanted Sultan. To crown his happiness, the queen of his affections promised shortly to present him with an heir to the throne of Othman, and throughout every quarter of the capital the most gorgeous preparations were making for the happy event. To Basilia, his attentions and his bounty knew neither bounds nor reason; her chambers were converted into a fairy land of splendour and delights, and the most magnificent decorations were lavished upon her household and attendants. On her part, however, the munificence of the Sultan was forced upon her, rather than accepted; those portions of it which her situation prevented the possibility of her declining, she received with respectful submission, rather than a pleased acquiescence; and on every occasion she studied to avoid those favours and distinctions which would convert the Sultan from her lord to her benefactor. Often as she sat beside him when he pressed upon her acceptance some gift of countless price, or some present of inestimable value, she would twine her snowy arms around him, and whilst her dark, expressive eyes were turned to meet the gaze of his, she would exclaim, "that his kindness was oppressive to her, and that his proffered bounty seemed to hint that her love was to be won by gold, or his affection enhanced by his kingly munificence. May the favour of Heaven rest upon the head of Achmet, and the light of Paradise beam for ever around him; but for Basilia, she seeks no treasure save the glance of his eyes, and cherishes no ambition beyond the attainment of his love." The Sultan hung upon her words in rapture, but yet his delight was mingled with chagrin, for he found that Basilia was more absolutely a queen in her beauty, than he a monarch in his power; they stood united, and yet apart; she was his slave, and still he was her dependent; he knew himself her master, and yet was she too proud to permit him to become her friend, or to mingle kindness with control.

At length, when her advancement in the favour of the Sultan, combined with her accurate information of the circumstances by which she was surrounded, had enabled Basilia to decide on the steps she was to take for the performance of her vow, she prepared, with a swelling and anxious heart, to put her designs into execution. Since her introduction to Achmet, Mustafa, the Kislar Aga, had on every occasion shown himself her friend. His disposition betrayed none of those vices inherent to the other officers of the Seraglio, whilst his influence with the Sultan was unbounded; and could

Athens be but placed under his protection, its injuries would be certain of at least partial redress, whilst its inhabitants would at all times possess in his successors, representatives and friends nigh the throne of the monarch. A moment favourable for the trial at length arrived. Achmet was one evening pressing on her, as he was wont, some offer of his bounty, and he started with delight on finding, for the first time, that she was about to ask of him a kindness. "Behold me at last," she cried, "a suppliant to the King of Kings; may the light of Allah and the Prophet smile upon the days, and his favour rest upon the head of my Sultan! may victory attend his footsteps abroad, and glory gild his hours of retirement and of ease! I seek no honours for myself, who am but too highly exalted in being permitted to enjoy the countenance, or contribute to the happiness of the sublimest of monarchs. I ask no bounty for strangers; for why should my lord lavish upon distant dependents those royal gifts which should adorn the court of the Sultan of the earth? I intercede alone for the domestic of my sovereign, for the grateful guardian of his household, for Mustafa, to whose care I am indebted for so many tender attentions, and so much unremitting devotion. Nor even for him do I implore a splendid gift, nor a costly endowment; I ask only a boon of poverty and a herdage of ruins; I seek for him the mouldering city of my birth, and the government of the faded remnant of the people of Athens." The enamoured Prince smiled to her a ready assent, but again his pride was wounded to the core; he found that although Basilia had demanded a favour at his hands, its advantages were destined for another; nor had he yet been able, by any concession to herself, to entail upon her an obligation of gratitude. In the same hour was the estate of Athens conferred upon the fortunate Kislar Aga; and on the same day was a Tartar despatched from Stamboul to apprise Suleiman of the termination of his viceroyalty, and prepare the way for a Waywode to be nominated by the happy Mustafa.

The deed was done, the vow was performed, the object of Basilia was accomplished, but her heart was broken: anxiety, pain, sorrow, and regret, had worn away her feeble constitution; the excitement of hope and of affectionate ambition had for some time past been her only stay; that weak support was now removed, and again she relapsed into despondency and despair. As the period of her confinement approached, her declining health was marked by the Sultan and the Ottoman Court with alarm and apprehension. Already had preparations for the joyful event of the birth of the imperial child been completed throughout the capital. A palace was prepared for the reception of Basilia, as mother of the heir apparent to the crown; the Validi Agasi was appointed over her slaves, and the Eschatradelar was nominated to take charge of the royal infant on its birth. These precautions were, alas, in vain. She for whom they were designed beheld them without emotion or delight; already she felt that she was never destined to enjoy them.

The fatal hour arrived, and the Sultan sat in his divan to await the issue, when a slave advanced, and announced, with the joyful tidings of a royal heir,* the intelligence of the death of the Sultana in giving birth to her child. The grief of the bereaved monarch was bordering on madness, and rage and sorrow swayed his mind by turns. With the same breath he directed the most sumptuous preparations for the obsequies of Basilia, and ordered the immediate execution of six of the most beautiful women of his harem, whom, in his cruelty, he falsely accused of being accessary to the death of his mistress. On the same day, and at the same moment, the unhappy victims of his fury

* This child died before the birth of Osman, who, about the year 1619, succeeded Mustafa the brother of Achmet. The latter Prince (Mustafa) was the first instance of collateral succession which occurred in the royal line of the Sultans, as that course, though enjoined by the Prophet, had up to this period been disregarded.—*See Knolles,* v. i. p. 946. *Cantemir,* p. 241. *Thornton,* v. i. p. clxvi. *D'Ohsson, Tab. Gen.* l. i. p. 284.

were hurled from the battlements of the seraglio into the waters of the Bosphorus, and the remains of Basilia were interred with regal honours, in the cemetery adjoining the mosque of Abu Ayoob, the last of the companions of Mahomet, who fell in the first siege of Byzantium by the Saracens.

Centuries have now elapsed since the inheritance of Athens was conferred on the chief of the Ethiopian Odalics, and in the line of his successors the blessings of the change have descended to the forlorn inhabitants of Attica. Occasionally, during the mornless night of her captivity, some despot has swayed the destinies of the devoted city, but his tyranny has lasted but an hour, and the influence of the Kislar Aga has been exerted to claim redress and to restore tranquillity. Nor have the descendants of the subjects of Achmet forgotten their ancient benefactress; still is the name of the unfortunate Sultana combined with those of the friends of Attica; and often when by the calm light of even, the maids of Athens assemble round the wells in the valley, or join in the dance on the banks of the Ilyssus, they beguile the lingering twilight by repeating the tale of Basilia, or chant in alternate strophes, the song which recounts her patriotism and misfortunes.*

E.

PASSAGES FROM A POET'S DREAM-BOOK.—I.

No. 1.—*Death.*

King. How! is he dead?
1st Noble. He's gone half-way to—WHERE?
King. He's dead then, dead! Sickness, and hate, and cold,
Sharp rain and fiery tempest touch him not.
He was more hot than anger; but the snow
Will lie on him for months, and never melt:
The grass, whose roots are cool, grows on his heart,
And gentlest flowers there take their nourishment.
Gods! is he dead? Methought he could have fought
With death for ages. Dead! it cannot be:
Why, yesterday I saw him, strong as wrath,
Young, wilful, proud, ambitious, full of fame,
Swift as an eagle, thoughtful as a dream,
And sinewy as the fabled Hercules.
And he is dead! Bow down your heads, O nobles!
For, if the summer sicken ere 'tis blown,
What shall become of us, whose autumn days
Are here already?
2nd Noble. Tush! we can but die.

No. 2.—*On a Venetian Picture.*

MORE beautiful, more fair, more full of hope,
More innocent, or aught more calm than thee,
Serenest vision! I did never see,—
Never! It is not in the painter's scope,
Albeit he toil from dawn till set of sun,
E'er to outstrip the deed which he hath done,
In picturing thee, fair creature with no name!
But he is dead,—the rare Venetian!—dead;
And thou who wast the angel of his fame,
Hallowing his deeds with love, thou too hast fled,
Leaving no trace (save what I see) behind,
Of thy strange beauty, or the painter's mind.

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* For the Historical items of the story of Basilia, see *De la Guilletiere*; *Cantemir*; *and D'Ohsson.*

Ah! where got'st thou those tender eyes of blue?
That mouth, that grave sweet smile, that hair of gold?
Whence cam'st thou? Is there none who ever knew
Thy name, thy story? Is it still untold?
Still, like the Sibyl's leaf, unread, unroll'd?
Speak!—for thou surely canst. Cast off this guise;
And let the pure love come from those sweet eyes,—
The music from thy tongue,—the undying grace
Move o'er thy brow and that too stedfast face!
A word—a look—a step! we ask no more,
And then we 'll bid thee soar
Into thy home in Heaven, and there dwell evermore!

No. 3.—*Revenge.*

Gaud. Let loose your strength, blasts of the burning zone!
Join all, and scorch him with a blistering plague:
Rain damps upon his bones! Scald all his brain,
Till he go mad.—Stay—stop! I'll have him bound
Fast to a frozen rock, till piercing winds
Stiffen his heart to ice. He shall endure
The terrible extremes of cold and fire,
For he himself was ever pitiless.

No. 4.—*The General Law.*

Anton. All things which live and are, love quiet hours.
Sometimes, indeed, the waves caught up by storms
Kiss Heaven and murmur, but they straight retire:
Sometimes the red and busy Earthquake lifts
His head above the hills and looks on us:
Sometimes a star drops: Sometimes Heaven itself
Grows dark, and loses its celestial blue:
'Tis but a moment. Thus doth man (made fit
To league with Fortune in her varying moods)
Rise on the wings of fear, or grow love-mad,
Yet sink at last to earth and dream in quiet.

No. 5.—*Consecration of his Vessel. From Catullus, Carm. IV.*

Strangers, this vessel which you heed
Says, she was *once* the fleet'st of ships,—
That not a sail or oar that dips
Could pass her in her speed:
And this the threatening Adriatic shore,
Proud Rhodes, the Cyclad isles, Thrace far away,
Propontis, and the terrible Pontic bay,
Deny no more!

Here she (a vessel since) once stood,
Her locks all leaves and forest wood;
Here, where Cytorus' acres rise,
She shook her hair and spoke in sighs:—
"Cytorus! topped with the boxen tree—
Amastris,—this is known to ye,"
(She speaketh)—"and ye know that I
First grew on your tall promontory;
And only left, at last, your shores,
In the great deep to try my oars.
There, over unavailing seas,
How oft my freight I bore with ease,

Whether 'twere bright or rainy weather,
Or Jove let all winds blow together.—

No vows to Gods on shore were cast,
When from far deeps I came at last—
At last, unto this limpid shore:
—But these were things I did of yore:
For *now*, laid up in this calm nest,
I'm growing old in idle rest,
And dedicate myself to ye,
Twin brothers, starry guardians of the sea!"

No. 6.—*Love.*

Love! Love! What is Love?
Thing of air, or Heaven above?
Or did't take its birth
Midst the dulness of the earth,
Springing upwards, as a light
Streams across a starless night?—
Full of fancy, full of seeming,
Full of endless daylight dreaming,
Like the Asiatic morn
Is the wild-wing'd creature born,—
Bursting from the unclouded mind
(Which before was young and blind)
Like the coming of the Sun,
And gay as though the goal were won!

A.P.

THE "BUBBLE REPUTATION."

"It is wonderful with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in life."—*Dr. Johnson, cited by Boswell.*

The remark which stands at the head of this paper proceeded from one who made the observation of his fellow-creatures his business, during an extended career. That he himself was a striking instance of the truth of his own maxim, affords only one more example, how much easier it is to measure others, than to judge correctly of ourselves. Endowed with singular astuteness of logic, much natural sagacity, an immense aptitude for labour, and a copious command of words, Johnson was enabled, by siding with prevailing opinions, and flattering the prejudices of a powerful party, to hold the first place in the literature of his day; and by the magic of an imposing, if not a very tasteful style, he so thoroughly fascinated his contemporaries, that he kept in subjection the master-spirits of his times, and gave a colour to the thoughts and expressions of others not yet wholly eradicated from our language and literature. The despotism of his sway in society, (as betrayed in the unsuspecting narrative of his "Fidus Achates," Boswell,) was unexampled; and still more astonishing than his literary dictatorship, inasmuch as mankind are more jealous of present power, than of remote authority. It is inconceivable how one, so strikingly deficient in the "minor morals" of good fellowship, should have so far "cowed the better part of man" in his auditors; or how the literary circles of such a capital as London could have submitted to an arrogated supremacy, unredeemed by suavity, and unsupported by rank or fortune.

Should the professed admirers of this Leviathan of literature be asked to explain this phenomenon, they would probably ascribe it, without hesitation, to the "dominion of the strong mind over the weak;" but if, by mind, is intended that vigorous and comprehensive grasp of the wholeness of things, which enables a man to take in all their bearings and relations, and places him in advance of the philosophy of his age, never did individual fill so large a space in society with so little of that quality. Throughout all his various writings, the bitterness of sectarian zeal, of the most rancorous political hatred, forces on the reader a conviction that he was incapable of embracing, in distinct vision, both sides of a question; and of conceiving that honour and conscience may, in possibility, be arrayed on either. But opinions have undergone a great change since the times of his undisputed supremacy; and no very laboured apology seems now necessary for classing him with those who have been eminent in a degree beyond the real superiority of their mind.

But whatever may have been the deficiencies of Johnson's mental constitution, his attainments and qualifications were confessedly of an high order; and it is by no means surprising that a man of his habits of remark should have been forcibly struck with the successes of many distinguished individuals, who, on comparison with himself, must have appeared to a great disadvantage. The spectacle of triumphant mediocrity is by no means new or rare; there is no lack of encouragement to the industry of the common-place; and the "mighty Mother," in all ages, has taken good care of her sons. It is, in truth, natural for man to reward, in proportion to the utility he fancies society may derive from actions, rather than for the ability displayed in their performance; and the greatest utilities, fortunately, do not depend upon the highest qualities of the agent, which are rare in proportion to their excellence. The business of society would come to a stand-still, if its highest functions could only be discharged by extraordinary genius; and the aristocracy of talent would be too offensive, if, in addition to its other prerogatives, it enjoyed a monopoly of honours and rewards. The world is made for all mankind; and if fortune did not sometimes side with the undeserving, the helot destiny of the blockheads would be unbearably miserable. The bias of the bowl, however, runs directly the other way. Cunning and dexterity avail more to worldly success than true wisdom; and the *savoir faire* is more efficient in matters of business, than the *savoir*. In many instances, things work themselves; and events carry forward the man as often as the man directs events. Besides, the great instrument of success is the adaptation of a man's peculiar faculties to the work in hand, rather than the superior order of his general abilities; and a functionary may be very good in one way, who, if displaced, would be thought an unserviceable dunce. In this respect, philosophy is the dupe of its own language. In spite of universal experience to the contrary, the influence of a word prevails; and we imagine mind to be as definite an entity as gold or iron. The mind, whatever may be its nature, is manifestly a complex of various independent faculties, each of which may be developed in different degrees. There is no such thing as absolute perfection, or universal excellence, in the intellect; the high developement of one faculty, on the contrary, becomes a cause why another must be imperfect. No man, therefore, is fit for every

thing; and a moderate talent, well applied, will impose on mankind, and appear to greater advantage than a more sublime genius, if compelled by circumstance to "cut blocks with a rasor."

There are few persons much in the habit of associating with those who fill the first places in human affairs, who have not, upon intimacy, found occasion to remark some particular, in which they were beneath the station they have attained. In politics, more especially, it has again and again been noticed, that the smallest degree of intellect will suffice for the composition of a statesman. Scarcely once in an age has there appeared, in this class, a man of comprehensive philosophy; and the greatest geniuses that accident has conducted to the helm of a nation, have been far from the most successful in their calling. Of the men who, in our own times, have made for themselves a place in history by their connexion with striking events, what astounding deficiencies have been recorded! What extravagant blunders have they not committed! What surprising weaknesses have they not discovered! Burke, Pitt, and Sheridan, the pole-stars of our early youth, were no philosophers; and in so far were beneath the position they filled. More recently, Perceval, Liverpool, and Castlereagh have shown that very ordinary faculties indeed, when aided by place and pertinacity, may produce most influential changes in the destinies of nations. Nelson, when on shore, seems to have been a "pauvre sire;" and Murat was nothing, when off his horse, but a *fat* and a dandy. Nay, even Napoleon himself, who with his single name has filled an entire age, and whose memory will fail only with the extinction of historic record, has been pronounced but "the half of a great man." The Emperor of Austria, one of the weakest and most ignorant of sovereigns, was enabled, by his single national virtue of a patient perseverance, to out-manœuvre at the game of Machiavelism, this colossus of military and political skill, and to overturn his gigantic empire! On the Eldons, the Bexleys, and the Westmorlands, who have filled so conspicuous a part in the affairs of their country, and have laboured so ineffectually to arrest the intellectual progress of their age, posterity must decide; but if contemporary passion may be trusted to form a conjecture, their intellectual powers, as compared with their political influence, will be estimated but as the little remora, whose fabled energy is said to stop the course of the largest vessel. In the department of money-making, nothing is more common than for the weakest intellects to take the most extraordinary strides; or for the greatest merchants to be the most completely incapable of forming a conception of the principles by which commerce is developed. Every day produces its trading Crœsus, a model of low vulgar inefficiency: and the City abounds in men who have accumulated more than one plum, whose comprehension would not suffice for the making of a plum-pudding. The Law likewise boasts, in profusion, of its illustrious obscure; persons who, by their skill in noting a brief, in cross-examining a witness, or applying precedents, have arrived at the top of fortune, and have filled the highest judicial stations, without more extent of intellect than might have served them to count their fees, and to keep their fingers out of the fire. Excellence in the arts has at no time been deemed in necessary connexion with great powers of mind. Claude Loraine, before he commenced painter, had proved himself unable to become a decent pastry-

cook, and was consigned, as an *imbecile*, to the Church. Great actors, with the exception of Garrick, have rarely shown ability beyond their art; and it is demonstrated, that to win all hearts by embodying the conceptions of others upon the stage, does not require the possession of an enlarged mind. Musicians, obliged to devote their whole time to the attainment of practical skill, ought not to be taxed for the want of other acquirements; it is, therefore, the less reproach to them, that their claim to the admiration of their species should so often be closely confined to the sphere of their professional activity. That the most eminent physicians have not always been the most intellectual, or the most learned of their class, and that many have arrived at extensive reputation on the very slenderest qualifications, is the less to be admired, because, in this department, the purchaser is no judge of the commodity he demands; but it is equally true, that considerable skill, and much real knowledge in the medical art, do every now and then fall to the share of individuals whose intellectual calibre is singularly circumscribed; while minds of the highest order sometimes fail, simply because their temper is too fine for the more mechanical parts of the profession.

But it is in literature that the greatest expectations of individual merit are raised by a foregone reputation. There are few persons, however respectable their own attainments, who do not (at least, for the first time) approach an eminent author with something like trepidation. There is a dignity in type, which imposes on those who have not dabbled in printing-ink; and the presumption is not perhaps unnatural, however unjustified by the event, which infers that they who set up to amuse or to instruct the world must be superior in their generation. Uncommon efforts are, indeed, made to wear out this prejudice, both by the vileness of the trash which is put forth, and by the want of all conduct in that portion of our writers, which Voltaire has so well characterized as the *canaille* of literature; but the notion is too deeply rooted in the public mind; and now, in this nineteenth century, when authors are "as plenty as blackberries," to have printed a volume, no matter what it may be, is more than ever a passport to society, and is often available, where birth, fortune, and official station, will not effect the purpose. Would to Heaven, for the dignity of the vocation, it could be said that this idea of the vast mental calibre of authors was oftener realized. As for mere intellect, the most that should be expected is, that didactic authors should be at home on their own particular subject; and even this hope will not uncommonly be disappointed. The art of writing, after all, is but the art of expressing thoughts; and that art may be attained in wonderful perfection, without the thoughts so disclosed being necessarily of a valuable character. One of the chief excellencies of style is the power of adorning barren and uninteresting subjects, and of cleverly disguising the poverty of the matter by the *agrémens* of the manner. There is, moreover, in the literature of all civilized communities so much common-place, so many recorded and established forms, both of idea and of expression, that books of some considerable merit and utility are daily put together, without any excessive effort of intellect, without any expense of thought in originating novelty, either in the matter or the handling. A great part of authorship has become little better than apothecary's work,—

the mere pouring from one bottle into another; nor can it be often enough called to mind, that the more original the train of thought, the less is it adapted to give general pleasure, and to beget a reputation for its author. Geniuses of the highest order have seldom found their way to eminence, until a subsequent generation has grown up to the level of their peculiar ideas. To please the public, an author must not affect great superiority. He must write what his readers can understand, under penalty, in case of failure, of passing at once from his bookseller's shelves to those of the trunk-maker. The truly popular authors, in all ages, are the traversers in the grooves of received opinion, the runners along the common railway of established orthodoxy. Miss Edgeworth's stern morality makes the head ache; and Lady Morgan treats of interests too grave even for professional critics, who skip over her portraiture of a nation's sufferings to come at once to the sparkling butterflies that figure in her light dialogue. This secret of the public taste is beginning to transpire. The sure instinct of the bookseller puts his authors in the better track; and the "old hands" affect a virtue if they have it not, and write as frivolously as the Lady Mollys and the Lord Charleses can do for the life of them: so that every now and then, in lighting upon a popular author in the quiet corner of some blue-stocking coterie, one is surprised to find him, contrary to the general rule, worth considerably more than his volumes. This, however, is by no means the case with the compilers of fashionable theology, fashionable polemics, and fashionable politics. The rogues are *de bonne foi* with the public, and do their best. To expect more from them than from the most ordinary intellectual capacity is to be their dupe; and you may safely venture any money you will, that the best of them, not excepting the archbishop himself, have earned their reputation by any thing rather than an enlarged mind. Of all classes in society, authors are, perhaps, the most disappointing; and the literary circles are, of all, the dullest. The fact has grown into a proverb; and the noble lord who bought Punch for his agreeable conversation, did not fail more egregiously than the Lady Di Indigos, who import a nightly hackney-coach-full of gentlemen in sable from Paternoster-row to enliven their parties.

With the professed talkers, the diners out, the conversation Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinsons, those who possess in any degree the faculty of thinking, have generally been disappointed. Like their kindred species, the parrots and monkeys, very few of these gentlemen are overburdened with *nous*. There is in the *metier* itself too much of ostentation and pretence for real merit to like it; and there is nothing in the world so really insufferable as the impudent flippancy of a talking reviewer, or the noisy rattle of a green-room jester. To talk well requires an extensive range of knowledge, a ready wit, a refined taste, and, above all, a total exemption from selfishness and vanity. No wonder, then, that the pretenders to conversational power should be so many, and the possessors of it so few.

What, then, is to be inferred?—that there is no merit in the world? that nothing but counterfeits are abroad?—Far from it. Few, if any, find their way to notoriety without excellence of some kind; but of all merits that of an enlarged and comprehensive mind is the rarest, and the wants of society raise to distinction infinitely more persons than Na-

ture has blessed with this qualification. The error to be avoided is that silly deference for great names, which gives such undue weight to mere authority, and restrains men without a reputation from the fair exercise of an independent judgment. John Lord Eldon may be a profound equity lawyer, and Colonel Wilson of York the greatest orator of his age; but it does not follow that they must either of them be heaven-born judges of moral and political philosophy, or that they must necessarily know more of dancing on a rope than the Diavolo Antonio.

M.

ON MY NOSE.

The Poet sings his mistress' eye
  And all its merit shows;
Then why, I wonder, may not I
  Descant upon my Nose?

The theme 's a novel one, 'tis true,
  To treat upon in rhymes;
But then, a rage for what is new
  Infects these modern times.

And one objection has alone
  Sufficient force to scare one;
The nose itself, I 'm free to own,
  Is by no means a fair one.

It does not with the forehead blend,
  Like the smooth Grecian noses,
And with chaste beauty thence descend
  A lily among roses.

Nor like the Roman's eagle-beak
  Rear high its surgent bridge,
As if it dared the world to tweak
  That proud imperial ridge.

It is not like the one that flows
  In beauty's waving line,
The which to be the very nose
  Of love—I do opine.

Nor that most fair, most monstrous one,
  Which, whether straight or hook'd,
Like a strong tower of Lebanon
  Towards Damascus look'd.

Nor has it the important air
  A true turn-up implies,
As if a confidante it were
  Between the lips and eyes.

To what class then does it belong?
  You marvel—there 's the rub,
But truth must out—it bears a strong
  Resemblance to the snub.

The odious snub, and at its tip
  Blooms a perennial rose,
Which, as in envy of the lip,
  With rival carmine glows.

A thing, which ever since its birth,
  The wicked wags made game at,
A never-failing butt for Mirth
  Her keenest shafts to aim at.

Yet, my poor Nose, thou'st ever been
A trusty friend to me,
And oft my grateful sense, I ween,
Shall bless thine agency.

When the soft breeze comes wooingly
Through Summer's leafy bowers,
Stealing away the sweets that be
Within his blooming flowers:

And when some simple perfume brings,
By a mysterious spell,
Thoughts of the old forgotten things
Our childhood loves so well:

For these, my Nose, thou shalt engage
Through life my fondest care;
And may'st thou to a good old age
Thy blushing honours bear! R—A.

CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

While the lovers of works of fiction are perusing the series of romances, called "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," the following narration, connected with the Monastery, will be more than usually interesting, as tending to illustrate the labours of the Novelist:—

It was a winter's evening, and the mountains on each side were entirely covered with snow, on which the last sunbeams had long since faded, when we crossed the Rhone by a bridge that conducted to a small and neat auberge on the opposite bank. Most welcome was the fire that blazed cheerfully in the ungrated chimney, around which a small group was already gathered. One of the strangers, a young gentleman, had just crossed the Alps on his return from Italy, and was detailing the perils he had encountered in the route, while his companion, a more elderly man, sat silent beside. The former was a student from Cambridge, on his return there from a twelvemonth's residence in Italy. The effect of a Continental tour on a youth who is yet fresh from the banks of the Cam or the Isis, may be only conceived by those who have the fortune to be thrown into his society on his way home:—the fulness of information he had acquired swam in his rather aquiline and prominent features, and flowed from his tongue in a most decided and unquestionable tone. Not a single point of science, or of taste, was started on which a single doubt could be entertained. He had occasionally visited at Torlonia's at Rome; but he was a parvenue, a man of yesterday, though his entertainments were handsome. Rome, in fact, was decidedly the only place in Italy where good society was to be found; at Naples it was more mixed and equivocal, as a residence of six months there had given him ample reason of discovering. Only two things, he declared, rendered the country a divine one to live in—the women and the music. How he should ever sit quietly at an English opera again, he was at a loss to conceive; it was almost the only cause of regret he felt in approaching his native shores again—the want of action, and of that ardent and impassioned look of interest with which an Italian singer generally accompanied her strains. Then the women—the women of

Venice and Rome! Here his grey eyes gleamed with delight, and his chin, not of the bluntest, was sensibly elevated. All the time he spoke, he stood with his back turned to the fire, of which he occupied rather a larger portion than the wants of the company could well afford. But his hand did not wave, nor did any change of position or of tone discover that the speaker was deeply interested in his subject. This would have been to commit his English immobility —the pride which so many of our younger countrymen feel in speaking of the most delicious and moving things abroad with perfect apathy— an accent neither raised nor diminished—a look that seems to say, these things are certainly worth notice, but not to testify any emotion about.

Beside him stood a monk of St. Bernard, who was on his annual tour to receive the subscriptions of all the respectable inhabitants of the country to his useful and excellent monastery. He was rather a young man, with a dark complexion, a large, expressive, and rather sinister eye, and a good-natured and somewhat rustic countenance. He gazed on the college orator with some surprise, as he listened to his fluent and conceited discourse; for from the constant visits of English travellers to his convent in summer, he understood something of the language. Supper was at last announced, to the great joy and relief of the party; and all difference of sentiment, as well as national prejudice, was suppressed in the indulgence of the calls of hunger. As soon as these were in some measure satisfied, the travelled youth began a description of the path he had just passed through the mountain-snows, the appearance of the unfathomable precipices, and to ridicule the fears so generally entertained of crossing them during the winter, when he was cut short by the young monk, who only observed, in a simple and tranquil voice, that the English traveller was speaking of things that he was very little acquainted with. The latter instantly turned a contemptuous look on the intruder, and his sharpened nose and chin grew suddenly reddened with anger, that a man of so humble an appearance should call in question his assertions. The priest observed that he had lived fifteen years at St. Bernard, where eight months of winter in the year are always experienced, and that he could not fail of being well acquainted with its effects. We were all attention; and the father, though his aspect and figure hardly allowed such a title, yet, not a little flattered at the silence his remarks occasioned, proceeded to detail some remarkable circumstances that had occurred during his long sojourn in so inclement an abode. It was during the last winter that two Italians, whose home was in the valley of Aost beneath, were on their passage over the mountain. It was already drawing towards the evening when they arrived, and after resting and taking some refreshment, they resolved to proceed. It was represented that the appearance of the sky predicted heavy falls of snow during the night; that the wind had now risen, and had set in violently in the very face of the path they were to take. It was in vain to endeavour to restrain their departure; they had been absent many years from their families, they said, having travelled as merchants about France and Germany, and were now quite impatient to return to their native valley. The last benefit the kind monks could bestow, was to give them two of the experienced guides of the convent, to accompany them through the most perilous part of the way. Thus assisted, they soon afterwards set out. It became

dark not long after they quitted the convent, but as it is a continued and gradual descent of six hours to the valley of Aost, they had hoped to arrive at their own homes in the course of the night; for the distance seemed very small compared with the long journeys they had already travelled. The snow-storms began about an hour after their departure, and the wind blew with fury; it was scarcely possible to make head against it, and the good priests felt the worst apprehensions for the safety of the unfortunate Italians, yet they had great confidence in the experience of the two guides of the convent. They had advanced, it afterwards appeared, some distance on the way to their native valley, being resolved, if possible, to arrive there at the risk of their lives, when their course was arrested in a moment by the fall of an avalanche, which no skill or foresight could guard against, and the whole party was buried many fathoms deep in the snow. The description of the peasant in "the Seasons" perishing, at the time the warm thoughts of his home and family, not far distant, came on his mind, might be said to be faithfully paralleled here. A few leagues' farther progress, and the cottages of these hapless adventurers would have received them, and the joyful sounds of welcome been heard, after so long an absence, in a warmer climate too, and under a more genial sky; for there cannot be a more striking change of atmosphere than is found in a few hours from the heights of St. Bernard to the warm valleys of Piedmont below. When the morning came, however, and no tidings were received of the fate of the travellers, and the guide never returned, the fathers gave them up for lost. The spot where they perished was not known till the last summer, when the melting of the snow, as the season advanced, discovered the bodies at the foot of a small eminence, in the various positions in which they had perished. They were not in a state of decay, having been preserved from corruption by the snows amidst which they had lain; and they were brought to the cemetery, or rather the Morgue, as it is called, of the monastery. This is a very extraordinary place, and presents a rather startling spectacle to a visitor, who is unaware, perhaps, of the objects he is about to see. It is a gloomy and long apartment into which you gaze through a small window, or if curiosity goes so far, you may enter, and move amidst the dead, who are placed in various positions. Some stand upright against the wall, others in a reclining position; some are recumbent on the floor; the bodies are all, more or less, in a good state of preservation, from their being hardened by the excessive cold to which they have been exposed. This is the case with those who are discovered amidst the depths of the snow soon after death, as well as with the remains of others, who have lain frozen and congealed for days, and even for weeks, beneath avalanches and snow-wreaths, whence it is impossible for some time to extricate them. In this singular receptacle are the bodies of travellers of both sexes, and of various nations, some of a period as remote as a hundred years ago; and the features often present the different emotions under which they died, of agony, despair, and heart-rending sorrow. The jaw having fallen, in most instances, and the teeth being frightfully visible, as well as the mouth drawn up by the nature of their death, give to many of these groups an appalling aspect. The skin becomes perfectly brown and hard, "though when these victims of winter," the monk continued, "are

drawn forth from the snows, the colour is as fresh on the cheek as in life, and continues so for some days." Here, amidst the other tenants of the tomb, are a few of the brave and skilful guides, who have perished in their efforts to extricate the helpless traveller: there is no daring and self-devotion of which these men are not capable. No tempest, or falling avalanche, or snow-storm, deters them from advancing on the track of their faithful and sagacious dogs. Often they are summoned forth amidst the darkness of the night; and equipped with long poles and lanterns, they traverse the fearful wilds around the convent, when every beaten path is buried from the view. Often it happens that the guide takes a course he thinks the most probable to succeed in his object, when the dogs pursue a directly contrary direction, being led, even at a distance, partly by instinct, and by the exquisite keenness of their smell, with which they trace to the spot where a traveller has fallen. The guides instantly abandon their own course, on perceiving this, and follow that of the dog, that soon arrives at the fatal place, and generally succeeds in drawing forth the victim. Two only of these valuable animals now survive, the others having been lost two or three years since by the fall of an avalanche. The guides, who thus often devote their lives to rescue the bewildered traveller, are not attached to the monastery, and only reside there during the winter. They are hardy peasants from the hills and valleys, the nearest on the Italian frontier, who leave their cottages and families during the inclement season, to give their services to the monastery. It might be thought the gratuity for such services could not well be too large, but it does not exceed three louis-d'or for the season to each guide. They are well maintained, of course, in the convent, and hold themselves in readiness to sally out at a moment's call, by night or day.

As a contrast to these gloomy anecdotes, the good monk related one of a more ludicrous character. On a very sharp day, late in the autumn, when the weather had already become decidedly wintry, an English party arrived at the Convent, consisting of two ladies, still young, and two servants. Some years since, it might have been thought a little indecorous, and our forefathers, as well as mothers, would have recoiled with horror at the idea of young ladies travelling about Europe, alone and independent, without a protector, all helpless and companionless; but in these wandering and chivalrous days it is a thing of frequent occurrence, and indeed attracts little notice or wonder. On one occasion, there was a group of five ladies, all travelling together in perfect harmony both of temper and taste—a very singular circumstance: their ages, too, were different; two or three were a little stricken in years, the rest were somewhat younger and more attractive; but all enjoyed a perfect freedom from the bonds and caprices of that creature, man. Feeling the full power of their freedom, and resolved to enjoy it to the utmost, they wandered over mountain and valley, snowy height and dreary wild, as their fancy or taste directed them. At this time they were left entirely to their own resources for amusement, being imprisoned in a narrow valley, at an auberge, by several days' incessant rain. It is a pleasing spectacle, however, to see the weaker sex so enterprising, and able to defy the elements, without the aid of the stronger; but it will sometimes bring its inconveniences. The small party that arrived towards evening at St. Bernard's were

chilled and penetrated with the cold; a large fire was presently kindled in the ladies' apartment, to which they were conducted by the female domestic, who resides at the monastery during the fine season expressly to attend the fairer portion of the travellers who arrive. Chilled with the keen mountain air, to which they had been exposed for some hours, they requested some slight refreshment as an antidote. One of the good fathers, whose stomach as well as head had been so steeled by the sharp winters of many a year as to render such a beverage harmless and no doubt cordial, unfortunately brought a bottle of *eau de cerise*, as the best remedy he was acquainted with. The fair travellers, all unsuspicious, drank freely of the ardent and animating spirit, and felt instant relief from the severities of the weather. But the hour for dinner having arrived, and the guests having been summoned in vain, the repast was deferred awhile in compliment; when at last the attendant resolved to enter their apartment, and found each traveller in a happy state of forgetfulness, extended on the floor, insensible to the storm without, or the welcome comforts within the dwelling. Such had been the effect of the perilous draught, as to prostrate each fair wanderer on the floor, beside the fire that threw its unfelt beams on their recumbent figures, each in the attitude in which nature had yielded to the influence of the poor father's cordial, who was greatly shocked when he understood the effects of his benevolence, as well as surprised, it being such as he had never felt the slightest tendency to.

Few conditions of life can be more dreary than that of the fathers of St. Bernard. A pitiless winter of eight months in the year; and the scene that stretches around their abode very confined, having little of the grandeur of most Alpine views in so elevated a site. The mountains, constantly covered with snow, rise near the convent; not a shrub, tree, or blade of verdure is to be seen; there are two or three small lakes not far from the walls, which are covered with ice nearly the whole year. The monotony of their life is certainly broken by the incessant arrival of visitors of all nations, and this scarcely ceases during the most severe and inclement weather. They indulge at times in a little relaxation from the strictness of the hospice: music is introduced; and when the monastery has possessed a large party, with several ladies within its walls, a kind of ball has actually been got up, and permitted by the superior, much to the amusement and enjoyment of the solitary fathers. On one occasion, said the communicative young monk, digressing in his narrative, a female traveller found her grave in our neighbourhood, even in the middle of summer. She came to the monastery alone, and without any attendant, respectably dressed, and remained there some days. She had been unfortunate, they thought, and her misfortunes appeared to have made an unhappy inroad on her mind, as she frequently quitted the dwelling to take solitary walks, and was absent some hours. One day, however, when the weather was remarkably fine and warm, she had wandered forth, and it drew towards evening without her return: one of the fathers, fearing she might have lost her way, set out in pursuit, and, after a long search, found the unfortunate woman reclined at the foot of a precipice, where she had remained probably several hours, frozen to death. She had sat there most likely unconscious of danger, and abandoned to her own thoughts, till the cold had crept gradually over her frame, so as to

produce insensibility. No one ever came to inquire after her destiny, or to claim her remains, which were deposited in the cemetery amidst the number of victims who had long tenanted it.

The community of St. Bernard, however, do not, like that of La Trappe, live beneath a system of terror. They are neither expected to endure rigorous fasting nor maceration. The allowance of wine daily dealt out to each, the good monk said, was not copious, being confined to a bottle, that was to serve during the two meals of dinner and supper; but if any of them are ailing or unwell, an additional quantity is allowed. Their manner of life is less luxurious than in many of the monasteries of the south and east, their repasts being extremely simple; though most travellers who have spent a day or night beneath their roof, have found the table well served, a good supper on the board, and often a bottle of choice wine. The Muscat of Chambave, a delicious and old wine from the Valley d'Aost, is kept there; and we were so fortunate as to purchase of the Convent between one and two dozen, the whole of the stock they had left, which was twelve years old. The superior always sits at table with his guests, and seldom any of the other brethren; he is an elderly and agreeable man, and exerts all his powers of pleasing to make his visitors comfortable and at their ease. Most visitors remain no more than a few hours, and find that period quite sufficient in so dreary and unattractive a region; those who arrive in the evening take up their lodging for the night. The community do not accept any recompense, but there is a poor's-box in the church into which the donations of all strangers are dropped, and this is a genteeler mode of remunerating their hospitality.

The chief superior of the Convent does not reside in it; but, being an old man, has lived for many years at Martigny, in the Valais, attended by a few of the chief brethren of the community. The air on the mountain of St. Bernard is more piercing than he can endure, and this obliges him to reside in the milder climate beneath. The monk himself, who related these particulars, enjoyed a pleasanter life than most of his brethren; he was one of the cleverest of them, and was engaged six months nearly, in every year, in travelling over all the cantons to receive subscriptions, which were most willingly paid. Where-ever he came, he always found a kind and ready hospitality; he fared well, was well lodged, and mingled in a great deal of good society. The effect of this was very evident in his manners and address; there was nothing of the ascetic about him, and there was something in his eye that said he had made no vow against the pleasures of this life. To Italy his feet never wandered, they were confined to the mountains and valleys of Switzerland; sometimes he found a lodging in a peasant's chalet or an auberge, and the succeeding night was made welcome in one of the best dwellings of the land. This vicissitude, and the kindness shown him, made the monk of St. Bernard strongly attached to his wanderings; few pilgrims probably ever set out with much greater satisfaction on their journey than he did, when the snows began to melt and the April sun to shine warm and clear, from the walls of his abode, where, for seven months, he had been inclosed, with the same inclement weather and chilling scene.

The winter before last was dreadfully severe on the mountain, and more persons are supposed to have perished than for a long time pre-

viously. For thirty years past the snow had not fallen so thick or been so prolonged, and the cold had not been remembered so extreme. Yet no rigours of the weather deter travellers, chiefly pedestrians, from attempting the passage, who are in general obliged by their affairs to pass and repass from Italy. A more than usual number of guides were provided, but the loss of so many of their admirable dogs was severely felt. During the many frozen and pitiless nights that occurred in December and January of that long winter, the guides did not close their eyes, remaining constantly on the watch; some within the walls, others sallying out as far as it was possible to go, to meet any hapless passengers who might be unable to reach the walls, or to search for those who had already sunk and been buried. But they could not lately proceed far from the monastery, the snow having, particularly in February twelvemonth, fallen to such a depth as to render it impossible to explore. The falls of snow came on so suddenly, and lasted so long, and at so late a period in the season, when passengers in general believed they might venture with safety, that the fatality was unusually great. This cannot be fully known till the showers and sunshine of spring have melted the snow, and then are discovered the secret ravages of the season. The avalanche often covers so deeply the victims, that the sagacity even of the dogs is ineffectual: the depth beneath baffles their scent. It is rather from beneath the snow-storm than the avalanche that the victims are rescued: pulled out from their fatal canopy by the teeth of the sagacious animals, aided by the long poles of the guides, they are placed on these poles crossways, which serve as a temporary bier, and borne rapidly to the Convent. If life still remain, however faintly, the instant remedies resorted to are generally successful; if it is extinct, the perished traveller is borne to the Morgue, and placed in any attitude that suits the taste of his bearers, among the many hundreds who have already ended their wanderings in the same gloomy place of rest.

THE YOUNG SURGEON, NO. II.

I HAD for years longed to study medicine at Edinburgh. The renown of her illustrious professors had excited my most ardent desire to become one of their disciples; and the names of Cullen and of Brown, of the Gregorys, of Playfair, and of Leslie, had long been familiar to my ear. At length I set off on my journey, refusing all letters of recommendation. Of all things in the world a letter of introduction is to me the most unpleasant. I well know what passes in the mind of him who receives it. No—the only introduction which a wise man will carry to a professor is the fee for attending his lectures.

On my arrival at Edinburgh, my first object was to matriculate, viz. to enter my name on the College books, and pay ten shillings. After this ceremony, I immediately proceeded to procure a ticket to the lectures of a gentleman, whose name was for many years deservedly famous, as a medical lecturer, throughout Europe. No man could more truly deserve the high reputation he enjoyed than Dr. Gregory. In his family learning and talent have been an inheritance. The father of the late Dr. Gregory was not less distinguished by the soundness of his understanding, than by his unaffected piety and goodness of heart.

The Doctor's father, Dr. John Gregory, was joint professor of the practice of physic with Dr. Cullen, but died soon after his appointment, when his son was about twenty-two years of age. Notwithstanding the youth of the latter, he had given such indications of genius, that he was, even at that early age, appointed professor of the theory of medicine; and to his honour it has always been asserted that he relinquished to his sisters his share in his father's property. I called on the Doctor at his house in St. Andrew's-square, and after waiting a few minutes, a noble old gentleman appeared, totally free from all the pompousness and affectation which sometimes accompany learning. It was easy at once to perceive that he was a man of no ordinary genius. Little did I think when I called upon him, that I was so soon to become one of his patients. I had not been more than a few days in Edinburgh when I felt chill and unwell. One night, after reading "The Black Dwarf," I went to bed, when, lo! the ugly little monster was close to my pillow. Then came a great bullock, followed by other similar annoyances; in short, I was in that most distressing state of half delirium, with a beating pulse and an aching head. In the morning I sent for that excellent anatomist and physician, the late Dr. Gordon, who directed me to be bled in the arm, and in the evening ordered my temporal artery to be opened. My landlady procured me a nurse, who got drunk in the night whilst I was delirious. I fancied I was a man of large property, and that I was giving dinner-parties to the nobility, while the old woman kept crying out, "Hoot, hoot awa, what folly!" In the course of the day Dr. Gregory was called in; he directed that my head should be shaved, and that I should be sponged with vinegar and water. Never shall I forget the kindness of these good Samaritans. They came twice a day up five pair of stairs, to visit one who had no claim on their kindness. Let me here remark, that the practice of the affusion of cold water is growing out of fashion, and much do I regret it, for a more efficacious and safe remedy in fever is not to be found—but more of this hereafter. Having rapidly recovered, I began to attend the different lecturers. Nothing could be more delightful to any one who was desirous of acquiring medical knowledge, than the lectures delivered by Dr. Gregory on the practice of physic. His numerous illustrations, his acute remarks, his wit, his fine dignified deportment, and his perfect ease of manner, all combined to render him a most popular lecturer. He always lectured with his hat on. After raising it, and bowing respectfully to his class, he took his seat and began his discourses. Except in his introductory lecture, he seldom made use of notes, but had a number of books before him to which he occasionally referred, remarking upon them as he proceeded. I have heard the best lectures in almost every department of science, but I never knew any one who so entirely riveted the attention of his audience as Dr. Gregory. His language was excellent, his illustrations apt and numerous, and his knowledge of books, particularly of the older medical writers, accurate and extensive. These qualities, added to his long experience as the leading physician in a great city, made every word he uttered truly valuable.

Amongst the many amusing illustrations with which the Doctor enlivened his lectures, I remember a remarkable case which he mentioned of loss of memory. He wrote to a gentleman in the coun-

try with whom he was acquainted, to come to Edinburgh in order to attend the funeral of a mutual friend. The gentleman obeyed the summons, but when he arrived at the Doctor's house he had totally forgotten the object of his visit. A few hours afterwards, hearing some one mention the Doctor's name, he said he was very glad to hear that the Doctor was in Edinburgh, forgetting that he had just parted from him. When in London he forgot the place where his lodgings were, and it was with great difficulty that he again reached his home. After this, he always carried about with him, fastened to his coat, a piece of paper with his name and place of abode. My own memory is sufficiently treacherous. One day, a gentleman acquainted with some friends of mine invited me to dinner. I went, but just before I arrived at the house I entirely forgot his name. In vain I attempted to recall it! so, knocking at the door of the house next to that where my host lived, I said, "Is this Mr. Smith's?"—"No, Sir," said the servant; "there is no one of that name in this street."—"Why, who then," I inquired, "lives at the next door?"—"Mr. ——," said the servant. That was enough. But I was not so unfortunate as the man, who, according to the ancient story, forgot his own name. Calling on a gentleman who happened to be from home, the servant said, "Who shall I say called, Sir?"—"Ay," said the unfortunate man, "that is just the question I am considering." But not being able to solve it, he walked away.

The Doctor related to us another anecdote, which may serve as a caution to his less-experienced brethren. A gentleman, whose temper had been irritated by some occurrences that had taken place in his family, locked himself up in his dining-parlour. After waiting several hours the family became alarmed, and bursting open the door, discovered the unfortunate gentleman lying on the floor insensible. A physician was sent for, who immediately directed the patient's head to be shaved, and applied a large blister. Mustard sinapisms were placed on his feet; he was bled; and the young Doctor, prognosticating a fatal result, promised to return early in the morning. On his arriving at that time, to his infinite surprise, he found his patient in full health, but bitterly complaining of blisters, bleedings, and sinapisms. The secret was now explained. The poor gentleman had sought for consolation in the wine-bottle, and had, unthinkingly, drunk such a quantity as to throw him into this psuedo-apoplexy.

Dr. Gregory was one of the best Latin scholars of his age: his large work entitled "Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ," will ever remain a monument of his ability as a physician and his skill as a classical scholar. It is admirably adapted for the instruction of young medical students, to whose perusal I strongly recommend it. To the poor, Dr. Gregory was most kind and benevolent, and would never receive his fee from persons in indigent circumstances. Of his conduct in this respect, I have heard many anecdotes highly creditable to him. He made it a rule never to invite any of his students to his house, for he had so large a class that some must necessarily have been neglected; and, as the Mayor of —— once said to me, "The people you invite to your table soon forget it, but those you do not invite, never forget it, and therefore," said he, "I am for treating nobody." The present Dr. George Gregory of London is a nephew of the Doctor's, and sus-

tains the family reputation with honour and success. His elementary work on the practice of Physic is one of the best we possess, and reminds me of Dr. Currie's elegant discourses on medical subjects.

Of the writings of Dr. Currie, whether scientific, literary, or political, it is difficult to speak too highly. Throughout the whole of them the mind of the philosopher is visible; and such are the graces and elegance of his style, that subjects of the most uninviting nature assume a new interest in his hands. In his Essays on Cold Affusion, his great merit consists in the philosophical rules which he has laid down for the practice of that most efficacious remedy in fever—rules by which the application of the remedy is rendered as safe as the drinking of a cup of tea. The cold affusion itself had been before practised by the late Dr. William Wright of Edinburgh, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to enjoy. Notwithstanding all the observations which have been made upon it (and some of them have been sufficiently illiberal), the Life of Burns will ever remain a monument of liberal and philosophical criticism, of benevolent views, and of chaste and elegant composition. The pamphlet published by Dr. Currie under the assumed name of *Jasper Wilson*, was the best written and most powerful publication of the day, and will long remain as a record of that love of liberty of which he had so lively a sense.

Dr. Currie graduated at Glasgow, and thus obtained his degree a year sooner than he could have done by remaining at Edinbúrgh, which required a residence of three years. He was afterwards on the point of going out to practise in the West Indies, but fortunately for the interests of literature and science, he took up his abode in Liverpool, where he practised many years, and where he was visited by the learned from all parts. When at length, on account of the declining state of his health, he was compelled to leave Liverpool, he chose the neighbourhood of Bath for his residence. It must have been highly gratifying to him, on his removal, to find that his high reputation had preceded him, and that his practice promised to be more extensive than even in Liverpool.

> "Freedom and Peace shall tell to many an age
> Thy warning counsels, thy prophetic page;
> Art, taught by thee, shall on the burning frame
> The healing freshness pour and bless thy name;
> And Freedom, proudly whilst to Fame she turns,
> Shall twine thy laurel with the wreath of Burns."—*Smyth.*

During my residence in Edinburgh, I saw a good deal of Dr. Currie's youngest son, then a student of medicine, who, in his fine abilities and his excellent disposition, no less than in his personal resemblance, reminded every one of his celebrated father. Had he been spared, he would, I doubt not, have added fresh lustre to a name so well known in the literary and scientific world.

