

The Oxford Thackeray
With Illustrations



THE PARIS SKETCH BOOK
AND
ART CRITICISMS

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W. M. THACKERAY

From a drawing by D. Maclise, 1832, in the possession of the Garrick Club

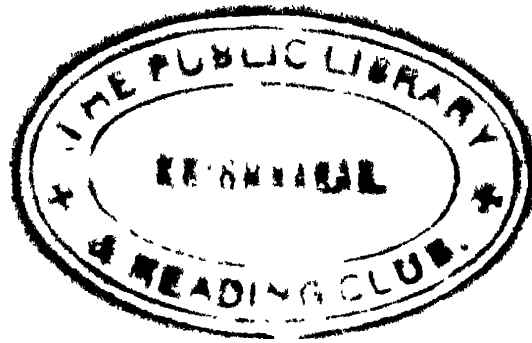
The
Paris Sketch Book
and
Art Criticisms

By
William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by
George Saintsbury

With 103 Illustrations

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INTRODUCTION

• THE PARIS SKETCH BOOK, AND ART CRITICISMS

DUE warning was given, in the Preface of this edition, that though the main principle of its arrangement would be chronological, a merely rigid consistency would not be allowed to prevail in this respect. In these earlier volumes especially, though each is carefully planned so as to present as a whole a more advanced stage than the one preceding, the structure must, necessarily and otherwise, be 'clinker-built'—overlapping, that is to say, in such a sense that some work in each will be earlier than some in its fore-runner. Necessarily, for it would be preposterous to disturb Thackeray's own arrangement of much early work, and some almost of his very earliest, in *The Paris Sketch Book*. Otherwise than necessarily—in order (for reasons to be presently set forth) to get together the rather frequent expressions of the author's criticism in Art-matters which key on to much of the *Sketch Book*. I had at first preferred as an alternative the grouping of the Parisian matter such as the *Second Funeral of Napoleon* and the other Parisian *Corsair* and *Britannia* articles (see next volume) together; but on the whole the present arrangement seemed more convenient.

The interest of *The Paris Sketch Book*, as Thackeray's first advance in force, and by way of a real book, on the public, can hardly be exaggerated. And it has other claims—its variety of subject, the unity given to that variety by the presence (to use Nestor Roqueplan's ingenious term) of the element of 'Parisine' throughout, and the

known and lifelong attraction which that element had for the author. It is impossible, however, that any reader with even a slight tincture of criticism in him, if not fully acquainted with the circumstances of the case, should not be a little puzzled by it. I remember being very decidedly so myself. A more 'accidented' book, as the language with which it has so much to do would put it—a book with more curious and startling ups and downs of goodness, there hardly exists in literature: and there are not many which present such a positive jumble of subjects, atmospheres, tempers, attitudes, styles. The Dedication, eccentric as its substance may seem, is in Thackeray's most individual and nearly in his very best manner. He could hardly have improved on it in the days of the 'Roundabouts' themselves. The introductory 'Invasion of France' though only one of the essay-sketches which had been more and more practised from Leigh Hunt to 'Boz', is an excellent specimen of them, with not a little idiosyncrasy. Its successor, the history of the delusion and downfall of Pogson, is of the best early Thackeray—a wonderfully fresh variation on the companion tragedies of Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Pigeon. Quite different, but as good or better still, is the long letter on the Fêtes of July. It is dated July 3, 1839, but most, if not all of it, might have been written in 1859 as far as the manner goes.

And so with others. But with yet others it is different, and with some of these one wonders a little why they were ever written; with some why they were not written better. When their *provenance* is known and sufficiently considered, this wonder vanishes. In the first place their actual composition covered no small space of time. One article, and by no means the worst—the already more than once glanced at 'Devil's Wager'—represents almost the earliest period of Thackeray's work, having been contributed to the *National Standard* nearly seven years before the collection appeared. Most, though not most of the best,

were collected from various newspapers and magazines to which they had been contributed 'at the hazard of the pen'—some of the best having gone to the American *Corsair*, edited by N. P. Willis. It may be remembered that Philip contributed to an American magazine and did not get paid for his contributions, and it is certain that Thackeray does not later exhibit any great affection for the author of *Hurrygraphs* and *Dashes at Life*. *Fraser*, the *New Monthly*, and other periodicals were also drawn upon. The book was in fact a pure miscellany—even the 'Paris' of its title is a very loose and questionable bond of union.

It need have been none the worse for this. The *Round-about Papers* themselves are the very miscellany of all miscellanies: and they are inferior in their own way to hardly anything in literature. But by their time, Thackeray had attained the faculty of surrounding everything he treated with the amber of style—of making everything interesting and everything original. Here he had not. Much of the matter is quite openly translated or adapted from Charles de Bernard and others. More is curiously 'retold': sometimes for reasons not now very apparent—as in the case of the histories of 'Cartouche', 'Poinsinet', 'Mary Ancel', 'Beatrice Merger'. Only special amateurs in crime-mysteries can now get up the slightest concern in the Peytel matter—even though the particular case interested Balzac (on the opposite side) as well as Thackeray. It is however pretty certain, to some who have read what both these great novelists and critics of life have to say, that Thackeray was right and Balzac wrong. 'Napoleon and his System' is almost entirely one with the other political articles contributed to the *Constitutional*, which we did not see our way to print in the last volume, though it will give readers rather a favourable notion of Thackeray's political style. In particular it is saved by his correct and salutary affirmation of the undying dislike of France for England. But much of it is translation, and

the rest not over brilliant comment. 'The Painter's Bargain' and 'The Devil's Wager' itself are romantic-grotesque stories of a Hoffmannish kind, and still more, perhaps, resembling prose Ingoldsby Legends, very good reading, but not consummate. 'A Gambler's Death' is much more in the author's own special way, and has some most vivid and characteristic touches; but he would have done it much better only a very little later. Of the various criticisms on Art and Letters it would not be true to say this, for they are very much what his criticism of *contemporary* art and letters always was—a queer impulsive mixture of shrewdness and prejudice, of knowledge and ignorance. Altogether a singular *olla podrida* or *pot-pourri*: but with the relish of the one, the fragrance of the other, only partially achieved.

Yet if one reads this unequal collection carefully, and remembers what other things the readers of 1840 had to read, it seems strange that more of them should not have detected and enjoyed (to use a later phrase of its author's about a character whom he never identified with himself), 'the sense, the satire, and' if not exactly 'the scholarship', the literary savour of it, so different from anything elsewhere offered them. In that opening descriptive sketch—a thing already hackneyed—what a curious freshness and variety there is! what vividness, and at the same time what quaint originality! above all, what a unique abstinence from thumping the same note in order to force people to attend to it; from splashing and blobbing the same line by way of emphasis! The boat, the quay, the coast, the harbour, the hotel—most writers (and some very famous ones) would have given you a paragraph at least, if not a page, to each. Thackeray touches each off in two or three strokes, quite suggestive enough to alert 'uptakers'. The personages are extremely numerous; each one of them is made as alive as he need be, and much more alive than almost anybody else could make him; but, in the

same way, with the least expense of line and colour. They rise, do their part in the procession and panorama, and pass : they are not dragged back with clumsy and absurd bobbings up and down of the curtain to beg for applause. How complete, again, is the story of that second Dawkins, Pogson, not quite so innocent as his more luckless predecessor in one way, equally so in another, favoured by fortune and Mr. Titmarsh (who himself was *haud ignarus mali*) very much more. There is stuff in it for a far longer story : but Thackeray neither compresses it unduly, nor spins it out ; neither squeezes it down, nor lets it run over. It is just 'good measure'—the best ; and he gives to you of his abundance freely.

Even in the more miscellaneous articles, miscellaneous in both senses, as just explained, and belonging less to their author's proper vocation, the same and other proofs of genius exist. There is hardly anywhere else such a piece of interpretation—of showman's work, with an artist of the first class for the showman—as the passages on Robert Macaire in 'Caricatures and Lithography'. In this same paper, read the admirable and consummate remarks—Thackeray in a nutshell—on Smollett's sketch of literature in the reign of George II. It was historically wrong to call Mrs. Lennox a 'figment' : figments do not eat magnificent apple-pies, as Johnson made this lady do at the all-night sitting recorded by Hawkins. But it was critically and creatively right.

In 'Meditations at Versailles' we come across one of those papers which give handles both to the attackers and to the defenders. Undoubtedly the former have something to say, as they have in reference to all Thackeray's polemic against 'snobs', of which this is in reality an early specimen—a 'first state', as it were, of *The Book of Snobs* itself. Undoubtedly the famous 'Historical Study' of 'Rex—Ludovicus—Ludovicus Rex' is unfair—and goes perilously near, as unfair satire inevitably does, to being

ignoble. Ludovicus could not help being, ' bald and paunchy ' when he was old : many most estimable people undergo these inevitable outrages of time—and there is excellent testimony to the fact that he was a really handsome cavalier when he was young. The satirist himself has to admit that in his unlucky old age the ' Magnificent ' king was really magnanimous as well. There are plenty of things to be said against him, but Thackeray has not said the right things. He has made the same mistake (but, as being more of a novice, more clumsily) that he made in *The Four Georges* a decade and a half later : and he has not equally redeemed it. But the adaptation of the ' Prophecy of Cazotte ' (Thackeray has evidently said ' Cagliostro ' by mistake) has a scornful melancholy magic of style that atones for much, and the whole article is full of wonderful broken lights of phrase and portraiture.

On the whole, perhaps, the critical parts of the *Sketch Book* are those which have drawn the heaviest fire : and as nearly the whole of the rest of the volume will be occupied with critical matter, it is necessary to say something about this part of Thackeray's work. Indeed, as far as his art-criticism goes, we shall hardly have, save for glances, to return to it. The literary criticism will occupy us often ; and we may deal with it first here.

Of course it is no use arguing with those who say ' Here are great writers and great books—Hugo, Heine, Dumas, George Sand, this and that work of theirs—and Thackeray dares to make fun of them or condemn them ! ' But even this, manifestly absurd as it is, is not quite so strange as the objection, which I think I have seen, that the French consider *Kean* a very clever if not a very great play, and yet Thackeray makes fun of it. To which, of course, it can only be replied that if all Europe thought *Kean* a fine play, and only one person perceived the absurdities that Thackeray points out, all Europe would be wrong and the one person right. For these are absurdities, sometimes in

themselves, sometimes as exhibiting ignorance of his subject, which the author had no business to commit if he took that subject at all.

But there is another class of objections which do not answer and upset themselves quite so definitely; and which were referred to in the General Introduction. Thackeray, it is said, is hopelessly John Bullish; he insists on applying English ideas to French ways and work, and the result is inadequacy and unfairness. Now this is not an objection which can be met by simple negation. Undoubtedly if a man says, as in the famous instance, that it is very silly of the French infantry to wear blue uniforms, he says a very silly thing. But it may be at least questioned whether Thackeray does do this—whether he is not entitled to urge that the indictments he brings against French books are brought under codes and before courts where no nation can plead lack of jurisdiction. One may not wholly admit this plea; one may think that he takes the moral line too much. But, after all, does any one, however much he may admire the men of 1830, deny that they talked a good deal of nonsense, and unhealthy nonsense too? The present writer has borne the Romantic banner as high and as steadily as he could for a good many years; but *he* could not deny this.

No; the faults of Thackeray's literary criticism—which we may touch again and again till we reach *The English Humourists*, the best example of it with some of the most striking illustrations of its faults themselves—are not by any means due to too rigid Anglicism, for he sees English faults quite as clearly as French. They do not even lie in a too great adherence to the 'moral heresy' or to orthodox standards of any kind: for no one ever was less of a Pharisee than he was, and his standpoint was, to say the least, not uncompromisingly ecclesiastical. They were due rather to the absence of fixed codes and creeds than to the presence of them; to a curious impulsiveness and

inconsistency which has something to do with the unequalled truth to nature and the wonderful fresh variety of his style and thought, but which is not exactly suitable to the pure critical *ethos*.

Of his art-criticism, which shows so largely in the present volume, the present writer speaks with more diffidence, having had no technical education in that matter, but only a great love of it for a great many years, and a steady endeavour not to 'like grossly', but to feel, as far as possible, *why* he likes. It is impossible, of course, not to see at once that Thackeray himself had this education; that whereas in literature he was an almost peerless creator but at the same time almost an untaught or self-taught one, he was in Art, though curiously hampered in his creation, by no means an amateur, but, if not a master, an apprentice who had duly and far from negligently served his time. Exactly why his execution was so hampered it is not easy to understand; at least no expert has ever succeeded in explaining it to my inexpertness. One is driven to the rather obvious supposition that his fingers simply would not do what his brain told them to do, and what his eyes told him they ought to have done. He never made the slightest mistake about his own performances: indeed I think that somewhere in the wandering isles of his letters there is a sentence not unlike that which I have just written. And there is the very amplest evidence, in the pages that follow, that he knew technical faults and merits quite well and, what is more, was perfectly well acquainted with the technical means by which they were produced and avoided. Nay more, he has, I think, the very great credit of being the first person who distinctly pointed out, in *The Paris Sketch Book* itself, and in that same remarkable article on 'Caricatures and Lithography', not merely the much greater practice of Art in France, and the much greater rewards for it, not merely the more general enjoyment of it and the like, but the radical differ-

ence between the French and the English attitude to it. 'For abstract art,' he says, 'we have no appreciation', thereby not merely laying down but almost originating the very objection which 'warm young men' now urge against himself.

Nor did he fail to practise what he preached, to a very large extent. Nothing could be better, from any point of view, than his criticism of the dismal French Classical school of the Empire in his first article, 'The French School of Painting'. His remarks on its Romantic rival are perfectly sane, and those (here not extensive) on Delacroix and Delaroche respectively have quite the root of the matter in them, while he can appreciate the middle style of Ingres. But then we come to the flaw. 'The absurd humbug called Christian or Catholic art' draws down a philippic from Thackeray. It is true that this early (chiefly German) pre-Raphaelitism was rather weak—that it was not till years after this, and in England, that masterpieces were produced in it. But one sees at once that this is not the ground of Thackeray's objection. He has seen nothing like it before; he does not like the 'Catholic' suggestion in it. He ridicules the gold-leaf haloes just as 'Zeluco' Moore's famous character ridicules the blue uniforms. It is 'absurd': it is 'silly'. I have sometimes thought that there are no two words in the whole vocabulary of criticism which a critic should use with more gingerly and self-suspicious reluctance than those two words 'silly' and 'absurd'. They too often mean simply this, 'I dislike the thing; but I can't tell you why, and I won't inquire.' Now this attitude is absolutely fatal to criticism; it is at once the critic's besetting and his unpardonable sin. I do not think that, till quite late days, Thackeray can be cleared of it.

• If this drawback is visible in his comments on French Art it is certainly more visible still when he comes to English; and we must admit that Dr. John Brown set something

like a *pretium affectionis* on this criticism when he called Thackeray 'one of the best of art critics'. He is so, when he happens himself to have an affection for his subject, not quite so otherwise; and I fear that we must demand something more from a 'best' critic. Moreover, his very affection often induces him to overpraise. Nothing can be better than the famous, or should be famous, paragraph on 'The Fighting Téméraire'; it is worthy of the picture itself. But how, in an adjacent article, did he come to salute Mulready as 'King' of British Art? He seems constantly to be going to do more justice to Etty than has been done by almost any one to that most remarkable failure of a Titian or a Rubens; yet he is as constantly 'put off' from doing it, not because of the failure, but because Etty seems to him to have forgotten a sufficient provision of fig-leaves. That the artists were angry with him (as we know from FitzGerald and could have known without any information whatsoever), matters very little. But, perhaps, in no case does that apparatus of forced high jinks which was referred to in the opening Introduction, interfere so much as here. One may not in the least sympathize with Edgar Poe's indignation at the 'devilled kidneys' in *Charles O'Malley*. Devilled kidneys are good; so is toasted cheese; so are beer, porter, gin and water, brandy and water, and other such things—in their proper places, and supplied neither in excess nor in defect. In these very papers Thackeray's fancy of a complete *menu* of the Fatted Calf is quite admissible and amusing. But it is very difficult to feel a proper exhilaration over Mr. Titmarsh's indulgences at various public-houses, and the manner in which the trusting caterers are indemnified by Mr. Oliver Yorke. They are not 'in a concatenation accordingly'; we feel that they were put in to suit a passing fashion, and that they have nothing in common with the admirable 'gormandizing' articles to which we shall come later.

We go, here, much beyond the stage of Thackeray's actual

production to which we confined ourselves in the preceding volume and shall confine ourselves in the next, and even the next after that. For here the liberty is justified, first, by the fact that all the work really belongs to the earlier stage, though some of it was written quite towards the end of that stage, and secondly by the solidarity of subject, and even to a great extent of manner, though towards the latest the mere 'high jinks' business fortunately drops out. A great deal of the criticism is admirable, and a great deal more of it very noticeable. It is on the whole the very best example that we have in English of the kind of art-criticism which Diderot introduced in his *Salons*; though there the technical knowledge was less at first-hand than Thackeray's. The point, however, in both cases is that the pure technical judgement, and what artists disdainfully call the 'literary' point of view, are inextricably blended.

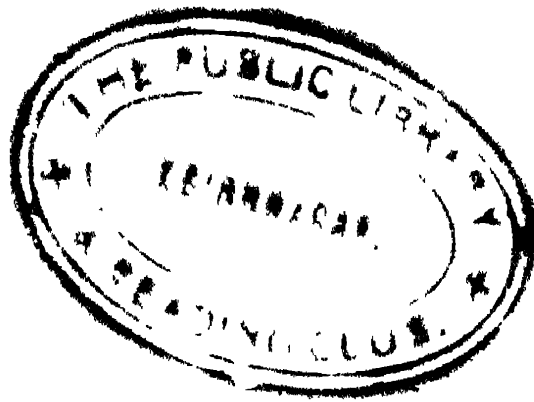
The result of this blend is shown at its best, at least at its most sustained, in the famous *Essay on Cruikshank* which, if not quite a 'first early' is early enough. Gratitude for old childish enjoyment, and that hearty goodwill which was one of Thackeray's rarest and most amiable moral qualifications as a man of genius, may pitch the tone a very little too high. For, inexhaustible as was Cruikshank's artistic imagination, and marvellous as was his technical command of method and effect, one cannot quite forget that, in a very large proportion, perhaps the majority, of cases his figures are not human creatures at all, but arabesques and grotesques of humanity. Still, nobody, with the actual examples given in the paper, is likely to forget this: and the great, the rare, the astonishingly bountiful merits of the master are brought out in a way which it would be difficult to better. On one side of modern art-criticism we should no doubt get more 'studio jargon'; more allusion at first or second-hand to the actual processes of the draughtsman and the engraver;

while on another (or perhaps the same) we should get more tricks of style, more attempts at arabesque, if not grotesque, with the pen. But we should hardly get such a happy example of the blend of technical knowledge and hearty unconnoisseured liking on the one hand, or of that of technical knowledge and literary appreciation on the other. And as much may be said of the best passages in almost every article.

Yet one must recur to the 'allowance'—to the admissions. Although not to such a great extent, as in the case of the purely literary criticism—his greater technical knowledge in a matter where technicalities are not merely sports of opinion, saved him to some extent—there is no doubt that Thackeray does show, in these very art-criticisms, the uncertainty and undependableness that makes it impossible generally to put him in the first rank as a critic, though few people have left finer isolated examples of criticism. This uncertainty of touch is due of course to a large number of individual causes, in the separate instances; rarely to mere ignorance; not seldom to a neglect to equate and compare the pieces of his knowledge; often to the moral excess; sometimes to casual outbursts of political, social, or even personal feeling; but always, I think, in greater or lesser part to that peculiar impulsiveness in which Thackeray stands alone among the greatest prose men of letters. To regret this impulsiveness would itself be hopelessly uncritical; for it is beyond all doubt the source, in part if not in whole, of that extraordinary freshness and naturalness which we shall never be tired of noticing in him. But of course it has its dangers, even in creative work; and for the critic it is perhaps the very greatest danger of all. Even for him, it is an inspiring and driving power; a critic who has not some impulsiveness makes very dry and insipid work of it. But it requires brake and throttle-valve to be in the best order and kept constantly at work; and this is what Thackeray,

at any rate till late in his life, could not, or would not do.

Add the excessive discursiveness to which this impulsiveness leads—which is indeed only the same thing in another form—and the defects of this criticism are sufficiently confessed. But the discursiveness also has its charms: and without it, as without the other, Thackeray would not be Thackeray.



PARIS SKETCH BOOK

BY

MR. TITMARSH

**WITH NUMEROUS DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR, ON
COPPER AND WOOD**

[1840

About half of the sketches in these volumes have already appeared in print, in various periodical works. A part of the text of one tale, and the plots of two others, have been borrowed from French originals ; the other stories, which are, in the main, true, have been written upon facts and characters, that came within the Author's observation during a residence in Paris.

As the remaining papers relate to public events, which occurred during the same period, or to Parisian Art and Literature, he has ventured to give his publication the title which it bears.

LONDON,

July 1, 1840.

DEDICATORY LETTER

TO

M. ARETZ, TAILOR, &c.

27, RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS

SIR,

It becomes every man in his station to acknowledge and praise virtue wheresoever he may find it, and to point it out for the admiration and example of his fellow men.

Some months since, when you presented to the writer of these pages a small account for coats and pantaloons manufactured by you, and when you were met by a statement from your debtor, that an immediate settlement of your bill would be extremely inconvenient to him ; your reply was, ‘ Mon Dieu, Sir, let not that annoy you ; if you want money, as a gentleman often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house which is quite at your service.’

History or experience, Sir, makes us acquainted with so few actions that can be compared to your’s,—an offer like this from a stranger and a tailor seems to me so astonishing,—that you must pardon me for thus making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and your name. Let me add, Sir, that you live on the first floor ; that your cloths and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just ; and, as a humble tribute to my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet.

Your obliged, faithful servant,

M. A. TITMARSH.



EXPLANATION OF THE ALLEGORY

Number 1's an ancient Carlist, Number 3's a Paris Artist
 Gloomily there stands between them, Number 2 a Bonapartist ;
 In the middle is King Louis-Philip standing at his ease,
 Guarded by a loyal Grocer, and a Sergeant of Police ;
 4's the people in a passion, 6 a Priest of pious mien,
 5 a Gentleman of Fashion, copied from a Magazine.

THE PARIS SKETCH BOOK



• AN INVASION OF FRANCE

[*The Corsair*, August 24, 1839]

‘Caesar venit in Galliam summa diligentia.’

ABOUT twelve o'clock, just as the bell of the packet is tolling a farewell to London Bridge, and warning off the blackguard-boys with the newspapers, who have been shoving *Times*, *Herald*, *Penny Paul-Pry*, *Penny Satirist*, *Flare-up*, and other abominations, into your face—just as the bell has tolled, and the Jews, strangers, people-taking-leave-of-their-families, and blackguard-boys aforesaid, are making a rush for the narrow plank which conducts from the paddle-box of the Emerald steamboat unto the quay—you perceive, staggering down Thames Street, those two hackney-coaches, for the arrival of which you have been praying, trembling, hoping, despairing, swearing—sw——, I beg your pardon, I believe the word is not used in polite company—and transpiring, for the last half-hour. Yes, at last, the two coaches draw near, and from thence an awful number of trunks, children, carpet-bags, nursery-maids, hat-boxes, band-boxes, bonnet-boxes, desks, cloaks, and an affectionate wife, are discharged on the quay.

‘Elizabeth, take care of Miss Jane,’ screams that worthy woman, who has been for a fortnight employed in getting this tremendous body of troops and baggage into marching order. ‘Hicks! Hicks! for heaven’s sake mind the babies!’—‘George—Edward, sir, if you go near that porter with the trunk, he will tumble down and kill you, you naughty boy!—My love, *do* take the cloaks and umbrellas, and give ‘a hand to Fanny and Lucy; and I wish you would speak to the hackney-coachmen, dear; they want fifteen shillings, and count the packages, love—twenty-seven packages,—and bring little Flo; where’s little Flo?—Flo! Flo!’—(Flo comes sneaking in; she

has been speaking a few parting words to a one-eyed terrier, that sneaks off similarly, landward.)

As when the hawk menaces the hen-roost, in like manner, when such a danger as a voyage menaces a mother, she becomes suddenly endowed with a ferocious presence of mind, and bristling up and screaming in the front of her brood, and in the face of circumstances, succeeds, by her courage, in putting her enemy to flight; in like manner you will always, I think, find your wife (if that lady be good, for twopence) shrill, eager, and ill-humoured, before and during a great family move of this nature. Well, the swindling hackney-coachmen are paid, the mother leading on her regiment of little ones, and supported by her auxiliary nursemaids, are safe in the cabin;—you have counted twenty-six of the twenty-seven parcels, and have them on board, and that horrid man on the paddle-box, who, for twenty minutes past, has been roaring out, NOW, SIR!—says, *Now, sir*, no more.

I never yet knew how a steamer began to move, being always too busy among the trunks and children, for the first half-hour, to mark any of the movements of the vessel. When these private arrangements are made, you find yourself opposite Greenwich (farewell, sweet, sweet white-bait!), and quiet begins to enter your soul. Your wife smiles for the first time these ten days; you pass by plantations of ship-masts, and forests of steam-chimneys; the sailors are singing on board the ships, the bargees salute you with oaths, grins, and phrases facetious and familiar; the man on the paddle-box roars, 'Ease her, stop her!' which mysterious words a shrill voice from below repeats, and pipes out, 'Ease her, stop her!' in echo: the deck is crowded with groups of figures, and the sun shines over all.

The sun shines over all, and the steward comes up to say, 'Lunch, ladies and gentlemen! Will any lady or gentleman please to take anythink?' About a dozen do: boiled beef and pickles, and great, red, raw Cheshire cheese, tempt the epicure: little dumpy bottles of stout are produced, and fiz and bang about with a spirit one would never have looked for in individuals of their size and stature.

The decks have a strange look; the people on them, that is. Wives, elderly stout husbands, nursemaids, and children predominate, of course, in English steamboats.

Such may be considered as the distinctive marks of the English gentleman at three or four and forty : two or three of such groups have pitched their camps on the deck. Then there are a number of young men, of whom three or four have allowed their moustaches to *begin* to grow since last Friday ; for they are going ' on the Continent,' and they look, therefore, as if their upper lips were smeared with snuff.

• A *danseuse* from the opera is on her way to Paris. Followed by her *bonne* and her little dog, she paces the deck, stepping out, in the real dancer fashion, and ogling all around. How happy the two young Englishmen are, who can speak French, and make up to her : and how all criticize her points and paces ! Yonder is a group of young ladies, who are going to Paris to learn how to be governesses : those two splendidly dressed ladies are milliners from the Rue Richelieu, who have just brought over, and disposed of, their cargo of Summer fashions. Here sits the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass with his pupils, whom he is conducting to his establishment near Boulogne, where, in addition to a classical and mathematical education (washing included), the young gentlemen have the benefit of learning French among *the French themselves*. Accordingly, the young gentlemen are locked up in a great ricketty house, two miles from Boulogne, and never see a soul, except the French usher and the cook.

Some few French people are there already, preparing to be ill—(I never shall forget a dreadful sight I once had in the little, dark, dirty, six-foot cabin of a Dover steamer. Four gaunt Frenchmen, but for their pantaloons, in the costume of Adam in Paradise, solemnly anointing themselves with some charm against sea-sickness !)—a few Frenchmen are there, but these, for the most part, and with a proper philosophy, go to the fore-cabin of the ship, and you see them on the fore-deck (is that the name for that part of the vessel which is in the region of the bowsprit ?) lowering in huge cloaks and caps ; snuffy, wretched, pale, and wet ; and not jabbering now, as their wont is on shore.—I never could fancy the Mounseers formidable at sea.

There are, of course, many Jews on board. Who ever travelled by steamboat, coach, diligence, eil-wagen, vetturino, mule-back, or sledge, without meeting some of the wandering race ?

By the time these remarks have been made the steward is on the deck again, and dinner is ready : and about two hours after dinner comes tea ; and then there is brandy and water, which he eagerly presses as a preventive against what may happen ; and about this time you pass the Foreland, the wind blowing pretty fresh ; and the groups on deck disappear, and your wife, giving you an alarmed look, descends, with her little ones, to the ladies' cabin, and you see the steward and his boys issuing from their den, under the paddle-box, with each a heap of round tin vases, like those which are called, I believe, in America, *expectoratoons*, only these are larger.

The wind blows, the water looks greener and more beautiful than ever—ridge by ridge of long white rock passes away. ' That's Ramsgit,' says the man at the helm ; and, presently, ' that there's Deal—it's dreadful fallen off since the war ;' and ' that's Dover, round that there pint, only you can't see it ;' and, in the meantime, the sun has plumped his hot face into the water, and the moon has shown hers as soon as ever his back is turned, and Mrs.—(the wife in general) has brought up her children and self from the horrid cabin, in which, she says, it is impossible to breathe ; and the poor little wretches are, by the officious stewardess and smart steward (*expectoratoonifer*), accommodated with a heap of blankets, pillows, and mattresses, in the midst of which they crawl, as best they may, and from the heaving heap of which, are, during the rest of the voyage, heard occasional faint cries, and sounds of puking woe !

Dear, dear Maria ! Is this the woman who, anon, braved the jeers and brutal wrath of swindling hackney-coachmen ; who repelled the insolence of haggling porters, with a scorn that brought down their demands at least eighteen-pence ? Is this the woman at whose voice servants tremble ; at the sound of whose steps the nursery, aye, and mayhap the parlour, is in order ? Look at her now, prostrate, prostrate—no strength has she to speak, scarce power to push to her youngest one—her suffering, struggling Rosa,—to push to her the—the instrumentoon !

In the midst of all these throes and agonies, at which all the passengers, who have their own woes (you yourself—for how can you help *them* ?—you are on your back on

a bench, and if you move all is up with you), are looking on indifferent—one man there is who has been watching you with the utmost care, and bestowing on your helpless family the tenderness that a father denies them. He is a foreigner, and you have been conversing with him, in the course of the morning, in French, which, he says, you speak remarkably well, like a native, in fact, and then in English (which, after all, you find, is more convenient). What can express your gratitude to this gentleman, for all his goodness towards your family and yourself?—you talk to him, he has served under the Emperor, and is, for all that, sensible, modest, and well-informed. He speaks, indeed, of his countrymen almost with contempt, and readily admits the superiority of a Briton, on the seas and elsewhere. One loves to meet with such genuine liberality in a foreigner, and respects the man who can sacrifice vanity to truth. This distinguished foreigner has travelled much; he asks whither you are going?—where you stop?—if you have a great quantity of luggage on board?—and laughs when he hears of the twenty-seven packages, and hopes you have some friend at the custom-house, who can spare you the monstrous trouble of unpacking that which has taken you weeks to put up. Nine, ten, eleven, the distinguished foreigner is ever at your side; you find him now, perhaps (with characteristic ingratitude), something of a bore, but, at least, he has been most tender to the children, and their mamma. At last a Boulogne light comes in sight (you see it over the bows of the vessel, when, having bobbed violently upwards, it sinks swiftly down), Boulogne harbour is in sight, and the foreigner says,

—The distinguished foreigner says, says he—‘Sare, eef you af no ’otel, I sall recommend you, milor, to ze ’Otel Betfort, in ze Quay, sare, close to the bathing machines and custom-ha-oose. Goot bets and fine garten, sare; table d’hôte, sare, à cinq-heures; breakfast, sare, in French or English style;—I am the commissionaire, sare, and vill see to your loggish.’

. . . Curse the fellow, for an impudent, swindling, sneaking, French humbug!—Your tone instantly changes, and you tell him to go about his business: but at twelve o’clock at night, when the voyage is over, and the custom-house business done, knowing not whither to go, with a wife and fourteen exhausted children, scarce able to stand, and

longing for bed, you find yourself, somehow, in the Hotel Bedford (and you can't be better), and smiling chambermaids carry off your children to snug beds; while smart waiters produce for your honour—a cold fowl, say, and a salad, and a bottle of Bordeaux and Seltzer water.

The morning comes—I don't know a pleasanter feeling than that of waking with the sun shining on objects quite new, and (although you may have made the voyage a dozen times) quite strange. Mrs. X. and you occupy a very light bed, which has a tall canopy of red '*percale*'; the windows are smartly draped with cheap gaudy calicoes and muslins, there are little mean strips of carpet about the tiled floor of the room, and yet all seems as gay and as comfortable as may be—the sun shines brighter than you have seen it for a year, the sky is a thousand times bluer, and what a cheery clatter of shrill quick French voices comes up from the courtyard under the windows! Bells are jangling; a family, mayhap, is going to Paris, en poste, and wondrous is the jabber of the courier, the postillion, the inn-waiters, and the lookers-on. The landlord calls out for 'Quatre biftecks aux pommes, pour le trente-trois,'—(O! my countrymen, I love your tastes and your ways!)—the chambermaid is laughing, and says, 'Finissez donc, Monsieur Pierre!' (what can they be about?)—a fat Englishman has opened his window violently, and says,

Dee dong, garson, vooly voo me donny lo sho, ou vooly voo pah? He has been ringing for half an hour—the last energetic appeal succeeds, and shortly he is enabled to descend to the coffee-room, where, with three hot rolls, grilled ham, cold fowl, and four boiled eggs, he makes, what he calls, his first *French* breakfast.

It is a strange, mongrel, merry place, this town of Boulogne; the little French fishermen's children are beautiful, and the little French soldiers, four feet high, red-breeched, with huge *pompons* on their caps, and brown faces, and clear sharp eyes, look, for all their littleness, far more military and more intelligent than the heavy louts one has seen swaggering about the garrison towns in England. Yonder go a crowd of bare-legged fishermen; there is the town idiot, mocking a woman who is screaming 'Fleuve du Tage,' at an inn-window, to a harp, and there are the little gamins mocking *him*. Lo! those seven young

ladies, with r d hair and green veils, they are from neighbouring Albion, and going to bathe. Here come three Englishmen. *habitu s* evidently of the place,—dandy specimens of our countrymen—one wears a marine dress, another has a shooting dress, a third has a blouse and a pair of guiltless spurs—all have as much hair on the face as nature or art can supply, and all wear their hats very much on one side. Believe me, there is on the face of this world no scamp like an English one, no blackguard like one of these half-gentlemen, so mean, so low, so vulgar,—so ludicrously ignorant and conceited, so desperately heartless and depraved.

But why, my dear sir, get into a passion ?—Take things coolly. As the poet has observed, ‘Those only is gentlemen who behave as sich ;’ with such, then, consort, be they cobblers or dukes. Don’t give us, cries the patriotic reader, any abuse of our fellow-countrymen (anybody else can do that), but rather continue in that good-humoured, facetious, descriptive style, with which your letter has commenced.—Your remark, sir, is perfectly just, and does honour to your head and excellent heart.

There is little need to give a description of the good town of Boulogne ; which, haute and basse, with the new lighthouse and the new harbour, and the gas lamps, and the manufactures, and the convents, and the number of English and French residents, and the pillar erected in honour of the grand *Arm e d’Angleterre*, so called because it *didn’t* go to England, have all been excellently described by the facetious Coglan, the learned Dr. Millingen, and by innumerable guide-books besides. A fine thing it is to hear the stout old Frenchmen of Napoleon’s time, argue how that audacious Corsican *would* have marched to London, after swallowing Nelson and all his gun-boats, but for *cette malheureuse guerre d’Espagne*, and *cette glorieuse campagne d’Autriche*, which the gold of Pitt caused to be raised at the Emperor’s tail, in order to call him off from the helpless country in his front. Some Frenchmen go farther still, and vow that, in Spain, they were never beaten at all ; indeed, if you read in the ‘Biographie des Hommes du Jour,’ article *Soult*, you will fancy that, with the exception of the disaster at Vittoria, the campaigns in Spain and Portugal were a series of triumphs. Only, by looking at a map, it is observable that Vimeiro is a mortal long way

from Toulouse, where, at the end of certain years of victories, we somehow find the honest Marshal. And what then?—he went to Toulouse for the purpose of beating the English there, to be sure;—a known fact, on which comment would be superfluous. However, we shall never get to Paris at this rate; let us break off further palaver, and away at once. . . .

(During this pause, the ingenious reader is kindly requested to pay his bill at the Hotel at Boulogne, to mount the Diligence of Laffitte Caillard and Company, and to travel for twenty-five hours, amidst much jingling of harness-bells and screaming of postillions.)

The French milliner, who occupies one of the corners, begins to remove the greasy pieces of paper which have enveloped her locks during the journey. She withdraws the 'Madras' of dubious hue which has bound her head for the last five-and-twenty hours, and replaces it by the black velvet bonnet, which, bobbing against your nose, has hung from the Diligence roof since your departure from Boulogne. The old lady in the opposite corner, who has been sucking bonbons, and smells dreadfully of annisette, arranges her little parcels in that immense basket of abominations which all old women carry in their laps. She rubs her mouth and eyes with her dusty cambric handkerchief, she ties up her nightcap into a little bundle, and replaces it by a more becoming head-piece, covered with withered artificial flowers, and crumpled tags of ribbon; she looks wistfully at the company for an instant, and then places her handkerchief before her mouth:—her eyes roll strangely about for an instant, and you hear a faint clattering noise: the old lady has been getting ready her teeth, which had lain in her basket among the bonbons, pins, oranges, pomatum, bits of cake, lozenges, prayer-books, peppermint-water, copper-money, and false hair—stowed away there during the voyage. The Jewish gentleman, who has been so attentive to the milliner during the journey, and is a traveller and bag-man by profession, gathers together his various goods. The sallow-faced English lad, who has been drunk ever since we left Boulogne yesterday, and is coming to Paris to pursue the study of medicine, swears that he rejoices to leave the cursed Diligence, is sick of the infernal journey, and d—d glad that

the d—d voyage is so nearly over. ‘*Enfin !*’ says your neighbour, yawning, and inserting an elbow in the mouth of his right and left hand companion, ‘*nous voila.*’

NOUS VOILA !—We are at Paris ! This must account for the removal of the milliner’s curl papers, and the fixing of the old lady’s teeth.—Since the last *relai*, the Diligence has been travelling with extraordinary speed. The postillion cracks his terrible whip, and screams shrilly. The conductor blows incessantly on his horn, the bells of the harness, the bumping and ringing of the wheels and chains, and the clatter of the great hoofs of the heavy snorting Norman stallions, have wondrously increased within this, the last ten minutes ; and the Diligence, which has been proceeding hitherto at the rate of a league in an hour, now dashes gallantly forward, as if it would traverse at least six miles in the same space of time. Thus it is, when Sir Robert maketh a speech at Saint Stephen’s—he useth his strength at the beginning, only, and the end. He gallopeth at the commencement ; in the middle he lingers ; at the close, again, he rouses the House, which has fallen asleep ; he cracketh the whip of his satire ; he shouts the shout of his patriotism ; and, urging his eloquence to its roughest canter, awakens the sleepers, and inspires the weary, until men say, What a wondrous orator ! What a capital coach ! We will ride henceforth in it, and in no other !

But, behold us at Paris ! The Diligence has reached a rude-looking gate, or *grille*, flanked by two lodges ; the French Kings, of old, made their entry by this gate ; some of the hottest battles of the late revolution were fought before it. At present, it is blocked by carts and peasants, and a busy crowd of men, in green, examining the packages before they enter, probing the straw with long needles. It is the Barrier of St. Denis, and the green men are the Customs’ men of the city of Paris. If you are a countryman, who would introduce a cow into the Metropolis, the city demands twenty-four francs for such a privilege : if you have a hundredweight of tallow candles, you must, previously, disburse three francs : if a drove of hogs, nine francs per whole hog : but upon these subjects Mr. Bulwer, Mrs. Trollope, and other writers, have already enlightened the public. In the present instance, after a momentary pause, one of the men in green mounts by the side of the conductor, and the ponderous vehicle pursues its journey.

The street which we enter, that of the Faubourg St. Denis, presents a strange contrast to the dark uniformity of a London street, where everything, in the dingy and smoky atmosphere, looks as though it were painted in India-ink—black houses, black passengers, and black sky. Here, on the contrary, is a thousand times more life and colour. Before you, shining in the sun, is a long glistening line of gutter,—not a very pleasing object in a city, but in a picture invaluable. On each side are houses of all dimensions and hues; some, but of one story; some, as high as the tower of Babel. From these the haberdashers (and this is their favourite street) flaunt long strips of gaudy calicoes, which give a strange air of rude gaiety to the street. Milk-women, with a little crowd of gossips round each, are, at this early hour of morning, selling the chief material of the Parisian *café-au-lait*. Gay wineshops, painted red, and smartly decorated with vines and gilded railings, are filled with workmen taking their morning's draught. That gloomy looking prison, on your right, is a prison for women; once it was a convent for Lazarists: a thousand unfortunate individuals of the softer sex now occupy that mansion: they bake, as we find in the guide-books, the bread of all the other prisons; they mend and wash the shirts and stockings of all the other prisoners; they make hooks and eyes and phosphorus boxes, and they attend chapel every Sunday:—if occupation can help them, sure they have enough of it. Was it not a great stroke of the Legislature to superintend the morals and linen at once, and thus keep these poor creatures continually mending?—but we have passed the prison long ago, and are at the Port St. Denis itself.

There is only time to take a hasty glance as we pass: it commemorates some of the wonderful feats of arms of Ludovicus Magnus; and abounds in ponderous allegories—nymphs and river-gods, and pyramids crowned with fleurs-de-lis; Louis passing over the Rhine in triumph, and the Dutch Lion giving up the ghost, in the year of our Lord 1672. The Dutch Lion revived, and overcame the man some years afterwards; but of this fact, singularly enough, the inscriptions make no mention. Passing, then, *round* the gate, and not under it (after the general custom, in respect of triumphal arches), you cross the boulevard, which gives a glimpse of trees and sunshine, and gleaming

white buildings ; then, dashing down the Rue de Bourbon Villeneuve, a dirty street, which seems interminable, and the Rue St. Eustache, the conductor gives a last blast on his horn, and the great vehicle clatters into the courtyard, where its journey is destined to conclude.

If there was a noise before of screaming postillions and cracked horns, it was nothing to the Babel-like clatter which greets us now. We are in a great court, which Hajji Baba would call the father of Diligences—half a dozen other coaches arrive at the same minute ; no light affairs, like your English vehicles, but ponderous machines, containing



fifteen passengers inside, more in the cabriolet, and vast towers of luggage on the roof—others are loading : the yard is filled with passengers coming or departing ;—bustling porters, and screaming *commissionaires*. These latter seize you as you descend from your place,—twenty cards are thrust into your hand, and as many voices, jabbering with inconceivable swiftness, shriek into your ear, ‘ Dis way, sare ; are you for ze Otel of Rhin ? *Hotel de l’Amiraute!*—*Hotel Bristol, sare!*—*Monsieur, l’Hotel de Lille ? Sacr-rrré nom de Dieu, laissez passer ce petit, Monsieur !* Ow mosh loggish ave you, sare ? ’

And now, if you are a stranger in Paris, listen to the words of Titmarsh.—If you cannot speak a syllable of French, and love English comfort, clean rooms, breakfasts, and

waiters ; if you would have plentiful dinners, and are not particular (as how should you be ?) concerning wine ; if, in this foreign country, you *will* have your English companions, your porter, your friend, and your brandy-and-water—do not listen to any of these commissioner fellows. but, with your best English accent, shout out boldly, MEURICE ! and straightway a man will step forward to conduct you to the Rue de Rivoli.

Here you will find apartments at any price ; a very neat room, for instance, for three francs daily ; an English breakfast of eternal boiled eggs, or grilled ham ; a nondescript dinner, profuse but cold ; and a society which will rejoice your heart. Here are young gentlemen from the universities ; young merchants on a lark ; large families of nine daughters, with fat father and mother ; officers of dragoons, and lawyers' clerks. The last time we dined at Meurice's we hopped and nobbed with no less a person than Mr. Moses, the celebrated bailiff of Chancery Lane ; Lord Brougham was on his right, and a clergyman's lady, with a train of white-haired girls, sat on his left, wonderfully taken with the diamond rings of the fascinating stranger !

It is, as you will perceive, an admirable way to see Paris, especially if you spend your days reading the English papers at Galignani's, as many of our foreign tourists do.

But all this is promiscuous, and not to the purpose. If,—to continue on the subject of hotel choosing,—if you love quiet, heavy bills, and the best *table d'hôte* in the city, go, oh, stranger ! to the Hotel des Princes ; it is close to the Boulevard, and convenient for *Frascati's*. The Hotel Mirabeau possesses scarcely less attraction ; but of this you will find, in Mr. Bulwer's Autobiography of Pelham, a faithful and complete account. Lawson's Hotel has likewise its merits, as also the Hotel de Lille, which may be described as a 'second chop' Meurice.

If you are a poor student come to study the humanities, or the pleasant art of amputation, cross the water forthwith, and proceed to the Hotel Corneille, near the Odéon, or others of its species ; there are many where you can live royally (until you economize by going into lodgings) on four francs a day ; and where, if by any strange chance you are desirous for awhile to get rid of your countrymen, you will find that they scarcely ever penetrate.

But, above all, oh, my countrymen ! shun boarding

houses, especially if you have ladies in your train; or ponder well, and examine the characters of the keepers thereof, before you lead your innocent daughters, and their mamma, into places so dangerous. In the first place, you have bad dinners; and, secondly, bad company. If you play cards, you are very likely playing with a swindler; if you dance, you dance with a —— person with whom you had better have nothing to do.

• NOTE (which ladies are requested not to read). In one of these establishments, daily advertised as most eligible for English, a friend of the writer lived. A lady, who had passed for some time as the wife of one of the inmates, suddenly changed her husband and name, her original husband remaining in the house, and saluting her by her new title.

A CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS

A MILLION dangers and snares await the traveller, as soon as he issues out of that vast messagerie which we have just quitted : and as each man cannot do better than relate such events as have happened in the course of his own experience, and may keep the unwary from the path of danger, let us take this, the very earliest opportunity, of imparting to the public a little of the wisdom which we painfully have acquired.

And first, then, with regard to the city of Paris, it is to be remarked, that in that metropolis flourish a greater number of native and exotic swindlers than are to be found in any other European nursery. What young Englishman that visits it, but has not determined, in his heart, to have a little share of the gaieties that go on—just for once, just to see what they are like ? How many, when the horrible gambling dens were open, did resist a sight of them ?—nay, was not a young fellow rather flattered by a dinner invitation from the Salon, whither he went, fondly pretending that he should see ‘ French society,’ in the persons of certain Dukes and Counts who used to frequent the place ?

My friend Pogson is a young fellow, not much worse, although, perhaps, a little weaker and simpler than his neighbours ; and coming to Paris with exactly the same notions that bring many others of the British youth to that capital, events befell him there, last winter, which are strictly true, and shall here be narrated, by way of warning to all.

Pog, it must be premised, is a city man, who travels in drags for a couple of the best London houses, blows the flute, has an album, drives his own gig, and is considered, both on the road and in the metropolis, a remarkably nice, intelligent, thriving young man. Pogson’s only fault is too great an attachment to the fair :—‘ the sex,’ as he says

often, 'will be his ruin : ' the fact is, that Pog never travels without a 'Don Juan' under his driving cushion, and is a pretty looking young fellow enough.

Sam Pogson had occasion to visit Paris, last October ; and it was in that city that his love of the sex had like to have cost him dear. He worked his way down to Dover ; placing, right and left, at the towns on his route, rhubarbs, sodas, and other such delectable wares as his masters dealt in (' the sweetest sample of castor oil, smelt like a nosegay—went off like wildfire—hogshead and a half at Rochester, eight-and-twenty gallons at Canterbury ' : and so on) ; and crossed to Calais ; and thence voyaged to Paris, in the coupé of the Diligence. He paid for two places, too, although a single man, and the reason shall now be made known.

Dining at the *table d'hôte* at Quillacq's—it is the best inn on the continent of Europe—our little traveller had the happiness to be placed next to a lady, who was, he saw at a glance, one of the extreme pink of the nobility. A large lady, in black satin, with eyes and hair as black as sloes, with gold chains, scent bottles, sable tippet, worked pocket handkerchief, and four twinkling rings on each of her plump white fingers. Her cheeks were as pink as the finest Chinese rouge could make them : Pog knew the article ; he travelled in it. Her lips were as red as the ruby lip salve : she used the very best, that was clear.

She was a fine-looking woman, certainly (holding down her eyes, and talking perpetually of '*mes trente-deux ans*') ; and Pogson, the wicked young dog ! who professed not to care for young misses, saying they smelt so of bread and butter, declared, at once, that the lady was one of *his* beauties : in fact, when he spoke to us about her, he said, ' She's a slap-up thing, I tell you ; a reg'lar good one ; *one of my sort !* ' And such was Pogson's credit in all commercial rooms, that one of *his* sort was considered to surpass all other sorts.

During dinner time, Mr. Pogson was profoundly polite and attentive to the lady at his side, and kindly communicated to her, as is the way with the best bred English on their first arrival ' on the Continent, ' all his impressions regarding the sights and persons he had seen. Such remarks having been made during half-an-hour's ramble about the ramparts and town, and in the course of a walk down to

the Custom-house, and a confidential communication with the *commissionaire*, must be, doubtless, very valuable to Frenchmen in their own country : and the lady listened to Pogson's opinions, not only with benevolent attention, but actually, she said, with pleasure and delight. Mr. Pogson said that there was no such thing as good meat in France, and that's why they cooked their victuals in this queer way : he had seen many soldiers parading about the place, and expressed a true Englishman's abhorrence of an armed force ; not that he feared such fellows as these—little whipper-snappers—our men would eat them. Hereupon the lady admitted that our guards were angels, but that Monsieur must not be too hard upon the French ; ' her father was a General of the Emperor.'

Pogson felt a tremendous respect for himself, at the notion that he was dining with a General's daughter, and instantly ordered a bottle of champagne to keep up his consequence.

' Mrs. Bironn, ma'am,' said he, for he had heard the waiter call her by some such name, ' if you *will* accept a glass of Champagne, ma'am, you'll do me, I'm sure, great honour : they say it's very good, and a precious sight cheaper than it is on our side of the way, too—not that I care for money. Mrs. Bironn, ma'am, your health, ma'am.'

The lady smiled very graciously, and drank the wine.

' Har you any relation, ma'am, if I may make so bold ; har you anyways connected with the family of our immortal bard ?'

' Sir, I beg your pardon.'

' Don't mention it, ma'am : but *Bironn* and *Byron* are hevidently the same names, only you pronounce in the French way ; and I thought you might be related to his Lordship : his horigin, ma'am, was of French extraction : ' and here Pogson began to repeat,—

' Hare thy heyes like thy mother's, my fair child,
Hada ! sole daughter of my ouse and art.'

' O !' said the lady, laughing, ' you speak of *Lor Byron*.'

' Hauthor of *Don Juan*, *Child Arold*, and *Cain*, a *mystery*,' said Pogson :—' I do ; and hearing the waiter calling you *Madam la Bironn*, took the liberty of hasking whether you were connected with his Lordship ;—that's hall : ' and my friend here grew dreadfully red, and began twiddling his



MR. FOGSON'S TEMPTATION

long ringlets in his fingers, and examining very eagerly the contents of his plate.

‘O no : Madame la Baronne means Mistress Baroness ; my husband was Baron, and I am Baroness.’

‘What ! ave I the honour—I beg your pardon, ma’am—is your Ladyship a Baroness, and I not know it : pray excuse me for calling you ma’am.’

The Baroness smiled most graciously—with such a look as Juno cast upon unfortunate Jupiter when she wished to gain her wicked ends upon him—the Baroness smiled ; and, stealing her hand into a black velvet bag, drew from it an ivory card-case, and from the ivory card-case extracted a glazed card, printed in gold ; on it was engraved a coronet, and under the coronet the words

BARONNE DE FLORVAL-DELVAL,

NÉE DE MELVAL-NORVAL.

Rue Taitbout.

The grand Pitt diamond—the Queen’s own star of the garter—a sample of otto-of-roses at a guinea a drop, would not be handled more curiously, or more respectfully, than this porcelain card of the Baroness. Trembling he put it into his little Russia leather pocket-book : and when he ventured to look up, and saw the eyes of the Baroness de Florval-Delval, née de Melval-Norval, gazing upon him with friendly and serene glances, a thrill of pride tingled through Pogson’s blood : he felt himself to be the very happiest fellow ‘on the Continent.’

But Pogson did not, for some time, venture to resume that sprightly and elegant familiarity which generally forms the great charm of his conversation : he was too much frightened at the presence he was in, and contented himself by graceful and solemn bows, deep attention, and ejaculations of ‘Yes, my Lady,’ and ‘No, your Ladyship,’ for some minutes after the discovery had been made. Pogson piqued himself on his breeding : ‘I hate the aristocracy,’ he said, ‘but that’s no reason why I shouldn’t behave like a gentleman.’

A surly, silent little gentleman, who had been the third

at the ordinary, and would take no part either in the conversation or in Pogson's champagne, now took up his hat, and, grunting, left the room, when the happy bagman had the delight of a *tête-à-tête*. The Baroness did not appear inclined to move: it was cold; a fire was comfortable, and she had ordered none in her apartment. Might Pogson give her one more glass of champagne, or would her Ladyship prefer 'something hot.' Her Ladyship gravely said, she never took *anything* hot. 'Some champagne, then; a leetle drop?' She would! she would! Oh, gods! how Pogson's hand shook as he filled and offered her the glass!

What took place during the rest of the evening had better be described by Mr. Pogson himself, who has given us permission to publish his letter.

'QUILLACQ'S HOTEL (pronounced Killyax),
(ALAIS.

'Dear Tit,

'I arrived at Cally, as they call it, this day, or, rather, yesterday; for it is past midnight, as I sit thinking of a wonderful adventure that has just befallen me. A woman, in course; that's always the case with *me*, you know: but, O, Tit! if you *could* but see her! Of the first family in France, the Florval-Melvals, beautiful as an angel, and no more caring for money than I do for split peas.

'I'll tell you how it all occurred. Everybody in France, you know, dines at the ordinary—it's quite distangy to do so. There were only three of us to-day, however,—the Baroness, me, and a gent. who never spoke a word; and we didn't want him to, neither: do you mark that?

'You know my way with the women; champagne's the thing; make 'em drink, make 'em talk;—make 'em talk, make 'em do anything. So I orders a bottle, as if for myself; and, "Ma'am," says I, "will you take a glass of Sham—just one?" Take it she did—for you know it's quite distangy here: everybody dines at the *table de hôte*, and everybody accepts everybody's wine. Bob Irons, who travels in linen, on our circuit, told me that he had made some slap-up acquaintances among the genteelst people at Paris, nothing but by offering them Sham.

‘ Well, my •Baroness takes one glass, two glasses, three glasses—the old fellow goes—we have a deal of chat (she took me for a military man, she said : is it not singular that so many people should ?), and by ten o’clock we had grown so intimate, that I had from her her whole history, knew where she came from, and where she was going. Leave me alone with ’em : I can find out any woman’s history in half an hour.

• ‘ And where do you think she *is* going ? to Paris to be sure : she has her seat in what they call the coopy (though you’re not near so cooped in it as in our coaches. I’ve been to the office and seen one of ’em). She has her place in the coopy, and the coopy holds *three* ; so what does Sam Pogson do—he goes and takes the other two. Ain’t I up to a thing or two ? O no, not the least ; but I shall have her to myself the whole of the way.

‘ We shall be in the French metropolis the day after this reaches you : please look out for a handsome lodging for me, and never mind the expense. And I say, if you could, in her hearing, when you come down to the coach, call me Captain Pogson, I wish you would—it sounds well, travelling, you know ; and when she asked me if I was not an officer, I couldn’t say no. Adieu, then, my dear fellow, till Monday, and vive le joy, as they say. The Baroness says I speak French charmingly, she talks English as well as you or I.

‘ Your affectionate friend,
‘ S. POGSON.’

This letter reached us duly, in our garrets, and we engaged such an apartment for Mr. Pogson, as beseemed a gentleman of his rank in the world and the army. At the appointed hour, too, we repaired to the Diligence office, and there beheld the arrival of the machine which contained him and his lovely Baroness.

Those who have much frequented the society of gentlemen of his profession (and what more delightful ?) must be aware, that, when all the rest of mankind look hideous, dirty, peevish, wretched, after a forty hours’ coach-journey, a bagman appears as gay and spruce as when he started ; having within himself a thousand little conveniences for the voyage, which common travellers neglect. Pogson had a little portable toilet, of which he had not failed to take

advantage, and with his long, curling, flaxen hair, flowing under a seal-skin cap, with a gold tassel, with a blue and gold satin handkerchief, a crimson velvet waistcoat, a light green cut-away coat, a pair of barred brick-dust coloured pantaloons, and a neat Macintosh, presented, altogether, as elegant and *distingué* an appearance as any one could desire. He had put on a clean collar at breakfast, and a pair of white kids as he entered the barrier, and looked, as he rushed into my arms, more like a man stepping out, out of a bandbox, than one descending from a vehicle that has just performed one of the laziest, dullest, flattest, stalest, dirtiest journeys in Europe.

To my surprise, there were *two* ladies in the coach with my friend, and not *one*, as I had expected. One of these, a stout female, carrying sundry baskets, bags, umbrellas, and woman's wraps, was evidently a maid-servant: the other, in black, was Pogson's fair one, evidently. I could see a gleam of curl-papers over a sallow face,—of a dusky night-cap flapping over the curl-papers,—but these were hidden by a lace veil and a huge velvet bonnet, of which the crowning birds of paradise were evidently in a moulting state. She was encased in many shawls and wrappers; she put, hesitatingly, a pretty little foot out of the carriage—Pogson was by her side in an instant, and, gallantly putting one of his white kids round her waist, aided this interesting creature to descend. I saw, by her walk, that she was five-and-forty, and that my little Pogson was a lost man.

After some brief parley between them—in which it was charming to hear how my friend Samuel *would* speak what he called French, to a lady who could not understand one syllable of his jargon—the mutual hackney-coaches drew up; Madame la Baronne waved to the Captain a graceful French curtsy. 'Adyou!' said Samuel, and waved his lily hand. 'Adyou-addimang.'

A brisk little gentleman, who had made the journey in the same coach with Pogson, but had more modestly taken a seat in the Imperial, here passed us, and greeted me with a 'How d'ye do?' He had shouldered his own little valise, and was trudging off, scattering a cloud of *commissionaires*, who would fain have spared him the trouble.

'Do you know that chap?' says Pogson; 'surly fellow, ain't he?'

‘The kindest man in existence,’ answered I; ‘all the world knows little Major British.’

‘He’s a Major, is he?—why, that’s the fellow that dined with us at Killyax’s; it’s lucky I did not call myself Captain before him, he mightn’t have liked it, you know:’ and then Sam fell into a reverie;—what was the subject of his thoughts soon appeared.

‘Did you ever *see* such a foot and ankle?’ said Sam, after sitting for some time, regardless of the novelty of the scene; his hands in his pockets, plunged in the deepest thought.

‘*Isn’t* she a slap-up woman, eh, now?’ pursued he; and began enumerating her attractions, as a horse-jockey would the points of a favourite animal.

‘You seem to have gone a pretty length already,’ said I, ‘by promising to visit her to-morrow!’

‘A good length?—I believe you. Leave *me* alone for that.’

‘But I thought you were only to be two in the *coupé*, you wicked rogue.’

‘Two in the *coopy*? Oh! ah! yes, you know—why, that is, I didn’t know she had her maid with her (what an ass I was to think of a noblewoman travelling without one!), and couldn’t, in course, refuse, when she asked me to let the maid in.’

‘Of course not.’

‘Couldn’t, you know, as a man of honour; but I made it up for all that,’ said Pogson, winking slyly, and putting his hand to his little bunch of a nose, in a very knowing way.

‘You did, and how?’

‘Why, you dog, I sat next to her; sat in the middle the whole way, and my back’s half broke, I can tell you:’ and thus, having depicted his happiness, we soon reached the inn where this back-broken young man was to lodge, during his stay in Paris.

The next day, at five, we met; Mr. Pogson had seen his Baroness, and described her lodgings, in his own expressive way, as ‘slap-up.’ She had received him quite like an old friend; treated him to *eau sucrée*, of which beverage he expressed himself a great admirer; and actually asked him to dine the next day. But there was a cloud over the ingenuous youth’s brow, and I inquired still further.

‘Why,’ said he, with a sigh, ‘I thought she was a widow;

and, hang it ! who should come in but her husband, the Baron ; a big fellow, sir, with a blue coat, a red ribbing, and *such* a pair of moustachios ! ’

‘ Well,’ said I, ‘ he didn’t turn you out, I suppose.’

‘ Oh, no ! on the contrary, as kind as possible ; his Lordship said that he respected the English army ; asked me what corps I was in,—said he had fought in Spain against us,—and made me welcome.’

‘ What could you want more ? ’

Mr. Pogson at this only whistled ; and if some very profound observer of human nature had been there to read into this little bagman’s heart, it would, perhaps, have been manifest, that the appearance of a whiskered soldier of a husband had counteracted some plans that the young scoundrel was concocting.

I live up a hundred and thirty-seven steps in the remote quarter of the Luxembourg, and it is not to be expected that such a fashionable fellow as Sam Pogson, with his pockets full of money, and a new city to see, should be always wandering to my dull quarters ; so that, although he did not make his appearance for some time, he must not be accused of any lukewarmness of friendship on that score.

He was out, too, when I called at his hotel ; but, once, I had the good fortune to see him, with his hat curiously on one side, looking as pleased as Punch, and being driven, in an open cab, in the *Champs Elysées*. ‘ That’s another tip-top chap,’ said he, when we met, at length : ‘ What do you think of an Earl’s son, my boy ? Honourable Tom Ringwood, son of the Earl of Cinqbars : what do you think of that, eh ? ’

I thought he was getting into very good society. Sam was a dashing fellow, and was always above his own line of life ; he had met Mr. Ringwood at the Baron’s, and they’d been to the play together ; and the honourable gent., as Sam called him, had joked with him about being well to do *in a certain quarter* ; and he had had a game at billiards with the Baron, at the *Estaminy*, ‘ a very distangy place, where you smoke,’ said Sam ; ‘ quite select, and frequented by the tip-top nobility’ ; and they were as thick as peas in a shell ; and they were to dine that day at Ringwood’s, and sup, the next night, with the Baroness.

‘ I think the chaps down the road will stare,’ said Sam,

'when they hear how I've been coming it.' And stare, no doubt they would; for it is certain that very few commercial gentlemen have had Mr. Pogson's advantages.

The next morning we had made an arrangement to go out shopping together, and to purchase some articles of female gear, that Sam intended to bestow on his relations when he returned. Seven needle-books, for his sisters; a gilt buckle, for his mamma; a handsome French cashmere shawl and bonnet, for his aunt (the old lady keeps an inn in the Borough, and has plenty of money, and no heirs); and a tooth-pick case, for his father. Sam is a good fellow to all his relations, and as for his aunt, he adores her. Well, we were to go and make these purchases, and I arrived punctually at my time; but Sam was stretched on a sofa, very pale, and dismal.

I saw how it had been.—'A little too much of Mr. Ringwood's claret, I suppose?'

He only gave a sickly stare.

'Where does the Honourable Tom live?' says I.

'Honourable!' says Sam, with a hollow horrid laugh; 'I tell you, Dick, he's no more Honourable than you are.'

'What, an impostor?'

'No, no; not that. He is a real Honourable, only—'

'Oh, ho! I smell a rat—a little jealous, eh?'

'Jealousy be hanged! I tell you he's a thief; and the Baron's a thief; and, hang me, if I think his wife is any better. Eight-and-thirty pounds he won of me before supper; and made me drunk, and sent me home:—is *that* honourable? How can *I* afford to lose forty pounds? It's took me two years to save it up:—if my old aunt gets wind of it, she'll cut me off with a shilling; hang me!'—and here Sam, in an agony, tore his fair hair.

While bewailing his lot in this lamentable strain, his bell was rung, which signal being answered by a surly 'Come in,' a tall, very fashionable gentleman, with a fur coat, and a fierce tuft to his chin, entered the room. 'Pogson, my buck, how goes it?' said he, familiarly, and gave a stare at me: I was making for my hat.

'Don't go,' said Sam, rather eagerly; and I sat down again.

The Honourable Mr. Ringwood hummed and ha'd; and, at last, said he wished to speak to Mr. Pogson on business, in private, if possible.

‘There’s no secrets betwixt me and my friend,’ cried Sam.

Mr. Ringwood paused a little :—‘An awkward business that of last night,’ at length exclaimed he.

‘I believe it *was* an awkward business,’ said Sam, drily.

‘I really am very sorry for your losses.’

‘Thank you : and so am I, *I* can tell you,’ said Sam.

‘You must mind, my good fellow, and not drink ; for, when you drink, you *will* play high : by Gad, you led *us* in, and not *we* you.’

‘I dare say,’ answered Sam, with something of peevishness ; ‘losses is losses : there’s no use talking about ’em when they’re over and paid.’

‘And paid ?’ here wonderingly spoke Mr. Ringwood ; ‘why, my dear fel—what the deuce—has Florval been with you ?’

‘D— Florval !’ growled Tom, ‘I’ve never set eyes on his face since last night ; and never wish to see him again.’

‘Come, come, enough of this talk ; how do you intend to settle the bills which you gave him last night ?’

‘Bills ! what do you mean ?’

‘I mean, sir, these bills,’ said the Honourable Tom, producing two out of his pocket-book, and looking as stern as a lion. ‘“I promise to pay, on demand, to the Baron de Florval, the sum of four hundred pounds. October 20, 1838.” “Ten days after date I promise to pay the Baron de et cetera, et cetera, one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Samuel Pogson.” You didn’t say what regiment you were in.’

‘WHAT !’ shouted poor Sam, as from a dream, starting up and looking preternaturally pale and hideous.

‘D— it, sir, you don’t affect ignorance : you don’t pretend not to remember that you signed these bills, for money lost in my rooms : money *lent* to you, by Madame de Melval, at your own request, and lost to her husband ? You don’t suppose, sir, that I shall be such an infernal idiot as to believe you, or such a coward as to put up with a mean subterfuge of this sort. Will you, or will you not pay the money, sir ?’

‘I will not,’ said Sam, stoutly, ‘it’s a d—d swin—’

Here Mr. Ringwood sprung up, clenching his riding-whip, and looking so fierce, that Sam and I bounded back to the other end of the room. ‘Utter that word again, and, by Heaven, I’ll murder you !’ shouted Mr. Ringwood, and

looked as if he would, too : ‘ once more, will you, or will you not, pay this money ? ’

‘ I can’t,’ said Sam, faintly.

‘ I’ll call again, Captain Pogson,’ said Mr. Ringwood ; ‘ I’ll call again in one hour ; and, unless you come to some arrangement, you must meet my friend, the Baron de Melval, or I’ll post you for a swindler and a coward.’ With this he went out ; the door thundered to after him, and when the clink of his steps departing had subsided, I was enabled to look round at Pog. The poor little man had his elbows on the marble table, his head between his hands, and looked, as one has seen gentlemen look, over a steam-vessel off Ramsgate, the wind blowing remarkably fresh : at last he fairly burst out crying.

‘ If Mrs. Pogson heard of this,’ said I, ‘ what would become of the Three Tuns ? ’ (for I wished to give him a lesson :) ‘ if your Ma, who took you every Sunday to meeting, should know that her boy was paying attention to married women ;—if Drench, Glauber and Co., your employers, were to know that their confidential agent was a gambler, and unfit to be trusted with their money, how long do you think your connexion would last with them, and who would afterwards employ you ? ’

To this poor Pog had not a word of answer ; but sat on his sofa, whimpering so bitterly that the sternest of moralists would have relented towards him, and would have been touched by the little wretch’s tears. Everything, too, must be pleaded in excuse for this unfortunate bagman : who, if he wished to pass for a Captain, had only done so because he had an intense respect and longing for rank : if he had made love to the Baroness, had only done so because he was given to understand, by Lord Byron’s *Don Juan*, that making love was a very correct, natty thing : and if he had gambled, had only been induced to do so by the bright eyes and example of the Baron and the Baroness. O ye Barons and Baronesses of England ! if ye knew what a number of small commoners are daily occupied in studying your lives, and imitating your aristocratic ways, how careful would ye be of your morals, manners, and conversation !

My soul was filled, then, with a gentle yearning pity for Pogson, and revolved many plans for his rescue : none of these seeming to be practicable, at last we hit on the very

wisest of all ; and determined to apply for counsel to no less a person than Major British.

A blessing it is to be acquainted with my worthy friend, little Major British ; and heaven, sure, it was that put the Major into my head, when I heard of this awkward scrape of poor Pog's. The Major is on half-pay, and occupies a modest apartment, *au quatrième*, in the very hotel which Pogson had patronized, at my suggestion : indeed, I had chosen it from Major British's own peculiar recommendation.

There is no better guide to follow than such a character as the honest Major, of whom there are many likenesses now scattered over the continent of Europe ; men who love to live well, and are forced to live cheaply, and who find the English, abroad, a thousand times easier, merrier, and more hospitable than the same persons at home. I, for my part, never landed on Calais pier, without feeling that a load of sorrows was left on the other side of the water ; and have always fancied that black care stepped on board the steamer, along with the custom-house officers, at Gravesend, and accompanied one to yonder black lowering towers of London—so busy, so dismal, and so vast.

British would have cut any foreigner's throat, who ventured to say so much, but entertained, no doubt, private sentiments of this nature ; for he passed eight months of the year, regularly, abroad, with head-quarters at Paris (the garrets before alluded to), and only went to England for the month's shooting, on the grounds of his old Colonel, now an old Lord, of whose acquaintance the Major was passably inclined to boast.

He loved and respected, like a good stanch Tory as he is, every one of the English nobility ; gave himself certain little airs of a man of fashion, that were by no means disagreeable ; and was, indeed, kindly regarded by such English aristocracy as he met, in his little annual tours among the German courts, in Italy or in Paris, where he never missed an ambassador's night, and retailed to us, who didn't go, but were delighted to know all that had taken place, accurate accounts of the dishes, the dresses, and the scandal which had there fallen under his observation.

He is, moreover, one of the most useful persons in society that can possibly be ; for, besides being incorrigibly duelsome on his own account, he is, for others, the most acute

and peaceable counsellor in the world, and has carried more friends through scrapes, and prevented more deaths than any member of the Humane Society. British never bought a single step in the army, as is well known. In '14, he killed a celebrated French fire-eater, who had slain a young friend of his; and living, as he does, a great deal with young men of pleasure, and good, old, sober, family people, he is loved by them both, and has as welcome place made for him at a roaring bachelor's supper, at the *Café Anglais*, as at a staid Dowager's dinner-table, in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*. Such pleasant old boys are very profitable acquaintances, let me tell you; and lucky is the young man who has one or two such friends in his list.

Hurrying on Pogson in his dress, I conducted him, panting, up to the Major's *quatrième*, where we were cheerfully bidden to come in. The little gentleman was in his travelling jacket, and occupied in painting, elegantly, one of those natty pairs of boots in which he daily promenaded the *Boulevards*. A couple of pairs of tough buff gloves had been undergoing some pipe-claying operation under his hands: no man stepped out so spick and span, with a hat so nicely brushed, with a stiff cravat, tied so neatly, under a fat little red face, with a blue frock coat, so scrupulously fitted to a punchy little person, as Major British, about whom we have written these two pages. He stared rather hardly at my companion, but gave me a kind shake of the hand, and we proceeded at once to business. 'Major British,' said I, 'we want your advice in regard to an unpleasant affair, which has just occurred to my friend Pogson.'

'Pogson, take a chair.'

'You must know, sir, that Mr. Pogson, coming from Calais, the other day, encountered, in the diligence, a very handsome woman.'

British winked at Pogson, who, wretched as he was, could not help feeling pleased.

'Mr. Pogson was not more pleased with this lovely creature, than was she with him; for, it appears, she gave him her card, invited him to her house, where he has been constantly, and has been received with much kindness.'

'I see,' says British.

'Her husband, the Baron—'

‘ Now it’s coming,’ said the Major, with a grin : ‘ her husband is jealous, I suppose, and there is a talk of the *Bois de Boulogne* : my dear sir, you can’t refuse—can’t refuse.’

‘ It’s not that,’ said Pogson, wagging his head passionately.

‘ Her husband, the Baron, seemed quite as much taken with Pogson as his lady was, and has introduced him to some very *distingués* friends of his own set. Last night one of the Baron’s friends gave a party, in honour of my friend Pogson, who lost forty-eight pounds at cards *before* he was made drunk, and heaven knows how much after.’

‘ Not a shilling, by sacred heaven !—not a shilling !’ yelled out Pogson. ‘ After the supper I ad such an eadache, I couldn’t do anything but fall asleep on the sofa.’

‘ You “ ad such an eadache,” sir,’ said British, sternly, who piques himself on his grammar and pronunciation, and scorns a cockney.

‘ Such a *h*-eadache, sir,’ replied Pogson, with much meekness.

‘ The unfortunate man is brought home at two o’clock, as tipsy as possible, dragged up stairs, senseless, to bed, and, on waking, receives a visit from his entertainer of the night before—a Lord’s son, Major, a tip-top fellow,—who brings a couple of bills that my friend Pogson is said to have signed.’

‘ Well, my dear fellow, the thing’s quite simple,—he must pay them.’

‘ I can’t pay them.’

‘ He can’t pay them,’ said we both in a breath : ‘ Pogson is a commercial traveller, with thirty shillings a week, and how the deuce is he to pay five hundred pounds ? ’

‘ A bagman, sir ! and what right has a bagman to gamble ? Gentlemen gamble, sir ; tradesmen, sir, have no business with the amusements of the gentry. What business had you with Barons and Lords’ sons, sir ?—serve you right, sir.’

‘ Sir,’ says Pogson, with some dignity, ‘ merit, and not birth, is the criterion of a man ; I despise an hereditary aristocracy, and admire only Nature’s gentlemen. For my part, I think that a British merch—’

‘ Hold your tongue, sir,’ bounced out the Major, ‘ and don’t lecture me : don’t come to me, sir, with your slang

about Nature's gentlemen—Nature's Tomfools, sir! Did Nature open a cash account for you at a banker's, sir? Did Nature give you an education, sir? What do you mean by competing with people to whom Nature has given all these things? Stick to your bags, Mr. Pogson, and your bagmen, and leave Barons and their like to their own ways.'

'Yes, but Major,' here cried that faithful friend, who has always stood by Pogson; 'they won't leave him alone.'

'The honourable gent. says I must fight if I don't pay,' whimpered Sam.

'What! fight *you*? Do you mean that the honourable gent., as you call him, will go out with a bagman?'

'He doesn't know I'm a—I'm a commercial man,' blushing said Sam: 'he fancies I'm a military gent.'

The Major's gravity was quite upset at this absurd notion; and he laughed outrageously. 'Why, the fact is, sir,' said I, 'that my friend Pogson, knowing the value of the title of Captain, and being complimented by the Baroness on his warlike appearance, said, boldly, he was in the army. He only assumed the rank in order to dazzle her weak imagination, never fancying that there was a husband, and a circle of friends, with whom he was afterwards to make an acquaintance; and then, you know, it was too late to withdraw.'

'A pretty pickle you have put yourself in, Mr. Pogson, by making love to other men's wives, and calling yourself names,' said the Major, who was restored to good humour. 'And pray, who is the honourable gent.?''

'The Earl of Cinqbars' son,' says Pogson, 'the Honourable Tom Ringwood.'

'I thought it was some such character: and the Baron ● is the Baron de Florval-Delval?'

'The very same.'

'And his wife a black-haired woman, with a pretty foot and ankle; calls herself Athenais; and is always talking about her *trente-deux ans*? Why, sir, that woman was an actress, on the Boulevard, when we were here in '15. She's no more his wife than I am. Melval's name is Chicot. The woman is always travelling between London and Paris: I saw she was hooking you at Calais; she has hooked ten ● men, in the course of the last two years, in this very way. She lent you money, didn't she?' 'Yes.' 'And she leans on your shoulder, and whispers, "Play

half for me," and somebody wins it, and the poor thing is as sorry as you are, and her husband storms and rages, and insists on double stakes; and she leans over your shoulder again, and tells every card in your hand to your adversary; and that's the way it's done, Mr. Pogson.'

'I've been *ad*, I see I ave,' said Pogson, very humbly.

'Well, sir,' said the Major, 'in consideration, not of you, sir—for, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Pogson, that you are a pitiful little scoundrel—in consideration for my Lord Cinqbars, sir, with whom, I am proud to say, I am intimate' (the Major dearly loved a Lord, and was, by his own showing, acquainted with half the peerage), 'I will aid you in this affair. Your cursed vanity, sir, and want of principle, has set you, in the first place, intriguing with other men's wives; and if you had been shot for your pains, a bullet would have only served you right, sir. You must go about as an impostor, sir, in society; and you pay richly for your swindling, sir, by being swindled yourself: but, as I think your punishment has been already pretty severe, I shall do my best, out of regard for my friend, Lord Cinqbars, to prevent the matter going any further; and I recommend you to leave Paris without delay. Now let me wish you a good morning.'—Where-with British made a majestic bow, and began giving the last touch to his varnished boots.

We departed: poor Sam perfectly silent and chapfallen; and I meditating on the wisdom of the half-pay philosopher, and wondering what means he would employ to rescue Pogson from his fate.

What these means were I know not; but Mr. Ringwood did *not* make his appearance at six; and, at eight, a letter arrived for 'Mr. Pogson, commercial traveller,' &c. &c. It was blank inside, but contained his two bills. Mr. Ringwood left town, almost immediately, for Vienna; nor did the Major explain the circumstances which caused his departure; but he muttered something about 'knew some of his old tricks,' 'threatened police, and made him disgorge directly.'

Mr. Ringwood is, as yet, young at his trade; and I have often thought it was very green of him to give up the bills to the Major, who, certainly, would never have pressed the matter before the police, out of respect for his friend, Lord Cinqbars.

THE FÊTES OF JULY

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE BUNGAY BEACON

[*The Corsair*, New York, October 5, 1839]

PARIS, July 30th, 1839.

WE have arrived here just in time for the fêtes of July.— You have read, no doubt, of that glorious revolution which took place here nine years ago, and which is now commemorated annually, in a pretty facetious manner, by gun-firing, student-processions, pole-climbing-for silver-spoons, gold-watches, and legs-of-mutton, monarchical orations, and what not, and sanctioned, moreover, by Chamber-of-Deputies, with a grant of a couple of hundred thousand francs to defray the expenses of all the crackers, gun-firings, and legs-of-mutton aforesaid. There is a new fountain in the Place Louis Quinze, otherwise called the Place Louis Seize, or else the Place de la Revolution, or else the Place de la Concorde (who can say why?)—which, I am told, is to run bad wine during certain hours to-morrow, and there *would* have been a review of the National Guards and the Line—only, since the Fieschi business, reviews are no joke, and so this latter part of the festivity has been discontinued.

Do you not laugh—O Pharos of Bungay—at the continuance of a humbug such as this?—at the humbugging anniversary of a humbug? The King of the Barricades is, next to the Emperor Nicholas, the most absolute Sovereign in Europe—there is not in the whole of this fair kingdom of France, a single man who cares sixpence about him, or his dynasty, except, mayhap, a few hangers-on at the Château, who eat his dinners, and put their hands in his purse. The feeling of loyalty is as dead as old Charles the Tenth; the Chambers have been laughed at, the country has been laughed at, all the successive ministries have been laughed at (and you know who is the wag that has amused himself with them all); and, behold, here come three days

at the end of July, and cannons think it necessary to fire off, squibs and crackers to blaze and fiz, fountains to run wine, Kings to make speeches, and subjects to crawl up greasy mâts-de-cocagne in token of gratitude, and *réjouissance-publique* !—My dear sir, in their aptitude to swallow, to utter, to enact humbugs, these French people, from Majesty downwards, beat all the other nations of this earth. In looking at these men, their manners, dresses, opinions, politics, actions, history, it is impossible to preserve a grave countenance ; instead of having Carlyle to write a History of the French Revolution, I often think it should be handed over to Dickens or Theodore Hook, and, oh ! where is the Rabelais to be the faithful historian of the last phase of the Revolution—the last glorious nine years of which we are now commemorating the last glorious three days ?

I had made a vow not to say a syllable on the subject, although I have seen, with my neighbours, all the gingerbread stalls down the Champs Elysées, and some of the 'catafalques' erected to the memory of the heroes of July, where the students and others, not connected personally with the victims, and not having in the least profited by their deaths, come and weep ; but the grief shown on the first day is quite as absurd and fictitious as the joy exhibited on the last. The subject is one which admits of much wholesome reflection, and food for mirth ; and, besides, is so richly treated by the French themselves, that it would be a sin and a shame to pass it over. Allow me to have the honour of translating, for your edification, an account of the first day's proceedings—it is mighty amusing, to my thinking.

CELEBRATION OF THE DAYS OF JULY.

'To-day (Saturday), funeral ceremonies, in honour of the victims of July, were held in the various edifices consecrated to public worship.

'These edifices, with the exception of some churches (especially that of the Petits-Pères), were uniformly hung with black on the outside ; the hangings bore only this inscription : 27, 28, 29 July, 1830—surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves.

'In the interior of the Catholic churches, it had only

been thought proper to dress *little catafalques*, as for burials of the third and fourth class. Very few clergy attended ; but a considerable number of the National Guard.

‘The Synagogue of the Israelites was entirely hung with black ; and a great concourse of people attended. The service was performed with the greatest pomp.

‘In the Protestant temples there was likewise a very full attendance : *apologetical discourses* on the Revolution of July were pronounced by the pastors.

‘The absence of M. de Quélen (Archbishop of Paris) and of many members of the superior clergy, was remarked at Nôtre-Dame. ‘

‘The civil authorities attended service in their several districts.

‘The poles ornamented with tri-coloured flags, which formerly were placed on Nôtre-Dame, were, it was remarked, suppressed. The flags on the Pont Neuf were, during the ceremony, only half-mast high, and covered with crape.’

Et caetera, et caetera, et caetera.

‘The tombs of the Louvre were covered with black hangings, and adorned with tri-coloured flags. In front and in the middle was erected an expiatory monument of a pyramidal shape, and surmounted by a funeral vase.

‘*These tombs were guarded by the MUNICIPAL GUARD, THE TROOPS OF THE LINE, THE SERJENS DE VILLE (town patrol), AND A BRIGADE OF AGENTS OF POLICE IN PLAIN CLOTHES, under the orders of peace-officer Vassal.*

‘Between eleven and twelve o’clock, some young men, to the number of 400 or 500, assembled on the Place de la Bourse, one of them bearing a tri-coloured banner with an inscription, “TO THE MANES OF JULY” : ranging themselves in order, they marched five abreast to the Marchés-des-Innocens. On their arrival, the Municipal Guards of the Halle-aux-Draps, where the post had been doubled, issued out without arms, and the town-sergeants placed themselves before the market to prevent the entry of the procession. The young men passed in perfect order, and without saying a word—only lifting their hats as they defiled before the tombs. When they arrived at the Louvre, they found the gates shut, and the Garden evacuated. The troops were under arms, and formed in battalion.

‘After the passage of the procession, the Garden was again open to the public.’

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

There's nothing serious in mortality:—is there, from the beginning of this account to the end thereof, aught but sheer, open, monstrous, undisguised humbug? I said, before, that you should have a history of these people by Dickens or Theodore Hook, but there is little need of professed wags;—do not the men write their own tale with an admirable Sancho-like gravity and naïveté, which one could not desire improved? How good is that touch of sly indignation about the *little catafalques*! how rich the contrast presented by the economy of the Catholics to the splendid disregard of expense exhibited by the devout Jews! and how touching the 'apologetical discourses on the Revolution,' delivered by the Protestant pastors! Fancy the profound affliction of the Gardes-Municipaux, the Sergens de Ville, the police agents in plain clothes, and the troops, with fixed bayonets, sobbing round the 'expiatory-monuments-of-a-pyramidical shape, surmounted by funeral-vases,' and compelled, by sad duty, to fire into the public who might wish to indulge in the same woe! O, 'manes of July'! (the phrase is pretty and grammatical) why did you with sharp bullets break those Louvre windows? Why did you bayonet red-coated Swiss behind that fair white façade, and, braving cannon, musket, sabre, perspective guillotine, burst yonder bronze gates, rush through that peaceful picture-gallery, and hurl royalty, loyalty, and a thousand years of Kings, head over heels, out of yonder Tuileries' windows?

It is, you will allow, a little difficult to say:—there is, however, *one* benefit that the country has gained (as for liberty of press, or person, diminished taxation, a juster representation, who ever thinks of them?)—*one* benefit they have gained, or nearly—*abolition de la peine-de-mort*, namely, *pour délit politique*—no more wicked guillotining for revolutions—a Frenchman must have his revolution—it is his nature to knock down omnibuses in the street, and across them to fire at troops of the line—it is a sin to balk it. Did not the King send off Revolutionary Prince Napoleon in a coach-and-four? Did not the jury, before the face of God and Justice, proclaim Revolutionary Colonel Vaudrey not guilty?—One may hope, soon, that if a man shows decent courage and energy in half a dozen *émeutes*, he will get promotion and a premium.

I do not (although, perhaps, partial to the subject,) want to talk more nonsense than the occasion warrants, and will pray you to cast your eyes over the following anecdote, that is now going the round of the papers, and respects the commutation of the punishment of that wretched, fool-hardy Barbés, who, on his trial, seemed to invite the penalty which has just been remitted to him. You recollect the braggart's speech, 'When the Indian falls into the power of the enemy, he knows the fate that awaits him, and submits his head to the knife :—*I am the Indian !*'

'Well —'

'M. Victor Hugo was at the Opera on the night when the sentence of the Court of Peers, condemning Barbés to death, was published. The great poet composed the following verses :—

'Par votre ange envolée, ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par le royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau,
Grace encore une fois ! Grace au nom de la tombe
Grace au nom du berceau !'¹

'M. Victor Hugo wrote the lines out instantly on a sheet of paper, which he folded, and simply dispatched them to the King of the French by the penny-post.

'That truly is a noble voice, which can at all hours thus speak to the throne. Poetry, in old days, was called the language of the Gods—it is better named now—it is the language of the Kings.

'But the clemency of the King had anticipated the letter of the Poet. The pen of His Majesty had signed the commutation of Barbés, while that of the Poet was still writing.

• 'Louis Phillipe replied to the author of *Ruy Blas* most graciously, that he had already subscribed to a wish so noble, and that the verses had only confirmed his previous disposition to mercy.'

Now in countries where fools most abound, did one ever read of more monstrous, palpable folly? In any country, save this, would a poet who chose to write four crack-brained verses, comparing an angel to a dove, and a little

¹ Translated for the benefit of country gentlemen :—

By your angel flown away just like a dove,
By the royal infant, that frail and tender reed,
Pardon yet once more ! Pardon in the name of the tomb !
Pardon in the name of the cradle !

boy to a reed, and calling upon the chief magistrate, in the name of the angel, or dove (the Princess Mary), in her tomb, and the little infant in his cradle, to spare a criminal, have received a 'gracious answer' to his nonsense? Would he have ever dispatched the nonsense? and would any Journalist have been silly enough to talk of 'the noble voice that could thus speak to the throne,' and the noble throne that could return such a noble answer to the noble voice? You get nothing done here gravely and decently. Tawdry stage tricks are played, and braggadocio claptraps uttered, on every occasion, however sacred or solemn; in the face of death, as by Barbés with his hideous Indian metaphor; in the teeth of reason, as by M. Victor Hugo with his twopenny-post poetry; and of justice, as by the King's absurd reply to this absurd demand! Suppose the Count of Paris to be twenty times a reed, and the Princess Mary a host of angels, is that any reason why the law should not have its course? Justice is the God of our lower world, our great omnipresent guardian: as such it moves, or should move on, majestic, awful, irresistible, having no passions—like a God: but, in the very midst of the path across which it is to pass, lo! M. Victor Hugo trips forward, smirking, and says, O, divine Justice! I will trouble you to listen to the following trifling effusion of mine:—

' *Par votre ange envolée, ainsi qu'une,* ' &c.