One day, as I was lounging in a bookseller's shop, one of the partners introduced me to an old gentleman, with whose works I was before well acquainted. It was Hector M'Neill, the poet. Almost the first thing he said was, "Do you remember Dr. Currie?" The tear glistened in his eye, and saying, "Come along, come along," he carried me to his lodgings. He took hold of my arm, and as we went along he said, "You are walking with a dying man." This, indeed, was but

too true. I sat some time with him, and he told me some interesting anecdotes of his friend Dr. Currie. A few weeks afterwards he died, and when his body was examined, a great quantity of water was found in the ventricles of the brain.

I met with a singular occurrence one day, when standing at the door of the same bookseller's shop. A very decent-looking woman, with an infant in her arms, came up to me in a state of great agitation, and said, " Have you, Sir, any natural affection for your children?" I saw the state of the case in a moment, and replied, " I could not answer for a certainty, for I was not blessed with any at present."—" Well, Sir," said she, " then I can tell you, that for this poor infant I have no more affection than for the stones under my feet, and I could dash out its brains without remorse.—Oh!" she exclaimed, " what a state for a mother! Hell is as certainly my lot as the air I breathe!" I tried to soothe her, and inquired where she was going. She told me, to a clergyman; and here lies the point of the story. I told her I would accompany her, and talk with the clergyman about her. We went, but the reverend gentleman was not at home. However, we saw his son, a young man of about twenty years of age, who told me that he believed his father was of the same opinion as himself, that the woman had an evil spirit in her. I could hardly restrain my laughter. "Then the great thing," said I, " is to get this evil spirit out of her."—" To be sure, Sir, it is."—" Then, Sir," I continued, " have the goodness to inform your father that the woman is mad—quite insane—and that if measures are not taken to prevent it, she will destroy probably both herself and her infant. As for evil spirits, you may rest assured that they have taken their flight to the moon." The young man stared at me; but by my advice the poor creature was prevented from doing herself any injury, and was placed in a proper receptacle.

I had the pleasure and good fortune of obtaining an introduction to that great chemist and excellent man, the late Dr. John Murray. I attended his chemical lectures during several courses, and most admirable I found them; the language good, and the experiments ably selected to illustrate the principles of the science. In general, he was very successful in his experiments; but when they failed, he would, with great acuteness, point out the causes which had led to the failure, thus rendering his very errors subservient to the ends of science. He was attended by many amateurs, and amongst others by the late Catholic Bishop, Dr. Cameron. I often sat by his side, and before lecture we frequently conversed together. He was a pleasant well-informed man, and an excellent preacher. I was one day not a little amused at a great heavy lad, who had, I suppose, heard his more stupid father talk about the dreadful and bloody Catholics. He said he did not like to see the Catholic Bishop there—that he was sure he was after no good, and might turn his knowledge against the Protestants. I met with another instance of this intolerant spirit at my landlady's. One morning I heard her daughter crying out for mercy, and the mother exclaiming," I 'll teach you how to stop and listen to those Devil's pipes! I 'll teach you how to stop at the Episcopal Chapel, madam!" and she continued to beat her. This is very enlightened work, thought I, so I went to inquire into it. " Oh, Sir!" sighed the good lady, " it 's quite idolatry to go on as they do at the Episcopal Chapel; it 's almost

as bad as the Catholics, and I'm afraid of my child being corrupted. —Mind!" said she, looking at the girl, "mind you never stop to listen to those devil's pipes again." I said—"As for reasoning with you, I know that is of no use, for there are no bounds to the fooleries of a disordered imagination; but pray don't beat your child for such a trifle as this."—"Oh, Sir! we cannot be too severe on subjects of religion; and I'm sorry, Sir, to say, that I heard you whistling yoursel last Sabbath, as ye cam up the passage." I found it was now high time to beat a retreat.

I was often amused with the nationality of the Scotch. Whenever there was any popular article in "The Edinburgh Review," it was always attributed to some Scotchman. It was either Jeffrey, or Sir James Mackintosh; and I have heard them say, "Ay, that's too deep for Brougham!" God help you! thought I, how you are blinded by your national pride! I recollect I was once very near being drubbed by a brawny Scotchman, as I was entering the theatre to see Kean, who had come to astonish the phlegmatic natives. As I stood in a great crowd round the pit-door, the doorkeeper exclaimed that "he would tak no more money." "Then," said I, "you're no Scotchman." —"Hoot, hoot," shouted a great fellow near me, "I'll knock ye doon."—"Pooh!" said I, "don't you see the joke?"—"I dinna ken it," he said; and while he was reflecting, I sidled away.

It is melancholy to think of the number of eminent men that Edinburgh has lost within a few years. Playfair. Brown, Gregory, Gordon, Barclay, and, last and greatest, Dugald Stewart; all men of the highest order of intellect. I had the great pleasure of meeting with Mr. Playfair several times. At a dinner-party at Dr. Gordon's, he gave us an account of his tour in Italy, from which he had just returned, and of his visit to Mount Vesuvius. It was delightful to hear a man at his time of life, above seventy years of age, recounting his travels. He was a man of much general reading and information, and shone equally in the drawing-room and in the college. In him were united the polished gentleman and the enlightened philosopher. Such are the men who enlarge the boundaries of science, restrain the hands of fanatics, and diffuse a liberal feeling through the various orders of society. Dr. Thomas Brown was another signal ornament of the University, and of the society of Edinburgh. He gave me several invitations to breakfast at his house, which I always accepted with gratitude; for one could not be in the company of such a man without deriving some benefit. I have heard Dr. Brown speak in high terms of the present P—— L——, whom he considered a very able man, and a singular instance of what may be done by indefatigable exertion in acquiring knowledge under the most adverse circumstances. It ought to be mentioned, to the honour of that gentleman, that when he had any idea that a young man wished to attend his lectures, and was not well able to pay the fee, he would beg his acceptance of a ticket of admission.

Soon after my arrival at Edinburgh, I spent an evening at the house of a lady highly distinguished for her mental acquirements, and for her ardent love of those principles of freedom and justice, which sooner or later must prevail, which are even now fast reconciling the Protestant to his Catholic fellow-christian, and which, ere long, shall unfetter the poor negro, and place him in the scale of humanity. I was introduced

to an elderly lady, and though I did not catch her name distinctly, I was delighted with her conversation; so much anecdote and wit, her manners so unaffected, her views so benevolent! I felt certain that she was no ordinary woman, nor was I mistaken. It was Mrs. Grant of Loggan, the celebrated author of "Letters from the Mountains."

I have mentioned the theatre, but I must not forget to record a scene I once witnessed there at the annual competition of bagpipers. How the judges determine which is the best player, I cannot divine, unless they select the man who makes the most discordant sounds. Oh Heavens! the fellow that won the prize made a noise like the music of ten thousand cats! The players come on one by one, and strut about with great pomp; and, on the evening when I was present, a fellow who expected to gain the prize was not contented with one appearance. As soon as the decision against him was announced, he rushed upon the stage, and raised an uproar on his pipes that would, I dare say, have animated a regiment of Highlanders to the attack of the whole grand army of France. He continued striding up and down the stage, playing with all his might;—as to ordering him off, it was out of the question, for he drowned all other sounds; besides, Donald was a most robust man. At length, having spent his wind and his vengeance, he was pleased to retire.

It is fit that I should now give some account of the *grinding* system. The *Grinders* are medical men, who gain a livelihood by instructing the students in the art of talking Latin, and prepare them for their examinations before the professors. It is a common practice to ridicule this system; but I am convinced that it is very useful, for it is a test of your knowledge, and a continued stimulus to farther exertion. The usual method is for a grinder to form several classes, which meet at stated hours, generally five or six students in a class. They take their seats round the room, and the tutor commences by asking one of the pupils a question in Latin, which he is expected to answer in the same language. The anatomy and physiology of the body are gone through, and the whole range of chemistry—the proper remedies in cases of poison—the composition of medicines, their doses, and their natural history. In fact, the whole range of medicine is examined into, and no student can attend a course of these lessons without being impressed with the necessity of great exertion and perseverance. The gentlemen who devote themselves to this branch of education are many of them excellent scholars, and possess profound knowledge of medicine. As a proof of this fact, I need only mention the beautiful edition of Celsus by my friend Dr. M——.

In preparing for his degree of M.D. the pupil is bound to write a thesis on some medical subject, or some subject connected with medicine. This little treatise must not be less than sixteen pages, and as much longer as your vanity desires. Some have not been satisfied under one hundred pages. This, being finished, is sent to one of the Medical Professors, who looks over it and makes such alterations as he deems necessary. According to the time when the thesis is sent in, the examination takes place, so that each student knows pretty nearly the time when he will receive a summons to appear before the Professors for a private examination. I have heard students frequently say that they had no fear of going before the Professors to be examin-

ed; but this, I am sure, is false. I have known young men of strong nerves greatly agitated at these times; nor is it surprising, for it is a serious undertaking to suffer a cross-examination for a couple of hours by six professors, each examining on a subject with which he is perfectly acquainted. However, the Professors are very kind, and conduct themselves in the most gentlemanly manner towards the students, never asking them what are called *catch questions*, but examining them fairly as to their knowledge of anatomy, chemistry, &c. When this examination is finished, two cases of disease are given to the pupil. The symptoms only are described, and the pupil is expected to name the disease, its nature, the prognoses, &c. and to point out the best method of cure. The answers are to be given in at a sitting of the Professors, who, after examining them, inquire into the grounds and reasons of the answers. In general the first private examination determines the question, whether you are to be honoured with a degree or not. The average number of pupils sent back to pursue their studies is about one out of five or six. A day is then appointed for the student to defend the thesis; and this takes place in public. The Professors all sit in a row, like the judges in the Court of King's Bench. The Professors call upon one of the students by name, who stands up to defend any objection that may be made to the thesis. In general, the pupils endeavour to make their doctrines coincide as much as possible with the particular views of the venerable professors.

Man has in all ages been a *ceremonious* animal. In consecrating bishops, and in conferring degrees, the ceremony is made as imposing as possible. With what anxiety do the successful students look forward to the great day when, as the senate expresses it, "the highest honours of medicine are to be conferred!" Some are delighted because they are so soon to visit their native homes; others, weary of their *Alma Mater*, sigh for change of scene; some, labouring under that disease fatal to all comfort, the *res angusta domi*, are spinning out their pittance in fearful anxiety lest they should be left pennyless in Scotland—a consummation most undesirable. At length the day arrives. The Janitor of the University provides the gowns of the advocates from the Court of Law, for which each student pays a guinea. The students gather together, and the whole University is assembled. In the midst of the Professors sits the venerable Principal of the University, who commences the ceremony with a Latin prayer. The oath is then administered, that each one will do his utmost for the good of his patients and for the honour of his *Alma Mater*. Each student then enters his name in a book, upon which the venerable principal consummates the ceremony by crowning each student with the University cap. The Professors then, standing in a row, shake hands with the young doctors, and congratulate them on becoming their brothers.

JOHN BULLISM.

Mr. Editor,—I send you some more of my maxims, the last with which I shall intrude upon you, as I fear I am but a poor moralist,—"Poor moralist, and what art thou!" (to quote Gray,) "that thou shouldst set up to advise thy kind?"

CXVI. Cant is better sauce than Harvey's for every ragout, whether it be a sermon or an auction, a charity or a dish of politics, a public meeting or the Rev. Edward Irving's.

CXVII. Never remember your premises when drawing your conclusions; the former are but a text, from which, after the manner of modern divines, you may infer any thing. No two men agree in opinion upon all affairs, and is it to be expected that all conclusions should be alike—Mr. Locke say what he may?

CXVIII. If you would win the world, be sure never say "No" to any body.

CXIX. If you are a physician and want practice, turn atheist and be talked about; if you are an author in the same predicament, write slander; if you are a parson, preach mysticism and paradox, John Bull will patronise you.

CXX. If your wife be of opinion that absolute monarchy is better than constitutional government, be resigned, you cannot say your sovereign was not of your own choosing.

CXXI. Patronize the Italian Opera above all things; it has the moral merit, beyond all the other theatres, of never offending the ear with ribaldry and nonsense, for the very good reason that the audience cannot understand a word that is said.

CXXII. Do not marry a woman who has more understanding than fortune, but catch at her who has more fortune than understanding; a wife too knowing is an inconvenient piece of furniture, a wife who knows nothing will decorate equally any corner of your dwelling.

CXXIII. If you find you lay by money at too slow a rate, become three times bankrupt, and you will make your fortune.

CXXIV. If you make love to a widow, who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by swearing you really thought they were sisters.

CXXV. The system of education for men of birth and fashion is the most perfect possible—if your son understands *quæ genus*, is up to a verb in *μι*, can dance a quadrille, leap a five-barred gate, solve a problem of Euclid, and snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at ten paces, he is ripe for the church, the law, or the senate.

CXXVI. This is the most charitable of all times, the most pious of all ages; the very lobbies of our theatres inculcate the virtue of benevolence, by sheltering prospective penitence.—What foreign country does the like?

CXXVII. Give advice to every body, whether wanted or not; and then, if out of the quantum given any one individual is ruined from acting in opposition to it, you will gain the reputation of a sage.

CXXVIII. The seven darlings of John Bull are—the shop, the stocks, the newspaper, religion, roast beef, prejudice, and port wine.

CXXIX. Always think your own vocation the most honourable of any, even if you are an attorney.

CXXX. Ask your fishmonger if you should keep Lent, your lawyer

whether your cause is a good one, your tailor whether your clothes are in the mode, and the rector of your parish whether you shall make your fields arable or pasture; all being professionally your friends, will give you the same disinterested answers—it would be ungrateful not to abide by them.

CXXXI. There are salutary truths, why should there not be salutary falsehoods? It would be a salutary truth to tell Mr. Discount you know his speculations will ultimately ruin him; but as the first person should have the priority in all things, it is a salutary falsehood to assure him he is proceeding very prudently—salutary, because, perhaps, you are in the law, and will have the picking of his and his creditors' pockets, by conducting his approaching bankruptcy.

CXXXII. If any one censures the powers that be, or differs from you in politics, tell him he is an enemy to the British constitution, the most glorious in the world, because you have made twenty thousand pounds under it.

CXXXIII. There are three kinds of religion, one with form, one without form, and one all form: the last is most prevalent, because it answers best the ends of both fashion and profit.

CXXXIV. If you have had the misfortune to lose a brother by the expertness of Dr. Ketch, and who you are conscious did not half as much deserve the gallows as you do yourself, lament your ill fortune that such a wretch should have borne your honest name.

CXXXV. Always wear a good coat, whether you have money to pay for it or not: a good coat does wonders in the road to fortune and fame in modern times, and what more does it require now-a-days to make a great man than to wear the appearance of one!

CXXXVI. In the game of fortune-making, knaves are trumps nine times out of ten.

CXXXVII. Go masked if you would climb at Court; make Janus your idol, and carry a purse for the wages of corruption—the means are the same in 1829 as they were under Augustus Cæsar.

CXXXVIII. There is one excellent way of salving a bad character, and that is by setting up a reputation for having no character at all;—where nothing is assumed, nothing is expected, and men will soon be your friends: while to fraternize with one of reputed ill character is to approach a scorpion.

CXXXIX. Do not suffer knowledge or fame ever to tempt you from earning a shilling; what are they worth without money? and, as they are incompatible, stick to gold-getting.

CXL. Do not let a foreigner be a complainer against your hospitality or your dealings; never hesitate to "take him in."

CXLI. A *faux pas* in a lady of quality is an offence to be palliated considering the luxury of her life and her manifold temptations; a lapse in a female of the inferior classes is a damnable sin: what plea can hard living and squalid labour put in on the score of pampered appetite! However strange that the vice of luxury should render the vice of incontinence venial, it is before all things to be believed.

CXLII. A rich man is always in good repute, and a poor man in evil—this is an infallible rule.

CXLIII. The superficies of any thing being fair is certain proof of its solidity.

CXLIV. When the Miss Bulls of Fish-street-hill visit their cousins

at Wapping, let them never "forget to remember" that they live to the westward of them.

CXLV. Lucre and cunning are twin-brothers: be subtle in your worldly concerns, it will tell better than open dealing.

CXLVI. Always bear the misfortunes of your neighbours with Christian fortitude, as they would bear yours—this is adhering to the great maxim of Christianity, and cannot be wrong.

CXLVII. There are three species of useful lying, namely, political lying, religious lying, and commercial lying; and when they are judiciously applied and do no one an injury, their usage is not to be impugned.

CXLVIII. Respect only the prosperous.

CXLIX. If you are a citizen, and dine with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, eat enough for three days and drink enough for six—it will save expenses at home.

CL. In hunting fortune, the left-hand road leads to a better country for game than the right, and you may oftener cross in upon the chace unseen by a shorter cut.

CLI. People of rank may talk loosely, but it is a privilege too refined for the inferior classes of society.

CLII. If you have made a promise it is inconvenient to perform, do as the gamester does, when you are hard pressed,—"shuffle and cut."

CLIII. When your trade fails, turn schoolmaster, or if you are a female, set up for a governess; these occupations are refuges for the destitute, and any body is qualified for them.

CLIV. Haggle about farthings, and be liberal with pounds, and you may make your fortune; which few men, after all, ever made who squandered farthings and hoarded their gold.

CLV. Strive to involve men in obligations to you, and you will command their interest—then Christ Church, whether you are rich or poor, (no matter for the founder's intentions,) may afford your children an education, and India a maintainance, free of cost.

CLVI. The ancients said there were goods money could not purchase:—times are changed since; in 1829, money will purchase every thing necessary to live and be respected.

CLVII. If you want a governess for your daughters, advertise for one of most exemplary character and connexions, who thoroughly understands English composition, French, Italian, and Spanish, geography, astronomy, music, drawing, embroidery, and needle-work in general, at a liberal salary of thirty pounds per annum.

CLVIII. As there is a harmony in the arrangement of an apothecary's bottles, as well as in a score of music, so there is a beauty in St. Giles's as well as St. James's, it is only of a different order.

CLIX. When you find a strange customer at your shop ignorant of the article he wants to buy, always palm off the worst upon him.

CLX. If you want to form an opinion upon works of art and literature, read reviews and newspapers; they will save you a world of trouble in acquiring a critical knowledge yourself, and they are the better suited to your purpose, because, nine times out of ten, they know no more about the subject than you do yourself.

CLXI. If you keep a counter, never marry a woman less than eight

feet in circumference—there is nothing like portliness, especially in a bacon or butter shop on the north side of Holborn in the dog-days.

CLXII. When you walk out with your wife and friend, always keep three yards behind them, and if need be, carry her umbrella and pattens; you will thus imitate your superiors, married people of rank, who always keep as far apart as possible.

CLXIII. If you cannot get left out from the list of jurymen under Mr. Peel's late act, by a bribe to the officer who makes up the papers, and if you are obliged to sit, always do as the judge tells you, especially in cases of libel, where the judge's opinion, nine times out of ten, is not worth two-pence, and you and common-sense alone have the right of deciding.

CLXIV. If you are in trade and want a suitable wife, do not talk to the lady you address about love, " nor fawn, sigh, and flatter," but show her your ledger at once, and tell her what you have laid up in the funds: if she be much under thirty years of age, you may not succeed, but if she be from that to forty, you will hit the mark aright, gain a steady partner, perhaps a saint, a special breeder, and a shop-woman—virtues incalculable.

CLXV. Though you do not care about religion yourself, it is fitting to have a decent external zeal for it, and not to allow others to attack it—imitate the learned judge, who, upon a man being tried before him for blasphemy, and in defence abusing the clergy, exclaimed to a friend sitting on the bench with him, " I'll be d—d if I will sit and hear the Christian religion reviled in this manner!"

CLXVI. If your minister, catechising you, ask what is the one thing needful, reply—" Money, now-a-days."

CLXVII. Let your loyalty and praise of Government always depend upon the effect of ministerial measures upon your trade. If a duty is laid upon an article you want, keep just within the limits of sedition, and call the King a fool; if a duty is repealed, declare the ministry the best England ever saw, and, in your ardent zeal on its behalf, spit in the face of him who denies it, or call him an Atheist, or Liberal, or Radical, after the mode of the Bishop of Durham, in Parliament.

CLXVIII. If you can leave your daughters a fortune amounting only to a couple of thousand pounds, be careful to keep the cash beyond their disposal, even when they are of age, by providing that they shall forfeit it, if, during their lives, they marry without the consent of their guardians;—a woman of thirty or forty years old cannot be as good a judge of her own happiness as her fusty trustee of seventy.

CLXIX. Never waste time in recreation—the object of life is to be busy in making the fortune you cannot enjoy;—work unremittingly to that end, until you are sixty-five years old at least, and then you may relax a little, to taste such pleasures as you can relish.

CLXX. Magisterial preferment does not depend upon the intellect of the individual, but on the number of acres of arable or pasture land he possesses: a justice of the peace is well qualified for his office, if he be a Justice Shallow, provided he has a certain income; for a man may be stupid at a hundred per annum, but legislative wisdom (governed by law fiction, it is to be presumed,) decides that one of a thousand will be a Solomon of the quorum.

CLXXI. A beautiful daughter is a family trinket upon which a judi-

cious mother will always contrive to raise money, by disposing of her to the highest bidder; while he in turn will often contrive to make his price of her by aid of a guardsman and a lawyer.

CLXXII. Public executions are great awakeners of sensibility; it is from the Old Bailey that the daughters of Mrs. Bull acquire their excess of this touching virtue: a male spectator can hardly get a sight of the gallows for them. The lamentable deficiency of foreign females in feeling arises from their not following the same humanizing custom. The Recorder and Jack Ketch are more useful officials than people imagine!

CLXXIII. Be not over-solicitous about your appearance and address in intercourse with a man of birth and rank; but beware of your conduct and carriage in visiting Sir Paul Barnabas, late of the Minories, but now of Grosvenor-square.

CLXXIV. High and low life are on an equality in morals.

CLXXV. If a misfortune has happened to you, go round to all your friends and tell them the particulars, and when you have done so once, go back to the first and repeat the story over again—the disgorgement of your mishap this way is a wonderful relief.

CLXXVI. A due subordination in society is every thing. If you are a hatter, do not suffer any of your family to visit Mr. Last, the shoemaker, it is a low business—the village apothecary's wife must not associate with Mrs. Prune, the grocer's, much less the Vicar Spintext's dame with either. Thus is the national pride of the Bull character duly sustained.

CLXXVII. The merit of your neighbours is not in proportion to their assumption of it, but you are always justified in making it the test of your opinion of them to themselves.

CLXXVIII. When your daughters can translate "Comment vous portez vous?" and interlard their conversation, after the mode of governesses, with interjections in that tongue—when they can sing the words of an Italian song, the meaning of which they do not comprehend, and strum a tune out of time,—it is a certain proof of a fashionable education, and that they are ripe for society; proclaim them adepts in tasteful acquirements, and *cut* all who will not implicitly credit your lie.

CLXXIX. Fashion is the great criterion of excellence in the Fine Arts. The forms of Raphael are inelegant, and the dowdies of Teniers more graceful than the Medicean Venus, if the latter are preferred at the Court end of town.

CLXXX. Pride of principle is a more universal guardian of virtue than is generally imagined:—cherish it. "I may have grabb'd the *swag*," said a condemned thief to the chaplain, speaking of a King's evidence comrade, "God may forgive *that*: if I had *split*, as Will did, I should not dare to hope for forgiveness."

CLXXXI. If they vote you into the chair at a public meeting, preserve with assiduity the dignity of your office; but, above all things, fling the weight of your influence into the scale of your private feelings —of what use is the appointment if you gain nothing by it?

CLXXXII. If you ride on a coach in rain, manage to drain your umbrella into your neighbour's neck; it may be agreeable to him. If you ride down Bond-street in a muddy day, ride smartly close to the

pavement, that you may bemire the passengers. If you can find (being six feet tall and three feet wide) a vacant place in front of a short person in the Opera pit, more especially if that person be a female, take it immediately; you do not obstruct the hearing. If you hold the newspaper in a coffee-house, keep it until you have spelled all the advertisements twice over, because another is waiting to look at it. Order your carriage to halt at every place where there is a swept crossing for the benefit of foot passengers. Tell every tradesman whose shop you enter, that his goods are bad, his prices an imposition, and you will buy nothing, though he has been two hours trying to satisfy your caprice. Make your coachman drive hard, and if he drives over a child or old woman, charge him with carelessness and acting against orders. If you wear an umbrella-bonnet at a public meeting or exhibition, don't take it off, that the person behind you may see too. In short, never regard annoying others, if you can keep free of annoyance yourself.

CLXXXIII. Never overdo your religious duties, because on some occasions, and where profit may be concerned, you may be troubled to maintain corresponding appearances.

CLXXXIV. Always prefer to pay two guineas in Bond-street, for an article you might purchase of a better quality on Ludgate-hill, *minus* the reputation of the place of sale.

CLXXXV. Respect from the *ton* does not arise out of personal acquirements: handsome servants and handsome carriages, expensive houses and rich dinners, crowded routs and "Morning Post" paragraphs, are the secrets by which it is to be obtained.

CLXXXVI. Virtue is estimated by John Bull precisely as it is by the "Society for the Suppression of Vice:" cards at Lady Betty Frizzlewig's in Berkeley-square, on a Sunday, don't come within scope, but the orange-woman of Piccadilly is the monstrous offender. A mite of virtue in high life, with honest John, covers an acre of sin; but in low life, an acre of virtue will not hide a solitary peccadillo.

CLXXXVII. Denounce all religion but your own, all sects but that to which it is your interest or habit to belong—God has made none of the great family of mankind half as discerning and correct in judgment as yourself.

CLXXXVIII. If you would draw attention for a week in a country parish, and annoy the minister, enter the church when he is half-way through his sermon.

CLXXXIX. Though your opinions are of twenty years standing, yet, if it be expedient, it is laudable to change them in ten minutes—necessity, after all, is but extended expediency.

CXC. Resign comfort, ruin happiness, destroy health, debase nature, caricature God's image, in running the race with the mode: whether you live westward or eastward, the only difference is, that Park-lane begins and Mr. Croker's *terra incognita* finishes the absurdity.

CXCI. If you hear any one talk of retiring from successful business, no matter for the amount of his savings; if you hear a man aver that a neat cottage and competence are enough for his wants; if you hear an aged friend say he has too much money, and he shall divide his fortune with his poor relatives before his decease; if you hear an author, artist, or soldier, say that glory is before gain in his eyes, apply instantly to a magistrate for their admission into a lunatic asylum.

CXCII. A dead duck is not a duck in law, after Judge Littledale; a dead rabbit is a rabbit, after Judge Burroughs; sheep are not sheep if any of them are rams, nor horses horses if any of them are mares:—such is the law; before all things it is necessary that it be worshipped by John Bull, for on these things depends Lord Eldon's glorious Constitution of 1688!

CXCIII. Machiavelli would be the best guide for rising in the world if he had not a bad name.

CXCIV. Almack's and the Cock and Hen Balls are precisely the same in amusement, they differ only in the figurantes that exhibit, yet this difference demands that they be considered immeasurably distinct in every conceivable way.

CXCV. It is better to be a fortunate fool, than a wise man in adversity.

CXCVI. The first right is that of power, the second of law, the third of justice, but interest may set aside all three.

CXCVII. Bow to preconceived opinion in all things.

CXCVIII. Respect successful folly, for a large portion of it belongs to pride and office; its reign is extensive, and even its errors are to be held in veneration.

CXCIX. Lay wagers upon all occasions; it is the best mode of settling questions, it is short and decisive: how much better than dueling or pugilism, which might be the ultimate resort on some knotty dispute!

CC. Cherish your own failings until they grow so familiar to you that you believe them to be virtues, and then you may conscientiously boast of them; in bottle feats and long-bow exploits, this will be found particularly convenient. Not to see one's own vices is not the species of blindness most to be despised.

But I have finished my two hundredth maxim, and it is time to close. I am not aware of any one who has so much prolonged this kind of satiric aphorisms before: to reverse the common method of writing proverbs has, at all events, the merit of novelty. I fear I have not varied my subjects enough, and that the same medicine will not cure the clodpole and the cockney, the peer and carter, the drayman and his master of the mash-tub; nevertheless I have cast the seed on the waters. I fear, finally, that the obstinacy of the Bull family is beyond my mastering. Though these good people join Rochefoucault in his remark, that "we do not easily believe beyond what we see;" the worst is, that they sometimes will not see with their own eyes, nor hear with their own ears. Then must they be given up, or our hope of them must be somewhat analogous to old John Wesley's for the superstitious, when he says, "God makes allowance for invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith notwithstanding the superstition!" S. C.

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THE NAVAL OFFICER, AND TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.*

We believe we are far from singular in our feelings of surprise and regret that a source so fertile of interest as the naval life should have been so little used in the service of literature. The naval life adds new features to our character; it creates new associations, and has a vista of its own, through which every thing is beheld: it is a scene of perpetual novelty and excitement, abounding with the humorous, the terrific, the mean, the generous, the petty, and the sublime. The austere and haughty Vandals of the old school are disappearing from the quarter-deck; and the diffusion of classic and general literature in the gun-room, and even in the cockpit, is manifest in the works which are now continually proceeding from the pens of naval officers. They exhibit the refinements of literature and of high society, without losing the boldness, the simplicity, and originality of the nautical character. In the first of the works before us, the Naval Officer sketches his life and adventures almost with the *naïveté* and candour of Rousseau in his "Confessions. but his adventures are infinitely more numerous and diversified. We are carried through calm and hurricane, in all the quarters of the globe; we are mixed in fights, from the adventurous and desperate boarding expedition, to the scientific battle of fleets; and from the action purely naval, to the mixed service in which the sailor becomes amphibious, defending forts as he would a main-top, and swimming off, when beaten, to his ship, as he would descend from a tottering mast by a haul-yard or backstay. Our author runs o'er his life, "e'en from his boyish days;" and after the amusing pranks of a smart, spirited schoolboy, he is transported from the elegancies and refined enjoyments of his parent's drawing-room, to a midshipman's berth in a cockpit.

"I had now more leisure to contemplate my new residence and new associates, who were seated round the table on the lockers; but in order to obtain a sitting, it was requisite either to climb over the backs of the company, or to submit to high pressure from the last comer. Such close contact, in warm weather, in a close confined air, with a manifest scarcity of clean linen, became peculiarly inconvenient. The population here very far exceeded the limits usually allotted to human beings in any situation, except in a slave-ship. The midshipmen, of whom there were eight full grown, and four youngsters, were without jackets or waistcoats; some with their shirt sleeves rolled up, to prevent the reception, or to conceal the absorption of dirt in the regions of the wristbands. The repast consisted of a can, or large black jack, of small beer. and a japan bread-basket full of sea-biscuit. The table was covered with a large green cloth, with many yellow spots, where the colour had been discharged by slops of vinegar, hot tea, &c. &c. A sack of potatoes stood in one corner, and the shelves all round, and close over our heads, were stuffed with plates, glasses, quadrants, knives, forks, loaves of sugar, dirty stockings and shirts, and still fouler table-cloths, small-tooth combs, and ditto large, clothes-brushes and shoe-brushes, cocked-hats, dirks, German-flutes, mahogany writing-desks, a plate of salt butter, and some two or three pair of naval half-boots. A single candle served to make darkness visible, and the stench had nearly overpowered me. A black man, with no other dress than a dirty check shirt and trowsers, not smelling of amber, stood within the door, ready to obey all and any one of the commands with which he was loaded. The smell of the towel he held in his hand, to wipe the plates and glasses, completed my discomfiture."

This is the *beau-ideal* of a midshipman's berth—what pampered young gentlemen must experience who go to sea! These grown-up young midshipmen in their dirty tucked-up shirts and surrounded by nauseous confusion, are in contrast to their grandeur on the quarter-deck in a fight, or in the paragraph of an Extraordinary Gazette. One practical joke is cutting the cord by

* The Naval Officer; or, Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 3 vols.
Tales of Military Life. By the Author of "The Military Sketch Book." 3 vols.

which the hammock is attached to the ceiling, (to speak intelligibly to landsmen,) and letting the dormant inmate of this sack fall on the deck, in test of the soundness of his bones, and the spissitude of his cranium, which generally is found to stand the test.

"I waited patiently till he (a young midshipman) was sound asleep. I then gently pushed a shot case under the head of his hammock, and placed the corner of it so as to receive his head; for had it split his skull (there was no chance), I should not have cared, so exasperated was I, and so bent upon revenge. I then cut his lanyard; he fell, and his head coming in contact with the edge of the shot-case, he gave a deep groan, and there he lay. I instantly retreated to my chest and blanket; and the sentinel came with his lantern, and, seeing him apparently dead, removed the shot-case out of the way, and ran to the serjeant of marines, desiring him to bring the surgeon's assistant."

The juveniles, to resist the tyranny of the adults in the midshipmen's berth, adopted

"Two maxims: the first was always to throw a bottle, decanter, candlestick, knife, or fork, at the head of any person who should strike any one of us, if the assailants were too strong to encounter in fair fight. The second was, to have an equal share of what we paid equally for, and to gain by artifice what was withheld by force."

From these domestic manners of young gentlemen in the cockpit, we are taken into the midst of the battle of Trafalgar. The scenes are described with power; and the author's feelings confessed with *naïveté* and commendable candour.

The author, for the first time, is in a cutting-out expedition:—

"The first Lieutenant retired to bed in high spirits, with the anticipation of the honour and profit which the dawn of day would heap upon him. We had a long pull before we reached the object of attack, which we found moored in shore, and well prepared for us. A broadside of grape was the first salute we received. It produced the same effect on our men as the spur to a fiery steed. We pulled alongside, and began to scramble up in the best manner we could. Handstone cheered his men, and with his drawn sword in his hand, mounted the ship's side, while our men poured in volleys of musketry, and then followed their intrepid leader. In our boat, the first alongside, eleven men out of twenty-four lay killed. Disregarding these, the Lieutenant sprang up. I followed close to him. He leaped from the bulwark in upon her deck, and before I could lift my cutlass in his defence, fell back upon, knocked me down, and expired in a moment. He had thirteen balls in his chest and stomach. I had no time to disengage myself before I was trampled on, and nearly suffocated by my shipmates, who rushed on with undaunted bravery. I lay fainting with pressure, and nearly suffocated with the blood of my brave leader, on whose breast my face rested, with my hands crossed over the back of my head, to save my skull from the heels of my friends and the swords of my enemies; and while Reason held her seat, I could not help thinking that I was just as well where I was, and that a change of position might not be for the better. I fainted, and before I regained my senses the vessel was under weigh, and out of gun-shot from the batteries. The first moments of respite from carnage were employed in examining the bodies of the killed and wounded. I was numbered among the former. A fresh breeze blowing through the ports revived me a little, but I had neither the power nor inclination to move. My brain was confused; I had no recollection of what had happened, and continued in a stupor. Murphy seeing my supposed lifeless corpse, gave it a slight kick, saying—'Here is a young cock that has done crowing —this chap has cheated the gallows!' The sound of the fellow's detested voice was enough to recall me from the grave: I faintly exclaimed, 'You are a liar!' which, even with all the melancholy scene around us, produced a burst of laughter at his expense.——The fate of the first Lieutenant was justly deplored by all, though I cannot deny my Christian-like acquiescence in the work of Providence on this, as well as on former occasions, when the witnesses of my weakness had been removed for ever out of the way."

"An event occurred here (Majorca) scarcely credible. The water was smooth and the day remarkably fine, and we were more than a mile and a quarter from the shore, when the Captain, wishing to try the range of the main-deck guns, ordered

the gunner to fire one towards the land. A man was seen walking on the white sandy beach, and as there did not appear the slightest chance of hitting him, for he looked like a speck, the Captain desired the gunner to fire at him; he did so, and the man fell. A herd of bullocks at this moment was seen coming out of the woods, and a party was sent to shoot some of them for the ship's company. When we landed, we found that the ball had cut the poor man in two. He was well dressed; had on black breeches and silk stockings. He had been reading Ovid's Metamorphoses, and still grasped the book, which I took out of his hand. We have often heard of the miraculous powers ascribed to chance shot, but never could we have supposed that this devilish ball could have done so much mischief. I had taken the book out of his hand, and from his neck a small miniature of a beautiful female. The brooch in his shirt I also brought away. The Captain desired me to keep them till I could see any of the friends of the deceased, and he appeared much distressed at the accident."

After these serious affairs, we have another practical joke, of the true man-of-war genus —

"Relieved from the first watch, I found the old mate in a state of beastly intoxication. While he lay dormant, I took a piece of lunar caustic and drew stripes and figures all over his weather-beaten face, increasing his natural ugliness to a frightful degree, and making him look like a New Zealand warrior. The next morning, making his toilet, having stropped an old razor, and made a lather in a wooden soap-box, which bore evident marks of the antique, he placed a triangular piece of looking-glass against the reclining lid of his chest, and began the operation of shaving. His start back with horror, when he beheld his face, I shall never forget."

This is an individual joke; but the official licence and authority given to the stupid, unmanly, and disgusting mummery of Neptune, in crossing the line, reflect great disgrace upon the captain.

We have repeated proofs of the high spirit, consummate bravery, and conduct of the French. Our author is at the defence of Fort Trinity, in the Bay of Roses, near Barcelona. The enemy had persevered in the assault, through terrific slaughter —

"Still they re-formed, and were again half-way up the breach. The gallant leader appeared as composed as if he were at breakfast. With his sword he pointed to the breach, and we heard him exclaim, 'Suivez moi!' I threw a lighted hand-granade between his feet; he picked it up, and threw it from him to a considerable distance. 'Cool chap enough that,' said the Captain, who stood close to me; 'I'll give him another,' which he did; but this the officer kicked away with equal *sang-froid*. 'Nothing will cure that fellow,' resumed the Captain, 'but an ounce of lead on an empty stomach—it is a pity, too, to kill so fine a fellow; but there is no help for it.' So saying, he took a musket out of my hand and fired. The Colonel staggered, clapped his hand to his breast, and fell back into the arms of some men, regardless of the death work going on around them. Every man of the little group was killed or wounded. The Colonel, again left to himself, tottered a few paces, till he reached a small bush, where he fell. With the life of the Colonel ended the hopes of the French for that day."

Burying the dead, a few days after—

"We were near the body of the Colonel, which we were going to inter, when the Captain observed a diamond ring on the finger of the corpse, and said to a sailor, 'You may just as well take that off; it can be of no use to him now.' The rigidity of the muscles after death prevented his moving it. 'He wont feel your knife, poor fellow!' said the Captain; 'and a finger more or less is no great matter to him now—off with it!' The sailor began to saw the finger with his knife, when down came a 24-pound shot, and with such good direction that it took the shoe off the man's foot, and the shovel out of the hand of another man. 'In with him, and cover him up!' said the Captain."

We have next an account of a court martial, and of an execution of two men for mutiny; and we are sorry we cannot give the scene, both on account of its simple pathos, and because it exhibits the perversion of law, of justice, of reason, and humanity, which even so recently existed in our naval service. Some of the sketches of naval officers, and of nautical incidents, are extremely

amusing, though others convince us of a necessity of a reform of system. A boy has his back rubbed with brine to make the lacerations of the cat more painful.

"This inhuman act we all resented, and retiring to the gun-room in a body, gave three deep and heavy groans in chorus."

On a man being flogged—

"'Five dozen,' repeated Captain G——, 'that will do, cast him off. And now, sir,' said he to the fainting wretch, 'I hope this will be a warning to you, that the next time you wish to empty your beastly mouth, you will not spit on my quarter-deck.'"

Another officer, of a most ambitious vein, used to say to his men,

"I'll flog you, as sure as I shall sit in the House of Peers."

Our author saved many men by his expertness at swimming. Jumping overboard after a man that had fallen into the sea—

"I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him; but, oh God! what was my horror when I found myself in the midst of his blood. A shark had taken him, and I expected every instant my own fate. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up, and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. They had devoured the poor sailor."

En passant, we must observe several, perhaps immaterial, errors in this work. Our author entered the navy in 1803, the battle of Trafalgar occurred in October 1805, and yet, describing the battle, he says,

"*Not six weeks before* I was the robber of hen-roosts and gardens" (at school.)—"I loved the deep investigation of hidden things, and this day's action (Trafalgar) gave me a very clear insight to the anatomy of the human frame, which I had seen cut in two by shot, lacerated by splinters, carved out with knives, and separated by saws."

A Brooks or a Lawrence would think this an odd method of acquiring "*a very clear insight*" to anatomy. We lament that the work should be tinged with traits of superstition, which, however, the author sometimes inadvertently quizzes. After a most absurd imputation of second sight or presentiment of death in an officer killed in battle, we are told of the ship being fitted out

"Foreign,—not even the captain was supposed to know our destination; but the girls on the Point assured us it was the Mediterranean, and this turned out to be fact."

The dead lieutenant and the girls at the Point had equally possessed the gift of prophecy. There is a story of an amour with Euphemia, which proves that the author attributes his errors to what is really the source of his virtues, and traces his virtues to what is the only cause of the vices he so ingenuously confesses. Superstition is a sorry substitute for morals and human sympathies.

The "Tales of a Military Life" is a work of a higher character. It aims at a more epic effect, by the formation of a plot, the invention of incidents, and the sustentation of characters. The work comprises two tales, Vandeleur, and Gentleman Gray, the latter being told with more taste and judgment, and the characters and incidents, though of a humbler csst, being in better keeping. In the first, Colonel Raven, an Irishman from the ranks, advances in life, and marries the widow of a Sir William Vandeleur, and he contrives to make away, as he supposes, with the infant of the deceased Baronet, and to substitute his own child by one Martha Holdenshaw. Carrol Watts, like a second Hubert, saves young Vandeleur, and the novel opens with his bringing him from England to Ireland. The vessel is blown up, and the lad, under the name of Redmond Allan, is saved on a plank, whilst his guardian, Carrol Watts, escapes in the boat, and under the impression of the boy being lost, he joins in the Irish Rebellion of 1803. He enters a loft in a muddy lane of Dublin.

"On each side of this loft were huge piles of pikes, some hundred muskets, blunderbusses, pistols, and swords, whilst hand-grenades, a few petards, heaps of ball-cartridges, and casks of powder, were deposited in various places around. At a deal table, covered with proclamations and manifestoes wet from the press, were four men, dressed in plain green coats, green neck-handkerchiefs, and broad black waist-belts, in each of which was a brace of pistols and a cutlass. One more youthful, about twenty-four years of age, sat at the head of the table. He was in a splendid suit of military uniform, green faced with yellow, richly embroidered with gold, and adorned with epaulettes. In his waist-belt were two elegantly finished pistols, and a dagger of most curious workmanship, while a brilliant scymitar lay before him. He was above the middle size, and slender, but well made. A feverish tint of redness was on his cheek, and his eye glistened as if viewing the brightest and most cherished vision of a wild, strong, and glowing imagination. This was Robert Emmet."

Carrol Watts, from his humanity, is taken prisoner, and falls into the power of the ferocious Police Major, Bludd. Redmond Allan and his friends seeking out Carrol Watts to restore him to liberty, the Major opens the door of the police-yard, saying—

"'There he is, sir, in the middle, and a damned strong able fellow he was,' at the same time pointing to one of three bodies hanging by the neck from a beam. The unhappy victims had no covering over their faces, and although their countenances were distorted by the last struggles of life, Redmond easily recognized the features of Carrol Watts."

Redmond Allan enters the army with Mr. Ostin, the son of a clergyman, and whose sister is sunk in perpetual melancholy for the loss of her lover, Robert Emmet. One of the best drawn characters of the work is the wife of Captain Pommel, who had been an officer's daughter, and thrice married to military gentlemen.

"Regularly, every Saturday evening, at seven, the tea-table, ornamentedwith her very best china, tea-urn, and silver tea-pot, was set forth by Mrs. Pommel. She was never so happy as when every chair of her apartment was occupied, not from hospitality but from a wish to have a large audience at the display of her opinions. As to tea and coffee, numbers made scarcely any difference in the expense, for she had an effectual knack in extending such beverage almost *ad infinitum*—this was by simple dilution. Cards were the all-powerful protectors of her strong liquors and supper cheer. She took good care that her company should be employed with a round game till half-past eleven, when trays of sandwiches, fruit, wine, &c. were brought in, and at twelve the thrifty hostess would address the company, 'Now, my officers, it is Sunday morning—you know my rule, church parade at ten—take some wine, pray—time is short. Captain Pommel, my dear, what *are* you doing?—why don't you help your friends?' Then turning suddenly from her husband, leaving him his own free will, she would exclaim to the officer next her, at the same time displaying her white artificial teeth, in a wide smile—'La, Captain, you take nothing! let me put some wine in your glass; or shall the servant bring you a hot glass of negus before you go out in the cold air?' Then, without waiting a reply, would leave her chair, and, in the most kind manner, approach the nearest lady with, 'My dear, you should wrap yourself up well; pin your shawl closely round your neck—you *must* take my cloak and muff.' And so on till the tide was set fairly on the *turn-out*."

This lady's mode of travelling during the campaign is characteristic—

"Mrs. Pommel, on a tall white English horse, with highly pointed hips, and rat-tail, was seen heading the line of baggage, her body enveloped in an oil-skin cloak, that just reached to the saddle, and her head sunk into her oldest riding-hat, now covered with a case of the same material. These, with a white cravat, gave her an aspect not unlike one of the Commissariat drivers."

We are carried through the severe campaign of Sir John Moore, the incidents of which are equally interesting and more novel to us than those of the Duke of Wellington. The following is the death-scene of Sir J. Moore:—

"Six soldiers of the 42d now gently raised the blanket from the ground, and proceeded slowly towards the town (Corunna.) When they had carried him from

behind the wall, where he had lain, he desired them to stop. 'Turn me round,' said he, 'and let me see them once more.' The soldiers obeyed, and the dying general fixed his eyes steadily on the now distant troops, who were in hot fight and victorious pursuit. Then turning to Captain Hardinge, he asked, 'Are they advancing, Hardinge? my sight is weak.'—'Yes, your excellency, it is their firing you now hear,' replied the Captain. 'Hark!—yes, yes, they are advancing, the firing grows fainter—Glorious fellows—thank God!' He paused a little, closed his eyes a moment, and then heaving a deep sigh, turned to the men and said, 'Now, soldiers, take me away.' He then rested his gaze on the dreadful wound, with calm attention, for a few moments, laid back his head on the blanket, and closed his eyes exhausted."

Among the many very interesting incidents arising out of Sir J. Moore's campaign, is that of Redmond Allan seeking Emily Ostin, who had been left in the rear at Palencia. He questions an armed Spaniard whom he meets on the road—

"Spaniard, answer me truly, has the French army entered Palencia?'—'Patience, Sir, Patience—I have spoken truth. The French entered Palencia this day.'—'Then she is gone; she has fallen into their hands. O God, what shall I do!"

The wily Spaniard proceeds to detail her having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the distracted lover proceeds to Palencia—

"The Spaniard was neither more nor less than an assassin—one of those wretches who then hung about the seat of war, to plunder either their own countrymen or the invaders."

He had previously misled Emily out of her road, and followed her, as soon as he sent Redmond in a wrong direction—

"The Spaniard had some difficulty in overtaking the travellers, for their mules were of the best. But he succeeded, and addressing the servant, (who seemed more like a stout overgrown chubby youth, than a man able to compete with the Spaniard in a struggle for life or death,) he drew from his belt a long knife, and motioned, as well as roared, to both the travellers to stop. The robber's command was obeyed. The servant turned pale, and Emily trembled with terror. He directed them to dismount—this was done. The ruffian then demanded the keys of the two small trunks with which their baggage mule was loaded—'Give him the keys,' said Emily.—'Give him the kays, Miss!' ejaculated the servant, in characteristic Irish astonishment, who had now considerably recovered the fright which the first view of the knife had created.—'Yes, yes, yes, give him the keys—give him the keys immediately.'—'By my sowl, and if I must—stay till I get 'em out o' my pocket—Pooh! where the devil are they?' said the servant, searching every pocket. '*Presto*,' roared the robber—'Aisy, aisy, Sir—I have 'em, I have 'em, I have 'em,' drawing back a step, 'here they are, here, here—There, take that, you villain.' Down fell the Spaniard, with a groan and a gurgling noise in the throat. The bullet had passed through his broad chest—he rolled under his mule's girths, a bleeding, brutal corpse. The servant had searched for the pistols, and not the keys—had secretly cocked them, and as quick as lightning discharged one of them at the ruffian, whilst the other she kept as a reserve—'Ha, he is dead,' exclaimed the servant. 'Oh, misthress, misthress, you'd ha' been murthered and worse traited too.' Emily was overwhelmed with terror. But Kitty flew to her assistance—Kitty!—yes the chubby servant was no other than Kitty Magooeren, who, to travel with more safety to herself and mistress, had assumed the dress of the groom."

We regret that we cannot make any extracts from the second tale called "Gentleman Gray," which, of its sort, is excellent.

ON THE SALE BY AUCTION OF A PICTURE OF THE "SLAYING OF SISERA."

In the writings of old we have constantly read
That Jael brought the hammer to Sisera's head;
But things are reversed by the Auctioneer's grammar,
For he has brought *Sisera's* head to the hammer.

THE RELIGION OF POLITICS.

The tracing up of effects to causes, let it be in what sphere of inquiry it may, affords matter of extreme interest to philosophical reflection. We feel a peculiar pleasure in taking the machine to pieces, in examining successively the several parts of its construction, and thus ascending, by a concatenated series, to the origin of its operations—but when that machine is Man, when the springs and the wheels are the head and the heart, and the motives that lie concealed there, the laws of his agency, then is the anxiety we feel in the investigation quickened and excited exactly in the proportion of mind to matter.