Awful Justice stops, and, bowing gravely, listens to M. Hugo's verses, and, with true French politeness, says, 'Mon cher Monsieur, these verses are charming, *ravissans, délicieux*, and, coming from such a *célébrité littéraire* as yourself, shall meet with every possible attention—in fact, had I required anything to confirm my own previous opinions, this charming poem would have done so. Bon jour, mon cher Monsieur Hugo, au revoir!'—and they part:—Justice taking off his hat and bowing, and the Author of *Ruy Blas* quite convinced that he has been treating with him, *d'égal en égal*. I can hardly bring my mind to fancy that anything is serious in France—it seems to be all rant, tinsel, and stage-play. Sham liberty, sham monarchy, sham glory, sham justice,—*ou, diable, donc, la vérité va-t-elle se nicher?*

The last rocket of the fête of July has just mounted,

exploded, made a portentous bang, and emitted a gorgeous show of blue-lights, and then (like many reputations) disappeared totally: the hundredth gun on the Invalides terrace has uttered its last roar—and a great comfort it is for eyes and ears that the festival is over. We shall be able to go about our every-day business again, and not be hustled by the gendarmes or the crowd.

The sight which I have just come away from is as brilliant, happy, and beautiful as can be conceived; and if you want to see French people to the greatest advantage, you should go to a festival like this, where their manners, and innocent gaiety, show a very pleasing contrast to the coarse and vulgar hilarity which the same class would exhibit in our own country—at Epsom Race-course, for instance, or Greenwich Fair. The greatest noise that I heard was that of a company of jolly villagers from a place in the neighbourhood of Paris, who, as soon as the fireworks were over, formed themselves into a line, three or four abreast, and so marched singing home. As for the fireworks, squibs and crackers are very hard to describe, and very little was to be seen of them: to me, the prettiest sight was the vast, orderly, happy crowd, the number of children, and the extraordinary care and kindness of the parents towards these little creatures. It does one good to see honest, heavy *épiciers*, fathers of families, playing with them in the Tuileries, or, as to-night, bearing them stoutly on their shoulders, through many long hours, in order that the little ones, too, may have their share of the fun. John Bull, I fear, is more selfish: he does not take Mrs. Bull to the public-house; but leaves her, for the most part, to take care of the children at home.

• The fête, then, is over; the pompous black pyramid at the Louvre is only a skeleton now; all the flags have been miraculously whisked away during the night, and the fine chandeliers which glittered down the Champs Elysées for full half a mile, have been consigned to their dens and darkness. Will they ever be reproduced for other celebrations of the glorious 29th of July?—I think not; the Government which vowed that there should be no more persecutions of the press, was, on that very 29th, seizing a legitimist paper, for some real or fancied offence against it: it had seized, and was seizing daily, numbers of persons merely suspected of being disaffected (and you may fancy

how liberty is understood, when some of these prisoners, the other day, on coming to trial, were found guilty and sentenced to *one day's imprisonment, after thirty-six days' detention on suspicion*). I think the Government which follows such a system, cannot be very anxious about any further revolutionary fêtes, and that the Chamber may reasonably refuse to vote more money for them. Why should men be so mighty proud of having, on a certain day, cut a certain number of their fellow-countrymen's throats? The guards and the line employed, this time nine years, did no more than those who cannonaded the starving Lyonnese, or bayoneted the luckless inhabitants of the Rue Transnou-nain ;—they did but fulfil the soldier's honourable duty :—his superiors bid him kill and he killeth :—perhaps, had he gone to his work with a little more heart, the result would have been different, and then—would the conquering party have been justified in annually rejoicing over the conquered ? Would we have thought Charles X justified in causing fireworks to be blazed, and concerts to be sung, and speeches to be spouted, in commemoration of his victory over his slaughtered countrymen ?—I wish, for my part, they would allow the people to go about their business as on the other 362 days of the year, and leave the Champs Elysées free for the omnibuses to run, and the Tuileries in quiet, so that the nursemaids might come as usual, and the newspapers be read for a halfpenny a-piece.

Shall I trouble you with an account of the speculations of these latter, and the state of the parties which they represent ? The complication is not a little curious, and may form, perhaps, a subject of graver disquisition. The July fêtes occupy, as you may imagine, a considerable part of their columns just now, and it is amusing to follow them, one by one ; to read Tweedledum's praise, and Tweedledee's indignation—to read, in the *Débats*, how the king was received with shouts and loyal vivats—in the *National*, how not a tongue was wagged in his praise, but, on the instant of his departure, how the people called for the Marseillaise and applauded *that*.—But best say no more about the fête. The legitimists were always indignant at it. The high Philippist party sneers at, and despises it : the republicans hate it ; it seems a joke against *them*. Why continue it ?—If there be anything sacred in the name and idea of loyalty, why renew this fête ? It only shows how

a rightful monarch was hurled from his throne, and a dexterous usurper stole his precious diadem. If there be anything noble in the memory of a day, when citizens, unused to war, rose against practised veterans, and, armed with the strength of their cause, overthrew them, why speak of it now? or renew the bitter recollections of the bootless struggle and victory? O Lafayette! O hero of two worlds! O accomplished Cromwell Grandison! you have to answer for more than any mortal man who has played a part in history: two republics and one monarchy does the world owe to you; and especially grateful should your country be to you. Did you not, in '90, make clear the path for honest Robespierre, and, in '30, prepare the way for—

[The Editor of the 'Bungay Beacon' would insert no more of this letter, which is, therefore, for ever lost to the public.]

ON THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING

WITH APPROPRIATE ANECDOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND
PHILOSOPHICAL DISQUISITIONS

IN A LETTER TO MR. MACGILP OF LONDON

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1839]

THE three collections of pictures at the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the École des Beaux Arts, contain a number of specimens of French art, since its commencement almost, and give the stranger a pretty fair opportunity to study and appreciate the school. The French list of painters contains some very good names—no very great ones, except Poussin (unless the admirers of Claude choose to rank him among great painters),—and I think the school was never in so flourishing a condition as it is at the present day. They say there are three thousand artists in this town alone : of these a handsome minority paint not merely tolerably, but well understand their business ; draw the figure accurately ; sketch with cleverness ; and paint portraits, churches, or restaurateurs' shops, in a decent manner.

To account for a superiority over England—which, I think, as regards art, is incontestable—it must be remembered that the painter's trade, in France, is a very good one ; better appreciated, better understood, and, generally, far better paid than with us. There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and, under the eye of a practised master, learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a-year. In England there is no school except the Academy, unless the student can afford to pay a very large sum, and place himself under the tuition of some particular artist. Here, a young man, for his ten pounds, has all sorts of accessory instruction, models, &c. ; and has further, and for nothing, numberless incitements to study his profession which are not to be found in England ; the streets are filled with picture-shops, the people

themselves are pictures walking about; the churches, theatres, eating-houses, concert-rooms, are covered with pictures; Nature itself is inclined more kindly to him, for the sky is a thousand times more bright and beautiful, and the sun shines for the greater part of the year. Add to this, incitements more selfish, but quite as powerful: a French artist is paid very handsomely; for five hundred a year is much where all are poor; and has a rank in society rather above his merits than below them, being caressed by hosts and hostesses in places where titles are laughed at, and a baron is thought of no more account than a banker's clerk.

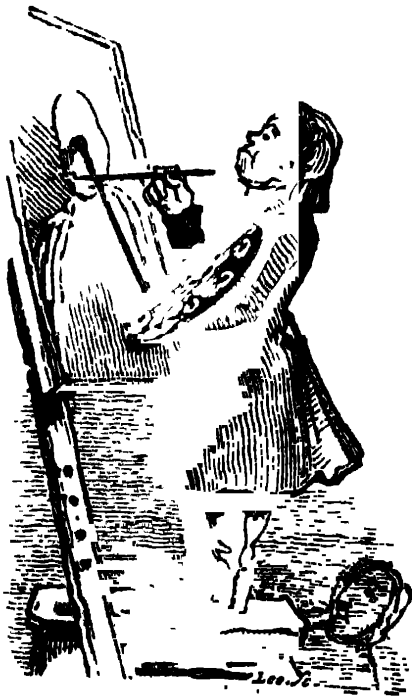
The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible. He comes to Paris, probably at sixteen, from his province; his parents settle forty pounds a-year on him, and pay his master: he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the new quarter of Nôtre Dame de Lorette (which is quite peopled with painters); he arrives at his atelier at a tolerably early hour, and labours among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favourite tobacco-pipe; and the pictures are painted in the midst of a cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly.

You see here every variety of *coiffure* that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging over their shoulders—you may smell the tobacco with which they are scented across the street;—some have straight locks, black, oily, and redundant; some have *toupées* in the famous Louis-Philippe fashion; some are cropped close; some have adopted the present mode—
 • which he who would follow, must, in order to do so, part his hair in the middle, grease it with grease, and gum it with gum, and iron it flat down over his ears; when arrived at the ears, you take the tongs and make a couple of ranges of curls close round the whole head,—such curls as you may see under a gilt three-cornered hat, and in her Britannic majesty's coachman's state-wig.

This is the last fashion. As for the beards, there is no end to them; all my friends, the artists, have beards who can raise them; and Nature, though she has rather stinted the bodies and limbs of the French nation, has been very liberal to them of hair, as you may see by the following specimen.

Fancy these heads and beards under all sorts of caps—Chinese caps, mandarin-caps, Greek skull-caps, English jockey-caps, Russian or Kuzzilbash caps, middle-age caps (such as are called, in heraldry, caps of maintenance), Spanish nets, and striped worsted nightcaps. Fancy all the jackets you have ever seen, and you have before you, as well as the pen can describe, the costumes of these indescribable Frenchmen.

In this company and costume the French student of art passes his days and acquires knowledge; how he passes



his evenings, at what theatres, at what *guinguettes*, in company with what seducing little milliner, there is no need to say; but I knew one who pawned his coat to go to a carnival ball, and walked abroad very cheerfully in his *blouse*, for six weeks, until he could redeem the absent garment.

These young men (together with the students of sciences) comport themselves towards the sober citizen pretty much as the German *bursch* towards the *philister*, or as the military man, during the empire, did to the *pékin*:—from the height of their poverty they look down upon him with the greatest

imaginable scorn—a scorn, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled, for his respect for the arts is intense. The case is very different in England, where a grocer's daughter would think she made a misalliance by marrying a painter, and where a literary man (in spite of all we can say against it) ranks below that class of gentry composed of the apothecary, the attorney, the wine-merchant, whose positions, in country towns at least, are so equivocal. As for instance, my friend, the Rev. James Asterisk, who has an undeniable pedigree, a paternal estate, and a living to boot, once dined in Warwickshire, in company with several squires and parsons of that enlightened county. Asterisk, as usual, made himself extraordinarily agreeable at dinner, and delighted all

present with his learning and wit. 'Who is that monstrous pleasant fellow?' said one of the squires. 'Don't you know?' replied another: 'It's Asterisk, the author of so-and-so, and a famous contributor to such-and-such a magazine.' 'Good Heavens!' said the squire, quite horrified; 'a literary man! I thought he had been a gentleman!'

Another instance: M. Guizot, when he was minister here, had the grand hotel of the ministry, and gave entertainments to all the great *de par le monde*, as Brantôme says, and entertained them in a proper ministerial magnificence. The splendid and beautiful Duchess of Dash was at one of his ministerial parties; and went, a fortnight afterwards, as in duty bound, to pay her respects to M. Guizot. But it happened, in this fortnight, that M. Guizot was minister no longer; but gave up his portfolio, and his grand hotel, to retire into private life, and to occupy his humble apartments in a house which he possesses, and of which he lets the greater portion. A friend of mine was present at one of the ex-minister's *soirées*, where the Duchess of Dash made her appearance. He says, the Duchess, at her entrance, seemed quite astounded, and examined the premises with a most curious wonder. Two or three shabby little rooms, with ordinary furniture, and a minister *en retraite*, who lives by letting lodgings! In our country was ever such a thing heard of? No, thank Heaven! and a Briton ought to be proud of the difference.

But to our mutttons. This country is surely the paradise of painters and penny-a-liners; and when one reads of M. Horace Vernet at Rome, exceeding ambassadors at Rome, by his magnificence, and leading such a life as Rubens or Titian did of old; when one sees M. Thiers's grand villa in the Rue St. George (a dozen years ago he was not even a penny-a-liner, no such luck); when one contemplates, in imagination, M. Gud'n, the marine painter, too lame to walk through the picture gallery of the Louvre, accommodated, therefore, with a wheel-chair, a privilege of princes only, and accompanied—nay, for what I know, actually trundled—down the gallery by majesty itself, who does not long to make one of the great nation, exchange his native tongue for the melodious jabber of France; or, at least, adopt it for his native country, like Marshal Saxe, Napoleon, and Anacharsis Clootz? Noble people! they

made Tom Paine a deputy ; and as for Tom Macaulay, they would make a *dynasty* of him.

Well, this being the case, no wonder there are so many painters in France ; and here, at least, we are back to them. At the *École Royale des Beaux Arts*, you see two or three hundred specimens of their performances ; all the prize-men, since 1750, I think, being bound to leave their prize sketch or picture. Can anything good come out of the Royal Academy ? is a question which has been considerably mooted in England (in the neighbourhood of Suffolk Street, especially) ; the hundreds of French samples are, I think, not very satisfactory. The subjects are almost all what are called classical. Orestes pursued by every variety of Furies ; numbers of little wolf-sucking Romuluses ; Hector and Andromaches in a complication of parting embraces, and so forth ; for it was the absurd maxim of our forefathers, that because these subjects had been the fashion twenty centuries ago, they must remain so *in saecula saeculorum* ; because to these lofty heights giants had scaled, behold the race of pigmies must get upon stilts and jump at them likewise ! and on the canvas, and in the theatre, the French frogs (excuse the pleasantry) were instructed to swell out and roar as much as possible like bulls.

What was the consequence, my dear friend ? In trying to make themselves into bulls, the frogs make themselves into jackasses, as might be expected. For a hundred and ten years the classical humbug oppressed the nation ; and you may see, in this gallery of the *Beaux Arts*, seventy years' specimens of the dullness which it engendered.

Now, as Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own too ; and yet we, O foolish race ! must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbours, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches ! It is the study of Nature, surely, that profits us, and not of these imitations of her. A man, as a man, from a dustman up to Aeschylus, is God's work, and good to read, as all works of Nature are : but the silly animal is never content ; is ever trying to fit itself into another shape ; wants to deny its own identity, and has not the courage to utter its own thoughts. Because Lord Byron was wicked, and quarrelled with the world ; and found himself growing fat, and quarrelled with his victuals,

and thus, naturally, grew ill-humoured, did not half Europe grow ill-humoured too? Did not every poet feel his young affections withered, and despair and darkness cast upon his soul? Because certain mighty men of old could make heroical statues and plays, must we not be told that there is no other beauty but classical beauty?—must not every little whipster of a French poet chalk you out plays, *Henriades*, and such-like, and vow that here was the real thing, the undeniable Kalon?

The undeniable fiddlestick! For a hundred years, my dear sir, the world was humbugged by the so-called classical artists, as they now are by what is called the Christian art (of which anon); and it is curious to look at the pictorial traditions as here handed down. The consequence of them is, that scarce one of the classical pictures exhibited is worth much more than two and sixpence. Borrowed from statuary, in the first place, the colour of the paintings seems, as much as possible, to participate in it; they are, mostly, of a misty, stony, green, dismal hue, as if they had been painted in a world where no colour was. In every picture there are, of course, white mantles, white urns, white columns, white statues—those *obligés* accomplishments of the sublime. There are the endless straight noses, long eyes, round chins, short upper lips, just as they are ruled down for you in the drawing-books, as if the latter were the revelations of beauty, issued by supreme authority, from which there was no appeal? Why is the classical reign to endure? Why is yonder simpering Venus de' Medicis to be our standard of beauty, or the Greek tragedies to bound our notions of the sublime? There was no reason why Agamemnon should set the fashions, and remains *ἕναξ ἀνδρῶν* to eternity: and there is a classical quotation, which you may have occasionally heard, beginning, *Vixere fortes*, &c., which, as it avers that there were a great number of stout fellows before Agamemnon, may not unreasonably induce us to conclude that similar heroes were to succeed him. Shakespeare made a better man when his imagination moulded the mighty figure of Macbeth. And if you will measure Satan by Prometheus, the blind old Puritan's work by that of the fiery Grecian poet, does not Milton's angel surpass Aeschylus's—surpass him by 'many a rood'?

In this same school of the Beaux Arts, where are to be found such a number of pale imitations of the antique,

Monsieur Thiers (and he ought to be thanked for it) has caused to be placed a full-sized copy of 'The Last Judgement' of Michael Angelo, and a number of casts from statues by the same splendid hand. There *is* the sublime, if you please—a new sublime—an original sublime—quite as sublime as the Greek sublime. See yonder, in the midst of his angels, the Judge of the world descending in glory; and near him, beautiful and gentle, and yet indescribably august and pure, the Virgin by his side. There is the 'Moses,' the grandest figure that ever was carved in stone. It has about it something frightfully majestic, if one may so speak. In examining this, and the astonishing picture of 'The Judgement,' or even a single figure of it, the spectator's sense amounts almost to pain. I would not like to be left in a room alone with the 'Moses.' How did the artist live amongst them, and create them? How did he suffer the painful labour of invention? One fancies that he would have been scorched up, like Semele, by sights too tremendous for his vision to bear. One cannot imagine him, with our small physical endowments and weaknesses, a man like ourselves.

As for the *École Royale des Beaux Arts*, then, and all the good its students have done, as students, it is stark naught. When the men did anything, it was after they had left the academy, and began thinking for themselves. There is only one picture among the many hundreds that has, to my idea, much merit (a charming composition of Homer singing, signed Jourdy); and the only good that the academy has done by its pupils was to send them to Rome, where they might learn better things. At home, the intolerable, stupid classicalities, taught by men who, belonging to the least erudite country in Europe, were themselves, from their profession, the least learned among their countrymen, only weighed the pupils down, and cramped their hands, their eyes, and their imaginations; drove them away from natural beauty, which, thank God, is fresh and attainable by us all, to-day, and yesterday, and to-morrow; and sent them rambling after artificial grace, without the proper means of judging or attaining it.

A word for the building of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*. It is beautiful, and as well finished and convenient as beautiful. With its light and elegant fabric, its pretty fountain, its archway of the *Renaissance*, and fragments

of sculpture, you can hardly see, on a fine day, a place more *riant* and pleasing.

Passing from thence up the picturesque Rue de Seine, let us walk to the Luxembourg, where *bonnes*, students, *grisettes*, and old gentlemen with pigtails, love to wander in the melancholy, quaint, old gardens; where the peers have a new and comfortable court of justice, to judge all the *émeutes* which are to take place; and where, as everybody knows, is the picture gallery of modern French artists, whom government thinks worthy of patronage.

A very great proportion of these, as we see by the catalogue, are by the students whose works we have just been to visit at the Beaux Arts, and who, having performed their pilgrimage to Rome, have taken rank among the professors of the art. I don't know a more pleasing exhibition; for there are not a dozen really bad pictures in the collection, some very good, and the rest showing great skill and smartness of execution.

In the same way, however, that it has been supposed that no man could be a great poet unless he wrote a very big poem, the tradition is kept up among the painters, and we have here a vast number of large canvases, with figures of the proper heroical length and nakedness. The anti-classicists did not arise in France until about 1827; and, in consequence, up to that period, we have here the old classical faith in full vigour. There is Brutus, having chopped his son's head off, with all the agony of a father; and then calling for number two,—there is Aeneas carrying off old Anchises—there are Paris and Venus, as naked as two Hottentots—and many more such choice subjects from Lemprière.

• But the chief specimens of the sublime are in the way of murders, with which the catalogue swarms. Here are a few extracts from it:—

7. Beaume, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. 'The Grand Dauphiness Dying.'

18. Blondel, Chevalier de la, &c. 'Zenobia found dead.'

36. Debay, Chevalier. 'The Death of Lucretia.'

38. Dejuinne. 'The Death of Hector.'

34. Court, Chevalier de la, &c. 'The Death of Caesar.'

39, 40, 41. Delacroix, Chevalier. 'Dante and Virgil in the Infernal Lake,' 'The Massacre of Scio,' and 'Medea going to murder her Children.'

43. Delaroche, Chevalier. 'Joas taken from among the Dead.' 44. 'The Death of Queen Elizabeth.'
45. 'Edward V and his Brother' (preparing for death).
50. Drolling, Chevalier. 'Hecuba going to be Sacrificed.'
51. Dubois. 'Young Clovis found Dead.'
56. Henry, Chevalier. 'The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.'
75. Guerin, Chevalier. 'Cain, after the Death of Abel.'
83. Jacquand. 'Death of Adelaide de Comminges.'
88. 'The Death of Eudamidas.'
93. 'The Death of Hymetto.'
103. 'The Death of Philip of Austria.'—And so on.

You see what woeful subjects they take, and how profusely they are decorated with knighthood. They are like the Black Brunswickers, these painters, and ought to be called *Chevaliers de la Mort*. I don't know why the merriest people in the world should please themselves with such grim representations and varieties of murder, or why murder itself should be considered so eminently sublime and poetical. It is good at the end of a tragedy; but, then, it is good because it is the end, and because, by the events forgone, the mind is prepared for it. But these men will have nothing but fifth acts; and seem to skip, as unworthy, all the circumstances leading to them. This, however, is part of the scheme—the bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime, that our teachers have believed and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant and other anti-humbuggists should heartily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavour to pull down. What, for instance, could Monsieur Lafond care about the death of Eudamidas? What was Hecuba to Chevalier Drolling, or Chevalier Drolling to Hecuba? I would lay a wager that neither of them ever conjugated *τυπτω*, and that their school learning carried them not as far as the letter, but only to the game of taw. How were they to be inspired by such subjects? From having seen Talma and Mademoiselle Georges flaunting in sham Greek costumes, and having read up the articles Eudamidas, Hecuba, in the *Mythological Dictionary*. What a classicism, inspired by rouge, gas-lamps, and a few lines in Lemprière, and copied, half from ancient statues, and half from a naked guardsman at one shilling and sixpence the hour!

Delacroix is a man of a very different genius, and his 'Medea' is a genuine creation of a noble fancy. For most of the others, Mrs. Brownrigg, and her two female 'prentices, would have done as well as the desperate Colchian, with her *τεκνα φιλατα*. M. Delacroix has produced a number of rude, barbarous pictures; but there is the stamp of genius on all of them,—the great poetical *intention*, which is worth all your execution. Delaroche is another man of high merit; with not such a great *heart*, perhaps, as the other, but a fine and careful draughtsman, and an excellent arranger of his subject. 'The Death of Elizabeth' is a raw, young performance, seemingly—not, at least, to my taste. The 'Enfans d'Edouard' is renowned over Europe, and has appeared in a hundred different ways in print. It is properly pathetic and gloomy, and merits fully its high reputation. This painter rejoices in such subjects—in what Lord Portsmouth used to call 'black jobs.' He has killed Charles I. and Lady Jane Grey, and the Duke of Guise, and I don't know whom besides. He is, at present, occupied with a vast work at the Beaux Arts, where the writer of this had the honour of seeing him,—a little, keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore, on this important occasion, a bandanna round his head, and was in the act of smoking a cigar.

Horace Vernet, whose beautiful daughter Delaroche married, is the king of French battle-painters—an amazingly rapid and dexterous draughtsman, who has Napoleon and all the campaigns by heart, and has painted the Grenadier Français under all sorts of attitudes. His pictures on such subjects are spirited, natural, and excellent; and he is so clever a man, that all he does is good, to a certain degree. His 'Judith' is somewhat violent, perhaps. His 'Rebecca' most pleasing; and not the less so for a little pretty affectation of attitude and needless singularity of costume. 'Raphael and Michael Angelo' is as clever a picture as can be—clever is just the word—the groups and drawing excellent, the colouring pleasantly bright and gaudy; and the French students study it incessantly: there are a dozen who copy it for one who copies Delacroix. His little scraps of wood-cuts, in the now publishing *Life of Napoleon*, are perfect gems in their way, and the noble price paid for them not a penny more than he merits.

The picture, by Court, of 'The Death of Caesar,' is remarkable for effect and excellent workmanship; and the head of Brutus (who looks like Armand Carrel) is full of energy. There are some beautiful heads of women, and some very good colour in the picture. Jacquand's 'Death of Adelaide de Comminge' is neither more nor less than beautiful. Adelaide had, it appears, a lover, who betook himself to a convent of Trappists. She followed him thither, disguised as a man, took the vows, and was not discovered by him till on her death-bed. The painter has told this story in a most pleasing and affecting manner: the picture is full of *onction* and melancholy grace. The objects, too, are capitally represented; and the tone and colour very good. Decaisne's 'Guardian Angel' is not so good in colour, but is equally beautiful in expression and grace. A little child and a nurse are asleep: an angel watches the infant. You see women look very wistfully at this sweet picture; and what triumph would a painter have more?

We must not quit the Luxembourg without noticing the dashing sea-pieces of Gudin, and one or two landscapes by Giroux (the plain of Grasivaudan), and 'The Prometheus' of Aligny. This is an imitation, perhaps; as is a noble picture of 'Jesus Christ and the Children,' by Flandrin: but the artists are imitating better models, at any rate; and one begins to perceive that the odious classical dynasty is no more. Poussin's magnificent 'Polyphemus' (I only know a print of that marvellous composition) has, perhaps, suggested the first-named picture; and the latter has been inspired by a good enthusiastic study of the Roman schools.

Of this revolution, Monsieur Ingres has been one of the chief instruments. He was, before Horace Vernet, president of the French Academy at Rome, and is famous as a chief of a school. When he broke up his atelier here, to set out for his presidency, many of his pupils attended him faithfully some way on his journey; and some, with scarcely a penny in their pouches, walked through France, and across the Alps, in a pious pilgrimage to Rome, being determined not to forsake their old master. Such an action was worthy of them, and of the high rank which their profession holds in France, where the honours to be acquired by art are only inferior to those which are gained in war. One reads of such peregrinations in old days, when the

scholars of some great Italian painter followed him from Venice to Rome, or from Florence to Ferrara. In regard of Ingres' individual merit, as a painter, the writer of this is not a fair judge, having seen but three pictures by him ; one being a *plafond* in the Louvre, which his disciples much admire.

Ingres stands between the Imperio-Davido-classical school of French art, and the namby-pamby mystical German school, which is for carrying us back to Cranach and Dürer, and which is making progress here.

For everything here finds imitation : the French have the genius of imitation and caricature. This absurd humbug, called the Christian or Catholic art, is sure to tickle our neighbours, and will be a favourite with them, when better known. My dear MacGilp, I do believe this to be a greater humbug than the humbug of David and Girodet, inasmuch as the latter was founded on Nature at least ; whereas the former is made up of silly affectations, and improvements upon Nature. Here, for instance, is Chevalier Ziegler's picture of 'St. Luke painting the Virgin.' St. Luke has a monk's dress on, embroidered, however, smartly round the sleeves. The Virgin sits in an immense yellow-ochre halo, with her son in her arms. She looks preternaturally solemn ; as does St. Luke, who is eyeing his paint-brush with an intense ominous mystical look. They call this Catholic art. There is nothing, my dear friend, more easy in life. First, take your colours, and rub them down clean,—bright carmine, bright yellow, bright sienna, bright ultramarine, bright green. Make the costumes of your figures as much as possible like the costumes of the early part of the fifteenth century. Paint them in with the above colours ; and if on a gold ground, the more 'Catholic' your art is. Dress your apostles like priests before the altar ; and remember to have a good commodity of crosiers, censers, and other such gimcracks, as you may see in the Catholic chapels, in Sutton Street and elsewhere. Deal in Virgins, and dress them like a burgomaster's wife by Cranach or Van Eyck. Give them all long twisted tails to their gowns, and proper angular draperies. Place all their heads on one side, with the eyes shut, and the proper solemn simper. At the back of the head, draw, and gild with gold-leaf, a halo, or glory, of the exact shape of a cart-wheel : and you have the thing done. It is Catholic art

tout craché, as Louis Philippe says. We have it still in England, handed down to us for four centuries, in the pictures on the cards, as the redoubtable king and queen of clubs. Look at them : you will see that the costumes and attitudes are precisely similar to those which figure in the catholicities of the school of Overbeck and Cornelius.

Before you take your cane at the door, look for one instant at the statue-room. Yonder is Jouffley's 'Jeune Fille confiant son premier secret à Vénus.' Charming, charming ! It is from the exhibition of this year only ; and, I think, the best sculpture in the gallery—pretty, fanciful, *naïve* ; admirable in workmanship and imitation of Nature. I have seldom seen flesh better represented in marble. Examine, also, Jaley's 'Pudeur,' Jacquot's 'Nymph,' and Rude's 'Boy with the Tortoise.' These are not very exalted subjects, or what are called exalted, and do not go beyond simple, smiling beauty and nature. But what then ? Are we gods, Miltons, Michael Angelos, that can leave earth when we please, and soar to heights immeasurable ? No, my dear MacGilp ; but the fools of academicians would fain make us so. Are you not, and half the painters in London, panting for an opportunity to show your genius in a great 'historical picture' ? O blind race ! Have you wings ? Not a feather : and yet you must be ever puffing, sweating up to the tops of rugged hills ; and, arrived there, clapping and shaking your ragged elbows, and making as if you would fly ! Come down, silly Daedalus ; come down to the lowly places in which Nature ordered you to walk. The sweet flowers are springing there ; the fat muttons are waiting there ; the pleasant sun shines there : be content and humble, and take your share of the good cheer.

While we have been indulging in this discussion, the omnibus has gaily conducted us across the water ; and *le garde qui veille à la porte du Louvre ne défend pas* our entry.

What a paradise this gallery is for French students, or foreigners who sojourn in the capital ! It is hardly necessary to say that the brethren of the brush are not usually supplied by Fortune with any extraordinary wealth, or means of enjoying the luxuries with which Paris, more than any other city, abounds. But here they have a luxury which surpasses all others, and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy.

They sleep, perhaps, in a garret, and dine in a cellar ; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing-room. Kings' houses have, at best, but damask hangings, and gilt cornices. What are these, to a wall covered with canvas by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens ? Artists from England, who have a national gallery that resembles a moderate-sized gin-shop, who may not copy pictures, except under particular restrictions, and on rare and particular days, may revel here to their hearts' content. Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and all varieties of study : the only puzzle to the student, is to select the one he shall begin upon, and keep his eyes away from the rest.

Fontaine's grand staircase, with its arches, and painted ceilings, and shining Doric columns, leads directly to the gallery ; but it is thought too fine for working days, and is only opened for the public entrance on the Sabbath. A little back stair (leading from a court, in which stand numerous bas-reliefs, and a solemn sphinx, of polished granite) is the common entry for students and others, who, during the week, enter the gallery.

Hither have lately been transported a number of the works of French artists, which formerly covered the walls of the Luxembourg (death only entitles the French painter to a place in the Louvre) ; and let us confine ourselves to the Frenchmen only, for the space of this letter.

I have seen, in a fine private collection at St. Germain, one or two admirable single figures of David, full of life, truth, and gaiety. The colour is not good, but all the rest excellent ; and one of these so much-lauded pictures is the ● portrait of a washerwoman. ' Pope Pius,' at the Louvre, is as bad in colour, and as remarkable for its vigour and look of life. The man had a genius for painting portraits and common life, but must attempt the heroic ;—failed signally ; and, what is worse, carried a whole nation blundering after him. Had you told a Frenchman so, twenty years ago, he would have thrown the *démenti* in your teeth ; or, at least, laughed at you in scornful incredulity. They say of us, that we don't know when we are beaten : they go a step further, and swear their defeats are victories. David was a part of the glory of the empire ; and one might as well have said, there, that ' Romulus ' was a bad picture, as that

Toulouse was a lost battle. Old-fashioned people, who believe in the Emperor, believe in the Théâtre Français, and believe that Ducis improved upon Shakespeare, have the above opinion. Still, it is curious to remark, in this place, how art and literature become party matters, and political sects have their favourite painters and authors.

Nevertheless, Jacques Louis David is dead. He died about a year after his bodily demise in 1825. The romanticism killed him. Walter Scott, from his Castle of Abbotsford, sent out a troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders, who, with trunk hosen and buff jerkins, fierce two-handed swords, and harness on their backs, did challenge, combat, and overcome the heroes and demigods of Greece and Rome. *Nôtre Dame à la rescousse!* Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert has borne Hector of Troy clear out of his saddle. Andromache may weep; but her spouse is beyond the reach of physic. See! Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly, howling. *Montjoie Saint Denis!* down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois; and yonder are Leonidas and Romulus begging their lives of Rob Roy Macgregor. Classicism is dead. Sir John Froissart has taken Dr. Lemprière by the nose, and reigns sovereign.

Of the great pictures of David, the defunct, we need not, then, say much. Romulus is a mighty fine young fellow, no doubt; and if he has come out to battle stark naked (except a very handsome helmet), it is because the costume became him, and shows off his figure to advantage. But was there ever anything so absurd as this passion for the nude, which was followed by all the painters of the Davidian epoch? And how are we to suppose yonder straddle to be the true characteristic of the heroic and the sublime? Romulus stretches his legs as far as ever nature will allow; the Horatii, in receiving their swords, think proper to stretch their legs too, and to thrust forward their arms thus—



Romulus. The Horatii .

Romulus's is the exact action of a telegraph; and the Horatii are all in the position of the lunge. Is this the

sublime ? Mr. Angelo, of Bond Street, might admire the attitude ; his namesake, Michael, I don't think would.

The little picture of ' Paris and Helen,' one of the master's earliest, I believe, is likewise one of his best : the details are exquisitely painted. Helen looks needlessly sheepish, and Paris has a most odious ogle ; but the limbs of the male figure are beautifully designed, and have not the green tone which you see in the later pictures of the master. What is the meaning of this green ? Was it the fashion, or the varnish ? Girodet's pictures are green ; Gros's emperors and grenadiers have universally the jaundice. Gerard's ' Psyche' has a most decided green sickness ; and I am at a loss, I confess, to account for the enthusiasm which this performance inspired on its first appearance before the public.

In the same room with it, is Girodet's ghastly ' Deluge,' and Géricault's dismal ' Medusa.' Géricault died, they say, for want of fame. He was a man who possessed a considerable fortune of his own ; but pined because no one in his day would purchase his pictures, and so acknowledge his talent. At present, a scrawl from his pencil brings an enormous price. All his works have a grand *cachet* : he never did anything mean. When he painted the ' Raft of the Medusa,' it is said he lived for a long time among the corpses which he painted, and that his studio was a second Morgue. If you have not seen the picture, you are familiar, probably, with Reynolds's admirable engraving of it. A huge black sea ; a raft beating upon it ; a horrid company of men dead, half dead, writhing and frantic with hideous hunger or hideous hope ; and, far away, black, against a stormy sunset, a sail. The story is powerfully told, and has a legitimate tragic interest, so to speak,—deeper, because more natural, than Girodet's green ' Deluge,' for instance ; or his livid ' Orestes,' or red-hot ' Clytemnestra.'

Seen from a distance, the latter's ' Deluge ' has a certain awe-inspiring air with it. A slimy green man stands on a green rock, and clutches hold of a tree. On the green man's shoulders is his old father, in a green old age ; to him hangs his wife, with a babe on her breast, and, dangling at her hair, another child. In the water floats a corpse (a beautiful head) ; and a green sea and atmosphere envelops all this dismal group. The old father is repre-

sented with a bag of money in his hand ; and the tree, which the man clutches, is cracking, and just on the point of giving way. These two points were considered very fine by the critics : they are two such ghastly epigrams as continually disfigure French tragedy. For this reason, I have never been able to read Racine with pleasure,—the dialogue is so crammed with these lugubrious good things—melancholy antitheses—sparkling undertakers' wit ; but this is heresy, and had better be spoken discreetly.

The gallery contains a vast number of Poussin's pictures ; they put me in mind of the colour of objects in dreams,—a strange, hazy, lurid hue. How noble are some of his landscapes ! What a depth of solemn shadow is in yonder wood, near which, by the side of a black water, halts Diogenes. The air is thunder-laden, and breathes heavily. You hear ominous whispers in the vast forest gloom.

Near it is a landscape, by Carel Dujardin, I believe, conceived in quite a different mood, but exquisitely poetical too. A horseman is riding up a hill, and giving money to a blowsy beggar-wench. *O matutini rores auraeque salubres !* in what a wonderful way has the artist managed to create you out of a few bladders of paint and pots of varnish. You can see the matutinal dews twinkling in the grass, and feel the fresh, salubrious airs (' the breath of Nature blowing free,' as the corn-law man sings) blowing free over the heath ; silvery vapours are rising up from the blue lowlands. You can tell the hour of the morning and the time of the year : you can do anything but describe it in words. As with regard to the Poussin above-mentioned, one can never pass it without bearing away a certain pleasing, dreamy feeling of awe and musing ; the other landscape inspires the spectator infallibly with the most delightful briskness and cheerfulness of spirit. Herein lies the vast privilege of the landscape-painter : he does not address you with one fixed particular subject or expression, but with a thousand never contemplated by himself, and which only arise out of occasion. You may always be looking at a natural landscape as at a fine pictorial imitation of one ; it seems eternally producing new thoughts in your bosom, as it does fresh beauties from its own. I cannot fancy more delightful, cheerful, silent companions for a man than half a dozen landscapes hung round his study. Portraits, on the contrary, and

large pieces of figures, have a painful, fixed, staring look, which must jar upon the mind in many of its moods. Fancy living in a room with David's sans-culotte 'Leonidas' staring perpetually in your face!

There is a little Watteau here, and a rare piece of fantastical brightness and gaiety it is. What a delightful affectation about yonder ladies flirting their fans, and trailing about in their long brocades! What splendid dandies are those ever-smirking, turning out their toes, with broad blue ribbons to tie up their crooks and their pigtails, and wonderful gorgeous crimson satin breeches! Yonder, in the midst of a golden atmosphere, rises a bevy of little round Cupids, bubbling up in clusters as out of a champagne bottle, and melting away in air. There is, to be sure, a hidden analogy between liquors and pictures: the eye is deliciously tickled by these frisky Watteaus, and yields itself up to a light, smiling, gentlemanlike intoxication. Thus, were we inclined to pursue further this mighty subject, yonder landscape of Claude,—calm, fresh, delicate, yet full of flavour,—should be likened to a bottle of Château-Margaux. And what is the Poussin before spoken of but Romanée-Gelée?—heavy, sluggish,—the luscious odour almost sickens you; a sultry sort of drink; your limbs sink under it; you feel as if you had been drinking hot blood.

An ordinary man would be whirled away in a fever, or would hobble off this mortal stage, in a premature gout-fit, if he too early or too often indulged in such tremendous drink. I think in my heart I am fonder of pretty third-rate pictures than of your great thundering first-rates. Confess how many times you have read Béranger, and how many Milton? If you go to the Star-and-Garter, don't you grow sick of that vast, luscious landscape, and long for the sight of a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common? Donkeys, my dear MacGilp, since we have come to this subject,—say not so; Richmond Hill for them. Milton they never grow tired of; and are as familiar with Raphael as Bottom with exquisite Titania. Let us thank Heaven, my dear sir, for according to us the power to taste and appreciate the pleasures of mediocrity. I have never heard that we were great geniuses. Earthy are we, and of the earth; glimpses of the sublime are but rare to us; leave we them to great geniuses, and to

the donkeys ; and if it nothing profit us,—*aérias tentasse domos* along with them,—let us thankfully remain below, being merry and humble.

I have now only to mention the charming ‘Cruche Cassée’ of Greuze, which all the young ladies delight to copy ; and of which the colour (a thought too blue, perhaps) is marvellously graceful and delicate. There are three more pictures by the artist, containing exquisite female heads and colour ; but they have charms for French critics which are difficult to be discovered by English eyes ; and the pictures seem weak to me. A very fine picture by Bon Bollongue, ‘Saint Benedict resuscitating a Child,’ deserves particular attention, and is superb in vigour and richness of colour. You must look, too, at the large, noble, melancholy landscapes of Philippe de Champagne ; and the two magnificent Italian pictures of Léopold Robert : they are, perhaps, the very finest pictures that the French school has produced,—as deep as Poussin, of a better colour, and of a wonderful minuteness and veracity in the representation of objects.

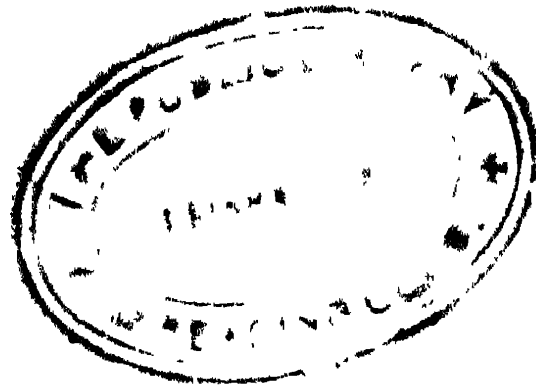
Every one of Lesueur’s church-pictures is worth examining and admiring ; they are full of ‘unction,’ and pious mystical grace. ‘Saint Scholastica’ is divine ; and the ‘Taking down from the Cross,’ as noble a composition as ever was seen ; I care not by whom the other may be. There is more beauty, and less affectation, about this picture than you will find in the performances of many Italian masters, with high sounding names (out with it, and say RAPHAEL at once). I hate those simpering Madonnas. I declare that the Jardinière is a puking, smirking miss, with nothing heavenly about her. I vow that the ‘Saint Elizabeth’ is a bad picture,—a bad composition, badly drawn, badly coloured, in a bad imitation of Titian,—a piece of vile affectation. I say, that when Raphael painted this picture, two years before his death, the spirit of painting had gone from out of him ; he was no longer inspired ; *it was time that he should die ! !*

There,—the murder is out ! My paper is filled to the brim, and there is no time to speak of Lesueur’s ‘Crucifixion,’ which is odiously coloured, to be sure ; but earnest, tender, simple, holy. But such things are most difficult to translate into words ;—one lays down the pen, and thinks, and thinks. The figures appear, and take their places

one by one: ranging themselves according to order, in light or in gloom, the colours are reflected duly in the little camera obscura of the brain, and the whole picture lies there complete; but can you describe it? No, not if pens were fitch-brushes, and words were bladders of paint. With which, for the present, adieu.

Your faithful
M. A. T.

To Mr. Robert MacGilp,
Newman Street, London.



THE PAINTER'S BARGAIN

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1838]

SIMON GAMBOUGE was the son of Solomon Gambouge; and, as all the world knows, both father and son were astonishingly clever fellows at their profession. Solomon painted landscapes, which nobody bought; and Simon took a higher line, and painted portraits to admiration, only nobody came to sit to him.

As he was not gaining five pounds a-year by his profession, and had arrived at the age of twenty, at least, Simon determined to better himself by taking a wife,—a plan which a number of other wise men adopt, in similar years and circumstances. So Simon prevailed upon a butcher's daughter (to whom he owed considerably for cutlets) to quit the meat-shop, and follow him. Griskinissa—such was the fair creature's name—was as lovely a bit of mutton, her father said, as ever a man would wish to stick a knife into. She had sat to the painter for all sorts of characters; and the curious who possess any of Gambouge's pictures will see her as Venus, Minerva, Madonna, and in numberless other characters: Portrait of a lady—Griskinissa; Sleeping Nymph—Griskinissa, without a rag of clothes, lying in a forest; Maternal Solicitude—Griskinissa again, with young Master Gambouge, who was by this time the offspring of their affections.

The lady brought the painter a handsome little fortune of a couple of hundred pounds; and as long as this sum lasted no woman could be more lovely or loving. But want began speedily to attack their little household; bakers' bills were unpaid; rent was due, and the reckless landlord gave no quarter; and, to crown the whole, her father, unnatural butcher! suddenly stopped the supplies of mutton-chops; and swore that his daughter, and the dauber her husband, should have no more of his wares. At first they embraced tenderly, and, kissing and crying over their little infant, vowed to Heaven that they would do

without; but in the course of the evening Griskinissa grew peckish, and poor Simon pawned his best coat.

When this habit of pawning is discovered, it appears to the poor a kind of Eldorado. Gambouge and his wife were so delighted, that they, in the course of a month, made away with her gold chain, her great warming-pan, his best crimson plush inexpressibles, two wigs, a washhand-basin and ewer, fire-irons, window-curtains, crockery, and arm-chairs. Griskinissa said, smiling, that she had found a second father in *her uncle*,—a base pun, which showed that her mind was corrupted, and that she was no longer the tender, simple Griskinissa of other days.

I am sorry to say that she had taken to drinking; she swallowed the warming-pan in the course of three days, and fuddled herself one whole evening with the crimson plush breeches.

Drinking is the devil—the father, that is to say, of all vices. Griskinissa's face and her mind grew ugly together; her good humour changed to bilious, bitter discontent; her pretty, fond epithets, to foul abuse and swearing; her tender blue eyes grew watery and blear, and the peach colour on her cheeks fled from its old habitation, and crowded up into her nose, where, with a number of pimples, it stuck fast. Add to this a dirty, draggled chintz; long matted hair, wandering into her eyes, and over her lean shoulders, which were once so snowy, and you have the picture of drunkenness and Mrs. Simon Gambouge.

Poor Simon, who had been a gay, lively fellow enough in the days of his better fortune, was completely cast down by his present ill luck, and cowed by the ferocity of his wife. From morning till night the neighbours could hear this woman's tongue, and understand her doings; bellows went skimming across the room, chairs were flumped down on the floor, and poor Gambouge's oil and varnish-pots went clattering through the windows, or down the stairs. The baby roared all day; and Simon sat pale and idle in a corner, taking a small sup at the brandy-bottle, when Mrs. Gambouge was out of the way.

One day, as he sat disconsolately at his easel, furbishing up a picture of his wife, in the character of Peace, which he had commenced a year before, he was more than ordinarily desperate, and cursed and swore in the most pathetic manner. 'Oh, miserable fate of genius!' cried he, 'was

I, a man of such commanding talents, born for this ? to be bullied by a fiend of a wife ; to have my masterpieces neglected by the world, or sold only for a few pieces ? Cursed be the love which has misled me ; cursed be the art which is unworthy of me ! Let me dig or steal, let me sell myself as a soldier, or sell myself to the devil, I should not be more wretched than I am now ! ’



‘ Quite the contrary,’ cried a small, cheery voice.

‘ What ! ’ exclaimed Gambouge, trembling and surprised. ‘ Who’s there ?— where are you ?— who are you ? ’

‘ You were just speaking of me,’ said the voice.

Gambouge held, in his left hand, his palette ; in his right, a bladder of crimson lake, which he was about to squeeze out upon the mahogany. ‘ Where are you ? ’ cried he again.

‘ S-q-u-e-e-z-e ! ’ exclaimed the little voice.

Gambouge picked out the nail from the bladder, and gave a

squeeze ; when, as sure as I am living, a little imp spirited out from the hole upon the palette, and began laughing in the most singular and oily manner.

When first born, he was little bigger than a tadpole ; then he grew to be as big as a mouse ; then he arrived at the size of a cat ; and then he jumped off the palette, and turning head over heels, asked the poor painter what he wanted with him.

The strange little animal twisted head over heels, and fixed himself at last upon the top of Gambouge's easel,—smearing out, with his heels, all the white and vermilion which had just been laid on to the allegoric portrait of Mrs. Gambouge.

‘What!’ exclaimed Simon, ‘is it the ——’

‘Exactly so; talk of me, you know, and I am always at hand: besides, I am not half so black as I am painted, as you will see when you know me a little better.’

‘Upon my word,’ said the painter, ‘it is a very singular surprise which you have given me. To tell truth, I did not even believe in your existence.’

The little imp put on a theatrical air, and, with one of Mr. Macready's best looks, said,—

‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Gambogio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.’

Gambouge, being a Frenchman, did not understand the quotation, but felt somehow strangely and singularly interested in the conversation of his new friend.

Diabolus continued: ‘You are a man of merit, and want money; you will starve on your merit; you can only get money from me. Come, my friend, how much is it? I ask the easiest interest in the world; old Mordecai, the usurer, has made you pay twice as heavily before now: nothing but the signature of a bond, which is a mere ceremony, and the transfer of an article which, in itself, is a supposition—a valueless, windy, uncertain property of yours, called, by some poet of your own, I think, an *animula, vagula, blandula*; bah! there is no use beating about the bush—I mean *a soul*. Come, let me have it; you know you will sell it some other way, and not get such good pay for your bargain!’—and, having made this speech, the Devil pulled out from his fob a sheet as big as a double *Times*, only there was a different *stamp* in the corner.

It is useless and tedious to describe law documents; lawyers only love to read them; and they have as good in Chitty as any that are to be found in the devil's own; so nobly have the apprentices emulated the skill of the master. Suffice it to say, that poor Gambouge read over the paper, and signed it. He was to have all he wished for seven years, and at the end of that time was to become the property of the ——; ~~Provided~~ that, during the course

of the seven years, every single wish which he might form should be gratified by the other of the contracting parties ; otherwise the deed became null and non-avenue, and Gambouge should be left ' to go to the —— his own way.'

' You will never see me again,' said Diabolus, in shaking hands with poor Simon, on whose fingers he left such a mark as is to be seen at this day—' never, at least, unless you want me ; for everything you ask will be performed in the most quiet and every-day manner : believe me, it is best and most gentlemanlike, and avoids anything like scandal. But if you set me about anything which is extraordinary, and out of the course of nature, as it were, come I must, you know ; and of this you are the best judge.' So saying, Diabolus disappeared ; but whether up the chimney, through the keyhole, or by any other aperture or contrivance, nobody knows. Simon Gambouge was left in a fever of delight, as, Heaven forgive me ! I believe many a worthy man would be, if he were allowed an opportunity to make a similar bargain.

' Heigho !' said Simon, ' I wonder whether this be a reality or a dream. I am sober, I know ; for who will give me credit for the means to be drunk ? and as for sleeping, I'm too hungry for that. I wish I could see a capon and a bottle of white wine.'

' MONSIEUR SIMON !' cried a voice on the landing-place.

' *C'est ici,*' quoth Gambouge, hastening to open the door. He did so ; and, lo ! there was a *restaurateur's* boy at the door, supporting a tray, a tin-covered dish, and plates on the same ; and, by its side, a tall amber-coloured flask of Sauterne.

' I am the new boy, sir,' exclaimed this youth, on entering ; ' but I believe this is the right door, and you asked for these things.'

Simon grinned, and said, ' Certainly, I did *ask for* these things.' But such was the effect which his interview with the demon had had on his innocent mind, that he took them, although he knew that they were for old Simon, the Jew dandy, who was mad after an opera girl, and lived on the floor beneath.

' Go, my boy,' he said ; ' it is good : call in a couple of hours, and remove the plates and glasses.'

The little waiter trotted down stairs, and Simon sate greedily down to discuss the capon and the white wine.

He bolted the legs, he devoured the wings, he cut every morsel of flesh from the breast ;—seasoning his repast with pleasant draughts of wine, and caring nothing for the inevitable bill, which was to follow all.

‘Ye gods!’ said he, as he scraped away at the backbone, ‘what a dinner! what wine!—and how gaily served up too!’ There were silver forks and spoons, and the remnants of the fowl were upon a silver dish. ‘Why, the money for this dish and these spoons,’ cried Simon, ‘would keep me and Mrs. G. for a month! I WISH’—and here Simon whistled, and turned round to see that nobody was peeping—‘I wish the plate were mine.’

O the horrid progress of the devil! ‘Here they are,’ thought Simon to himself; ‘why should not I *take them?*’ And take them he did. ‘Detection,’ said he, ‘is not so bad as starvation; and I would as soon live at the galleys as live with Madame Gambouge.’

So Gambouge shovelled dish and spoons into the flap of his surtout, and ran down stairs as if the devil were behind him—as, indeed, he was.

He immediately made for the house of his old friend the pawnbroker—that establishment which is called in France the Mont de Piété. ‘I am obliged to come to you again, my old friend,’ said Simon, ‘with some family plate, of which I beseech you to take care.’

The pawnbroker smiled as he examined the goods. ‘I can give you nothing upon them,’ said he.

‘What!’ cried Simon; ‘not even the worth of the silver?’

‘No; I could buy them at that price at the Café Morisot, Rue de la Verrerie, where, I suppose, you got them a little cheaper.’ And, so saying, he showed to the guilt-stricken Gambouge how the name of that coffee-house was inscribed upon every one of the articles which he had wished to pawn.

The effects of conscience are dreadful indeed! Oh! how fearful is retribution, how deep is despair, how bitter is remorse for crime—*when crime is found out!*—otherwise, conscience takes matters much more easily. Gambouge cursed his fate, and swore henceforth to be virtuous.

‘But, hark ye, my friend,’ continued the honest broker, ‘there is no reason why, because I cannot lend upon these things, I should not buy them: they will do to melt, if for

no other purpose. Will you have half the money?—speak, or I peach.'

Simon's resolves about virtue were dissipated instantaneously. 'Give me half,' he said, 'and let me go.—What scoundrels are these pawnbrokers!' ejaculated he, as he passed out of the accursed shop, 'seeking every wicked pretext to rob the poor man of his hard-won gain.'

When he had marched forwards for a street or two, Gambouge counted the money which he had received, and found that he was in possession of no less than a hundred francs. It was night, as he reckoned out his equivocal gains, and he counted them at the light of a lamp. He looked up at the lamp, in doubt as to the course he should next pursue: upon it was inscribed the simple number, 152. 'A gambling-house,' thought Gambouge. 'I WISH I had half the money that is now on the table upstairs.'

He mounted, as many a rogue has done before him, and found half a hundred persons busy at a table of *rouge et noir*. Gambouge's five napoleons looked insignificant by the side of the heaps which were around him; but the effects of the wine, of the theft, and of the detection by the pawnbroker, were upon him, and he threw down his capital stoutly upon the 0 0.

It is a dangerous spot, that 0 0, or double zero; but to Simon it was more lucky than to the rest of the world. The ball went spinning round—in 'its predestined circle rolled,' as Shelley has it, after Goethe—and plumped down at last in the double zero. One hundred and thirty-five gold napoleons (louis they were then) were counted out to the delighted painter. 'Oh, Diabolus!' cried he, 'now it is that I begin to believe in thee! Don't talk about merit,' he cried; 'talk about fortune. Tell me not about heroes for the future—tell me of *zeroes*.' And down went twenty napoleons more upon the 0.

The devil was certainly in the ball: round it twirled, and dropped into zero as naturally as duck pops its head into a pond. Our friend received five hundred pounds for his stake; and the croupiers and lookers-on began to stare at him.

There were twelve thousand pounds on the table. Suffice it to say, that Simon won half, and retired from the Palais Royal with a thick bundle of bank-notes crammed into his dirty three-cornered hat. He had been but half

an hour in the place, and he had won the revenues of a prince for half a year !

Gambouge, as soon as he felt that he was a capitalist, and that he had a stake in the country, discovered that he was an altered man. He repented of his foul deed, and his base purloining of the *restaurateur's* plate. 'Oh, honesty !' he cried, 'how unworthy is an action like this of a man who has a property like mine !' So he went back to the pawnbroker with the gloomiest face imaginable. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have sinned against all that I hold most sacred ; I have forgotten my family and my religion. Here is thy money. In the name of Heaven, restore me the plate which I have wrongfully sold thee !'

But the pawnbroker grinned, and said, 'Nay, Mr. Gambouge, I will sell that plate for a thousand francs to you, or I never will sell it at all.'

'Well,' cried Gambouge, 'thou art an inexorable ruffian, Troisboules ; but I will give thee all I am worth.' And here he produced a billet of five hundred francs. 'Look,' said he, 'this money is all I own ; it is the payment of two years' lodging. To raise it, I have toiled for many months ; and, failing, I have been a criminal. Oh, Heaven ! I *stole* that plate, that I might pay my debt, and keep my dear wife from wandering houseless. But I cannot bear this load of ignominy—I cannot suffer the thought of this crime. I will go to the person to whom I did wrong. I will starve, I will confess ; but I will, I *will* do right !'

The broker was alarmed. 'Give me thy note,' he cried ; 'here is the plate.'

'Give me an acquittal first,' cried Simon, almost broken-hearted ; 'sign me a paper, and the money is yours.' So Troisboules wrote according to Gambouge's dictation : 'Received, for thirteen ounces of plate, twenty pounds.'

'Monster of iniquity !' cried the painter, 'fiend of wickedness ! thou art caught in thine own snares. Hast thou not sold me five pounds' worth of plate for twenty ? Have I it not in my pocket ? Art thou not a convicted dealer in stolen goods ? Yield, scoundrel, yield thy money, or I will bring thee to justice !'

The frightened pawnbroker bullied and battled for awhile ; but he gave up his money at last, and the dispute ended. Thus it will be seen that Diabolus had rather a hard bargain in the wily Gambouge. He had taken a victim prisoner,

but he had assuredly caught a Tartar. Simon now returned home, and, to do him justice, paid the bill for his dinner, and restored the plate.

And now I may add (and the reader should ponder upon this, as a profound picture of human life), that Gambouge, since he had grown rich, grew likewise abundantly moral. He was a most exemplary father. He fed the poor, and was loved by them. He scorned a base action. And I have no doubt that Mr. Thurtell, or the late lamented Mr. Greenacre, in similar circumstances, would have acted like the worthy Simon Gambouge.

There was but one blot upon his character—he hated Mrs. Gam. worse than ever. As he grew more benevolent, she grew more virulent: when he went to plays, she went to Bible societies, and *vice versa*: in fact, she led him such a life as Xantippe led Socrates, or as a dog leads a cat in the same kitchen. With all his fortune—for, as may be supposed, Simon prospered in all worldly things—he was the most miserable dog in the whole city of Paris. Only in the point of drinking did he and Mrs. Simon agree; and for many years, and during a considerable number of hours in each day, he thus dissipated, partially, his domestic chagrin. Oh, philosophy! we may talk of thee: but, except at the bottom of the wine-cup, where thou liest like truth in a well, where shall we find thee?

He lived so long, and in his worldly matters prospered so much, there was so little sign of devilment in the accomplishment of his wishes, and the increase of his prosperity, that Simon, at the end of six years, began to doubt whether he had made any such bargain at all, as that which we have described at the commencement of this history. He had grown, as we said, very pious and moral. He went regularly to mass, and had a confessor into the bargain. He resolved, therefore, to consult that reverend gentleman, and to lay before him the whole matter.

‘I am inclined to think, holy sir,’ said Gambouge, after he had concluded his history, and shown how, in some miraculous way, all his desires were accomplished, ‘that, after all, this demon was no other than the creation of my own brain, heated by the effects of that bottle of wine, the cause of my crime and my prosperity.’

The confessor agreed with him, and they walked out of

church comfortably together; and entered afterwards a *café*, where they sate down to refresh themselves after the fatigues of their devotion.

A respectable old gentleman, with a number of orders at his button-hole, presently entered the room, and sauntered up to the marble table, before which reposed Simon and his clerical friend. 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' he said, as he took a place opposite them, and began reading the papers of the day.

'Bah!' said he, at last; 'sont-ils grands ces journaux Anglais? Look, sir,' he said, handing over an immense sheet of the *Times* to Mr. Gambouge, 'was ever anything so monstrous?'

Gambouge smiled politely, and examined the proffered page. 'It is enormous,' he said; 'but I do not read English.'

'Nay,' said the man with the orders, 'look closer at it, Signor Gambouge; it is astonishing how easy the language is.'

Wondering, Simon took the sheet of paper. He turned pale as he looked at it, and began to curse the ices and the waiter. 'Come, M. l'Abbé,' he said; 'the heat and glare of this place are intolerable.'

The stranger rose with them. 'Au plaisir de vous revoir, mon cher monsieur,' said he; 'I do not mind speaking before the abbé here, who will be my very good friend one of these days; but I thought it necessary to refresh your memory, concerning our little business transaction six years since; and could not exactly talk of it *at church*, as you may fancy.'

Simon Gambouge had seen, in the double-sheeted *Times* the paper signed by himself, which the little devil had pulled out of his fob.

There was no doubt on the subject; and Simon, who had but a year to live, grew more pious, and more careful than ever. He had consultations with all the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all the lawyers of the Palais. But his magnificence grew as wearisome to him as his poverty had been before; and not one of the doctors whom he consulted could give him a pennyworth of consolation.

Then he grew outrageous in his demand upon the devil, and put him to all sorts of absurd and ridiculous tasks;

but they were all punctually performed, until Simon could invent no new ones, and the devil sat all day with his hands in his pockets doing nothing.

One day, Simon's confessor came bounding into the room, with the greatest glee. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have it! Eureka!—I have found it. Send the pope a hundred thousand crowns, build a new Jesuit college at Rome, give a hundred gold candlesticks to St. Peter's; and tell his holiness you will double all, if he will give you absolution!'

Gambouge caught at the notion, and hurried off a courier to Rome, *ventre à terre*. His holiness agreed to the request of the petition, and sent him an absolution, written out with his own fist, and all in due form.

'Now,' said he, 'foul fiend, I defy you! arise, Diabolus! your contract is not worth a jot: the pope has absolved me, and I am safe on the road to salvation.' In a fervour of gratitude he clasped the hand of his confessor, and embraced him: tears of joy ran down the cheeks of these good men.

They heard an inordinate roar of laughter, and there was Diabolus sitting opposite to them, holding his sides, and lashing his tail about, as if he would have gone mad with glee.

'Why,' said he, 'what nonsense is this! do you suppose I care about *that*?' and he tossed the pope's missive into a corner. 'M. l'Abbé knows,' he said, bowing and grinning, 'that though the pope's paper may pass current *here*, it is not worth twopence in our country. What do I care about the pope's absolution? You might just as well be absolved by your under-butler.'

'Egad,' said the abbé, 'the rogue is right—I quite forgot the fact, which he points out clearly enough.'

'No, no, Gambouge,' continued Diabolus, with horrid familiarity, 'go thy ways, old fellow, that *cock won't fight*;' and he retired up the chimney, chuckling at his wit and his triumph. Gambouge heard his tail scuttling all the way up, as if he had been a sweeper by profession.

Simon was left in that condition of grief in which, according to the newspapers, cities and nations are found—when a murder is committed, or a lord ill of the gout—a situation, we say, more easy to imagine than to describe.

To add to his woes, Mrs. Gambouge, who was now first made acquainted with his compact, and its probable conse-

quences, raised such a storm about his ears, as made him wish almost that his seven years were expired. She screamed, she scolded, she swore, she wept, she went into such fits of hysterics, that poor Gambouge, who had completely knocked under to her, was worn out of his life. He was allowed no rest, night or day : he moped about his fine house, solitary and wretched, and cursed his stars that he ever had married the butcher's daughter.

It wanted six months of the time.

A sudden and desperate resolution seemed all at once to have taken possession of Simon Gambouge. He called his family and his friends together—he gave one of the greatest feasts that ever was known in the city of Paris—he gaily presided at one end of his table, while Mrs. Gam., splendidly arrayed, gave herself airs at the other extremity.

After dinner, using the customary formula, he called upon Diabolus to appear. The old ladies screamed, and hoped he would not appear naked ; the young ones tittered, and longed to see the monster : everybody was pale with expectation and affright.

A very quiet, gentlemanly man, neatly dressed in black, made his appearance, to the surprise of all present, and bowed all round to the company. 'I will not show my *credentials*,' he said, blushing, and pointing to his hoofs, which were cleverly hidden by his pumps and shoe-buckles, 'unless the ladies absolutely wish it ; but I am the person you want, Mr. Gambouge, pray tell me what is your will.'

'You know,' said that gentleman, in a stately and determined voice, 'that you are bound to me, according to our agreement, for six months to come.'

• • 'I am,' replied the new comer.

'You are to do all that I ask, whatsoever it may be, or you forfeit the bond which I gave you ?'

'It is true.'

'You declare this before the present company ?'

'Upon my honour, as a gentleman,' said Diabolus, bowing, and laying his hand upon his waistcoat.

A whisper of applause ran round the room ; all were charmed with the bland manners of the fascinating stranger.

'My love,' continued Gambouge, mildly addressing his lady, 'will you be so polite as to step this way ? You know I must go soon, and I am anxious, before this noble com-

pany, to make a provision for one who, in sickness as in health, in poverty as in riches, has been my truest and fondest companion.'

Gambouge mopped his eyes with his handkerchief—all the company did likewise. Diabolus sobbed audibly, and Mrs. Gambouge sidled up to her husband's side, and took him tenderly by the hand. 'Simon!' said she, 'is it true? and do you really love your Griskinissa?'

Simon continued solemnly: 'Come hither, Diabolus; you are bound to obey me in all things for the six months during which our contract has to run; take, then, Griskinissa Gambouge, live alone with her for half a year, never leave her from morning till night, obey all her caprices, follow all her whims, and listen to all the abuse which falls from her infernal tongue. Do this, and I ask no more of you; I will deliver myself up at the appointed time.'

Not Lord G——, when flogged by Lord B—— in the House,—not Mr. Cartlitch, of Astley's Amphitheatre, in his most pathetic passages, could look more crestfallen, and howl more hideously, than Diabolus did now. 'Take another year, Gambouge,' screamed he; 'two more—ten more—a century; roast me on Lawrence's gridiron, boil me in holy water, but don't ask that: don't, don't bid me live with Mrs. Gambouge!'

Simon smiled sternly. 'I have said it,' he cried; 'do this, or our contract is at an end.'

The devil, at this, grinned so horribly that every drop of beer in the house turned sour: he gnashed his teeth so frightfully that every person in the company well nigh fainted with the colic. He slapped down the great parchment upon the floor, trampled upon it madly, and lashed it with his hoofs and his tail: at last, spreading out a mighty pair of wings as wide as from here to Regent Street, he slapped Gambouge with his tail over one eye, and vanished, abruptly, through the keyhole.

Gambouge screamed with pain and started up. 'You, drunken, lazy scoundrel!' cried a shrill and well-known voice, 'you have been asleep these two hours:' and here he received another terrific box on the ear.

It was too true, he had fallen asleep at his work; and the beautiful vision had been dispelled by the thumps of the tipsy Griskinissa. Nothing remained to corroborate his



A PUZZLE FOR THE DEVIL

story, except the bladder of lake, and this was spirted all over his waistcoat and breeches.

‘ I wish,’ said the poor fellow, rubbing his tingling cheeks, ‘ that dreams were true ; ’ and he went to work again at his portrait.

My last accounts of Gambouge are, that he has left the arts, and is footman in a small family. Mrs. Gam. takes in washing ; and it is said that her continual dealings with soap-suds and hot water have been the only things in life which have kept her from spontaneous combustion.

CARTOUCHE

[*Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1839]

I HAVE been much interested with an account of the exploits of Monsieur Louis Dominic Cartouche, and as Newgate and the highways are so much the fashion with us in England, we may be allowed to look abroad for histories of a similar tendency. It is pleasant to find that virtue is cosmopolite, and may exist among wooden-shoed Papists as well as honest Church-of-England men.

Louis Dominic was born in a quarter of Paris called the Courtille, says the historian whose work lies before me ;—born in the Courtille, and in the year 1693. Another biographer asserts that he was born two years later, and in the Marais ;—of respectable parents, of course. Think of the talent that our two countries produced about this time : Marlborough, Villars, Mandrin, Turpin, Boileau, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Molière, Racine, Jack Sheppard, and Louis Cartouche,—all famous within the same twenty years, and fighting, writing, robbing, *à l'envi* !

Well, Marlborough was no chicken when he began to show his genius ; Swift was but a dull, idle, college lad ; but if we read the histories of some other great men mentioned in the above list—I mean the thieves, especially—we shall find that they all commenced very early : they showed a passion for their art, as little Raphael did, or little Mozart ; and the history of Cartouche's knaveries begins almost with his breeches.

Dominic's parents sent him to school at the college of Clermont (now Louis le Grand) ; and although it has never been discovered that the Jesuits, who directed that seminary, advanced him much in classical or theological knowledge, Cartouche, in revenge, showed, by repeated instances, his own natural bent and genius, which no difficulties were strong enough to overcome. His first great action on record, although not successful in the end, and tinctured with the innocence of youth, is yet highly

creditable to him. He made a general swoop of a hundred and twenty nightcaps belonging to his companions, and disposed of them to his satisfaction; but as it was discovered that of all the youths in the college of Clermont, he only was the possessor of a cap to sleep in, suspicion (which, alas! was confirmed) immediately fell upon him: and by this little piece of youthful *naïveté*, a scheme, prettily conceived and smartly performed, was rendered naught.

Cartouche had a wonderful love for good eating, and put all the apple-women and cooks, who came to supply the students, under contribution. Not always, however, desirous of robbing these, he used to deal with them, occasionally, on honest principles of barter; that is, whenever he could get hold of his schoolfellows' knives, books, rulers, or playthings, which he used fairly to exchange for tarts and gingerbread.

It seemed as if the presiding genius of evil was determined to patronize this young man; for before he had been long at college, and soon after he had, with the greatest difficulty, escaped from the nightcap scrape, an opportunity occurred by which he was enabled to gratify both his propensities at once, and not only to steal, but to steal sweetmeats. It happened that the principal of the College received some pots of Narbonne honey, which came under the eyes of Cartouche, and in which that young gentleman, as soon as ever he saw them, determined to put his fingers. The president of the college put aside his honey-pots in an apartment within his own; to which, except by the one door which led into the room which his reverence usually occupied, there was no outlet. There was no chimney in the room; and the windows looked into the court, where there was a porter at night, and where crowds passed by day. What was Cartouche to do?—have the honey he must.

Over this chamber, which contained what his soul longed after, and over the president's rooms, there ran a set of unoccupied garrets, into which the dexterous Cartouche penetrated. These were divided from the rooms below, according to the fashion of those days, by a set of large beams, which reached across the whole building, and across which rude planks were laid, which formed the ceiling of the lower story and the floor of the upper.

Some of these planks did young Cartouche remove ; and having descended by means of a rope, tied a couple of others to the neck of the honey-pots, climbed back again, and drew up his prey in safety. He then cunningly fixed the planks again in their old places, and retired to gorge himself upon his booty. And, now, see the punishment of avarice ! Everybody knows that the brethren of the order of Jesus are bound by a vow to have no more than a certain small sum of money in their possession. The principal of the college of Clermont had amassed a larger sum, in defiance of this rule : and where do you think the old gentleman had hidden it ? In the honey-pots ! As Cartouche dug his spoon into one of them, he brought out, besides a quantity of golden honey, a couple of golden louis, which, with ninety-eight more of their fellows, were comfortably hidden in the pots. Little Dominic, who, before, had cut rather a poor figure among his fellow-students, now appeared in as fine clothes as any of them could boast of ; and when asked by his parents, on going home, how he came by them, said that a young nobleman of his school-fellows had taken a violent fancy to him, and made him a present of a couple of his suits. Cartouche the elder, good man, went to thank the young nobleman ; but none such could be found, and young Cartouche disdained to give any explanation of his manner of gaining the money.

Here, again, we have to regret and remark the inadvertence of youth. Cartouche lost a hundred louis—for what ? For a pot of honey not worth a couple of shillings. Had he fished out the pieces, and replaced the pots and the honey, he might have been safe, and a respectable citizen all his life after. The principal would not have dared to confess the loss of his money, and did not, openly ; but he vowed vengeance against the stealer of his sweetmeat, and a rigid search was made. Cartouche, as usual, was fixed upon ; and in the tick of his bed, lo ! there were found a couple of empty honey-pots ! From this scrape there is no knowing how he would have escaped, had not the president himself been a little anxious to hush the matter up ; and, accordingly, young Cartouche was made to disgorge the residue of his ill-gotten gold pieces, old Cartouche made up the deficiency, and his son was allowed to remain unpunished—until the next time.

This, you may fancy, was not very long in coming ; and though history has not made us acquainted with the exact crime which Louis Dominic next committed, it must have been a serious one ; for Cartouche, who had borne philosophically all the whippings and punishments which were administered to him at college, did not dare to face that one which his indignant father had in pickle for him. As he was coming home from school, on the first day after his crime, when he received permission to go abroad, one of his brothers, who was on the look-out for him, met him, at a short distance from home, and told him what was in preparation ; which so frightened this young thief, that he declined returning home altogether, and set out upon the wide world to shift for himself as he could.

Undoubted as his genius was, he had not arrived at the full exercise of it, and his gains were by no means equal to his appetité. In whatever professions he tried,—whether he joined the gipsies, which he did,—whether he picked pockets on the Pont Neuf, which occupation history attributes to him,—poor Cartouche was always hungry. Hungry and ragged, he wandered from one place and profession to another, and regretted the honey-pots at Clermont, and the comfortable soup and *bouilli* at home.

Cartouche had an uncle, a kind man, who was a merchant, and had dealings at Rouen. One day, walking on the quays of that city, this gentleman saw a very miserable, dirty, starving lad, who had just made a pounce upon some bones and turnip-peelings, that had been flung out on the quay, and was eating them as greedily as if they had been turkeys and truffles. The worthy man examined • the lad a little closer. O heavens ! it was their runaway prodigal—it was little Louis Dominic ! The merchant was touched by his case ; and, forgetting the nightcaps, the honey-pots, and the rags and dirt of little Louis, took him to his arms, and kissed and hugged him with the tenderest affection. Louis kissed and hugged too, and blubbered a great deal ; he was very repentant, as a man often is when he is hungry ; and he went home with his uncle, and his peace was made ; and his mother got him new clothes, and filled his belly, and for a while Louis was as good a son as might be.

But why attempt to balk the progress of genius ? Louis's

was not to be kept down. He was sixteen years of age by this time—a smart, lively young fellow, and, what is more, desperately enamoured of a lovely washerwoman. To be successful in your love, as Louis knew, you must have something more than mere flames and sentiment;—a washer, or any other woman, cannot live upon sighs only; but must have new gowns and caps, and a necklace every now and then, and a few handkerchiefs and silk stockings, and a treat into the country or to the play. Now, how are all these to be had without money? Cartouche saw at once that it was impossible; and as his father would give him none, he was obliged to look for it elsewhere. He took to his old courses, and lifted a purse here, and a watch there; and found, moreover, an accommodating gentleman, who took the wares off his hands.

This gentleman introduced him into a very select and agreeable society, in which Cartouche's merit began speedily to be recognized, and in which he learned how pleasant it is in life to have friends to assist one, and how much may be done by a proper division of labour. M. Cartouche, in fact, formed part of a regular company or gang of gentlemen, who were associated together for the purpose of making war on the public and the law.

Cartouche had a lovely young sister, who was to be married to a rich young gentleman from the provinces. As is the fashion in France, the parents had arranged the match among themselves; and the young people had never met until just before the time appointed for the marriage, when the bridegroom came up to Paris with his title-deeds, and settlements, and money. Now, there can hardly be found in history a finer instance of devotion than Cartouche now exhibited. He went to his captain, explained the matter to him, and actually, for the good of his country, as it were (the thieves might be called his country), sacrificed his sister's husband's property. Informations were taken, the house of the bridegroom was reconnoitred, and, one night, Cartouche, in company with some chosen friends, made his first visit to the house of his brother-in-law. All the people were gone to bed; and, doubtless, for fear of disturbing the porter, Cartouche and his companions spared him the trouble of opening the door, by ascending quietly at the window. They arrived at the room where the bridegroom kept his great chest,

and set industriously to work, filing and picking the locks which defended the treasure.

The bridegroom slept in the next room ; but however tenderly Cartouche and his workmen handled their tools, from fear of disturbing his slumbers, their benevolent design was disappointed, for awoken him they did ; and quietly slipping out of bed, he came to a place where he had a complete view of all that was going on. He did not cry out, or frighten himself sillily ; but, on the contrary, contented himself with watching the countenances of the robbers, so that he might recognize them on another occasion ; and, though an avaricious man, he did not feel the slightest anxiety about his money-chest ; for the fact is, he had removed all the cash and papers the day before.

As soon, however, as they had broken all the locks, and found the nothing which lay at the bottom of the chest, he shouted with such a loud voice, ' Here, Thomas !—John !—officer !—keep the gate, fire at the rascals ! ' that they, incontinently taking fright, skipped nimbly out of window, and left the house free.

Cartouche, after this, did not care to meet his brother-in-law, but eschewed all those occasions on which the latter was to be present at his father's house. The evening before the marriage came ; and then his father insisted upon his appearance among the other relatives of the bride's and bridegroom's families, who were all to assemble and make merry. Cartouche was obliged to yield ; and brought with him one or two of his companions, who had been, by the way, present in the affair of the empty money-boxes ; and though he never fancied that there was any danger in meeting his brother-in-law, for he had no idea • that he had been seen in the night of the attack, with a natural modesty, which did him really credit, he kept out of the young bridegroom's sight as much as he could, and showed no desire to be presented to him. At supper however, as he was sneaking modestly down to a side-table, his father shouted after him, ' Ho, Dominic, come hither, and sit opposite your brother-in-law : ' which Dominic did, his friends following. The bridegroom pledged him very gracefully in a bumper ; and was in the act of making him a pretty speech, on the honour of an alliance with such a family, and on the pleasures of brother-in-lawship in general, when, looking in his face—ye gods ! he saw the

very man who had been fling at his money-chest a few nights ago ! By his side, too, sat a couple more of the gang. The poor fellow turned deadly pale and sick, and, setting his glass down, ran quickly out of the room, for he thought he was in company of a whole gang of robbers. And when he got home, he wrote a letter to the elder Cartouche, humbly declining any connexion with his family.

Cartouche the elder, of course, angrily asked the reason of such an abrupt dissolution of the engagement ; and then, much to his horror, heard of his eldest son's doings. ' You would not have me marry into such a family ? ' said the ex-bridegroom. And old Cartouche, an honest old citizen, confessed, with a heavy heart, that he would not. What was he to do with the lad ? He did not like to ask for a *lettre-de-cachet*, and shut him up in the Bastille. He determined to give him a year's discipline at the monastery of St. Lazare.

But how to catch the young gentleman ? Old Cartouche knew that, were he to tell his son of the scheme, the latter would never obey, and, therefore, he determined to be very cunning. He told Dominic that he was about to make a heavy bargain with the fathers, and should require a witness ; so they stepped into a carriage together, and drove unsuspectingly to the Rue St. Denis. But, when they arrived near the convent, Cartouche saw several ominous figures gathering round the coach, and felt that his doom was sealed. However, he made as if he knew nothing of the conspiracy ; and the carriage drew up, and his father descended, and, bidding him wait for a minute in the coach, promised to return to him. Cartouche looked out ; on the other side of the way half a dozen men were posted, evidently with the intention of arresting him.

Cartouche now performed a great and celebrated stroke of genius, which, if he had not been professionally employed in the morning, he never could have executed. He had in his pocket a picce of linen, which he had laid hold of at the door of some shop, and from which he quickly tore three suitable stripes. One he tied round his head, after the fashion of a nightcap ; a second, round his waist, like an apron ; and with the third he covered his hat, a round one, with a large brim. His coat and his periwig he left behind him in the carriage ; and when he stepped out from it (which he did without asking the coachman to let down

the steps), he bore exactly the appearance of a cook's boy carrying a dish; and with this he slipped through the exemptions quite unsuspected, and bade adieu to the Lazarists and his honest father, who came out speedily to seek him, and was not a little annoyed to find only his coat and wig.

With that coat and wig, Cartouche left home, father, friends, conscience, remorse, society, behind him. He discovered (like a great number of other philosophers and poets, when they have committed rascally actions) that the world was all going wrong, and he quarrelled with it outright. One of the first stories told of the illustrious Cartouche, when he became professionally and openly a robber, redounds highly to his credit, and shows that he knew how to take advantage of the occasion, and how much he had improved in the course of a very few years' experience. His courage and ingenuity were vastly admired by his friends; so much so, that, one day, the captain of the band thought fit to compliment him, and vowed that when he (the captain) died, Cartouche should infallibly be called to the command-in-chief. This conversation, so flattering to Cartouche, was carried on between the two gentlemen, as they were walking, one night, on the quays by the side of the Seine. Cartouche, when the captain made the last remark, blushing and protesting against it, and pleaded his extreme youth as a reason why his comrades could never put entire trust in him. 'Psha, man!' said the captain, 'thy youth is in thy favour; thou wilt live only the longer to lead thy troops to victory. As for strength, bravery, and cunning, wert thou as old as Methuselah, thou couldst not be better provided than thou art now, at eighteen.' What was the reply of Monsieur Cartouche? He answered, not by words, but by actions. Drawing his knife from his girdle, he instantly dug it into the captain's left side, as near his heart as possible; and then, seizing that imprudent commander, precipitated him violently into the waters of the Seine, to keep company with the gudgeons and river-gods. When he returned to the band, and recounted how the captain had basely attempted to assassinate him, and how he, on the contrary, had, by exertion of superior skill, overcome the captain, not one of the society believed a word of his history; but they elected him captain forthwith. I think his excellency Don Rafael Maroto, the

pacificator of Spain, is an amiable character, for whom history has not been written in vain.

Being arrived at this exalted position, there is no end of the feats which Cartouche performed; and his band reached to such a pitch of glory, that if there had been a hundred thousand, instead of a hundred of them, who knows but that a new and popular dynasty might not have been founded, and 'Louis Dominic, premier Empereur des Français,' might have performed innumerable glorious actions, and fixed himself in the hearts of his people, just as other monarchs have done, a hundred years after Cartouche's death.

A story similar to the above, and equally moral, is that of Cartouche, who, in company with two other gentlemen, robbed the *coche*, or packet-boat, from Melun, where they took a good quantity of booty,—making the passengers lie down on the decks, and rifling them at leisure. 'This money will be but very little among three,' whispered Cartouche, to his neighbour, as the three conquerors were making merry over their gains; 'if you were but to pull the trigger of your pistol in the neighbourhood of your comrade's ear, perhaps it might go off, and then there would be but two of us to share.' Strangely enough, as Cartouche said, the pistol *did* go off, and No. 3 perished. 'Give him another ball,' said Cartouche; and another was fired into him. But no sooner had Cartouche's comrade discharged both his pistols, than Cartouche himself, seized with a furious indignation, drew his: 'Learn, monster,' cried he, 'not to be so greedy of gold, and perish, the victim of thy disloyalty and avarice!' So Cartouche slew the second robber; and there is no man in Europe who can say that the latter did not merit well his punishment.

I could fill volumes, and not mere sheets of paper, with tales of the triumphs of Cartouche and his band; how he robbed the Countess of O——, going to Dijon, in her coach, and how the Countess fell in love with him, and was faithful to him ever after; how, when the lieutenant of police offered a reward of a hundred pistoles to any man who would bring Cartouche before him, a noble Marquess, in a coach and six, drove up to the hotel of the police; and the noble Marquess, desiring to see Monsieur de la Reynie, on matters of the highest moment, alone, the latter introduced him into his private cabinet; and how, when

there, the Marquess drew from his pocket a long, curiously shaped dagger: 'Look at this, Monsieur de la Reynie,' said he; 'this dagger is poisoned!'

'Is it possible?' said M. de la Reynie.

'A prick of it would do for any man,' said the Marquess.

'You don't say so!' said M. de la Reynie.

'I do, though; and, what is more,' says the Marquess, in a terrible voice, 'if you do not instantly lay yourself flat on the ground, with your face towards it, and your hands crossed over your back, or if you make the slightest noise or cry, I will stick this poisoned dagger between your ribs, as sure as my name is Cartouche!'

At the sound of this dreadful name, M. de la Reynie sunk incontinently down on his stomach, and submitted to be carefully gagged and corded; after which Monsieur Cartouche laid his hands upon all the money which was kept in the lieutenant's cabinet. Alas! and, alas! many a stout bailiff, and many an honest fellow of a spy, went, for that day, without his pay and his victuals!

There is a story that Cartouche once took the diligence to Lille, and found in it a certain Abbé Potter, who was full of indignation against this monster of a Cartouche, and said that when he went back to Paris, which he proposed to do in about a fortnight, he should give the lieutenant of police some information, which would infallibly lead to the scoundrel's capture. But poor Potter was disappointed in his designs; for, before he could fulfil them, he was made the victim of Cartouche's cruelty.

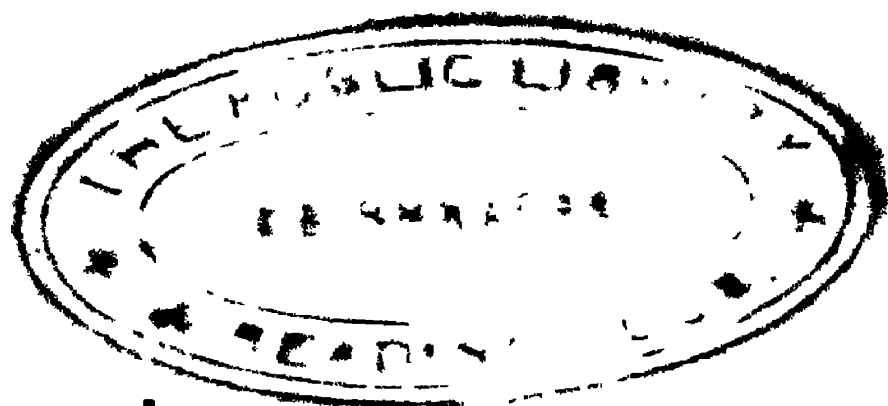
A letter came to the lieutenant of police, to state that Cartouche had travelled to Lille, in company with the Abbé de Potter, of that town; that on the reverend gentleman's return towards Paris, Cartouche had waylaid him, murdered him, taken his papers, and would come to Paris himself, bearing the name and clothes of the unfortunate abbé, by the Lille coach, on such a day. The Lille coach arrived, was surrounded by police agents; the monster Cartouche was there, sure enough, in the abbé's guise. He was seized, bound, flung into prison, brought out to be examined, and, on examination, found to be no other than the Abbé Potter himself! It is pleasant to read thus of the relaxations of great men, and find them condescending to joke like the meanest of us.

Another diligence adventure is recounted of the famous

Cartouche. It happened that he met, in the coach, a young and lovely lady, clad in widow's weeds, and bound to Paris, with a couple of servants. The poor thing was the widow of a rich old gentleman of Marseilles, and was going to the capital to arrange with her lawyers, and to settle her husband's will. The Count de Grinche (for so her fellow-passenger was called) was quite as candid as the pretty widow had been, and stated that he was a Captain in the regiment of Nivernois; that he was going to Paris to buy a colonelcy, which his relatives, the Duke de Bouillon, the Prince de Montmorenci, the Commandeur de la Trémoille, with all their interest at court, could not fail to procure for him. To be short, in the course of the four days' journey, the Count Louis Dominic de Grinche played his cards so well, that the poor little widow half forgot her late husband; and her eyes glistened with tears as the Count kissed her hand at parting,—at parting, he hoped, only for a few hours.

Day and night the insinuating Count followed her; and when, at the end of a fortnight, and in the midst of a *tête-à-tête*, he plunged, one morning, suddenly on his knees, and said, 'Leonora, do you love me?' the poor thing heaved the gentlest, tenderest, sweetest sigh in the world; and, sinking her blushing head on his shoulder, whispered, 'Oh, Dominic, je t'aime! Ah!' said she, 'how noble is it of my Dominic to take me with the little I have, and he so rich a nobleman!' The fact is, the old Baron's titles and estates had passed away to his nephews; his dowager was only left with three hundred thousand livres, in *rentes sur l'état*,—a handsome sum, but nothing to compare to the rent-roll of Count Dominic, Count de la Grinche, Seigneur de la Haute Pigre, Baron de la Bigorne; he had estates and wealth which might authorize him to aspire to the hand of a duchess, at least.

The unfortunate widow never for a moment suspected the cruel trick that was about to be played on her; and, at the request of her affianced husband, sold out her money, and realized it in gold, to be made over to him on the day when the contract was to be signed. The day arrived; and, according to the custom in France, the relations of both parties attended. The widow's, relatives, though respectable, were not of the first nobility, being chiefly persons of the *finance* or the *robe*: there was the president of the court of Arras, and his lady; a farmer-general; a judge





CARTOUCHE

of a court of Paris ; and other such grave and respectable people. As for Monsieur le Comte de la Grinche, he was not bound for names ; and, having the whole peerage to choose from, brought a host of Montmorencies, Crequis, De la Tours, and Guises at his back. His *homme d'affaires* brought his papers in a sack, and displayed the plans of his estates, and the titles of his glorious ancestry. The widow's lawyers had her money in sacks ; and between the gold on the one side, and the parchments on the other, lay the contract which was to make the widow's three hundred thousand francs the property of the Count de Grinche. The Count de la Grinche was just about to sign ; when the Marshal de Villars, stepping up to him, said, ' Captain, do you know who the president of the court of Arras, yonder, is ? It is old Manasseh, the fence, of Brussels. I pawned a gold watch to him, which I stole from Cadogan, when I was with Malbrook's army in Flanders.'

Here the Duc de la Roche Guyon came forward, very much alarmed. ' Run me through the body !' said his Grace, ' but the comptroller-general's lady, there, is no other than that old hag of a Margoton who keeps the ——.' Here the Duc de la Roche Guyon's voice fell.