A consideration of the vicissitudes of what is best denominated Political Religion, furnishes perhaps as great a quantum of this species of satisfaction as any that can come within the range of reason; the numerous and mixed relations which accompany those changes, the eccentricity of their variation, their anomalous appearance, enhancing still more our pleasure in finding, upon solution, that they are all referable to some one simple cause, and that they are as obedient to its law as the least erratic body in the universe is to the power that dictates its motion. At the first view, indeed, our prospects are somewhat discouraging, on account of the extreme irregularity of the phenomena, and the presumed difficulty, therefore, of classifying them under any one general theorem; but it is only casual observation that is thus disconcerted, whilst a closer scrutiny reconciles all these deviations with one uniformly-acting principle, and reduces apparent disorder into the most perfect harmony. A direct induction from the plain facts of civil history, which are contemporary with these fluctuations observable in the spiritual world, will, we are persuaded, clear up any mystery which may be at present connected with the subject; and to this simple method of elucidation we betake ourselves, only requiring of our readers, before we set out, to bear in mind these plain axioms, "that the viciousness of a cause does not necessarily contaminate its effect; that whatever we may assign as the immediate occasion of the progress or regress of political religion, be it ever so noxious, does not, in the slightest degree, affect the integrity of *real religion;* that the latter may be practised by many in all ages *pure and undefiled before God,* though the motives that uphold the *mere term* in the *mass* be not equally unexceptionable." The Reformation does not sanctify Luther, nor does the man of six wives derogate from the Reformation, although either or both be considered as the instruments by which that great change was effected.

We now proceed to our history. Turn over the leaves. Here in one page we find political religion flourishing in the plenitude of its existence—turn over another, and we find it in a state of decay approaching to utter extinction; here dragging itself slowly and lazily through the aphelion of apathy and neglect, here bounding through the opposite point of the spiritual zodiac with a headlong velocity; here progressing, here retreating; here rising, here setting; here the one thing needful, here the one thing troublesome; and so on to the end of the chapter, whether it be Lingard's, Hume's, or Hallam's. The lukewarm, loyal, and gentlemanly religion of the first Charles's time, its gew-gaw rituals, its formal routine of worship, the conversion of the

place of prayer into a kind of regal show-box, where a clerical punchinello exhibited feats of spiritual jugglery, and the divine right of kings more than equally divided attention with the divine right of the King of kings, are in strange juxtaposition with the red-hot zeal, the vulgar and republican spiritualities, the wild aberrations of enthusiasm which characterized the succeeding regime under the Parliament and Cromwell, the divine communications, the outpourings, the back-slidings, the inspirations, the wrestlings, and the Lord knows what! Nevertheless, this again yields to the extraordinary contrast which the next reign exhibits, where levity and scorn succeed respect and veneration, and the reputation of irreligion is acquired, not through neglect, but profanation; where Charles, Buckingham, and Rochester, are the sole objects of adoration! But turn over another page, and we find the whole stage economy instantaneously changed, as it were by magic, to such a degree as might well excite the envy of their honours the scene-shifters of Drury. Here we find a mighty pother, a strange commotion, yea, the whole nation pouring itself out of the brothels and the wine-cellars, reeking and reeling with the debaucheries of the merry monarch's reign, and up in arms the one half against the other. And what are they going to loggerheads for, bethink ye? Why, for "religion's sake," to be sure! What else could excite their wit in the one case, or their wrath in the other? They chose to have their butt, and to secure the possession of that entertaining non-entity also, as who would not? "I wish to take you all along with me into the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church," says his Majesty James the Second, kissing in a parenthesis the host and the maids of honour, (for that devout Prince, it is said, had a fashion of betaking himself to more bosoms than one.) "And do you want to deprive us of our dear, and sacred, and venerable religion, for which we have always had such a respect and regard?" says the Protestant on the other side, wiping off the blasphemy and lust with which his lips are besmeared from the last reign, and now slabbering them over with an affected piety in their stead. "I don't care 'that' for your ugly religion!" says James, snapping his fingers; and to it they go pell-mell, and the subject on which they cracked jokes in 1685, they crack skulls for in 1688. Well now, of course, religion, as being the cause of such mighty consequences, the expulsion of a king and the assumption of a new dynasty, is in high odour; doubtless, the conquerors will sit down to enjoy the object of their conquest, singing psalms and spiritual songs, and making melody, and why not? They fought hard for it, and it is the least they may get in return. Well—what's the matter now? Why don't they all go to church forthwith, and make themselves happy? No, not one regales himself with the heavenly banquet; but straightway piling their arms against emergencies, they rush tumultuously into St. Stephen's Chapel, and there, what with squabbling with the "glorious-memory-man," and enacting laws to exterminate one half of their fellow-countrymen, they totally forget every thing about the matter. Here, then, we find that fought and bled for, which, in the last reign, was scoffed and laughed at; and again, after the expulsion of James II. we see the ebullition gradually subsiding, assuming that slip-shod *nonchalance* air which characterizes the two succeeding reigns, the cause neither of bloodshed nor derision, but merely giving rise every now and then to what in vulgar parlance

we denominate a row, such as that of Sacheverell's, and subject to that delicate style of bantering only, which being natural to the wits of the day, was played off, not in the spirit of rendering it ridiculous, but merely of joking it out of any moroseness that might have been generated in the late struggle, and obliging it to furnish its quota of entertainment instead of austerity. However, upon referring to our observations, we perceive that this state of things does not last long; that political religion does not continue to have only a slip-shod air, but that, in process of time, the slip-shod foot contrives to kick off the said shoe totally and entirely. The Church, so far from remaining ill-tempered or moody, is soon joked into very good humour. It at first, to be sure, only half-chuckles, half-frowns,—the way people do when they don't wish it to be seen that their neighbour's drollery has disconcerted their gravity; but when the sallies become more frequent, and the fun more funny, it titters in despite of itself, laughs outright, sits down to the festive board, makes merry, gets drunk and—shows its nakedness; whilst wit having taken its parent in the moment of intoxication, dishonours it, and leaves it a prey to ridicule and scorn. At this stage, our observations lead us to point out the impiety and grossness which characterize the reign of the second George, of which if any one wishes to make a just estimate, he may do so, by turning over the pages of Congreve and Vanburgh, the two most popular writers for the then fashionable resorts of the day, where he will see real religion satirized, and vice patronized, to a degree that beggars credulity; the chief piquancy of the dialogue and the action vibrating alternately between profaneness and lewdness, atheism and practical obscenity, and all but leaving room for French criticism to charge us with the actual representation of the *faux-pas* of comedy, as well as the catastrophes of tragedy. Here, then, we find all religion nearly at the ultimate point of depression; but carrying on our investigation into the next reign, we perceive under the third George a decided change in the phenomena. The luminary again ascends the hemisphere, and its appearance is hailed with joy and veneration. This revulsion of sentiment is observed to strengthen every day; ridicule is silenced; Wit, for his naughtiness, is put into the corner, with his finger in his mouth; the temple is built up again after the long bondage; the book of the law is read out, and the people weep. Zeal and apparent godliness increase and multiply. But, out and alas! that they should be periodical—that they should be doomed equally to rise and to set—that we cannot stop them in their cycle, as Joshua did the sun in its course, and fight the good fight in daylight, instead of in darkness: but no, the age of cant and hypocrisy treads close. Turn over the next page. A new era succeeds. Now come the times of sanctity and super-sanctity—of cant and new light—of Biblicals and Apostolicals—of Missionaries and Controversialists—of pious tracts and religious novels—of Sunday-schools and floating chapels—of tea and the Bible—of intolerance and politico-religion—of zeal for the Gospel, and invocations of the sword—of affected piety and the cry for blood—of Lord Eldon and parson Horner, up to the glorious period of 1829.

We have thus taken several observations of the phenomena, and it is now high time to solve the problem. We have seen the subject of our inquiry depressed, exalted, slighted, prized, ridiculed, fought for, in a word, in all its vicissitudes, and these close on one another; let us now,

therefore, determine, if we can, whether they be fortuitous or consequential, and, if the latter, what the law of their variation may be; and to this end we see no other method than by the application of politico-religion to human nature, just in the same way as we might solve mathematical difficulties by the application of algebra to geometry.

It will appear, we think, upon examination, unwilling as we may be to own it, that *spiritual* and *temporal* interests have a close connexion with one another, and that any variation in the latter necessarily brings along with it a corresponding one in that which is made a function of it, namely, the former.

Political religion, as we have said, varies according to temporal interest, and historical induction verifies the proposition. It is needless, now-a-days, to go about proving that the blessings of an enlightened Reformation were caused by the revenge and ambition of an ecclesiastic, the lust and avarice of a tyrant, and the craving cupidity of his dependents. These are at present undisputed points. The first consequence of this reformation was the establishment of a kind of Popish Protestantism, which, with the exception of Mary's reign, was the State religion up to the period of Charles the First's accession. This brings us, as divines would say, to the subject of our text, or, as we would say, to the commencement of our series of observations. We have said, that at this period the religious thermometer was nearer zero than the boiling point, and this is naturally accounted for by our theory. The rivalry of Catholic and Protestant for place and power had almost wholly subsided in the predominance of the latter party, whose security, therefore, rendered their usual shibboleth superfluous, whilst the weakness of the former could turn it to no account. The pretext of religion vanished, in the one case, with the necessity, and in the other with the power to use it; and spiritual concerns fell for a time into that state of torpor which such a juncture of circumstances was calculated to produce. But temporal interests do not slumber or sleep, and Charles, obeying their dictates, endeavours to stretch the fibres of prerogative, in the shape of Episcopacy, over the Presbyterian Church. Then did the sky begin to lower and the thunder to mutter; but Charles traced back his footsteps with precipitancy and ratified the Covenant. The nation, however, was put out of humour, and a cry of "Religion in danger!" was raised. After some time, nevertheless, things were gravitating into their former condition, until the same counsellor again suggested to the Monarch that he might extend his power by other means than those he had just essayed. Then comes Hampden's case, and the wrath of the people is kindled: then follow his subsequent attacks on the Constitution, and all England is in flames, the hostile parties engage, politics call in religion, the people are victorious, and fanaticism becomes the order of the day. But mark! this vicissitude has its origin in a contention on civil rights: it is a suspicious circumstance that worldly concernments were closely blended even with the spiritualized emotions of the sanctified and elect; that the Puritan inveighed in the one breath against tyranny and Popery; that he cried out at the same time away with the surplice and the ring, away with tonnage and poundage; that it was not until the invasion of his rights as a member of the body politic, that he was awakened to his interests as an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven! This state of things was, however,

soon destined to experience, in its turn, that fluctuation which influences all alike. Charles the Second now comes into power, and of so unrestricted a nature as to make the genius of the people identical with his own. He is a libertine, so therefore is the nation. The ecclesiastical property being restored, stops the mouths of the Episcopalians, and thus renders unnecessary, on their part, any assumption of politico-religious zeal, or, indeed, of any religious zeal at all; whilst the debilitated state of public feeling, after the long fever of anarchy and fanaticism, afforded no vantage-ground for the despoiled party to play off with any effect an engine so powerful, and which a persecuted Church (the chastening spirit and the spirit of prudence "working together in love") has so commonly a recourse to. Thus, then, all Religion seemed defunct, there being no collision of interests to strike it out; for though the No-popery cry was rife, it was but a transient ebullition. In this sudden revulsion, Morality, as might be expected, received a wound, and the extravagances of the ascetic were followed by the extravagances of the profligate. Nature having been overstrained, and raised too high, it swung rapidly back into the opposite point of exaggeration by the very momentum it had gained in the ascent. Licentiousness, in every sense of the word, became now the prevailing tone of society. The nation caroused, and Charles was the master of the revels. But, proceeding to our next observation, we find the same *bon-vivants* metamorphosed into men-at-arms, and fiercely contending about that very religion which, but yesterday, they had trampled under foot. Are their motives really spiritual? They are rendered more than equivocal, when we recollect that the opposition of the party was equally directed against a tyrant and a bigot, against arbitrary power as well as High Mass; that a contention for faith was necessarily involved in a contention for place. Hence the appearance of the politico-religious luminary again above the horizon, but rising to no great altitude, and shrouded in thick mists. The Protestant soon victorious, and fully established in the ascendency, having no temporal interest to induce him to put on the whole armour of God, and the spirit of devout errantry being extinct with Hudibras and Sam Butler, was fain to rid himself of the incumbrance of the said armour with all possible alacrity. Henceforward, for a considerable time the buff-jerkin lay lightly on men's shoulders, and religion on their consciences. Nor was it either that the nation had at once become free-thinking, but it was that the nation did not think about the matter, or if it did, it was in the light of a wholesome proper old fashioned institution, the form of which should be kept up because of the *politics* of its liturgies and services; the Bill of Rights and the Sermon on the Mount were equally looked upon as the morality of Scripture! This state of things, however, could not last long. The faithful, intoxicated by security, if not by strong waters, at first began to doze and then actually snored outright. The people laughed, the state religion became a jest, and hence the licentiousness which characterized the reigns of the first two princes of the House of Brunswick. But George the Third ascends the throne, and the face of affairs is changed. Several circumstances at this period conspire to rouse political religion from its slumbers. The mind of the monarch himself had a strong religious bias; and the French Revolution, which formed a remarkable coincidence of infidelity and republi-

canism, naturally enough excited the apprehensions of the good people of St. James's. The confiscation of Church property, although in a foreign land, was alone sufficient to awaken all the sympathies of the episcopal bench, whilst honest John Bull himself was panic-struck, when he saw, or thought he saw, the spirit of democracy and atheism drawing on his seven-leagued boots and meditating a stride from the Palais Royal to High Holborn. Here then men's interests were alarmed, and political religion appeared again. All hands were piped. It was high time for those of the mitre to tuck up their lawn sleeves and learn divinity. Paramount considerations required that the dean should leave his bottle, and the archdeacon his hounds; henceforth it was deemed ex-official for the former to appear drunk, or the latter in top-boots, and something more was required of the candidate for orders than swearing he had a call from the Holy Ghost. These measures were successful. A stop was put to the march of innovation, but the juncture did not allow of a return to old practices, and the reformation progressed. Then did political religion, for some time, assume that decency of aspect which is equally distant from indifference and fanaticism; it was, however, but for a short period, and another change followed close in its wake.

When once the machinery of politico-religion had been set in motion, its extraordinary powers were soon discovered, and suggested to the wary the immense traffic which might be made of it; and the Catholicism of Ireland, a circumstance which stuck in the throats of many worthy personages who attributed all the evils of the country to the obliquity of that faith, presented them a convenient fulcrum on which the aforesaid machinery might be played off with considerable effect. The opportunity was not let slip. The needy non-commissioned officers of the Irish establishment stepped in, a numerous and unappropriated class, who, having no immediate appointment, were willing to turn their hands to any supernumerary job which in the interim might present itself. Aware that they should not " put up their talent in a napkin," and their penetration being at the same time sharpened by their exigencies, they perceive at a glance the lucrative bearing which the weathercock of public opinion points out, and thither they sedulously contrive to direct the tempest of folly. They offer their services to the zealots, they perform missions, they speak at public meetings, assuming at the same time that exaggerated sanctity of deportment, and those high-flying dogmas and doctrines, which are calculated to impose on the credulous, or to chime in with those who are playing the same game; for in knavery, as well as in honesty, there exists a sympathy and a fellow-feeling. The plan succeeds. Theatres are changed into conventicles, ball-rooms into Bible-society meetings. The Irish public are to be seen nowhere but cooped up and congregated within four walls, hanging on the lips of some self-sufficient orator, who is satisfactorily demonstrating that the misery and starvation of Ireland are owing to the doctrine of transubstantiation and the invocation of saints, taking care at the same time to display the purity and ardour of his own faith, and the damnable nature of every other. The bait takes—his end is answered—he is appointed the oracle of some chapel of ease, with a comfortable salary annexed, his interests are secured, and thus, in one part of the kingdom, where it is most prejudicial, is the politico-religious fever spread

abroad, the one the cause, the other the consequence. Thus matters go on up to the glorious period of 1829, and will continue to go on, until, as the political economist would say, political religion ceases to have " an exchangeable value."

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Various circumstances concur to give prominent interest at present to the affairs of trade. False reasoning is put forth with all the confidence of truth; errors the most barefaced and unblushing, are asserted as if they were dogmas that could never be shaken; clamour stands in the place of argument; and the desire to be free from a vicious system is designated as a cruel theory, the offspring of unfeeling metaphysicians and rash innovators: so that it becomes a high public duty, to take a dispassionate review of this great question, in connexion with the changes that have occurred in commercial intercourse since the year 1823, when Mr. Huskisson, to his eternal honour and the extensive benefit of the empire, commenced his system of liberality, which he has since, through evil report and good report, in office and out of office, so constantly, strenuously, and ably maintained; encouraged in his course by powerful and willing coadjutors, at the head of whom must be placed Lords Lansdowne and Goderich, Mr. Canning, Mr. Charles Grant, and Mr. Wilmot Horton.

The important branches of free trade may be classed under manufactures in their several departments, the colonial policy, and the navigation system; but at present we propose only to deal with general principles, and such details as may be necessary to prove their soundness.

We have as yet made but limited progress in the great work of unfettering commerce. It is at present in a comparatively helpless state, just in that condition for senseless clamour to produce an unfavourable impression of it upon the public mind; exposed especially to the attacks of light thinkers, who have been uniformly opposed to it; open to the taunts of those who are incapable of thinking, and consequently declaim the loudest and assert the boldest; and lying under the lash of wild enthusiasts, who expected results as rapid from a change in the commercial code of this great country, with all the complicated machinery attaching to that code, as might be derived from a parish paving act. Circumstances over which, probably, no human foresight could have entire control, have materially tended to assist these cavillers of various grades in gaining proselytes to their sophistry; the unprincipled or the uninformed conductors of a certain portion of the public press pander to the prejudices that have been raised against mercantile improvement; and the Government requires the support that the evidence of facts in connexion with that improvement will afford, to enable it to proceed in the course of enlightened policy that a former cabinet had commenced. We speak advisedly when we state that all its measures, with reference to trade, are formed under the determination to relieve it of restrictions; but it has many prejudices still to overcome, many difficulties to avoid, continued misrepresentations to guard against.

It unfortunately happens, that public opinion, now making such rapid strides as knowledge becomes more infused, cannot be brought to bear so powerfully at present upon the question before us as upon most others. It is one of great expanse, embracing a variety of topics; it is encumbered with terms that we have been from our childhood accustomed to repeat by rote like so many parrots; such as national jealousy in the protection of our trade; the danger of dependence upon foreign countries for the supply of articles for our consumption; the care that must be taken not to impoverish ourselves, and make our neighbours rich; that money alone is wealth; and similar absurdities that have for ages been taken for granted as absolute wisdom, that it was little short of infidelity to gainsay. Those who have

been tolerated in their exclusive dealings, monopolists of all degrees who claim a vested right in a public injury, have trumpeted about these absurdities as truisms that must never depart from the minds of Englishmen; a practical importance has been incessantly attempted to be attached to them; isolated instances of distress occasioned by a departure from the old system, as it is asserted by those who still wish to adhere to it, are magnified into general ruin; and all the chicanery that persons for a long course of time accustomed to the privileges of a monopoly, employ for the purpose of retaining it, has been in active operation. It is an appalling fact for individuals, who merely look at the surface of a subject, to hear that French silks are allowed to be imported at a very diminished rate of duty, whilst thousands of looms are standing still in Spital-fields and elsewhere; and the natural answer is, why not prohibit them?

There is a strange obliquity in the minds of the mass of mankind upon all intricate subjects. Instead of endeavouring to simplify, the great object seems to be to mystify. One can understand this in persons whose interest lies in deception, but the custom is no farther reconcilable excepting under the impression, that bandying about unintelligible sentences will pass for information and cover ignorance. If, in treating upon the commerce of empires, men would descend from their stilts, and look at the principles and apply the reasoning that individuals exercise in their isolated capacities, many of the difficulties that at present appear insurmountable to them, would be removed. If they would reflect that a tailor or a carpenter, who caused his journeymen and apprentices to make bad shoes at a dear rate, and to the neglect of his own business, because he would not part with his money to the shoemaker, would be deemed a fit object for Bedlam, they would begin to have some little insight into the folly of restrictive trade among nations; for the trade of nations is only the enlarged trade of individuals: it must move upon the same fundamental principles, it must be guided by the same rule of action—the perpetual interchange of commodities, according to the opportunities that the several parties may possess in producing them.

We are aware of the flippant answer to be given to these opinions; but as we are not now going to discuss the mercantile theory of national wealth, we shall only repeat, that the same original rule that directs individual, ought to be applied to national, commerce; and having laid down this general assertion, we shall consider the subject under our review upon the comparatively narrow ground of political expediency, and prudent attention to the altered circumstances of the world as they regard mercantile relations. Many circumstances, as we have stated, have tended to bring into disrepute liberality in commerce. The wild adventures to South America in 1824 and the beginning of 1825, and all the insane speculations that were in vogue at that period, are now even severely felt. Many of the recent failures in trade are to be traced back to the arrangements consequent upon those adventures, which produced early embarrassment; and the remedy was to put off the day of payment by acceptances. Those bills, in many instances, were again and again renewed, until the holders became out of patience, and the declared insolvency of those upon whom they were drawn was a necessary consequence. Over-production, an evil that inevitably, from the nature of things, must at periods attach to extended commerce, has done much to create the present difficulties. Our intention is to avoid details in these remarks as much as possible; because we believe the great duty imposed upon an influential publication at this moment is to disabuse the country of error and prejudice upon leading points, upheld as they unfortunately are by a fact that comes home to the feelings of almost every Englishman—considerable distress among manufacturing operatives. The silk question, however, has recently been so prominently brought forward, that we may be excused for a very short digression merely in allusion to over-production, or rather the foundation of it, increased mills and looms. In 1824, the number of spindles employed in the principal towns of the manufacture in the establishments for throwing silk was 780,000. In 1829, 1,180,000. The number of mills in the

former year was 175, in the latter 266. If men will rashly lay out capital in the creation of means for the production of articles beyond any rational hope of consumption, the consequences of their folly must recoil upon themselves. The instances of this folly in the persons connected with the silk trade are pre-eminent; but over-production, which necessarily brings its own remedy, will periodically occur under any system of extended commerce. The withdrawing of small notes from circulation, however advantageous the result may be of that measure, has increased the present commercial embarrassment.

If 1823 was the year in which a radical change in the mercantile code of the country commenced, and as such is looked up to as a most important epoch, (probably the most important one that had then occurred in the annals of trade,) the year 1829 can be regarded as a no less distinguished period in those annals, when the result of the changes that had begun with 1823 is fully before the country; and when all the predictions of ruin that were to ensue from them, must either be abandoned, or maintained under the most convincing proofs of their falsehood. If a locality is to be considered as the kingdom, if a branch of a manufacture is to be regarded as the manufacturing interest generally, if temporary and partial distress is to be magnified into permanent destruction, then we are free to acknowledge that causes of complaint can be pointed out; and we would ask when did the commercial *millennium* occur that partial embarrassment did not exist, and that the circumstances arising out of it might not be distorted into general desolation? The British community, however, is not at this time of day to be led astray by falsehood and sophistry, which we are aware has been constantly afloat upon this paramount subject. Monopolists of every grade, and jobbers for high prices, knew full well that their doom was cast, when a system that enabled the public at large to purchase upon fair terms was once established; and every effort that ingenuity and disappointment could devise, has been called in to check its progress.

If this question is to be usefully treated, it must be taken upon the great scale, upon the various and complicated affairs of England, upon the circumstances of the world since the conclusion of the war, comprising, as they do, the changes in commercial and maritime relations; it must be taken without petty jealousies, long established prejudices, and all those train of circumstances that little minds gloat upon with so much earnestness. To place the question fairly before the world is the great object of this article. We have anxiously watched the progress of this system; we have noticed its operations with all the care that we could bestow upon any subject; we have traced it through the minutest ramifications of every commercial transaction that it bears upon; and above all, we hope and believe that we have with impartiality attended to every argument that could be plausibly urged against it; and having done this, we have subsequently considered its general effect upon the multiplied and conflicting interests of this great country. Again we repeat, if districts are to be swelled into the empire, and individuals into the community, and their depression made a stalking horse for monopolists to rail at liberal commerce, there is an end of argument upon the subject; and although we will yield to no one in our feelings of unfeigned regret for the temporary sufferings of a portion of the manufacturing operatives, from whatever cause those sufferings may arise, still we will never allow mawkish sensibility to interfere with the views we entertain for the national welfare.

The state of trade during the late war is a useful reflection; and for two reasons it is especially so; for it shows that as far as regarded this country it was unnatural, and that commerce could not be restrained under the most extraordinary circumstances of anxiety and power that could have ever been brought to bear against it. Bonaparte's anxiety to cramp the trade of England was only equalled by his power to do so, had the project been within the scope of political and military means. To prove that the trade of Great Britain was under an unnatural excitement during the war, it is only necessary to state that every other European government had suffered under the effects of an invading army, or a political convulsion, not of a temporary

duration, but of years' continuance; and that the manufacturers of the Continent were all in their turns conscripts. For twenty-five years this country was placed in a position for increasing her trade, of which there is no example in the history of any other nation; and the first policy of her Government, when that state of things ceased, was to accommodate itself to the altered condition of the world, and, by the application of sound principles, endeavour to maintain that high mercantile station that extraordinary circumstances, aided by natural resources, had placed her in. That course was unaccountably neglected after the Peace, until Mr. Canning's return to power in 1822, when the circumstances of the trading interest were seriously contemplated by the Cabinet, and made part and parcel of that policy which approached more closely to public opinion, and may be justly deemed a new era in the annals of Great Britain.

The impossibility of proceeding in the worn-out path of commercial intercourse was now for the first time acknowledged by the Government, after practical men had been incessantly endeavouring to convince the former members of it, of the pressing necessity that existed of accommodating our trade to the altered relations of the world. The naval supremacy of England during the war, and the enterprise of her merchants, enabled her to force manufactures into every other country, and to receive from them such of their productions as she required. In the early part of hostilities, the trade of the United States was in its infancy; by the care of their Government, however, individual enterprise, and her distance from the theatre of war, it was subsequently increased; but towards the close of the war, the English and American armies came in collision upon the soil of the latter. This checked the progress of improvement in every branch of industry there; so that America can scarcely be said to have interfered with the monopoly of Great Britain during the period before us. Speaking in general terms then, and no others can be applicable to a comprehensive view of so widely extended a question as the present; Great Britain during the late war had no commercial competitor, and every act of her enemies more or less strengthened her advantage, which was confirmed to her by the zeal, the opulence, and the integrity of her merchants. The Milan and Berlin decrees, and all the objects of Bonaparte's wildest ambition, recoiled upon himself; and his attempts to procure "ships, colonies, and commerce," only tended to strengthen the naval and mercantile power of England, and gave fresh zest to the activity of her merchants. As was eloquently expressed by Mr. Poulden Thompson in the recent debate upon the Silk Question,—"There is in economical as well as political affairs a point beyond which it is impossible to go, a point at which legislation becomes ineffectual, and power powerless. Governments may enact laws, but mankind will successfully resist them. The smuggler becomes the corrector of faulty legislation: under his exertions the acts of your Legislature become void, and the laws of your ports and custom-houses become dead letters. The man whose power was never surpassed in modern, and scarcely equalled in ancient times—he whose career of victory the bounds of Europe could scarcely restrain, whose look was a word, whose word was a law, in vain attempted to counteract this great principle. Bonaparte, when at the height of his power he fulminated his decrees from the palace of the Duomo at Milan, which were to annihilate his only rival, thought but little that his orders could be contested, or his will disputed; and yet what was the result? He whose armies successively occupied every capital of Continental Europe, who made and unmade kings with a breath, was set at nought by the lowest of his subjects. The smuggler bearded him in the streets of his capital, and set his power at defiance in his own ports and cities. The goods which he refused to admit found their way through the Frozen Ocean into the heart of France!"

The commercial relations of the British Empire during the late war have been regarded as heir-looms, that could never depart from our shores. Commercially speaking, owing to the pressure of circumstances, every Power, save England, was blotted out of the map of Europe; it was of her they

purchased manufactures, it was to her they looked as a customer for their own productions; she was the carrier of the world; and whatever was saved from the desolating effects of anarchy and war, flowed here, in some shape or other, to carry off our manufactures and enrich our merchants.

Colonial interests, also, must not be overlooked in an inquiry of this nature, and the position of the United States of America may be properly included in it. Although those States have become an independent Government for nearly half a century, it was not until the close of the late war that the trade of Great Britain and America could be fully and calmly discussed, as between two independent Governments, and upon principles in conformity with their relative situations. It was not until 1787 that the arrangements for the Federal Union were completed, that the different States acted under the direction of a consolidated Cabinet, and that the former American colonies of Great Britain could be really said to have finally settled down into an independent State, with all their details regulated for formal diplomatic intercourse, in which the varied interests of two great countries can be freely and satisfactorily deliberated upon, with reference to mutual advantage. In 1789 the French Revolution broke out; which event occupied in its earliest stages the attention of every Government, and placed them in an attitude of menace or defence. During the great contest that followed, America for the most part of the period was not a very faithful neutral, and in one part of it in hostility against this country; so that the diplomatic communications were reserved, and more in the appearance than in the sincerity of friendship, in the seasons even when they ran the smoothest. The irritation that existed so virulently against the English Government in the United States at the conclusion of their war, would, if no other causes had existed, have prevented, for many years after its conclusion, any cordiality of intercourse.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, the United States of America could reckon, in reality, upon only a two years' independence: the close of the war in 1815, found those States with rapidly-increasing commerce and navigation; they having, in fact, (as far as their infant means would allow, and other difficulties they laboured under, which reduced their share of the trade of the world, during the war, to a small one as compared with that enjoyed by Great Britain, but still to them most important,) lost no opportunity of advancing these great national relations. If we turn to the Brazils, how different shall we find the situation of those former dependencies on the Crown of Portugal, to what it was in 1792. This immense country was held by the House of Braganza under a system of the strictest exclusion, until that family emigrated from Lisbon to their transatlantic possessions, in 1808. Let us next look at the altered condition of St. Domingo, that large and fertile island; at the new and imposing position of those extended regions on the continent of America, recently the colonies of Spain, shut out from all intercourse with the rest of the world. If we consider the state of Cuba, and the islands that still continue their allegiance to the Court of Madrid, an equally important change is apparent. It is true, indeed, that the Spanish Crown retains their allegiance, but the trade is thrown open.

In the years between 1816 and 1819, most of the changes we have enumerated were in full operation; the germs of others were so firmly laid as to present a certainty of their almost immediate effect upon the commercial relations of this country. Could any man doubt, for instance, at this period, of the probability of South American independence, and of all the results that were to ensue from it as leading to great changes in trading interests? In this hasty sketch of Colonial interests, we have shown an almost general revolution in the system of that commerce; and it is extraordinary that such a revolution should have taken place without its attracting the attention of the Government of that day in a specific form—that the influence of such a revolution upon the trade of our own colonies, upon that of rival nations, upon the opinions, and feelings, and enterprise of the mercantile portion of the community, and upon the British colonial population, should not have been considered. All these circumstances were sufficient, it might have been

imagined, to warrant the inquiry, whether so great a change in all around us did not call for some alteration on our part. But the truth is that the Government was forced into it by practical men, who saw the utter impossibility of proceeding in the old course; and it was not until this conviction was pressed upon its attention that there was any recorded determination to change the national commercial policy; and even then, if an accidental circumstance had not caused a partial change in the Cabinet, by which principles in accordance with the enlightened spirit of the age became more extensively represented there, the warnings that were given by the practical information of the first merchants and traders in the empire would have been disregarded, probably, for some time longer than they were, until difficulties past endurance had occurred. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a maxim we readily assent to; but we will never shrink from the declaration of our surprise and indignation, that the Administration of that day could have suffered the early years of the Peace to pass in utter recklessness of our finances and commerce. It covered its apathy by the appointment of a Finance Committee, the recommendations of which were unattended to; and, in fact, no sincere attempt at reform, in either instance, was made until after the death of an individual who had long occupied a prominent place in the public councils. The year 1822, which deprived the country of, or relieved it from the services of that statesman, was, in every point of view, an important one for British interests.

In this place, we disclaim all reference to the disposition of the Powers that from Colonial possessions have become independent States. We will not here inquire whether they be well or ill-disposed towards this country. Their changed position is the material point for consideration, and a new policy must necessarily be applied to it. If we turn from former dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic to mother-countries in Europe, we shall find equal changes taking place. With the exception of Spain, which possessed the largest capabilities of augmenting her wealth and advancing the happiness of her people, but from being most restrictive threw away the advantages that Nature had so bountifully bestowed upon her, every Government was closely applying itself to the extension of its commerce. That Cabinet has, indeed, pursued its old and fatal policy of exclusion, through all the alterations that are occurring; and its present condition of poverty and helplessness ought to be a warning to every Power in the universe to escape from such a course. Spain has presented the most perfect model of the restrictive system that can be offered to the admiration of monopolists, in all her departments of commerce, colonies, and navigation; and her present situation in the scale of nations is the best answer that can be given to them. She affords a practical reply, that cannot be frittered down by sophistry—that cannot be palliated by circumstances. The plain matter of fact is, that a Government possessing the finest portion of Europe, with the richest colonies in the world, has unceasingly pursued the strictest system of commercial exclusion, and at this moment she is afflicted with almost every evil that can curse a nation. Abroad, her power is despised by every petty State; at home, her people are in the most abject condition of poverty, and in wretched ignorance; a trade only in name; her fields barren; her finances bankrupt; her army disorganised; her fleet scarcely capable of grappling with Barbary corsairs; her colonies lost to her. This is the state of restrictive Spain!

When the great struggle against revolutionary France had ceased, and nations began to settle down in pacific pursuits, the active principle of mercantile enterprise was in extensive operation throughout the world; and even the military power of Prussia was one of the foremost to set it in motion. It is unnecessary to inquire respecting the measures that have arisen out of that commercial spirit on the part of other Governments, and to what extent they have carried their efforts to cripple the trade of Great Britain. The experience of the first years of the peace had proved that this country must deliberately examine her commercial policy. All matters connected with trade and navigation began to occupy a leading share in the attention of every Cabinet; they became a subject of general inquiry and interest. In countries

even where their institutions and habits are least favourable to political discussions, these topics were freely dilated upon; questions connected with them anxiously treated; until the influence of public opinion has been made to bear upon the deliberations of their respective rulers.

In this new era, it became the duty of the English Executive to inquire whether it should relax or strengthen its commercial restrictions, for that they should remain as they were was impracticable; whether it should pursue a system of direct and uncompromising hostility, of which the ultimate tendency was mutual prohibition; whether a policy founded upon excessive discriminating duties, with the positive certainty of those duties being retaliated upon British industry, was a course of action by which this country was likely to profit, or which, if persisted in, could ultimately redound to her advantage?

Without taking the high ground, both moral and political, that might be gone over, to prove how completely at variance such a proceeding would be with the station that this country holds among the Powers of the world, to which, among other duties, she owes the influence of her example towards the improvement of the condition of mankind; of which improvement she must always most largely partake, because she occupies the largest space in the varied relations of the universe; we would ask, how would this system of reciprocal restriction have answered to our manufacturers? How far would it have been in accordance with the general benefit of the population of the United Kingdom, who, as consumers, must necessarily have had to pay for this Custom-house crusade? Ultimately, this contest of *espionage*, of mutually vexatious imposts against capital and the source of capital, industry, must, if closely persevered in on both sides, recoil with destructive force against the country that enjoys the most extensive trade. If effects follow causes, how could it be otherwise? These reciprocal duties could only be a tax upon navigation and commerce; and the heaviest share of that tax must obviously fall upon the nation possessing the largest amount of trade and tonnage.

Great Britain, however, has pursued a wiser course, one more befitting her high station among the nations of the earth; one that, if it be strictly adhered to, and justly extended by modifying the laws regarding the commerce of the chief article of life, will tend to the advancement of her wealth and power, and render her as conspicuous for wisdom in peace, as she is for valour and perseverance in war. Great leading principles of commerce have been brought into operation by a country in every point of view the best calculated to introduce them, from her widely extended transactions in trade, in navigation, in Colonial relations; and by reason of the weight of her example arising out of these circumstances, and the high character she maintains. If other governments are at present slow to follow the example of our own, the delay must be attributed to the fact that those states are not yet advanced so far as this empire in the knowledge of their own interests.

It may be argued that such concessions regarding trade, as this country has of late been inclined to make, ought not to be granted to foreign states, without it is connected with some stipulation for the admission into their consumption of some of our produce or manufactures upon the payment of a low rate of duty. Such reasoning ought not to influence this Government, whose object is to benefit the country; and the inquiry is necessarily confined to the consideration of whether such a course of action be really advantageous, without any reference to what may be done by other Cabinets. If the measures be beneficial to us, it would be most unwise to withhold from ourselves an advantage, because other states are not yet advanced as far as we are in the knowledge of their own interests, or have not attained the power of carrying their own views into practice. These are the real grounds which may still, for some time, prevent foreign nations from following the example of Great Britain: their ignorance of their own true interests, or their incompetence to carry their views into effect.

The corn restriction has been an incubus upon commercial liberality in every view that can be taken of it. It not only cripples industry at home, and

checks the export of manufactured goods, but creates suspicion in the minds of statesmen of other countries as to the sincerity of our own in their professions respecting that which is incorrectly termed free trade. It is very natural that they should consider these professions as snares to entrap them, when they are compared with that code of prohibition that refers to the trade of the first article of life. Without any paramount advantage being derived from it, it renders every corn-growing country indisposed to join us in our course. We have, however, no great dread of the Corn Laws much longer impeding the national industry. The ministers only require the support of public opinion to induce them to move against this misconceived patrician bulwark; and knowing, as we do, the public feeling regarding it, we can scarcely doubt of its being strongly recorded in another session of Parliament.

The non-reciprocating spirit of other Governments is the only hold of restrictionists; but the object that Bonaparte could not effect in the plenitude of his power, will not be of easy accomplishment to the present dynasties of the Continent. We are free to acknowledge that they may check, for a time, the extension of commercial intercouse; but, as to ultimate success, they are as the efforts of the pigmy against the Leviathan. If England remain steady to her purpose of unshackling commerce, and no great and unexpected political convulsion arise, no human power can check her course. Circumstances may retard or expedite it, but it is not within the reach of man to stop it. The object is founded upon unerring principles, the deviation from which by other countries will tend to impoverish themselves, but cannot effectually or ultimately injure this. The history of modern commerce proves, that whenever a free scope is given to capital, to industry, to the active spirit of rivalry and enterprise, to the stirring intelligence, which so strongly mark the present times, new paths to honest adventure will open and afford innumerable facilities to the interchange of the productions of the different countries of the world. The wants of mankind every where increase with the opportunities that are afforded of indulging their desires; and to stimulate industry, by which means exchangeable wealth is created, is the only course that can be pointed out for the increase of those opportunities.

This position is fully exemplified in the present state of the trade to the East Indies, fettered and shackled as it still is. In 1813, the renewal of the East India Company's charter was accompanied by certain relaxations of their monopoly. At that period the best informed and most experienced men in that trade could not point with any accuracy how new channels could be opened with the East Indies, and many of them went so far as to deny that any new channels could be found by the private trader, or that any benefits would accrue to the Eastern possessions of this country from the relaxation of the former monopoly. But what is the fact? New channels have been explored by the enterprising spirit of British merchants, and new benefits have been conferred upon themselves and their country in the instance before us by that spirit.

It is curious and useful to notice how all the apprehensions at the removal of monopolies have been proved by practice to be without fonndation. From the year 1782, when England first began to relax her commercial severity towards Ireland, to the present period, they have all "vanished into thin air." In 1779, so strong was the jealousy of the British Legislature against the most trifling concession, even towards Ireland, that the House of Commons rejected a measure that only went to the extent of permitting the Irish to bring sugar directly from the English colonies; limiting the supply to the amount of their own consumption. But events soon followed this rejection, that produced a different feeling in the British Legislature. In 1782 state necessity brought about that relaxation that had been recommended in 1779; and fortunately these concessions, so wise in themselves, were yielded under the impression of public danger, by the repeal of the statute of 6th Geo. I.

The first dawn of commercial liberality appeared at this period. The conduct of the North American colonists was teaching a lesson to this country that was not easily to be forgotten; for be it remembered, whatever was the

ostensible cause of war, the principal incitement to it, at least, was the heart-rending thraldom under which the trade of those fine provinces was kept. But such was the indisposition, nay, the abhorrence against the removal of mercantile disabilities, by which course it was imagined that the trade of England must be ruined, that the prejudices of the Legislature were strengthened by the clamour that was raised out of doors. Upon the first attempt to relieve Ireland, petitions poured in from merchants, ship-owners, manufacturers, the landed interest, against any attempt at relaxation. Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, all remonstrated strongly. The inhabitants of that day at the latter place were so vehement in their opposition, as to render it a question whether if such a measure were adopted, their allegiance could be claimed? Liverpool predicted, that any farther commercial favour granted to Ireland would be ruinous to England, and that "That town and port would speedily be reduced to their original insignificance!"

The people of Glasgow asserted, in a petition they presented on one occasion when a more liberal policy was proposed towards the trade of Ireland, chiefly as referring to an intercourse between that country and the West India Islands, that they had an hereditary right to the sugar-trade, and claimed for the people of Great Britain its exclusive possession, as a property in which the inhabitants of Ireland could, under no pretence, and at no period, be admitted to the most trifling share.

These facts may be farther strengthened by a reference to the comparative increase of our woollen and cotton manufactures. The statute-book, as Mr. Poulden Thompson justly observes, in the speech which we have previously noticed with so much satisfaction, is still loaded with restrictive enactments relative to commerce; our free trade is only by comparison; but it is curious and instructive to remark the rapid strides that have been made in the manufacture that has been least afflicted with restrictions. In 1765 the quantity of cotton wool imported into Great Britain was 3,360,000 lbs. The value of cotton goods exported, 200,000*l.* The quantity imported in 1825, a period of sixty years only, 147,174,000 lbs. Cotton goods exported in that year, 30,795,000*l.*; (in 1827, they were upwards of 32,000,000*l.*) The quantity of lamb and sheep's wool imported in 1765, 1,926,000 lbs. The value exported 5,159,000*l.* The quantity imported in 1825, 23,858,000 lbs. The total exports of woollen goods in that year were only 6,926,000*l.* an excess over the year 1765 of little more than a million and a half sterling; and this, too, in the staple commodity of the country, that had been dandled and nursed with all the care of an eldest son, whilst "its younger brother of cotton," escaping in a degree from the contamination of this ill-judging care, a part of which was to compel us to bury our dead in woollens, has increased in its exports above twenty-nine millions and a half sterling, in the same period!

This doctrine and these predictions of our ancestors cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds. What have we done since in the way of commercial relaxation, and what is the extent of our trade now, as compared with the period we have been noticing, when Ireland was bound down by the most cruel and vexatious commercial restraints? The fact, too, of the comparative increase of cotton and woollen manufactures ought to be our *vade mecum*, although it will not be strong enough to force its way into the obtuse minds of monopolists. With them it is the fashion to hold up the system pursued by the French Government with regard to trade, as perfect wisdom; and the petitions from the silk-weavers to the Legislature are full of admiration of it. Facts are stubborn things, and we will refer to a few to show the advantage of this boasted restriction. We sincerely regret that the French Government should as yet have such an imperfect knowledge of the means that would enrich the great people over which it bears sway, and we fear that it will be some time before it sees their true interest; but that mortifying circumstance ought not to divert the British Cabinet from its true course. In this country, lime, iron, and coal, are to be met with in the same field, and consequently our facilities for making machinery are unrivalled; but the French have been exceedingly anxious to encourage their iron trade, and to make bad machinery at a dear rate. The Minister

of Marine has given orders at different times, in the furtherance of this object, for steam-vessels to be built in the several ports of France; and after months of labour wasted upon them, they have been turned out in a state scarcely sea-worthy, and in many instances the Government orders even have been transferred to this country, after ineffectual attempts to execute them on the other side of the Channel. If we turn to the Paisley of France, Tarrare, their great muslin manufacture, we shall find that the inhabitants of that populous town and extensively trading district are in a state of utter destitution. What is the present state of Lyons, the capital of the silk-manufacture? The weavers cannot live upon their wages: they are not sufficient to enable the operatives to buy food and pay for their lodgings, and the greatest distress is consequently prevailing in that great town and neighbourhood. In 1825, there were 24,000 looms employed; now there are scarcely 15,000. What effect has this attempt to produce bad and dear cotton and iron goods in France, instead of receiving them from England, where there is every facility for obtaining them, had upon the general industry of the country? What is the situation of the wine-growers, an interest five times as large as any other in France, employing three millions of people, and a capital exceeding that of any other trade in a tenfold degree? This paramount interest is incessant in its endeavours to persuade the Chambers to adopt a wiser and more liberal course of commercial policy. They tell their Legislature, that "the basis of the prohibitive system is a chimera."—"To sell without buying is a secret still to be discovered! If we shut our ports to the productions of other countries, it is good to know, at least, that theirs must be shut upon our industry: this kind of reciprocity is inevitable, it is in the nature of things, and what are the results? The destruction of the power of interchange—the destruction of all emulation—the obtaining a worse article at a dearer cost." And how do these petitioners to the French Chambers prove their statement? By a document showing that the decrease of wines from Bourdeaux and other places has been from 100,000 to 30,000 hogsheads. But what is the comparison as regards more liberal England? Between 1823 and 1828, there has been an increase in the consumption of sugar of seven per cent.; of coffee, ninety per cent.; of cotton, thirty-four; of flax, sixty-five; of silk, ninety; of tallow, sixty. The increased consumption of sugar is the smallest, and why? because the duty is the highest. From 1816 to 1819, the state of trade was anxiously watched by practical men as a new era when things must settle down into a more natural position; and what was their opinion at the commencement of the fourth year of peace? In May 1820, the merchants and traders of the City of London presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying for a modification of the anti-commercial system of that period. We wish that we had space to give this able and most important document of the best-informed and most opulent merchants in the world, after nearly four years' experience of the impracticability of proceeding with the existing regulations in the altered situation of the country; but we will quote the description of this petition from the work of an individual who will be considered as high authority upon this subject:—(Senior's Lectures before the University of Oxford, in 1827, on the transmission of the precious metals from country to country, &c.)—"That petition," says the able writer in question, "conveys the deliberate judgment of the first commercial members of the greatest commercial country that exists or ever has existed. It conveys their judgment upon facts constantly before their eyes; complains of evils by which they must have been principally affected, and points out remedies, of which the experiment was to be tried on themselves." Mr. Senior farther adds: "It has all the weight of the most powerful testimony,—of the testimony of persons who could not easily be deceived, since they were stating the results of their own long and daily experience, and could have had no motive to deceive others, since they would themselves have been the earliest and most extensive sufferers, if their conclusions had been erroneous." What has been the consequence of following the practical advice of these petitioners? Why, that the exports of the country, with the excep-

tion of two years (1814 and 1815), are now larger than they were at any period of the war when the trade of the world was principally enjoyed by England. We have not yet the documents to the 5th of January, 1829, before us. Owing to a mistake, their publication has been delayed; but we have good reason for believing that the exports to that period will not be less than they were to the 5th of January, 1828, when they amounted to £52,219,280!

The remarks that we have deemed it our duty at present to make upon the commercial relations of the country, merely trace an outline; but it is an outline that can be filled up in all its parts. Depression at present operates successfully in favour of clamour; but the Minister, in whose department the affairs of commerce are especially attended to, has shown his unshaken zeal for its prosperity by disregarding the statements of self-interested individuals, with which we know he has been inundated. He has preferred practice to theory, and has wisely determined to pursue a course in accordance with the soundest principles for the attainment of national wealth, in accordance with the spirit of the age, and, above all, a course that results have proved to be right, rather than return to an exploded system that sacrifices the interests of the community to monopolists.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, April 1.

The most attractive dramatic novelty that has recently appeared here, is *Henri III. et Sa Cour*, by M. Alexandre Dumas. This piece, which is in the style of Shakspeare's Richard II., represents the court of a feeble monarch. It has, no doubt, great faults, but it is nevertheless profoundly interesting, and its representation may be regarded as the most remarkable literary event of the winter. The French public no longer sympathize with the woes of Agamemnon and Iphigenia; such heroes and heroines are too remote from us, and besides, we know that the portraits painted of them are not good likenesses.

The author of " Henry III." represents the *bonne compagnie* of Paris as it was about the year 1580. Mademoiselle Mars personates the Duchess de Guise, whose singular husband, like the Duke of Orleans in the French revolution, wished to ascend the throne, but at the decisive moment had not courage to possess himself of the supreme power.

The first scene of the new play exhibits the Courtiers of Henry III. amusing themselves with fencing and shooting with pop-guns. A dispute arises between St. Megrin, the king's favourite, and the Duke de Guise. The latter becomes angry, and a challenge is the consequence. Henry III. secretly wishes that his favourite may kill the Duke de Guise, who seeks to deprive him of his crown; but the King's mother, Catharine de Medicis, is anxious to remove her son from the influence of both St. Megrin and the Duke de Guise; " the one, she says, would make him a monk, and the other a king." The ambitious Queen wishes her son to be neither the one nor the other, in order that she may reign under his name. A scene in which she visits the Magician Ruggieri, is strictly conformable with historical truth. The tower in which Catharine used to consult the stars, is yet standing in Paris, and this circumstance contributes not a little to the interest of the scene. Catharine administers a narcotic draught to the Duchess de Guise, and has her conveyed to the house of Ruggieri. While there, St. Megrin goes to the astrologer to get his fortune told. " You are in love," says Ruggieri, " with a young lady, to whom you have not avowed your passion. Look at this magical picture, and you will see her." Accordingly a pannel of the wainscot opens, and St. Megrin sees the Duchess de Guise, still sleeping profoundly. He awakens her and speaks to her, and the Duchess, alarmed, escapes from the house. The Duke de Guise sees St. Megrin departing from the abode of the astrologer, and a jealous suspicion crosses his mind. He finds on the ground a handkerchief which he had given to his wife, and

he no longer doubts that she has made an assignation with St. Megrin.—The next act contains a scene which crowned the success of the piece. The Duke de Guise, in an interview with his wife, taxes her with infidelity, and insists on her writing to appoint a meeting with her lover, or swallowing a draught of poison, which he has in readiness. This meeting is, of course only a snare for assassinating St. Megrin, and the Duchess without hesitation raises the poisoned cup to her lips.

At this moment, the Duke seizes her arm, and grasping it furiously in his iron gauntlet, commands her to write the note. This incident formed an admirable point in the acting of Mademoiselle Mars. The Duchess's resolution is overcome by *physical pain,* and she signs the fatal billet. This is an imitation of Sir Walter Scott.—St. Megrin is punctual to the appointment. During his interview with the Duchess, he sees beneath the windows of the apartment the soldiers who are employed to murder him. Another party of assassins fills the anti-chamber. At the entreaty of the Duchess, he endeavours to effect his escape by dropping from the window into the street. In a moment the cries of his assailants are heard. The Duke de Guise enters and rushes to the window. The soldiers tell him that St. Megrin carries sacred relics about his person which render him invulnerable to all their blows. "Strangle him with this handkerchief," exclaims the Duke, throwing out his wife's handkerchief, which he picked up in the house of Ruggieri. The murderers announce that their victim has breathed his last, and the Duchess falls lifeless.

It is impossible to form any idea of the powerful acting of Mademoiselle Mars in the part of the Duchess. She is exactly what a woman of fashion of the present day would be, if placed in similar circumstances. The best tragedies of Racine and Voltaire would appear cold next to such a piece as "Henry III.;" but if Racine and Voltaire were now living, and would avail themselves of the freedom afforded by the imitation of Shakspeare, they would, of course, produce plays infinitely superior to that of M. Dumas.

The Journal called the *Etoile,* which has lately given a variety of anecdotes of the reign of Henry III., has quoted several instances of husbands, who, like the Duke de Guise, forced their wives to be the instruments of their revenge. Madame de Mousereau, and subsequently Madame de Lameth, caused the death of their lovers by similar stratagems. As to the Duke de Guise, he was not quite so barbarous as the new play represents him. On the contrary, he laboured under the reproach of winking at his wife's numerous intrigues. One day he entered her apartment followed by a page carrying a cup and a dagger. "You have dishonoured me," said he. "Choose whether you will die by steel or poison." After vainly endeavouring to move his compassion, the Duchess determined on the poison, and drank the contents of the cup. She withdrew to her chapel to await her approaching death, and knelt down to pray. In about an hour after, the Duke went to her. "You see," said the lady, "the poison has not yet produced its effect; but you have come, no doubt, to give me a less lingering death." "No madam," replied the Duke. "I have only to inform you that there was no poison in the draught you took." This trick was his only revenge.

THE SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

The south-west angle of the continent of Australia, from the shortness and ease of communication with the most important of our Eastern possessions, had been long pointed out as admirably adapted for a colony. From the scarcity of harbours, and the cliffs and low hills along the shore being generally covered with drifted sand, the whole of the west coast had, however, been supposed unfit for cultivation. Until within these few years, no attempt had been made to explore this coast more narrowly; the French, who sailed along it during the winter season, examined it in a very slovenly way, and the storms which they encountered seem to have impressed them with a most unfavourable opinion of the country.

While Captain Stirling was on the coast of New South Wales, in command of his Majesty's ship Success, he determined to avail himself of the opportunity of making a more accurate survey, and for that purpose he sailed from Sidney, accompanied by an able botanist, Mr. Fraser. He reached Cape Leeuwin, in latitude 34 deg. 30 min. south, on the 2d of March, 1827, and from thence proceeded along the shore till he reached Gage's Roads, at the mouth of Swan River, which was the chief aim of his expedition. These roads he found to afford excellent anchorage close to the shore. As they are protected pretty well from all winds, except those from N.N. West to W.N. West, they will, during great part of the year, prove very convenient for ships loading with produce brought down the river, or from the country to the northward. The trouble and expense of carriage to Cockburn Sound will thus be avoided. Cockburn Sound is the only harbour on the coast, and must, therefore, form the nucleus of the colony. It lies in latitude 32 deg. 15 min. south, 115 deg. 34 min. east longitude, and nearly eight miles south of the mouth of Swan River; it is eight miles long by four broad, and has a depth of water varying from four to fourteen fathoms. Buache Island, or, as Captain Stirling named it, Garden Island, between eight and nine miles in length by one in breadth, forms its western boundary, and effectually protects it from the ocean, so that it may be considered perfectly safe for any number of ships during the whole year. It has a commodious entrance, with six and seven fathoms water, between the north end of Garden Island and a small islet called Pulo Carnac. Twelve miles from the mouth of the river, and the same distance from the entrance to the Sound, lies Rothenest Island, nine miles long by four broad:—of both these islands Captain Stirling speaks very favourably, the soil being generally a brown sandy loam, clothed with luxuriant herbage, and capable of rearing all sorts of vegetables.

Before proceeding to describe more minutely the tract watered by Swan River, which was the chief object of Captain Stirling's examination, we will give a brief account of the situation and probable extent of the country likely to become available for settlers. It consists of a narrow strip of land, bounded on the west by the sea, and on the east by an almost continuous chain of mountains, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height. To the southward it extends as far as Cape Leeuwin, and probably from thence runs eastward as far as King George's Sound, where a settlement was established about four

years ago. Cape Leeuwin is nearly one hundred and eighty miles from Swan River, and along the whole of this extent the mountains run nearly parallel with the coast, at a distance varying from twenty to thirty miles. From these mountains run a great number of small streams; but the only rivers of any consequence, besides Swan River, are the Leschenault and Vasse, which fall into Geographer's Bay, the one eighty-five, the other one hundred miles south of Swan River. The courses of these two streams are yet unexplored, but they have bar harbours at their mouths, which, though at present unfit for large ships, will afford shelter and accommodation for small coasting-vessels, when the colony shall have become so settled as to require an intercourse between its different districts. Mr. Fraser describes this country, which contains more than three millions of acres, as being generally, as far as he had an opportunity of ascertaining, very well adapted for agricultural purposes. It consists of a succession of low undulating hills, of which the soil is a fine brown loam, alternating with broad valleys of the finest alluvial soil; the hills appeared finely timbered; the valleys produce an immense variety of herbaceous plants in the greatest luxuriance, and through each of them generally flows a small stream, affording abundance of excellent water. The only impediment, indeed, to the rapid colonization of this fine country, is the want of harbours.

The country to the northward of Swan River has been explored to the distance of a few miles only, but there is good reason for believing it to be for several degrees farther north, equally as favourable as that to the south. It labours however under the same disadvantage as to harbours, none having hitherto been found nearer than Shark's Bay, which lies in the 26th deg. of south latitude, four hundred miles north of Swan River. A few miles from the mouth of the river, the coast bends considerably to the westward, and the mountains also receding more inland, the distance between them increases gradually to upwards of fifty miles; and, though from this point the course of the mountains is unknown, they are supposed to run nearly parallel with the coast for several hundred miles, from the fact that no river of any magnitude has been discovered to the northward.

From Geographer's Bay to the north of the river, the rocks along the shore consist chiefly of lime and sandstone. These strata extend from three to five miles inland, and the soil covering them consists generally of a light sandy loam, in some places of rather a sterile nature, but generally capable of producing tolerable crops: across the mouth of the river a continuation of the limestone ridge unfortunately extends and forms a bar, on which there is only a depth of six feet at low water. About a mile from its mouth the channel deepens and opens into a beautiful and extensive salt-water lake, which has been named Melville Water. This lake is about eight miles long, by three or four broad; and from the depth of water, the perfect security, and the natural wharfs which form part of its shores, it would prove one of the finest harbours in the world, provided it possessed a navigable communication with the sea. To effect this object, Captain Stirling suggests two plans; one, to deepen the channel of the river, which, from the soft friable nature of the limestone under water, he thinks may be done without much expense; the other, to take advantage of a bend in the river, after it issues from the lake, where it approaches within four hundred and

eighty yards of the sea. The channel from this bend to the lake has a depth of five to seven fathoms, and the depth close to the shore outside is four to five fathoms. The intervening rock is limestone; and as it will be very well adapted for building, Captain Stirling thinks the demand for it for that purpose, in the event of a town being built, will contribute considerably towards defraying the expense of cutting a canal through it.

Into this lake fall two rivers, one, properly the Swan, from the north-east, the other, named the Canning, from the south-east. The former was ascended by Captain Stirling to its source, which is rather more than fifty miles from its mouth in a straight line, and about seventy following the windings of the river; the latter, to where the water ceased to be brackish, about twenty miles in a straight line from its junction with the lake, and more than thirty from the sea.

Mr. Fraser gives a very favourable account of the country. In the neighbourhood of the lake and the lower part of the river, there are extensive salt marshes, which he thinks will answer well for the growth of cotton. "At Point Fraser," says he, "the lake may be said to terminate, and the channel assumes the appearance of a beautiful inland river; at this place the flats, which extend to a great distance, are composed of deep alluvial soil, drift timber being found imbedded five feet below the surface: they appear occasionally to be overflowed."

He seems to have been both surprised and delighted with the flourishing appearance of the various trees and shrubs, and the general luxuriance of the herbage with which the country is covered. This he found to arise from the numerous springs which everywhere abound. In fact, the whole soil, a few feet beneath the surface, is saturated with water, and even in the most unpromising places there is no want of this necessary article. Alluding to such a place, he says, "I was astonished in observing the facility with which water is obtained in this apparently sterile tract; for on digging only three feet, water of the best quality was found in abundance."

In ascending higher up the river, he paints the country in equally flattering colours.

"The view from Point Pelican," says he, "was exceedingly grand: the contrast between the dark blue of the distant mountains and the vivid green of the surrounding woods is peculiarly pleasing; and to the eye of a person accustomed to the ever-brown of the forests of Port Jackson, it must be particularly interesting, being so different from any thing in New South Wales. From Point Heathcote, inland, the country seems to improve, as far as I can judge from the immense quantity of herbage which it produces."

In proceeding still farther up the river, the party found the flats to become more extensive, stretching back from its banks as far as the eye could reach, and divided at intervals by low swelling hills; the country also becomes more open, the trees not averaging above two to the acre, and consisting chiefly of the different species of gum-trees common in New South Wales. Numerous rivulets also intersect these plains, running into the river along the greater part of its course, but particularly from the eastward.

As far as the Canning River was explored, the country appeared to be of precisely the same description as that on the Swan, and no doubt

was entertained of its continuing equally good to the mountains. A strong proof of the superior fertility of the soil may be derived from Mr. Fraser's remark; that, when exploring the country, he at first took it for granted that those tracts, covered with the different varieties of banksia, zanthorea, and zamia, were similar to those on the east coast, where the presence of these plants is considered a certain proof of sterility, till, on examination, he found the soil to be a fine sandy loam, capable of bearing any kind of crop.

As the expedition was on the coast at the end of an apparently very dry summer, the luxuriant vegetation shows that it must be exempted from the evils to which the settlements on the east coast have been so often exposed in consequence of the long droughts. It is well known that the west coasts of all continents and islands enjoy a larger share of moisture than the east; and the clouds driven from the ocean being attracted by the lofty range forming the boundary of the settlement, must afford an ample supply for the numerous springs, lagoons, and rivulets, which are everywhere to be met with. There can be no better proof of this than the fact, that the Swan, though having so short a course, and it being the end of summer, was navigable by boats for nearly fifty miles from its mouth.

The same causes which produce the fertility of the soil, have also a sensible influence on the temperature of the climate. During the time the party was on shore, the weather was delightful; the average of the thermometer being 72 deg. and the extremes 84 deg. and 59 deg. This moderate temperature Captain Stirling attributes in part to the influence of the winds from the mountains, on which he found the thermometer to be 15 deg. lower than on the plains.

From the greater degree of moisture, it is feared by some that the climate may not prove so healthy as that of the old settlements on the eastern coast; but it is probable, that the greater uniformity of temperature, produced by the alternate breezes from the sea and the mountains, must entirely counterbalance its humid effects; and the report given by Captain Stirling on the subject perfectly coincides with this conjecture:—" In my opinion," says he, " the climate, considered with reference to health, is highly salubrious. This opinion is corroborated by the Surgeon of the Success, who states, in his report to me, that, notwithstanding the great exposure of the people to fatigue, to night-air in the neighbourhood of marshy grounds, and to other causes usually productive of sickness, he had not one case upon his sick-list, except slight complaints unconnected with climate."

As far as the observations of the exploring parties extended, the animals appeared to be the same, or nearly the same, as those on the east coast. The natives with whom they met seemed in no respect different from those at Port Jackson: they carried the same rude weapons, and appeared as little advanced in civilization: nothing like a hut of any kind was seen, and they were equally destitute of any kind of boat or canoe. They remained on friendly terms with the party during their stay on shore, although they seemed not altogether to approve of the intrusion into their territory.* Mr. Fraser says that,

* And by what right *do* we take from them their country?—by none, we fear, but that of power.

while he was attending a party that, at some distance, was hauling the cutter through the mud, he was accosted by three natives, armed, who made signs to him to depart, but offered no violence; on hearing the voices of the party, they retired into the woods. One or two varieties of kangaroos were seen on the main land, and a small variety was very numerous on Rothenest Island. In the woods, the howling of the native dogs was heard, though none were seen. Iguanas and land tortoises were also met with. In proceeding up the river, the party was much surprised to find in several places a number of deep pits on its banks, which they afterwards found were dug by the natives to entrap the tortoises, in those places where they abounded. Mr. Fraser says that, immediately before he was accosted by the three natives, he distinctly heard the bellowing of some animal similar to that of an ox, from an extensive marsh farther up the river. Although it is rather singular that an animal of such a size, if really existing, should escape the observation of the party, it is likely enough that the country may contain such. We believe that, about four years ago, several cattle were landed on Rothenest and Buache Islands, and some of these may very probably have found their way to the main land.

The catalogue of birds is somewhat more extensive: the emu was frequently seen on the open downs; the lower parts of the river, and particularly Melville Water, abound with that beautiful bird the black swan, as well as numerous varieties of geese, ducks, and other waterfowl; the woods swarm with all the varieties of cockatoos, parrots, and parroquets, common on the east coast. One sort of cockatoo, which seemed peculiar, was seen in large flocks; the back and upper part of the wings were white, the under part of the tail yellow, and the breast of the male grey and vermilion, that of the female black. Pigeons, quails, and numerous species of smaller birds, were everywhere plentiful in the woods.

On the shores of the different islands, seals were observed in great numbers; and Captain Stirling was of opinion that, in the proper season, whales frequented the coast, which may become a field for the establishment of a valuable fishery. The banks, which extend to a great distance from land, furnish many species of excellent fish, and in such numbers, that a boatful was easily caught in a few hours.

Little opportunity was, of course, afforded for mineralogical researches. No coal was found; but Captain Stirling remarks that the strata usually accompanying coal were predominant, and appear in many places above the surface, so that he thinks a careful examination may bring this useful mineral to light. Some specimens of copper and lead ore were found, and considerable veins of iron ore were seen to traverse the rocks in different places.

Among the limestone cliffs there are numerous extensive caverns, some of them covered with beautiful stalactites, and in several places incrusted with rock-salt in considerable quantities.

In concluding his description of this fine country, Mr. Fraser thus sums up its advantages:—

"In giving my opinion of the land seen on the banks of Swan River, I hesitate not in pronouncing it superior to any I have seen in New South Wales east of the Blue Mountains, not only in its local character, but in the many existing advantages to the settlers.

"These are as follow:

"First.—Evident superiority of soil.

"Second.—Facility with which land can be cultivated, in consequence of the open state of the country, on which the trees do not average above two to the acre.

"Third.—Great abundance of springs producing excellent water, and the consequent permanent humidity of the soil; two advantages not enjoyed on the eastern coast.

"Fourth.—Water-carriage to the door, and the facility of land-carriage."

The situation of the colony in respect to communication with other places is also admirable; it is easily accessible at all times of the year, an advantage not possessed by the old settlements on the east coast. It lies almost on the direct track of ships from Europe to the latter colony, and within a moderate distance of that of our ships to India and China, so that it can always enjoy sufficient intercourse with all these places.

The distance from the Cape is only four weeks' sail; from Java two or three weeks, and from Mauritius, Bombay, and other places in our Eastern possessions, from five to six weeks; so that supplies of all kinds of tropical produce may be obtained readily, at very moderate prices.

Although settlers in this colony can have no difficulty in raising the necessaries of life in abundance, yet they can never expect to attain to any great degree of wealth or importance, unless they can raise such exchangeable commodities in return for the productions of other countries, as may enable them to avail themselves of their favourable situation: some persons doubt whether this, with the exception of a few trifling articles, can ever be in their power, though we cannot see any grounds for such an opinion. With the exception of a few exclusively tropical productions, they must be able to raise nearly all those articles which command a ready market in Europe and elsewhere, and their central situation must give them a great advantage over several of their rivals. Being in the same latitude as Port Jackson, we may conclude that the colony is equally fitted for the growth of fine wool; and as the terms on which settlers have their lands must enable them to defy competition, we may reasonably expect that before many years are passed, the wool of the continent will be almost entirely superseded by the produce of these colonies. Tobacco, too, being supplied almost exclusively by a nation which at present seems to use every means of cramping our power, will be particularly deserving of attention; and there is no doubt it may be raised in any quantity, and equal in quality to that of the United States. The amount last year imported into the United Kingdom was 33,000,000 lbs. of which 32,000,000lbs. were from America, and almost exclusively in American shipping: what a field then do we see open here for the industry of our colonists, and the employment of our shipping! Hemp, flax, silk, hides, gums, &c. may, with proper attention, soon become valuable articles of export. Horses, too, we have reason to believe, may form an useful branch of export to India. A considerable number of these animals are annually imported into that country from the Red Sea, and bring very high prices; and we understand that some have recently been imported from Sidney on speculation, which have afforded a profitable return: it can hardly be

doubted, therefore, that the new colony, possessing such advantages in point of situation, may render this a valuable trade.

After having spoken thus favourably of the projected settlement, and shown what promising prospects it offers to an enterprising settler, we are sorry to have to mention any thing which may tend to damp the ardour of the thousands who have been preparing to proceed to it.

By the terms of the prospectus issued from the Colonial Office, the public will be led to infer that only actual settlers will be entitled to the privileges and advantages offered therein; and with this opinion a number of individuals have already sailed for the settlement. After some vague rumours which appeared in the public papers, it has, however, at last transpired, that the Home Secretary, who loses no opportunity of quartering his relations on the public, has received a grant for one of them, or, more properly speaking, has conferred upon himself by far the most valuable portion of the colony. Great anxiety has been shown by the parties concerned in this transaction to keep the public in the dark as to the fact; and even after the thing could no longer be concealed, they have attempted to deceive them still more grossly, by pretending that the grant, instead of being an obstruction, will prove a benefit to other settlers, by forming a sort of *depôt*, from which the latter may be supplied with cattle, grain, and other things, which they may not at first be able to provide for themselves; and that, as it lies a considerable distance up the river, it leaves ample room for other emigrants, in equally favourable situations. Now, we can tell the public, on undoubted authority, that the first of these assertions is a fallacy, the second untrue. From the open state of the country and mildness of the climate, settlers cannot arrive at any season of the year without finding themselves enabled at once to plant some sort of grain—wheat, barley, and oats at one time, Indian corn at another, and potatoes and all kinds of vegetables throughout the whole year; so that, if they proceed with moderate prudence and industry, they can have little or no occasion to depend on others for these articles.

To enable our readers more clearly to understand our proof of the falsehood of their report, as to the situation of the grant, we will refer them to the description previously given of the courses of the two rivers. The one coming from the north-east, and the other from the south-east, they form a fork or angle of about 45 deg.; and Mr. Peel's boundary line, commencing at the extreme point to which the Canning was explored (32 miles from the sea), and carried parallel with the mountains towards Swan River, reaches the latter thirty miles from its mouth in a straight line, and above fifty following the windings of the river. The distance between the two rivers at these points is thirty-three miles, and the space remaining between the boundary and the mountains is generally from one to three, and never more than four miles in breadth. Of this narrow, unoccupied strip, the greater part is unfit for cultivation, the surface to the distance of a mile from the mountains being covered with fragments of chalcedony and other rocks; the remaining patches being hemmed in and excluded from the river by Mr. Peel's domain, can never be desirable situations for free-settlers, so that they must be considered as portions of the grant. Having thus secured the fertile uplands, Mr. Peel's next object is to get possession of the whole water communication of the colony, which he does by run-

ning from his extreme limits on the two rivers, lines nearly direct to the coast, which they reach, the one fifteen miles to the north, the other the same distance to the south of the river's mouth; thus completely engrossing the whole navigable courses of the two rivers and Cockburn Sound, the only harbour. The tract of country thus shut against free-settlers contains about 650 square miles, including the water-surface, which may occupy nearly fifty square miles more. Of this amount, however, Government has reserved, for the site of a town and other public purposes, a small portion, extending along the coast from Cockburn Sound to four miles north of the river, a distance altogether of eleven or twelve miles, and extending about nine miles inland. From the obscure explanation which was officially given respecting the obnoxious grant, the public may probably infer that this small tract will be open to settlers on the same terms as the more remote parts of the country; we inform our readers, that such an inference is erroneous: this reserve will be no more available for agricultural settlers than Mr. Peel's grant; and even though it were, so small a spot could not deserve a moment's attention.

It is amusing to observe the paltry subterfuges which have been had recourse to in order to mollify the public. It is, of course, nearly as much the interest of the monopolists that the surrounding lands should be settled as that they should find occupants for their own; they, therefore, at first quietly allowed two or three cargoes of emigrants to sail for the colony, prudently thinking that it would be time enough to dissipate their golden dreams after their arrival, when they should find themselves compelled to march twenty or thirty miles into the interior, or to accede to any terms that should be dictated. When the job first got wind, and began to excite the doubts and fears of other emigrants in intention, they endeavoured to dissipate them by representing the grant as quite in a remote and out-of-the-way situation, selected at random, and that they were quite ignorant of the nature of the soil and other capabilities. Now when this affair has been exposed by the press, they think disguise no longer necessary, and boldly vaunt it to be possessed of the best situation and most fertile soil in the colony, and as enjoying other advantages, which render it infinitely preferable for settlement to any other place.

After having acted thus, we may give them credit for any kind of trickery for the advancement of their interests, and accordingly the terms on which they propose getting tenants for their lands, hold out ample opportunity for its exercise. Professing the utmost liberality, and a paternal regard for the welfare of those who may be innocent enough to accept these offers, they inform the public that the plan on which they chiefly mean to colonize their land, is by leasing it to men of moderate capital; and that for the benefit of those who may not have the means of fully stocking and cultivating their lots, they will make advances of cattle, implements, and goods of every description, for the conveyance of a large quantity of which to the colony they have already made arrangements. This is certainly, in appearance, very liberal, but in appearance only. We have had good opportunity of observing the effects of such a plan in Canada, where it has frequently been acted upon, and the uniform consequence has been the ruin of the tenant: the object of the superior being merely to procure a tempo-

rary cultivator of his land, till, by the industry of the latter, and the increasing cultivation of the surrounding country, it may have attained such a value as to enable him to sell at a good profit, while he takes care to involve the tenant so deeply in his debt that he can have little or no chance of extricating himself for a very long period. Thus situated, he generally, also, takes care to exact a sufficiently exorbitant per centage on these advances, keeps the vassal in a state of slavish dependence so long as he finds it convenient, and when a good opportunity of selling presents itself, turns him adrift without ceremony, under pretence of his inability to fulfil his engagements. We do not say that the proprietors of this grant mean to act thus, but we think that no man of common prudence, with such precedents before his eyes, will venture to engage in such a speculation, where there is so much temptation to oppression, and so little chance of gaining redress.

It is worthy of remark, too, and we have the best authority for making it, that a great part of the discontent and dissensions in Canada has arisen from this cause: the numerous sufferers, knowing that these large monopolizing grants emanated from the Government, looked upon the latter as the original cause of their distresses; and as reparation to these people was seldom if ever thought of, the temporary irritation has been nursed into a deep-rooted hatred against the Government, which they endeavour by every means in their power to thwart and annoy. We understand that Mr. Peel intends, at a future period, to increase his grant to 1,000,000 of acres; in which case the discontent which at present exists must be increased in a tenfold degree.

The grant to Mr. Peel is in no respect more obnoxious than in that indulgence which allows him a period of twenty years for bringing the land into cultivation, while others are limited to ten. In taking possession of so extensive a tract, he seems to have been perfectly alive to the necessity of granting himself this privilege. He can hardly expect, while good land, within a reasonable distance of water-carriage, though lying less conveniently, is to be got for nothing, that a settler will consent to become his tenant, and render himself liable to the evils to which we have before alluded. He knows, that while others are limited to ten years, they must labour strenuously to fulfil the terms on which they receive their grants; and that his land, forming the very nucleus of the settlement, must, without a single effort on his part, or the expense of a shilling, rapidly increase in value, by the progressive improvements around it, and thus easily ensure purchasers among succeeding emigrants. It must indeed be a powerful cause of irritation among the colonists to find that a man who has so seriously injured them by excluding them from the best part of the Colony, should be permitted quietly to rest on his oars and profit by their industry. Another and more immediate evil is, that such a large extent of country will intervene between the different settlers, interrupting their communication with each other as well as with the sea. In Gourlay's work on Canada, he gives a statistical account of a number of districts, in the shape of reports, drawn up by the most intelligent of the inhabitants of each; and these, with only one exception, attribute the comparatively slow progress of prosperity to the injudicious system of keeping large reserves for the maintenance of future schools and churches, and of giving large grants to persons who are non-resident. From such grantees generally no

terms were required; and even when bound to cultivate the land so granted within a limited time, few took the trouble to fulfil the conditions: these non-residents, too, being frequently tools of the Government, the sufferers by the abuse seldom dared to complain. The necessary consequence was, that the actual settlers were scattered at distant intervals among the woods, their mutual intercourse seriously obstructed, and the reserves being destitute of roads, the carriage of produce to a market was next to impossible.

We are glad to see that the public are so unanimous in opinion respecting this grant. We think it, indeed, one of the most shameful jobs with which the annals of our jobbing country have been for some time distinguished. Mr. Peel seems to flatter himself that Machiavelli's maxim respecting *great* men is particularly applicable to himself, and he certainly shows a most magnanimous contempt for the world's opinion.

In consequence of the notoriety which the affair has gained, there is considerable probability, however, that it may fall to the ground; or, if not, that the progress of the settlement will be most effectually retarded, if not altogether stopped. We ourselves know several individuals who have already sailed to another colony; and hundreds have either changed their destination in the same manner, or given up all intention of leaving this country, although they had already made considerable preparations to proceed to Swan river. Sufficient evidence of this is afforded by the fact, that of the many ships advertised to sail from the Thames to the Settlement, the major part have been withdrawn.

We hope, however, that the subject will be again brought before Parliament, and justice done to the public; and if the grant be not altogether rescinded, that it will at all events be so modified as to allow a reasonable portion of good land on the river to be open to other settlers.

THE GALLO-IRISH.

At the last Assizes of Wexford, (I am an observer of incident, and communicate whatever strikes me as deserving of note,) a case was tried before Mr. Justice Jebb, in the course of which a singular scene took place. An action for a libel was brought by Mr. John Corcoran, a respectable attorney of the town of Enniscorthy, against a gentleman of considerable property and of a very peculiar character and aspect, Mr. John Wheeler Pounden. He had been at one period an exceedingly zealous Protestant, and exemplified his legal orthodoxy by very signal manifestations of zeal during the Rebellion. But suddenly he abandoned his original opinions, both in politics and religion, and became an enthusiastic Roman Catholic. It was with no little astonishment, and with no less indignation, that the loyal inhabitants of Enniscorthy (which is situate at the foot of Vinegar Hill) beheld John Wheeler Pounden, accompanied by "a Moabite woman," proceeding to hear the Bishop's mass on a beautiful Sunday morning; and it was with a corresponding exultation that he was seen by the Roman Catholics of this factious village, kneeling in an attitude of sincere and humble abjuration of the errors of Luther and of Calvin, clasping in contrite piety the hands with which the yeoman's sabre had been brandished and the carbine had been levelled, and bowing down the high and haughty front, on which the helmet of loyalty had so often waved its plumes, when he charged at the head of a constitutional squadron, and put the phalanxes of pikemen to flight. John Wheeler Pounden became a Catholic; and whilst he acquired the support of one party, he incurred the detestation of the Protest-

ant faction. He is a man of vehement feelings, and on his stern visage the strongest emotions are depicted. That he was greatly harassed and annoyed, I am inclined to think; and the desertion of his former associates, on account of his change of sentiment, embittered his mind, and rendered him liable to exasperation. Upon a large seal, which he wears appended to a long and heavy golden chain, he has caused to be engraven, "John Wheeler Pounden, the victim of bigotry, persecution, and intolerance:" this strange impression appears upon his letters. It will be readily seen that he must needs be a man of vehement sensibilities; and accordingly, his feelings have not unfrequently placed him in situations of great peculiarity. Mr. Hercules Atkins, a gentleman residing in Enniscorthy, charged him with having, in a fit of passion, rushed on him with a sword-cane. He alleged, on the other hand, that he drew the weapon to defend himself from the powerful blow of his antagonist. It is not necessary to inquire which party gave the most authentic account of this extraordinary encounter. Mr. John Corcoran was employed by Mr. Pounden to defend him, as his attorney, in the legal proceedings which originated from this transaction; and not very long afterwards, a difference took place between them respecting a bill of costs. This disagreement having matured itself to enmity, a pamphlet was disseminated through Enniscorthy and its vicinity, containing some dreadful and most groundless imputations against Mr. Corcoran. His family, his conduct, both as an individual and as a professional man, his wife and children, were all assailed with the most merciless invective, and at the same time a lavish panegyric was pronounced upon Mr. Pounden for his conversion to the Catholic faith. No name was attached to this libel, but Mr. Corcoran fixed upon Mr. Pounden, between whom and himself there existed a rancorous animosity, as the author. Mr. Pounden is a person of considerable ability as a writer, and there was a disposition to fix publications of this kind upon him, in consequence of some celebrity which he had acquired as the supposed composer of a pasquinade upon a Dr. Radcliffe, for which a Wexford jury had awarded against him the enormous damages of 3000*l*. Mr. Corcoran had only one piece of direct evidence against him, which was an envelope, inclosing one of the pamphlets directed to a Mr. Sparrow, and which several persons swore was in the handwriting of Mr. Pounden. With this document as his only immediate proof, Mr. Corcoran brought an action against John Wheeler Pounden. Some witnesses swore that the envelope was in the handwriting of the defendant. In order to sustain this case, it was also sworn that Mr. Pounden had been in the habit of using expressions of a very remarkable nature, in conversation, which occurred in the pamphlet; and the principal witness to this fact was Mr. Fitzhenry, who had been a Colonel in the French service, and had served in the Peninsular war. He was produced by Mr. Corcoran, and stated, but with a good deal of reluctance, that he had heard Mr. Pounden speak of Mr. Corcoran and his family in the very phrases which appeared in the publication. The case for the plaintiff closed; and it was with a good deal of surprise that a crowded audience in the court-house heard the counsel for the defendant declare that the actual author of the libel should be produced, in order to show that Mr. Pounden was falsely charged with the composition. Much curiosity was excited by this announcement; every body being anxious to learn what man would gratuitously come forward to acknowledge himself to have been the author of so much opprobrious vituperation. The counsel for Mr. Pounden, Mr. Moore, having made this declaration, and concluded a most able and ingenious speech, (indeed the speeches of that gentleman are always of that character,) there was a moment's pause, and suddenly a Mr. Barker leaped upon the table, and having taken the oath of attestation, with a certain peremptory boldness of attitude, and given intimations in his manner of a foreign habitude, he took his seat in the witness-chair, and declared himself, in an accent which made me take him at first for a Frenchman by birth, as the author of the libel for which the action was brought. He had just come, he said, from France,

and was induced to do so for the vindication of Mr. Pounden, and in order to rescue him from the consequences of an imputation of which he protested to God that Mr. Pounden was utterly innocent. This statement was in itself not a little surprising, but the manner of the delivery greatly increased its effect. The French intonation, and the demi-military, demi-literary aspect of the witness, who was employed in one of the bureaus of the Government in Paris, gave to his evidence a very strange and peculiar character; and every one was struck with the singularity of the circumstance, that a libel, published in the town of Enniscorthy, should have been proved by a colonel of Napoleon's army, and that his evidence should have been encountered by another Irishman who had been transplanted at an early period to France, and had taken there a deep and permanent root. Mr. Barker mentioned that he had been conveyed by his father from Ireland when he was only two or three years of age, and that he had since resided in France. He had some claims to property in Ireland, and returned in order to establish them. Colonel Fitzhenry, with whom he had been most intimate, introduced him to Mr. Corcoran, with whom he soon quarrelled; and in order that he might glut his hatred to him, he composed the libel, in which the plaintiff and his family were most cruelly traduced. On being asked what his motive was, he answered, with equal ferocity and determination, "Revenge;" and when he was questioned from whom he had received any of the particulars respecting Mr. Corcoran, which were introduced into his pamphlet, he turned round, and with a smile of malevolent fierceness he pointed to Colonel Fitzhenry, (the close friend of the plaintiff,) as the man who had supplied him with the poisonous compounds which he had subsequently wrought up. "I heard," he said, "every one of the anecdotes detailed in that pamphlet from Colonel Fitzhenry himself." Here Colonel Fitzhenry started up and declared, in the most solemn manner, that the allegation was utterly false. He was then called again upon the table, and both the Gallo-Irish were confronted. The spectacle was a striking one. Colonel Fitzhenry, who is a large man, with that sort of face which is observable in the county of Wexford, and whose originally Saxon character had been modified by his intercourse with French dragoons, seated himself opposite to Barker, while the other stood up to his full height, and placing his hand in a theatrical fashion upon his breast, repeated his distinct asseveration that Colonel Fitzhenry had communicated to him all that he had stated. Colonel Fitzhenry, who was a good deal moved (and it would be strange if he had not been) by this accusation of perfidy, with less emphasis of manner, but with every appearance of truth, unequivocally denied the charge. The counsel for Mr. Pounden then found it requisite to impeach his credit, and inquired of him whether he had ever taken an oath which he had violated? "Never, upon my soul and honour!" replied Colonel Fitzhenry. "Did you not violate your oath of allegiance to George the Third when you entered the French service?"—"Never!" was the answer, "for I took no oath of allegiance before."—"And your oath to Napoleon!" exclaimed Barker, in a tone of deep and reproachful intonation, while he shook his hand with a denouncing gesture, and regarded his antagonist with a mixture of detestation and of disdain,—"And your oath to Napoleon!" was again repeated, with an increased vehemence of interrogation, which would have made any man, excepting one conscious of his innocence, shrink beneath it. The question respecting his fidelity to George the Third had not excited much interest, but the moment the Irish refugee was charged with treason to the mighty Corsican, every eye was fixed upon him, and the Judge himself exhibited a strong solicitude for his answer. Colonel Fitzhenry replied with a good deal of emotion, which was, indeed, inseparable from his condition, that he had not violated any oath to the "Emperor," and begged to be permitted to give an explanation of his motives for leaving the French service. He protested, with a vehement adjuration to God, that he had never been a deserter to the English, though he had been grossly vilified by the imputation. Judge Jebb gave him leave to state any thing

which he thought proper, the jury bent forward to listen to him, and the credit of a respectable gentleman was placed in a British tribunal upon the single question, whether he had abandoned the eagles of Napoleon for the standards of the Duke of Wellington. Colonel Fitzhenry satisfied every man in court that he was not to blame in the event to which he referred. The jury believed him, and a verdict of 1000*l.* was found for the plaintiff.

I thought this collision between two persons, who had both left their country, and were placed in this counter-position, not a little singular; and my interest having been excited about Colonel Fitzhenry, from what I had witnessed at this trial, I inquired into his history, which I found an eventful one. He left Ireland after the troubles of 1798, and the motive for leaving his country is sufficiently obvious. Having reached France, he, and several other Irishmen similarly situated, received commissions, and were appointed officers of a legion, of which the mere skeleton was scarcely formed. It was called the Irish Legion, but for a considerable time it was, in a great measure, ideal: the refugees, who were nominally to command it, held the rank of officers, but they had no troops under them. It was however considered of importance by the Republican Government to keep them in their service, because they afforded evidence in their persons of the disaffection of Ireland, and they were likely to prove useful in an invasion which was meditated at the time of their original formation into a corps. They amounted to about eighteen gentlemen, and were ordered by Berthier to repair to Morlaix, and were placed there under the command of Mr. M'Sheepy, who was charged with the military creation of this Irish legion, of which more than the embryo could scarcely at the time have been said to exist. However small their numbers, they were deemed worthy of some regard; and when they were assembled at Morlaix, Augereau asked them to dine with him, and accepted from them a splendid entertainment in return. The project of invading Ireland was soon after abandoned, and the army, which was called "The Army of England," as it was destined for the conquest of those countries, was marched into Germany, while the Irish emigrants were sent into quarters in Brittany, in order that they might be drilled and prepared for active service. They were not long in this situation before the unfortunate characteristics of their country became manifest in broils among themselves. In this little knot of Irishmen, two factions almost instantly sprang up. Arthur O'Connor was considered by M'Sheepy to have been raised into an undue elevation beyond him, and straight the O'Connor and M'Sheepy parties were formed in the heart of Brittany by these unhappy exiles from a country, from which they had carried nothing but their contentious and discordant spirit. A singular instance of this unhappy disposition occurred shortly after they had taken up their quarters in Brittany. A lady happened to say that there were only two or three gentlemen amongst them. The information was supposed to have been traced; and this ground of quarrel was so well cultivated, that challenges were exchanged between all the officers of the corps. They all proceeded together to a wood, upon a fine morning, to cut each other's throats, when the absurdity of the business struck them, and by the interposition of one or two more sober-minded persons, a reconciliation was effected, and their swords were sheathed. They continued unemployed for a considerable time, and when years had elapsed, were marched into Germany, and arrived at Mayence shortly after the battle of Jena. A large body of Poles, who had been taken prisoners, were induced to enter the French service; and of these Poles the chief *materiel* of the Irish legion was formed, the officers being Irish, and the troops being chiefly composed of the natives of Poland. They were despatched to Walcheren, where hundreds fell victims to the pestilence which proved so fatal to the British army. Colonel Fitzhenry, finding his health greatly impaired, obtained leave to go to Paris, where he remonstrated with regard to the treatment which he and his countrymen had experienced; and so far succeeded, that he and a body of the Irish legion, amounting to 2000 men, were ordered to proceed to the Penin-

sula. He was appointed "Chef de Bataillon," which gave him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At Pampeluna, the Irish corps, as it was called, distinguished itself under his orders. Several certificates of the first officers in the service of Napoleon were given to him, and in all of them the improved condition of the Irish corps was referred to his personal exertions. Among the rest, the following certificate was signed by Baron Thomieres, at the camp of Astorga, April 2, 1810.

"I certify that the discipline, order, and spirit of the Irish corps are owing, in a great measure, to the activity, zeal, and military qualifications of the 'Chef de Bataillon,' Colonel Fitzhenry, since it has been under his command. I have only praises to bestow upon the good conduct, skill, and firmness, of that excellent officer; and I regard him as in every particular qualified to serve his Majesty the Emperor in a higher grade. (Signed) "THOMIERES."

Colonel Fitzhenry received from every general under whom he served similar testimonies, and it was not very unreasonable upon his part to expect that another officer should not be placed over his head, and reap all the fruits of his military services. Clarke, the Duke de Feltre, had a cousin (a Mr. O'Meara) who had never been engaged in active warfare, but whom his relative was determined to promote. Accordingly, the Irish Marshal decided on removing an Irishman to make room for his own relative. O'Meara, even upon his own confession, was not in any way qualified to command the regiment, and was much less entitled to supersede an old officer in the station to which years of service had given him a claim. He addressed a letter to Colonel Fitzhenry from France, apprising him of his appointment, and stating that it was with difficulty he was induced to accept it; that he was aware that his health required a sedentary life, but that his cousin, the Duke de Feltre, had insisted on his taking the command, in order to give him a right to the cross of honour. O'Meara joined the corps, and was so ignorant of his profession, that on being called on by the General at a review to manœuvre his troops, he was unable to give them even the word of command. Colonel Fitzhenry would at once have resigned, but that Massena persuaded him to retain the subordinate command until measures should be adopted for his promotion. He was prevailed on, in consequence of these assurances, to continue in the corps, while Mr. O'Meara remained nominally at its head. He did all the duties incidental to his situation; if hardship and danger were to be encountered, he was the substitute for the colonel; he was to be seen in the camp and in the field, while the cousin of the minister figured in the bureau of the war department; but all the military achievements of the corps were, by a sort of military fiction, (for there are fictions in the army as well as in the law,) attributed to him. Finding himself deprived of the legitimate reward of his services, Colonel Fitzhenry sent in his resignation. No answer was for a considerable time returned. At length he threw off his regimentals, and appeared in plain clothes. He was instantly arrested, and in order to add ignominy to punishment, was confined in a place full of ordure, with a sentinel placed at the door. No alternative was left him but to continue in this nauseous incarceration, or to take the command of the Irish corps again; and at the entreaty of General Thomieres he adopted the latter course. General Thomieres informed him, that he had been instructed to compel him to resume his functions, but at the same time candidly told him, that all his hopes of advancement were at an end, and that the Duke de Feltre, his brother Irishman, would never forgive him for having presumed to stand in his relation's way. General Thomieres added, that in his opinion, his best course would be to take the earliest opportunity of returning to his own country. In order to facilitate this object, Colonel Fitzhenry obtained leave of absence, and took advantage of it, in order to follow his suggestion. The advice of General Thomieres was seconded by Doctor Curtis, who was a professor of theology in the Irish College of Salamanca. He caused application to be made to the Duke of Wellington for a pardon, and for permission to return to England. This was granted

to him, but he did not desert to the British army, or make any communication whatever, as the purchase of mercy. To use his own expressions, "My only offence against Napoleon consisted in a desire to die in Ireland. In indulging a desire so natural to the human heart, and the intensity of which none but an exile can feel, I was not guilty of any violation of honour or good faith; and there are few, who, if they make my case their own, will not acknowledge that they would have turned their eyes to their country, and after many years of toil, of danger, and of sorrow, have given way to the instinctive wish, to spend the residue of their lives in that spot which was consecrated by the associations of childhood, and which had been endeared by separation." Colonel Fitzhenry, with the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, proceeded to London, and having applied to the Government for leave to go to Ireland, the following answer was received from Colonel Bunbury:—

"*Downing-street, June* 28, 1811.

"Sir—I am directed by Lord Liverpool to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to his Lordship of this day, and to acquaint you that no time will be lost in communicating upon the subject with Mr. Wellesley Pole, who is at present in Ireland. It must depend on the decision of the Irish Government whether you will be allowed to reside in Ireland, but his Lordship hopes that no reason will be found for refusing you this permission. As soon as Mr. Pole's answer shall have been received, the result will be communicated to you without loss of time.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"H. E. Bunbury."

The request made by Colonel Fitzhenry was granted, and he was allowed to return to his native country. He did not, however, escape imputation. It was alleged that he had not only deserted to the British army, but had betrayed the confidence reposed in him, and given most useful, but dishonourable information, to the Duke of Wellington. He was naturally most solicitous to vindicate his character, and Doctor Curtis having been named Primate of all Ireland, he addressed him a letter, to which he received the following reply, which coming from the correspondent of the Great Captain, will be read with interest:—

"My dear Sir—Yes, most certainly I well remember, and shall never forget, my amiable, good friend, the gallant Colonel Fitzhenry, whose kind letter of the 17th inst. convinces me he still retains the same warm, generous sentiments for which I always admired and esteemed him, independently of his military and other tried merits, which I have often mentioned with just eulogy, and never heard them called in question, or tarnished with any foul imputation during my travels in Spain, Portugal, and France, in all which I found you well known and respected.

"I beg you will accept my grateful acknowledgments for your friendly congratulations on my appointment to the Primacy, which I am sure you heard with much greater pleasure than I did, who could have no ambition or wish for such a promotion at my advanced time of life—accordingly I opposed it, as far as duty and decency would permit, but was at length obliged to acquiesce.

"We shall, I hope, have the pleasure of meeting, one day or other, and of commemorating our former scenes and perils—"quondam hæc meminisse juvabit." In the mean time, permit me to assure you, I have the honour to remain sincerely, my dear Sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

"P. Curtis."

"Dublin, 22d September, 1819.
"Colonel Fitzhenry, &c."

Colonel Fitzhenry was, soon after this letter had been written, again attacked by a writer in the Dublin Morning Post, and sent the article to the Catholic Archbishop. Doctor Curtis wrote to him a second time:—

"My dear Colonel Fitzhenry—Our mutual worthy friend, Doctor Shelton, of this place, in his return lately from Wexford, honoured me with a visit, for the express purpose of communicating the assurance you had prayed him to convey of your kind sentiments towards me, which were extremely gratifying, and, you may depend, perfectly reciprocal upon my part. I was happy to hear you enjoyed good health and contentment in your highly-respectable sphere of life.

"But the Doctor withal handed me, at your request, certain printed slips taken from newspapers, intimating that some idle and unfounded strictures had been made in this country, on the manner of your departure from the regiment under your command in the French army in Spain, during the Peninsular war. But I was pleased to find that the same editor, in obtaining a faithful statement of facts, was just enough to contradict and avow the nullity of what had been unguardedly insinuated in a former publication.

"I myself have been sometimes asked, at home and abroad, to explain the cause of your unexpected departure from the French army, of which it was plain I could not be ignorant, on account of my intimacy with you; and I have as often accounted for it in the same manner that I see you yourself have done, and thus convinced the inquirers. The perfidious invasion of Spain by the French army, in 1808, was the most flagrantly unjust, impolitic, and fatal to themselves, that ever Bonaparte made or attempted, and it grieved me to see you unintentionally embarked by untoward circumstances in so iniquitous a cause. Though you should have been as well treated in the French army as you were ill and unjustly used, I have always thought it your bounden duty not to remain there, but to leave them, as you did, without giving up any post, or betraying any trust.

"With sentiments of the utmost esteem, I have the honour to remain, my dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

"✝P. CURTIS, ABP."

Immediately before the action (with an account of which this article commences) was brought against Mr. Pounden, Colonel Fitzhenry transmitted the pamphlet, which Mr. Barker claimed as his exclusive and intellectual offspring, and in which there were severe strictures upon Colonel Fitzhenry, to Doctor Curtis. He begged of the Archbishop to procure from the Duke of Wellington an acknowledgment that he had not made any unworthy disclosures to him. The answer of the Doctor is remarkable, and with it I shall conclude this article upon the Gallo-Irish, all of whom, I am inclined to think, were treated with nearly the same neglect—(thank God! that the inducement to abandon their natural allegiance to their King and country is for ever gone!)—

"*Drogheda, June* 10, 1828.

"MY DEAR COLONEL FITZHENRY,—I am this moment honoured with your kind letter of the 4th inst. inclosing a vile and contemptible pamphlet, which, as you desire, I now return, though I should consider it unworthy of the least notice.

"I sent you, several years ago, the full declaration you then called for, in contradiction of the unfounded and malicious attacks made on your character, on account of your having in the late Peninsular war quitted the French army and service in Spain, and returned to Ireland with the necessary permission of the Duke of Wellington. It is out of my power to apply to his Grace, as you now seem to wish, that he may certify the honourable and disinterested manner in which you conducted yourself on that important occasion. I hold no correspondence with that celebrated personage, nor have I ever interfered in any thing appertaining to his high command since I left Spain, nor even before, except when duly called upon to render any little service in my power to the just and righteous cause, which cost me very dear, and often exposed me to the imminent danger of death. My abstraction for many years past from all such affairs, the duties of my present station, my very advanced age, and, above all, my constant refusal to meddle in what does not belong to me, have not been able to deliver me from being daily teased to death about similar applications, particularly to the Duke of Wellington, who would, probably, take no notice of any coming from me; but he shall certainly never be annoyed by them, and I must beg you will propose nothing of the kind to me in future.

"I am not a little surprised that you, who have lived long, and known the world so well, with its envy, jealousy, and malice, should not be prepared to overlook or despise any unjust strictures made on your actions, when you see that neither the Duke himself, nor even the greatest monarchs, can avoid them.—I have the honour to remain, sincerely, my dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

"✝P. CURTIS, ABP."

A PRIVATE SITTING WITH A RETIRING CHANCELLOR.

(From an unpublished work.)

WHILE affairs were in this unsettled state, and I was hesitating whether I should accept the chaplaincy to Sierra Leone or not, I received a summons from the Chancellor. Notwithstanding our relationship—for my mother was a near connexion of his lordship's—our intercourse had, of late years, been so truly painful and humiliating, that I hesitated whether I should expose myself to fresh mortification by obeying it. But the mandate was peremptory, and I went.

I found him surrounded by papers, and alone. He told me, without the slightest preparation or preface, that he was on the point of quitting office, and was about to fill up his vacant livings—one was to be mine. "Those," said he, pointing to a wicker basket filled with letters of all descriptions, sorts, and sizes, "those are applications for livings from hungry curates; the most numerous, the most modest, and the most indefatigable class of correspondents a minister of state can be cursed with. Read them, or burn them; or stay, turn them over, and if, among the signatures—those are always clear and intelligible if all else be obscure—you recognize that of a friend, I will not hesitate, *on this occasion*, to fill up a presentation with his name."

He pushed the basket towards me as he spoke, resumed his study of a large thick roll of paper, which he had laid down at my entrance, and in an instant was absorbed in thought.