Cartouche smiled graciously, and walked up to the table. He took up one of the widow's fifteen thousand gold pieces ; —it was as pretty a bit of copper as you could wish to see. ' My dear,' said he, politely, ' there is some mistake here, and this business had better stop.'

' Count !' gasped the poor widow.

' Count be hanged !' answered the bridegroom, sternly ; ' my name is CARTOUCHE !'

ON SOME FRENCH FASHIONABLE NOVELS

WITH A PLEA FOR ROMANCES IN GENERAL

THERE is an old story of a Spanish court painter, who, being pressed for money, and having received a piece of damask, which he was to wear in a state procession, pawned the damask, and appeared, at the show, dressed out in some very fine sheets of paper, which he had painted so as exactly to resemble silk. Nay, his coat looked so much richer than the doublets of all the rest, that the Emperor Charles, in whose honour the procession was given, remarked the painter, and so his deceit was found out.

I have often thought that, in respect of sham and real histories, a similar fact may be noticed ; the sham story appearing a great deal more agreeable, life-like, and natural than the true one : and all who, from laziness as well as principle, are inclined to follow the easy and comfortable study of novels, may console themselves with the notion that they are studying matters quite as important as history, and that their favourite duodecimos are as instructive as the biggest quartos in the world.

If, then, ladies, the big-wigs begin to sneer at the course of our studies, calling our darling romances foolish, trivial, noxious to the mind, enervators of intellect, fathers of idleness, and what not, let us at once take a high ground, and say,—Go you to your own employments, and to such dull studies as you fancy ; go and bob for triangles, from the Pons Asinorum ; go enjoy your dull black draughts of metaphysics ; go fumble over history books, and dissert upon Herodotus and Livy ; *our* histories are, perhaps, as true as yours ; our drink is the brisk sparkling champagne drink, from the presses of Colburn, Bentley, and Co. ; our walks are over such sunshiny pleasure-grounds as Scott and Shakespeare have laid out for us ; and if our dwellings

are castles in the air, we find them excessively splendid and commodious;—be not you envious because you have no wings to fly thither. Let the big-wigs despise us; such contempt of their neighbours is the custom of all barbarous tribes;—witness, the learned Chinese: Tippoo Suldaun declared that there were not in all Europe ten thousand men: the Slavonic hordes, it is said, so entitled themselves from a word in their jargon, which signifies ‘to speak’; the ruffians imagining that they had a monopoly of this agreeable faculty, and that all other nations were dumb.

Not so: others may be *deaf*; but the novelist has a loud, eloquent, instructive language, though his enemies may despise or deny it ever so much. What is more, one could, perhaps, meet the stoutest historian on his own ground, and argue with him; showing that sham histories were much truer than real histories; which are, in fact, mere contemptible catalogues of names and places, that can have no moral effect upon the reader.

As thus:—

Julius Caesar beat Pompey, at Pharsalia.

The Duke of Marlborough beat Marshal Tallard, at Blenheim.

The Constable of Bourbon beat Francis the First, at Pavia.

And what have we here?—so many names, simply. Suppose Pharsalia had been, at that mysterious period when names were given, called Pavia; and that Julius Caesar’s family name had been John Churchill;—the fact would have stood, in history, thus:—

‘Pompey ran away from the Duke of Marlborough, at Pavia.’

And why not?—we should have been just as wise; or it might be stated, that—

‘The tenth legion charged the French infantry at Blenheim; and Caesar, writing home to his mamma, said, “*Madame, tout est perdu fors l’honneur.*”’

What a contemptible science this is, then, about which quartos are written, and sixty-volumed Biographies Universelles, and Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedias, and the like! the facts are nothing in it, the names everything; and a gentleman might as well improve his mind by learning Walker’s Gazetteer, or getting by heart a fifty-years-old edition of the Court Guide.

Having thus disposed of the historians, let us come to the point in question—the novelists.

On the title-page of these volumes the reader has, doubtless, remarked, that among the pieces introduced, some are announced as ‘copies’ and ‘compositions.’ Many of the histories have, accordingly, been neatly stolen from the collections of French authors (and mutilated, according to the old saying, so that their owners should not know them); and, for compositions, we intend to favour the public with some studies of French modern works, that have not as yet, we believe, attracted the notice of the English public.

Of such works there appear many hundreds yearly, as may be seen by the French catalogues; but the writer has not so much to do with works political, philosophical, historical, metaphysical, scientific, theological, as with those for which he has been putting forward a plea—novels, namely; on which he has expended a great deal of time and study. And, passing from novels in general to French novels, let us confess, with much humiliation, that we borrow from these stories a great deal more knowledge of French society than from our own personal observation we ever can hope to gain: for, let a gentleman who has dwelt two, four, or ten years in Paris (and has not gone thither for the purpose of making a book, when three weeks are sufficient)—let an English gentleman say, at the end of any given period, how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made?—He has enjoyed, at the end of the year, say—

At the English Ambassador's,	so many soirées.	. •
At houses to which he has	} so many tea-parties.	
brought letters		
At Cafés	so many dinners.	
At French private houses .	say three dinners, and very	
	lucky too.	

He has, we say, seen an immense number of wax candles, cups of tea, glasses of orgeat, and French people, in best clothes, enjoying the same; but intimacy there is none; we see but the outsides of the people. Year by year we live in France, and grow grey, and see no more. We play écarté, with Monsieur de Trêfle, every night; but what

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HOW TO ASTONISH THE FRENCH
AN ENGLISH FAMILY AT THE TUILERIES

know we of the heart of the man—of the inward ways, thoughts, and customs of Trêfle? If we have good legs, and love the amusement, we dance with Countess Flicflac, Tuesdays and Thursdays, ever since the Peace; and how far are we advanced in acquaintance with her since we first twirled her round a room? We know her velvet gown, and her diamonds (about three-fourths of them are sham, by the way); we know her smiles, and her simpers, and her rouge—but no more: she may turn into a kitchen wench at twelve on Thursday night, for aught we know; her *voiture*, a pumpkin; and her *gens*, so many rats: but the real, rougeless, *intime* Flicflac, we know not. This privilege is granted to no Englishman: we may understand the French language as well as Monsieur de Levizac, but never can penetrate into Flicflac's confidence: our ways are not her ways; our manners of thinking, not hers: when we say a good thing, in the course of the night, we are wondrous lucky and pleased; Flicflac will trill you off fifty in ten minutes, and wonder at the *bêtise* of the Briton, who has never a word to say. We are married, and have fourteen children, and would just as soon make love to the Pope of Rome as to any one but our own wife. If you do not make love to Flicflac, from the day after her marriage to the day she reaches sixty, she thinks you a fool. We won't play at *écarté* with Trêfle on Sunday nights; and are seen walking, about one o'clock (accompanied by fourteen red-haired children, with fourteen gleaming prayer-books), away from the church. '*Grand Dieu!*' cries Trêfle, 'is that man mad? He won't play at cards on a Sunday; he goes to church on a Sunday; he has fourteen children!'

Was ever Frenchman known to do likewise? Pass we on to our argument, which is, that, with our English notions, and moral and physical constitution, it is quite impossible that we should become intimate with our brisk neighbours; and when such authors as Lady Morgan and Mrs. Trollope, having frequented a certain number of tea-parties in the French capital, begin to prattle about French manners and men,—with all respect for the talents of those ladies, we do believe their information not to be worth a sixpence; they speak to us, not of men, but of tea-parties. Tea-parties are the same all the world over; with the exception that, with the French, there are more

lights and prettier dresses ; and, with us, a mighty deal more tea in the pot.

There is, however, a cheap and delightful way of travelling, that a man may perform in his easy chair, without expense of passports or postboys. On the wings of a novel, from the next circulating library, he sends his imagination a-gadding, and gains acquaintance with people and manners, whom he could not hope otherwise to know. Twopence a volume bears us whithersoever we will ;—back to *Ivanhoe* and *Cœur de Lion*, or to *Waverley* and the *Young Pretender*, along with *Walter Scott* ; up to the heights of fashion with the charming enchanters of the silver-fork school ; or, better still, to the snug inn parlour, or the jovial taproom, with *Mr. Pickwick* and his faithful *Sancho Weller*. I am sure that a man who, a hundred years hence, should sit down to write the history of our time, would do wrong to put that great contemporary history of *Pickwick* aside, as a frivolous work. It contains true character under false names ; and, like *Roderick Random*, an inferior work, and *Tom Jones* (one that is immeasurably superior), gives us a better idea of the state and ways of the people, than one could gather from any more pompous or authentic histories.

We have, therefore, introduced into these volumes one or two short reviews of French fiction-writers, of particular classes, whose Paris sketches may give the reader some notion of manners in that capital. If not original, at least the drawings are accurate ; for, as a Frenchman might have lived a thousand years in England, and never could have written *Pickwick*, an Englishman cannot hope to give a good description of the inward thoughts and ways of his neighbours.

To a person inclined to study these, in that light and amusing fashion in which the novelist treats them, let us recommend the works of a new writer, *Monsieur de Bernard*, who has painted actual manners, without those monstrous and terrible exaggerations in which late French writers have indulged ; and who, if he occasionally wounds the English sense of propriety (as what French man or woman alive will not ?), does so more by slighting than by outraging it, as, with their laboured descriptions of all sorts of imaginable wickedness, some of his brethren of the press have done. *M. de Bernard's* characters are men and

women of genteel society—rascals enough, but living in no state of convulsive crimes; and we follow him in his lively, malicious account of their manners, without risk of lighting upon any such horrors as Balzac or Dumas have provided for us.

Let us give an instance :—it is from the amusing novel called *Les Ailes d'Icare*, and contains what is to us quite a new picture of a French fashionable rogue. The fashions will change in a few years, and the rogue, of course, with them. Let us catch this delightful fellow ere he flies. It is impossible to sketch the character in a more sparkling, gentlemanlike way, than M. de Bernard's; but such light things are very difficult of translation, and the sparkle sadly evaporates during the process of *decanting*.

A FRENCH FASHIONABLE LETTER

' My dear Victor, it is six in the morning : I have just come from the English Ambassador's ball, and as my plans for the day do not admit of my sleeping, I write you a line; for, at this moment, saturated as I am with the enchantments of a fairy night, all other pleasures would be too wearisome to keep me awake, except that of conversing with you. Indeed, were I not to write to you now, when should I find the possibility of doing so? Time flies here with such a frightful rapidity, my pleasures and my affairs whirl onwards together in such a torrentuous galopade, that I am compelled to seize occasion by the forelock; for each moment has its imperious employ. Do not, then, accuse me of negligence: if my correspondence has not always that regularity which I would fain give it, attribute the fault solely to the whirlwind in which I live, and which carries me hither and thither at its will.

' However, you are not the only person with whom I am behindhand: I assure you, on the contrary, that you are one of a very numerous and fashionable company, to whom, towards the discharge of my debts, I propose to consecrate four hours to-day. I give you the preference to all the world, even to the lovely Duchess of San Severino, a delicious Italian, whom, for my special happiness, I met last summer at the Waters of Aix. I have also a most important negotiation to conclude with one of our Princes of Finance: but, *n'imparte*, I commence with thee:

friendship before love or money—friendship before everything. My dispatches concluded, I am engaged to ride with the Marquis de Grigneure, the Comte de Castijars, and Lord Cobham, in order that we may recover, for a breakfast, at the Rocher de Cancale, that Grigneure has lost, the appetite which we all of us so cruelly abused last night at the Ambassador's gala. On my honour, my dear fellow, everybody was of a *caprice prestigieux* and a *comfortable mirobolant*. Fancy, for a banquet-hall, a royal orangery hung with white damask; the boxes of the shrubs transformed into so many sideboards; lights gleaming through the foliage; and, for guests, the loveliest women and most brilliant cavaliers of Paris. Orleans and Nemours were there, dancing and eating like simple mortals. In a word, Albion did the thing very handsomely, and I accord it my esteem.

' Here I pause, to ring for my valet-de-chambre, and call for tea: for my head is heavy, and I've no time for a headache. In serving me, this rascal of a Frederic has broken a cup, true Japan, upon my honour—the rogue does nothing else. Yesterday, for instance, did he not hump me prodigiously, by letting fall a goblet, after Cellini, of which the carving alone cost me three hundred francs? I must positively put the wretch out of doors, to ensure the safety of my furniture; and, in consequence of this, Eneas, an audacious young negro, in whom wisdom hath not waited for years—Eneas, my groom, I say, will probably be elevated to the post of valet-de-chambre. But where was I? I think I was speaking to you of an oyster breakfast, to which, on our return from the Park (du Bois), a company of pleasant rakes are invited. After quitting Borel's, we propose to adjourn to the Barrière du Combat, where Lord Cobham proposes to try some bulldogs, which he has brought over from England; one of these, O'Connell (Lord Cobham is a Tory), has a face in which I place much confidence: I have a bet of ten louis with Castijars on the strength of it. After the fight, we shall make our accustomed appearance at the Café de Paris (the only place, by the way, where a man who respects himself may be seen),—and then away with frocks and spurs, and on with our dress-coats for the rest of the evening. In the first place, I shall go doze for a couple of hours at the Opera, where my presence is indispensable; for Coralie, a charming

creature, passes this evening from the rank of the *rats* to that of the *tigers*, in a *pas-de-trois*, and our box patronizes her. After the Opera, I must show my face at two or three *salons* in the Faubourg St. Honoré; and having thus performed my duties to the world of fashion, I return to the exercise of my rights as a member of the Carnival. At two o'clock all the world meets at the Theatre Ventadour: lions and tigers—the whole of our menagerie, will be present. Evoé! off we go! roaring and bounding Bacchanal and Saturnal; 'tis agreed that we shall be everything that is low. To conclude, we sup with Castijars, the most "furiously dishevelled" orgy that ever was known.'

The rest of the letter is on matters of finance, equally curious and instructive. But pause we for the present, to consider the fashionable part: and, caricature as it is, we have an accurate picture of the actual French dandy. Bets, breakfasts, riding, dinners at the Café de Paris, and delirious Carnival balls; the animal goes through all such frantic pleasures at the season that precedes Lent. He has a wondrous respect for English 'gentlemen-sportsmen;' he imitates their clubs—their love of horse-flesh, he calls his palefrenier a groom, wears blue bird's-eye neckcloths, sports his pink out hunting, rides steeple-chases, and has his Jockey-club. The 'tigers and lions' alluded to in the report, have been borrowed from our own country, and a great compliment is it to Monsieur de Bernard, the writer of the above amusing sketch, that he has such a knowledge of English names and things, as to give a Tory Lord the decent title of Lord Cobham, and to call his dog O'Connell. Paul de Kock calls an English nobleman, in one of his last novels, *Lord Boulingrog*, and appears vastly delighted at the verisimilitude of the title.

For the '*rugissements et bondissements, bacchanale et saturnale galop infernal, ronde du sabbat tout le tremblement,*' these words give a most clear untranslatable idea of the Carnival ball. A sight more hideous can hardly strike a man's eye. I was present at one where the four thousand guests whirled screaming, reeling, roaring, out of the ball-room in the Rue St. Honoré, and tore down to the column in the Place Vendôme, round which they went shrieking their own music, twenty miles an hour, and so tore madly

back again. Let a man go alone to such a place of amusement, and the sight for him is perfectly terrible : the horrid frantic gaiety of the place puts him in mind more of the merriment of demons than of men : bang, bang, drums, trumpets, chairs, pistol-shots, pour out of the orchestra, which seems as mad as the dancers ; whiz, a whirlwind of paint and patches, all the costumes under the sun, all the ranks in the empire, all the he and she scoundrels of the capital, writhed and twisted together, rush by you ; if a man falls, woe be to him : two thousand screaming menads go trampling over his carcass : they have neither power nor will to stop.

A set of Malays, drunk with bhang, and running amuck, a company of howling dervishes, may possibly, at our own day, go through similar frantic vagaries ; but I doubt if any civilized European people, but the French, would permit and enjoy such scenes. But our neighbours see little shame in them ; and it is very true that men of all classes, high and low, here congregate and give themselves up to the disgusting worship of the genius of the place.— From the dandy of the Boulevard and the Café Anglais, let us turn to the dandy of Flicoteau's and the Pays Latin—the Paris student, whose exploits among the grisettes are so celebrated, and whose fierce republicanism keeps gendarmes for ever on the alert. The following is M. de Bernard's description of him :—

' I became acquainted with Dambergeac when we were students at the École de Droit ; we lived in the same hotel, on the Place du Panthéon. No doubt, madam, you have occasionally met little children dedicated to the Virgin, and, to this end, clothed in white raiment from head to foot : my friend, Dambergeac, had received a different consecration. His father, a great patriot of the Revolution, had determined that his son should bear into the world a sign of indelible republicanism : so, to the great displeasure of his godmother and the parish curate, Dambergeac was christened by the Pagan name of Harmodius. It was a kind of moral tricolor-cockade, which the child was to bear through the vicissitudes of all the revolutions to come. Under such influences, my friend's character began to develop itself, and, fired by the example of his father, and by the warm atmosphere of his native place, Marseilles, he grew up to have an independent spirit, and a grand

liberality of politics, which were at their height when first I made his acquaintance.

‘ He was then a young man of eighteen, with a tall, slim figure, a broad chest, and a flaming black eye, out of all which personal charms he knew how to draw the most advantage : and though his costume was such as Staub might probably have criticized, he had, nevertheless, a style peculiar to himself—to himself and the students, among whom he was the leader of the fashion. A tight black coat, buttoned up to the chin, across the chest, set off that part of his person ; a low-crowned hat, with a voluminous rim, cast solemn shadows over a countenance bronzed by a southern sun : he wore, at one time, enormous flowing black locks, which he sacrificed pitilessly, however, and adopted a Brutus, as being more revolutionary : finally, he carried an enormous club, that was his code and digest : in like manner, De Retz used to carry a stiletto in his pocket, by way of a breviary.

‘ Although of different ways of thinking in politics, certain sympathies of character and conduct united Dambergeac and myself, and we speedily became close friends. I don’t think, in the whole course of his three years’ residence, Dambergeac ever went through a single course of lectures. For the examinations, he trusted to luck, and to his own facility, which was prodigious : as for honours, he never aimed at them, but was content to do exactly as little as was necessary for him to gain his degree. In like manner he sedulously avoided those horrible circulating libraries, where daily are seen to congregate the “ reading men ” of our schools. But, in revenge, there was not a milliner’s shop, or a *lingère’s*, in all our quartier Latin, which he did not industriously frequent, and of which he was not the oracle. Nay, it was said that his victories were not confined to the left bank of the Seine : reports did occasionally come to us of fabulous adventures by him accomplished in the far regions of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard Poissonnière. Such recitals were, for us less favoured mortals, like tales of Bacchus conquering in the East ; they excited our ambition, but not our jealousy ; for the superiority of Harmodius was acknowledged by us all, and we never thought of a rivalry with him. No man ever cantered a hack through the Champs Elysées with such elegant assurance ; no man ever made such a massacre

of dolls at the shooting gallery ; or won you a rubber at billiards with more easy grace ; or thundered out a couplet of Béranger with such a roaring melodious bass. He was the monarch of the Prado in winter ; in summer, of the Chaumière and Mont Parnasse. Not a frequenter of those fashionable places of entertainment showed a more amiable *laisser-aller* in the dance—that peculiar dance at which gendarmes think proper to blush, and which squeamish society has banished from her salons. In a word, Harmodius was the prince of *mauvais sujets*, a youth with all the accomplishments of Göttingen and Jena, and all the eminent graces of his own country. ‘

‘ Besides dissipation and gallantry, our friend had one other vast and absorbing occupation—politics, namely ; in which he was as turbulent and enthusiastic as in pleasure. *La Patrie* was his idol, his heaven, his nightmare : by day he spouted, by night he dreamed, of his country. I have spoken to you of his coiffure à la Sylla ; need I mention his pipe, his meerschaum pipe, of which General Foy’s head was the bowl ; his handkerchief with the Charte printed thereon ; and his celebrated tricolor braces, which kept the rallying-sign of his country ever close to his heart ? Besides these outward and visible signs of sedition, he had inward and secret plans of revolution : he belonged to clubs, frequented associations, read the *Constitutionnel* (Liberals, in those days, swore by the *Constitutionnel*), harangued peers and deputies who had deserved well of their country ; and if death happened to fall on such, and the *Constitutionnel* declared their merit, Harmodius was the very first to attend their obsequies, or to set his shoulder to their coffins.

‘ Such were his tastes and passions : his antipathies were not less lively. He detested three things : a Jesuit, a gendarme, and a *claqueur* at a theatre. At this period, missionaries were rife about Paris, and endeavoured to re-illumine the zeal of the faithful by public preachings in the churches. ‘*Infâmes jésuites !*’ would Harmodius exclaim, who, in the excess of his toleration, tolerated nothing ; and, at the head of a band of philosophers like himself, would attend with scrupulous exactitude the meetings of the reverend gentlemen. But, instead of a contrite heart, Harmodius only brought the abomination of desolation into their sanctuary. A perpetual fire of fulminating balls

would bang from under the feet of the faithful : odours of impure asafoetida would mingle with the fumes of the incense ; and wicked drinking choruses would rise up along with the holy canticles, in hideous dissonance, reminding one of the old orgies under the reign of the Abbot of Unreason.

‘ His hatred of the gendarmes was equally ferocious : and as for the claqueurs, woe be to them when Harmodius was in the pit ! They knew him, and trembled before him, like the earth before Alexander : and his famous war-cry, ‘ *La Carte au chapeau !* ’ was so much dreaded, that the ‘ *entrepreneurs de succès dramatiques* ’ demanded twice as much to ‘ do ’ the Odéon Theatre (which we students and Harmodius frequented), as to applaud at any other place of amusement ; and, indeed, their double pay was hardly gained ; Harmodius taking care that they should earn the most of it under the benches.’

This passage, with which we have taken some liberties, will give the reader a more lively idea of the reckless, jovial, turbulent Paris student, than any with which a foreigner could furnish him : the grisette is his heroine ; and dear old Béranger, the cynic-epicurean, has celebrated him and her in the most delightful verses in the world. Of these we may have occasion to say a word or two anon. Meanwhile let us follow Monsieur de Bernard in his amusing descriptions of his countrymen somewhat farther ; and, having seen how Dambergeac was a ferocious republican, being a bachelor, let us see how age, sense, and a little government pay—that great agent of conversions in France—nay, in England—has reduced him to be a pompous, quiet, loyal supporter of the juste milieu : his former portrait was that of the student, the present will stand for an admirable lively likeness of

THE SOUS-PRÉFET

Saying that I would wait for Dambergeac in his own study, I was introduced into that apartment, and saw around me the usual furniture of a man in his station. There was, in the middle of the room, a large bureau, surrounded by orthodox arm-chairs ; and there were many

shelves, with boxes duly ticketed ; there were a number of maps, and, among them, a great one of the department over which Dambergeac ruled ; and, facing the windows, on a wooden pedestal, stood a plaster-cast of the ' ROI DES FRANÇAIS.' Recollecting my friend's former republicanism, I smiled at this piece of furniture ; but, before I had time to carry my observations any farther, a heavy rolling sound of carriage-wheels, that caused the windows to rattle, and seemed to shake the whole edifice of the sub-prefecture, called my attention to the court without. Its iron gates were flung open, and in rolled, with a great deal of din, a chariot escorted by a brace of gendarmes, sword in hand. A tall gentleman, with a cocked-hat and feathers, wearing a blue and silver uniform coat, descended from the vehicle ; and having, with much grave condescension, saluted his escort, mounted the stair. A moment afterwards the door of the study was opened, and I embraced my friend.

After the first warmth and salutations, we began to examine each other with an equal curiosity, for eight years had elapsed since we had last met.

' You are grown very thin and pale,' said Harmodius, after a moment.

' In revenge, I find you fat and rosy : if I am a walking satire on celibacy,—you, at least, are a living panegyric on marriage.'

In fact, a great change, and such an one as many people would call a change for the better, had taken place in my friend : he had grown fat, and announced a decided disposition to become what French people call a *bel homme* ; that is, a very fat one. His complexion, bronzed before, was now clear white and red : there were no more political allusions in his hair, which was, on the contrary, neatly frizzed, and brushed over the forehead, shell-shape. This head-dress, joined to a thin pair of whiskers, cut crescent-wise from the ear to the nose, gave my friend a regular bourgeois physiognomy, wax-doll-like—he looked a great deal too well ; and, added to this, the solemnity of his prefectoral costume, gave his whole appearance a pompous, well-fed look, that by no means pleased.

' I surprise you,' said I, ' in the midst of your splendour : do you know that this costume and yonder attendants have a look excessively awful and splendid ? You entered your palace just now with the air of a pasha.'

‘ You see me in uniform in honour of Monseigneur the Bishop, who has just made his diocesan visit, and whom I have just conducted to the limit of the *arrondissement*.’

‘ What !’ said I, ‘ you have gendarmes for guards, and dance attendance on bishops ? There are no more janissaries and Jesuits, I suppose ?’ The sub-prefect smiled.

‘ I assure you that my gendarmes are very worthy fellows ; and that among the gentlemen who compose our clergy there are some of the very best rank and talent : besides, my wife is niece to one of the vicars-general.’

‘ What have you done with that great Tasso beard that poor Armandine used to love so ?’

‘ My wife does not like a beard ; and you know that what is permitted to a student is not very becoming to a magistrate.’

I began to laugh. ‘ Harmodius and a magistrate !—how shall I ever couple the two words together ? But tell me, in your correspondences, your audiences, your sittings with village mayors and petty councils, how do you manage to remain awake ?’

‘ In the commencement,’ said Harmodius, gravely, ‘ it was very difficult ; and, in order to keep my eyes open, I used to stick pins into my legs : now, however, I am used to it ; and I’m sure I don’t take more than fifty pinches of snuff at a sitting.’

‘ Ah ! apropos of snuff ; you are near Spain here, and were always a famous smoker. Give me a cigar,—it will take away the musty odour of these piles of papers.’

‘ Impossible, my dear ; I don’t smoke : my wife cannot bear a cigar.’

• His wife, thought I, always his wife ; and I remember Juliette, who really grew sick at the smell of a pipe, and Harmodius would smoke, until, at last, the poor thing grew to smoke herself, like a trooper.—To compensate, however, as much as possible for the loss of my cigar, Dambergeac drew from his pocket an enormous gold snuff-box, on which figured the self-same head that I had before remarked in plaster, but this time surrounded with a ring of pretty princes and princesses, all nicely painted in miniature. As for the statue of Louis Philippe, that, in the cabinet of an official, is a thing of course ; but the snuff-box seemed to indicate a degree of sentimental and personal

devotion, such as the old royalists were only supposed to be guilty of.

‘What! you are turned decided *juste milieu*?’ said I.

‘I am a *sous-préfet*,’ answered Harmodius.

I had nothing to say, but held my tongue, wondering, not at the change which had taken place in the habits, manners, and opinions of my friend, but at my own folly, which led me to fancy that I should find the student of ’26 in the functionary of ’34. At this moment a domestic appeared.

‘Madame is waiting for Monsieur,’ said he: ‘the last bell has gone, and mass beginning.’

‘Mass!’ said I, bounding up from my chair. ‘You at mass, like a decent, serious Christian, without crackers in your pocket, and bored keys to whistle through?’—The *sous-préfet* rose, his countenance was calm, and an indulgent smile played upon his lips, as he said, ‘My *arrondissement* is very devout: and not to interfere with the belief of the population is the maxim of every wise politician: I have precise orders from Government on the point, too, and go to eleven o’clock mass every Sunday.’

There is a great deal of curious matter for speculation in the accounts here so wittily given by M. de Bernard: but, perhaps, it is still more curious to think of what he has *not* written, and to judge of his characters, not so much by the words in which he describes them, as by the unconscious testimony that the words all together convey. In the first place, our author describes a swindler imitating the manners of a dandy; and many swindlers and dandies be there, doubtless, in London as well as in Paris. But there is about the present swindler, and about Monsieur Dambergeac the student, and Monsieur Dambergeac the *sous-préfet*, and his friend, a rich store of calm internal *debauch*, which does not, let us hope and pray, exist in England. Hearken to M. de Gustan, and his smirking whispers about the Duchess of San Severino, who *pour son bonheur particulier*, &c. &c. Listen to Monsieur Dambergeac’s friend’s remonstrances concerning *pauvre Juliette*, who grew sick at the smell of a pipe; to his *naïve* admiration at the fact that the *sous-préfet* goes to church; and we may set down, as axioms, that religion is so uncommon

among the Parisians, as to awaken the surprise of all candid observers ; that gallantry is so common as to create no remark, and to be considered as a matter of course. With us, at least, the converse of the proposition prevails : it is the man professing *irreligion* who would be remarked and reprehended in England ; and, if the second-named vice exists, at any rate, it adopts the decency of secrecy, and is not made patent and notorious to all the world. A French gentleman thinks no more of proclaiming that he has a mistress than that he has a tailor ; and one lives the time of Boccaccio over again, in the thousand and one French novels, which depict the state of society in that country.

For instance, here are before us a few specimens (do not, madam, be alarmed, you can skip the sentence if you like) to be found in as many admirable witty tales, by the before-lauded Monsieur de Bernard. He is more remarkable than any other French author, to our notion, for writing like a gentleman : there is ease, grace, and *ton*, in his style, which, if we judge aright, cannot be discovered in Balzac, or Soulié, or Dumas. We have then—*Gerfaut*, a novel : a lovely creature is married to a brave, haughty Alsatian nobleman, who allows her to spend her winters at Paris, he remaining on his *terres*, cultivating, carousing, and hunting the boar. The lovely creature meets the fascinating Gerfaut at Paris ; instantly the latter makes love to her ; a duel takes place ; baron killed ; wife throws herself out of window ; Gerfaut plunges into dissipation ; and so the tale ends.

Next : *La Femme de Quarante Ans*, a capital tale, full of exquisite fun and sparkling satire : La femme de quarante ans has a husband and *three* lovers ; all of whom find out their mutual connexion one starry night : for the lady of forty is of a romantic poetical turn, and has given her three admirers *a star apiece* ; saying to one and the other, ‘Alphonse, when yon pale orb rises in heaven, think of me ;’ ‘Isidore, when that bright planet sparkles in the sky, remember your Caroline,’ &c.

Un Acte de Vertu, from which we have taken Dambergeac’s history, contains him, the husband—a wife—and a brace of lovers ; and a great deal of fun takes place in the manner in which one lover supplants the other.—Pretty morals truly !

If we examine an author who rejoices in the aristocratic name of Le Comte Horace de Viel-Castel, we find, though with infinitely less wit, exactly the same intrigues going on. A noble Count lives in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and has a noble Duchess for a mistress : he introduces her Grace to the Countess, his wife. The Countess, his wife, in order to *ramener* her lord to his conjugal duties, is counselled, by a friend, to *pretend to take a lover* : one is found, who, poor fellow ! takes the affair in earnest : climax—duel, death, despair, and what not. In the *Faubourg St. Germain*, another novel by the same writer, which professes to describe the very pink of that society which Napoleon dreaded more than Russia, Prussia, and Austria : there is an old husband, of course ; a sentimental young German nobleman, that falls in love with his wife ; and the moral of the piece lies in the showing up of the conduct of the lady, who is reprehended—not for deceiving her husband (poor devil !)—but for being a flirt, *and taking a second lover*, to the utter despair, confusion, and annihilation of the first.

Why, ye gods, do Frenchmen marry at all ? Had Père Enfantin (who, it is said, has shaved his ambrosial beard, and is now a clerk in a banking-house) been allowed to carry out his chaste, just, dignified social scheme, what a deal of marital discomfort might have been avoided :—would it not be advisable that a great reformer and law-giver of our own, Mr. Robert Owen, should be presented at the Tuileries, and there propound his scheme for the regeneration of France ?

He might, perhaps, be spared, for our country is not yet sufficiently advanced to give such a philosopher fair play. In London, as yet, there are no blessed *Bureaux de Mariage*, where an old bachelor may have a charming young maiden—for his money ; or a widow of seventy may buy a gay young fellow of twenty, for a certain number of bank-billets. If *mariages de convenance* take place here (as they will wherever avarice, and poverty, and desire, and yearning after riches are to be found), at least, thank God, such unions are not arranged upon a regular organized *system* : there is a fiction of attachment with us, and there is a consolation in the deceit (‘ the homage,’ according to the old *môt* of Rochefoucauld, ‘ which vice pays to virtue ’), for the very falsehood shows that the virtue exists some-

where. We once heard a furious old French colonel inveighing against the chastity of English *demoiselles*: ‘*Figurez vous, sir,*’ said he (he had been a prisoner in England), ‘that these women come down to dinner in low dresses, and walk out alone with the men!’—and, pray Heaven, so may they walk, fancy-free in all sorts of maiden meditations, and suffer no more molestation than that young lady of whom Moore sings, and who (there must have been a famous lord-lieutenant in those days) walked through all Ireland, with rich and rare gems, beauty, and a gold ring on her stick, without meeting or thinking of harm.

Now, whether Monsieur de Viel-Castel has given a true picture of the Faubourg St. Germain, it is impossible for most foreigners to say; but some of his descriptions will not fail to astonish the English reader; and all are filled with that remarkable *naïf* contempt of the institution called marriage, which we have seen in M. de Bernard. The romantic young nobleman of Westphalia arrives at Paris, and is admitted into what a celebrated female author calls *la crème de la crème de la haute volée* of Parisian society. He is a youth of about twenty years of age. ‘No passion had as yet come to move his heart, and give life to his faculties; he was awaiting and fearing the moment of love; calling for it, and yet trembling at its approach; feeling, in the depths of his soul, that that moment would create a mighty change in his being, and decide, perhaps, by its influence, the whole of his future life.’

Is it not remarkable, that a young nobleman, with these ideas, should not pitch upon a *demoiselle*, or a widow, at least? but no, the rogue must have a married woman, bad luck to him; and what his fate is to be is thus recounted, by our author, in the shape of

A FRENCH FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION

‘A lady, with a great deal of *esprit*, to whom forty years’ experience of the great world had given a prodigious perspicacity of judgement, the Duchess of Chalux, arbitress of the opinion to be held on all new comers to the Faubourg Saint Germain, and of their destiny and reception in it;—one of those women, in a word, who make or ruin a man,

said, in speaking of Gerard de Stolberg, whom she received at her own house, and met everywhere, "This young German will never gain for himself the title of an exquisite, or a man of *bonnes fortunes*, among us. In spite of his calm and politeness, I think I can see in his character some rude and insurmountable difficulties, which time will only increase, and which will prevent him for ever from bending to the exigencies of either profession ; but, unless I very much deceive myself, he will, one day, be the hero of a veritable romance."

"He, Madame ?" answered a young man, of fair complexion and fair hair, one of the most devoted slaves of the fashion :—"He, Madame la Duchesse ? why the man is, at best, but an original, fished out of the Rhine ; a dull, heavy creature ; as much capable of understanding a woman's heart as I am of speaking bas-Breton."

"Well, Monsieur de Belpport, you will speak bas-Breton. Monsieur de Stolberg has not your admirable ease of manner, nor your facility of telling pretty nothings, nor your—in a word, that particular something which makes you the most *recherché* man of the Faubourg Saint Germain ; and even I avow to you, that, were I still young, and a coquette, *and that I took it into my head to have a lover*, I would prefer you."

'All this was said by the Duchess, with a certain air of raillery, and such a mixture of earnest and malice, that Monsieur de Belpport, piqued not a little, could not help saying, as he bowed profoundly before the Duchess's chair, "And might I, madam, be permitted to ask the reason of this preference ?"

"*O mon Dieu, oui,*" said the Duchess, always in the same tone ; "because a lover like you would never think of carrying his attachment to the height of passion ; and these passions, do you know, have frightened me all my life. One cannot retreat, at will, from the grasp of a passionate lover ; one leaves behind one some fragment of one's moral *self*, or the best part of one's physical life. A passion, if it does not kill you, adds cruelly to your years ; in a word, it is the very lowest possible taste. And now you understand why I should prefer you, M. de Belpport,—you, who are reputed to be the leader of the fashion."

"Perfectly," murmured the gentleman, piqued more and more,

“Gerard de Stolberg *will* be passionate. I don't know what woman will please him, or will be pleased by him” (here the Duchess of Chalux spoke more gravely); “but his love will be no play, I repeat it to you once more. All this astonishes you, because you, great leaders of the *ton* that you are, never can fancy that a hero of romance should be found among your number. Gerard de Stolberg—but look, here he comes!”

‘M. de Belpport rose, and quitted the Duchess, without believing in her prophecy; but he could not avoid smiling as he passed near the *hero of romance*.

‘It was because M. de Stolberg had never, in all his life, been a hero of romance, or even an apprentice-hero of romance.’

Gerard de Stolberg was not, as yet, initiated into the thousand secrets in the chronicle of the great world: he knew but superficially the society in which he lived; and, therefore, he devoted his evening to the gathering of all the information which he could acquire, from the indiscreet conversations of the people about him. His whole man became ear and memory; so much was Stolberg convinced of the necessity of becoming a diligent student in this new school, where was taught the art of knowing and advancing in the great world. In the recess of a window he learned more, on this one night, than months of investigation would have taught him. The talk of a ball is more indiscreet than the confidential chatter of a company of idle women. No man present at a ball, whether listener or speaker, thinks he has a right to affect any indulgence for his companions, and the most learned in malice will always pass for the most witty.

“How!” said the Viscount de Mondragé, “the Duchess of Rivesalte arrives alone to-night, without her inevitable Dormilly!”—And the Viscount, as he spoke, pointed towards a tall and slender young woman, who, gliding rather than walking, met the ladies, by whom she passed, with a graceful and modest salute, and replied to the looks of the men *by brilliant veiled glances, full of coquetry and attack*.

“Parbleu!” said an elegant personage, standing near the Viscount de Mondragé, “don't you see Dormilly ranged behind the Duchess, in quality of train-bearer, and hiding, under his long locks and his great screen of moustachios,

the blushing consciousness of his good luck?—They call him *the fourth chapter* of the Duchess's memoirs. The little Marquise d'Alberas is ready to die out of spite; but the best of the joke is, that she has only taken poor de Vendre for a lover, in order to vent her spleen on him. Look at him, against the chimney yonder: if the Marchioness do not break at once with him, by quitting him for somebody else, the poor fellow will turn an idiot."

"Is he jealous?" asked a young man, looking as if he did not know what jealousy was, and as if he had no time to be jealous.

"Jealous!—the very incarnation of jealousy; the second edition, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged; as jealous as poor Gressigny, who is dying of it."

"What! Gressigny too? why 'tis growing quite into fashion: egad! I must try and be jealous," said Monsieur de Beauval. "But see! here comes the delicious Duchess of Bellefiore, &c. &c. &c."

Enough, enough: this kind of fashionable Parisian conversation, which is, says our author, 'a prodigious labour of improvising,' a 'chef-d'œuvre,' a 'strange and singular thing, in which monotony is unknown,' seems to be, if correctly reported, a 'strange and singular thing' indeed; but somewhat monotonous, at least, to an English reader, and 'prodigious' only, if we may take leave to say so, for the wonderful rascality which all the conversationists betray. Miss Neverout and the Colonel, in Swift's famous dialogue, are a thousand times more entertaining and moral; and, besides, we can laugh *at* those worthies, as well as with them; whereas the 'prodigious' French wits are to us quite incomprehensible. Fancy a Duchess, as old as Lady — herself, and who should begin to tell us 'of what she would do if ever she had a mind to take a lover;' and another Duchess, with a fourth lover, tripping modestly among the ladies, and returning the gaze of the men by veiled glances, full of coquetry and attack!—Parbleu, if Monsieur de Viel-Castel should find himself among a society of French Duchesses, and they should tear his eyes out, and send the fashionable Orpheus floating by the Seine, his slaughter might almost be considered as justifiable *Counticide*.

A GAMBLER'S DEATH

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ANYBODY who was at C—— school, some twelve years since, must recollect Jack Attwood: he was the most dashing lad in the place, with more money in his pocket than belonged to the whole fifth form in which we were companions.

When he was about fifteen, Jack suddenly retreated from C——, and presently we heard that he had a commission in a cavalry regiment, and was to have a great fortune from his father, when that old gentleman should die. Jack himself came to confirm these stories a few months after, and paid a visit to his old school chums. He had laid aside his little school-jacket, and inky corduroys, and now appeared in such a splendid military suit as won the respect of all of us. His hair was dripping with oil, his hands were covered with rings, he had a dusky down over his upper lip, which looked not unlike a moustachio, and a multiplicity of frogs and braiding on his surtout, which would have sufficed to lace a field-marshal. When old Swishtail, the usher, passed, in his seedy black coat and gaiters, Jack gave him such a look of contempt as set us all a-laughing: in fact, it was his turn to laugh now; for he used to roar very stoutly some months before, when Swishtail was in the custom of belabouring him with his great cane.

Jack's talk was all about the regiment and the fine fellows in it: how he had ridden a steeplechase with Captain Boldero, and licked him at the last hedge; and how he had very nearly fought a duel with Sir George Grig, about dancing with Lady Mary Slamken at a ball. 'I soon made the baronet know what it was to deal with a man of the n—th,' said Jack;—'damme, sir, when I lugged out my barkers, and talked of fighting across the mess-room table, Grig turned as pale as a sheet, or as——'

'Or as you used to do, Attwood, when Swishtail hauled you up,' piped out little Hicks, the foundation-boy.

It was beneath Jack's dignity to thrash anybody, now, but a grown-up baronet ; so he let off little Hicks, and passed over the general titter which was raised at his expense. However, he entertained us with his histories about lords and ladies, and so-and-so 'of ours,' until we thought him one of the greatest men in his Majesty's service, and until the school-bell rung ; when, with a heavy heart, we got our books together, and marched in to be whacked by old Swishtail. I promise you he revenged himself on us for Jack's contempt of him : I got, that day, at least twenty cuts to my share, which ought to have belonged to Cornet Attwood, of the n—th dragoons.

When we came to think more coolly over our quondam schoolfellow's swaggering talk and manner, we were not quite so impressed by his merits as at his first appearance among us. We recollected how he used, in former times, to tell us great stories, which were so monstrously improbable that the smallest boy in the school would scout at them ; how often we caught him tripping in facts, and how unblushingly he admitted his little errors in the score of veracity. He and I, though never great friends, had been close companions : I was Jack's form-fellow (we fought with amazing emulation for the *last* place in the class) ; but still I was rather hurt at the coolness of my old comrade, who had forgotten all our former intimacy, in his steeple-chases with Captain Boldero, and his duel with Sir George Grig.

Nothing more was heard of Attwood for some years ; a tailor one day came down to C——, who had made clothes for Jack in his school days, and furnished him with regimentals : he produced a long bill for one hundred and twenty pounds and upwards, and asked where news might be had of his customer. Jack was in India, with his regiment, shooting tigers and jackals, no doubt. Occasionally, from that distant country, some magnificent rumour would reach us of his proceedings. Once I heard that he had been called to a court-martial for unbecoming conduct ; another time, that he kept twenty horses, and won the gold plate at the Calcutta races. Presently, however, as the recollections of the fifth form wore away, Jack's image disappeared likewise, and I ceased to ask or to think about my college chum.

A year since, as I was smoking my cigar in the ' Estaminet

du Grand Balcon,' an excellent smoking-shop, where the tobacco is unexceptionable, and the Hollands of singular merit, a dark-looking, thick-set man, in a greasy well-cut coat, with a shabby hat, cocked on one side of his dirty face, took the place opposite to me, at the little marble table, and called for brandy. I did not much admire the impudence or the appearance of my friend, nor the fixed stare with which he chose to examine me. At last, he



thrust a great greasy hand across the table, and said, 'Titmarsh, do you forget your old friend Attwood?'

I confess my recognition of him was not so joyful as on the day ten years earlier, when he had come, bedizened with lace and gold rings, to see us at C—— school: a man in the tenth part of a century learns a deal of worldly wisdom, and his hand, which goes naturally forward to seize the gloved finger of a millionaire, or a milor, draws instinctively back from a dirty fist, encompassed by a ragged

wristband and a tattered cuff. But Attwood was in nowise so backward ; and the iron squeeze with which he shook my passive paw, proved that he was either very affectionate or very poor. You, my dear sir, who are reading this history, know very well the great art of shaking hands : recollect how you shook Lord Dash's hand the other day, and how you shook *off* poor Blank, when he came to borrow five pounds of you.