Ere I entered upon my task, I could not help glancing for a moment on *him*—so singularly gifted, and so singularly fortunate—who fronted me. His countenance was that of an exceedingly good-natured man; though his dark, full, deeply-seated eyes glancing from under his thick bushy eyebrows, gave him at times an air of keen and caustic penetration, not unmingled with sternness. Still there seemed not an atom of spleen, or pride, or discontent about him; but on the contrary, a simplicity, an honesty, a straightforwardness in his look and demeanour rarely preserved by those who are hackneyed in political life. Once, and once only, did he look off his papers, when, with a start, he exclaimed, "Charlatan, Charlatan! I call God to witness I have deserved from *him* very different treatment. But I resign! I resign!" He was evidently thinking aloud, and unconscious of an auditor. The interruption was salutary, for it recalled me to my task.

What mementoes were before me of bitter disappointment and protracted suffering! How he could resist such appeals I know not. How he could rest in his bed after reading such pithy statements of poverty and privation, of sickness and sorrow,—conscious that he had made no effort to mitigate the one, or assuage the wretchedness of the other,—is best known to himself. He was a great law lord; and accustomed to weigh evidence, to detect error where it had no existence, and to spy truth where others saw only the grossest falsehood, was perhaps dead to every finer, and softer, and kindlier emotion.

For my own part, when I read some letters penned with that simple touching eloquence which only real suffering can inspire, and fancied the hopes which the anxious writers would fondly cherish, and pictured to myself how, day by day, the sickness of disappointment would steal upon the overcharged heart, how eager expectation would become a

flickering uncertainty, and hope would darken into despair, I pitied from my soul the anguish of the writers.

There were two letters which particularly struck me. One was from an old clergyman in Wales, who "had brought up a family of eleven children on an income never exceeding sixty guineas per annum, had lost three brave boys in his Majesty's service, had two in the navy still fighting for him,"—who now, unable to labour as he had formerly done in the vineyard, wished in the evening of his days for "a decent maintenance" and repose. It was thus curiously, but strongly, countersigned by the celebrated Dr. Watson:—

"Mr. —— has been a curate *fifty* years. I have known him ten. He is one of the most efficient, zealous, and pious clergymen in my diocese; of any thing base, mean, dishonourable, or discreditable, it would be as difficult to convict him as a Cardinal of fornication; for which last purpose, by the canon law, no less than seventy-two eye-witnesses are necessary.

"R. LLANDAFF."

A huge black cross was appended to this letter. It sufficiently indicated its fate.

The other was from the Rev. John ——. It recalled to the Chancellor their early friendship—dwelt on their close and intimate intercourse in their boyish days—told him how sadly his own fortunes had been overcast—that his wife was a maniac and in confinement—that his eldest daughter was an idiot—that he himself addressed him in the full prospect of all the horrors of a gaol, from which he conjured the Chancellor, by all the recollections of their youthful hours, to rescue him. Strong testimonials were annexed. They proved his penury to be caused by calamity, not extravagance.

Some exclamation I uttered aroused the great lawyer's attention, and he looked up. "What! my schoolfellow, John ——! Honest Jack, as we used to call him! I remember him well at Moise's. We have played truant in company—fought in company—been flogged in company:—put his name down; he is provided for."

"He *is* provided for, my Lord, long since!"—"Indeed! How?"—"He died nearly seven years ago, in Islington Workhouse."—"Dead? Honest Jack dead! He was *my junior*," said he, with some appearance of real feeling, "by many years. He must have died young. I wish I had made a minute of his letter earlier. Poor Jack! Many a happy hour have we passed together, and I esteemed him much."

π. β. φ.

PASSAGES FROM A POET'S DREAM-BOOK.—NO. II.

No. 1.—*Midsummer Madness.*

COUNTESS.—COUNT GASPAR.

Countess. SAY on, Sir; we will hear your story.—Well?
C. Gaspar. In the world's youth a giant loved the moon.
He worshipp'd her with tears; but she was dumb!
He was oppress'd, yet proud; in a strange fit
Of madness he had waged hot war with power;
But Demogorgon smote him,—and he fell.
Then, as men say, his body changed to dust;
Fools trod on him, and laugh'd; and creeping snakes

Hiss'd scornfully o'er him: At last, he arose,
Like a mountain, when the busy earthquake talks
Rebellion to its heart, and 'midst the Heaven
Of Heavens uprearing his enormous bulk,
Sigh'd fiery wishes to the pale-eyed star.
Fate who had frown'd grew kind, and dress'd his sides
With populous towns, green forests, glittering mines,
And pastures stretching to the eternal sea!

Countess. This soars above my reason. Well, what follow'd?

C. Gaspar. Still gazed he; and his amorous thoughts still blush'd
Like fire throughout his veins volcanic-red;
And the broad mountain like a living man
Bow'd in its worship, still.

Countess. What said the moon?

C. Gaspar. Alas, I know not: the tale endeth here.

Countess. Methinks she should have smiled on such a madness.

C. Gaspar. I hope she did.

Countess. And was she ——?

C. Gaspar. *Was!*—she *is*—
A paragon,—a thing fenced round by grace,—
Arm'd with such lights as strike adorers dead,
A creature of the air, half-earth, half-heaven,
Yet flush'd with love,—made pure with modesty,—

Countess. What is all this, Sir? Do you speak by book?

C. Gaspar. By Venus! you have guess'd it: I forgot.
When once the gad-fly bites my fancy, Madam,
It soars to the moon.

Countess. A madman's fancy, then—?
Or a lover's—like Endymion's?

C. Gaspar. *He* a lover?
He was a fool, who lay in the cold curse
Of slumber, when the kissing Dian came.
My love doth rage, like burning midsummer!
Oh! I could show you fifty thousand scars,
Some mortal; but that scorn, like winter, froze 'em:
Yet,—spring *may* come again?

Countess. Be sure it will.

C. Gaspar. *I am.* Look on me! Oh, see how I here
Dash down my pride. Look on me, rare Emilia!—
Look on thy conquest, queen! If I but stretch
My hand thus—look!—I grasp a prince's power.
Shadowy tradition and recorded fame
Weave chaplets for my head: a million slaves
Cry out "O master:" Flattery waits upon me;
And Fortune winds me in her golden arms.
I have weighty ingots, diamonds, pearls, strange gems,—
All which I'll give to thee!

Countess. Oh! humbleness!
You stoop—you give too much. It cannot be.

C. Gaspar. Shall I protest, by all the stars that lie
Sown in the grave of day (those jewels born
Of darkness, as my hopes from troubled thoughts)
I love thee? Once more hear it ere I go.
By Heaven, I meant at first scarce more than jest.
I saw thee beautiful, I knew thee proud,
And languish'd to surmount that high disdain.
But now—thou *shalt* be mine;—Nay, start not, Madam,
For what I say is as a crown'd king's word,
A fiat,—spoke and done!

Countess. O earthly Jove!

Hark, hark! the very tempest echoes thee.
It speaks (as thou) to earth.—Doth earth obey?
Or doth she lie—cold, fearless, calm, unhurt,
While the brute thunder howls above her head,
And splits its voice to fragments? Mark!—I hear
Thy boasts—to me—a lady of this land,—
Thine equal, save in dreams; for in my veins
The blue blood of the Guzmans runs unmix'd,
Proud, unpolluted... What unmatch'd disdain
Can I cast on thee, thou poor creeping lord,
Who livest with thy fix'd eyes upon the dust,
And seest no heaven above thee? Leave me, Sir;
And fail not to remember, there are some
Dare stand up and sustain the pride of women—
Whose pure words can strike dead the audacious hopes
Of lords who talk in gold. Nay, Sir,—reply not:
Be still; depart; and come to me no more.

No. 2.—*Spring.*

How beautiful is Spring, the maiden Spring!
Whose hand all warm and bright draws forth the flowers,—
Who dyes with rainbow tints the young bird's wing,—
Who fills with forest scents the April hours,—
How beautiful she is, the year's first child,
(Its sweetest,) with her violet tresses crown'd;
Her gesture, like the antelope's, shy and wild;
Her voice a song; her eyes in pleasure drown'd!
And yet her fairest treasure ne'er is shown
In scents, rich blooms, bright skies, or running river,
(For streams may fail, and buds may die ere blown,)
But that then Hope, whose eyes are like the morn,
Sweet sister of the Spring, is newly born,
Who forward looks for aye, and murmureth never!

No. 3.—*A Dirge.*

To earth!—To earth!
Lay her in the gentle earth,
With all her sorrow, all her worth,
Till she claim another,—better,—brighter birth!
All amidst the gentle mould
Lay her,—now how pale and cold!
She was young, and fair, and good,
Yet her doom was understood;
For she sought the specious ill,
And obey'd her burning will,
Till the victim did discover
All the darkness of the lover,
All his falsehood, all his pride,
Then a pang,—and so she died!
Lay sweet sorrow in the earth!
It shall have a brighter birth,—
Love, where passion is forgot,—
Love, where falsehood liveth not—
Cloudless dreams in azure bowers,
Where no tempest ever lowers,
All the scents of all the flowers,—
Heavenly, endless, bright, immortal, happy hours!

A. P.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS, NO. XVIII.

Roman Society—The Roman Princes, &c.

" Oh steril gloria !—oh genti chiaro-scure !"—*Elci. Satt.* 6.

THE real and efficient aristocracy of Rome are the Cardinals; but there is besides an ex-official, nondescript sort of aristocracy, somewhat like the Scotch or Irish peerage—the Roman Princes. The "Cardinalume," as Alfieri scornfully terms it, under the old regime, almost absorbed every other nobility. The offices of state, great and small, were not only in their patronage, but exclusively in their possession, or in that of their ecclesiastical dependents; they formed a sort of Venetian senate, to which the caste only were eligible; but in this they differed from the prototype, that the caste could be acquired, and the prince, at any time, might rise into the prelate. A more apt analogy might be found in the priests of Egypt; but this was a matter of descent. In Italy, on the contrary, cowherds and swineherds became monarchs—Peritto was a Pope. Since the dominion of the French, many offices have been thrown open to the talents, activity, and experience of laymen: the division of the temporal and ecclesiastical has been admitted. Cardinals are no longer to be seen reviewing troops, with crimson umbrellas, mounted on white mules, or arranging the details of the Lotto tax, &c. girt with gold and scarlet. The test of the purple stockings was not required; and the Popedom lost nothing, and the Patrimony gained.

The result of this tacit convention between the two Estates—one of those revolutions which Leo XII. admitted it was not in the power of the Keys to prevent or check—has thrown some consideration round the hitherto neglected nobility of Rome. Many of the first amongst that truly patrician order now hold high offices, commensurate with the splendour of their name and fortunes, in the government and administration of the country. But the Government itself is a tottering and drivelling concern—an immortal old man. It goes on as a carriage on ice: the impulse it received some centuries back still lives, and carries it on through change and danger, in despite of every principle of dissolution. The nobility of such a state partakes of all its defects; they dwindle and decay, but the degeneracy of the individual is lost in the degeneracy of the community.

Yet, measuring nobility by its ordinary claims, ancient illustration and long territorial possession, no nobility in Europe can rank higher, few so high as the Italian. No nation can ascend to such sources, or trace through nobler records, a steady and unwavering line of ancestry. The proudest name in the north of Europe generally terminates in some notorious freebooter, not more remarkable for his noble qualities than any of the Barbones and Gasparones who infest the macchie of Fondi or the Campagna. It is a proud nobility indeed which can venture up so high as the Saxons: and at this time, when England was in a state not very far removed from barbarism, the gentlemen of Venice had gathered into a compact social form the noblest elements of government: men who fled, like the Phocians, from tyranny, and on barren rocks and unwholesome marshes found wealth and freedom. Many of the modern patricians of Venice, who disdained the obscuring decoration of feudal title,* trace their houses to these founders of the State; and every page of their annals from 645 bears unclouded public evidence to the unquestioned glory of their line. The rest of Republican Italy, founded originally on the same plan, but tending rapidly to the democratic, presents a similar illustration. The original nobles were banished, but re-entered under Popolani names at Florence, Sienna, &c.; and they soon rose, blended indeed (though not the case in Venice) with the "novi homines" of com-

* I remember seeing at Florence, I think in the Church of the Carthusians, an inscription on the tomb of a " Patrizio Veneziano," who had settled and died there, lamenting he had been compelled to take title from a Grand Duke of Florence!!

mercial wealth and industry. The feudal spirit reigned more in the other towns of Italy, particularly in the smaller; the "tyrants" of the chroniclers, (as familiar to the reader of Italian history as the τυραννοι of the Grecian Republics,) were thickly sown over the richest fields of the Peninsula: Naples, Rome, long republics, and even under the dominion of their respective despotisms, preserving some turbulent indications of their former democratic spirit, evinced in their nobility the singular mixture of feudalism and republicanism, something analogous to the state of Florence previous to the expulsion of the Bardi. The acquisition of property followed the possession of power, and sometimes *vice versâ;* but the interior of Rome offered this difference, that the dissensions there burst into open and continued civil conflict, and were not conducted with any of the decorums of popular dissension. It was not sudden mob insurrection, but a protracted border war, introduced into the heart of a city. Rome was favourably calculated for the contention. The ancient city was a ruin, and the modern had arisen in patches only over the Campagna. The ancient monuments became detached feudal fortresses: the people grouped around them for protection; a variety of small hamlets, in clusters, were seen scattered over the waste, of which a tomb or an arch was the nucleus; and the Roman people became the property of the Colonna, or the Orsini, much in the same manner that the Senate shrunk into the person of a single senator, who was first the home tyrant, then the foreign, as the chance rule, or the home faction prevailed. The only serious shock ever received by this succession of city tyrants was the momentary revolt of Colà di Rienzi: but this was not so much an insurrection against the sovereignty of the nobility, as a sort of see-saw attempt against the two houses, the "Lupi and Orsi," during which the people got rid of one master for another. Rienzi knew as little of the ancient Tribuneship as they did of the Senate: his titles are mere Gothic farce. Nicholas, Tribune, Clement and August—sounds as absurdly magnificent as the Liberators and Pacificators of the neighbouring island. The feudal nobility soon resumed their original sway, and retained it. But the return of the Popes from Avignon gave also a new monarch, less violent, but more unchanging than the people. Nepotism arose on the relics of feudalism. Every Pope left behind him a noble house. Then came extravagance and luxury—beyond the luxury and extravagance of any Court in Italy. The necessities of the Popes required constant supplies, and they borrowed, and often paid back their creditors with empty titles for their heavy gold. Their merchants were invested with every honour and distinction. Chigi came from Sienna, the Medici from Florence, &c. and from bankers rose into princes—they were the Torlonias of the day. The Popes encouraged them to settle in their states, and often employed them to balance the power of the more ancient noblesse. Then the Cardinals played in little what the Popes played *en grand.* They had each their courts; and many of their courtiers were subsequently raised to the highest honours in the state. Then came the "strangers." From every state in Italy there was an importation of the municipal nobility,—in this bearing a strong analogy to ancient Rome, whose old patrician stock was more than once recruited by the graftings from the provinces. Ancient or modern, she still continued the centre of Italy, and in some measure the capital of the world. There was a constant ebb and flow: a circulation from the extremities to the heart, and from the heart to the extremities. The Dorias from Genoa—the Giustiniani from Venice—the Gabriellis from Romagna—the Borgias from Spain, were all off-shoots of Cardinals, settling into distinct branches in the Eternal City. In return, the original feudal families branched off into the provinces, or to other parts of the kingdom, either as soldiers of fortune, or in consequence of the confiscation or spendthrift sales of their original feudi. The Dorias, who had assumed the name of Pamfili at Rome, under the various denominations of Angri, &c. settled at Naples; the Colonnas are found in Corsica and Sicily, under the titles of Butere, Trebia, &c. The Orsini assumed the ducal distinction of Gravina, &c. But there are many of the highest blood who never advanced beyond the walls of Rome—

the Falconieri, Frangipani, the Santa Croce, &c. With these are found such foreign intrusions as Altempo, &c.; but much the greater portion belong to the first two designations.

The restrictions of entail, or the "fidei commissa,"* and other obstacles to the alienation of landed property, which usually exist in despotic states, have produced, of course, their effect at Rome. Many of the principal families still continue in possession of large portions of their original territories, dating far beyond any hereditary property of our English nobility. Most, if not all, of the titles are still represented by the original name.† The transference to others is casual, and occurs about once or twice in a century. In looking over the early maps of the Campagna and comparing them with the late cadastre, it will be found that very little change indeed has been effected: much the greater portion of the fee remains in possession of the old feudal proprietors; and you find "degli Orsini"—"degli Odescalchi" —"de' Colonna"—"de' Buoncompagni," at every step.

These three classes constitute the existing Roman nobility:—1st. The ancient feudal families, ascending some of them, on not improbable tradition, to the first Patrician blood of ancient Rome. 2d. The Papal families, the fertile offspring of Nepotism. 3d. The commercial and mercantile creations, and strangers immigrating into Rome. The third of these classes are now by far the most numerous, but mixed in most instances with the second. Recent creations are extremely rare. The lower class of nobility, Countships, &c. are to be had for money, and two or three cases of the kind occurred within my own observation. The title of Viscount is unknown in southern Italy: the name Visconti is limited to Lombardy. The creation of Cardinalships, which from the age of the persons on whom the dignity is conferred, and the non-transmission of the title, is of course frequent, supplies all the ordinary purposes of prerogative; and Nepotism, during the late reigns, has been rather in abeyance and disuse. Both Pius VII. and Leo XIII. paid very little attention to the vanity or ambition of their families. There is one solitary instance of the creation of a Roman Prince. Canino and Musignano were raised into principalities, the first by the gratitude of Pius VII. the second through the personal friendship of the Cardinal di Sommaglia, secretary to his successor. The Roman Princes rank in the very first class of Italian nobility; and though much inferior (with one or two exceptions) in property to the Neapolitan and Sicilian, and in civilization and polish to the Lombard, they still make up for the deficiency, in public consideration, by the superior lustre and purity of their aristocracy.

These observations frequently suggested themselves to me during my late visit to the villas, and I have scarcely ever trod on the pavement of their churches, without rousing at the same time the slumbering recollections of whole lines of heroes, whose names and actions are familiar to every historic reader. The same evening I found myself in one of the few circles at Rome,

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* The fidei commissa are at present much restricted in the Roman states. The Congress of Vienna suggested, or rather commanded, some very important alterations. In Naples and Sicily they were abolished, or at least allowed to be abolished, in 1820. The Nobles, with little reference to the independence of their body, and regarding only the interest or passion of the individual, seized, or permitted the change without difficulty. Though distinguished from other classes in the state by a still more marked boundary than with us—the want of legislative or administrative functions, which as a caste they no longer monopolized, was their apology.

† In Italy the title follows the Feudo; but this is not to be taken in the full allodial sense. Each Feudo confers its name upon the Signore; or rather the Signore takes the name of his Feudo. Thus purchase, even with clauses of redemption, confers title. It was thus that Torlonia became the Duke of Bracciano; and that the family Lante proposed divesting themselves of the Duchy of Buonmarzo, together with the estates. This of course does not extend to Countships, which are attached to the individual, and form a very distinct class of titles from the feudal or territorial.

where the native and the stranger come into contact. Yet the individuals present were few, and I was obliged to the casualties of a long acquaintance for many of those after-acquaintances, whose names are scattered up and down these pages.

The framework of Italian society is especially well calculated for the habits of the coterie. In general circles, a sort of inept conventional vocabulary, of the composition or value of which no one can be ignorant, is put into circulation, and admitted more by the wants than by the will of the users. Its alloy and baseness is known: but it answers for all the ordinary business of the world, and keeps society in relation, which without some such medium would, ere long, crumble off into disorder or dissolution. In France, from the prodigal use of this paper currency, its value was proportionably depreciated, and an Englishman, on entering their salons, found the exchange very grievously in their favour. But even in France, there is a very perceptible improvement. Boudoir society is rising gradually into cabinet society. Politics have done this, substituted dinners for *petits soupers*, and exchanged the Du Deffands for the La Fayettes and the La Fittes. Without the previous barbarism of fox-hunting, they have suddenly strode out in all the vigour of a fresh nation, and talk their after-dinner politics with as sturdy a tone as if their great grandfathers had been country gentlemen, drinking their comfortable port wine, hating the Pope and all washy drinks—keeping exact record of their falls and committals, from the time of Henri le Grand (their Queen Bess), down to the present moment. But Italy is the Italy of the last century still. The revolution of Europe ruffled the waters, but did not heave them from their depths. The lower strata slept on their good sleep of ages undisturbed. "Turba de' morti chi mai non fur vivi," says Alfieri, of another description of dead, but which is not altogether inapplicable to these. Yet the upper class strongly partook of the passing spirit. It seized some of them with the fanaticism of a Crusade. Others it cast into the grass-grown donjon of their feudal keep for shelter; others, again, it flung out into the midst of either host. All these various imprints of the great visitation, as it marched along, have been left upon their natures; and it is impossible not to read them in the respective expression of every individual, notwithstanding the effacing hand of the succeeding peace. The liberty of Italian society allows the full display: in the encouraging atmosphere of the chosen circle, the tongue is fearless; the manner is full of *abandon;* every one thinks aloud. Every noble house here, has of course its *soirée*. This is the cheapest, the most rational, the shortest way to confidential communion. Society it is,—for meeting each other is the end—and the lamp, the pianoforte, the ice, the coffee—the threads on which it hangs. One night in the week is appointed—this is seldom deviated from: even the catastrophe of snow is dared and surmounted for the habitual enjoyment. The result is good: there is really society, and as much of it, and as various (a *cena dubia* of all tempers and intellects) as a reasonable appetite may manage. The rest of the week you may stay at home, if you wish either to have or to do solitude, without fear of interruption. Each person has his choice—for here choice and free-will is the all-in-all of society. "En Angleterre la mode est un devoir, à Paris c'est un plaisir," says a French writer: in Italy it does not exist at all. An Englishman, who loves his way with the strongest of all earthly loves, and hates being put out of it as he formerly did the Pope, will thus be perfectly at his ease. Should he wish to stay at home, he may remain at home, hermetically sealed against all intrusion; if he wish to venture abroad, he can always find one or two drawing-rooms or boudoirs ready to receive his condescension with open arms. An introduction is of course necessary; but then a simple one is sufficient. The card presented, engages for the season. You bow—come—go—talk—muse—like or dislike, just as you feel the inspiration; and neither the lady of the house, nor any other person, insults by once thinking it of the least consequence. Leaving town, you pay your final visit—which in a flowing lake like Rome, receiving as much as it sends away, is a mere matter of course, and will cost you more

pain probably than it does them. There are no Almack's; no third, second, or even first heavens; no inner sanctuaries. Whatever is agreeable is *bon ton;* whatever is not, is, as it ought to be, *mauvais.* "Tout genre est bon hors le genre ennuyeux," is the code of Rome—very heterodox; but they havé not slept in London. All this is done without the first fruit from the Horticultural, crowded staircases, or any of our other numerous ultra-civilizations. I have known some societies where water in the dog-days was rare, and wine rarer. Then you had to abstain from Eau de Cologne, &c. and flowers; and to endure with all their aggravations, brass lamps, and bad oil —to sigh in winter for carpets and to find bricks, &c.; but in return you had much *bonhommie*, abundance of ease, anecdote, and (when not gossip it is good) a lazy sort of *esprit,* and character in all its *dishabille.* If a traveller can get domesticated, and forget for a time being *sauvage,* which for our hyena travellers is not easy, this is the very lounging sort of way in which he may drink a great deal of knowledge with a great deal of pleasure, and get wise almost without knowing it. "A word and look on the spot is worth whole cart-loads of reflection afterwards," says Gray. Give me the book, and let others amuse themselves with the commentary as it shall suit them.

I found the circle I have just alluded to met in full divan at so early an hour as seven o'clock. Tea there was none—the apothecary's drug has not yet travelled into very general use south of Milan; but they dissipate to a tolerable extent upon coffee. Cards do their usual duty in the corner—keep people idly busy, and prevent them from stupifying or stultifying others. Ices and *bons-bons* had gone their first round, and the first song had been sung off; a few professors and admirers still hung listlessly round the piano. There was nothing in their dress, which had all the carelessness of the morning upon it, which could give the assurance of the Prince—and little of that high-bred courtesy which was the boast of the aristocratic classes in France; but they were intimately acquainted—under no restraint—and they talked, and laughed, and lounged, and threw every thought the moment it crossed them to the surface. I had scarcely entered when I perceived a few of the group turn towards the door. The servant, in his slipshod livery, accompanied, and announced the Princess Piombino. The Princess is not young, and years had done as little for her as dissipation. The Piombino enjoyed a sort of coarse notoriety at Rome, but was not accused of any of the niceties which distinguish the more *recherché* gallantries of large capitals. Her husband is old—little seen—less liked. His descent clouds, rather than illustrates his name; nor could the union of three of the largest estates in Italy in the same person—the Ludovisi, the Buoncompagni, &c. altogether soften the voice of public censure. In possession of three extensive palaces, and a magnificent villa at Rome, an immense extent of territory in the Patrimonio, &c. the principality of Piombino, recovered at the peace in Tuscany, no man had larger means, or used them more sparingly in the public service. The four scutcheons over his palace in the Piazza Colonna, designating the various powers of whom he boasted to be the subject and the *protegé,* were the only proofs of his existence. He occupied the second story of his palace; the first was leased out to the Duchess of Devonshire during a great part of the time she resided at Rome. This is princely here, and excites no remark; but I could not help thinking the Prince Ludovisi Buoncompagni Piombino might have honoured it more in the breach than in the observance.* But this was only one trait of a perfectly consistent character. The same Prince,

* A ludicrous circumstance, which occurred during her Grace's residence, gave sufficient evidence of the opinions which the Romans entertain of his Excellency. Some workmen had been employed by the Duchess, and, when their job was finished, were indulged in a few flasks of wine. They expressed their thanks by loud "Evvivas," which drew the Prince and Princess from their salon to the corridore of the court. They bowed, and looked agreeably surprised at the compliment. The workmen, equally surprised, exclaimed—"Si si, ma non é per la vostra Eccelenza, ma quell' altra Eccelenza chi sta dentro!"

it is whispered, did not think it derogated from the honours and decencies of his race to convert into a sort of Monte di Pietà his own palace, and condescended to lend out "par la petite semaine" to his friends. It was calculated he added by this pawnbroking concern, the most ungentlemanlike description of usury, some hundreds of piastres to his enormous funds. He had just married his daughter, a pleasing young person, to the Prince Altieri, with an almost royal dower of 180,000 crowns. This was immediately to be applied to the liquidation of debts; the lustre of the house of Altieri had been grievously impaired by the family dissipations of an entire century. When I saw her, she was known under the name of the Princess of Viano, and thought an agreeable person, considering her rank. Though not remarkable for any great beauty of feature, she was not deficient in character and expression. She was known for her attachment to her husband, and appeared constantly with him in public. This is a demarcation between the old and the new regime—a strange mode, introduced by Napoleon in his Italian court. The Revolution had convulsed society to its centre in Milan: the restoration of manners became one of the first objects of the new government. The Emperor would receive no lady at his levee who was not accompanied by her husband: the order was peremptory; and, for the first time, fashion was enlisted with effect in the service of the decencies and domestic virtues.

I saw at one of the card-tables, engaged very earnestly in the game, a lady of some distinction at Rome, at least at the card-table. She was the *habituée* of the Palazzo Torlonia, and never missed the Thursday's faro. The "Princess Chigi," for it was she who was sitting before me, is tall, sallow, and thin, and has nothing in her voice or manner to atone for the defects of her physiognomy. She is a Barberini, and now married many years to the present Prince. The Prince Chigi is a literary man of very high acquisitions, and, with Don Pietro Odescalchi, the centre of the most remarkable literary coterie at Rome. He is the oracle of the Arcadians, and the Apollo of six or seven other rival institutions. The Chigi library is celebrated, even here, for its rich collection of classical codices, &c. &c.: the Abbate Fea, the actual librarian, has, by his publications and puffing, in which he is an adept, lent not a little to its former glory. In the solitude of these vast chambers, which stretch down one entire side of the Piazza Colonna, the Prince spends the greater portion of his interminable mornings; leaves his affairs to his *ministro*, and writes sonnets; educates his family at great expense, but with indifferent masters; and sees no one but a priest or two at dinner, or the *Principino*, or the governor of the Principino, or Gherardo de' Rossi, or some such literary ambulant. He had at one time nearly 10,000 crowns a-year; he has now scarcely more than 2000, derivable principally from the La Riccia property, the most beautiful of the many beautiful estates here. It extends over one of the most magnificent vales in Europe; from the chapel near Albano, immediately opposite the pseudo-monument of the Horatii, to the other side near Genzano, occupying a curve comprehending upwards of a thousand acres, and superbly crowned by the family castle and the village near. The family was originally distinguished for its enormous riches. The Siennese merchant, under the fostering care of the Medici, whose prejudices were in favour of the mercantile class, rose to great eminence and power. A Chigi pope consolidated this importance. But their decay was proportionably rapid; and the Borghesi and Braschi, &c. have long since, in their more recent distinctions, left them altogether behind. They are now known chiefly by the library, &c. But the Scuderie of the rich Agostino Chigi, the founder of the Roman branch, are not quite obliterated from the records of Rome. Their cream-coloured race of horses still maintains a superiority of blood over the Doria iron-grey, and the Colonna bay, which stand amongst the highest at Rome. The Capella Chigi, in the Madonna del Popolo, is another evidence of former splendour. Its architecture and statue deserve much of the admiration usually lavished on both by the traveller. I don't know whether the monument near, erected by one of the family, is not more interesting. There is

in it the true bitterness of settled and unappeasable grief. The story is a melancholy one, and but scantily known. It justifies the curiosity of the stranger.

The Prince Altieri is comparatively poor. With a diminished fortune, he had to endure one of the greatest burthens of a poor man,—the pride and glory of a great name. The Altieri star had lost the chief splendour of its rays, until the late alliance with the Piombino, and the situation of the Postmastership-general of the Roman States, restored it a little from its long eclipse. His palace is one of the most magnificent structures at Rome, and has begun to look bright again, after many years of dimness and dirt. The coffers of the Prince Piombino has done more for him than half the miracles of the Madonnas.

There stood near the door, languidly rolling over her tongue the delicate Ionicisms of the Roman dialect, a tall, thin, and somewhat stately-looking personage. There was a cast over her countenance, a certain marbly chill aspect, half the effect of ill health, half of a suppressed feeling of aristocratic pride. I recognized the Princess Santa Croce. She is a Neapolitan, the daughter of the Duca di Sorrentino, of Spanish origin. Boudoir gossip has not spared her. She is not distinguished by any of those merits which usually attract the attention and censure of the envious. Her name is amongst the noblest in Rome. The Prince claims for his ancestor the most Roman amongst the Romans. He has but a scanty relic of the former fortunes of his house; but then he signs himself—*Poblicola.*

The Princess Santa Croce had a rival near her of a very opposite character. Whoever has read the lines, the very graphic lines of Lord Byron, will almost think he sees the original in the Princess Doria:—

> "The large black eyes that flash on you a volley
> Of rays which say a thousand things at once,
> To the high Damas brow more melancholy
> But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance," &c.

She was low, dark-coloured, and not particularly remarkable for the lightness or delicacy of her features or forms. But there was great atonement for these faults, as is so generally the case in Italy, in the expression. Her eyes, full and black, had a good deal of that gathered and meditative look which belongs so especially to the South. They moved slowly and languidly—the "tardo e pio" of the poet—and seemed to dwell in a constantly smooth sort of reverie, until some particular circumstance attracted her attention, and called "the glory of their spirit" forth. Then you saw them take a totally different expression; a single stir in her nature, like the touch on the waves in the East, cast the whole into fire and light. She dressed usually in the aristocratic black; and had few words, and those flowed soft and silken over her large and pouting lips. Years had greatly altered the outline; when I last saw her, what was round had become coarse.—The Prince Doria has the merit of belonging to one of the highest names and the most truly illustrious families in Italy. The historic lustre and princely connexions of the house of Doria have rarely been surpassed. He is rich too; and not only rich in palaces, and villas, and galleries, &c. but in what gives all these accessories their sterling intrinsic weight. The original possessions gave a rental of about 180,000 crowns per annum. It is now reduced to about 90,000, or somewhat less. But the Prince Doria is not a man to diminish it much more. He has found a very simple means of adding to the heap,—not spending, and allowing to accumulate. A speculation or an adventure, much less a gratuitous improvement, or the outlay of capital in the hope of small and distant but certain profit, upon land or commerce, seldom enters into the imagination of a Roman noble. Unless he be thrown, or rather forced, upon such exertions by sheer circumstance, he lies idle, and lets his capital sleep like himself. This is the more remarkable, as it is not in the usual character or habit of the Italian. The Mercante di Compagna generally takes immense tracts, enriches himself, and leaves the noble from whom

he has them, a dependent tributary. Small holdings are unknown—middlemen are unknown. The proprietor has a rent-charge upon his own property, and the Mercante di Compagna, the actual occupant, manufactures the soil with his own capital, and at the lowest possible expense. Like every thing here, from the government down, the business is done in the most slovenly manner possible. A bare sufficiency is all that is obtained, and a year of stagnation takes away that: hence riches are unknown, as far as the community at large is in question. The climate, the people, the government, all conspire in the same cause. Rome is the poorest part of Italy—but every one asks how it ever could have been rich.*

"But who is that elderly gentleman," said I, turning round to my companion, "walking over to the fire-place, with both hands in his pockets, and now shaking his head with such complacent sagacity as he passes the card-tables?" —"Surely you know him," said the Conte C——, "every one knows Torlonia, Marchese di Roma Vecchia, and Duca di Bracciano," &c.—"And not last, nor least, Banchiere de' Signori Inglesi," I rejoined. "Yes, that is an important item in his titles—indeed the father of all the others," said the Count: "no man has more crowded levées on his Thursdays; no rooms are better frequented: in the absence of clubs, (your English invention,) it is the only place here where you can meet your friends *d'outremer*."—"True," said I, "but such rooms!—what a contrast between them and La Fitte's palace at Paris!—surely he has some better *local* to receive his visitors?" "Better! undoubtedly; that is for the every-day drudgery; he has been there now for years, and can't get rid of his youthful attachment, though the paper is dropping off the walls. But see his Palazzo in the Piazza di Venezia, or his hundred and one villas, or his thousand shops, and then speak. Nothing escapes him—antiquities, plate, woollens, hardware, &c. you find the Briareus everywhere."—"And the Argus too," I replied, "if fame does him no wrong; a man who could become what the Duke now is, must have had his hands and eyes about him." The Count shook his head significantly, smiled, and walked away.

The Duca di Bracciano, better known by the name of Torlonia, was then about seventy. He was a keen, sharp, well-set, meagre little man. A peculiar ferret-looking, money-making sort of instinct glistened about his small twinkling eyes—and in all his gestures there was that untired activity and stirring shrewdness of disposition to which he owed so much of his prosperity. He powdered and dressed, now and then, with the pretension of an ancient gentleman. But Torlonia had received nothing from his father but his spirit of enterprise and energy. He rose by a succession of efforts and coincidences, fortune seconding courage, from the lowest to the highest rank in the state. Torlonia was a sort of bank of St. George in himself—the state of the state—what Chigi was in the reign of Leo X. he was in the reign of Pius VII.—he furnished blood, nerve, sinew, all to the Papal power. He held also in his hand the reins of all the old and young ex-dynasties then resident at Rome; to his benignity, and good-nature, when well repaid for it, they were chiefly beholden for the exact payment of their remittances;—and he tossed these images of former greatness about with as much facility and indifference as the divinity whom he most worshipped, Rothschild, does now and then the reality. His origin is detailed in Forsyth; he soon redeemed it from its lowliness. He made money, and soon doubled it and tripled it. He now opened a series of Pawn offices—they were successful; and he retained them in the fullest play until the hour of his death. He called them by fine names: museums, curious selections of fragments, taken up, he knew not how, in charity, and kept, he knew not how, by accident. The Cavaliere

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* The riches of ancient and modern Rome were derived from external sources; one the spoils of physical, the other of moral power. In proportion as this power decreased, the spoils decreased also.

Torlonia, for he had now graduated, as a *benestante*, and soon as a gentleman—purchased landed property—land gave title—the banker was converted into the Marchese di Roma Vecchia. His ambition rose in proportion. The Odescalchi family (as usual) were embarrassed. They were about to emigrate to Germany. Torlonia came forward, lent money, and paid off their debts. They sold him, with a clause of redemption,* the Castello and Feudo of Bracciano in the Campagna in return. Torlonia paid high for it; it gave him (at two and a half instead of seven per cent. the usual rate of purchase in Italy,) about 4000*l.* per annum. The castle is one of the very few gothic structures in this country, and stands admirably on the ancient Lacus Sabbatinus, which now bears the name of Bracciano. A short time after, the beautiful Palazzo Bolognetti Cenci was acquired, and fitted up with a splendour and magnificence unequalled, even at Rome. It was used only for the two fêtes which he was annually in the habit of giving—one at Christmas and the other at Easter; all the strangers in the city, and of course the whole of the native nobility, were to be found there. Four sides of an immense quadrangle, laid out exclusively for the public, with all the luxury of statues, and paintings, and mosaics, and bronzes, composed the first floor. The rest was surrendered up to domestics, keepers, and Cicerones, entertained principally for the use of the public, " publico magis quam hero." The owner of all this, if you thought of inquiring for him, was to be found in his dusty and smoky half-bank, half-palace residence in the Corso, which had no other merit than the very ambiguous one of an old acquaintance. It was not very long before his death that he married his son and daughter to the first blood in Italy. His son to the Princess Cesarini Sforza, (there was indeed a slur in her escutcheon,—her mother was a washerwoman;) the daughter to the Prince Orsini of Naples—one of the last relics of the Orsini Savelli family of Rome. The eldest son, who had been educated in a commercial house in London, and had for some time borne the anomalous title of the Honourable Mr. Torlonia, on his marriage exchanged it for that of the Duca di Poli, the duchy of which had been lately purchased for him by his father, after the manner of the Duchy of Bracciano. The Palazzo immediately connected with the Fontana di Trevi, if not one of the most beautiful, is certainly one of the largest at Rome. It forms one side of a tolerably long street. The Duke died at Rome, and was buried in the church which he had rebuilt for the Padri di S. Giuseppe Calisanzio,—and for himself. The inscription was wisely provided during his life-time. It began with " Vir magnificus, fortis"—and went on in the same strain of appropriate eulogy for at least ten lines. His Duchessa was courteous and conciliating, but had rather too much of the Lady Mayoress air to justify any claims to the true Patrician. But if not very beautiful, nor very accomplished, nor very noble, she had Horace's substitute for all three: nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her diamonds, except, perhaps, the desire to exhibit them. But the English had no reason to complain. They were always well received at her soirées; accepted and acceptable. The Duke monopolized, in consequence, for a considerable time, the English custom at Rome. Travellers dropped suddenly in Italy, do find it so pleasant to be let down quietly into society without the trouble of making acquaintances, and are delighted to have some Italian people to talk of on their return home. The Signori Chiaveri, the Duchess's sons by a former marriage, do the honours of both bank and drawing-room, and do them well. Mrs. Starke would, no doubt, call them very civil and obliging persons—and add three notes of admiration to signify the same.

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* Some time ago, the English at Rome, in a spirit of public vengeance for some real or imaginary affront, took it into their heads to propose a subscription for the purpose of purchasing it back for the Prince Odescalchi. But Torlonia was still a Marchese and Spanish grandee, I believe, of the first class.

"Io non sono per perdere i' miei quatrini—ah, no—" cried the Duke, shaking his head and escaping into a loud laugh from a card-table where he had been looking on for some time, and was at last invited to sit down and make one of the party. "E già," he continued, pulling out a large Tompion-looking watch, "è ben tempo di star a letto." With that he approached the lady of the house, kissed her hand, and made a low obeisance worthy of the last century: it was the signal for the rest of the company to rise—eleven o'clock had struck, and in Italy, "Dieu merci," there are no suppers.

"I wish I had a little more time for this sort of inspection," said I to my friend in taking up my hat. "You shall have it," says he; "come to the Torlonia next fête-day, to-morrow week, and you shall have all Rome to laugh over."—"Or to lament over," said I, as we walked on slowly through the great Portone into the calm and clear moonlight, and now found ourselves in the silent street.

"Oh steril gloria! oh genti chiaro-scure!" I exclaimed, as I looked towards the Capitol and bade him good night.

THE RUINED HOUSE. BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own."—WORDSWORTH.

Birth has gladdened it; Death has sanctified it."—*Guesses at Truth.*

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd:
Banners of Knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *Pleasaunce* here
By courtly hands been dress'd,
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest:
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the Spirit of Delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel-tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign Beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that here,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and Love, and Hope and Fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
—A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden-flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies!

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth,
  Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here met in mirth,
  Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and Woman's tone,
  And Childhood's laughing glee,
And song, and prayer, have well been known,
  Hearth of the Dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
  Upon the infant-head,
As if in every fervent word
  The living soul were shed:
Thou hast seen partings—such as bear
  The bloom from Life away—
Alas! for Love in changeful air,
  Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of Pain,
  The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with Hope in vain,
  Burst forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
  The breathless influence shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
  Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
  Have here been mark'd and mourn'd;
And Time hath fill'd the vacant place,
  And Gladness hath return'd:
Till from the narrowing household chain
  The links dropp'd, one by one;
And homeward hither o'er the main
  Came the Spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause then—cause for thought,
  Fix'd eye, and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
  Ev'n lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
  For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
  The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
  The long-forsaken spot!
To deep affections, tender dreams,
  Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore in silent reverence here,
  Hearth of the Dead! I stand,
Where Joy and Sorrow, Smile and Tear,
  Have link'd one kindred band.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA, NO. II.

Hog-Hunting.

"Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear."—SCOTT.

OUR four white and well-pitched tents, with a small one for the dogs; our cattle and eight horses at their pickets; the numerous huts of leaves, and the people employed under our "trysting tree," against whose stem the spears and arms were rested, and from a branch of which, sometimes a hog, almost always an antelope, and a cluster of hares, birds, and fox-brushes were hanging, formed a picturesque addition to a scene in itself far from uninteresting. The tree (a noble banyan) stood alone on the crest of a rising sweep of several miles. The jungle passed at about one hundred yards behind it. Two topes, one of mangoes on the right, and of tamarinds in front, marked where the sound soil on which we were pitched joined the cotton-ground: through this, ravines edged by the white thorn, amongst which the herds of antelopes were straying, led to the river, which ran parallel to the jungle at about two miles from us. A turreted stone wall surrounded the huts and filth upon our right, while the other villages derived from distance a beauty, which distance alone could give them. The jungle being a detached stripe of bush, contained neither pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, nor the larger deer: with these exceptions we found in it, and on the plain and tanks, all the objects of our sport. Here we lived in a state of brotherhood rivalling in cordiality, if not in singleness of conception, the army of Assye, which was eulogized to us by a very gallant officer but indifferent philologist, "as having had but one idea from right to left."* We had nothing to hide from each other, unless it was our emotions on returning from sport, and we might have saved ourselves this sin of hypocrisy. It was not the manner of approach that betrayed us; for the rattling gallop as often marked the effervescence of ill humour, as the exuberance of delight: and the slow foot-pace was not more frequently a sign of sulk than of the calm and conscious dignity of success. But there was a rigidity in the determined smile, or a treacherous quiver of the cheek muscle, that directed unerringly the condoling "So you said nothing this morning," or the more rapid "Come, confess, you villain, what have you done?" Grief speaks but little, and it is well for those who have to bite through their cheeks while it harangues, that it does so; we had merely to join in a few anathemas on the sellers of bad powder, and in the expression of astonishment that birds should fly off, as they do, with half a charge of shot in them,

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* I cannot resist this opportunity of expressing my admiration of that handful of heroes, and their brilliant achievement. There are few fields over the recollection of which an Englishman's heart may throb more proudly. I passed slowly over the ground with one who near twenty years before had swept along it, when "steeds were stout and swords were out," at the head of his gallant squadron. We rode in the track of the army, from the ford of the Kaitria to the village; and passed the Banyan (under which the officers are buried, from which I plucked a leaf,) to the Juat, down whose precipitous bank the cavalry plunged in and among the Mahratta horse, and beyond which Colonel Maxwell fell "in sword in hand—before his band and among his enemies a'-man." My brave old friend, who had shared in the glory of that charge, pointed out the spot; and, as he complimented me by saying—"Ah! you'd have liked to have seen that day," a tear swelled into his eye. "How I envied him his feelings!"

when breakfast and a volume of Shakspeare would usually engross the attention of a mind, which only descended from the higher subjects of its contemplation now and then, to give a pitying smile at the extraordinary interest we seemed to take in such unintellectual matters as the flesh-pots and their victims. We always let these clouds disperse themselves—and whether we did so from consideration for others or ourselves, I am inclined to wish my civil acquaintance, (before the "schoolmaster," who is said to be abroad, has taught them to do without soldiers,) would take a lesson from us on this matter. We were out many mornings without seeing hogs, standing like videttes one hundred yards apart, half way between the river and the jungle, to which the sounders* returned before day. It is only those who have wasted the mornings of months after these animals, and who have felt the sinking of heart which succeeds the gallop that has brought them up to the crouching or faggot-bearing scoundrel they have honoured by mistaking for them — those in whom the schooling of disappointment has at times almost extinguished hope—that can know the sickening sensation that came over us, as grasping our spears, and standing in our stirrups, we strained our eyes to ascertain the nature of the black and moving mass they dwelt on; or the shriek, for it was more than a shout, of delight that tells the assurance of the sportsman, as fixed in his seat, he digs in his spurs, crushes his cap upon his head, and launches himself at speed upon the plain. When the hogs hear the tramp, they look up, for they generally come grubbing on, and take off at a tolerable pace in the line that goes straightest to the jungle without crossing the horsemen. Their pace increases as we near them, and a boar takes the rear, showing his tusks as we begin to gain, for at first they have the speed of us, till we come fairly in amongst them, when they break, and we try to single out the largest. But these do not always show most sport. I have seen boars killed after a sullen yeomanly fight, far inferior to the free and fiery dashes of reckless courage with which a sow has favoured us. One of these last did what I never saw boar do; she turned, and seeing a man charging at her, met him, and shocked him so fairly that his spear (the head of which was on her skull and the heel against his groin) doubled up like a loop and flew (I dare not say how high) into the air. The chase varies, according to the strength and fulness of the hog, and the nature of the ground, from half a mile to four times that distance. It is in itself exhilarating; but after the first blood is drawn, (to which the honour of the day attaches,) and the beast becomes enraged, it is glorious till he comes to bay, and taking his ground advances on any that approach, rolling his eyes and grinning ferociously. Many of them return grunt for stab to the last, and I have seen three spears broke in one, and two more sent through him, before we heard the faint squeal which, in all, marks the sensation of departing life. One or two, it must be confessed, squealed very unbecomingly much earlier in the affair. We always used long spears, and I have since thought this may account for our not finding hogs so formidable as some of our friends have done. In poking, we court collision—after throwing, we appear to the hog a fugitive. Men would have most courage in the last case—and why not hogs? The risk in this sport

* Droves.

seems to me exactly what the risk of sport ought to be. A man may flatter himself he is braving danger with a tolerable assurance that his intrepidity will cost him nothing. No one can remember boars as they have shown their tusks—or the snatch they have made at the boot—or the clot of blood and foam they have smeared on the horse, or can think of the extravagant rolls he has had in their pursuit, and persuade himself there is no danger in it. And yet how very, *very* few are ever hurt! I don't know how we escape. I have looked with wonder at riders laughing as they shook off the dust, where hunting-caps were crushed in, horses gone in the loins, and cut open between the ears; and had I admired the phrase as much as I liked the man who used it, I might have repeated at least a dozen times in my life, an exclamation addressed to me, "Is he killed, then? for, by heavens, of all the falls I ever saw, that beat 'em!" Such was the ground on which we found hogs, that we never rode six times with a chance of success without one or two of the four of us coming over. Nor was the ground our only enemy. About daybreak one morning we were closing with a hog, and, as it turned, I had given my horse his head, and had my spear point almost among the bristles, when out burst yells and screams, and up rose shapes, biped and quadruped, before my wondering eyes, as flying over the nearest of them, I found myself discharged into an awakening and horror-struck bivouac of some hundred bullocks, dogs, and male and female Brinjarries.* Before I could remount, the hog had reached some vile ground near the jungle, where my friends laying out, as men do at a last chance, one of them came over and broke a bone. This was the only accident we had to regret amongst half a dozen fair riders who might average their twenty rolls apiece; while within some few months we lost two gentlemen from accidents, as they were taking their constitutional exercises on the road; so that we unanimously voted there was less danger in our violent departures from our saddles, than in the quiet stumbles where man and beast come down together. A man who rides hard should go long and loose, that the impetus of his fall may send him clear away from his horse; but above all, he should mount a hunting cap, and avoid fixed spurs. These last are death in a drag;—once that my foot was forced

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* These are a nomadic people who carry grain in India. Their wandering life, and the resemblance of the gipsy language to Hindostanee, together with the likeness we distinguished, or fancied, between their women and the gipsies, induced some of us to think they are descendants from the same forefathers. If so, civilization has removed one prejudice from the gipsy mind, as I believe their women are not scrupulously chaste; whereas those of the Brinjarries are considered eminently qualified to clear a country of wild beasts, if chastity be the formidable blessing the poets make it, when they say that "the lion will turn and flee from a maid in the pride of her purity." Whether this be true or not, the female Brinjarries are very pretty, and I never heard any harm of them during the many years I was in India. They dress very fantastically, wearing a dark-coloured petticoat, and a body of all colours, cut in the cuirass fashion of our facings. Their arms and legs are covered with a profusion of silver and ivory rings. I hear the men of this caste are to be depended on for good or ill where they pledge themselves. I have always respected these vagabonds since I saw two of them die. They walked from the drum-head to the tree in a style that might have excited the envy of Cato or Seneca, or even of the regimental surgeon who left word at Limerick, that he had quitted the world on no greater provocation than the antipathy he had taken to the tight pantaloons and Hessian boots, that were indispensable in that garrison.

through my stirrup from my horse's falling on his side, I was only saved by the bound with which he started off, on recovering his legs, breaking the centre stud of my spur, which wheeled off on the flank ones, and a wrench of the ankle was all I paid for this experience. The hunting-cap is indispensable, in spite of what Fielding says of the ossification of military heads for professional purposes. Our jungle was too large to beat without an host of people; in fact (except the strips on the coast, near which the sand and salt-water preclude riding) I never saw a jungle in which hogs were, that was not. I once, however, saw an effective beat through a plain of rushes of about two miles square, into which a Rajah (who ruled over a few Polygar villages) sent some hundreds of his people, coming himself in a flame-coloured palanqueen to superintend their operation. He was a fine-looking young man, not having attained that size which in native eyes is essential to rank; so much so that the language of Oriental adulation could find no fitter style of address to a fat collector, than "May it please your enormity!"*

Having taken our post, we could at first distinguish nothing but some banners slowly advancing above the rushes, until we began to discover here and there the gleam of spears and arms between them; an increasing murmur of the tom-toms was then heard, occasionally drowned in the wild flourish of the horns, and the loud and simultaneous shouts of the multitude. When they came near enough to show their turbans and dark faces, for the rushes were seen above them in places, preserving their alignment on the banners and spears, and stretching upwards of a mile, they really looked like a barbaric force advancing with some show of discipline. As they closed upon us, the din became horrid. For two beats the hogs broke back through the line, and our last was ending, when at once the screams and yells broke out louder than ever, and a noble-looking boar dashed into the plain. There were four of us: the horseman nearest to him was rolling in a moment; before he had re-mounted, another was down, (for the ground was shameful,) and a third brought up by a chasm; the fourth was nearing the hog, when the first, who re-mounted, cut in and drove his spear so deep that it was wrenched from him, and remained sticking upwards. This enabled us to follow the brute for some hundred yards through the rushes, till he was knocked up, and jumping off we dispatched him. Another was struck next day, but escaped in the rushes. The behaviour of these hogs (it was in the Carnatic)

* A less practised flatterer commenced to a friend of mine, a major of infantry, "May it please your Royal Highness!" Will any one tell me what has perpetuated this false taste in Asia? The inflated style, and the tendency to exaggerate, is not confined to this or that land, or class of men, but is, as it has been for ever, sweepingly Oriental. Where sycophancy fools power, its motives are obvious; but these do not apply to the poetry of the Arab, nor to the dispatch of the English officer. The style of some of the latter has gone far to strengthen the prejudice that affects to undervalue our Eastern achievements. I do not hold Captain Walton's letter, "I have the honour to report that I have taken and burnt the ships as per margin," to be the *ne plus ultra* of compositions of the kind; but it is more to my taste than an extravagant disbursement of thanks and praises at the end of a tiresome history of "a battle," in which our loss in killed amounts to something under a sergeant's party. One asks with the Earl of Mar, "Gentlemen, is this mows, or earnest?"

surprised us very much—the one flying after he was wounded, and the other dying so like a coward; whereas in the Deckan they always turned on being wounded. Our departure from this spot was interesting. The Rajah came to our tents to take leave of us, where we made him take a chair, talked nonsense for a time, and then presented him with a pony and some other trifles. We distributed shot, ball, powder, and a few rupees amongst his people; and having received a letter of recommendation to the Sub-collector of the district, the young Prince saluted us and retired. Though we were well aware that their civility sought "its own exceeding great reward" in the smile of our friend, yet there was a something of taste and feeling in the manner they expressed their gratitude that pleased us. We had started on our evening march, (for there were near fifty miles between us and our regiment, which we had to join next day,) and on passing through the village where the Rajah sojourned, we found all our friends under arms, and the young man at their head on the pony we had given him. The little street was crowded; and as we entered, all the instruments struck up their flourish of welcome, and the people salamed, brandishing their arms and vociferating our praises. We again took leave; and in starting were surrounded by an escort of fifty of the finest and best-armed men amongst them. As we cleared the village, the little force, which had only remained assembled to show us this last mark of their respect, separated, and each party sounding its instruments, and displaying its banner, marched homewards. We endeavoured in vain to persuade the whole of our escort to leave us; and at all the villages we passed through that day, there was water, milk, and cocoa-nuts ready for our refreshment. During the short period of our acquaintance, as often as we met, the Rajah used to dismount to salute us; and after our first encounter, I proposed we should do the same, for I really felt for him—he looked something princely—but it was overruled, and the poor fellow continued to dismount every day before ("not to say it irreverently") rather a droll assortment of dignitaries.