However, the genial influence of the Hollands speedily dissipated anything like coolness between us : and, in the course of an hour's conversation, we became almost as intimate as when we were suffering together under the ferule of old Swishtail. Jack told me that he had quitted the army in disgust ; and that his father, who was to leave him a fortune, had died ten thousand pounds in debt : he did not touch upon his own circumstances ; but I could read them in his elbows, which were peeping through his old frock. He talked a great deal, however, of runs of luck, good and bad ; and related to me an infallible plan for breaking all the play-banks in Europe—a great number of old tricks ;—and a vast quantity of gin-punch was consumed on the occasion ; so long, in fact, did our conversation continue, that, I confess it with shame, the sentiment, or something stronger, quite got the better of me, and I have, to this day, no sort of notion how our palaver concluded.—Only, on the next morning, I did not possess a certain five-pound note, which, on the previous evening, was in my sketch-book (by far the prettiest drawing by the way in the collection) ; but there, instead, was a strip of paper, thus inscribed :—

I. O. U.

Five Pounds. JOHN ATTWOOD,

Late of the n—th dragoons.

I suppose Attwood borrowed the money, from this remarkable and ceremonious acknowledgement on his part : had I been sober, I would just as soon have lent him the nose on my face ; for, in my then circumstances, the note was of much more consequence to me.

As I lay, cursing my ill-fortune, and thinking how on earth I should manage to subsist for the next two months, Attwood burst into my little garret—his face strangely

flushed—singing and shouting as if it had been the night before. ‘Titmarsh,’ cried he, ‘you are my preserver!—my best friend! Look here, and here, and here!’ And at every word Mr. Attwood produced a handful of gold, or a glittering heap of five-franc pieces, or a bundle of greasy, dusky bank-notes, more beautiful than either silver or gold;—he had won thirteen thousand francs after leaving me at midnight in my garret. He separated my poor little all, of six pieces, from this shining and imposing collection; and the passion of envy entered my soul: I felt far more anxious now than before, although starvation was then staring me in the face; I hated Attwood for *cheating* me out of all this wealth. Poor fellow! it had been better for him had he never seen a shilling of it.

However, a grand breakfast at the Café Anglais dissipated my chagrin; and I will do my friend the justice to say, that he nobly shared some portion of his good fortune with me. As far as the creature comforts were concerned, I feasted as well as he, and never was particular as to settling my share of the reckoning.

Jack now changed his lodgings; had cards, with Captain Attwood engraved on them, and drove about a prancing cab-horse, as tall as the Giraffe at the Jardin des Plantes; he had as many frogs on his coat as in the old days, and frequented all the flash restaurateurs and boarding-houses of the capital. Madame de Saint Laurent, and Madame la Baronne de Vaudry, and Madame la Comtesse de Don Jonville, ladies of the highest rank, who keep a *société choisie*, and condescend to give dinners, at five francs a-head, vied with each other in their attentions to Jack. His was the wing of the fowl, and the largest portion of the Charlotte-Russe; his was the place at the écarté table, where the Countess would ease him nightly of a few pieces, declaring that he was the most charming cavalier, la fleur d’Albion. Jack’s society, it may be seen, was not very select; nor, in truth, were his inclinations: he was a careless, dare-devil, Macheath kind of fellow, who might be seen daily with a wife on each arm.

It may be supposed, that, with the life he led, his five hundred pounds of winnings would not last him long; nor did they: but, for some time, his luck never deserted him: and his cash, instead of growing lower, seemed always to maintain a certain level;—he played every night.

Of course, such a humble fellow as I could not hope for a continued acquaintance and intimacy with Attwood. He grew overbearing and cool, I thought ; at any rate I did not admire my situation, as his follower and dependant, and left his grand dinner for a certain ordinary, where I could partake of five capital dishes for ninepence. Occasionally, however, Attwood favoured me with a visit, or gave me a drive behind his great cab-horse. He had formed a whole host of friends besides. There was Fips, the barrister ; heaven knows what he was doing at Paris ; and Gortz, the West Indian, who was there on the same business, and Flapper, a medical student,—all these three I met one night at Flapper's rooms, where Jack was invited, and a great 'spread' was laid in honour of him.

Jack arrived rather late—he looked pale and agitated ; and, though he ate no supper, he drank raw brandy in such a manner as made Flapper's eyes wink : the poor fellow had but three bottles, and Jack bid fair to swallow them all. However, the West Indian generously remedied the evil, and producing a napoleon, we speedily got the change for it in the shape of four bottles of champagne.

Our supper was uproariously harmonious ; Fips sung the 'Good Old English Gentleman ;' Jack, the 'British Grenadiers ;' and your humble servant, when called upon, sang that beautiful ditty, 'When the bloom is on the rye,' in a manner that drew tears from every eye, except Flapper's who was asleep, and Jack's, who was singing the 'Bay of Biscay, O,' at the same time. Gortz and Fips were all the time lunging at each other with a pair of single-sticks, the barrister having a very strong notion that he was Richard the Third.

At last Fips hit the West Indian such a blow across his scone, that the other grew furious ; he seized a champagne bottle, which was, providentially, empty, and hurled it across the room at Fips : had that celebrated barrister not bowed his head at the moment, the Queen's Bench would have lost one of its most eloquent practitioners.

Fips stood as straight as he could ; his cheek was pale with wrath. 'M-m-ister Go-gortz,' he said, 'I always heard you were a blackguard ; now I can pr-pr-peperove it. Flapper, your pistols ! every ge-ge-genlman knows what I mean.'

Young Mr. Flapper had a small pair of pocket-pistols,

which the tipsy barrister had suddenly remembered, and with which he proposed to sacrifice the West Indian. Gortz was nothing loath, but was quite as valorous as the lawyer.

Attwood, who, in spite of his potations, seemed the soberest man of the party, had much enjoyed the scene, until this sudden demand for the weapons. 'Pshaw!' said he, eagerly, 'don't give these men the means of murdering each other; sit down, and let us have another song.' But they would not be still; and Flapper forthwith produced his pistol-case, and opened it, in order that the duel might take place on the spot.—There were no pistols there! 'I beg your pardon,' said Attwood, looking much confused; 'I—I took the pistols home with me, to clean them!'

I don't know what there was in his tone, or in the words, but we were sobered all of a sudden. Attwood was conscious of the singular effect produced by him, for he blushed, and endeavoured to speak of other things, but we could not bring our spirits back to the mark again, and soon separated for the night. As we issued into the street, Jack took me aside, and whispered 'Have you a napoleon, Titmarsh, in your purse?' Alas! I was not so rich. My reply was, that I was coming to Jack, only in the morning, to borrow a similar sum.

He did not make any reply, but turned away homeward: I never heard him speak another word.

Two mornings after (for none of our party met on the day succeeding the supper), I was awakened by my porter, who brought a pressing letter from Mr. Gortz.

Dear T.,

I wish you would come over here to breakfast. There's a row about Attwood.

Yours truly,
SOLOMON GORTZ.'

I immediately set forward to Gortz's; he lived in the Rue du Helder, a few doors from Attwood's new lodging. If the reader is curious to know the house in which the catastrophe of this history took place, he has but to march some twenty doors down from the Boulevard des Italiens, when he will see a fine door, with a naked Cupid shooting

at him from the hall, and a Venus beckoning him up the stairs.

On arriving at the West Indian's, at about midday (it was a Sunday morning), I found that gentleman in his dressing-gown, discussing, in the company of Mr. Fips, a large plate of *bifteck aux pommes*.

'Here's a pretty row!' said Gortz, quoting from his letter;—'Attwood's off—have a bit of beefsteak?'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed I, adopting the familiar phraseology of my acquaintances:—'Attwood off?—has he cut his stick?'

'Not bad,' said the feeling and elegant Fips—'not such a bad guess, my boy; but he has not exactly *cut his stick*.'

'What then?'

'*Why, his throat.*' The man's mouth was full of bleeding beef as he uttered this gentlemanly witticism.

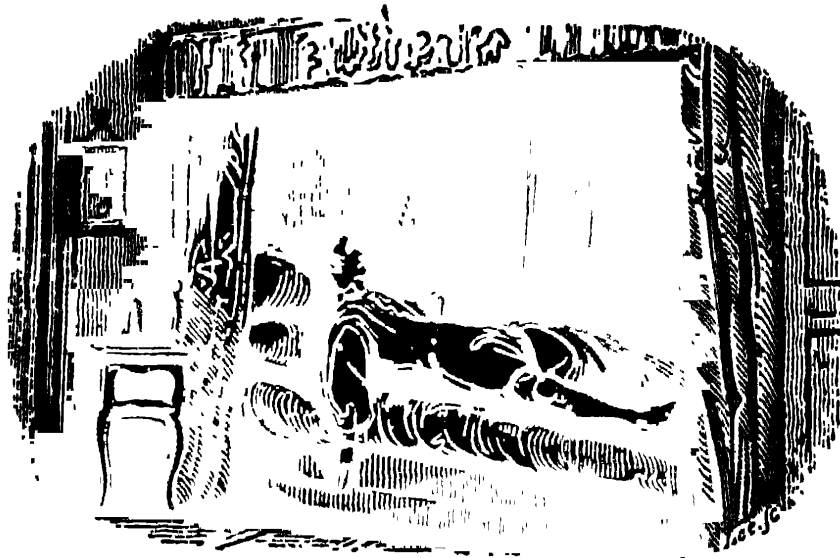
I wish I could say that I was myself in the least affected by the news. I did not joke about it like my friend Fips; this was more for propriety's sake than for feeling's: but for my old school acquaintance, the friend of my early days, the merry associate of the last few months, I own, with shame, that I had not a tear or a pang. In some German tale, there is an account of a creature, most beautiful and bewitching, whom all men admire and follow; but this charming and fantastic spirit only leads them, one by one, into ruin, and then leaves them. The novelist, who describes her beauty, says that his heroine is a fairy, and *has no heart*. I think the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle, is a spirit of this nature; I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it only entices men, and ruins them; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delirious blood, and the wicked spells of the wine.

But to drop this strain of moralizing (in which the writer is not too anxious to proceed, for he cuts in it a most pitiful figure), we passed sundry criticisms upon poor Attwood's character, expressed our horror at his death, which sentiment was fully proved by Mr. Fips, who declared that the notion of it made him feel quite faint, and was obliged to drink a large glass of brandy; and, finally, we agreed that we would go and see the poor fellow's corpse, and witness, if necessary, his burial.

Flapper, who had joined us, was the first to propose

this visit : he said he did not mind the fifteen francs which Jack owed him for billiards, but that he was anxious to *get back his pistol*. Accordingly, we sallied forth, and speedily arrived at the hotel which Attwood inhabited still.

He had occupied, for a time, very fine apartments in this house ; and it was only on arriving there that day, that we found he had been gradually driven from his magnificent suite of rooms, *au premier*, to a little chamber in the fifth story :—we mounted, and found him.



It was a little shabby room, with a few articles of rickety furniture, and a bed in an alcove ; the light from the one window was falling full upon the bed and the body.

Jack was dressed in a fine lawn shirt ; he had kept it, poor fellow, *to die in* ; for, in all his drawers and cupboards, there was not a single article of clothing ; he had pawned everything by which he could raise a penny—desk, books, dressing-case, and clothes ; and not a single halfpenny was found in his possession.¹

He was lying as I have drawn him, one hand on his breast, the other falling towards the ground. There was an expression of perfect calm on the face, and no mark of blood to stain the side towards the light. On the other side,

¹ In order to account for these trivial details, the reader must be told that the story is, for the chief part, a fact ; and that the little sketch, in this page, was *taken from nature*. The letter was likewise a copy from one found in the manner described.

however, there was a great pool of black blood, and in it the pistol; it looked more like a toy than a weapon to take away the life of this vigorous young man. In his forehead, at the side, was a small black wound; Jack's life had passed through it; it was little bigger than a mole.

'*Regardez un peu,*' said the landlady, '*Messieurs, il m'a gâté trois matelas, et il me doit quarante-quatre francs.*

This was all his epitaph: he had spoiled three mattresses, and owed the landlady four-and-forty francs. In the whole world there was not a soul to love him or lament him. We, his friends, were looking at his body more as an object of curiosity, watching it with a kind of interest with which one follows the fifth act of a tragedy, and leaving it with the same feeling with which one leaves the theatre when the play is over and the curtain is down.

Beside Jack's bed, on his little 'table de nuit,' lay the remains of his last meal, and an open letter, which we read. It was from one of his suspicious acquaintances of former days, and ran thus:—

Où es tu, cher Jack? *why you not come and see me—tu me dois de l'argent entends tu?—un chapeau, une cachemire, a box of the Play. Viens demain soir je t'attendrai, at eight o'clock, Passage des Panoramas. My Sir is at his country. Adieu à demain.* FIFINE.

Samedi.'

I shuddered as I walked through this very Passage des Panoramas, in the evening. The girl was there, pacing to and fro, and looking in the countenance of every passer-by, to recognize Attwood. 'ADIEU À DEMAIN!'—there was a dreadful meaning in the words, which the writer of them little knew. 'Adieu à demain!'—the morrow was come, and the soul of the poor suicide was now in the presence of God. I dare not think of his fate; for, except in the fact of his poverty and desperation, was he worse than any of us, his companions, who had shared his debauches, and marched with him up to the very brink of the grave?

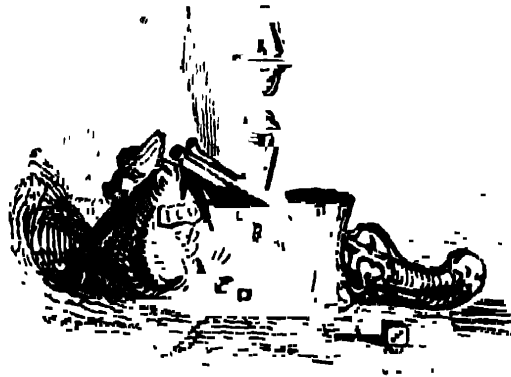
There is but one more circumstance to relate regarding poor Jack—his burial; it was of a piece with his death.

He was nailed into a paltry coffin, and buried, at the expense of the arrondissement, in a nook of the burial

place, beyond the Barrière de l'Étoile. They buried him at six o'clock, of a bitter winter's morning, and it was with difficulty that an English clergyman could be found to read a service over his grave. The three men who have figured in this history, acted as Jack's mourners; and as the ceremony was to take place so early in the morning, these men sat up the night through, *and were almost drunk* as they followed his coffin to its resting-place.

MORAL

'When we turned out in our great coats,' said one of them afterwards, 'reeking of cigars and brandy-and-water, d——e, sir, we quite frightened the old buck of a parson; he did not much like our company.' After the ceremony was concluded, these gentlemen were very happy to get home to a warm and comfortable breakfast, and finished the day royally at Frascati's.



NAPOLEON AND HIS SYSTEM

ON PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S WORK

ANY person who recollects the history of the absurd outbreak of Strasburg, in which Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte figured, three years ago, must remember that, however silly the revolt was, however foolish its pretext, however doubtful its aim, and inexperienced its leader, there was, nevertheless, a party, and a considerable one, in France, that were not unwilling to lend the new projectors their aid. The troops who declared against the Prince, were, it was said, all but willing to declare for him ; and it was certain that, in many of the regiments of the army, there existed a strong spirit of disaffection, and an eager wish for the return of the imperial system and family.

As to the good that was to be derived from the change, that is another question. Why the Emperor of the French should be better than the King of the French, or the King of the French better than the King of France and Navarre, it is not our business to inquire ; but all the three monarchs have no lack of supporters ; republicanism has no lack of supporters ; St. Simonianism was followed by a respectable body of admirers ; Robespierism has a select party of friends. If, in a country where so many quacks have had their day, Prince Louis Napoleon thought he might renew the imperial quackery, why should he not ? It has recollections with it that must always be dear to a gallant nation ; it has certain claptraps in its vocabulary that can never fail to inflame a vain, restless, grasping, disappointed one.

In the first place, and don't let us endeavour to disguise it, they hate us. Not all the protestations of friendship, not all the wisdom of Lord Palmerston, not all the diplomacy of our distinguished plenipotentiary, Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, and, let us add, not all the benefit which

both countries would derive from the alliance, can make it, in our times at least, permanent and cordial. They hate us. The Carlist organs revile us with a querulous fury that never sleeps; the moderate party, if they admit the utility of our alliance, are continually pointing out our treachery, our insolence, and our monstrous infractions of it; and for the Republicans, as sure as the morning comes, the columns of their journals thunder out volleys of fierce denunciations against our unfortunate country. They live by feeding the natural hatred against England, by keeping old wounds open, by recurring ceaselessly to the history of old quarrels, and as in these we, by God's help, by land and by sea, in old times and late, have had the uppermost, they perpetuate the shame and mortification of the losing party, the bitterness of past defeats, and the eager desire to avenge them. A party which knows how to *exploiter* this hatred will always be popular to a certain extent; and the imperial scheme has this, at least, among its conditions.

Then there is the favourite claptrap of the 'natural frontier.' The Frenchman yearns to be bounded by the Rhine and the Alps; and next follows the cry, 'Let France take her place among nations, and direct, as she ought to do, the affairs of Europe.' These are the two chief articles contained in the new imperial programme, if we may credit the journal which has been established to advocate the cause. A natural boundary—stand among the nations—popular development—Russian alliance, and a reduction of *la perfide Albion* to its proper insignificance. As yet we know little more of the plan: and yet such foundations are sufficient to build a party upon, and with such windy weapons a substantial Government is to be overthrown!

In order to give these doctrines, such as they are, a chance of finding favour with his countrymen, Prince Louis has the advantage of being able to refer to a former great professor of them—his uncle Napoleon. His attempt is at once pious and prudent; it exalts the memory of the uncle, and furthers the interests of the nephew, who attempts to show what Napoleon's ideas really were; what good had already resulted from the practice of them; how cruelly they had been thwarted by foreign wars and difficulties; and what vast benefits *would* have resulted from them; aye, and (it is reasonable to conclude) might

still, if the French nation would be wise enough to pitch upon a governor that would continue the interrupted scheme. It is, however, to be borne in mind, that the Emperor Napoleon had certain arguments in favour of his opinions for the time being, which his nephew has not employed. On the 13th Vendémiaire, when General Bonaparte believed in the excellence of a Directory, it may be remembered that he aided his opinions by forty pieces of artillery, and by Colonel Murat at the head of his dragoons. There was no resisting such a philosopher; the Directory was established forthwith, and the sacred cause of the minority triumphed. In like manner, when the General was convinced of the weakness of the Directory, and saw fully the necessity of establishing a Consulate, what were his arguments? Moreau, Lannes, Murat, Berthier, Leclerc, Lefebvre—gentle apostles of the truth!—marched to St. Cloud, and there, with fixed bayonets, caused it to prevail. Error vanished in an instant. At once five hundred of its high-priests tumbled out of windows, and lo! three Consuls appeared to guide the destinies of France! How much more expeditious, reasonable, and clinching was this argument of the 18th Brumaire, than any one that can be found in any pamphlet! A fig for your duodecimos and octavos! Talk about points, there are none like those at the end of a bayonet; and the most powerful of styles is a good rattling ‘article’ from a nine-pounder.

At least this is our interpretation of the manner in which were always propagated the *Idées Napoléoniennes*. Not such, however, is Prince Louis’s belief; and, if you wish to go along with him in opinion, you will discover that a more liberal, peaceable, prudent Prince never existed: you will read that ‘the mission of Napoleon’ was to be the ‘*testamentary executor of the revolution* ;’ and the Prince should have added, the legatee; or, more justly still, as well as the *executor*, he should be called the *executioner*, and then his title would be complete. In Vendémiaire, the military Tartuffe, he threw aside the Revolution’s natural heirs, and made her, as it were, *alter her will*; on the 18th of Brumaire he strangled her, and on the 19th seized on her property, and kept it until force deprived him of it. Illustrations, to be sure, are no arguments, but the example is the Prince’s, not ours.

In the Prince's eyes, then, his uncle is a god; of all monarchs, the most wise, upright, and merciful. Thirty years ago the opinion had millions of supporters; while millions, again, were ready to avouch the exact contrary. It is curious to think of the former difference of opinion concerning Napoleon; and, in reading his nephew's rapturous encomiums of him, one goes back to the days when we ourselves were as loud and mad in his dispraise. Who does not remember his own personal hatred and horror, twenty-five years ago, for the man whom we used to call the 'bloody Corsican upstart and assassin'? What stories did we not believe of him?—what murders, rapes, robberies, not lay to his charge?—we, who were living within a few miles of his territory, and might, by books and newspapers, be made as well acquainted with his merits or demerits as any of his own countrymen.

Then was the age when the *Idées Napoléoniennes* might have passed through many editions; for, while we were thus outrageously bitter, our neighbours were as extravagantly attached to him, by a strange infatuation—adored him like a god, whom we chose to consider as a fiend; and vowed that, under his government, their nation had attained its highest pitch of grandeur and glory. In revenge there existed in England (as is proved by a thousand authentic documents) a monster so hideous, a tyrant so ruthless and bloody, that the world's history cannot show his parallel. This ruffian's name was, during the early part of the French revolution, Pittetcobourg. Pittetcobourg's emissaries were in every corner of France; Pittetcobourg's gold chinked in the pockets of every traitor in Europe; it menaced the life of the god-like Robespierre; it drove into cellars and fits of delirium even the gentle philanthropist Marat; it fourteen times caused the dagger to be lifted against the bosom of the First Consul, Emperor, and King,—that first, great, glorious, irresistible, cowardly, contemptible, bloody hero and fiend, Bonaparte, before mentioned.

On our side of the Channel we have had leisure, long since, to re-consider our verdict against Napoleon; though, to be sure, we have not changed our opinion about Pittetcobourg. After five-and-thirty years all parties bear witness to his honesty, and speak with affectionate reverence of his patriotism, his genius, and his private virtue. In

France, however, or, at least, among certain parties in France, there has been no such modification of opinion. With the Republicans, Pittetcobourg is Pittetcobourg still, —crafty, bloody, seeking whom he may devour ; and *perfidie Albion* more perfidious than ever. This hatred is the point of union between the Republic and the Empire ; it has been fostered ever since, and must be continued by Prince Louis, if he would hope to conciliate both parties.

With regard to the Emperor, then, Prince Louis erects to his memory as fine a monument as his wits can raise. One need not say that the imperial apologist's opinion should be received with the utmost caution ; for a man who has such a hero for an uncle may naturally be proud of and partial to him ; and when this nephew of the great man would be his heir, likewise, and, bearing his name, step also into his imperial shoes, one may reasonably look for much affectionate panegyric. 'The empire was the best of empires,' cries the Prince ; and possibly it was ; undoubtedly, the Prince thinks it was ; but he is the very last person who would convince a man with a proper suspicious impartiality. One remembers a certain consultation of politicians which is recorded in the Spelling-book ; and the opinion of that patriotic sage who avowed that, for a real blameless constitution, an impenetrable shield for liberty, and cheap defence of nations, there was nothing like leather.

Let us examine some of the Prince's article. If we may be allowed humbly to express an opinion, his leather is not only quite insufficient for those vast public purposes for which he destines it, but is, moreover, and in itself, very *bad leather*. The hides are poor, small, unsound slips of skin ; or, to drop this cobbling metaphor, the style is not particularly brilliant, the facts not very startling, and, as for the conclusions, one may differ with almost every one of them. Here is an extract from his first chapter, 'on Governments in general.'

'I speak it with regret, I can see but two Governments, at this day, which fulfil the mission that Providence has confided to them : they are the two colossi at the end of the world ; one at the extremity of the old world, the other at the extremity of the new. Whilst our old European centre is as a volcano, consuming itself in its crater, the two nations of the East and the West march, without hesitation,

towards perfection ; the one under the will of a single individual, the other under liberty.

‘ Providence has confided to the United States of North America the task of peopling and civilizing that immense territory which stretches from the Atlantic to the South Sea, and from the North Pole to the Equator. The Government, which is only a simple administration, has only hitherto been called upon to put in practice the old adage, *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, in order to favour that irresistible instinct which pushes the people of America to the west.

‘ In Russia it is to the imperial dynasty that is owing all the vast progress which, in a century and a half, has rescued that empire from barbarism. The imperial power must contend against all the ancient prejudices of our old Europe : it must centralize, as far as possible, all the powers of the state in the hands of one person, in order to destroy the abuses which the feudal and communal franchises have served to perpetuate. The last alone can hope to receive from it the improvements which it expects.

‘ But thou, France of Henry IV, of Louis XIV, of Carnot, of Napoleon—thou, who wert always for the west of Europe the source of progress, who possessest in thyself the two great pillars of empire, the genius for the arts of peace, and the genius of war—hast thou no further mission to fulfil ? Wilt thou never cease to waste thy force and energies in intestine struggles ? No ; such cannot be thy destiny : the day will soon come, when, to govern thee, it will be necessary to understand that thy part is to place in all treaties thy sword of Brennus on the side of civilization.’

These are the conclusions of the Prince’s remarks upon Governments in general ; and it must be supposed that the reader is very little wiser at the end than at the beginning. But two Governments in the world fulfil their mission : the one government, which is no government ; the other, which is a despotism. The duty of France is *in all treaties* to place her sword of Brennus in the scale of civilization. Without quarrelling with the somewhat confused language of the latter proposition, may we ask what, in Heaven’s name, is the meaning of all the three ? What is this *épée de Brennus* ? and how is France to use it ? Where is the great source of political truth, from which, flowing pure, we trace American republicanism in one stream, Russian despotism in another ? Vastly prosperous is the great re-

public, if you will : if dollars and cents constitute happiness, there is plenty for all : but can any one, who has read of the American doings in the late frontier troubles, and the daily disputes on the slave question, praise the *Government* of the States ?—a Government which dares not punish homicide or arson performed before its very eyes, and which the pirates of Texas and the pirates of Canada can brave at their will ? There is no government, but a prosperous anarchy ; as the Prince's other favourite government is a prosperous slavery. What, then, is to be the *épée de Brennus* government ? Is it to be a mixture of the two ? 'Society,' writes the Prince, axiomatically, 'contains in itself two principles—the one of progress and immortality, the other of disease and disorganization.' No doubt ; and as the one tends towards liberty, so the other is only to be cured by order : and then, with a singular felicity, Prince Louis picks us out a couple of governments, in one of which the common regulating power is as notoriously too weak, as it is in the other too strong, and talks in rapturous terms of the manner in which they fulfil their 'providential mission' !

From these considerations on things in general, the Prince conducts us to Napoleon in particular, and enters largely into a discussion of the merits of the imperial system. Our author speaks of the Emperor's advent in the following grandiose way :—

'Napoleon, on arriving at the public stage, saw that his part was to be the *testamentary executor* of the revolution. The destructive fire of parties was extinct ; and when the Revolution, dying, but not vanquished, delegated to Napoleon the accomplishment of her last will, she said to him, "Establish upon solid bases the principal result of my efforts. Unite divided Frenchmen. Defeat feudal Europe that is leagued against me. Cicatrize my wounds. Enlighten the nations. Execute that in width, which I have had to perform in depth. Be for Europe what I have been for France. And, even if you must water the tree of civilization with your blood—if you must see your projects misunderstood, and your sons without a country, wandering over the face of the earth, never abandon the sacred cause of the French people. Insure its triumph by all the means which genius can discover and humanity approve."

'This grand mission Napoleon performed to the end.

His task was difficult. He had to place upon new principles a society still boiling with hatred and revenge ; and to use, for building up, the same instruments which had been employed for pulling down.

‘The common lot of every new truth that arises, is to wound rather than to convince—rather than to gain proselytes, to awaken fear. For, oppressed as it long has been, it rushes forward with additional force ; having to encounter obstacles, it is compelled to combat them, and overthrow them ; until, at length, comprehended and adopted by the generality, it becomes the basis of new social order.

‘Liberty will follow the same march as the Christian religion. Armed with death from the ancient society of Rome, it for a long while excited the hatred and fear of the people. At last, by force of martyrdoms and persecutions, the religion of Christ penetrated into the conscience and the soul ; it soon had kings and armies at its orders, and Constantine and Charlemagne bore it triumphant throughout Europe. Religion then laid down her arms of war. It laid open to all the principles of peace and order which it contained ; it became the prop of Government, as it was the organizing element of society. Thus will it be with liberty. In 1793 it frightened people and sovereigns alike ; then, having clothed itself in a milder garb, *it insinuated itself everywhere in the train of our battalions*. In 1815 all parties adopted its flag, and armed themselves with its moral force—covered themselves with its colours. The adoption was not sincere, and liberty was soon obliged to re-assume its warlike accoutrements. With the contest their fears returned. Let us hope that they will soon cease, and that liberty will soon resume her peaceful standards, to quit them no more.

‘The Emperor Napoleon contributed more than any one else towards accelerating the reign of liberty, by saving the moral influence of the revolution, and diminishing the fears which it imposed. Without the Consulate and the Empire, the revolution would have been only a grand drama, leaving grand revolutions but no traces : the revolution would have been drowned in the counter-revolution. The contrary, however, was the case. Napoleon rooted the revolution in France, and introduced, throughout Europe, the principal benefits of the crisis of 1789. To use his own

words, "He purified the revolution," he confirmed kings, and ennobled people. He purified the revolution in separating the truths which it contained from the passions that, during its delirium, disfigured it. He ennobled the people in giving them the consciousness of their force, and those institutions which raise men in their own eyes. The Emperor may be considered as the Messiah of the new ideas; for, and we must confess it, in the moments immediately succeeding a social revolution, it is not so essential to put rigidly into practice all the propositions resulting from the new theory, but to become master of the regenerative genius, to identify one's self with the sentiments of the people, and boldly to direct them towards the desired point. To accomplish such a task *your fibre should respond to that of the people*, as the Emperor said; you should feel like it, your interests should be so intimately raised with its own, that you should vanquish or fall together.'

Let us take breath after these big phrases,—grand round figures of speech,—which, when put together, amount, like certain other combinations of round figures, to exactly 0. We shall not stop to argue the merits and demerits of Prince Louis's notable comparison between the Christian religion and the Imperial-revolutionary system. There are many blunders in the above extract as we read it; blundering metaphors, blundering arguments, and blundering assertions; but this is surely the grandest blunder of all; and one wonders at the blindness of the legislator and historian who can advance such a parallel. And what are we to say of the legacy of the dying revolution to Napoleon? Revolutions do not die, and, on their death-beds, making fine speeches, hand over their property to young officers of artillery. We have all read the history of his rise. The constitution of the year III was carried. Old men of the Montagne, disguised royalists, Paris sections, *Pittetcobourg*, above all, with his money-bags, thought that here was a fine opportunity for a revolt, and opposed the new constitution in arms: the new constitution had knowledge of a young officer, who would not hesitate to defend its cause, and who effectually beat the majority. The tale may be found in every account of the revolution, and the rest of his story need not be told. We know every step that he took: we know how, by doses of cannon-balls promptly ad-

ministered, he cured the fever of the sections—that fever which another camp-physician (Menou) declined to prescribe for: we know how he abolished the Directory; and how the Consulship came; and then the Empire; and then the disgrace, exile, and lonely death. Has not all this been written by historians in all tongues?—by memoir-writing pages, chamberlains, marshals, lackeys, secretaries, contemporaries, and ladies of honour? Not a word of miracle is there in all this narration; not a word of celestial missions, or political Messiahs. From Napoleon's rise to his fall, the bayonet marches alongside of him: now he points it at the tails of the scampering 'five hundred,'—now he charges with it across the bloody planks of Arcola,—now he flies before it over the fatal plain of Waterloo.

Unwilling, however, as he may be to grant that there are any spots in the character of his hero's government, the Prince is, nevertheless, obliged to allow that such existed; that the Emperor's manner of rule was a little more abrupt and dictatorial than might possibly be agreeable. For this the Prince has always an answer ready—it is the same poor one that Napoleon uttered a million of times to his companions in exile—the excuse of necessity. He *would* have been very liberal, but that the people were not fit for it; or that the cursed war prevented him;—or any other reason why. His first duty, however, says his apologist, was to form a general union of Frenchmen, and he set about his plan in this wise:—

'Let us not forget, that all which Napoleon undertook, in order to create a general fusion, he performed without renouncing the principles of the revolution. He recalled *the emigrés*, without touching upon the law by which their goods had been confiscated and sold as public property. He re-established the Catholic religion at the same time that he proclaimed the liberty of conscience, and endowed equally the ministers of all sects. He caused himself to be consecrated by the Sovereign Pontiff, without conceding to the Pope's demand any of the liberties of the Gallican church. He married a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, without abandoning any of the rights of France to the conquests she had made. He re-established noble titles, without attaching to them any privileges or prerogatives, and these titles were conferred on all ranks, on

all services, on all professions. Under the empire all idea of caste was destroyed ; no man ever thought of vaunting his pedigree—no man ever was asked how he was born, but what he had done.

‘The first quality of a people which aspires to liberal government, is respect to the law. Now, a law has no other power than lies in the interest which each citizen has to defend or to contravene it. In order to make a people respect the law, it was necessary that it should be executed in the interest of all, and should consecrate the principle of equality in all its extension. It was necessary to restore the *prestige* with which the Government had been formerly invested, and to make the principles of the revolution take root in the public manners. At the commencement of a new society it is the legislator who makes or corrects the manners : later, it is the manners which make the law, or preserve it, from age to age intact.’

Some of these fusions are amusing. No man in the empire was asked how he was born, but what he had done ; and, accordingly, as a man’s actions were sufficient to illustrate him, the Emperor took care to make a host of new title-bearers, princes, dukes, barons, and what not, whose rank has descended to their children. He married a princess of Austria : but, for all that, did not abandon his conquests—perhaps not actually ; but he abandoned his allies, and, eventually, his whole kingdom. Who does not recollect his answer to the Poles, at the commencement of the Russian campaign ? But for Napoleon’s imperial father-in-law, Poland would have been a kingdom, and his race, perhaps, imperial still. Why was he to fetch this princess out of Austria to make heirs for his throne ? Why did not the man of the people marry a girl of the people ? Why must he have a pope to crown him—half-a-dozen kings for brothers, and a bevy of aides-de-camp dressed out like so many mountebanks from Astley’s, with duke’s coronets, and grand blue velvet marshals’ batons ? We have repeatedly his words for it. He wanted to create an aristocracy—another acknowledgement on his part of the Republican dilemma—another apology for the revolutionary blunder. To keep the republic within bounds, a despotism is necessary ; to rally round the despotism, an aristocracy must be created ; and for what have we been labouring all this while ? for what have bastilles been

battered down, and kings' heads hurled, as a gage of battle, in the face of armed Europe? To have a Duke of Otranto instead of a Duke de la Tremoille, and Emperor Stork in place of King Log. O lame conclusion! Is the blessed revolution which is prophesied for us in England only to end in establishing a Prince Fergus O'Connor, or a Cardinal Wade, or a Duke of Daniel Whittle Harvey? Great as those patriots are, we love them better under their simple family names, and scorn titles and coronets.

At present, in France, the delicate matter of titles seems to be better arranged, any gentleman, since the revolution, being free to adopt any one he may fix upon; and it appears that the Crown no longer confers any patents of nobility, but contents itself with saying, as in the case of M. de Pontois, the other day, '*Le Roi trouve convenable that you take the title of, &c.*'

To execute the legacy of the revolution, then; to fulfil his providential mission; to keep his place,—in other words, for the simplest are always the best,—to keep his place, and to keep his Government in decent order, the Emperor was obliged to establish a military despotism, to re-establish honours and titles; it was necessary, as the Prince confesses, to restore the old *prestige* of the Government, in order to make the people respect it; and he adds—a truth which one hardly would expect from him,—‘At the commencement of a new society, it is the legislator who makes and corrects the manners; later, it is the manners which preserve the laws.’ Of course, and here is the great risk that all revolutionizing people run; they must tend to despotism; ‘they must personify themselves in a man,’ is the Prince’s phrase; and, according as is temperament or disposition,—according as he is a Cromwell, a Washington, or a Napoleon, the revolution becomes tyranny or freedom, prospers or falls.

Somewhere in the St. Helena memorials, Napoleon reports a message of his to the Pope. ‘Tell the Pope,’ he says to an archbishop, ‘to remember that I have six hundred thousand armed Frenchmen, *qui marcheront avec moi, pour moi, et comme moi.*’ And this is the legacy of the revolution, the advancement of freedom! A hundred volumes of imperial special pleading will not avail against such a speech as this—one so insolent, and, at the same time, so humiliating, which gives unwittingly the whole

of the Emperor's progress, strength, and weakness. The six hundred thousand armed Frenchmen were used up, and the whole fabric falls; the six hundred thousand are reduced to sixty thousand, and straightway all the rest of the fine imperial scheme vanishes: the miserable senate, so crawling and abject but now, becomes, of a sudden, endowed with a wondrous independence; the miserable sham nobles, sham Empress, sham kings, dukes, princes, chamberlains, pack up their plumes and embroideries, pounce upon what money and plate they can lay their hands on, and when the allies appear before Paris, when for courage and manliness there is yet hope, when with fierce marches hastening to the relief of his capital, bursting through ranks upon ranks of the enemy, and crushing or scattering them from the path of his swift and victorious despair, the Emperor at last is at home,—where are the great dignitaries and the lieutenant-generals of the empire? Where is Maria Louisa, the Empress Eagle, with her little callow King of Rome? Is she going to defend her nest and her eaglet? Not she. Empress-queen, lieutenant-general, and court dignitaries, are off on the wings of all the winds—*profligati sunt*, they are away with the money-bags, and Louis Stanislaus Xavier rolls into the palace of his fathers.

With regard to Napoleon's excellences as an administrator, a legislator, a constructor of public works, and a skilful financier, his nephew speaks with much diffuse praise, and few persons, we suppose, will be disposed to contradict him. Whether the Emperor composed his famous code, or borrowed it, is of little importance; but he established it, and made the law equal for every man in France, except one. His vast public works, and vaster wars, were carried on without new loans, or exorbitant taxes; it was only the blood and liberty of the people that were taxed, and we shall want a better advocate than Prince Louis to show us that these were not most unnecessarily and lavishly thrown away. As for the former and material improvements, it is not necessary to confess here that a despotic energy can effect such far more readily than a Government of which the strength is diffused in many conflicting parties. No doubt, if we could create a despotical governing machine, a steam autocrat,—passionless, untiring, and supreme,—we should advance

further, and live more at ease, than under any other form of government. Ministers might enjoy their pensions, and follow their own devices; Lord John might compose histories or tragedies at his leisure, and Lord Palmerston, instead of racking his brains to write leading articles for *Cupid*, might crown his locks with flowers, and sing *ερωτα μουνον*, his natural Anacreontics; but, alas! not so; if the despotic Government has its good side, Prince Louis Napoleon must acknowledge that it has its bad, and it is for this that the civilized world is compelled to substitute for it something more orderly, and less capricious. Good as the Imperial Government might have been, it must be recollected, too, that, since its first fall, both the Emperor and his admirer, and would-be successor, have had their chance of re-establishing it. 'Flying from steeple to steeple,' the eagles of the former did actually, and according to promise, perch for a while on the towers of *Nôtre Dame*. We know the event: if the fate of war declared against the Emperor, the country declared against him too; and, with old Lafayette for a mouth-piece, the representatives of the nation did, in a neat speech, pronounce themselves in permanence, but spoke no more of the Emperor than if he had never been. Thereupon the Emperor proclaimed his son the Emperor Napoleon II. 'L'Empereur est mort, vive l'Empereur!' shouted Prince Lucien. Psha! not a soul echoed the words: the play was played, and as for old Lafayette and his 'permanent' representatives, a corporal with a hammer nailed up the door of their spouting-club, and once more Louis Stanislas Xavier rolled back to the bosom of his people.

● In like manner, Napoleon III returned from exile, and made his appearance on the frontier. His eagle appeared at Strasburg, and from Strasburg advanced to the capital; but it arrived at Paris with a keeper, and in a post-chaise; whence, by the orders of the sovereign, it was removed to the American shores, and there magnanimously let loose. Who knows, however, how soon it may be on the wing again, and what a flight it will take?

THE STORY OF MARY ANCEL

[*New Monthly Magazine*, October, 1838]

'Go, my nephew,' said old Father Jacob to me, 'and complete thy studies at Strasburg: Heaven, surely, hath ordained thee for the ministry in these times of trouble, and my excellent friend Schneider will work out the divine intention.'

Schneider was an old college friend of uncle Jacob's, was a Benedictine monk, and a man famous for his learning; as for me, I was at that time my uncle's chorister, clerk, and sacristan; I swept the church, chanted the prayers with my shrill treble, and swung the great copper incense-pot on Sundays and feasts; and I toiled over the Fathers for the other days of the week.

The old gentleman said that my progress was prodigious, and, without vanity, I believe he was right, for I then verily considered that praying was my vocation, and not fighting, as I have found since.

You would hardly conceive (said the Major, swearing a great oath) how devout and how learned I was in those days; I talked Latin faster than my own beautiful *patois* of Alsatian French; I could utterly overthrow, in argument, every Protestant (heretics we called them) parson in the neighbourhood, and there was a confounded sprinkling of these unbelievers in our part of the country. I prayed half-a-dozen times a day; I fasted thrice in a week; and, as for penance, I used to scourge my little sides, till they had no more feeling than a peg-top; such was the godly life I led at my uncle Jacob's in the village of Steinbach.

Our family had long dwelt in this place, and a large farm and a pleasant house were then in the possession of another uncle—uncle Edward. He was the youngest of the three sons of my grandfather; but Jacob, the elder, had shown a decided vocation for the church, from, I believe, the age of three, and now was by no means tired of it at sixty. My

father, who was to have inherited the paternal property, was, as I hear, a terrible scamp and scapegrace, quarrelled with his family, and disappeared altogether, living and dying at Paris ; so far, we knew through my mother, who came, poor woman, with me, a child of six months, on her bosom, was refused all shelter by my grandfather, but was housed and kindly cared for by my good uncle Jacob.

Here she lived for about seven years, and the old gentleman, when she died, wept over her grave a great deal more than I did, who was then too young to mind anything but toys or sweetmeats.

During this time my grandfather was likewise carried off ; he left, as I said, the property to his son Edward, with a small proviso in his will that something should be done for me, his grandson.

Edward was himself a widower, with one daughter, Mary, about three years older than I, and certainly she was the dearest little treasure with which Providence ever blessed a miserly father ; by the time she was fifteen, five farmers, three lawyers, twelve Protestant parsons, and a lieutenant of dragoons had made her offers ; it must not be denied that she was an heiress as well as a beauty, which, perhaps, had something to do with the love of these gentlemen. However, Mary declared that she intended to live single, turned away her lovers one after another, and devoted herself to the care of her father.

Uncle Jacob was as fond of her as he was of any saint or martyr. As for me, at the mature age of twelve, I had made a kind of divinity of her, and when we sang Ave Maria on Sundays I could not refrain from turning to her, where she knelt, blushing and praying and looking like an angel, as she was ;—besides her beauty, Mary had a thousand good qualities ; she could play better on the harpsichord, she could dance more lightly, she could make better pickles and puddings, than any girl in Alsace ; there was not a want or a fancy of the old hunks, her father, or a wish of mine or my uncle's, that she would not gratify if she could ; as for herself, the sweet soul had neither wants nor wishes except to see us happy.

I could talk to you for a year of all the pretty kindnesses that she would do for me ; how, when she found me of early mornings among my books, her presence ' would cast a light upon the day ' ; how she used to smooth and fold

my little surplice, and embroider me caps and gowns for high feast-days ; how she used to bring flowers for the altar ; and who could deck it so well as she ? But sentiment does not come glibly from under a grizzled moustache, so I will drop it, if you please.

Amongst other favours she showed me, Mary used to be particularly fond of kissing me : it was a thing I did not so much value in those days, but I found that the more I grew alive to the extent of the benefit, the less she would condescend to confer it on me ; till, at last, when I was about fourteen, she discontinued it altogether, of her own wish at least ; only sometimes I used to be rude, and take what she had now become so mighty unwilling to give.

I was engaged in a contest of this sort one day with Mary, when, just as I was about to carry off a kiss from her cheek, I was saluted with a staggering slap on my own, which was bestowed by uncle Edward, and sent me reeling some yards down the garden.

The old gentleman, whose tongue was generally as close as his purse, now poured forth a flood of eloquence which quite astonished me. I did not think that so much was to be said on any subject as he managed to utter on one, and that was abuse of me ; he stamped, he swore, he screamed ; and then, from complimenting me, he turned to Mary, and saluted her in a manner equally forcible and significant : she, who was very much frightened at the commencement of the scene, grew very angry at the coarse words he used, and the wicked motives he imputed to her.