The essential quality in a hog-hunter is a good mouth, without which a racer would only come up to a hog to commence a series of evolutions, like Trunnion's approaches to the church. Dogs are of use in this sport; but we thought our greyhounds too valuable to be risked, after a very fine one had been hoisted; and, to tell the truth, most of them had no great devotion to the business. Even our renowned Sir Dugald, (so named from the titular of Drumthwacket,) a wire-haired hero, that we expected to engage all comers, cut some most extravagant capers round a hog, infinitely more indicative of his astonishment at the antagonist he was introduced to, than of any intention he had to come to close quarters with him. This worthy was of Arab descent, as were all our greyhounds. The English dogs have most speed; too much, in fact, while they are well; but their health is even more uncertain than our own. On this ground there were swarms of foxes; and an English sportsman would not be shocked at our custom of coursing them, if he could see them. They are long, delicately-formed little animals, with grey silvery coats, and handsome full brushes tipped with black. It is very pretty to come on an uninitiated one standing half on the turn, with his little feet stiff out, and his bright eyes shining in his sharp knowing-looking head, and to mark, as one tallies and slips at him, the momentary hesitation, and

then, as he ascertains we are coming towards him, the gallant, not to say contemptuous, flourish of his brush with which he breaks away. Even when the dogs begin to press him, he retains his confidence; and the dazzling quickness with which his glossy tip flashes in a turn or double, seems to justify it. Towards the close, however, he seems gradually to lengthen; his brush droops almost to trailing, and his head is strained forward, as if to keep it as far as possible from the bare teeth and glaring eyes of the dogs, whose hot and gushing pants he almost feels upon his coat. As the business becomes hopeless, he collects himself for a bite; and though old dogs delay their pick till they can make it safely, few young ones seize without feeling to the very bone the death-set of his little teeth. We know if an earth is near, by the burst of recovered speed with which the fox takes off, and beautiful picks are often made at these moments. The dog, knowing it a last chance, makes a tremendous bound, and catching the animal as he dives at the earth, rolls over and over with him in his mouth, from the reckless force to which he has abandoned himself. The speed of the fox is most uncertain. I once found one which, having beaten a brace of very good dogs, passed a dog-boy, who, seeing the state of things, thought fit to slip a second, which ran him till they were knocked up also; they were lobbing along, and losing ground every stretch, when the fox fell dead in front of them. The beauty of this sport is in the rapidity and frequency of the doubles; but the dogs, unfortunately, soon learn to run cunning, and cut in upon them. Foxes are near most cantonments, and jackalls near all. I have sometimes mobbed the latter; but I seldom thought their short run worth the risk of their bite.

My favourite victims were the fawns. With them there is neither earthing or squatting: it is all fair play; and the dogs kill, or their master gets a lesson in judging of the size of his game, which is a very essential acquirement. I have positively seen my three first-rate Arab dogs so beaten that they were fifty yards behind my horse; and when a lucky ledge of rocks has turned their game back upon them, and it has fallen, rather exhausted than pulled down, I have dragged it out from under or between them without a scratch upon its skin, not one of them having strength to hurt it. Sometimes we rode at them without dogs; but it is dreadful work for a single horse, and I have only succeeded, when alone, by forcing my horse over the fawn. A circumstance which occurred to me may show the sort of incident to which sport in India is liable, and to which, in my estimation, it owes half its charm. I galloped at a fawn that was browsing near its mother, and, as it often happens, my dogs laid into the doe. I, however, continued to ride after the young one through a large herd of antelopes, that came fast across us and carried off its mother. As we were passing through them, I hallooed to my dogs to attract them to the game I followed, and when at length I had succeeded, in righting myself in my saddle (for I had necessarily turned to call them), I found two large wolves between me and the fawn, which they were running in very orthodox style. As we came up, one of them broke away from the game, and was followed by my dogs, till he slackened his pace and turned, when they obeying my call, drew off, and he lobbed away at a slow trot. On looking towards his comrade, I saw him running the fawn very beautifully. Having found the first a coward, I concluded his friend was no hero, and rode down

to him; but judge my surprise, when I state that he did not seem to notice either me or the dogs, but continued his pursuit, the greyhounds laying in alongside him, so that for several hundred yards this extraordinary trio might have been covered with a spread blanket. At length the fawn tried a double on the wolf's side, and he picked it up; but as I rode on him and shouted, he dropped the game, and the dogs dispatched it while he stood looking on, about twenty yards before us. I shall never forget him when he saw me dismount and pick up the fawn—cocking his ear, and laying his head on one side, as if he was considering what was to be done: but he seemed fully to have made up his mind by the time I had remounted, as he proceeded to make serious demonstrations of his intention to eat a dog. I had no arms, and could only keep him off by riding at him and shouting, which made him retire till I turned, when he would recommence his approaches. I had several of these bullying advances to make before my people rejoined me; but the moment I seized my rifle he went off at speed. It was lucky the first left us, as well as that the wolf picked; for had they continued together, or had my dogs seized the fawn first, I think one or both of them would inevitably have been killed. This was not the only time I found these rascals poaching. One morning, a hare was so pressed by me that it almost ran under my horse's nose, and the wolf brought up within about thirty yards, and scoured off when I prepared to fire. I once saw seven make an inburst on a herd of antelopes, but without success. These animals *lob* on—I know no term so expressive of their gait—at a sort of canter, which they can increase to a degree that has baffled every attempt I have seen made to touch them. We must have been useful auxiliaries to them, as the wounded deer became their sure prey. These latter sometimes afforded admirable runs; and whether he uses a spear or follows his dogs, every antelope-shot ought to ride. In fact, a man may make it a rule, to which, I warn him, he will find many very provoking exceptions, to slip at all antelopes he finds lying singly in a neighbourhood where there are large herds. I have known several killed in this way, which proved to be wounded or does with fawn. It is a curse of sport that one cannot follow it without much self-reproach, and yet not so much as to force one to abandon it. The finale of one of our rides after wounded antelopes affords rather an extraordinary instance of canine sagacity. The dogs were slipped at a doe shot through the body; but the jungle was close, and the ground where we entered it so bad, that we were obliged to look to it, and the deer and dogs were lost in the cover—all the latter returned but Chance and Beauty. We hallooed for them, and traversed the jungle for an hour without success. Our horses' heads were turned towards the tents, when Beauty came from the cover with her jaws and legs dyed in blood; she seemed restless, and we desired the dog-boys to let her alone, while we continued loudly to call for Chance. In a short time she re-entered the cover, at first with hesitation and apparent uncertainty, but as she proceeded, her pace quickened so as to put us to a trot, which, after taking us through a quarter of a mile of tolerably thick jungle, brought us to a small open space, where Chance, stretched as a couchant hound, watched the antelope, which lay dead some six or seven feet before him.

Hogs and antelopes were the chief objects of my sport. The

spear and rifle seem to me more manly than the fowling-piece; besides that the risk of falls, the greatest one runs in India sport, lays a sort of flattering unction to the soul, that the paying with one's person (as in more serious matters) is some palliation for the harm we do. But there is no necessity to pay extravagantly in any case, and to prevent this, in that of my gentle reader, I repeat all the good advice I can. Ride long and loose, wear a hunting-cap, and avoid screwed spurs. And if, after these precautions, you should be hurt, the only consolation I can give you is, that you may flatter yourself with being one of those excellent persons, whose uncommon virtues are destined to extraordinary trials. "Why is the precious amber thrown into the fire?" asks Sadi. "Is it not that it may emit its perfume?"

TO MARTIN ON HIS PAINTING OF THE DELUGE.

Dante of painting! at thy magic call,
Lightning, and flood, and hail, weaving the pall
  Of an expiring world, before us rise,
And the great Ocean trampling dead and quick,
And gasping Nature, and the wan sun sick
  Of desolation, fading from the skies—

And, thunder-riven, rocks hurl'd in yesty waves,
That sweep o'er buried realms and proud kings' graves,
  Their crests of foam among the dim stars flying—
And Man! Oh where is he? The brood of life,
Beast, bird, tree, herb, and flower, in this dread strife—
  All perishing or perish'd, dead or dying!—

Part pass'd all pain, part passing, part in woe,
From agony too deep for tears to show,
  And quench despair like their's ere death shall end;
Some whirling high upon the billow's brow,
As whirlwind's leaves in autumn, some e'en now
  On mountain tops laid dead—Famine their friend!

The mother clasps her child and knows it not,
For in that hour the passions are forgot,
  Save the pale haggard Fear that ne'er draws breath;
The ghostly hue of Fate is over all;
Shrieks answer to the roaring water's call
  The words of chaos—"universal death!"

The moon is dark, the comet's fire is chill,
The majesty of Death is despot still,
  Lord of a shipwreck'd orb, where all save one—
One ark, the refuge of a drowning world,
Lives yet above the waves, that wrathful curl'd,
  Hang hissing round the mountain's mightiest cone.

Such scenes thy lofty pencil hath pourtray'd
In poetry of painting, well array'd
  By genius purely thine, and thine alone:
Gazing in admiration, we proclaim
This work the ark of a far envied fame,
  To float triumphant when thy days are done!

PROVERBS.

"He dances well to whom Fortune pipes."

"Sense, shortness, and salt," are said to be the proper characteristics of proverbs,—qualities, admirable indeed in almost every species of composition, from a sermon to a sonnet, but so rarely found united, that one is a little disposed to feel surprised when, on inquiring for a collection of proverbs, a very respectably-sized octavo is put into our hands. But, in the first place, many specimens are courteously admitted, with little title but their brevity to the distinction; and, in the second, we probably possess every tolerable proverb that ever was composed. Many, indeed, similar in sense, and nearly similar in expression, have doubtless sprung up, independently of each other, in various climes and ages. They are not translations, but originals; and the resemblance in their features should not persuade us that they are not descended from different stocks. Their likeness only proceeds from the similarity in the general feelings, wants, infirmities, and passions of man. These brief and pithy maxims, which speak home to the "business and bosoms" of us all, may well claim various authors without exciting, like the double simultaneous discovery of logarithms, suspicion and astonishment. But, when once born, it is not easy to imagine that a proverb could ever die; its shortness would ensure its retention by the weakest memory, and its applicability to common occurrences occasion its frequent repetition and certain promulgation. These favourites of "the blunt monster with uncounted heads," these darlings of the multitude, have had a less precarious existence than the nurslings of philosophy and genius: epics, tragedies, histories, and orations, may have been buried in oblivion, or left their titles alone to tantalize modern scholars and antiquaries, while these little, strong, portable productions have bidden successful defiance to barbarian eruptions, Mahomedan conflagrations and Popish bigotry, to fashion, time, moths, damp, and the dark ages.

Notwithstanding this hardy principle of vitality, the influence of these pigmy moralists is proportioned to their size rather than to their duration. A proverb is no meet antagonist for a passion; and raging love, wild ambition, obstinate avarice, or furious revenge, would speedily overthrow, in their headlong course, a hundred such Lilliputian adversaries. Let not this, however, be considered the peculiar defect of proverbs, or at all to be imputed to their brevity; the lengthy and learned homilies of a preacher, the eloquent speeches, three hours long, of a Parliamentary orator, the interminable harangues of a wife, seldom encounter a better fate. "The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree." With regard, however, to our follies and our weaknesses, to the daily course of domestic annoyances and petty duties, one is less inclined to doubt the occasional utility of a proverb. Though we must not attempt to "patch grief with proverbs," yet the disguised philosophy of "what can't be cured must be endured" has probably stopped more murmurs over torn gowns and broken china than stoicism or Christianity, assistants which we only think it necessary to call in on great occasions. "A stitch in time saves nine," has saved us many a respectable pair of boots, and is

a maxim so injurious to trade that it ought to be exploded by Act of Parliament; and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," has conducted more coquettes to the altar of Hymen than all the tears and prayers, the incipient insanity and threatened suicide, of lovers.

Many proverbs are assertions rather than maxims, and, like the one we have chosen for our motto, merely convey in a few words generally acknowledged facts, without deducing from them any consequent rule of conduct. "He dances well to whom Fortune pipes," is a truth which every-day experience confirms; but we derive no useful hints from this proverb, or its numerous equivalents in our own and various languages, as to the means by which the goddess may be persuaded to play to *us*. We all know that her pipe is sweeter than Colinet's flageolet, more improving to our steps than the instructions of D'Egville; that, like the reed of Orpheus, it can give animation to clods, agility to bears, and grace to asses; but how she may be bribed to admit us into her quadrille still remains a secret. It cannot be necessary in a light essay of this nature, to assert our conviction that fate, fortune, chance, &c. are only other names for the will and arrangements of Providence; it is second causes only which are now under discussion,—he is, indeed, both unwise and unhappy who looks no farther;—it is of the visible effects of the machinery we are now speaking,—blind and miserable must those be who detect not the Master-hand which guides it. Let not our meaning, therefore, be mistaken, when we speak of "fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning."

There is something particularly gloomy and discouraging in Fatalism, in the idea of the vain exertion of our energies, the useless waste of our powers, in a long, hopeless struggle against inevitable necessity; yet the notion has, in all ages and countries, been a great favourite with mankind. It pervaded the mythology and philosophy of Greece and Rome; it is discovered among the wildest and most barbarous nations; it is the parent of astrology, the foundation of Calvinism, the corner-stone of Mahomedanism, and the origin of many an Eastern tale, Northern legend, and prevalent superstition. Fruitless attempts to elude the authority of Fate is the principle on which a number of fictions are founded; the dream, the prophecy, the fairy's warning, the oracle's decree, are sure to prove true, and the victims hasten the event by the very means adopted to escape it. In modern times, we have substituted a coquette and a harlequin for the stern "Destiny," the inexorable "Necessity" of former days; we acknowledge that "luck's a monkey," and we offer a dubious sort of worship to the fickle demon, in which prayers and laughter, honour and ridicule, are strangely mingled. According to Ariosto,* "Fortuna dei pazzi ha cura;" and, indeed, the world is pretty well convinced that she is a true flirt, dispensing her favours with unintelligible caprice, and much more ready to smile on a fool than a philosopher. The French say, "Mieux vaut une once de fortune qu'une livre de sagesse;" and we all of us must have plenty of examples to produce of unsuccessful industry, unrewarded merit, useless wisdom, and vain exertion, while we must all of us have seen "greatness thrust" upon the indolent, the frivolous, and

* Fortune takes care of fools.

the undeserving, whom fortune pipes into "some flowery spot, for which they never toiled nor swat." When *she* plays, it is impossible to make a false step; under the influence of *her* pipe, trips turn into graces, and blunders into advantages, while a whole orchestra of instruments, with the Virtues and nine Muses to play upon them, and Minerva herself to lead the band, cannot insure the most cautious dancer against a fall.

"Some men are born with a silver, and others with a wooden spoon in their mouths;" and "He who was born under a three-halfpenny planet will never be worth twopence," are two melancholy Proverbs, expressly intended for the use of the losers in the game of life, the dejected, wearied competitors in the race we are all running, the awkward and unsuccessful dancers to whom Fortune's pipe never taught a single *chassez.* The language in which they are couched is mean and plebeian, but let it be recollected that it is the language of adversity, the language of the poor and dispirited: such maxims do not pass the lips of the prosperous and happy, they acquire no polish from the rich and the elegant, who are very apt to forget that there are such things as wooden spoons or copper money in existence, and are sure to attribute their right to the use of fiddle-headed king's-pattern spoons and gold and silver coin to their own indefeasible privileges and indisputable merits. For it is a remarkable fact that those who dance oftenest in Fortune's *cotillon,* and are most indebted to her pipe, frequently assert that they supply their own music, and that their fine steps are entirely owing to the admirable way in which they themselves are performing on a jews-harp or penny trumpet. She, partial goddess, takes no umbrage at their ingratitude, plays on to her thoughtless favourites, nor turns one glance to the crowds of worshippers who are imploring a single tune from her lips. Yet, notwithstanding the arrogance of the prosperous, those who look on and observe the banquet, can readily distinguish the "wooden spoon" adhering with spiteful pertinacity to its original owners. They cannot part with their birthright, friends endeavour in vain to exchange it for a utensil of more valuable materials, and they themselves exert all the powers of their body, the energies of their mind, to aid the benevolent design. But all in vain; they used it for their soup, and they will use it for their dessert.

These ill-starred creatures have no reason to regret the suppression of lotteries, since not even the nominal prize of twenty pounds ever came to *their* share; and their dislike of the legacy tax is exasperated by no selfish feelings, as they were never called upon to contribute towards it in the slightest degree. Their rich, childless male relations always astonish the world by becoming husbands and fathers in their dotage: while their old female ones either purchase Poyais bonds and are ruined, or marry a Methodist preacher; and if a friend has promised to remember them in his will, he is sure to die suddenly before he has made one. They are always a little too late in asking for a favour, and a little too soon in abandoning a speculation; and they generally sell their shares in a mining company, at a heavy loss, just before the discovery of a *bozança.* If money is ever within their grasp, a law-suit speedily loosens their hold, and it falls into the capacious hands of some *silver-spooned* sons of Themis; their landed property is always in the West Indies, and their ready cash in a bank that fails.

In their youth heiresses have an antipathy to them; and when they marry, their wives are very liable to have twins. If they are botanists or entomologists, they never find a rare plant or uncommon insect; dandelions and groundsel seem to spring up beneath their feet, cockchafers and cabbage butterflies to pursue them; it is out of the question that their eyes can ever behold a lady's slipper or a purple emperor, and if they should chance to possess the chrysalis of a death's-head moth, a servant or a child will throw it away by mistake. As sportsmen or fishermen they are equally unfortunate; their gun always misses fire at a cock-pheasant; and, notwithstanding a diligent observance of the rules of "Salmonia," their hook fails, or line breaks, whenever a trout of any size has taken the bait.

As the "wooden spoon" is not confined to the male sex, its influence often dooms the fairer part of the creation to a series of troubles and vexations. Its victims are very unfortunate in their domestic affairs: if they get a good servant, she is sure to marry away; if they wash at home, it always rains at the time; if they have a dinner-party, the weather is hot and thundery, their custards are sour, their partridges stink, a little soot falls into the soup, and fish is extravagantly dear. The china of these unhappy women appears more brittle than their neighbours; their gowns seem to possess a magnetic quality for brambles; if a glass of port wine is thrown over at table, you need not ask whose dress has been spoiled; and if they take a walk, unprovided with an umbrella, no barometer is required to tell you it will rain. When invited to a particularly pleasant party, they catch cold and cannot go; when they visit the Opera to hear Pasta or Sontag, she is sure to be too indisposed to sing. In early life, they are subject to spraining their ankle just before a ball, and to splitting a shoe when they are about to dance with the man they prefer. At dinners they are generally placed between aged clergymen and persevering *gourmands*, bores take a fancy to them, incorrigible old bachelors bestow their tediousness upon them, and they are apt to fall in love with half-pay ensigns and country curates. Their hair goes grey early, they lose their teeth soon, their husband is particular about his dinners, and their children have the whooping-cough twice.

Behold, on the contrary, the happy man who with a "silver spoon" in his mouth, dances through life to the pleasant music of Dame Fortune! His uncles are all childless, nobody will marry his aunts; he sends a basket of game to a capricious old miser, and is rewarded by a legacy of 10,000*l.*; he preaches a sermon before a lady of quality, and gets a rich rectory; he buys worthless land, and the next year there is a rage for building upon it; he writes to his agent to purchase mining-shares, and the letter miscarries. If he is a physician, he is called in just as his patient's disorder takes a favourable turn; if he is a lawyer, his clients happen to be in the right; if he is a naturalist, nondescripts reward his most careless search; if he sports with a friend, the birds always rise on his side. History and biography occasionally furnish us with examples of this peculiarly favoured race. Mr. Whittington was evidently one of them, whose very cat proved a source of riches; so was the gentleman who, worn out by a painful disorder, attempted to commit suicide, opened an inward imposthume and was cured—the Persian condemned to lose his tongue, on whom the operation was so performed

that it merely removed an impediment in his speech—the painter who produced an effect he had long aimed at in vain by throwing his brush at his picture in a fit of impatience and despair—and the general who once upon a time besieged the town of Bushire, and had the gates blown open for him and the wall overthrown by the first discharge of a sixty-eight pounder, which the inhabitants fired to prevent his approach. Who can doubt that if these several individuals had been born with "wooden spoons" in their infant mouths, their fate would have been very different? Whittington's cat would have turned out no mouser, the sword gone through the sick gentleman's heart, the tongue been extracted to the very root, the painting irrecoverably spoiled, and the general repulsed with the loss of a limb.

There are not many persons, however, thus unchangeably favoured or persecuted by Fortune; her fickleness is in general occasionally experienced even by the most beloved of her children, and it is said that "Every dog has his day, and every man his hour." There are some proverbs still more cheering—"After clouds comes clear weather," and "Many a rainy morning turns out a fine day," seem to imply that those who have danced a good many quadrilles to the dull double bass and croaking bag-pipe of Poverty and Misfortune, have every reason to expect that they shall soon have their turn in tripping to more lively music. Uninterrupted prosperity appears still less probable than constant adversity; it is too luscious a draught for man, and is so seldom bestowed upon us for any length of time, that the wise have considered a state of extreme felicity ominous of approaching ill. The Chinese have a proverb "When the sky is clear a wise man trembles, when it thunders he is undaunted," which approximates pretty closely to the "Sperat infestis, metuit secundis" of Horace. When the King found a valuable ring he had lost in the morning, in the stomach of the fish served up for his dinner, he considered his good luck had reached its climax, and prepared for approaching reverse; and the wretched captive who beheld a dish of firmity, given to him as an uncommon favour by a pitying gaoler, thrown over by an accident, rejoiced that Fortune had played her last stroke of mischief, and would soon relent.

Ariosto bids those who are highest on the revolving wheel expect a speedy change, and prepare themselves to see "i piedi ove ora è il capo," while

> "Quanto è più l'uom di questa ruota al fondo,
> Tanto a quel punto più si trova appresso,
> Ch' ha da salir."—

The prosperous pay in general little attention to these maxims, but to the poor and unsuccessful they doubtless afford considerable comfort. They watch for the lucky hour when the wheel is to turn, the sky to clear; they cheer their adversity by its distant beams, they keep their hands ready to seize the oar, and shift the sail whenever "the tide in their affairs" arrives which is to "lead on to fortune." If artists, they continue to paint in hopes of a discerning patron; if authors, they write on, in hopes of suddenly becoming the fashion, they

> "Angle all their lives for fame,
> And getting but a nibble at a time,"

cheer themselves with distant glimpses of magnificent fish, and when their rod and line are carried away by the stream, remember that when our troubles are at their height we may expect relief.

"Cum duplicantur lateres venit Moses."

There are few professions so peculiarly under the power of Fortune as that of war,—Mars himself has less influence over military matters,—trumpets and kettle-drums fail before her pipe. When she ceases to play, stratagem is called treachery; boldness, imprudence; and caution, cowardice; patriotism becomes treason, and ambition madness. It is she who often decides the difference of a conqueror and a robber, whether laurel shall circle the head, or a halter the neck, for as Butler says:—

> "Slaughter and knocking on the head,
> The trade to which they both are bred,
> And is, like others, glorious when
> 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
> The former rides in triumph for it,
> The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
> For daring to profane a thing
> So sacred with vile bungling."

A thousand anecdotes might be easily collected to prove how often the General has owed his victory, the King his crown, to some apparently accidental and wholly unforeseen circumstances, over which they had no control, some chance as much beyond their influence as that which made Sforza Attendolo a soldier, and his grandson Duke of Milan. An Italian peasant was once invited to join a band of *Condottieri.* He hesitated, and throwing up his axe into a tree, resolved that if it hung suspended on the boughs he would enlist; if it fell, he would continue a woodman. The axe did *not* fall, and Francesco Sforza, pointing to his troops, his riches, and his splendour, was wont to say, "I owe all this to the branches of an oak which supported my grandfather's pickaxe." He, indeed, attributed too much to Fortune, too little to his own valour and genius; but the account is a difficult one to settle; the balance is not readily adjusted between merit and luck.

There is one circumstance, one event of human life, and that by no means of a trivial nature, over which the influence of Fortune's pipe is considered supreme. It is agreed that "marriage goes by destiny." Here "luck" reigns paramount, and "good guidance" is useless. No precaution can assure a man against a termagant wife, or a woman against a faithless husband; while unions contracted under the most apparently unfavourable auspices, sometimes afford very edifying examples of conjugal felicity. A ten years' courtship will not prevent quarrels in the honeymoon, while an affection sown suddenly at a ball, and of which the harvest follows in six weeks, shall endure unchangeably all the buffets of life. Couples arrived at years of discretion have proceeded gradually and steadily through the grammar of Love, and when duly qualified for a matrimonial degree, have advanced in the most decorous manner, and after the most approved method, to the altar of Hymen, Cupid and Minerva preceding them hand-in-hand, and plenty of congratulating relations following in bridal attire, and a life *à la* cat and dog has been the result; while boys and girls, scarcely half way in their teens, have fallen in love at battledore and shuttlecock, galloped off the next morn-

ing to Gretna-Green, been married by a blacksmith, and thrown two whole families into hysterics, who have afterwards passed their youth like turtle-doves, their maturer years like the tenderest of friends, and their age like Darby and Joan.

These strange anomalies are not to be denied, but they afford little encouragement to imprudence, since misery may and often does follow it, and there is, undoubtedly, no misery equal to self-reproach. If we cannot ensure success, we may at least deserve it.

But if Fortune is thus powerful over the events of human life, she appears to have little less influence over its termination. One man sucks an orange and is choked by a pip, another swallows a penknife and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand and no skill can save him,* another has the shaft of a gig pass completely through his body and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common and breaks his neck, another is tossed out of a gig over a Brighton cliff and survives; one walks out on a windy day and meets death by a brickbat, another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hatton in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was indeed a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife, some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. "Perceiving a mighty disorder (as well he might), he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which if he had done, he had been irrecoverably lost; but in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till people came and took him down."

But we feel that it is almost profane to talk of Death, even for a moment, as the effect of chance, although it is not perhaps more immediately under the control of an overruling Providence than every other event of our lives. The same hand decides all that concerns us, and decides it for our good. But it is not Reason from whom this lesson can be satisfactorily learned; Cato's soliloquy may give hope, but not confidence; and it is confidence which wretched man requires when he suffers here and thinks of an hereafter. The Christian alone knows that he is not the sport of an unknown power, the workmanship of a regardless Creator; that his sorrows are not without a meaning and a use, his sins without an expiation, his virtues without a reward. It is he alone who can reflect on himself and all around him without perplexity, confusion, and apprehension, without vain and fatiguing efforts to arrive at any satisfactory or intelligible deduction from what is past, and dim, dispiriting horrors of what may yet be to come. To him alone belongs that gift which a modern poet has so beautifully, so emphatically described as—

> "A blessed mood, of aspect most sublime,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lighten'd—*is removed.*"

W. E.

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* A fact of recent date.

RELICS.

Before the holy martyr's shrine
  The wearied pilgrim lowly bows,
There bids the costly jewels shine,
  The rich oblation of his vows;

Then joyful seeks his distant home,
  Though half his wealth he leave behind;
Whether he brave the ocean's foam,
  Or meet the desert's fiery wind.

What has the wanderer's sighs suppress'd?
  What can such lengthen'd toil repay?—
He bears, close cherish'd in his breast,
  A relic from the shrine away.

Yet smile not thou, nor deem him weak,
  Though more enlighten'd be thy mind;
In thy heart's hidden treasure seek,—
  Thou many a relic there may'st find.

The rose that faded on the breast,
  The youthful lover deem'd most fair,—
Was it not cherish'd, loved, caress'd,
  With more than all a miser's care?

The page o'er which her eye has glanced
  Then turn'd on his its soften'd beam,—
Has he not o'er it hung entranced,
  Whilst back return'd young Passion's dream!

E'en though the tomb may o'er her close,
  The tress that round her brows could twine,
Is left to soothe his bosom's throes,
  The relic of its inmost shrine.

Though his be manhood's sterner age,
  Its pomps, its joys, its toils, its care;
Though toss'd by its fierce tempest's rage,
  He still may some loved relic wear.

Though yon proud mansion be his lot,
  Why turn his eyes with pensive gaze
To yon sequester'd humble cot,
  Where pass'd his jocund holidays?

Why do that gallant veteran's eyes
  Fill, as the glittering sword he draws?
The friend who gave it lowly lies
  A martyr to his country's cause!

Age has its joys—mere relics all,—
  E'en when its lamp most clearly burns;
Where Time's long shadows deepest fall,
  Memory herself a relic turns!

The brow is calm, though many a line
  Is traced its faded surface o'er;—
What is the heart?—a peaceful shrine
  Of precious relics laid in store!

The portrait of departed worth—
  The value to mere toys assign'd—
The dear-loved spot that hail'd our birth—
  All prove this influence o'er the mind!

The gem-deck'd star—the warrior's plume—
The poet's lyre—the sage's pen—
What are they?—relics from the tomb,
Snatch'd by the loftier sons of men!

Then smile not, if the pilgrim draws
Heart-treasured relics from the shrine;
He but obeys the general laws
Which rule, in different forms, in thine!

H. R.

EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF AVA.*

The Burman war, which required, obviously from a perfect, but marvellous ignorance of the country, three campaigns to bring to a successful conclusion,—and the expectation besides, universally entertained at the end of it, that another war, or at least another march to the capital, would quickly become necessary to repel new aggressions—for the serpent was believed to be rather scotched than crushed,—or certainly to enforce observance of treaties, and impress a little farther respect for the might and majesty of our Indian empire:—these things stirred an interest and curiosity about the Burmese, which nothing short of full and authentic information of the country and its resources was likely to satisfy. Mr. Crawfurd's very communicative volume, in addition to the details of the war by Snodgrass and Trant, will furnish this desirable information amply, if not completely; and will, at the same time, particularly Mr. Crawfurd's, allay all apprehensions of serious consequences from the power or the revenge of the Burmans. For revenge, they are doubtless thirsting; but their power, upon closer inquiry, proves to be insignificant, and their skill in combining the elements of power still more contemptible. They are unlicked barbarians, in the very infancy of settled society; but elated, as they have been, by a career of victories over their feebler neighbours, and incapable of estimating European superiorities, though smarting under the lash of recent defeat from them, they require more drubbing than it is worth while to give, to knock the conceit out of them. Contact, as it does in most things, has reduced them, in our calculations, to their proper dimensions: they are no longer of importance, and may be safely left to give vent to their impotent resentments. Henceforth, it will be sufficient to inflict summary punishment for sudden invasions, and never imperative to pursue them one foot beyond the space demanded for immediate chastisement. The impression deeply fixed in them is, that, in the war, they failed not for want of strength or courage, but simply for want of discipline and dexterity in the use of arms—both which advantages they regard as perfectly adventitious, the possession of which any people, much more themselves, may readily acquire; but which, of course, thus lightly considered and contemptuously measured, they are not likely to acquire or prosecute. All along, the resources of the Burmans have been absurdly, or rather ignorantly, exaggerated; for, though possessing an extent of country, comprising, apparently, not less than eight hundred miles by four hundred, no calculation, with the most liberal allowances, can bring up the population to the amount of four millions, that is, to ten to the square mile—a proportion which irresistibly implies the scantiness of their resources, and the wild and unreclaimed state of the country; and the fact appears to be, from all the intelligence that can be gathered, that cultivation is confined mainly to the Irawadi, and its branches and tributary streams—a river too, which, from

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* Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, in the Year 1827. By John Crawfurd, Esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S. &c. late Envoy. With an Appendix, containing a description of Fossil Remains, by Professor Buckland and Mr. Clift. In 1 vol. 4to.

the sudden swells and falls in the neighbourhood of the capital, it is pretty clear must have its sources not very far beyond that point. Of the country to the north of the capital, nothing is known but from conjecture and analogy.

The earliest notice of the Burman dominions by an Englishman—there are Portuguese accounts before—is that of Fitch, a merchant of London, who travelled in India from 1583 to 1591. He visited Pegu; and making allowances for the narrow limits of his opportunities, his representation of places and manners, says Mr. Crawfurd, is surprisingly accurate and faithful. In 1695, one Mr. Edward Fleetwood was despatched to Ava, by Higginson, Governor of Madras, with a letter, couched in terms of Oriental admiration and magnificence, professing to "throw a few toys at his Majesty's feet," and soliciting a continuation of commercial favours. The next notice we have, 1709, is Captain Alexander Hamilton's, who, in his "New Account of the East Indies," describes Pegu, but in a manner which is represented by Mr. Crawfurd as far inferior to Fitch's in interest, perspicuity, and accuracy, and bearing evident marks of the details being taken, as he himself professes, from "the storehouse of his memory," which, apparently, must have been thinly supplied and treacherously guarded. After Hamilton's, nothing again occurs till 1755, immediately after the conquest of Pegu by Alompra, the hero of the Burman empire. On this occasion, the Company despatched Captain Robert Baker, the commander of one of their trading vessels, on an embassy of compliment and commerce, with some presents of gunpowder and shot, two or three muskets, a gilt looking-glass, six bottles of lavender-water, and *two bags of red earth*—a gift, in Mr. Crawfurd's estimation, not fit to set before the King. Though troubled with some misgivings, the ambassador performed the usual prostrations, but does not appear to have gained any thing by his questionable compliances. Within a year or two occurred another embassy, from the chief, or governor, or commander of the Isle of Negrais, conducted by Ensign Lester, who, in like manner and with like effect, made his prostrations; and, in 1760, a third, by Captain Alves, still with the same results: after which, for thirty-five years, there appears to have been little or no farther diplomatic intercourse. In 1795, however, in consequence of the conquest of Arracan (for these Burmans have been great conquerors), which made them our immediate neighbours, Captain, afterwards Colonel, Symes was despatched to the Court of Ava, and published by far the most "complete and satisfactory" account of the country; but colouring, it seems, in the glowing tints of his imagination, the strength and resources of the empire. This embassy was followed, the very next year, by Captain Cox's, whose narrative, which was not printed till 1821, presented a cooler and of course a more faithful picture, one more germane to the matter, than that of the more dazzled Colonel Symes. In 1802, Colonel Symes was a *second* time deputed, but still with no satisfactory result—whether cured of his illusions, or not, does not appear, for he published no *second* account: probably the second glance so changed the aspect of things, that he would have had little else to do then to contradict, or at least to correct, or modify his own statements, which is not the most agreeable task in the world, and one that is rarely executed with any satisfaction to any party. In 1809, Major Canning was commissioned to explain—a very difficult matter, we should imagine—our system of blockade; and this gentleman's relation tended, in some measure, usefully to counterbalance the splendid and fallacious representations of his predecessor.

The war has been productive of two or three narratives, which have supplied considerable materials to a more complete conception of the country; but the most valuable, as well as the amplest source of information, undoubtedly is Mr. Crawfurd's. By an article of the treaty concluded by General Campbell at Yandabo, within forty miles of the capital, provision was made for the residence of a political agent at the capital, and the construction of a commercial treaty. For negotiating the latter, Mr. Crawfurd was selected, and no man could be more perfectly qualified for the purpose. He

had spent twenty years in the East, almost wholly employed in civil and political office. In 1808, he was on the medical staff of the Prince of Wales's Island, and continued three years on that station. In the invasion of Java, under the auspices of Lord Minto, he was attached to the expedition, expressly on the ground of his knowledge of the language and manners of the native tribes; and, after the conquest of the island, filled, for six years, the more important offices of the local government. In 1821, he visited, under the appointment of Lord Hastings, the Courts of Siam and Cochin China,* to settle the terms of commercial intercourse; and on his return was made, and continued, governor of Singapore for three years. Thus qualified by long and extended experience of Indian habits and prejudices, he was finally placed at the head of the embassy to Ava. A treaty of commerce of a more formal and binding character was projected; and the discussions on this subject, which constitute the most remarkable feature of the book, as a curious specimen of Burman diplomacy, we shall condense, for the amusement, we hope, of our readers, into the smallest practicable compass—not that it differs in *spirit* from the negotiations of the most refined courts of Europe. Unhappily, the management of these matters is invariably conducted in the spirit of rascality—it is diamond cut diamond—each fears to be outwitted, and each aims at outwitting the other, to gain more than equity will sanction. The Burmans are as cunning as foxes, or their betters; that is, they have all the turns and manœuvres, all the wile and guile, but not the skill and tact to veil the coarseness of artifice.

Starting, on the 6th of September, 1826, from Rangoon, where he had been residing six months as Civil Commissioner, Mr. Crawfurd, with a suite and guard of fifty persons, proceeded up the Irawadi in a steam-vessel of 150 tons. At Henzada, the first place they came to of any size, an attempt was made to arrest their progress. Two chiefs, on the part of the Governor, were urgent with him to wait for a formal invitation from Ava, whither intelligence of his arrival had already been despatched; and in the visit which Mr. Crawfurd respectfully made, the Governor himself pressed the same request, as if permission from the Court was a matter perfectly indispensable. The next day, the Governor returned the visit in state, and again used every effort to prevent the Mission from advancing—assuring the Envoy that his rank and authority entitled him, and that in fact he was empowered, to treat with him on any subject, and therefore what need of going to Ava? The Ambassador pleaded his orders to proceed to Ava; that his right to do so was secured by the treaty of peace; and that, moreover, he had a letter which could be delivered to none but the King; and when the necessity of an invitation was again urged, he insisted the Court was already acquainted with his intended visit, and therefore waiting was superfluous. The Governor now took another tack. The treaty of peace provided for the reception of accredited agents at the respective capitals of the two Governments. The English phrase was, "each other's Durbars;" the Burman, "the royal city." This, the Governor now insisted, meant Rangoon; or, at least, Rangoon might as well be meant as Ava, for each was a royal city. The reply was short: Rangoon was never mentioned; and at Yandabo every body knew that Ava, and Ava alone, was meant. The conference lasted two hours and a half, and presented to Mr. Crawfurd a fair anticipative specimen of Burman diplomacy, which he characterizes, with pretty good reason, as "importunate, oblique, and childish." All, however, passed in perfect good-humour—defeat was no mortification; though the Governor's vanity was somewhat wounded by Mr. Crawfurd's declaration that he had no authority to negotiate personally with him; but he adroitly turned it off, by addressing his attendants—he is only an Envoy; he is not a Commissioner, and has no authority to treat.

* His very agreeable account of these Courts and countries was published only last year. With the history of the Indian Archipelago by the same gentleman, every body, who attends to these matters, must be well acquainted. Nowhere will be found an abler or a more discriminating view of Indian tribes and peculiarities.

At Myan-aong, the Embassy met the Governor of Prome, who immediately turned back to be in readiness to receive them, begging the Ambassador, however, not to quit Myan-aong till the afternoon; apparently with no other view than to take upon himself the direction of his movements, and make a display of authority. On arriving at Prome, the first object they saw were two mangled bodies: they had been caught, the Governor said, plundering in the rear of the British army, for which he had ordered them to be executed. This, however, proved, upon inquiry, to be a lie. The Governor returned the visit with a present of bad wax-candles and custard-apples, in acknowledgment of a present ten times the value. He also was urgent to detain the party a few days, under pretence of preparing a war-boat, to accompany and protect them from robbers, with which the country, he said, abounded. Prome, by the way, has another name, which means Bull's-hide, and is accompanied with a legend similar to that of the foundation of Carthage.

At Pagham-new, they were met by the royal order for the approach of the Mission to Ava; and about midway between Yandabo and the capital, they found a deputation waiting to receive them, headed by a chief of some distinction; for he had a gold chain of nine strings, and a title of four syllables. Strings and syllables mark the gradations of rank: the lowest number of chains is three, and the highest twelve, except the royal family, who have twenty-four. The late king had twenty-one syllables; but the syllable is not so decisive and *marquant* as the chain. He was accompanied by two other chiefs: all conducted themselves with the greatest decorum, and forbore from impertinent questions, and exhibited none of that importunity with which the Ambassador had been annoyed at Siam. A report was forwarded forthwith to Ava of the arrival. The next morning, when the Embassy was preparing to start, they were earnestly desired to wait for instructions from Court; but Crawfurd telling them nothing could be expected but an invitation to proceed, refused to delay, thinking it necessary to show that he came of right, and not of favour. He was, however, speedily met by a fresh deputation, in the royal barges, covered (the barges we mean) all over, oars and all, with gold, manned each with forty rowers. Great regret was expressed that the Ambassador's expeditious movements had prevented their joining him at Pagham-new, whither the deputation had been directed by the King to proceed. At Ava they landed, amidst great parade and splendour: a house was assigned, which, however, from some neglect of *bienseance*, the Ambassador refused to occupy, and orders were issued for supplying the Mission with every necessary. Four thousand ticals (500*l.*) were presented for current expenses, a very large sum in the estimation of the Burmans. Fruit, butter, and milk were supplied in abundance, and poultry, mutton, and beef, in defiance of religious prejudices.

It will be understood, the Burmans had no distinct notion of the objects of the Mission. With the recollection of their recent defeats, and the non-payment of the instalments, they were full of apprehension; and knew not very well, without violating their own imperfect notions of propriety, to set about the discovery. In a day or two, however, an officer of rank, the Kyi-wun, or Lord of the Granaries, accompanied by secretaries and a guard, presented himself, and after a great deal of preluding and complimenting, opened the matter of business, first, by touching upon the *presents*, very decorously and remotely—quite in contrast with the barefaced rapacity of the Siamese. "It would be a pleasure to him to gratify the King's curiosity, if he were enabled to mention two or three;" upon which Crawfurd promptly described two or three, and furnished him, moreover, with a complete list. Thus encouraged, the minister now ventured to ask when the British army would evacuate Rangoon; to which the Ambassador replied, that when he left Rangoon, the whole of the second instalment had not been discharged according to agreement, and by the treaty the commander was consequently empowered to delay the removal. "Oh!" said the Minister, "there is no necessity for such strict punctuality among friends." The Ambassador

could only urge that the British had adhered to the terms of the treaty, and should continue to do so. The conversation which had passed between the Ambassador and the Governor of Henzada was now introduced, the Kyi-wun observing, the Governor had reported that he (the Ambassador) had assured him he had written to General Campbell to embark the troops: to which obvious *ruse* Crawfurd of course replied, no such unreasonable request had been made to him, nor had he given any such assurance. The great man having now made the due *detours*, dropped at last plumb upon the main point —it would be very agreeable to his Majesty to know the particular *purpose* of Mr. Crawfurd's "friendly visit:" to which the Ambassador frankly answered, to deliver a letter from the Governor-General, and regulate the commerce of the two countries on terms of reciprocal advantage, and for no other object whatever—an assurance which seemed to give great pleasure, for the party immediately took leave, as if relieved of some mighty burden.

Three days after, the same party repeated their visit, ostensibly as one of ceremony, but in reality to prosecute business. Mr. Crawfurd desired to know when he could be presented to the King? This, he was told, was a matter of importance, and would be duly discussed in council; in the mean while the terms of the proposed commercial treaty might be settled. Desirous of losing no time, Crawfurd informed him he was ready to proceed instantly, and had actually prepared the draft in English and Burman. The next day but one, accordingly, was fixed for commencing; the business, it appeared, must then be suspended three days on account of some annual boat-races, but might be resumed the two succeeding days, and then the presentation would take place. This arrangement was acquiesced in very readily by the Ambassador, without any suspicion of the motive of delay. Still suspicious, however, that the Mission had ulterior objects, Kyi-wun pressed Mr. Crawfurd to inform him if he had any other demands to make; and being re-assured on this point, begged in confidence, and as a friend, he would communicate the principal articles of the proposed treaty. This was, of course, done without hesitation, and the majority of the articles (they consisted but of seven in all) seemed to be approved; but not, Mr. Crawfurd observed, the *most essential*.

On the day appointed, after some delay, occasioned by difficulties made as to a place of meeting—the Commissioners were dreadfully afraid of infringing their dignity, and no Burman will enter the house of an inferior—the business commenced. After the usual inquiries, the never-failing interrogatories, as to the health of the King of England, the ministers, and the nobility, and the age of the parties, and on this occasion, for the first time, the health and age of the Governor-General, whom, to keep up their own importance, they chose to consider as an independent sovereign—the Commissioners introduced a series of questions, calculated, apparently, to ascertain the Ambassador's credentials, and on these being satisfactorily answered, proposed to adjourn to another day. To this Crawfurd strongly objected, and pressed attention to the business of the meeting. The draft prepared by him was consequently produced and read, and the Commissioners said they would take time to consider and furnish a counter-draft, with such alterations as they might judge expedient. Anticipating some political manœuvres, the Ambassador informed them his powers were limited to the commercial treaty, and no other subject must be mixed up with it. To this some objections were made; but Crawfurd sticking to his point, they observed, he must have authority to *modify* the treaty of peace, if conducive to the good of both nations. The conference now broke up, and the three following days were occupied with the races. On the last day appeared Dr. Price (the American physician and missionary) with a message, from whom did not appear, announcing that, in consequence of an exhibition of fireworks, commanded by the King, the conferences for the next two days could not be continued:—to which the Ambassador, concluding it best to make an early stand upon punctilio, replied, he could take no message from an unofficial person.

In the evening, accordingly, came the Kyi-wun himself, with a secretary; and, after sitting an hour and a half, introduced the subject of postponing the conferences. The object was so obviously procrastination merely—the very course which had so much embarrassed his predecessors—that he resolved to remonstrate at once. The great man, with the usual circumbendibus, opened the matter, by desiring to know if he wished to be present at the fireworks, to which Mr. Crawfurd replied, it would be time enough to settle that matter at the conference the next day. The Kyi-wun, however, was not to be baffled—the Ambassador and he, he said, were pledged friends, and as he himself had been directed to superintend the exhibition, the Ambassador, as his particular friend, should not be the man to interpose any objection. Against which pathetic appeal the Ambassador insisted upon the importance of business—his conviction the King could not postpone such matters for mere amusement—the propriety of observing engagements; promises and appointments, he added, were with men of honour in Europe as binding as oaths, and the breaking of them, on slight grounds, justly incurred the forfeiture of esteem and confidence. The *beauty* of all this, as the Kyi-wun phrased it, he readily admitted, but still thought some latitude might be allowed among friends; and, on departing, expressed himself sorry and ashamed at the part he had been obliged to take. The Ambassador refused to attend the spectacle himself, or permit any of his suite; and eventually came a message to request the conference might be resumed, as originally agreed upon.

At this conference the seven articles were gone completely through, in a very business-like manner, and several modifications were proposed; but the main objection appeared to be against the article sanctioning the export of gold and silver. This was opposed, as contrary to the law of the country—gold and silver, moreover, not being strictly articles of commerce. The Ambassador in vain took considerable pains to inculcate his notions of political economy, and convince them that gold and silver were as much articles of commerce as silk and cotton, and that, by prohibiting such export, they deprived themselves of great gains—they begged to be furnished with a copy of his valuable remarks, and engaged to take them into consideration. The next day was the presentation-day—the festival of the new moon, which lasted three days. They would take one day for deliberation, and meet him again on the fifth.

This important ceremony did not, however, take place for two or three days on account of bad weather; but when it did at last occur, the purpose for which this particular period had been pitched upon, became manifest, to the great vexation of the Ambassador. It was the Burman Lent, the season when tributaries and public officers make offerings and ask pardon for all offences. The object of the court was to pour a little balm upon its wounded honour, and the Ambassador and his suite were craftily mixed up in the crowd of supplicants, bearing presents and suing for forgiveness. The elephants sent to conduct them, moreover, were miserably equipped—they were directed to dismount long before reaching the palace—to lower their umbrellas—to make obeisance on coming in sight of the palace, &c. The ceremony of prostration in the presence was, however, dispensed with; and they consented to take off their hats, raise their right hands to their foreheads, and make a respectful bow: they had previously taken off their shoes. During the audience they were distinguished by some extraordinary marks of attention.

Contrary to the Ambassador's expectation, the conferences were renewed at the time appointed, at which a variety of new objections and points of difference were introduced. The Commissioners first called for the *amended* draft, which they had the effrontery to tell him he had promised; and next desired one of the articles to be entirely struck out as not being strictly commercial. The name of the King of England was insisted upon, as well as that of the Governor General. The terms of the fourth article involved a question of boundary, particularly relative to the river Saluen, which brought on a long discussion and an appeal to the treaty of peace. At the conclusion

of the conference, the Ambassador made a solemn remonstrance upon the treatment he had met with at the presentation; but assurances were given of there being no intentional disrespect; and arrangements were then made, with all appliances, for visits to the heir apparent, and other members of the royal family.

The conferences were put off again some days by the death of the wife of one of the Commissioners; but when they were resumed, the Commissioners presented a new draft of *five* articles, in which the stipulations relative to the export of gold and silver were materially altered, and indeed completely defeated; and, moreover, attempts were made to secure unequal advantages relative to "munitions of war." At this conference, also, some "propositions" were given in, which bore upon the treaty of peace. At a subsequent meeting, the Ambassador remarked upon the five articles, and new modifications were suggested. After which the propositions were taken into consideration; the purpose of which appeared to be, for nothing can be less precise than the Burman phraseology, to procure some relaxation as to the *ceded provinces and the money instalments*, and to withdraw the sovereign of Munnipore from the protection of the British power. In reply, the Ambassador observed, he had no powers either to restore the provinces, or remit the payments, but was willing to receive and report any communication, and would even take upon himself to accommodate, as to time, to a reasonable extent, provided the necessity was made out, and a commercial treaty consented to, in conformity with the stipulations made for this purpose at Yandabo: otherwise, payment must be punctually made, and he would either remain to receive the next instalment due in one hundred and ten days, or vessels should be sent to Rangoon to receive it. As to Munnipore, the sovereign of it had been acknowledged independent, and must not be interfered with; and, as the necessity for well-defined boundaries was obvious, he would discuss with them any plan calculated to further that object. The Ambassador took occasion to remonstrate on the subject of intercepted letters, and an attempt was made by the Commissioners to justify the opening of one in particular, on *the ground of its not being sealed.*

Before the next conference, a circumstance occurred which showed the anxiety entertained about their "propositions," and the manœuvres of the Government. An old chief, who had frequently visited the embassy, called on Mr. Judson, (the American missionary, of whom so much has been heard, and who now acted as Crawfurd's interpreter,) and expressed the belief of the Government that the Ambassador was really empowered to restore the provinces and remit the payments. He was, however, hard to deal with—would it answer to begin by offering him a douceur of twelve thousand rupees? Among the Burman officers no discredit is ever attached to any thing of the kind, except where the parties are silly enough, or unlucky enough, to be detected. At the succeeding conference, however, all seemed to be agreed upon, and Crawfurd assented to five articles drawn up in the full Burman amplification of phrase, securing the free admission of merchants with passes—the transit of gold and silver in exchange for merchandise—certain limitations and duties on vessels—the right of merchants to quit when they pleased, sell or remove their property, and take away their families—and protection for wrecks—with some exception, or hesitation still as to the second, to which they wished to annex a clause for the unrestricted admission of fire arms and ammunition.

The Commissioners now adverted to what was always uppermost in their minds, and which evidently was their ultimate or sole object in negotiating at all—the restoration of the provinces and remission of the payments. The Ambassador had engaged to give time for the *third* instalment on two conditions—proof of inability, and adoption of the treaty. Reminding him now of the former and sinking the latter, they offered as proof the exhaustion of the treasury, and the loss of revenue occasioned by the distractions of the country and the devastations of war. Their wilful disregard of the second condition seems to have nettled the Ambassador; for he sharply charged them

with desiring to break the treaty of peace by opposing the free export of gold and silver, for that treaty provided that trade should suffer *no molestation or hindrance.* Still pressing for delay, they now inquired how long, provided they conceded the whole treaty, he would postpone the next instalment. Till they had time to appeal to the Governor General, he told them; but on his adding, they must not expect relief merely for going to Calcutta, they took the matter in high dudgeon, and replied, they should of course pay as agreed upon, and closed the conference.

At the next meeting the Commissioners brought a new draft, with a blank for the second article, and came armed with new difficulties. Explanations were demanded relative to the matter of "wrecks," as to the assistance required—the responsibility incurred—and the repayment of expenses. These being satisfactorily given, objections were made to the fourth article, as to the right of merchants and residents removing their families; and finally—finally for this conference we mean—this and the second were cut out. The treaty now consisted of only three articles, and these of the least importance. This matter being thus apparently settled, the Commissioners reverted to the money affair, and the Ambassador was brought to offer a postponement specifically of one year for the *third* instalment, in case the signing of the treaty, embracing the five articles, was not delayed beyond one week; refusing peremptorily to say a word respecting the postponement of the *fourth* payment, or to consent to report, as they wished him, *favourably;* —he would report, he told them, *truly.*

The next day the subject of the treaty was again resumed, and the Commissioners consented to the re-introduction of the fourth article. And now having granted *whatever* the Ambassador demanded, they said, they begged, in return for this favour, he would put off the *fourth* payment as he had done the third, for a twelvemonth, affecting to believe he had given up the second article. Upon his persisting, however, they made a new merit of conceding it, and again urged the postponement. This was at last wrung from him, and he consented to fix the third instalment for November 1827, and the fourth for November 1828. Not yet satisfied, they trusted he would date from the following February, just to make it correspond with the date of the treaty of Yandabo. "I will not," replied the Ambasador; "I cannot go a step farther; I have now done."

In a day or two the Commissioners again met, and a fair copy of the treaty was introduced and examined, when the Ambassador pointed out the substitution of the word *return* for *quit,* in the fourth article, relative to merchants and residents, which effectually defeated the proposed security. They were evidently annoyed at the detection; and, though affecting to consider the words synonymous, felt themselves obliged to refer the matter to their superiors.

Symptoms of great anxiety appeared as the day fixed for signature approached; and the Commissioners, on the day, did not present themselves till late, and that merely to save appearances, and to state, that till the troops were withdrawn from Rangoon, they could not sign; to which Mr. Crawfurd replied, the postponement of the payments, and the departure of the troops, depended upon the treaty, and as they refused to sign, his engagements with them were no longer binding. It now, it seems, became indispensable for the Commissioners to communicate to the King the real state of the negotiations, of which, hitherto, he had known nothing truly. The intelligence threw him into a frenzy of rage; he charged them with falsehood and malversation; drew his sword, and rushed upon the offenders, who took to their heels; some leaped over the balustrades, others down the stairs, and, in the confusion, fell one upon another! Of all this, at the next conference, no notice was taken, and the subject of the treaty was again introduced. A new copy was brought forward, which, on being compared with the one of five articles formerly agreed upon, was found to correspond in the 1st, 4th, and 5th, exactly; but in the 2d and 3d, words were interpolated, calculated of course to elude the object. On his remonstrance they insisted,

first, that the words were unimportant; then, that they were warranted by custom; next, that if he did not like them, he might, as we say, lump them; and finally, they flatly denied that any alterations at all had been made—the draft was exactly as it had originally been drawn. Not prepared for this last degree of effrontery, the Ambassador was silent, but the discussion was continued between them and Mr. Judson; and when he laid before them the original in the hand-writing of their own officers, they turned the matter off with a laugh. After some farther quibbling on the postponement of the payments, fresh objections were made to the export of gold and silver, and more time was demanded for consideration; but a final meeting in two days was at last agreed upon. The question was then put to him, whether, in the event of every thing being settled to his liking, he would return immediately, or wait and pay his respects to the King; with respect to which, he expressed his wish to take personal leave of his Majesty, as a matter of course.

On the day appointed for the final conference, came a message to excuse attendance, on the ground of the Commissioners not having been able to obtain an interview with his Majesty. Desirous, however, of removing obstacles, Crawfurd begged them to meet him, and on their arrival offered to give up the word *gold* in the treaty. Instead of frankly accepting the compromise, they caught at it to make new stipulations to fetter the freedom of trade, till at last Crawfurd desired the matter might drop, and expressing his expectation, peremptorily, that the treaty should be signed in a day or two, demanded that an audience of leave might be obtained for him. He had already directed the steamer to be in readiness. The Government finally resolved to refuse the export of both gold and silver, and a scheme was agitated for securing postponement of the instalments, by the payment of interest for a limited period. This intelligence reached the Ambassador from two quarters; for, notwithstanding the apparent mysteriousness of the Government, they had not the art of keeping their own counsels—every thing was known before it was officially announced.

A day or two after the last conference, a message was brought that the Commissioners were ready to sign the treaty, which proved to be the last agreed upon, with the article relative to the gold and silver wholly omitted, and the clause of the fourth, allowing the families of merchants to *quit* the country, struck out; and without farther debate the treaty, thus mutilated, was signed, sealed, and delivered. The Commissioners then proposed to discuss the matter of postponements, and hoped he would still agree to the former arrangements; but the Ambassador positively assured them, without some equivalent, it was quite impracticable. The expedient of interest was then suggested, but one of the Commissioners begged the interpreter not to translate it, and observed, when they had made up their minds, they would solicit another conference; to which the Ambassador shortly replied, *his* business was now over, and he should leave in seven days.

After every thing was thus concluded, the Commissioners volunteered a visit to the Ambassador's *house*—a thing they had never done before—where renewed attempts were made relative to the postponement, and the old ground of argument gone over; but nothing new was proposed on the one hand, nor elicited on the other. At a subsequent meeting they frankly acknowledged their impression that he had been empowered to restore the provinces and remit the payments, but as he had not, they resolved to reserve the "export of gold and silver," as an equivalent to offer by their ambassador, whom it was proposed to send to Calcutta. The Ambassador now pressed for an audience, and naming fourteen days as the latest time of his stay, they engaged to procure him an interview within that period. The Commissioners still repeated their visits, ostensibly as friends, and sundry discussions took place, with the most indefatigable perseverance, all of which are carefully recorded; but any farther detail would be utterly superfluous, for nothing passed to change the terms of the treaty, or in any way to modify the determination or the conduct of the Ambassador. An audience was granted, and he was finally suffered to depart with all possible courtesy.

The treaty of peace by General Campbell was completed in haste, without time for due consideration, or the means of adequate knowledge. A cession of territory was the only means by which Europeans could effectually impress respect upon Asiatics; but it is to be lamented that Rangoon was not retained—it was worth all the rest. In Mr. Crawfurd's opinion, the advantages would have been decisive; he suggested the exchange, or rather the substitution, in the original treaty, but it was considered too late. "It would," says he, apparently with great justice, "have exonerated us from our too extensive territorial acquisitions from the Burmese government—settled our pecuniary claims upon the court of Ava—placed us in a commanding military attitude, which would have relieved us from all apprehension of annoyance from the power of the Burmese—given us the command of the navigation of the Irawadi, and possession of a port, which, in a commercial and military view, is probably, under all circumstances, the most convenient and useful in the Indian seas." But as to the means and mode of future intercourse Mr. Crawfurd is of opinion, that a resident at Ava can do nothing: he is cut off from free communication with his own government, and surrounded by spies. At Rangoon he would be equally cut off from Ava, and be no more than the representative of India to the subordinate government of Pegu. The wisest course appears to him to be to conduct the necessary intercourse through the military or civil officer invested with political authority on the Saluen frontier, who would thus be on a par with the Governor of Pegu, and being situated within a few hours' sail of the residence of that officer, would always be able to maintain with him a frequent, friendly, and unembarrassed intercourse. "A British officer," observes Mr. Crawfurd, "with a great part of the Burman frontier open to him, and with frequent communication with merchants, travellers, and other native inhabitants, would be possessed by himself, or through confidential agents, of the means of furnishing the Government with information much more extensive and authentic than it would be possible for the most active and intelligent individual to supply either at Rangoon or Ava, jealously watched as both himself and those who might be disposed to furnish him with intelligence would unquestionably be at either of those places."

We have no space to speak of what concerns the appearances or the statistics of the country, or the customs of the people, and can only refer the reader, with confidence in their accuracy and interest, to the volume for the details, and especially direct his attention to Mr. Crawfurd's report of his mission to the Governor-General, as one of the ablest political papers we ever read.

LONDON LYRICS.

A Word of Advice to the Anti-Catholics.

Ye sons of alarm, who Saint Stephen annoy,
  Tag-rag of all ranks and conditions;
Who many an acre of canvass employ
  In framing your humble Petitions,

The Duke and yourselves will hereafter be friends;
  Take comfort, ye cynical railers!
Those bundles of sheepskin will answer your ends,
  When cut into strips for the tailors.

The sons of the bodkin are prompt and awake;
  Your griefs in their bosom take root.
Be firm and be patient: the measures they take
  Must end in obtaining your suit.

SCENES OF THE TON, NO. I.

Bringing out Daughters.

"'There are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they live, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear."—*Spectator.*

"Five thousand pounds, my dear Lady Arliss! though that is but little, you know it may pass current for ten thousand. Are you not aware that the Miss Liverstones had no more, and yet they made good matches?"

"True, my dear Mrs. Champignon; but you recollect what an excellent manager their mother was: not, like me, confined to a sofa for years and unable to bring them out myself; she was ever at their side, and never missed a rout in a season. I often think, how hard it is to be thus pent up from helping Bella and Emily by my own introduction into society. However, their time is come, and the girls must do the best they can."

"And that will be no little, my dear Lady, judging from their persons and address. If the Liverstones did so well, what may they not expect, with so many superior personal advantages?"

"Sir Charles can give them but five thousand apiece, and if their persons do not make up for the want of more money, it will turn out but ill, I fear. My daughters have beauty, that is something to balance their lightness of purse; and, as you say, they may pass very well for ten thousand each. Who will be the wiser until it is too late to retract? I long to see them well married."

"They are handsome, have been fashionably educated, and——positively you underrate their chances. I will bring them out for you, my dear Lady Arliss, and thus that point will be set at rest."

"My dear Mrs. Champignon, you are too good to volunteer such a task; however, I will have all got ready for the occasion, and as Dean Portly said on Sunday, talking to Sir Charles about his hope of a fifth living from the Chancellor, 'we will trust to Providence for the result.'"

"I shall not fear for them when fairly out," responded Mrs. Champignon; "beauty is as attractive as ever, and they have inherited your ladyship's—you know I always said so."

"Dear Mrs. Champignon, you are exceedingly agreeable to-day. Pray tell me, do you know the Hon. Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower? They say he possesses a fortune of two thirds of a million, the savings of an old city banker, his deceased uncle. He visits at Lady Fouraces, who is an old friend of mine. Don't you think it would be a most desirable connexion?"

"Certainly, most valuable on every account. Augsustus Gilliflower is a distant relative of Mrs. Whitehead's, of Frescati Villa, Cheltenham, and she is my late husband's niece's cousin—I mean niece to my husband's sister-in-law's daughter, so there is a close family connexion. He is a fine young man, a good prize for Bella."

"If the girls had money, I should like a coronet for them, but really our people of title are so multiplied, and so many of them are beggars now-a-days, that we should prefer money without a title, unless indeed we could get both."

"A title and no money drives the owner to difficulties; a shabby coronet is worse than a threadbare coat. Get money after his Grace of Falcon Abbey. Yet I do not see why your daughters' accomplishments may not obtain both."

"My dear Mrs. Champignon, you are too kind, too flattering in your expectations."

"I imagine nothing but what is possible, my dear Lady Arliss, and probable too, if the girls have fair play."

"Well, I hope so; but now-a-days a young man of rank marries his mother's waiting-maid, a beau of fortune discards a Marquis's daughter for an Opera dancer, and a rich citizen marries his son for a title into a family where his father cleaned shoes."

"Very true, Lady Arliss, and therefore we must act according to circumstances. I rejoice to see you so well aware of the state of things in fashionable life after so long an absence from it. For my part, I think money is the first thing to desire now for one's children, nobility waits at its heels."

"Bless me! there is a loud knocking at the hall-door; I imagine it to be Dr. Blackleech on his morning visit—don't retire."

Upon this the Doctor, a formal personage, was ushered in with due solemnity, and took his seat by his patient with a smirk and a graceful inclination of the body. "Your pulse, Lady Arliss, is better to-day—much less fever. I would recommend your Ladyship something light, nourishing, and easily digestible, for dinner. A pullet killed yesterday morning; a little tender mutton—very little in quantity. The stomach, as Abernethy says, 'that omniscient in disorders of the viscera—the stomach must not be burthened.'"

"But then, Doctor, I am half starved. It is true, I have lost the power of some of my limbs this seven years past, but it appears to me that starvation will neither make them better nor worse; they are positively inert, insensible, but my appetite too feelingly tells me its wants. I could relish a little 'rognon de veau avec champignon,' something in that way?"

"Poison, Lady Arliss, downright poison; absolutely indigestible."

"But I may take a very small quantity, Doctor—you are in general so obliging?"

"As far as your Ladyship's wishes go, I would oblige—A very little, you say? Could I be sure your Ladyship would limit it to a little?"

"Positively, Doctor, I will do so."

"Not exceeding two ounces; a grain more will be detrimental."

"Not exceeding two ounces—you must allow me a couple of glasses of champaign."

"What! champaign to a dispeptic patient—madness, my dear madam!"

"Only two glasses?"

"You will not exceed that quantity. I would always oblige my patients, and really, Lady Arliss, I have often found nature a pretty certain guide in food, and believe it will be so in your case. I wish your Ladyship a good morning," added the Doctor, and took his leave a couple of guineas richer than when he entered, and higher than ever in his patient's favour. The truth was, the Doctor must say something. The neglect of a visit would have cost him an excellent patient, whom

it was not by any means his interest to disoblige, any more than to kill, *secundem artem.*

"But, my dear Lady Arliss, to resume our subject," said Mrs. Champignon, "you will allow me to be chaperon to your daughters? I shall esteem it an honour to usher them into life, and to give my advice and help in settling them. This is, after all, the important end of woman's existence; and, for my part, I believe that the graces of the Miss Arliss's will secure them all they can desire in the very best circles. But I think Miss Bella's countenance is somewhat too sanguine and healthy, I mean fresh and ruddy, for the ton. A genteel paleness and lassitude in a *debutante* is a necessary qualification. There is an agreeable, placid languor, which is a strong line of demarcation from vulgarity."

"A month's round of visiting will do all necessary in that respect. There is nothing like a winter in London for imparting that air of ton which, as you observe, is so essential to people of birth! Nothing can be more horrid than to see a milkmaid's flush amid a town rout. The redness of the rose is out of place, where the languid delicacy of the lily is the prevailing object of admiration, as Lady Betty Cockletop used to observe in her elegant way. What a creature of alabaster she was! The line of a vein scarcely sullied the snowy paleness of her interesting countenance. I never saw so beautiful a specimen of the complexion adapted for people of respectability."

"She is recently dead."

"Who does not recollect and pity her fate! She caught her fatal cold by exposure to the night air, in consequence of a blunder of her coachman at Almack's. It was the first time she had been exposed to the air of Heaven five minutes for twenty years before her decease. To her care never to expose herself to the sun and air she used to ascribe the delicacy of her skin."

"I have heard she used a tepid bath of milk of roses."

"An excellent thing for the skin, I am told, but rather an expensive cosmetic. She had a large fortune, I believe?"

"Yes: and bequeathed a house and three hundred per annum, with a suitable establishment, for her cat and a favourite monkey."

"What a humane and feeling creature! such virtue should be widely known. I hate cruelty to animals."

"Yes; but she might have supported six poor people, and made the cat and monkey comfortable, at the same expense."

"Very true: charity should, I think, begin with our own species; but still it shows she had a kind heart for the brute creation."

"To change the subject, my dear Lady Arliss, suppose Bella makes her *debut* to-morrow at the Countess of Puddletown's rout in Portman-square. The place, the society, every thing will be *apropos;* and as drawing-rooms are rare at St. James's, she can come out at the next, whenever that may be. It is folly to mew the girl up for ever."

"With all my heart, my dear, if you will be her chaperon: ring the bell, and we will announce our resolution to her; she will be delighted to make one of us, and forsake the nursery. She has her aspirations after a settlement in life, young as she is. How rejoiced she will be!"

"I don't doubt it, Lady Arliss; we all think of the other sex before we are admitted into their society,—I know it was my case."

"And mine too, my dear Mrs. Champignon:—I shall never forget the first emotions of my heart, 'the longing after something unpossessed,' I could not tell what at first, but I soon found it was a 'matrimonial yokefellow,' as cousin Sarah Milkington used to style her husband:—but here comes Bella."

Bella was one of those fresh, lanky, good-humoured, unintellectual-looking girls, who savour altogether of papa's manor-house in Devonshire, or Cumberland. Had it not been for the perpetual society of her mother's waiting-maid, who was a town abigail, Bella would have had about as correct an idea of London society and manners as a Cumberland rook of the said manor-house avenue could have of the elegance and grace beheld by his brethren of superior breed in Carlton-house gardens (now cruelly exiled by Mr. Nash to Buckingham-palace elms). There is no teacher whose lessons of good or evil are so aptly acquired, as those of an upper servant by a pupil thus situated. Miss Bella had learned what delightful creatures young men are,—how sweetly they talk, and how pleasant a thing it is to have one for a lover. Her teacher, however, as all single girls must be, was above inculcating mercenary notions in love affairs. Love and the man implied every thing, with a little touch of the romantic in his disposition. Bella was a quick scholar in a plain lesson like the present; for learning which, Nature so considerately qualifies all her sex. She began to think, then to dream, of a lover. Scarcely were her eyes closed on her pillow, before she was transported, alone, to delicious bowers and groves of Eden, or into a rustic cottage, or by the sea-shore, a second Haidee, listening to the summer waves and lamenting her solitude, when the form of her fancied lover (for she had never seen a real one whom she exactly fancied,) appeared, and was going to speak to her, and she provokingly awoke! Now, in her waking reveries,—but we must not be prolix,—Bella was a bark deeply laden with hope, and she heard the decision of the two ladies with high satisfaction.

Dress and arrangements for the party must be passed over here, except to remark that the taste of Bella, from the romantic ideas inculcated by her mother's waiting-maid, was purer than that of her mother or Mrs. Champignon, who wished to load her with the jewels of both. Bella was for the simplest attire, not perhaps owing entirely to romantic feeling, any more than to innate taste, but probably from the mixture of a little spice of that vanity which whispers to her sex, "In youth, at least, I will be loved for myself not for my ornaments." This was thinking precisely the reverse way of her mamma and Mrs. Champignon. That night Bella scarcely slept an hour, from her anticipated pleasure: her sister Emily scarcely slept for regret that she was unable to go too, and that a year more must elapse before she could put on the woman like Bella, and mingle in the great world, with which she had an insatiable curiosity to be acquainted. Thus joy and grief operated alike on the two sisters, but not confirming what has long been affirmed, that they can both kill.

Precisely at ten o'clock, Mrs. Champignon and Bella entered the carriage which drove to the Countess of Puddletown's. Lights above in gay rooms flung their glare into the square; the knocker thundered—the doors flew wide open—and a bevy of powdered and obsequious lacqueys was displayed lining the lobby, while a liveried knave at the

door announced to another liveried knave on the staircase, who announced to an unliveried knave, who announced to the company " Mrs. Champignon and Miss Arliss."

The ladies entered amid a blaze of light and beauty, and the busy hum " Who is she?"

Mrs. Champignon was greeted by the customary bow and curtsey, for who did not know Mrs. Champignon, from Portland Place and Regent-street westward to Park-lane, from the New Road to Pall-Mall, the utmost possible limits of fashionable recognition! But Bella—upon her all eyes were turned—she blushed, curtsied, and ultimately got through the first ordeal of introduction tolerably well. The ease and confidence acquired in youth, in well-bred families, spares the awkwardness on a first introduction which is experienced by those of more humble stations.

" Who is Miss Arliss?" whispered Sir Sprightly Lackbrain; " who the devil is she?"

" Don't know," whispered Cornet the Honourable Entwistle Chibouque in reply; " awkward enough grown, fifteen hands high and narrow on the haunches; good colour, though."

" What a plain creature!" said the Lady Augusta Sophia Martingale to her sister Lady Clementina Almeria Elizabeth."

" Your first introduction into company, child?" said Lady Sneerwell, a prude of fifty; " I wonder Lady Arliss should have sent you out so soon: tell her I said so, my dear." Bella blushed.

Mrs. Champignon, who had most assiduously attended to her task, and introduced her protegée to most of the company, now left Bella, and passing to the corner of the farthest room of the suite, addressed a gentleman about twenty-four years of age, and brought him to the place where Bella stood, introducing him as the Honourable Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower, a distant relation of her own.

The Honourable Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower bowed to Miss Arabella Arliss, and Miss Arabella Arliss curtsied to the Honourable Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower.

The ice thus broken, Mrs. Champignon was not the woman to relax in her exertions, and leave " love to find out a way." The Honourable Augustus had great expectations from her, and therefore, in the quadrilles which followed, he, from policy, solicited the hand of her protegée as a partner. The florid hue of health on the cheek of Bella pleased him as it does most other men by contrast with the sickly, vaporous, chalky complexion of too many fashionable faces, which, though relieved by rouge, seem to wear a canker beneath them. Bella did not join in the good graces of the Honourable Augustus in other respects, for he found she was not so graceful a dancer as he wished, and this, which was the whole and sole accomplishment he was fond of acknowledging in himself, he could not forgive the deficiency of in others. Nature had filled his pockets, but forgotten to fill his cranium. His sole pleasure was the dance. With the air of birth he mingled the fribble of the fiddler and dancing-master in exquisite combination. There was not a quadrille party where he did not make one, nor an

opera-dancer whom he did not number among his admired. His toilet, dress, step, air, all bespoke the ruling passion. The Honourable Augustus would rather have embodied in himself the talents of Vestris than those of Cæsar or Napoleon; to hop, skip, and jump well, being the objects of his ambition—perhaps not much vainer than theirs.

"Do, Miss Arliss, permit me to recommend you to M. Voltigeur, as a teacher of quadrilles; you dance them exquisitely, but there is one step he teaches known to no other master of the delightful art."

"I will mention him to mamma," replied Bella, who saw every thing but the romantic lover in the character of her partner: "I am fonder of the old country dance than quadrilling," added Bella.

"I must not censure a lady's taste," observed the Honourable Augustus, "but really a quadrille is the—the—the most exalted of saltatory gratifications, in my humble opinion, Miss Arliss, though I am sorry to differ from you. What do you think of the waltz?"

"I have never yet waltzed but with my sister," answered Bella, simply.

The Honourable Augustus sighed, and shrugged up his shoulders.

Here Mrs. Champignon came up and broke off this interesting conversation. She congratulated the couple upon the elegance of their dancing; promised them a speedy repetition of it at her own house; and having heard what the beau had to say about the excellence of M. Voltigeur, gave her word he should be employed by Lady Arliss to teach her daughters, confessing there was no one whose taste she preferred to that of Mr. Gilliflower's on such subjects. She also took an opportunity of whispering him that Bella was a truly excellent girl, a little shy at first, but one who would improve on acquaintance, and that she was her adopted child in affection. The Honourable Augustus, it is possible, thought that, with the aid of M. Voltigeur, Bella might one day be passable, added to Mrs. Champignon's fortune; he determined, therefore, to pay her all due attention, and even conceal his revolting feelings at her ignorance of the most sublime of earthly accomplishments.

Bella, on the other hand, found she must look farther for the man of her destiny. She reasoned that routs would soon follow each other in rapid succession, and her present *beau ideal* might appear when she least expected it, for the image of him whom fate had fixed for her was clearly defined in her mind's eye. One thing was certain, that image bore no resemblance to the Hon. Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower.

The next day, Mrs. Champignon "reported progress," as they say in the House of Commons. Lady Arliss was pleased at the account she heard, and Bella was asked how she liked the Hon. Augustus?

"Not much, dear mamma; he is so stupid, he can talk of nothing but dancing and dancing-masters."

"And what matters it, child?" said Lady Arliss; "he has twenty thousand a year."

"It is very tedious, mamma; he always talks of the same subject. I don't think he can ever love me or any body, and I should like to be loved—he is so indifferent; and then I don't think he has too many brains."

"He has twenty thousand a year," interrupted Mrs. Champignon.

"Yes, but it is hard one must marry twenty thousand a year—I should wish to marry a man as well. I do not like a man only because he has twenty thousand a year, which he will spend on dancing-masters and dogs. In truth, I don't like him."

"You must try, my dear Bella," replied Lady Arliss. "It would be an excellent match in point of prudence, and prudence in these cases is every thing."

Meanwhile Mrs. Champignon issued cards for a rout that day three weeks, in Berkeley-square, where she intended to proceed another step with the foregoing affair. The aversion of Bella she thought might be easily got over; and a match so satisfactory for the daughter of her friend could hardly be expected to be made up in any other quarter. A morning's ride on horseback (for Bella was an excellent horsewoman) brought the young people together for an hour or two one day prior to the time fixed for Mrs. Champignon's party. The Hon. Augustus confessed that Bella sat her horse well, but that was a mere third-rate accomplishment, quadrilling in perfection was the great excellence of a female in his view, and he bored poor Bella the whole morning's ride with a history of dancing and dancers, and the quadrille parties he had been at the preceding twelve months. Not a word of compliment to poor Bella passed his lips. He did not seem to understand making love, that was clear. A young girl expects a little sighing and flattery from a lover, her impulses are those of nature and common sense, these not having been yet eradicated by the usages and opinions of the great world, and rendered cold, calculating, and heartless. She has not yet learned to prefer indifference to affection, or the hope of it, nor to despise every thing but glitter and tinsel in affairs of the heart. Bella had not acquired the prevailing fashionable notions upon this score; she had not been *out* long enough. "If my mother forces me to marry Augustus," thought Bella, "I must; but I shall hate him notwithstanding, I know I shall." Such were her cogitations as she returned from her ride with the Hon. Augustus Huntingturret Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower.

It was the day before Mrs. Champignon's party; the milliner was just come to try on a new dress for Bella; Lady Arliss and Mrs. Champignon were waiting the important operation in her dressing-room, and all was big with expectation of the pleasure of to-morrow. Bella promised to be more than usually civil to Augustus, in gratitude for the present of a superb robe, which was of her own choosing. Mrs. Champignon was calculating the depth of the impression it would make on the heart of the quadriller, if he had a heart; and Lady Arliss was thinking of the twenty thousand a year. Suddenly Dr. Blackleech was announced.

"Show Dr. Blackleech up," said Lady Arliss to the servant.

"Good morning to your Ladyship," said the Doctor, with a low bow.

The lady's pulse was felt. The usual inquiry, what her Ladyship might eat for dinner was answered, and the Doctor was rising to leave the apartment, when Mrs. Champignon inquired if there was any thing new in town that morning?

"Nothing that I have heard important," answered the Doctor. "There is a foolish young fellow of good fortune married an opera-dancer yesterday. I forget his name."

"Can't you recollect, Doctor?" said Lady Arliss.

"Let me try. Oh yes! It is the Hon. Augustus Huntingturret

Fitz-Cholmondeley Gilliflower, of Sheepshanks Hall, M. P. for Shoreham.—Good morning, Lady Arliss."

"Who could have dreamed of such a thing!" said Mrs. Champignon.

"He is very well matched, I think," said Bella; "he may quadrille now day and night."

"But the twenty thousand a year, my dear Mrs. Champignon!" grumbled Lady Arliss; "only think what we have missed!"

"I knew I should never like him," rejoined Bella; "and I hope he is happy with his figurante."

"I am much disappointed," said Mrs. Champignon. "The fellow shall never have my fortune—a relative of mine to marry a dancing-girl!—thank Heaven, few people know we are so closely connected! I am glad Bella has escaped heart-whole—there is a better husband in store for her yet, I hope."

"But the twenty thousand a year, my dear Mrs. Champignon!" again ejaculated Lady Arliss.

"Why, my dear mamma, you surely did not marry twenty thousand a year! you married a man, and why should not I do the same?"

"You know nothing about it, Bella," replied Lady Arliss; "you are a giddy, inexperienced girl, and have no right to have an opinion on such a subject."

"If I have not," pertinaciously answered Bella, "I know best what I should like—I am sure it would not be Augustus and twenty thousand a year."

"Bella, do not let me hear such foolish notions from you again—I know best what is for your good."

"Well, mamma," observed Bella, "you may know best about a lover's qualifications—I am only glad that for this once I have missed twenty thousand a year."

The farther progress of affairs may form another article. Whether the talents and persuasion of the chaperon met their reward, or whether the hopes of Bella or mamma were nearest being realized, it would occupy too much room to minute in a single paper.

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. III.

"To me more dear, congenial to the heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art."—Goldsmith.

I shall not easily forget them.—One little act of kindness, one smile from a warm and benevolent heart, is worth all the cant and politeness in the world. It was a changeable autumn day, and, as we came to the top of the hill which overlooks the rich valley of Gacé, a heavy dark storm, that had obscured the sky for more than an hour, suddenly broke away, and left the whole scene beaming in light and loveliness. My friend was much fatigued, and, as we changed horses here, we agreed to stay and dine. The post-house was the inn, and, as we drove up to the door, a fine portly old man, and two black-eyed blooming girls, came out to greet the travellers on their arrival, with so much frankness and good-nature in their faces that, had we been travelling on life and death, we must even have stayed to dinner there. The

first room in all Norman inns is the kitchen, and thither Monsieur Butet led us, and introduced us in form to *Madame sa femme*, who was the counterpart of her husband—the same age and size for a woman that he was for a man, with the same look of hilarity and health, and the same frank open countenance that bade you welcome before she spoke. Every thing, too, around them was clean and neat, and spoke a family of cheerful regularity. My feet were very wet with getting in and out of the carriage to pay the postboys, so the two girls took me under their special protection, and setting me by the side of the large chimney, blew up the fire to dry me, while Madame Butet got the dinner ready, and her husband showed my friend to a room where he could lie down. I will not say they were civil—civil seems a mercenary word—they were kind.

At dinner they gave us the best of every thing they had; and if we required any little change, it was done with alacrity and good-humour. The two girls served us, and laughed, and talked, and showed their white teeth, as if they had known us for a hundred years; and the father came in to ask if we had every thing we wished. After dinner he begged to know if he should put to the horses, for, if we intended to go to Alençon that night, it was growing late; but we told him that we intended to spend the night with him. He made us a low bow, and said that we did him too much honour, that his was a poor little inn, and they had nothing to offer us but good will. The *bourg*, too, had nothing curious or interesting to amuse us, he added; yet he must say, that though he had visited many places, he had never seen a sweeter valley, or a neater little town than Gacé.

The next morning was market-day, and before the windows we had all the women of the country round, in their high white caps and bright gowns either of blue or red. Amongst other commodities, one which had a great sale was the sabot or wooden shoe; and Mademoiselle Butet advising me to buy a pair to put on in getting out of the carriage, I begged her to send for some to let me see. When they came, she tried them on for me herself, showed me how to wear them, chaffered the vendor down five or six sous in the price, and carried them off to show her father what a pretty pair of sabots she had bought for Monsieur.

We had every reason to be contented at Gacé; we were well lodged, and fed, and treated, and the bill was but a trifle. It contained only one word—"bonne chère," good cheer; and was not more simple than the people themselves.

I was almost afraid that some little thing might lower these good souls in my opinion; but no, it went on to the last in the same kind, good-humoured, unpretending way. They had welcomed us like friends, and so they bade us farewell; and coming all out to the door, they wished us a pleasant journey, and many happy years, and looked after us long as we drove away.

Several circumstances had amused me much in passing from Alençon to Le Mans; but I gradually got tired of my position, and was not at all sorry when the carriage drove up to the inn. It was a cold, cheerless, drizzly night, as one could wish for; and as I hate to take the worst view of a place, by looking at it through a mist of any kind,

I turned my eyes obstinately towards the large arched entry of the inn, without regarding whether the town was black, white, or grey. There was a little sort of bureau on the left hand, and at the door was standing one of the most interesting beings I ever beheld. It was altogether a picture we seldom meet with. The light fell sideways, and showed as beautiful a face as any in the world, in that deep relief of light and shade which Rembrandt only knew how to manage. It was very fair, and very pale; the hair was simply braided on the forehead under a cap shaped like a nun's; and the long dark eyes, as they were turned towards where we stood, caught the light, but seemed more to absorb than to reflect it. There was a degree of quiet peace in the attitude, and a tranquil calmness in the countenance, which expressed a thoughtful mind, and a gentle unperturbed spirit, better than any eloquence could have done it; and the silver cross which hung by a black ribbon round her neck and rested on her hand, seemed to point out more particularly the bent of her thoughts. I know not why, (for I never scrutinize my motions,) but as I passed by, I instinctively pulled off my hat. My companion was equally struck with myself; and one of our first questions went to obtain farther information. "She was daughter (they told us) to the mistress of the house, and intended to become *religieuse.*"

I asked if there was any reason. Perhaps some sorrow had given her mind that bent—some disappointment of that kind which rests on woman's heart like a blight till the whole tree withers? But they told me, no; that she had been always thus. She was, it seems, one of those calm, quiet spirits, which are as strangers in the midst of the busy world, taking no part in its cares and its joys, and looking sorrowfully upon all the evil that is done and suffered. She was very good, (the people said,) and very charitable, and every body loved her; and for the moment I felt a degree of grief that her heart had never met any one that was worthy of its affection. But no, it was better not; for love is but a brighter name for pain; and God forbid that a spirit which turned towards Heaven, should be weighed down by any of the passions of earth!

In the evening I missed my friend for half an hour; and when he rejoined me, "I have been talking with our Nun," said he, "over the fire." But I begged him not to tell me any thing about it. "I would not have done it for the world," said I. "Why not?" demanded he:—and as some one else may ask the same question, and think I meant differently from what I did, I will give the reasons now, as I gave them then. I would not have done it for the world; for I never like to compare the paintings of fancy with the originals. Realities are seldom the pleasantest parts of life. Hope, memory, and even enjoyment, are more than half imagination. Every thing is mellowed by distance; and when we come too near, the airy softness is lost, and the hard lines of truth are offered harshly to the eye. Half our sorrows are the breaking of different illusions: sometimes they must be broken; but when without danger to himself, or injury to others, man can enrich the scene before him with ideal beauties, he is foolish to examine too minutely the objects of which it is composed. The cottage, with its broken thatch and shining piece of water in the foreground, is picturesque and beautiful in a landscape;—but what is the reality? The dwelling of misery, decorated with a horse-pond! The splendid pa-

geants, that dazzle the lesser children at a theatre, are but dirty daubs of paint and tinsel; and it is the same with the stage of the world. It never answers to be behind the scenes. In life, I have met with but two things equal to what I fancied them—sunrise from a mountain, and a draught of water when I was thirsty.

There is no man on earth, I believe, who has not figured to himself a sort of animal totally distinct from every thing else in nature, and called, in his own mind, *a French cook.*

It is, in a manner, an historical character; and from the very nursery we accustom ourselves to picture him with a long pigtail and a night-cap, skinning cats and fricasseeing frogs. But the breed is nearly extinct: I had sought for one of the true race all over France with the zeal and fervour of an antiquary, and long had only the mortification of finding every kitchen filled with plump greasy professors (who, for fat and stupidity, might have occupied any chair in a Dutch university,) skimming their dirty saucepans, and mercilessly compounding mutton and beef to supply the cravings of a nation who have nearly abandoned frogs,* snails, and vipers, to feed upon the same gross aliments as the English. As I have said, much had been my mortification; but there was a reward in store for me. Le Vaillant could not have been more gratified when he first met with the giraffe, than was I, when, on first entering the kitchen at Le Mans, my eyes fell upon the minister of the culinary department. It was the *beau idéal* of a French cook; and had Hogarth seen him, he would have made him immortal.

He was about sixty, and as thin as could be well desired. His complexion was *caffé au lait*, set off by a pair of small eyes, high up in his head, as black as jet, and sparkling like the charcoal under his saucepans; while his hair, as white as snow, stuck out in full friz, like a powder puff, and supported a candid nightcap, which, leaning slightly to one side, let the tassel sway peacefully over his left ear.

Whether it was from constantly leaning to the side of royalty (for he had been an *emigré)*, or from some accident, I do not know, but one of his legs was rather shorter than the other. This, however, nothing deteriorated the dignity of his deportment; and when he appeared in the midst of stews and sauces, with his grey jacket, his snowy apron, and his knife by his side, my imagination became exalted; his nightcap assumed the appearance of a wreath; his jacket transformed itself into pontifical robes; his knife became the instrument of sacrifice; the *bœuf au naturel* changed to the bellowing victim; the kitchen to the porch of the temple; and I began to fancy myself in ancient Greece, when suddenly he advanced towards us with a smiling air, and placed chairs for us by the fire. "Sit down, English gentlemans," said he, in a barbarous corruption of my native language; "sit down, sit down. Oh! I go make you nice dinner. I be in England; I made the kitchen to Lord Salisbury. Do you understand Lord Salisbury? Connoissez vous Lord Salisbury."

* Be it remarked, that this is not entirely the case. In all parts of France, frogs are still in high repute. The snail, "Escargot," is a favourite food of the people of Lorraine; and in the south of France I have frequently been asked whether I liked "Anguille de haye," or "Anguille de rivière?" meaning whether I preferred eels or snakes.

What between himself and his English, I have seldom met any thing equal to him. He had all the importance, too, of his profession; there was a gravity in his emptyness, and a politeness in his gravity. When he cooked, his whole soul seemed in the dish; but when any one addressed him, his face relaxed into a smile, and the dish was forgot. The pride of his heart was in his saucepans, which hung up in innumerable shining rows above our heads, burnished like the armour of Achilles, and from those saucepans he produced fare worthy the great Lucullus. Indeed, he was the best cook I ever met; but that is easily accounted for. He had been cook to a seminary of Catholic priests, and quitted it upon some quarrel. The good father directors, soon finding how much their palates lost by his absence, wished him to return; and he showed with no small triumph a letter he had received to that effect. I copied, and give it word for word. The colouring might be heightened, but it is better as it is; and as a specimen of an epistle from a priest to a cook, it is unique:—

"*Paris*, 8 *Juillet*, 1823.

"Mon cher Monsieur—Voici ce que Monsieur le Superieur m'a dit de vous repondre. 'Si vous voulez être bien raisonable, bien gentil, être bon chrêtien, vous conformer en tout aux regles de la maison, vous n'avez que revenir au plutôt. Je ferai votre affaire.' Voilà ses propres paroles.

"Je me rejouis de cette heureuse nouvelle que je vous apprends. Je dis que c'est pour vous une heureuse et tres heureuse nouvelle, car où peut-on être mieux que dans une maison où si l'on veut l'on peut se sanctifier si facilement et meriter le bonheur du paradis? Venez donc au plus vîte, venez dans ce saint seminaire, où vous vous rendrez digne du ciel, j'en suis sûr. Je suis avec amitié votre tres devoué,

"Jean Baetiste C——."

"P.S. Je me porte beaucoup mieux."

ART AND ARTISTS:—A CONVERSATION.

"What a strange animal is John Bull! I have been at the Somerset-house Exhibition to-day: the rooms, so scanty in dimensions and so little worthy the works of our artists, were crammed full of people, one half of whom scarcely knew a family piece from a landscape.

"They go there in crowds, not because it is the superior exhibition in point of art, but because it is the fashion to go. Were it the worst exhibition ever seen in any country, there would not be a visitant the less."

"The finest specimens of art, my dear friend, draw no attention of themselves, because the people of this country have a true taste in the Fine Arts to acquire. I wish a clever newspaper reporter, or more than one, would attend Somerset-House occasionally, and slily pen down the observations he hears on the pictures from the spectators. It would be both instructive and amusing, and would express, better than the best writer could do, the truth of what I aver, about our slow progress in the love of real art. If fashion does not designate an exhibition as a lounge, woe to the artist's pocket who risks the expense of one for his works, let them be ever so meritorious. One might as well

expect to see the British Institution in Pall Mall patronize high art, or give up the domination of picture-cleaners."

"I have no patience with that assumptive association:—most respectable individually; as a body, the *vox et preterea nihil!*"

"Enough, enough, my good Sir, you might point out empiricism and pretension in art, jobbing, and collector dealing, to fill a folio;—let us keep to the exhibitions.

"My dear friend, to keep then to the exhibitions, what a number of them are open, and not one without affording some display of talent which does honour to the skill and perseverance of our artists. In certain walks of art, what modern nation can approach us? In those branches which are duly encouraged, we may dare comparison with any masters. The great defect is with the public, which (perhaps, after all, it might be expected) prefers those works that are of the lower and more familiar cast, to the epic of art. Is it not wonderful that national pride, of which we have enough, should not uphold national greatness in the fine arts? Frenchmen are for ever boasting, and boasting too with unfeigned gratification, of every striking thing which contributes to the aggrandizement of their country."

"I doubt our possessing any great stock of downright laudable patriotic feeling. We are great boasters, and generally make most ado about things that are not the best we possess."

"Very true; but are we not progressing, and shall we not by and by have a public enthusiastic about great things of every kind?"

"I doubt it: the temperament of the people is not that of sensitiveness to external beauty of form. I shall be content when two thirds of the higher ranks, and the same proportion of the middling order, make a tolerably near approach to a correct taste; so far, in all events, as that no great fault in art can be committed without its catching their notice, and being stamped with their censure; and in like manner, no beauty be left unappreciated; in fact, when that number feel interested warmly about art. The finer tact in discrimination must belong ever to a comparative few."

"Then you do not expect the watermen of the Thames will in any coming time chant the verses of Milton, as the gondoliers of Venice are said to have done those of Tasso."

"Certainly, never. The vulgar lines of 'God save the King' will be the utmost stretch of the poetical enjoyments of their posterity; and haply much coarser strains will continue to be chanted by the brotherhood. What is not in nature, will be as impossible for the natural man centuries hence as now."

"You dissipate one of my most pleasing dreams!"

"And all the better!—dreams come but to be dissipated. A true taste for art among the most cultivated people belongs not to the mass; *that* takes its 'public opinion' from those who are foremost in knowledge and refinement; and thus all move on together."

"Most probably you are right; but one is fond of cherishing illusions, and I do not know but the nursing them is innocent enough, if they are aspirations after better things."

"It is these aspirations that make enthusiasts. Without enthusiasm nothing great is ever performed by genius, yet it does mischief at times."

"In what possible manner?"

"Why, it aids in multiplying artists, for example, whose toils and labours are so ill rewarded, especially in the loftier paths of their profession. What time have several clever and energetic artists wasted! What years of study and toil have they irrecoverably lost, to establish historic painting in England, where, after all, Dutch outline and finish is taken for the *summum* of art by your court dilettanti! I wonder the hearts of such artists are not broken. In proportion as an artist is above the comprehension of the ignorant, the less he is thought about by those of a certain class who make pretensions to superior taste."

"Not by all; there is Lord Egremont, for example, Mr. T. Hope, and several others."

"True; but we hear of them by deeds, not by pretension only—by their discriminating munificence, not by the affectation of connoisseurship, borrowed from traders and jobbers in pictures, and retailed as their own sterling metal, while, at best, it is base alloy. Lord Egremont is, indeed, a noble example of patronage to artists. Then we have a nobleman who makes no pretence to connoisseurship, and does good by stealth,—I mean De Dunstanville, the patron of Lane."

"Such are jewels, that shine with greater lustre from the paste around them. I am told Turner is engaged in some grand work for Lord Egremont?"