‘The child is but fourteen,’ she said ; ‘he is your own nephew, and a candidate for holy orders :—father, it is a shame that you should thus speak of me, your daughter, or of one of his holy profession.’

I did not particularly admire this speech myself, but it had an effect on my uncle, and was the cause of the words with which this history commences. The old gentleman persuaded his brother that I must be sent to Strasburg, and there kept until my studies for the church were concluded. I was furnished with a letter to my uncle’s old college chum, Professor Schneider, who was to instruct me in theology and Greek.

I was not sorry to see Strasburg, of the wonders of which I had heard so much, but felt very loath as the time drew near when I must quit my pretty cousin, and my good old



MARY ANCEL

uncle. Mary and I managed, however, a parting walk, in which a number of tender things were said on both sides. I am told that you Englishmen consider it cowardly to cry ; as for me, I wept and roared incessantly : when Mary squeezed me, for the last time, the tears came out of me as if I had been neither more nor less than a great wet sponge. My cousin's eyes were stoically dry ; her ladyship had a part to play, and it would have been wrong for her to be in love with a young chit of fourteen—so she carried herself with perfect coolness, as if there was nothing the matter. I should not have known that she cared for me, had it not been for a letter which she wrote me a month afterwards—*then*, nobody was by, and the consequence was that the letter was half washed away with her weeping ; if she had used a watering-pot the thing could not have been better done.

Well, I arrived at Strasburg—a dismal, old-fashioned, rickety town in those days—and straightway presented myself and letter at Schneider's door ; over it was written—

COMITÉ DE SALUT PUBLIC.

Would you believe it.? I was so ignorant a young fellow, that I had no idea of the meaning of the words ; however, I entered the citizen's room without fear, and sate down in his ante-chamber until I could be admitted to see him.

Here I found very few indications of his reverence's profession ; the walls were hung round with portraits of Robespierre, Marat, and the like ; a great bust of Mirabeau, mutilated, with the word *Traître* underneath ; lists and republican proclamations, tobacco-pipes and firearms. At a deal-table, stained with grease and wine, sate a gentleman, with a huge pigtail dangling down to that part of his person which immediately succeeds his back, and a red nightcap, containing a *tricolor* cockade, as large as a pancake. He was smoking a short pipe, reading a little book, and sobbing as if his heart would break. Every now and then he would make brief remarks upon the personages or the incidents of his book, by which I could judge that he was a man of the very keenest sensibilities—' *ah brigand !* ' ' *oh malheureuse !* ' ' *oh Charlotte, Charlotte !* ' The work which this gentleman was perusing is called *The Sorrows of Werter* ; it was all the rage in those days, and my friend was only following the fashion. I asked him if I could see

Father Schneider ? he turned towards me a hideous, pimpled face, which I dream of now at forty years' distance.

'Father who ?' said he. 'Do you imagine that citizen Schneider has not thrown off the absurd mummery of priesthood ? If you were a little older you would go to prison for calling him Father Schneider—many a man has died for less ;' and he pointed to a picture of a guillotine, which was hanging in the room.

I was in amazement.

'What is he ? Is he not a teacher of Greek, an abbé, a monk, until monasteries were abolished, the learned editor of the songs of "Anacreon" ?'

'He *was* all this,' replied my grim friend ; 'he is now a Member of the Committee of Public Safety, and would think no more of ordering your head off than of drinking this tumbler of beer.'

He swallowed, himself, the frothy liquid, and then proceeded to give me the history of the man to whom my uncle had sent me for instruction.

Schneider was born in 1756 : was a student at Würzburg, and afterwards entered a convent, where he remained nine years. He here became distinguished for his learning and his talents as a preacher, and became chaplain to Duke Charles of Wurtemberg. The doctrines of the Illuminati began about this time to spread in Germany, and Schneider speedily joined the sect. He had been a professor of Greek at Cologne ; and being compelled, on account of his irregularity, to give up his chair, he came to Strasburg at the commencement of the French Revolution, and acted for some time a principal part as a revolutionary agent at Strasburg.

['Heaven knows what would have happened to me had I continued long under his tuition !' said the captain. 'I owe the preservation of my morals entirely to my entering the army. A man, sir, who is a soldier, has very little time to be wicked ; except in the case of a siege and the sack of a town, when a little license can offend nobody.']

By the time that my friend had concluded Schneider's biography, we had grown tolerably intimate, and I imparted to him (with that experience so remarkable in youth) my whole history—my course of studies, my pleasant country life, the names and qualities of my dear relations, and my occupations in the vestry before religion was abolished by order of the republic. In the course of my speech I re-

curred so often to the name of my cousin Mary, that the gentleman could not fail to perceive what a tender place she had in my heart.

Then we reverted to *The Sorrows of Werter*, and discussed the merits of that sublime performance. Although I had before felt some misgivings about my new acquaintance, my heart now quite yearned towards him. He talked about love and sentiment in a manner which made me recollect that I was in love myself; and you know that, when a man is in that condition, his taste is not very refined, any maudlin trash of prose or verse appearing sublime to him, provided it correspond, in some degree, with his own situation.

‘Candid youth!’ cried my unknown, ‘I love to hear thy innocent story, and look on thy guileless face. There is, alas! so much of the contrary in this world, so much terror, and crime, and blood, that we, who mingle with it, are only too glad to forget it. Would that we could shake off our cares as men, and be boys, as thou art, again!’

Here my friend began to weep once more, and fondly shook my hand. I blessed my stars that I had, at the very outset of my career, met with one who was so likely to aid me. What a slanderous world it is, thought I; the people in our village call these republicans wicked and bloody-minded—a lamb could not be more tender than this sentimental bottle-nosed gentleman! The worthy man then gave me to understand that he held a place under Government. I was busy in endeavouring to discover what his situation might be, when the door of the next apartment opened, and Schneider made his appearance.

At first he did not notice me, but he advanced to my new acquaintance, and gave him, to my astonishment, something very like a blow.

‘You drunken, talking fool,’ he said, ‘you are always after your time. Fourteen people are cooling their heels yonder, waiting until you have finished your beer and your sentiment!’

My friend slunk, muttering, out of the room.

‘That fellow,’ said Schneider, turning to me, ‘is our public executioner: a capital hand, too, if he would but keep decent time; but the brute is always drunk, and blubbing over *The Sorrows of Werter*!’

I know not whether it was his old friendship for my uncle, or my proper merits, which won the heart of this sternest ruffian of Robespierre's crew ; but certain it is, that he became strangely attached to me, and kept me constantly about his person. As for the priesthood and the Greek, they were, of course, very soon out of the question. The Austrians were on our frontier ; every day brought us accounts of battles won ; and the youth of Strasburg, and of all France, indeed, were bursting with military ardour. As for me, I shared the general mania, and speedily mounted a cockade as large as that of my friend the executioner.

The occupations of this worthy were unremitting. Saint Just, who had come down from Paris to preside over our town, executed the laws and the aristocrats with terrible punctuality ; and Schneider used to make country excursions in search of offenders, with this fellow, as a provost marshal, at his back. In the meantime, having entered my sixteenth year, and being a proper lad of my age, I had joined a regiment of cavalry, and was scampering now after the Austrians who menaced us, and now threatening the Emigrés, who were banded at Coblenz. My love for my dear cousin increased as my whiskers grew ; and when I was scarcely seventeen, I thought myself man enough to marry her, and to cut the throat of any one who should venture to say me nay.

I need not tell you that during my absence at Strasburg, great changes had occurred in our little village, and somewhat of the revolutionary rage had penetrated even to that quiet and distant place. The hideous ' Fête of the Supreme Being ' had been celebrated at Paris ; the practice of our ancient religion was forbidden ; its professors were most of them in concealment, or in exile, or had expiated, on the scaffold, their crime of Christianity. In our poor village my uncle's church was closed, and he, himself, an inmate in my brother's house, only owing his safety to his great popularity among his former flock, and the influence of Edward Ancel.

The latter had taken in the revolution a somewhat prominent part ; that is, he had engaged in many contracts for the army, attended the clubs regularly, corresponded with the authorities of his department, and was loud in his denunciations of the aristocrats in his neighbourhood. But owing, perhaps, to the German origin of the peasantry,

and their quiet and rustic lives, the revolutionary fury which prevailed in the cities had hardly reached the country people. The occasional visit of a commissary from Paris to Strasburg, served to keep the flame alive, and to remind the rural swains of the existence of a republic in France.

Now and then, when I could gain a week's leave of absence, I returned to the village, and was received with tolerable politeness by my uncle, and with a warmer feeling by his daughter.

I won't describe to you the progress of our love, or the wrath of my uncle Edward, when he discovered that it still continued. He swore and he stormed ; he locked Mary into her chamber, and vowed that he would withdraw the allowance he made me, if ever I ventured near her. His daughter, he said, should never marry a hopeless, penniless subaltern ; and Mary declared she would not marry without his consent. What had I to do ?—to despair and to leave her. As for my poor uncle Jacob, he had no counsel to give me, and, indeed, no spirit left : his little church was turned into a stable, his surplice torn off his shoulders, and he was only too lucky in keeping *his head* on them. A bright thought struck him : suppose you were to ask the advice of my old friend Schneider regarding this marriage ? he has ever been your friend, and may help you now as before.

(Here the Captain paused a little.) You may fancy (continued he) that it was droll advice of a reverend gentleman like uncle Jacob to counsel me in this manner, and to bid me make friends with such a murderous cut-throat as Schneider ; but we thought nothing of it in those days ; guillotining was as common as dancing, and a man was only thought the better patriot the more severe he might be. I departed forthwith to Strasburg, and requested the vote and interest of the Citizen President of the Committee of Public Safety.

He heard me with a great deal of attention. I described to him most minutely the circumstances, expatiated upon the charms of my dear Mary, and painted her to him from head to foot. Her golden hair and her bright blushing cheeks ; her slim waist and her tripping tiny feet ; and, furthermore, I added that she possessed a fortune which ought, by rights, to be mine, but for the miserly old father. ' Curse him for an aristocrat ! ' concluded I, in my wrath.

As I had been discoursing about Mary's charms, Schneider listened with much complacency and attention: when I spoke about her fortune, his interest redoubled; and when I called her father an aristocrat, the worthy ex-Jesuit gave a grin of satisfaction, which was really quite terrible. O, fool that I was to trust him so far!

The very same evening an officer waited upon me with the following note from Saint Just:—

‘ Strasburg, Fifth Year of the Republic, one and indivisible,
11 Ventôse.

‘ The citizen Pierre Ancel is to leave Strasburg within two hours, and to carry the enclosed dispatches to the President of the Committee of Public Safety at Paris. The necessary leave of absence from his military duties has been provided. Instant punishment will follow the slightest delay on the road.—Salut et Fraternité.’

There was no choice but obedience, and off I sped on my weary way to the capital.

As I was riding out of the Paris gate, I met an equipage which I knew to be that of Schneider. The ruffian smiled at me as I passed, and wished me a *bon voyage*. Behind his chariot came a curious machine, or cart; a great basket, three stout poles, and several planks, all painted red, were lying in this vehicle, on the top of which was seated my friend with the big cockade. It was the *portable guillotine*, which Schneider always carried with him on his travels. The *bourreau* was reading *The Sorrows of Werter*, and looked as sentimental as usual.

I will not speak of my voyage in order to relate to you Schneider's. My story had awakened the wretch's curiosity and avarice, and he was determined that such a prize as I had shown my cousin to be should fall into no hands but his own. No sooner, in fact, had I quitted his room, than he procured the order for my absence, and was on the way to Steinbach as I met him.

The journey is not a very long one; and on the next day my uncle Jacob was surprised by receiving a message that the citizen Schneider was in the village, and was coming to greet his old friend. Old Jacob was in an ecstasy, for he longed to see his college acquaintance, and

he hoped, also, that Schneider had come into that part of the country upon the marriage-business of your humble servant. Of course, Mary was summoned to give her best dinner, and wear her best frock ; and her father made ready to receive the new state-dignitary.

Schneider's carriage speedily rolled into the court-yard, and Schneider's *cart* followed, as a matter of course. The ex-priest only entered the house ; his companion remaining with the horses to dine in private. There was a most touching meeting between him and Jacob. They talked over their old college pranks and successes ; they capped Greek verses, and quoted ancient epigrams upon their tutors, who had been dead since the Seven Years' war. Mary declared it was quite touching to listen to the merry friendly talk of these two old gentlemen.

After the conversation had continued for a time in this strain, Schneider drew up all of a sudden, and said, quietly, that he had come on particular and unpleasant business—hinting about troublesome times, spies, evil reports, and so forth. Then he called uncle Edward aside, and had with him a long and earnest conversation : so Jacob went out and talked with Schneider's *friend* ; they speedily became very intimate, for the ruffian detailed all the circumstances of his interview with me. When he returned into the house, some time after this pleasing colloquy, he found the tone of the society strangely altered. Edward Ancel, pale as a sheet, trembling, and crying for mercy ; poor Mary weeping ; and Schneider pacing energetically about the apartment, raging about the rights of man, the punishment of traitors, and the one and indivisible republic.

'Jacob,' he said, as my uncle entered the room, 'I was willing, for the sake of our old friendship, to forget the crimes of your brother. He is a known and dangerous aristocrat ; he holds communications with the enemy on the frontier ; he is a possessor of great and ill-gotten wealth, of which he has plundered the republic. Do you know,' said he, turning to Edward Ancel, 'where the least of these crimes, or the mere suspicion of them, would lead you ?'

Poor Edward sat trembling in his chair, and answered not a word. He knew full well how quickly, in this dreadful time, punishment followed suspicion ; and, though guilt-

less of all treason with the enemy, perhaps he was aware that, in certain contracts with the Government, he had taken to himself a more than patriotic share of profit.

‘Do you know,’ resumed Schneider, in a voice of thunder, ‘for what purpose I came hither, and by whom I am accompanied? I am the administrator of the justice of the republic. The life of yourself and your family is in my hands: yonder man, who follows me, is the executor of the law; he has rid the nation of hundreds of wretches like yourself. A single word from me, and your doom is sealed without hope, and your last hour is come. Ho! Gregoire!’ shouted he; ‘is all ready?’

Gregoire replied from the court, ‘I can put up the machine in half an hour. Shall I go down to the village and call the troops and the law-people?’

‘Do you hear him?’ said Schneider. ‘The guillotine is in your court-yard; your name is on my list, and I have witnesses to prove your crime. Have you a word in your defence?’

Not a word came; the old gentleman was dumb; but his daughter, who did not give way to his terrors, spoke for him.

‘You cannot, sir,’ said she, ‘although you say it, *feel* that my father is guilty; you would not have entered our house thus alone if you had thought it. You threaten him in this manner because you have something to ask and to gain from us: what is it, citizen?—tell us at how much you value our lives, and what sum we are to pay for our ransom?’

‘Sum!’ said uncle Jacob; ‘he does not want money of us: my old friend, my college chum, does not come hither to drive bargains with anybody belonging to Jacob Ancel.’

‘Oh! no, sir, no, you can’t want money of us,’ shrieked Edward; ‘we are the poorest people of the village; ruined, Monsieur Schneider, ruined in the cause of the republic.’

‘Silence, father,’ said my brave Mary; ‘this man wants a *price*; he comes, with his worthy friend yonder, to frighten us, not to kill us. If we die, he cannot touch a sou of our money; it is confiscated to the State. Tell us, sir, what is the price of our safety.’

Schneider smiled, and bowed with perfect politeness.

‘Mademoiselle Marie,’ he said, ‘is perfectly correct in her surmise. I do not want the life of this poor drivelling old man—my intentions are much more peaceable, be assured. It rests entirely with this accomplished young lady (whose spirit I like, and whose ready wit I admire), whether the business between us shall be a matter of love or death. I humbly offer myself, citizen Ancel, as a candidate for the hand of your charming daughter. Her goodness, her beauty, and the large fortune which I know you intend to give her, would render her a desirable match for the proudest man in the republic, and, I am sure, would make me the happiest.’

‘This must be a jest, Monsieur Schneider,’ said Mary, trembling, and turning deadly pale: ‘you cannot mean this—you do not know me—you never heard of me until to-day.’

‘Pardon me, *belle dame*,’ replied he; ‘your cousin Pierre has often talked to me of your virtues; indeed, it was by his special suggestion that I made the visit.’

‘It is false!—it is a base and cowardly lie!’ exclaimed she (for the young lady’s courage was up).—‘Pierre never could have forgotten himself and me so as to offer me to one like you. You come here with a lie on your lips—a lie against my father, to swear his life away, against my dear cousin’s honour and love. It is useless now to deny it: father, I love Pierre Ancel—I will marry no other but him—no, though our last penny were paid to this man as the price of our freedom.’

Schneider’s only reply to this was a call to his friend Gregoire.

‘Send down to the village for the *maire* and some *gendarmes*; and tell your people to make ready.’

‘Shall I put *the machine* up?’ shouted he of the sentimental turn.

‘You hear him,’ said Schneider; ‘Marie Ancel, you may decide the fate of your father. I shall return in a few hours,’ concluded he, ‘and will then beg to know your decision.’

The advocate of the rights of man then left the apartment, and left the family, as you may imagine, in no very pleasant mood.

Old uncle Jacob, during the few minutes which had elapsed in the enactment of this strange scene, sat staring

wildly at Schneider, and holding Mary on his knees—the poor little thing had fled to him for protection, and not to her father, who was kneeling almost senseless at the window, gazing at the executioner and his hideous preparations. The instinct of the poor girl had not failed her; she knew that Jacob was her only protector, if not of her life—Heaven bless him!—of her honour. ‘Indeed,’ the old man said, in a stout voice, ‘this must never be, my dearest child—you must not marry this man. If it be the will of Providence that we fall, we shall have at least the thought to console us that we die innocent. Any man in France, at a time like this, would be a coward and traitor if he feared to meet the fate of the thousand brave and good who have preceded us.’

‘Who speaks of dying?’ said Edward. ‘You, brother Jacob!—you would not lay that poor girl’s head on the scaffold, or mine, your dear brother’s. You will not let us die, Mary; you will not, for a small sacrifice, bring your poor old father into danger?’

Mary made no answer. ‘Perhaps,’ she said, ‘there is time for escape: he is to be here but in two hours; in two hours we may be safe, in concealment, or on the frontier.’ And she rushed to the door of the chamber, as if she would have instantly made the attempt: two *gendarmes* were at the door. ‘We have orders, Mademoiselle,’ they said, ‘to allow no one to leave this apartment until the return of the citizen Schneider.’

Alas! all hope of escape was impossible. Mary became quite silent for a while; she would not speak to uncle Jacob; and, in reply to her father’s eager questions, she only replied, coldly, that she would answer Schneider when he arrived.

The two dreadful hours passed away only too quickly; and, punctual to his appointment, the ex-monk appeared. Directly he entered, Mary advanced to him, and said calmly,

‘Sir, I could not deceive you if I said that I freely accepted the offer which you have made me. I will be your wife; but I tell you that I love another; and that it is only to save the lives of these two old men that I yield my person up to you.’

Schneider bowed and said,

‘It is bravely spoken: I like your candour—your beauty.’

As for the love, excuse me for saying that is a matter of total indifference. I have no doubt, however, that it will come as soon as your feelings in favour of the young gentleman, your cousin, have lost their present fervour. That engaging young man has, at present, another mistress—Glory. He occupies, I believe, the distinguished post of corporal in a regiment which is about to march to—Perpignan, I believe.’

It was, in fact, Monsieur Schneider’s polite intention to banish me as far as possible from the place of my birth ; and he had, accordingly, selected the Spanish frontier as the spot where I was to display my future military talents.

Mary gave no answer to this sneer : she seemed perfectly resigned and calm : she only said,

‘ I must make, however, some conditions regarding our proposed marriage, which a gentleman of Monsieur Schneider’s gallantry cannot refuse.’

‘ Pray command me,’ replied the husband elect. ‘ Fair lady, you know I am your slave.’

‘ You occupy a distinguished political rank, citizen representative,’ said she ; ‘ and we in our village are likewise known and beloved. I should be ashamed, I confess, to wed you here ; for our people would wonder at the sudden marriage, and imply that it was only by compulsion that I gave you my hand. Let us, then, perform this ceremony at Strasburg, before the public authorities of the city, with the state and solemnity which befits the marriage of one of the chief men of the Republic.’

‘ Be it so, madam,’ he answered, and gallantly proceeded to embrace his bride.

‘ Mary did not shrink from this ruffian’s kiss ; nor did she reply when poor old Jacob, who sat sobbing in a corner, burst out, and said, ‘ O Mary, Mary, I did not think this of thee ! ’

‘ Silence, brother ! ’ hastily said Edward ; ‘ my good son-in-law will pardon your ill-humour.’

I believe uncle Edward in his heart was pleased at the notion of the marriage ; he only cared for money and rank, and was little scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them.

The matter, then, was finally arranged ; and presently, after Schneider had transacted the affairs which brought him into that part of the country, the happy bridal party

set forward for Strasburg. Uncles Jacob and Edward occupied the back seat of the old family carriage, and the young bride and bridegroom (he was nearly Jacob's age) were seated majestically in front. Mary has often since talked to me of this dreadful journey : she said she wondered at the scrupulous politeness of Schneider during the route ; nay, that at another period she could have listened to and admired the singular talent of this man, his great learning, his fancy, and wit : but her mind was bent upon other things, and the poor girl firmly thought that her last day was come.

In the meantime, by a blessed chance, I had not ridden three leagues from Strasburg, when the officer of a passing troop of a cavalry regiment, looking at the beast on which I was mounted, was pleased to take a fancy to it, and ordered me, in an authoritative tone, to descend, and to give up my steed for the benefit of the Republic. I represented to him, in vain, that I was a soldier, like himself, and the bearer of dispatches to Paris. 'Fool !' he said, 'do you think they would send dispatches by a man who can ride at best but ten leagues a day ?' And the honest soldier was so wroth at my supposed duplicity, that he not only confiscated my horse, but my saddle, and the little portmanteau which contained the chief part of my worldly goods and treasure. I had nothing for it but to dismount, and take my way on foot back again to Strasburg. I arrived there in the evening, determining the next morning to make my case known to the citizen St. Just : and though I made my entry without a sou, I don't know what secret exultation I felt at again being able to return.

The ante-chamber of such a great man as St. Just was, in those days, too crowded for an unprotected boy to obtain an early audience ; two days passed before I could obtain a sight of the friend of Robespierre. On the third day, as I was still waiting for the interview, I heard a great bustle in the courtyard of the house, and looked out with many others at the spectacle.

A number of men and women, singing epithalamiums, and dressed in some absurd imitation of Roman costume, a troop of soldiers and gendarmerie, and an immense crowd of the *badauds* of Strasburg, were surrounding a carriage which then entered the court of the mayoralty. In this carriage, great God ! I saw my dear Mary, and Schneider

by her side. The truth instantly came upon me ; the reason for Schneider's keen inquiries and my abrupt dismissal ; but I could not believe that Mary was false to me. I had only to look in her face, white and rigid as marble, to see that this proposed marriage was not with her consent.

I fell back in the crowd as the procession entered the great room in which I was, and hid my face in my hands : I could not look upon her as the wife of another,—upon her so long loved and truly—the saint of my childhood—the pride and hope of my youth—torn from me for ever, and delivered over to the unholy arms of the murderer who stood before me.

The door of St. Just's private apartment opened, and he took his seat at the table of mayoralty just as Schneider and his cortége arrived before it.

Schneider then said that he came in before the authorities of the Republic to espouse the citoyenne Marie Ancel.

'Is she a minor?' said St. Just.

'She is a minor, but her father is here to give her away.'

'I am here,' said uncle Edward, coming eagerly forward and bowing. 'Edward Ancel, so please you, citizen representative. The worthy citizen Schneider has done me the honour of marrying into my family.'

'But my father has not told you the terms of the marriage,' said Mary, interrupting him, in a loud, clear voice.

Here Schneider seized her hand, and endeavoured to prevent her from speaking. Her father turned pale, and cried, 'Stop, Mary, stop! For Heaven's sake, remember your poor old father's danger!'

'Sir, may I speak?'

'Let the young woman speak,' said St. Just, 'if she have a desire to talk.' He did not suspect what would be the purport of her story.

'Sir,' she said, 'two days since the citizen Schneider entered for the first time our house ; and you will fancy that it must be a love of very sudden growth which has brought either him or me before you to-day. He had heard from a person who is now, unhappily, not present, of my name, and of the wealth which my family was said to possess ; and hence arose this mad design concerning me. He came into our village with supreme power, an executioner at his heels, and the soldiery and authorities of the

district entirely under his orders. He threatened my father with death if he refused to give up his daughter ; and I, who knew that there was no chance of escape, except here before you, consented to become his wife. My father I know to be innocent, for all his transactions with the State have passed through my hands. Citizen representative, I demand to be freed from this marriage ; and I charge Schneider as a traitor to the Republic, as a man who would have murdered an innocent citizen for the sake of private gain.'

During the delivery of this little speech, uncle Jacob had been sobbing and panting like a broken-winded horse ; and when Mary had done, he rushed up to her and kissed her, and held her tight in his arms. ' Bless thee, my child ! ' he cried, ' for having had the courage to speak the truth, and shame thy old father and me, who dared not say a word.'

' The girl amazes me,' said Schneider, with a look of astonishment. ' I never saw her, it is true, till yesterday ; but I used no force : her father gave her to me with his free consent, and she yielded as gladly. Speak, Edward Ancel, was it not so ? '

' It was, indeed, by my free consent,' said Edward, trembling.

' For shame, brother ! ' cried old Jacob. ' Sir, it was by Edward's free consent and my niece's ; but the guillotine was in the courtyard ! Question Schneider's famulus, the man Gregoire, him who reads *The Sorrows of Werter*.

Gregoire stepped forward, and looked hesitatingly at Schneider, as he said, ' I know not what took place within doors ; but I was ordered to put up the scaffold without ; and I was told to get soldiers, and let no one leave the house.'

' Citizen St. Just,' cried Schneider, ' you will not allow the testimony of a ruffian like this, of a foolish girl, and a mad ex-priest, to weigh against the word of one who has done such service to the Republic : it is a base conspiracy to betray me ; the whole family is known to favour the interest of the *émigrés*.'

' And therefore you would marry a member of the family, and allow the others to escape : you must make a better defence, citizen Schneider,' said St. Just, sternly.

Here I came forward, and said that, three days since,

I had received an order to quit Strasburg for Paris, immediately after a conversation with Schneider, in which I had asked him his aid in promoting my marriage with my cousin, Mary Ancel; that he had heard from me full accounts regarding her father's wealth; and that he had abruptly caused my dismissal, in order to carry on his scheme against her.

'You are in the uniform of a regiment in this town; who sent you from it?' said St. Just.

I produced the order, signed by himself, and the dispatches which Schneider had sent me.

'The signature is mine, but the dispatches did not come from my office. Can you prove in any way your conversation with Schneider?'

'Why,' said my sentimental friend Gregoire, 'for the matter of that, I can answer that the lad was always talking about this young woman: he told me the whole story himself, and many a good laugh I had with citizen Schneider as we talked about it.'

'The charge against Edward Ancel must be examined into,' said St. Just. 'The marriage cannot take place. But, if I had ratified it, Mary Ancel, what would then have been your course?'

Mary felt for a moment in her bosom, and said—'*He would have died to-night—I would have stabbed him with this dagger.*'¹

The rain was beating down the streets, and yet they were thronged: all the world was hastening to the market-place, where the worthy Gregoire was about to perform some of the pleasant duties of his office. On this occasion, it was not death that he was to inflict; he was only to expose a criminal, who was to be sent on, afterwards, to Paris. St. Just had ordered that Schneider should stand for six hours in the public *place* of Strasburg, and then be sent on to the capital, to be dealt with as the authorities there might think fit.

The people followed with execrations the villain to his place of punishment; and Gregoire grinned as he fixed up to the post the man whose orders he had obeyed so

¹ This reply, and, indeed, the whole of the story, is historical. An account, by Charles Nodier, in the *Revue de Paris*, suggested it to the writer.

often—who had delivered over to disgrace and punishment so many who merited it not.

Schneider was left for several hours exposed to the mockery and insults of the mob ; he was then, according to his sentence, marched on to Paris, where it is probable that he would have escaped death, but for his own fault. He was left for some time in prison, quite unnoticed, perhaps forgotten : day by day fresh victims were carried to the scaffold, and yet the Alsatian tribune remained alive ; at last, by the mediation of one of his friends, a long petition was presented to Robespierre, stating his services and his innocence, and demanding his freedom. The reply to this was an order for his instant execution : the wretch died in the last days of Robespierre's reign. His comrade, St. Just, followed him, as you know ; but Edward Ancel had been released before this, for the action of my brave Mary had created a strong feeling in his favour.

‘ And Mary ? ’ said I.

Here a stout and smiling old lady entered the Captain's little room : she was leaning on the arm of a military-looking man of some forty years, and followed by a number of noisy, rosy children.

‘ This is Mary Ancel,’ said the Captain, ‘ and I am Captain Pierre, and yonder is the Colonel, my son ; and you see us here assembled in force, for it is the *fête* of little Jacob yonder, whose brothers and sisters have all come from their schools to dance at his birthday.’

BEATRICE MERGER

BEATRICE MERGER, whose name might figure at the head of one of Mr. Colburn's politest romances—so smooth and aristocratic does it sound—is no heroine, except of her own simple history; she is not a fashionable French Countess, nor even a victim of the Revolution.

She is a stout, sturdy girl, of two-and-twenty, with a face beaming with good nature, and marked dreadfully by small-pox; and a pair of black eyes, which might have done some execution had they been placed in a smoother face. Beatrice's station in society is not very exalted; she is a servant of all-work: she will dress your wife, your dinner, your children; she does beefsteaks and plain work; she makes beds, blacks boots, and waits at table;—such, at least, were the offices which she performed in the fashionable establishment of the writer of this book: perhaps her history may not inaptly occupy a few pages of it.

'My father died,' said Beatrice, 'about six years since, and left my poor mother with little else but a small cottage and a strip of land, and four children, too young to work. It was hard enough in my father's time to supply so many little mouths with food; and how was a poor widowed



woman to provide for them now, who had neither the strength nor the opportunity for labour ?

‘ Besides us, to be sure, there was my old aunt ; and she would have helped us, but she could not, for the old woman is bed-ridden ; so she did nothing but occupy our best room, and grumble from morning till night : Heaven knows ! poor old soul, that she had no great reason to be very happy ; for you know, sir, that it frets the temper to be sick ; and that it is worse still to be sick and hungry too.

‘ At that time, in the country where we lived (in Picardy, not very far from Boulogne), times were so bad that the best workman could hardly find employ ; and when he did, he was happy if he could earn a matter of twelve sous a day. Mother, work as she would, could not gain more than six ; and it was a hard job, out of this, to put meat into six bellies, and clothing on six backs. Old aunt Bridget would scold, as she got her portion of black bread ; and my little brothers used to cry if theirs did not come in time. I, too, used to cry when I got my share ; for mother kept only a little, little piece for herself, and said that she had dined in the fields,—God pardon her for the lie ! and bless her, as I am sure He did ; for, but for Him, no working man or woman could subsist upon such a wretched morsel as my dear mother took.

‘ I was a thin, ragged, bare-footed girl, then, and sickly and weak for want of food ; but I think I felt mother’s hunger more than my own ; and many and many a bitter night I lay awake, crying, and praying to God to give me means of working for myself and aiding her. And He has, indeed, been good to me,’ said pious Beatrice, ‘ for He has given me all this !

‘ Well, time rolled on, and matters grew worse than ever : winter came, and was colder to us than any other winter, for our clothes were thinner and more torn ; mother sometimes could find no work, for the fields in which she laboured were hidden under the snow ; so that when we wanted them most, we had them least—warmth, work, or food.

‘ I knew that, do what I would, mother would never let me leave her, because I looked to my little brothers and my old cripple of an aunt ; but, still, bread was better for us than all my service ; and when I left them, the six would have a slice more ; so I determined to bid good-bye to nobody, but to go away, and look for work elsewhere.

One Sunday, when mother and the little ones were at church, I went in to aunt Bridget, and said, "Tell mother, when she comes back, that Beatrice is gone." I spoke quite stoutly, as if I did not care about it.

"Gone! gone where?" said she. "You ain't going to leave me alone, you nasty thing; you ain't going to the village to dance, you ragged, barefooted slut: you're all of a piece in this house—your mother, your brothers, and you. I know you've got meat in the kitchen, and you only give me black bread;" and here the old lady began to scream as if her heart would break; but we did not mind it, we were so used to it.

"Aunt," said I, "I'm going, and took this very opportunity because you *were* alone: tell mother, I am too old now to eat her bread, and do no work for it: I am going, please God, where work and bread can be found;" and so I kissed her: she was so astonished that she could not move or speak; and I walked away through the old room, and the little garden, God knows whither!

I heard the old woman screaming after me, but I did not stop nor turn round. I don't think I could, for my heart was very full; and if I had gone back again, I should never have had the courage to go away. So I walked a long, long way, until night fell; and I thought of poor mother coming home from mass, and not finding me; and little Pierre shouting out, in his clear voice, for Beatrice to bring him his supper. I think I should like to have died that night, and I thought I should too; for when I was obliged to throw myself on the cold, hard ground, my feet were too torn and weary to bear me any further.

Just then the moon got up; and do you know I felt a comfort in looking at it, for I knew it was shining on our little cottage, and it seemed like an old friend's face. A little way on, as I saw by the moon, was a village; and I saw, too, that a man was coming towards me; he must have heard me crying, I suppose.

"Was not God good to me? This man was a farmer, who had need of a girl in his house; he made me tell him why I was alone, and I told him the same story I have told you, and he believed me, and took me home. I had walked six long leagues from our village, that day, asking everywhere for work in vain; and here, at bed-time, I found a bed and a supper!

‘ Here I lived very well for some months ; my master was very good and kind to me ; but, unluckily, too poor to give me any wages ; so that I could save nothing to send to my poor mother. My mistress used to scold ; but I was used to that at home, from aunt Bridget ; and she beat me sometimes, but I did not mind it ; for your hardy country girl is not like your tender town lasses, who cry if a pin pricks them, and give warning to their mistresses at the first hard word. The only drawback to my comfort was, that I had no news of my mother ; I could not write to her, nor could she have read my letter, if I had ; so there I was, at only six leagues distance from home, as far off as if I had been to Paris or to ’Merica.

‘ However, in a few months I grew so listless and homesick, that my mistress said she would keep me no longer ; and though I went away as poor as I came, I was still too glad to go back to the old village again, and see dear mother, if it were but for a day. I knew she would share her crust with me, as she had done for so long a time before ; and hoped that, now, as I was taller and stronger, I might find work more easily in the neighbourhood.

‘ You may fancy what a fête it was when I came back ; though I’m sure we cried as much as if it had been a funeral. Mother got into a fit, which frightened us all ; and as for aunt Bridget, she *skreeled* away for hours together, and did not scold for two days at least. Little Pierre offered me the whole of his supper ; poor little man ! his slice of bread was no bigger than before I went away.

‘ Well, I got a little work here, and a little there ; but still I was a burden at home, rather than a breadwinner ; and, at the closing in of the winter, was very glad to hear of a place at two leagues’ distance, where work, they said was to be had. Off I set, one morning, to find it, but missed my way, somehow, until it was night-time before I arrived. —Night-time, and snow again ; it seemed as if all my journeys were to be made in this bitter weather.

‘ When I came to the farmer’s door, his house was shut up, and his people all a-bed ; I knocked for a long while in vain ; at last he made his appearance at a window upstairs, and seemed so frightened, and looked so angry, that I suppose he took me for a thief. I told him how I had come for work. “ Who comes for work at such an hour ? ” said he : “ Go home, you impudent baggage, and

do not disturb honest people out of their sleep." He banged the window to ; and so I was left alone to shift for myself as I might. There was no shed, no cow-house, where I could find a bed ; so I got under a cart, on some straw ; it was no very warm berth. I could not sleep for the cold ; and the hours passed so slowly, that it seemed as if I had been there a week, instead of a night ; but still it was not so bad as the first night when I left home, and when the good farmer found me.

' In the morning, before it was light, the farmer's people came out, and saw me crouching under the cart : they told me to get up ; but I was so cold that I could not : at last the man himself came, and recognized me as the girl who had disturbed him the night before. When he heard my name, and the purpose for which I came, this good man took me into the house, and put me into one of the beds out of which his sons had just got ; and, if I was cold before, you may be sure I was warm and comfortable now : such a bed as this I had never slept in, nor ever did I have such good milk-soup as he gave me out of his own breakfast. Well, he agreed to hire me ; and what do you think he gave me ?—six sous a day ! and let me sleep in the cow-house besides : you may fancy how happy I was now, at the prospect of earning so much money.

' There was an old woman, among the labourers, who used to sell us soup : I got a cupful every day for a half-penny, with a bit of bread in it ; and might eat as much beet-root besides as I liked ; not a very wholesome meal, to be sure, but God took care that it should not disagree with me.

• So, every Saturday, when work was over, I had thirty sous to carry home to mother ; and tired though I was, I walked merrily the two leagues to our village, to see her again. On the road there was a great wood to pass through, and this frightened me ; for if a thief should come and rob me of my whole week's earnings, what could a poor lone girl do to help herself ? But I found a remedy for this too, and no thieves ever came near me ; I used to begin saying my prayers as I entered the forest, and never stopped until I was safe at home ; and safe I always arrived, with my thirty sous in my pocket.—Ah ! you may be sure, Sunday was a merry day for us all.'

This is the whole of Beatrice's history which is worthy of publication ; the rest of it only relates to her arrival in Paris, and the various masters and mistresses whom she there had the honour to serve. As soon as she enters the capital, the romance disappears, and the poor girl's sufferings and privations luckily vanish with it. Beatrice has got now warm gowns, and stout shoes, and plenty of good food. She has had her little brother from Picardy ; clothed, fed, and educated him : that young gentleman is now a carpenter, and an honour to his profession. Madame Merger is in easy circumstances, and receives, yearly, fifty francs from her daughter. To crown all, Mademoiselle Beatrice herself is a funded proprietor, and consulted the writer of this biography as to the best method of laying out a capital of two hundred francs, which is the present amount of her fortune.

God bless her ! she is richer than his Grace the Duke of Devonshire ; and, I dare to say, has, in her humble walk, been more virtuous and more happy than all the dukes in the realm.

It is, indeed, for the benefit of dukes, and such great people (who, I make no doubt, have long since ordered copies of these Sketches from Mr. Macrone), that poor little Beatrice's story has been indited. Certain it is, that the young woman would never have been immortalized in this way, but for the good which her betters may derive from her example. If your Ladyship will but reflect a little, after boasting of the sums which you spend in charity ; the beef and blankets, which you dole out at Christmas ; the poonah-painting, which you execute for fancy fairs ; the long, long sermons, which you listen to, at St. George's, the whole year through ;—your Ladyship, I say, will allow that, although perfectly meritorious in your line, as a patroness of the Church of England, of Almack's, and of the Lying-in Asylum, yours is but a paltry sphere of virtue, a pitiful attempt at benevolence, and that this honest servant-girl puts you to shame ! And you, my Lord Bishop ; do you, out of your six sous a day, give away five to support your flock and family ? Would you drop a single coach-horse (I do not say *a dinner*, for such a notion is monstrous, in one of your Lordship's degree), to feed any one of the starving children of your Lordship's mother—the Church ?

I pause for a reply. His Lordship took too much turtle and cold punch for dinner yesterday, and cannot speak just now ; but we have, by this ingenious question, silenced him altogether : let the world wag as it will, and poor Christians and curates starve as they may, my Lord's footmen must have their new liveries, and his horses their four feeds a day.

When we recollect his speech about the Catholics,—when we remember his last charity sermon,—but I say nothing. Here is a poor benighted superstitious creature, worshipping images, without a rag to her tail, who has as much faith, and humility, and charity, as all the reverend bench.

This angel is without a place ; and for this reason (besides the pleasure of composing the above slap at episcopacy)—I have indited her history. If the Bishop is going to Paris, and wants a good honest maid of all-work, he can have her, I have no doubt ; or if he chooses to give a few pounds to her mother, they can be sent to Mr. Titmarsh, at the publisher's.

Here is Miss Merger's last letter and autograph. The note was evidently composed by an *Écrivain public* :—

' *Madame,*

' *Ayant appris par ce Monsieur, que vous vous portiez bien, ainsi que Monsieur, ayant su aussi que vous parliez de moi dans votre lettre cette nouvelle m'a fait bien plaisir Je profite de l'occasion pour vous faire passer ce petit billet ou Je voudrais pouvoir m'enveloper pour aller vous voir et pour vous dire que Je suis encore sans place Je m'ennuye toujours de ne pas vous voir ainsi que Minette (Minette is a cat) qui semble m'interroger tour a tour et demander ou vous êtes. Je vous envoie aussi la note du linge a blanchir—ah Madame ! Je vais cesser de vous ecrire mais non de vous regretter.'*

Beatrice merger

CARICATURES AND LITHOGRAPHY IN PARIS

FIFTY years ago, there lived, at Munich, a poor fellow, by name Aloys Senefelder, who was in so little repute as an author and artist, that printers and engravers refused to publish his works at their own charges, and so set him upon some plan for doing without their aid. In the first place, Aloys invented a certain kind of ink, which would resist the action of the acid that is usually employed by engravers, and with this he made his experiments upon copper-plates, as long as he could afford to purchase them. He found that to write upon the plates backwards, after the manner of engravers, required much skill and many trials ; and he thought that, were he to practise upon any other polished surface—a smooth stone, for instance, the least costly article imaginable—he might spare the expense of the copper until he had sufficient skill to use it.

One day, it is said that Aloys was called upon to write—rather a humble composition for an author and artist—a washing-bill. He had no paper at hand ; and so he wrote out the bill with some of his newly-invented ink, upon one of his Kilheim stones. Some time afterwards he thought he would try and take an *impression* of his washing-bill : he did, and succeeded. Such is the story, which the reader most likely knows very well ; and having alluded to the origin of the art, we shall not follow the stream through its windings and enlargement after it issued from the little parent rock, or fill our pages with the rest of the pedigree : Senefelder invented Lithography. His invention has not made so much noise and larum in the world as some others, which have an origin quite as humble and unromantic ; but it is one to which we owe no small profit, and a great deal of pleasure ; and, as such, we are bound to speak of it with all gratitude and respect. The school-

master, who is now abroad, has taught us, in our youth, how the cultivation of art '*emollit mores nec sinit esse*'—(it is needless to finish the quotation); and Lithography has been, to our thinking, the very best ally that art ever had; the best friend of the artist, allowing him to produce rapidly-multiplied and authentic copies of his own works (without trusting to the tedious and expensive assistance of the engraver); and the best friend to the people likewise, who have means of purchasing these cheap and beautiful productions, and thus having their ideas 'mollified,' and their manners 'feros' no more.

With ourselves, among whom money is plenty, enterprise so great, and everything matter of commercial speculation, Lithography has not been so much practised as wood or steel engraving, which, by the aid of great original capital and spread of sale, are able more than to compete with the art of drawing on stone. The two former may be called art done by *machinery*. We confess to a prejudice in favour of the honest work of *hand*, in matters of art, and prefer the rough workmanship of the painter to the smooth copies of his performances which are produced, for the most part, on the wood-block or the steel-plate.

The theory will possibly be objected to by many of our readers; the best proof in its favour, we think, is, that the state of art amongst the people in France and Germany, where publishers are not so wealthy or enterprising as with us,¹ and where Lithography is more practised, is infinitely higher than in England, and the appreciation more correct. As draughtsmen, the French and German painters are incomparably superior to our own; and with art, as with any other commodity, the demand will be found pretty equal to the supply: with us, the general demand is for neatness, prettiness, and what is called *effect* in pictures, and these can be rendered completely, nay, improved, by the engraver's conventional manner of copying the artist's performances. But to copy fine expression and fine drawing, the engraver himself must be a fine artist; and let anybody examine the host of picture-

¹ These countries are, to be sure, inundated with the productions of our market, in the shape of Byron Beauties, reprints from the Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, and such trash; but these are only of late years, and their original schools of art are still flourishing.

books which appear every Christmas, and say whether, for the most part, painters or engravers possess any artistic merit? We boast, nevertheless, of some of the best engravers and painters in Europe. Here, again, the supply is accounted for by the demand; our highest class is richer than any other aristocracy, quite as well instructed, and can judge and pay for fine pictures and engravings. But these costly productions are for the few, and not for the many, who have not yet certainly arrived at properly appreciating fine art.