"Report says as much. His Lordship can understand and appreciate the works of that unequalled artist—unequalled, indeed, he is in his line of art. What poetry there is in his landscapes, what richness of fancy!"

"Yet the newspapers cannot tell what to make of them, and the mass of the people stare and pass on."

"The best proof of their merit, my friend. I wonder the editors of newspapers do not employ men of knowledge in the Fine Arts for reporters, instead of your raw Irish or Scotsmen, who report Parliamentary debates with singular skill, but have not the slightest qualification for criticising works of art, which require a matured judgment. Hence we see such double-distilled nonsense about the exhibitions and pictures in the newspapers."

"I wonder at it too; but they generally keep the safe side, by commending the works of artists of known talent in the lump. They do not enture to commend the picture, ever so excellent, of an obscure name, because they will not hazard an opinion upon it. What a work is that Polyphemus of Turner's! A southern scene of evening glory, not coloured above the character: then the idea of the giant himself recumbent in the midst of the warm haze!"

"I do not wonder that the picture is not comprehended by many persons. I have seen sunsets in Devonshire almost as glorious; but what a cockney cannot see from Fleet-street or Kentish Town he cannot believe to exist in nature, and how much less then can he account for the poetry of this picture! It is for this reason you hear such strange confabulations before it by the passing crowd."

"Turner, too, has been trying nobly to give the full glory of the risen day upon canvass—the radiance of the noonday sun: as Rubens, in his Chapeau de Paille, has given the human face without shadow, in a full front of light."

"His 'Necklace,' in the present exhibition, is a fine work: the sky a little too blue perhaps. Mark the glow of the day on the hills, and over the wild magnificence of the left of the picture—the wood, water, masonry, all the most tasteful in the mass that could be brought together, and yet all natural—nothing out of place. I saw a dozen people, some men of a 'plum's worth' no doubt, pass this work with a growl at the drawing of the figures in the foreground, and heard them soon after in rapture over a hunting-scene, where the country dolts were riding in scarlet jackets over a plat of green turf."

"The want of acuteness in any thing but the peculiar object each individual follows in life, is a singular and prominent characteristic of an English assemblage of people, let it be of what rank it may. There is a picture of the Battle of Borodino by Jones, a work of great merit, and the locality as to the Russian batteries most faithfully represented. There were at least half a dozen persons before it, only one of whom had a catalogue, and the picture, before reference was made to the subject, was gravely pronounced, and believed by all, to be one of the battles of the Duke of Wellington; though Napoleon is painted large in the front ground, and the tricolour seen in a dozen places!"

"There is a picture of Mr. Soane in the same room by the President, executed to the life. Sir Thomas seems to me, besides his skill as an artist in portrait, to understand better how to flatter the vanity of a sitter than any one I ever knew. His women are charming and feminine, but a little too meretricious perhaps. How sweet is the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond—to my seeming, almost faultless! I cannot say the same of the Laureate, who is metamorphosed into a solemn sort of dandy; a new character for him."

"I am of your opinion, generally, on the President's pictures. There is a brother academician, only secondary to him in the excellence of his portraits, calling for high commendation; and he has the merit, too, of shining in another branch of the art to which the President has never contributed—I mean Pickersgill. His portraits of Bentham, Faraday, and Bowring, bear the bell from all but the President. That of Bentham is masterly in every sense of the word—simple, faithful, and well-toned. The Grecian Girl must rank high as a specimen of art; the colouring is excellent, and no one of the least knowledge of art will hesitate to say that there is scarcely any thing to equal it of the class in any of this year's exhibitions. The Contadina is nearly as good. This artist seems determined not to stand still; he increases in merit, and grows upon esteem—a rare thing in one of mature age."

"I agree with you: were I to particularise, without disparaging Etty's meritorious works—Turner, Lawrence, Pickersgill, and Wilkie, are the four leading contributors this year. Wilkie, however, does not come up to himself; I mean that his pictures of foreign scenery and persons are far inferior to those he executed formerly on home subjects. A southern clime is not his element. The Saragossa picture I think a failure, though you may term it heresy to say so. The figure of Augustina is bad, especially as the picture is most of it fancy. There was no heroine who played Joan d'Arc in the way described. The 'Guerilla Council of War,' and the 'Guerilla's Departure,' please me best."

"What think you of this artist's attempt at portrait?"

"Why, that he has well and bravely attempted, in the Earl of Kellie—a most venerable subject—it is expressive of the artist's great talents."

"His countryman Allan has a picture of Jonah, well conceived; but the subject I do not think a well-chosen one. What think you of Eastlake's 'Dream of Lord Byron?'"

"That it is a picture of considerable merit, proving the artist to be able to execute greater things when he shall attempt them."

"I have no patience with the 'Portraits of a Gentleman,' 'Portraits of a Lady," and some hideously bad. They hold the places of worthier subjects. I think there should be a room devoted to them.—And then some of them are portraits of such ugly physiognomies!"

"Constable's 'Hadleigh Castle' is a noble scene, uncommonly well executed as to effect."

"Etty's 'Benaiah' is a fine picture; there is great power in it. There is another sweet thing of Howard's called 'Night;' this artist is to me a reveller in sweet dreams."

"As a whole, it must be conceded that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is this year a step gained upon the last. There is no want of industry, skill, or power, though they may be occasionally misdirected. The landscapes and seascapes are, as usual, very superior to those which any other country can produce."

"We have always excelled in this walk of art. Our scenery is so well adapted for its study under every aspect. The face of nature is so beautiful with us, and possesses that endless variety and vividness of foliage which constitute the very life and essence of this walk of art. —What think you of the sculpture?"

"That there is great room for improvement still in all but busts. Thoms, the Scotch stonecutter, who has lately executed with wonderful success, for so untutored an artist, the rough figures from Burns' 'Tam O'Shanter,' has given all sculptors a hint, if they will be daring enough to take advantage of it—namely, to execute character of every kind in marble. Sculpture is as susceptible of expressing comedy as tragedy, low as high life; in short, every feature of human character. Why does not some one attempt it, and break the trammels of customary opinion on this head, for they can have no hold on truth and nature? Sculptors think they must ever be in heroics. Gods and goddesses, angels, thrones, and seraphim, are the only worthy subjects for their art. Why does not some one of them show his contempt for this absurd way of thinking? The novelty of the thing would insure success."

"We shall see it done by and by, perhaps: you do not recollect that it would be an innovation, and a forsaking 'the manner of the ancients,' as some would pretend. Have you seen the pictures of the British Institution?"

"Yes, and think them, on the whole, very good—too good for exhibition there, unless the Directors will change their conduct, and suit it a little to their own professions. There are most excellent works there, and among the exhibitors is the venerable old Northcote, the Nestor of British art."

"The Water-colour Exhibition is also a good one, I believe?"

"It is. We have nothing more exclusively British, and may well be proud of it. Some of the pictures there are matchless of their kind.

I know of no exhibition more worthy of a visit, and I am happy to find it is visited. The subjects of the pictures, their size, and beauty, bring them within the scope of comprehension, and fit them for the admiration of a large proportion of the public. Prout has some admirable things in it this year, generally views of foreign cities. The breadth and effect of his drawing cannot be surpassed. Fielding, Robson, Turner, Gastineau, De Wint, Stephanoff, and others, confer great credit on this branch of art, of which the inventors may almost be said to be now in existence."

"I was much struck with the excellence of the effect produced in some of the pictures, and the complete banishment, in most of them, of that hardness which seems so inseparable from drawing or painting upon paper with water-colours."

"The same thing struck me;—it is a branch of art which will be carried to yet higher perfection, though some things can even now scarcely be excelled in this beautiful department of the fine arts."

"The Society of British Artists does not come up to preceding years, I believe?"

"It does not—yet the Society deserves success. It has to oppose, unfortunately, the pretensions of the British Institution, which will ever be the case until artists know how to unite and assert their independence."

"Ah! my friend, there you have it—the word 'independence!' When we can make that word appertain to art as it does to literature, we may indeed boast in more ways than one. There is nothing else wanting; artists will not fall short when they are unshackled. It is their too great dependence on the presumption and ignorance of fashion, that does them mischief, that cramps their spirit and their productions."

"That is true: I believe we have artists who could do much greater things were there patronage of the right sort - I mean that of the public as a body—conferred upon them: there is no remedy but the scorn of all patronage, and universal self-dependence!"

"But how is that attainable, while the public taste in art is behindhand?"

"Ay, there 's the rub."

"To me it is doubtful whether we shall ever have a school of History. There is a sad puerility in modern taste, and in the professed patrons of art. I hear, the British Institution has been voting a hundred pounds or so as an encouragement to two artists, ("one halfpenny worth of bread, &c." you know the rest!) and it has been buying a picture of Reynolds's at a great price, to place, I suppose, by the side of Mr. Seguier's 3000 pounds worth of bad Parmegiano. This is their encouragement of British art—this is the way in which the Carrs and Farnboroughs are trying to rival the Medici. You remember the frog and the ox in the fable?"

"What have they voted Lane for his noble picture?"

"Absolutely nothing!—it is a crime for an artist to *dare* in their eyes—to attempt a laborious work is presumption! The very nobility of such efforts is contumacious in their ignoble hearts. To honour the British name in the highest walk of art, even in case of failure, would be rewarded by discriminating and high-minded patrons; but how

many attempts have we seen, which, if they have had defects, have possessed corresponding excellencies, and yet are passed by unnoticed! It is said, Lane's work will go to Russia."

"Three things are necessary to success in any department of the art under such patronage—to bow, to lick the dust, and lower the high intellect and talent of the artist to the level of the patron's capacity or the connoisseur's *amour-propre*. Unless this be done, woe to your picture!—'Tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!' *Ohe jam satis!*"

"To me it is also a proof of want of patriotism."

"How!"

"Why, a good portrait flatters the self-love of the individual. A fine landscape may be part of the owner's estate; or a group of infant heads may be copied from his children. A horse, a dog, may be his own, and decorate his walls. Pictures of the ancient masters may sell again at good prices, or it may be fashionable to collect them. A noble piece of history by a native artist will not so interest the individual; it is of a more general character, belonging to art and the public, and therefore there is patriotism in the love of that; but the would-be picture-lover will have 'none of it.'"

"Then you may say the same respecting Turner's glorious poetry of painting?"

"So I may. The few possessed of real knowledge in art can only duly estimate his finest pictures, though all will applaud those in which he displays little more than the mere artist, and the conception and execution of which are of the usual cast in object and colouring."

"Haydon has been exhibiting his Eucles, I believe?"

"He has, and it promises well."

"There is another instance of what the patronage of historical art is in England. I have nothing to say of this artist, but as an artist—where are his best pictures?"

"A fearful question to answer."

"He has boldly dared another picture, 'The Passover,' now open for exhibition. He cannot be accused of idleness."

"Another instance of the neglect of high art—there are Mr. Carew's beautiful groups. I went to see them more than once or twice, and never saw more than half-a-dozen people there. A demi-man from Italy squalling nonsense like a sick girl, unintelligible to Englishmen, will attract crowds, one foot following another's track. The scum of Europe on the slack rope or opera boards will draw thousands. These are painful truths, and yet they are truths."

"I only wonder and admire the enthusiasm of artists which leads to so many immolations. Glory is surely something more than mere emptiness!"

"I wish it were more in Old England, at all events. West's pictures are gone to the hammer. Whatever may be the opinion of his merit as an artist—and he had great merit in several respects—he was the father of English historical painting."

"Stay, my dear friend, or you will fill me full of the blue devils—I am sick of the subject."

"So am I, but it will do no good to slur it over. The tricks of

affected patronage, the bad taste prevalent, and the claim of the art itself, all demand that the subject should not drop."

"But pictures are purchased in considerable numbers."

"That is true, and beautiful things of their class—many perfect jewels, creditable to artist and purchaser alike. I do not contend against the fact of finding purchasers of first-rate pictures in inferior lines of art; it would be absurd to do so. I lament that high art is neglected; and that those artists who do not paint for *boudoirs* and parlours, but for public edifices, halls of noblemen and gentlemen, and works, large or small, on grand historic subjects, are neglected. I lament that public bodies, uniting for the ostensible object of encouraging those branches of art which do not come so immediately under the scope of individual encouragement, belie the protestations with which they set out, and fritter away funds collected by public means, upon favourite and inferior objects of individual fancy. What numbers of new churches have we lately seen built—what Town Halls and Exchanges in this country! To these the French Government would have presented great works, purchased to encourage artists in the higher walks of art, had such opportunities occurred in France. Here nothing of the kind is done, but a select vestry will squander away a thousand pounds in pulpit furniture, to make a clergyman's pulpit look like a royal opera box!"

"Look at some classes of art encouraged—there is not a hunting-scene, with its brown-topped boots and red jacket, and heavy-headed inane-looking horsemen, that does not sell. I look upon fox-hunters as among the best patrons of the art, in what may be called the tally-ho line, and many a sign-painter in the country partakes in their bounty."

"The newspapers say the Rubens' ceiling at Whitehall is to be taken down—what is my Lord Farnborough going to do with it? place it against walls?"

"I suspect this is only an idle report—the *on-dit* of some Sunday scribe. Why, it would not be understood against a wall -what would become of the foreshortening! To complete the joke, the newspaper critics on art tell us farther, that it was painted upon canvass, not on the ceiling, as *supposed*—Excellent again! Who ever knew a painted ceiling executed on the plaster, except in a dining-room or roof of a theatre! What finished thing of art could be so executed by the power of man! I see poor Rubens on his back under it—the power of gravitation in his colours suspended, for his palette must be held upside down. Bravo, M. Redacteur!"

"And being only adapted for the height of the chapel, and painted for the distance, the painting could not be exhibited as it should be, but on the spot for which it was designed—It is a very lofty apartment, fifty feet high, I should think."

"Perfectly true, my dear friend—I trust the rumour is a false one."

"I have a crotchet in my head."

"What is it?"

"Why, to establish an artist's magazine; but not to be edited by an artist. Artists should contribute, under a strict incog. to all but the said editor. It should embrace art generally; expose the assumption of dilettanti ignorance; watch over the interests of artists; lay bare the

knavery of picture-dealers, and the tricks of collectors, who live on the credulity of men of fortune. It should open a correspondence with artists in Italy and France, and endeavour to keep the claims of art before the public, and create a greater interest for it, thereby aiding the cause of its independence. The influence of picture-dealers upon the purchasers of pictures and upon amateurs—the various tricks resorted to in order to put off one master for another, to make copies pass for originals—lists of spurious pictures now in various collections, which have been generously paid for by noblemen and gentlemen as original works (this would be amusing and instructive); and also a list of London empirics, under the head of dealers, cleaners, repairers, and so forth; and a critical examination of all collections set up to auction, in which, as wine-merchants do with a private stock, the amount is doubled by the introduction of refuse—in short, the whole system prevalent, which does so much injury to British art."

"And solid and substantial criticism on art and artists, I hope?"

"Of course: Truth the great pole-star."

"Excellent idea! pray speak to Mr. Colburn on the subject forthwith. I begin to think the artist's box has still Hope left at the bottom."

"*Nil desperandum!*—we will call in satire, ridicule, and philippic, if reasoning fail, and wield our two-edged sword like that which felled 'squadrons at once;' for squadrons of enemies we should find on every hand."

"That would but make victory more glorious. What is there that contributes to prolong the glory of nations more than the arts? *Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona*, &c.—But I spare the quotation, lest I get into the fashion of writing 'governess English.'"

"What is that?"

"Why, out of five words written down, to make every two alien, and those two of illegitimate breed in their own country."

"Good, my friend, an unintelligible, ridiculous practice: but I must go to a pressing engagement—good morning!"

THE PRESENT TIMES, WITH REMARKS ON A LATE ARTICLE IN THE "QUARTERLY."

We shall deal very practically with this article, and immediately turn to the object of it, after stating that we shall take other and early opportunities of entering more explicitly upon the subjects that will be now glanced at, and those that were adverted to in a paper in our last number, under the head of "Commercial Relations of the Country." In the extraordinary condition of this empire, it is very inconvenient, if not altogether unsafe, for those who materially guide the public opinion, to proceed without attention to general principles, as especially applicable to present circumstances; and we shall take advantage of the means that have been afforded us by the article at the head of this page, and other circumstances, occasionally to advert to them. The temper, the talent, and good feeling, if we may so express ourselves, with which that article is written, have insured it an anxious perusal, and it has, as it was well calculated to do, made a deep impression upon the country; the change that it marks in the opinions of the "Quarterly" having done much to strengthen that impression. If, however, the "state and prospects of the country" had been treated with less ornament, and less

anxiety shown to display extensive reading; and if some subjects immediately bearing upon the point that the writer had in view had not been wholly omitted, and more explanation granted to others that are noticed, the object, in our judgment, would have been better attained. If, in the progress of the task we have marked out for ourselves, we should be so fortunate as to fill up any chasms that have been left by our contemporary, or bring more prominently forward questions that he has only hinted at, we do so as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard with himself, always giving him the credit for having ably, manfully, and temperately brought the situation of the country under review; and if we are inclined to take a wider range in some instances, or to go farther than he does, we do so in what we believe to be his spirit—a sincere desire to make the British community acquainted with its state, in order that it may fully appreciate its difficulties, for the purpose of guarding against them, and to prepare it for sacrificing a part to secure the remainder.

Great Britain has now reached a crisis in which she must make efforts, that to many persons may appear appalling, to maintain her station among the dynasties of Europe; and it is quite clear, that to enable her to accomplish this, the system of expediency, so long, so fatally, and probably, on many occasions, during and consequent upon the late eventful struggle, unavoidably pursued, must be laid aside. Lesser interests must give way to the greater; all classes of society must make a sacrifice to the welfare of the country; petty jealousies must sink before that paramount object, and parts of the system must submit to the exigencies of the whole. The body politic may be sustained in its present condition for some time longer, under the application of specifics, that can never reach the root of the disease, and that will never allow of its renovation; but that it must ultimately sink, unless decided treatment be adopted, is as certain, as that the natural body must decay under the effects of a mortal disease to which no remedy is applied. There is only a choice between present renovation or future ruin, which will be produced by the misapplication of the means that are in our possession for averting it, or by inattention to circumstances that, if not seasonably checked, must inevitably expedite it.

Having finished the sketch of the political changes which have taken place in Europe from the end of the fifteenth century to the present period, the writer upon the "State and Prospects of the Country" proceeds "to notice some of the most striking peculiarities which the social condition of the present time exhibits;" and one of the first circumstances that attracts his attention, in contrasting the present state of European society with the past, is the improvement that has taken place in its communications. If in this passage, or in any other that we shall notice, we should misinterpret the meaning of the writer, we shall have done so unintentionally; and in as far as we may accidentally mistake him, we shall have deviated from the object that we have in view, which is an endeavour to elicit the truth in the largest sense the term can be applied, for the purpose of bringing it to bear upon the present circumstances of this empire. Having premised this, we shall proceed, with the single remark, that our present labour can only be, from the space that we can allot to it, a mere sketch, and to repeat that other opportunities must be afforded to us to complete it.

The impression that the passage in the "Quarterly," to which we have referred, makes upon our mind, is, that, although the facility of communication, one of the characteristics of the present age, has its advantages, they are in a great degree counterbalanced "by that selfishness and that indifference which have been ranked among the most fatal destroyers of human happiness, in the last stages of social luxury and national degeneracy." We are at issue with the writer upon this part of his subject, both relatively and positively. In the first place, we think he does not go far enough in the enumeration of the advantages of the increased facilities of communication; he draws them forth with a sparing hand; and, in the next place, we deny that selfishness and indifference, as described in the passage we have

quoted, exist in any thing like the degree attributed to the present period. Facility of communication, in addition to the advantages assigned to it by our contemporary, gives the great impetus to commercial transactions; it produces new wants among mankind, and advances old ones, and proportionably increases demand. It creates a spirit of honest rivalry among nations, that must always be the most beneficial to the country possessing the largest portion of capital and enterprize; and among other benefits that might be enumerated, it has a predisposing influence in the preservation of international peace. We cannot admit that selfishness and indifference are the characteristics of the present age: manners are less artificial than they were, and that has naturally enough led to the belief that coldness pervades society. Just before the French revolution, the highly-dressed manners of the beginning and middle of the last century were superseded by those that undoubtedly gave a fresh tone to social intercourse; dress and address became contemporaneously more simple, and it was an observation of the time, that good manners (by which was meant those of the old school) were turned out of doors in favour of ease and Jacobinism. They have since proceeded in the same course; but we are sceptical as to their having, in any degree, reached the point imputed to them. If they have, we should be the foremost to declare the fact as a most melancholy sign of the times, and one that, more than any other, probably, would prevent this country from surmounting the difficulties that are before her, inasmuch as the foundation you have to work upon is unsound. If the British empire is to maintain her station, she must do so through the spirit, the intelligence, the integrity, and the patriotism of her people; and if selfishness and indifference are the prevailing principles of the age, where are we to look for ingredients to work out the national deliverance?

We think the present opinion is a good deal taken from the manners of very young men, who have always a degree of coxcombry about them; and it is now as much a fashion with them to put on an air of indifference, as it was with their ancestors to walk about with scarlet-heeled shoes or any other foppery. But this is not the point to look at for the signs of the times in the question before us. It has been well observed, that one of the great wants of France, at the end of the revolutionary war, was men from forty to fifty years of age, whose judgment was matured by experience, and who were still in full mental and bodily vigour. The war had very much swept them away, and they were required to soften down prejudices, to resist encroachments, to forward the course of amelioration, and to strengthen the bonds of society. The great reliance is to be placed upon persons in the middle age, as it is also to be placed upon those in the middle class of life. As a good whole cannot come from vicious parts, and *vice versâ*, it is desirable to look a little closer at this question. And we would ask, are the men of the present age, in our own country at least, worse husbands or worse fathers than their predecessors? Are they less attentive to relative duties? are they less careful in religion? In a word, are they less anxious in the management of all their private affairs, whether secular or spiritual, than formerly? But it may be answered, all this may be the case, and still national indifference exist to an alarming degree. We deem this impossible; because the very circumstance of indifference towards the national good must check anxiety for social prosperity. Some active principle, if we may use the term, in producing this apathy, must operate, such as an apprehension of a general decay. But admitting for the moment that social zeal may continue with national indifference, let us look to the present race and their immediate predecessors as citizens, (for we must repeat that the change of manners commenced at the French revolution): have we any reason to lament the change, as it has been exemplified by our fellow subjects in the great cause of their country? The military exploits of the late war throw far into the shade all former efforts of a similar kind. When were national institutions at a higher point of excellence? When were public charities more munificently maintained? When have the arts been more encouraged? When

have architectural and other improvements proceeded more rapidly in the metropolis and throughout the country?

In the meretricious politeness of the last century, there was a great deal of insincerity under apparent cordiality, and, as Mr. Burke observes, he had seen many very arrogant letters concluded by the phrase "your most obedient and very humble Servant;" so have many of the most heartless acts been covered by the professions of friendship of a laced and fawning sycophant. At any rate, two of the vices of our nature, which probably more than any other tend to deaden the affections, are not prominent in the present age—gaming and drunkenness. We do not now hear of the Secretaryship of Ireland and the management of a Faro bank being simultaneously offered to the same individual for him to make his election; and a gentleman is not now considered a milk-sop for being sober at the Opera, but would be very soon put out of all good society if he made a practice of appearing there in any other state.

Upon the subject of education, which comes next in order, we think that our contemporary has, in a degree, relieved his own apprehensions as to an excess of it. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that the facilities afforded to those among the lower orders, who really have a love of learning, and the zeal that has been shown to improve them, are among the most signal peculiarities of the present day, and deserving of all commendation; but we confess we are not satisfied that the rage for education and reading—the cheapness of books—the multitude of teachers—and the spare time created by the extension of machinery, will produce ultimately that practical good which some philanthropists anticipate. That the present course promotes refinement is indisputable; but whether it is to render those classes between the high and the low, which now form so large a part of the community, more able and willing to discharge the relative duties of life, (which, after all, it is the chief business of education to teach), is a great deal more doubtful." This passage is answered by a previous one, in some degree at least; which is as follows:—"It will also in all likelihood become manifest ere long, that the labouring classes will not permanently devote a large portion of their leisure time to the acquisition of knowledge, either by means of reading, or any other application. Novelty and vanity may give a temporary impulse, and the curiosity that is natural to man may prolong the exertion; but in no age or country can a large proportion of those whose lot it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, be prevailed upon regularly to begin intellectual exertion when their daily task is ended." We confess that we are not of the number who entertain any fears from the spread of Education; we are satisfied that the increase of civilization produced by it, free trade, and extended intercourse, will tend to the ultimate advancement of all classes of society; and by augmenting the mutual interchange of articles of necessity or luxury, will add to the resources of the country; and although these circumstances may not altogether, for a time at least, remove the pressure occasioned by the extensive use of machinery, they will ultimately be the means of increasing demand, by enabling the poorer classes of all countries to use a larger quantity of foreign productions. For it must be borne in mind, that machinery is working with other causes to reduce prices, which diminution the poor are unfortunately now suffering from in the present imperfect state of that system, which we hope and believe is in a course of accomplishment.

We shall now proceed to notice the observations that more especially refer to the state and circumstances of our own country. There are some parts of that statement that we have read with unmixed pleasure; others, as we have before observed, are unfinished, even for a sketch; and one part appears to us to have been written without due consideration; but before we refer to the passage in question, we will notice the one antecedent to it, which runs thus:—"No single State was ever before so eminent, at the same time, as an extensive agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and colonial power, or had so many jarring or inconsistent interests to reconcile. Remembering that most of our Colonies must emancipate themselves in process of time, and

some *may* be prematurely torn from us; recollecting the difficulty of promoting the benefit of one class without interfering with that of another; looking at the gigantic growth of some of our manufactures, and the immense population depending upon them; observing the indefatigable perseverance with which trade and manufactures are encouraged in every part of the world; bearing in mind the shocks which the vicissitudes of trade, and the vast extension of our system of credit must perpetually occasion, and the certainty with which capital will be withdrawn, whenever it can be more profitably employed elsewhere: taking all these circumstances into view, it would be the utmost infatuation to contend that the pillars upon which the edifice of our grandeur rests, can neither be undermined, nor separated, nor enfeebled." There appears to us rather loose discussion in this sentence, and the inferences are altogether forced. There are subjects of apprehension sufficient in the "state and prospects of the country," without endeavouring to swell the catalogue with the sources of our wealth, and impressing them into the service to create alarm. If no single State was at the same time so eminent as an agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and colonial power, we should say, that so far as that circumstance goes, no country was so favourably situated as Great Britain for resisting decay, or for preventing her grandeur from being undermined or enfeebled. As to jarring and inconsistent interests to be reconciled in consequence of this state of things, we should observe, that they do not necessarily belong to it; their origin has been in mismanagement; some of them have been materially advanced by the extraordinary events of the last forty years; but that these jarring and inconsistent interests cannot be brought to move in one great cause for the common good, we do not believe. The opposition of interests is not indigenous to our situation; it arises from acts of misgovernment.

That *several* of our colonies will emancipate themselves in process of time, is more than probable; but that *most* of them will, if Great Britain continue a leading power, we do not believe; but should that be the case, the course for the parent state now to pursue appears a clear one. Let a liberal treatment guide her, so that her dependencies may neither look with envy at the growth of other states, nor be prematurely urged into the dissolution of old, nor the formation of new political connexions.

With respect to the gigantic growth of some of our manufactures, and the indefatigable perseverance with which trade and manufactures are encouraged in every part of the world, and the certainty with which capital will be withdrawn whenever it can be more profitably employed elsewhere, we will shortly remark, as the writer is only indulging here in generalities, that the capital and character of the British people, which at once produce confidence in those they deal with, give them facilities of meeting rivals that no other nation enjoys. The superior productiveness of English labour is another striking advantage; we are enabled to obtain in return for one Englishman's labour for a day, or week, or month, (we are speaking upon the authority of Mr. Nassau, sen.) commodities produced by the labour of perhaps two Frenchmen, four or five Poles, and more than ten Hindoos. Iron, coals, and all the ingredients that are necessary for the manufacture of machinery, and so abundantly produced here, are rendered applicable to their object with the greatest facility, by the superior skill of the engineers of this country. The abundance of the materials, and the skill of the artificer, are the surest pledges of the continuance of our superiority in machinery, one of the chief buttresses of manufactures. Permanent causes have rendered this empire the great area for its production, and there, consequently, will be found in the greatest number the persons best able to form and adapt it to the various uses for which it is required. These and several other circumstances will prevent the withdrawal of capital to any extent, as compared with the resources of this country. The shocks which the vicissitudes of trade and the vast extension of our system of credit must perpetually occasion, is an apprehension, if pushed to its extreme, that would check commercial enterprise altogether. Trade must always, more or less, suffer from them; they may be ameliorated, and rendered less frequent, but they can never altogether

cease, and therefore ought not to be brought forward as a peculiarity of the present times. It is true that, although at the close of the "State and Prospects of the Country," there are passages which soften down previous remarks, and among them those before us, still there can be no necessity for generalizing difficulties. The circumstances referred to, require statesmanlike guidance; but it is only guidance, it cannot be raised into the duty of overcoming obstacles. If other objects, which have been touched with so masterly a hand by our contemporary, and some that we shall take the liberty of noticing, be attended to, and a steady improvement in commercial policy, already so wisely commenced, be proceeded with, we have no fears as to the gigantic growth of our manufactures, or the consequences likely to arise from it—the loss of our colonies, or the withdrawal of capital.

We now turn to the passage to which we have more particularly alluded, and which commences, "To impress more strongly upon the mind than can be done by general expressions, the progress which other countries are making in improvement, we shall specify a few facts which are within our own knowledge, and which, in case it were necessary, might easily be amplified." The principal from which this paragraph emanates is evident. It is the old, and we trust at no distant period to be able to call it, the exploded one of jealousy in the improvement of other states. We say so in all sincerity for the welfare of our country. We shall hail the day when nations learn the wisdom of applying those means and resources, both natural and acquired, which peculiarly belong to them for the advancement of their own prosperity, and commercial intercourse settles down into a constant interchange of commodities, alike free from envy and restraints. In the present infant state of mercantile freedom, with the clamour of non-reciprocity sounding in our ears, we can see the activity of other nations without pain or grudging, because we think in course of time that activity will find its true level; and if other objects are attended to, so as to enable her to preserve her station, this country will always enjoy her full share of trade, if her accustomed energy continue,—and if it do not, she will be undeserving of that benefit. But, however that may be, in dealing with present times, let it be done accurately, and with some attention to relative improvement and collateral circumstances. It is injurious, particularly at this period, when discontent is abroad by reason of manufacturing depression, to put forth assertions, as we find them in this passage, unqualified, and without explanation. We shall at present only take a few of the details regarding the improvement in foreign states, and make such remarks as we are enabled to do from our own recollection, or from information immediately at our hand. "Sugar refineries have, within a recent period, been established to a great extent at Trieste, Petersburg, Hamburg, and Gottenburg."—This may be the case, but the writer ought at the same time to have stated, that since Mr. Howard's plan has been adopted (about ten or twelve years ago) in sugar refineries in this kingdom, the business has extended itself beyond all former precedent. "At Motala, near Orebio, in Sweden, there is probably the largest establishment in existence for all sorts of implements in steel and iron."—If the iron manufacture is in this state in Sweden, it has so much improved here as to render us nearly independent of Swedish iron. The manufacture in Sweden, although it may have extended, has not improved. "The manufacture of muskets and fowling-pieces has lately been greatly improved in Germany."—Fowling-pieces and muskets are now manufactured at Birmingham, at so cheap a rate as to defy all competition, even in the Continental markets. "Admirable travelling-carriages, of all sorts, are built at Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna."—In answer to this, we should refer to London and Paris. From the equipages that appear on court-days at St. James's and the Tuileries, down to the meanest vehicle that is placed on springs, the superiority of English skill and workmanship is apparent. "The glass manufactories in France, at St. Quentin, &c. are all in the most flourishing condition."—The plate-glass of France has been celebrated many years; and has not an extraordinary improvement taken place in this country, in every branch of this department of the glass manufacture? In other parts

of it, our manufacturers far surpass their neighbours. Glasses for the use of the table, and other articles of that description, made in England, are of a very superior fabric to those made in France. "The elegant iron and steel ornaments made at Berlin have now become a valuable and extending branch of commerce."—When Bonaparte took away all the gold and silver from Berlin, this handicraft business of making iron and steel ornaments originated. It has since been continued and improved; but to introduce it as an important manufacture, is attaching a value to this trade that does not belong to it, and calculated to produce a wrong impression. "The manufacturers of iron and steel, which are flourishing in France, are prospering still more at Liege, which has become the Birmingham of the Low Countries, as Ghent is their Manchester and Glasgow."—We are at present instituting inquiries with respect to the state of manufactures in the Low Countries, and have already received some communications in consequence of them; they are at present, however, so imperfect, that we do not wish to speak upon the latter part of this sentence. Certainly, as far as they go, they do not lead to the conclusion of extensive prosperity. As to the iron manufactures of France, even under their present restrictions, they are receiving a quantity of the raw material from England; and orders for machinery, of which iron is a principal ingredient, are executing, on account of the French Government, on this side of the channel. "The cotton manufactures of France and Belgium, which some of our manufacturers ignorantly ridiculed at the conclusion of the peace in 1815, have increased tenfold in ten years." —Admitting that they have so increased, at what sacrifice to the French people has the Government made this increase? and can this manufacture, under such a sacrifice, permanently benefit France? English cotton goods are smuggled to the opposite coast in all directions, and to an immense amount, notwithstanding the strictest prohibition; and the French, if they do not procure them contraband, are compelled to wear such cotton articles as they use, at a price considerably higher than that which they can obtain them for in this country, and of a very inferior quality. We have, in a former number, had occasion to refer to the commercial relations of France, and in doing so, to notice the decay of the muslin manufacture of Tarare. We have, since we commenced this article, read a letter dated from that place, and written by an English manufacturer who was making a tour in that part of the country, which begins—"I have reached this almost deserted village. The manufacturers here have been protected by a prohibition that has ruined them; English muslins being cheaper by 70 per cent. than the articles manufactured here, prohibition was set at defiance, and the smugglers are making large profits." The last point we shall now notice under this head, is the following: "The silk trade of France, which used to be confined to Lyons, has now spread its ramifications to Avignon, Nismes, and Tours, and its annual value amounts to six millions sterling. In Switzerland, the silk trade is carried on to an extent of which few people in England are aware. There are, in Zurich and its neighbourhood alone, between twelve and thirteen thousand looms, whilst in Lyons they amount only to between twenty-eight and thirty thousand."—To this part of the statement we have only to observe, upon the authority of a manufacturing house of the first respectability there, that, at the beginning of March in the present year, "there were not fifteen thousand looms employed in Lyons." This statement has been since confirmed to us by a countryman of our own, who has visited the silk manufactures of the Continent to ascertain their state; and he farther adds, that the depression among all of them is very great. But what is the sacrifice that the French Government has made, in endeavouring to force the national industry into channels that give a false direction to it? The decrease in the exports by upwards of two-thirds of the staple trade of the country, as we have on a former occasion shown. The home trade must also have proportionably decreased, although we have not the means at hand of accurately defining it; indeed, the wine-growers tell us so in their public documents, inasmuch as the purchasers of dear cotton and iron goods cannot have so much money to spend in wine. The passage to which we have

referred was first quoted by an evening paper, and we have seen some highly exaggerated inferences drawn from it by provincial journals, and on that account we have been the more anxious to notice it.

In all the uneasiness that our contemporary experiences at the financial situation of the empire we fully partake, and the straightforward course he has followed in bringing it before the country, entitles him to the highest commendation. The fact that, during fourteen years of profound peace, the public debt has been reduced little more than 24,000,000*l.* and that the interest of it now greatly exceeds the half of our whole annual income, are melancholy proofs of the unpardonable negligence of former ministers, and of the necessity of the people submitting to a sacrifice to relieve, in some degree, themselves and their posterity from the effects of unprecedented extravagance during the war, and of shameless negligence during the peace. It is true, that the debts of most of the other European States are increasing, particularly that of Russia; but that can be no reason for neglecting our own, which is a source of distress in peace, and must inevitably prove a source of weakness in war, if that catastrophe should arrive during its present enormous amount.

The poor-rates are next noticed. In addition to the judicious remarks made upon them in the publication upon our table, we should observe that the relative position of Ireland, as regards that impost, is a most important consideration. We believe that, under any circumstances, modification of the English poor laws must take place; but if a provision be not very shortly made for the relief of Irish pauperism, the necessity of such modification will fearfully attract the attention of the British public. In one parish that we could mention, in the immediate neighbourhood of London, above one half of its paupers are Irish! The charge by the steam-packets from the Irish to the English coast is, we believe, from twenty pence to half-a-crown; and when the work of ejection begins upon the large scale, (which it has yet scarcely done, or at least its effects are not yet felt here,) in consequence of the recent measure of disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, the influx of Irish paupers will so grievously inflame parochial rates, as to render them, in the first instance, a burden too heavy to be borne by a large proportion of the tax-paying community, and a pressure highly vexatious to all of it.

We approach the subject of population with great apprehension, lest we should appear to speak lightly of the sufferings of our fellow-subjects. Most unfeignedly do we deplore the prospect of the ordeal that a portion, at least, of the productive classes may have to go through; but population can be regarded only upon the principle of supply and demand; the Poor Laws, indeed, interfering with that principle, but we think likely to interfere with it less every day. The war which increased the capital and enterprise of this nation, also produced the great and almost unnatural demand for population; and the extensive introduction of machinery and other circumstances have now lowered that demand; but the habits of the people being improved by mutual intercourse and other causes, the consumption of luxuries, especially, is becoming greater every day, which must operate advantageously towards every grade of society. We confess that we have seen no plan by which the present state of the country, as regards its population, can be relieved. It is not a question to be dealt with by the attempt at a positive remedy—a variety of considerations branch out of it, and, therefore, we shall content ourselves with having honestly given, probably, an unpopular opinion, and of declaring that, with every respect for the talents, zeal, and integrity of Mr. Wilmot Horton, we believe that his schemes of emigration will be of no avail. They may ultimately open to us new markets, and make provision for the cadets of aristocratic families, but we cannot see in them a relief for the redundancy of population.

The cultivation of waste lands, and other similar schemes, must be proceeded in with great caution, lest the employment of the population should recoil upon property; as must be the case in all useless works, entered upon merely for the sake of affording labour, or proportionably, in such undertakings as are not altogether useless, but still unprofitable,—as would be

the case in a variety of instances in endeavouring to bring waste lands into cultivation. We beg not to be misunderstood. We are zealous advocates for attention being paid to the barren state of many parts of the three islands, the domestic fisheries, as well as the external, and every object that may tend to the increase of human subsistence. We advocate this system upon general principles, as well as upon the expediency of it, when population is pressing somewhat closely upon food; but we must not allow capital to be directed in attempts to accomplish unattainable objects, which we are convinced would, on many occasions, be the case in an over-anxiety to cultivate waste lands. All we wish in this case, is to prevent zeal from outstripping knowledge.

Among the difficulties of our situation, not particularly adverted to in the "State and Prospects of the Country," is the representation. This question has such a variety of ramifications that we cannot pass it over in this sketch; although it is only to offer an opinion that some change must take place in it before many years pass away, and to express our regret that the favourable opportunities that circumstances have afforded for partial changes have been unattended to. That the growing intelligence, wealth, and extended interests of the large manufacturing towns should be more than virtually represented in the legislature, none but political bigots, or political monopolists can, we think, be prepared to deny; and we are desirous that the question of reform should be so temperately and gradually dealt with, as to remove it out of the position that other great questions have been placed in. One of the embarrassments, if not dangers of the present times, is the effects that may be produced upon the minds of the great body of the people by the vacillation of the Government in yielding to, or rather by its ignorance, real or assumed, of the true state of public opinion.

The late and the present sessions of Parliament have afforded two striking instances of this. The most inattentive observer of public opinion must have been aware of a necessity for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and yet, on the first introduction into the House of Commons of the Bill for that purpose, the Ministers opposed it. The great act that has recently occupied the undivided attention of every thinking individual in the empire, is another and still more remarkable instance of sudden assent after long resistance. Rejoiced as we are at the adoption of both these measures, we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that they mark out with too much precision the necessity on the part of the Government to adopt them, and a similar course upon other great questions may ultimately give an *impetus* to popular power that it may be difficult to check. For this, and other reasons, we lament that the franchises of Penryn and East Retford had not been given to two large and populous towns. The principle of disfranchising offending boroughs, and giving their privileges to large towns, is at any rate a safe one, and we regret that it has not been acted upon; as we are convinced there is no subject that could be more inconveniently discussed under a sudden change of intention than the parliamentary representation. If ever that question come under review, without the opportunity for the gravest deliberation, and for the developement of sound, extensive, and statesmanlike views, the result may shake all the national institutions to their base.

Although justice has at length been done to the Catholics, and sanguine as we are in our expectation that this act of reconciliation will go very far towards improving the condition of Ireland, still there are anomalies to break down in that country, strong prejudices to reconcile, and difficulties to overcome, calculated to create deep anxiety. The great step has been taken, but many subordinate measures of sound policy must succeed it, or its effect may be to expedite a crisis.

The Game and Corn Laws are peculiarities in the present times. There are in the aristocracy of the present day individuals, who in an hour of trial would be looked to by their fellow-subjects with earnest confidence; but we fear among many of its members there is still a haughty bearing, and a want of sympathy with the other orders of society. The pertinacity with which the Game Laws, with their frightful concomitant, the increase of crime, are adhered to; the anxiety that has been shown to prevent opulent persons, not

possessed of land, from enjoying the luxury of game at their tables; the efforts that have been made to goad the Executive first into the introduction, and lastly into the continuance of the Corn Laws, to the manifest injustice of every other interest in the State; and though last, not least in point, as a support to our opinion, the attempt to increase the import duty on foreign wool, are subjects of regret to those who, like ourselves, wish to preserve "the Corinthian Pillar of the State," and all other orders of society, in their true positions, in reference to circumstances and changes that may take place. In our wish to preserve inviolate every interest in the State, we are desirous that the one connected with the land should be less exclusive; and we say so in the strictest regard for it, recollecting that under the present dynasty, whatever may be the ameliorations it may undergo, the landed interest must always fill so large a space in the British community, as to remove far from it any well-grounded jealousy of the prominent situation of other classes. Those classes, as well as that connected with the soil, will have occasion to make sacrifices.

We have now glanced at the various points we proposed to ourselves when we commenced writing, and in the performance of our labours, we trust that we have not practically departed from the declaration that we made, of a wish that the truth should be elicited respecting the circumstances of this empire. We have now only to observe, that, although we do not look upon the present state of our country without anxiety, we do not regard it with dismay; because we believe that an honest application of the means within our reach will be sufficient for consolidating the strength of the empire, and will completely resist the effects of those events, that, if left to themselves, would have a tendency to produce its decay.

THE MINOR THEATRES.

Whilst the Patentees have been running a race in the career of extravagance; building theatres of twice the ordinary dimensions, in the avaricious hope of securing twice the ordinary receipts; accumulating debt upon debt, and mortgage upon mortgage, and raising the price of admission to the public in order to meet their difficulties; playhouses of an inferior description have arisen in their neighbourhood, are profiting by their errors, and thriving at their expense. The compact form of the latter, the moderate charge for admission, and their freedom from debt, are the secret of their success. The proprietors of the Minor Theatres, enabled by their ample profits to pay liberal salaries to the actors, have established by degrees companies sufficiently respectable to compete with the Theatres Royal in the performance of the regular drama. The first encroachment was, as we formerly observed, on the part of the proprietors of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, who, striving to engross the whole sphere of theatrical attraction, allured from their suburban rivals their elephants, horses, dogs, tumblers, and rope-dancers, and exhibited their antics before fashionable audiences. What could the "irregular" theatres do, but take the stand which their adversaries had abandoned? They proceeded modestly at first; and to accommodate tragedy and comedy to the terms of their licence, authorizing them to furnish "entertainments of music, dancing, burlettas, spectacles, pantomimes, and horsemanship," they announced every play which they thought fit to represent, as a burletta.* Here

* The bills of most of the Minor Theatres still retain this denomination, gracefully diversified by occasional *synonymes*; as, "the interesting drama," "the deeply interesting melo-drama," "the broad-farcical burletta," "the grand comic-operatic romance," "the romantic and historico-domestic melo-drama," "the grand romantic drama," "the aqua-dramatic burletta," &c.

and there a rhyme was introduced, and a scrape or two from a violin in the orchestra served to keep up appearances. But the proprietor of the Coburg put the fiddle in its case, and boldly advertised Shakspeare's tragedy of "Richard the Third;" whilst the bills of the Surrey theatres, dropping all mention of burletta, announce Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore," and O'Keeffe's comedy of "Wild Oats," by their proper titles. What is become, then, of those "patent rights" on which we dwelt so long in our February number? The terms of D'Avenant's patent, which, we believe, is attached to Covent-Garden Theatre, are as follows: "We do....will and grant that only the said Company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up by the said Sir William D'Avenant, &c. by virtue of these presents, and one other company erected, &c. by Thomas Killigrew, Esq. &c. and none other shall from henceforth act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or entertainments of the stage within our cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof." It is clear, that if these patents can be evaded on the other bank of the Thames, they are a dead letter. We believe, however, that the patentees have tried the question and gained a verdict, which establishes their monopoly whenever they choose to enforce it.

We do not wish to enter into the legality of these proceedings, but merely to inquire how far the assumption of the regular drama by the Minor Theatres affects the interests of the stage. It is not a question, as was asserted in a similar case, "whether there shall be a fourth grocer in the same street," but whether his tea be adulterated or not. With every respect for the performers of the Minor Theatres, which certainly contain much talent, we doubt whether the audiences, to whose taste they must adapt their efforts, are likely to improve the rising generation of actors. It may be very useful to "bid" the sojourners in Blackfriars Road and the dwellers in the New Cut,

> In conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;

but we do not think that an actor who plays up to their applause, can long retain that chastity of style which is the passport to fame on the principal metropolitan boards. An audience of not very delicate taste like the lungs and face to be exerted in their service. The tragedian need not be afraid of ranting, and the comedian should be prodigal of grimace.

The Surrey Theatre is, we dare say, visited by many persons from the sphere of fashion; but the proprietors of three other Minor Theatres (the Coburg, Olympic, and Sadler's Wells,) have hit upon a scheme calculated to attract audiences of a different description. They issue box-tickets as orders, subject to the payment of one shilling at the door. As as peculation it is a profitable one; for without taking into consideration strangers, who, not being aware of such a privilege, pay their money on entering as usual,—houses filled at this diminished rate (and they are likely to be full every night) constitute fair average receipts for the season.

So much for "the dignity of the national drama," as the patentees styled it in their last memorial to the Lord Chamberlain. Twenty years ago, it was a rare occurrence to see a gentleman in the dress-circle of Covent Garden and Drury Lane not habited in full-dress. In later

times, a box-coat and dirty boots have not been held a ground of exclusion from that circle. The persons who issue these shilling orders are laudably anxious on this point. The ticket to the American ball, which notified that "no gentleman could be admitted without a shirt," was not more specific. We have before us an order for two to the boxes or pit of "The Royal Olympic Theatre." Our readers may obtain as many as they please gratis, but liable to the subsequent fine of one shilling. In this order, "it is requested that visitors to the boxes will be suitably (query, how suitably?) attired. Children in arms not admitted. Bonnets cannot possibly be admitted in the *dress* circle."

The competition which the Surrey and Adelphi Theatres have entered into with the Patent Theatres, at prices little more than half the amount of the charge at the latter, is legitimate warfare compared with this. How many persons who go to see a play, are so critically nice as to prefer paying seven shillings to see that play represented in Bridges-street, when, by crossing Waterloo-bridge, they may witness the same representation for one? If it be alleged that audiences can be found to fill all the theatres, the objection to a third regular theatre, so constructed that persons can see and hear in it, is removed. The eastern end of the town absolutely requires such a theatre; for the distance and expense of coach-hire, added to the extravagant charge for admission, must debar the greater part of the population there from witnessing the performances at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. But we do not wish to see the regular drama abandoned to the Minor Theatres, which, if this competition continues, must eventually ensue. We quoted in our last article on this subject an observation of Mr. Sheridan, on which we omitted to comment,—*i. e.* that "the alteration in the mode of living prevented people of fashion from attending and taking the lead in the theatres as formerly." It is undoubtedly the fact. Mr. Arnold tried to accommodate the fashionable world by dividing the night's entertainment at the English Opera House, appropriating the early part to persons who kept vulgar hours, and the later to the votaries of "haut ton." But the first audience were sturdy, and would not move when they were required to go away, so the plan was abandoned. When it is considered that the lower-circle of the boxes, at both the principal houses, is the only situation where modest females of a certain rank in society can be placed, how few families, even of the middling classes, can be in the habit of frequenting the theatre. Additional space might be afforded for visitors of so desirable a description, by partitioning off the front seats in the first circle, somewhat in the way that the basket formerly was separated from the dress-boxes at Covent Garden. This front circle, if kept sacred from impure association, would generally be occupied by private families. The passage behind should communicate with the main entrance, and the upper division, for visitants of another sort, might open on the avenues to the saloon. We should be glad to see any expedient resorted to that would have the effect of restoring "ladies and gentlemen" (in reality) to the boxes of the theatres; for such audiences greatly influence the style of acting and the character of the performances. T. S. M.

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END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

ERRATA.

The title of the article, p. 40, *for* Emancipation *read* Emigration.—Also, p. 61, line 30, *for* variety *read* rarity.

Page 312, line 38, *for* braided *read* boarded.

Page 352, lines 31 and 34, *read* Ripple *and* Ripchester.

Page 354, line 25, *for* Guaren *read* Suarez.

Page 360, line 24, *for* much *read* scenes.

Page 361, Sonnet, line 8, *for* burst *read* must.

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