Take the standard 'Album' for instance—that unfortunate collection of deformed Zuleikas and Medoras (from the Byron Beauties, the Flowers, Gems, Souvenirs, Casquets of Loveliness, Beauty, as they may be called); glaring caricatures of flowers, singly, in groups, in flower-pots, or with hideous deformed little Cupids sporting among them; of what are called 'mezzotinto' pencil drawings, 'poonah-paintings,' and what not. 'The Album' is to be found invariably upon the round rosewood brass-inlaid drawing-room table of the middle classes, and with a couple of 'Annuals' besides, which flank it on the same table, represents the art of the house; perhaps there is a portrait of the master of the house in the dining-room, grim-glancing from above the mantel-piece; and of the mistress over the piano upstairs; add to these some odious miniatures of the sons and daughters, on each side of the chimney-glass; and here, commonly (we appeal to the reader if this is an overcharged picture), the collection ends. The family goes to the Exhibition once a year, to the National Gallery once in ten years: to the former place they have an inducement to go; there are their own portraits, or the portraits of their friends, or the portraits of public characters; and you will see them infallibly wondering over No. 2645 in the catalogue, representing 'The Portrait of a Lady,' or of the 'First Mayor of Little Pedlington since the passing of the Reform Bill;' or else bustling and squeezing among the miniatures, where lies the chief attraction of the Gallery. England has produced, owing to the effects of this class of admirers of art, two admirable, and five hundred very clever, portrait-painters. How many *artists*? Let the reader count upon his five fingers, and see if, living at the present moment, he can name one for each.

If, from this examination of our own worthy middle classes, we look to the same class in France, what a difference do we find! Humble *cafés* in country towns have their walls covered with pleasing picture papers, representing *Les Gloires de l'Armée Française*, the Seasons, the Four Quarters of the World, Cupid and Psyche, or some other allegory, landscape, or history, rudely painted, as papers for walls usually are; but the figures are all tolerably well drawn; and the common taste, which has caused a demand for such things, undeniable. In Paris, the manner in which the *cafés* and houses of the *restaurateurs* are ornamented, is, of course, a thousand times richer, and nothing can be more beautiful, or more exquisitely finished and correct, than the designs which adorn many of them. We are not prepared to say what sums were expended upon the painting of Véry's or Véfour's, of the Salle-Musard, or of numberless other places of public resort in the capital. There is many a shopkeeper whose sign is a very tolerable picture; and often have we stopped to admire (the reader will give us credit for having remained *outside*) the excellent workmanship of the grapes and vine-leaves over the door of some very humble, dirty, inodorous shop of a *marchand de vin*.

These, however, serve only to educate the public taste, and are ornaments, for the most part, much too costly for the people. But the same love of ornament which is shown in their public places of resort, appears in their houses likewise; and every one of our readers who has lived in Paris, in any lodging, magnificent or humble, with any family, however poor, may bear witness how profusely the walls of his smart *salon* in the English quarter, or of his little room *au sixième* in the Pays-Latin, has been decorated with prints of all kinds. In the first, probably, with bad engravings on copper, from the bad and tawdry pictures of the artists of the time of the Empire; in the latter, with gay caricatures of Granville or Monnier; military pieces, such as are dashed off by Raffet, Charlet, Vernet (one can hardly say which of the three designers has the greatest merit, or the most vigorous hand); or clever pictures from the crayon of the Deverias, the admirable Roqueplan, or Decamp. We have named here, we believe, the principal lithographic artists in Paris; and those, as doubtless there are many, of our readers who have looked over

Monsieur Aubert's portfolios, or gazed at that famous caricature-shop window in the Rue de Coq, or are even acquainted with the exterior of Monsieur Delaporte's little emporium in the Burlington Arcade, need not be told how excellent the productions of all these artists are, in their *genre*. We get, in these engravings, the *loisirs* of men of genius, not the finikin performances of laboured mediocrity, as with us ; all these artists are good painters, as well as good designers ; a design from them is worth a whole gross of Books of Beauty ; and if we might raise a humble supplication to the artists in our own country of similar merit—to such men as Leslie, Maclise, Herbert, Cattermole, and others—it would be, that they should, after the example of their French brethren, and of the English landscape painters, take chalk in hand, produce their own copies of their own sketches, and never more draw a single Forsaken One, Rejected One, Dejected One, at the entreaty of any publisher, or for the pages of any Book of Beauty, Royalty, or Loveliness, whatever.

Can there be a more pleasing walk, in the whole world, than a stroll through the Gallery of the Louvre, on a *fête*-day : not to look so much at the pictures as at the lookers-on ? Thousands of the poorer classes are there : mechanics in their Sunday clothes, smiling *grisettes*, smart, dapper soldiers of the line, with bronzed wondering faces, marching together in little companies of six or seven, and stopping every now and then at Napoleon or Leonidas, as they appear, in proper vulgar heroics, in the pictures of David or Gros. The taste of these people will hardly be approved by the connoisseur, but they have a taste for art. Can the same be said of our lower classes, who, if they are inclined to be sociable and amused in their holidays, have no place of resort but the tap-room or tea-garden, and no food for conversation, except such as can be built upon the politics or the police reports of the last Sunday paper ? So much has church and state puritanism done for us—so well has it succeeded in materializing and binding down to the earth the imagination of men, for which God has made another world (which certain statesmen take but too little into account)—that fair and beautiful world of art in which there *can* be nothing selfish or sordid, of which Dulness has forgotten the existence, and which Bigotry has endeavoured to shut out from sight—

‘ On a banni les démons et les fées,
Le raisonneur tristement s'accrédite :
On court, hélas ! après la vérité :
Ah ! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite ! ’

We are not putting in a plea, here, for demons and fairies, as Voltaire does in the above exquisite lines ; nor about to expatiate on the beauties of error, for it is none ; but the clank of steam-engines, and the shouts of politicians, and the struggle for gain or bread, and the loud denunciations of stupid bigots, have wellnigh smothered poor *Fancy* among us. We boast of our science, and vaunt our superior morality. Does the latter exist ? In spite of all the forms which our policy has invented to secure it—in spite of all the preachers, all the meeting-houses, and all the legislative enactments, if any person will take upon himself the painful labour of purchasing and perusing some of the cheap periodical prints which form the people's library of amusement, and contain what may be presumed to be their standard in matters of imagination and fancy, he will see how false the claim is that we bring forward of superior morality. The aristocracy, who are so eager to maintain, were, of course, not the last to feel, the annoyance of the legislative restrictions on the Sabbath, and eagerly seized upon that happy invention for dissipating the gloom and *ennui* ordered by Act of Parliament to prevail on that day—the Sunday paper. It might be read in a club-room, where the poor could not see how their betters ordained one thing for the vulgar, and another for themselves ; or in an easy chair, in the study, whither my lord retires every Sunday for his devotions. It dealt in private scandal and ribaldry, only the more piquant for its pretty flimsy veil of *double entendre*. It was a fortune to the publisher, and it became a necessary to the reader, which he could not do without, any more than without his snuff-box, his opera-box, or his *chasse* after coffee. The delightful novelty could not for any time be kept exclusively for the *haut ton* ; and from my lord it descended to his valet or tradesmen, and from Grosvenor Square it spread all the town through ; so that now the lower classes have their scandal and ribaldry organs, as well as their betters (the rogues, they *will* imitate them !) ; and, as their tastes are somewhat coarser than my lord's, and their numbers a thousand to one, why, of course, the prints have increased, and the profligacy

has been diffused in a ratio exactly proportionable to the demand, until the town is infested with such a number of monstrous publications of the kind as would have put Abbé Dubois to the blush, or made Louis XV cry shame. Talk of English morality!—the worst licentiousness, in the worst period of the French monarchy, scarcely equalled the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours.

The reader will be glad, at last, to come to the conclusion that we would fain draw from all these descriptions—why does this immorality exist? Because the people *must* be amused, and have not been taught *how*; because the upper classes, frightened by stupid cant, or absorbed in material want, have not as yet learned the refinement which only the cultivation of art can give; and when their intellects are uneducated, and their tastes are coarse, the tastes and amusements of classes still more ignorant must be coarse and vicious likewise, in an increased proportion.

Such discussions and violent attacks upon high and low, Sabbath-bills, politicians, and what not, may appear, perhaps, out of place, in a few pages which purport only to give an account of some French drawings: all we would urge is, that, in France, these prints are made because they are liked and appreciated; with us they are not made, because they are not liked and appreciated;—and the more is the pity. Nothing merely intellectual will be popular among us: we do not love beauty for beauty's sake, as Germans; or wit, for wit's sake, as the French: for abstract art we have no appreciation. We admire H. B.'s caricatures, because they are the caricatures of well-known political characters, not because they are witty; and Bez, because he writes us good palpable stories (if we may use such a word to a story); and Madame Vestris, because she has the most beautifully shaped legs;—the *art* of the designer, the writer, the actress (each admirable in its way), is a very minor consideration; each might have ten times the wit, and would be quite unsuccessful without their substantial points of popularity.

In France such matters are far better managed, and the love of art is a thousand times more keen; and (from this feeling, surely) how much superiority is there in French *society* over our own; how much better is social happiness understood; how much more manly equality is

there between Frenchman and Frenchman, than between rich and poor in our own country, with all our superior wealth, instruction, and political freedom! There is, amongst the humblest, a gaiety, cheerfulness, politeness, and sobriety, to which, in England, no class can show a parallel; and these, be it remembered, are not only qualities for holidays, but for working-days too, and add to the enjoyment of human life as much as good clothes, good beef, or good wages. If, to our freedom, we could but add a little of their happiness!—it is one, after all, of the cheapest commodities in the world, and in the power of every man (with means of gaining decent bread) who has the will or the skill to use it.

We are not going to trace the history of the rise and progress of art in France; our business, at present, is only to speak of one branch of art in that country—lithographic designs, and those chiefly of a humorous character. A history of French caricature was published in Paris, two or three years back, illustrated by numerous copies of designs, from the time of Henry III to our own day. We can only speak of this work from memory, having been unable, in London, to procure the sight of a copy; but our impression, at the time we saw the collection, was as unfavourable as could possibly be; nothing could be more meagre than the wit, or poorer than the execution, of the whole set of drawings. Under the Empire, art, as may be imagined, was at a very low ebb; and, aping the Government of the day, and catering to the national taste and vanity, it was a kind of tawdry caricature of the sublime, of which the pictures of David and Girodet, and almost the entire collection now at the Luxembourg Palace, will give pretty fair examples. Swollen, distorted, unnatural, the painting was something like the politics of those days; with force in it, nevertheless, and something of grandeur, that will exist in spite of taste, and is born of energetic will. A man, disposed to write comparisons of characters, might, for instance, find some striking analogies between Mountebank Murat, with his irresistible bravery and horsemanship, who was a kind of mixture of Duguesclin and Ducrow, and Mountebank David, a fierce, powerful painter and genius, whose idea of beauty and sublimity seemed to have been gained from the bloody melodramas on the Boulevard. Both, however, were great

in their way, and were worshipped as gods, in those heathen times of false belief and hero-worship.

As for poor caricature and freedom of the press, they, like the rightful princess in a fairy tale, with the merry fantastic dwarf, her attendant, were entirely in the power of the giant who ruled the land. The Princess Press was so closely watched and guarded (with some little show, nevertheless, of respect for her rank), that she dared not utter a word of her own thoughts; and, for poor Caricature, he was gagged, and put out of the way altogether, imprisoned as completely as ever Asmodeus was in his phial.

How the Press and her attendant fared, in succeeding reigns, is well known; their condition was little bettered by the downfall of Napoleon: with the accession of Charles X they were more oppressed even than before—more than they could bear; for so hard were they pressed, that, as one has seen when sailors were working a capstan, back of a sudden the bars flew, knocking to the earth the men who were endeavouring to work them. The Revolution came, and up sprung Caricature in France; all sorts of fierce epigrams were discharged at the flying monarch, and speedily were prepared, too, for the new one.

About this time, there lived at Paris (if our information be correct) a certain M. Philipon, an indifferent artist (painting was his profession), a tolerable designer, and an admirable wit. M. Philipon designed many caricatures himself, married the sister of an eminent publisher of prints (M. Aubert), and the two, gathering about them a body of wits and artists like themselves, set up journals of their own:—*La Caricature*, first published once a week; and the *Charivari* afterwards, a daily paper, in which a design also appears daily.

At first the caricatures inserted in the *Charivari* were chiefly political; and a most curious contest speedily commenced between the state and M. Philipon's little army in the Galérie Véro-Dodat. Half-a-dozen poor artists on the one side, and his Majesty Louis Philippe, his august family, and the numberless placemen and supporters of the monarchy, on the other; it was something like Thersites girding at Ajax, and piercing through the folds of the *clypei septemplicis* with the poisonous shafts of his scorn. Our French Thersites was not always an honest opponent, it must be confessed; and many an attack was made upon

the gigantic enemy, which was cowardly, false, and malignant. But to see the monster writhing under the effects of the arrow—to see his uncouth fury in return, and the blind blows that he dealt at his diminutive opponent!—not one of these told in a hundred; when they *did* tell, it may be imagined that they were fierce enough in all conscience, and served almost to annihilate the adversary.

To speak more plainly, and to drop the metaphor of giant and dwarf, the King of the French suffered so much, his Ministers were so mercilessly ridiculed, his family and his own remarkable figure drawn with such odious and grotesque resemblance, in fanciful attitudes, circumstances, and disguises, so ludicrously mean, and often so appropriate, that the King was obliged to descend into the lists and battle his ridiculous enemy in form. Prosecutions, seizures, fines, regiments of furious legal officials, were first brought into play against poor M. Philipon and his little dauntless troop of malicious artists; some few were bribed out of his ranks; and if they did not, like Gilray in England, turn their weapons upon their old friends, at least laid down their arms, and would fight no more. The bribes, fines, indictments, and loud-tongued *avocats du Roi* made no impression; Philipon repaired the defeat of a fine by some fresh and furious attack upon his great enemy; if his epigrams were more covert, they were no less bitter; if he was beaten a dozen times before a jury, he had eighty or ninety victories to show in the same field of battle, and every victory and every defeat brought him new sympathy. Every one who was at Paris, a few years since, must recollect the famous '*poire*' which was chalked upon all the walls of the city, and which bore so ludicrous a resemblance to Louis Philippe. The *poire* became an object of prosecution, and M. Philipon appeared before a jury, to answer for the crime of inciting to contempt against the King's person, by giving such a ludicrous version of his face. Philipon, for defence, produced a sheet of paper, and drew a *poire*, a real large Burgundy pear; in the lower parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk, and crowned with two or three careless leaves. 'There was no treason at least in *that*,' he said to the jury; 'could any one object to such a harmless botanical representation?' Then he drew a second pear, exactly like the former, except that one or two lines were scrawled in the midst of

it, which bore, somehow, a ludicrous resemblance to the eyes, nose, and mouth of a celebrated personage; and, lastly, he drew the exact portrait of Louis Philippe; the well-known toupée, the ample whiskers and jowl were there, neither extenuated, nor set down in malice. 'Can I help it, gentlemen of the jury, then,' said he, 'if his Majesty's face is like a pear? Say you, yourselves, respectable citizens, is it, or is it not, like a pear?' Such eloquence could not fail of its effect; the artist was acquitted, and *La Poire* is immortal.

At last came the famous September laws; the freedom of the Press, which, from August, 1830, was to be '*désormais une vérité,*' was calmly strangled by the Monarch who had gained his crown for his supposed championship of it; by his Ministers, some of whom had been stout republicans on paper but a few years before; and by the Chamber, which, such is the blessed constitution of French elections, will generally vote, unvote, revote in any way the Government wishes. With a wondrous union, and happy forgetfulness of principle, monarch, ministers, and deputies issued the restriction laws; the Press was sent to prison; as for the poor dear Caricature, it was fairly murdered. No more political satires appear now, and, 'through the eye, correct the heart;' no more *poires* ripen on the walls of the metropolis; Philipon's political occupation is gone.

But there is always food for satire; and the French caricaturists, being no longer allowed to hold up to ridicule and reprobation the King and the deputies, have found no lack of subjects for the pencil in the ridicules and rascalities of common life. We have said that public decency is greater amongst the French than amongst us, which, to some of our readers, may appear paradoxical, but we shall not attempt to argue that, in private roguery, our neighbours are not our equals. The *procès* of Gisquet, which has appeared lately in the papers, shows how deep the demoralization must be, and how a Government, based itself on dishonesty (a tyranny, that is, under the title and fiction of a democracy), must practise and admit corruption in its own, and in its agents' dealings with the nation. Accordingly, of cheating contracts, of ministers dabbling with the funds, or extracting underhand profits for the granting of unjust privileges and monopolies,—of grasping, envious police restrictions, which destroy the freedom,

and, with it, the integrity of commerce,—those who like to examine such details may find plenty in French history ; the whole French finance system has been a swindle from the days of Louvois, or Law, down to the present time. The Government swindles the public, and the small traders swindle their customers, on the authority and example of the superior powers. Hence the art of roguery, under such high patronage, maintains, in France, a noble front of impudence, and a fine audacious openness, which it does not wear in our country.

Among the various characters of roguery which the French satirists have amused themselves by depicting, there is one of which the *greatness* (using the word in the sense which Mr. Jonathan Wild gave to it) so far exceeds that of all others, embracing, as it does, all in turn, that it has come to be considered the type of roguery in general ; and now, just as all the political squibs were made to come of old from the lips of Pasquin, all the reflections on the prevailing cant, knavery, quackery, humbug, are put into the mouth of Monsieur Robert Macaire.

A play was written, some twenty years since, called the 'Auberge des Adrets,' in which the characters of two robbers escaped from the galleys were introduced—Robert Macaire, the clever rogue above-mentioned, and Bertrand, the stupid rogue, his friend, accomplice, butt, and scape-goat, on all occasions of danger. It is needless to describe the play—a witless performance enough, of which the joke was Macaire's exaggerated style of conversation, a farrago of all sorts of high-flown sentiments, such as the French love to indulge in—contrasted with his actions, which were philosophically unscrupulous ; and his appearance, which was most picturesquely sordid. The play had been acted, we believe, and forgotten, when a very clever actor, M. Frederick Lemaitre, took upon himself the performance of the character of Robert Macaire, and looked, spoke, and acted it to such admirable perfection, that the whole town rung with applauses of his performance, and the caricaturists delighted to copy his singular figure and costume. M. Robert Macaire appears in a most picturesque green coat, with a variety of rents and patches, a pair of crimson pantaloons ornamented in the same way, enormous whiskers and ringlets, an enormous stock and shirt-frill, as dirty and ragged as stock and shirt-frill can be, the relic of a hat very gaily

cocked over one eye, and a patch to take away somewhat from the brightness of the other—these are the principal *pièces* of his costume—a snuff-box like a creaking warming-pan, a handkerchief hanging together by a miracle, and a switch of about the thickness of a man's thigh, formed the ornaments of this exquisite personage. He is a compound of Fielding's 'Blueskin' and Goldsmith's 'Beau Tibbs.' He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other : sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple : he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character.

Bertrand is the simple recipient of Macaire's jokes, and makes vicarious atonement for his crimes, acting, in fact, the part which pantaloen performs in the pantomime, who is entirely under the fatal influence of clown. He is quite as much a rogue as that gentleman, but he has not his genius and courage. So, in pantomimes (it may, doubtless, have been remarked by the reader), clown always leaps first, pantaloen following after, more clumsily and timidly than his bold and accomplished friend and guide. Whatever blows are destined for clown, fall, by some means of ill luck, upon the pate of pantaloen : whenever the clown robs, the stolen articles are sure to be found in his companion's pocket ; and thus exactly Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand are made to go through the world ; both swindlers, but the one more accomplished than the other. Both robbing all the world, and Robert robbing his friend, and, in the event of danger, leaving him faithfully in the lurch. There is, in the two characters, some grotesque good for the spectator—a kind of *Beggars' Opera* moral.

Ever since Robert, with his dandified rags and airs, his cane and snuff-box, and Bertrand with torn surtout and all-absorbing pocket, have appeared on the stage, they have been popular with the Parisians ; and with these two types of clever and stupid knavery, M. Philipon and his companion Daumier have created a world of pleasant satire upon all the prevailing abuses of the day.

Almost the first figure that these audacious caricaturists dared to depict was a political one : in Macaire's red

breeches and tattered coat appeared no less a personage than the King himself—the old *Poire*—in a country of humbugs and swindlers the *facile princeps*; fit to govern, as he is deeper than all the rogues in his dominions. Bertrand was opposite to him, and, having listened with delight and reverence to some tale of knavery truly royal, was exclaiming, with a look and voice expressive of the most intense admiration, ‘AH VIEUX BLAGUEUR! va!’—the word *blague* is untranslatable—it means *French* humbug, as distinct from all other; and only those who know the value of an epigram in France, an epigram so wonderfully just, a little word so curiously comprehensive, can fancy the kind of rage and rapture with which it was received. It was a blow that shook the whole dynasty. Thersites had there given such a wound to Ajax, as Hector in arms could scarcely have inflicted: a blow sufficient almost to create the madness to which the fabulous hero of Homer and Ovid fell a prey.

Not long, however, was French caricature allowed to attack personages so illustrious: the September laws came, and henceforth no more epigrams were launched against politicians; but the caricaturists were compelled to confine their satire to subjects and characters that had nothing to do with the State. The Duke of Orleans was no longer to figure in lithography, as the fantastic Prince Rosolin; no longer were multitudes (in chalk) to shelter under the enormous shadow of M. d’Argout’s nose: Marshal Lobau’s squirt was hung up in peace, and M. Thiers’s pigmy figure, and round spectacled face, were no more to appear in print.¹ Robert Macaire was driven out of the Chambers and the Palace—his remarks were a great deal too appropriate and too severe for the ears of the great men who congregated in those places.

The Chambers and the Palace were shut to him; but the rogue, driven out of this rogue’s paradise, saw ‘that the world was all before him where to choose,’ and found no lack of opportunities for exercising his wit. There was the Bar, with its roguish practitioners, rascally attorneys, stupid juries, and forsworn judges; there was the Bourse, with all its gambling, swindling, and hoaxing, its cheats and

¹ Almost all the principal public men had been most ludicrously caricatured in the *Charivari*: those mentioned above were usually depicted with the distinctive attributes mentioned by us.

its dupes ; the Medical Profession, and the quacks, who ruled it alternately ; the Stage, and the cant that was prevalent there ; the Fashion, and its thousand follies and extravagances. Robert Macaire had all these to *exploiter*. Of all the empire, through all the ranks, professions, the lies, crimes, and absurdities of men, he may make sport at will ; of all except of a certain class. Like Bluebeard's wife, he may see everything, but is bidden to *beware of the blue chamber*. Robert is more wise than Bluebeard's wife, and knows that it would cost him his head to enter it. Robert, therefore, keeps aloof for the moment. Would there be any use in his martyrdom ? Bluebeard cannot live for ever ; perhaps, even now, those are on their way (one sees a suspicious cloud of dust or two) that are to destroy him.

In the meantime Robert and his friend have been furnishing the designs that we have before us, and of which, perhaps, the reader will be edified by a brief description. We are not, to be sure, to judge of the French nation by M. Macaire, any more than we are to judge of our own national morals, in the last century, by such a book as the *Beggars' Opera* ; but upon the morals and the national manners, works of satire afford a world of light that one would in vain look for in regular books of history. Doctor Smollett would have blushed to devote any considerable portion of his pages to a discussion of the acts and character of Mr. Jonathan Wild, such a figure being hardly admissible among the dignified personages who usually push all others out from the possession of the historical page ; but a chapter of that gentleman's memoirs, as they are recorded in that exemplary *recueil*—the *Newgate Calendar* ; nay, a canto of the great comic epic (involving many fables, and containing much exaggeration, but still having the seeds of truth) which the satirical poet of those days wrote in celebration of him—we mean Fielding's *History of Jonathan Wild the Great*—does seem to us to give a more curious picture of the manners of those times than any recognized history of them. At the close of his history of George II, Smollett condescends to give a short chapter on Literature and Manners. He speaks of Glover's *Leonidas*, Cibber's *Careless Husband*, the poems of Mason, Gray, the two Whiteheads, 'the nervous style, extensive erudition, and superior sense of a Cooke : the delicate

taste, the polished muse, and tender feeling of a Lyttelton.' 'King,' he says, 'shone unrivalled in Roman eloquence, the female sex distinguished themselves by their taste and ingenuity. Miss Carte rivalled the celebrated Dacier in learning and critical knowledge; Mrs. Lennox signalized herself by many successful efforts of genius, both in poetry and prose; and Miss Reid excelled the celebrated Rosalba in portrait painting, both in miniature and at large, in oil as well as in crayons. The genius of Cervantes was transferred into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety. The field of history and biography was cultivated by many writers of ability, among whom we distinguish the copious Guthrie, the circumstantial Ralph, the laborious Carte, the learned and elegant Robertson, and, above all, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume,' &c. &c. We will quote no more of the passage. Could a man in the best humour sit down to write a graver satire? Who cares for the tender muse of Lyttelton? Who knows the signal efforts of Mrs. Lennox's genius? Who has seen the admirable performances, in miniature and at large, in oil as well as in crayons, of a Miss Reid? Laborious Carte, and circumstantial Ralph, and copious Guthrie, where are they, their works, and their reputation? Mrs. Lennox's name is just as clean wiped out of the list of worthies as if she had never been born; and Miss Reid, though she was once actual flesh and blood, 'rival in miniature and at large' of the celebrated Rosalba, she is as if she had never been at all; her little farthing rushlight of a soul and reputation having burnt out, and left neither wick nor tallow. Death, too, has overtaken copious Guthrie and circumstantial Ralph. Only a few know whereabouts is the grave where lies laborious Carte; and yet, O wondrous power of genius! Fielding's men and women are alive, though History's are not. The progenitors of circumstantial Ralph, sent forth, after much labour and pains of making, educating, feeding, clothing, a real man child, a great palpable mass of flesh, bones, and blood (we say nothing about the spirit), which was to move through the world, ponderous, writing histories, and to die, having achieved the title of circumstantial Ralph; and lo! without any of the trouble that the parents of Ralph had undergone, alone, perhaps, in

a watch or spunging-house, fuddled, most likely, in the blandest, easiest, and most good-humoured way in the world, Henry Fielding makes a number of men and women on so many sheets of paper, not only more amusing than Ralph or Miss Reid, but more like flesh and blood, and more alive now than they. Is not Amelia preparing her husband's little supper? Is not Miss Snap chastely preventing the crime of Mr. Firebrand? Is not Parson Adams in the midst of his family, and Mr. Wild taking his last bowl of punch with the Newgate Ordinary? Is not every one of them a real substantial *have-been* personage now?—more real than Reid or Ralph? For our parts, we will not take upon ourselves to say that they do not exist somewhere else; that the actions attributed to them have not really taken place; certain we are that they are more worthy of credence than Ralph, who may or may not have been circumstantial; who may or may not even have existed, a point unworthy of disputation. As for Miss Reid, we will take an affidavit that neither in miniature nor at large did she excel the celebrated Rosalba; and with regard to Mrs. Lennox, we consider her to be a mere figment, like Narcissa, Miss Tabitha Bramble, or any hero or heroine depicted by the historian of *Peregrine Pickle*.

In like manner, after viewing nearly ninety portraits of Robert Macaire and his friend Bertrand, all strongly resembling each other, we are inclined to believe in them both as historical personages, and to canvass gravely the circumstances of their lives. Why should we not? Have we not their portraits? Are not they sufficient proofs? If not, we must discredit Napoleon (as Archbishop Whateley teaches), for about his figure and himself we have no more authentic testimony.

Let the reality of M. Robert Macaire and his friend M. Bertrand be granted, if but to gratify our own fondness for those exquisite characters: we find the worthy pair in the French capital, mingling with all grades of its society, *pars magna*, in the intrigues, pleasures, perplexities, rogueries, speculations, which are carried on in Paris, as in our own chief city; for it need not be said that roguery is of no country nor clime, but finds, ὡς πανταχου γε πατρις ἡ βοσκουσα γη, is a citizen of all 'countries where the quarters are good; among our merry neighbours it finds itself very much at its ease.

Not being endowed, then, with patrimonial wealth, but compelled to exercise their genius to obtain distinction, or even subsistence, we see Messrs. Bertrand and Macaire, by turns, adopting all trades and professions, and exercising each with their own peculiar ingenuity. As public men, we have spoken already of their appearance in one or two important characters, and stated that the Government grew fairly jealous of them, excluding them from office, as the Whigs did Lord Brougham. As private individuals, they are made to distinguish themselves as the founders of journals, *sociétés en commandite* (companies of which the members are irresponsible beyond the amount of their shares), and all sorts of commercial speculations, requiring intelligence and honesty on the part of the directors, confidence and liberal disbursements from the shareholders.

These are, among the French, so numerous, and have been, of late years (in the shape of Newspaper Companies, Bitumen Companies, Galvanized-Iron Companies, Rail-road Companies, &c.), pursued with such a blind *furor*, and lust of gain, by that easily excited and imaginative people, that, as may be imagined, the satirist has found plenty of occasion for remark, and M. Macaire and his friend innumerable opportunities for exercising their talents.

We know nothing of M. Emile de Girardin, except that, in a duel, he shot the best man in France, Armand Carrel ; and in Girardin's favour it must be said, that he had no other alternative ; but was right in provoking the duel, seeing that the whole Republican party had vowed his destruction, and that he fought and killed their champion, as it were. We know nothing of M. Girardin's private character ; but, as far as we can judge from the French public prints, he seems to be the most speculative of speculators, and, of course, a fair butt for the malice of the caricaturists. His one great crime, in the eyes of the French Republicans and Republican newspaper proprietors, was, that Girardin set up a journal, as he called it, '*franchement monarchique*,'—a journal in the pay of the monarchy, that is,—and a journal that cost only forty francs by the year. The *National* costs twice as much ; the *Charivari* itself costs half as much again ; and though all newspapers, of all parties, concurred in 'snubbing' poor M. Girardin and his journal, the Republican prints

were by far the most bitter against him, thundering daily accusations and personalities; whether the abuse was well or ill founded, we know not: hence arose the duel with Carrel; after the termination of which, Girardin put by his pistol, and vowed, very properly, to assist in the shedding of no more blood. Girardin had been the originator of numerous other speculations besides the journal: the capital of these, like that of the journal, was raised by shares; and the shareholders, by some fatality, have found themselves woefully in the lurch; while Girardin carries on the war gaily, is, or was, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, has money, goes to Court, and possesses a certain kind of reputation. He invented, we believe, the *Institution Agronome de Coetbo*,¹ the *Physionotype*, the *Journal des Connoissances Utiles*, the *Panthéon Littéraire*, and the system of 'Primes'—premiums, that is—to be given, by lottery, to certain subscribers in these institutions. Could Robert Macaire see such things going on, and have no hand in them?

Accordingly, Messrs. Macaire and Bertrand are made the heroes of many speculations of the kind. In almost the first print of our collection, Robert discourses to Bertrand of his projects. 'Bertrand,' says the disinterested admirer of talent and enterprise, 'J'adore l'industrie. Si tu veux nous créons une banque, mais la, une vraie banque: capital cent millions de millions, cent milliards de milliards d'actions. Nous enfonçons la banque de France, les banquiers, les banquistes; nous enfonçons tout le monde.' 'Oui,' says Bertrand, very calm and stupid, 'mais les gendarmes?' 'Que tu es bête, Bertrand, est-ce qu'on arrête un millionnaire?' Such is the key to M. Macaire's philosophy; and a wise creed too, as times go.

Acting on these principles, Robert appears soon after; he has not created a bank, but a journal. He sits in a chair of state, and discourses to a shareholder. Bertrand, calm and stupid as before, stands humbly behind. 'Sir,' says the editor of *La Blague*, journal quotidienne, 'our profits arise from a new combination. The journal costs twenty francs; we sell it for twenty-three and a half. A million subscribers make three millions and a half of profits; there are my figures; contradict me by figures, or I will bring

¹ It is not necessary to enter into descriptions of these various inventions.

an action for libel.' The reader may fancy the scene takes place in England, where many such a swindling prospectus has obtained credit ere now. At Plate 33, Robert is still a journalist; he brings to the editor of a paper an article of his composition, a violent attack on a law. 'My dear M. Macaire,' says the editor, 'this must be changed; we must *praise* this law.' 'Bon, bon!' says our versatile Macaire, 'Je vais rétoucher ça, et je vous fais en faveur de la loi *un article moussoux*.'

Can such things be? Is it possible that French journalists can so forget themselves? The rogues! they should come to England and learn consistency. The honesty of the Press in England is like the air we breathe, without it we die. No, no! in France, the satire may do very well; but for England it is too monstrous. Call the Press stupid, call it vulgar, call it violent,—but honest it *is*. Who ever heard of a journal changing its politics? *O tempora! O mores!* as Robert Macaire says, this would be carrying the joke too far.

When he has done with newspapers, Robert Macaire begins to distinguish himself on 'Change,¹ as a creator of companies, a vendor of shares, or a dabbler in foreign stock. 'Buy my coal-mine shares,' shouts Robert; 'gold mines, silver mines, diamond mines, "sont de la pot-bouille, de la ratatouille en comparaison de ma houille." Look,' says he, on another occasion, to a very timid, open-countenanced client, 'you have a property to sell! I have found the very man, a rich capitalist, a fellow whose bills are better than bank-notes.' His client sells; the bills are taken in payment, and signed by that respectable capitalist, Monsieur de Saint-Bertrand. At Plate 81, we find him inditing a circular letter to all the world, running thus:—'Sir,—I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association cannot be complied with, as all the shares of the C.E.I.B.A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I have, nevertheless, registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth, I shall have the honour of immediately giving you notice. I am, sir, yours &c., the Director, Robert Macaire.'—'Print 300,000 of these,' he says to Bertrand, 'and poison all France with them.' As

¹ We have given a description of a genteel Macaire in the account of M. de Bernard's novels.

usual, the stupid Bertrand remonstrates—‘ But we have not sold a single share ; you have not a penny in your pocket, and——’ ‘ Bertrand, you are an ass ; do as I bid you.’

Will this satire apply anywhere in England ? Have we any consolidated European blacking associations amongst us ? Have we penniless directors issuing El Dorado prospectuses, and jockeying their shares through the market ? For information on this head, we must refer the reader to the newspapers ; or if he be connected with the city, and acquainted with commercial men, he will be able to say whether *all* the persons whose names figure at the head of announcements of projected companies are as rich as Rothschild, or quite as honest as heart could desire.

When Macaire has sufficiently *exploité* the Bourse, whether as a gambler in the public funds, or other companies, he sagely perceives that it is time to turn to some other profession, and, providing himself with a black gown, proposes blandly to Bertrand to set up—a new religion. ‘ Mon ami,’ says the repentant sinner, ‘ le temps de la commandite va passer, *mais les badauds ne passeront pas* (O rare sentence ! it should be written in letters of gold !), *occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel*. Si nous faisons une religion ?’ On which M. Bertrand remarks, ‘ A religion ! what the devil—a religion is not an easy thing to make.’ But Macaire’s receipt is easy. ‘ Get a gown, take a shop,’ he says, ‘ borrow some chairs, preach about Napoleon, or the discovery of America, or Molière—and there’s a religion for you !’

We have quoted this sentence more for the contrast it offers with our own manners, than for its merits. After the noble paragraph, ‘ *Les badauds ne passeront pas, occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel*,’ one would have expected better satire upon cant than the words that follow. We are not in a condition to say whether the subjects chosen are those that had been selected by Père Enfantin, or Chatel, or Lacordaire : but the words are curious, we think, for the very reason that the satire is so poor. The fact is, there is no religion in Paris : even clever M. Philipon, who satirizes everything, and must know, therefore, some little about the subject which he ridicules, has nothing to say, but, ‘ Preach a sermon, and that makes a religion ; anything will do.’ If *anything* will

do, it is clear that the religious commodity is not in much demand. Tartuffe had better things to say about hypocrisy, in his time ; but, then, Faith was alive : now, there is no satirizing religious cant in France ; for its contrary, true religion, has disappeared altogether ; and having no substance, can cast no shadow. If a satirist would lash the religious hypocrites in *England*, now,—the High-Church hypocrites, the Low-Church hypocrites, the promiscuous Dissenting hypocrites, the No-Popery hypocrites,—he would have ample subject enough. In France, the religious hypocrites went out with the Bourbons. Those who remain pious in that country (or, rather, we should say, in the capital, for of that we speak), are unaffectedly so, for they have no worldly benefit to hope for from their piety ; the great majority have no religion at all, and do not scoff at the few, for scoffing is the minority's weapon, and is passed always to the weaker side, whatever that may be. Thus H. B. caricatures the Ministers : if by any accident that body of men should be dismissed from their situations, and be succeeded by H. B.'s friends, the Tories,—what must the poor artist do ? He must pine away and die, if he be not converted ; he cannot always be paying compliments ; for caricature has a spice of Goethe's Devil in it, and is ' *der Geist der stets verneint*,' the Spirit that is always denying.

With one or two of the French writers and painters of caricatures, the King tried the experiment of bribery ; which succeeded occasionally in buying off the enemy, and bringing him from the republican to the royal camp : but when there, the deserter was never of any use. Figaro, when so treated, grew fat and desponding, and lost all his sprightly *verve* ; and Nemesis became as gentle as a Quakeress. But these instances of ' rattling ' were not many. Some few poets were bought over : but, among men following the profession of the press, a change of politics is an infringement of the point of honour, and a man must *fight* as well as apostatize. A very curious table might be made, signalizing the difference of the moral standard between us and the French. Why is the grossness and indelicacy, publicly permitted in England, unknown in France, where private morality is, certainly, at a lower ebb ? Why is the point of private honour now more rigidly maintained among the French ? Why is it,

as it should be, a moral disgrace for a Frenchman to go into debt, and no disgrace for him to cheat his customer? Why is there more honesty and less—more propriety and less?—and how are we to account for the particular vices or virtues which belong to each nation in its turn?

The above is the Reverend M. Macaire's solitary exploit as a spiritual swindler: as *Maître* Macaire in the courts of law, as *avocat, avoué*—in a humbler capacity even, as a prisoner at the bar, he distinguishes himself greatly, as may be imagined. On one occasion we find the learned gentleman humanely visiting an unfortunate *détenu*—no other person, in fact, than his friend M. Bertrand, who has fallen into some trouble, and is awaiting the sentence of the law. He begins—

'Mon cher Bertrand, donne-moi cent écus, je te fais acquitter d'emblée.'

'J'ai pas d'argent.'

'Hé bien, donne-moi cent francs.'

'Pas le sou.'

'Tu n'as pas dix francs?'

'Pas un liard.'

'Alors donne-moi tes bottes, je plaiderai la circonstance atténuante.'

The manner in which *Maître* Macaire soars from the *cent écus* (a high point already) to the sublime of the boots, is in the best comic style. In another instance he pleads before a judge, and, mistaking his client, pleads for defendant, instead of plaintiff. 'The infamy of the plaintiff's character, my *luds*, renders his testimony on such a charge as this wholly unavailing.' 'M. Macaire, M. Macaire,' cries the attorney, in a fright, 'you are for the plaintiff!' 'This, my lords, is what the defendant *will say*. This is the line of defence which the opposite party intend to pursue, as if slanders like these could weigh with an enlightened jury, or injure the spotless reputation of my client!' In this story and expedient M. Macaire has been indebted to the English bar. If there be an occupation for the English satirist in the exposing of the cant and knavery of the pretenders to religion, what room is there for him to lash the infamies of the law? On this point the French are babes in iniquity compared to us—a counsel prostituting himself for money is a matter with us so stale, that it is hardly food for satire: which, to be popular, must find

some much more complicated and interesting knavery whereon to exercise its skill.

M. Macaire is more skilful in love than in law, and appears once or twice in a very amiable light while under the influence of the tender passion. We find him at the head of one of those useful establishments unknown in our country—a Bureau de Mariage : half a dozen of such places are daily advertised in the Journals : and, ‘une veuve de trente ans ayant une fortune de deux cent mille francs,’ or, ‘une demoiselle de quinze ans, jolie, d’une famille tres distinguée, qui possede trente mille livres de rentes,’—continually, in this kindhearted way, are offering themselves to the public : sometimes it is a gentleman, with a ‘physique agréable,—des talens de société’—and a place under Government, who makes a sacrifice of himself in a similar manner. In our little historical gallery we find this philanthropic anti-Malthusian at the head of an establishment of this kind, introducing a very meek, simple-looking bachelor to some distinguished ladies of his *connoissance*. ‘Let me present you, sir, to Madame de St. Bertrand (it is our old friend), veuve de la grande armée, et Mdlle. Eloa de Wormspire—ces dames brulent de l’envie de faire vôtre connoissance ; je les ai invitées a diner chez vous ce soir, vous nous menerez à l’opéra, et nous ferons une petite partie d’écarté. Tenez vous bien, M. Gobard ! ces dames ont des projets sur vous !’

Happy Gobard ! happy system, which can thus bring the pure and loving together, and acts as the best ally of Hymen ! The announcement of the rank and titles of Madame de St. Bertrand—‘veuve de la grande armée’—is very happy. ‘*La grande armée*’ has been a father to more orphans, and a husband to more widows, than it ever made. Mistresses of *cafés*, old governesses, keepers of boarding-houses, genteel beggars, and ladies of lower ranks still, have this favourite pedigree. They have all had *malheurs* (what kind it is needless to particularize), they are all connected with the *grand homme*, and their fathers were all colonels. This title exactly answers to the ‘clergyman’s daughter’ in England—as, ‘A young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, is desirous to teach,’ &c. ; ‘A clergyman’s widow receives into her house a few select,’ and so forth. ‘Appeal to the benevolent. By a series of unheard-of calamities, a young lady, daughter of a clergyman in the

west of England, has been plunged,' &c., &c. The difference is curious, as indicating the standard of respectability.

The male beggar of fashion is not so well known among us as in Paris, where street-doors are open; six or eight families live in a house; and the gentleman who earns his livelihood by this profession, can make half a dozen visits without the trouble of knocking from house to house, and the pain of being observed by the whole street, while the footman is examining him from the area. Some few may be seen in England about the inns of court, where the locality is favourable (where, however, the owners of the chambers are not proverbially soft of heart, so that the harvest must be poor); but Paris is full of such adventurers,—fat, smooth-tongued, and well-dressed, with gloves and gilt-headed canes, who would be insulted almost by the offer of silver, and expect your gold as their right. Among these, of course, our friend Robert plays his part; and an excellent engraving represents him, snuff-box in hand, advancing to an old gentleman, whom, by his poodle, his powdered head, and his drivelling, stupid look, one knows to be a Carlist of the old régime. 'I beg pardon,' says Robert; 'is it really yourself to whom I have the honour of speaking?'—'It is.' 'Do you take snuff?'—'I thank you.' 'Sir, I have had misfortunes—I want assistance. I am a Vendéan of illustrious birth. You know the family of *Macairbec*—we are of Brest. My grandfather served the King in his galleys; my father and I belong, also, to the marine. Unfortunate suits at law have plunged us into difficulties, and I do not hesitate to ask you for the succour of ten francs.'—'Sir, I never give to those I don't know.' 'Right sir, perfectly right. Perhaps you will have the kindness to *lend* me ten francs?'

The adventures of Doctor Macaire need not be described, because the different degrees in quackery, which are taken by that learned physician, are all well known in England, where we have the advantage of many higher degrees in the science, which our neighbours know nothing about. We have not Hahnemann, but we have his disciples; we have not Broussais, but we have the College of Health; and surely a dose of Morrison's pills is a sublimer discovery than a draught of hot water. We had St. John Long, too,—where is his science?—and we are credibly informed that some important cures have been

effected by the inspired dignitaries of 'the church' in Newman Street, which, if it continue to practise, will sadly interfere with the profits of the regular physicians, and where the miracles of the Abbé Paris are about to be acted over again.

In speaking of M. Macaire and his adventures, we have managed so entirely to convince ourselves of the reality of the personage, that we have quite forgotten to speak of Messrs. Philipon and Daumier, who are, the one the inventor, the other the designer, of the Macaire Picture Gallery. As works of *esprit*, these drawings are not more remarkable than they are as works of art, and we never recollect to have seen a series of sketches possessing more extraordinary cleverness and variety. The countenance and figure of Macaire, and the dear stupid Bertrand, are preserved, of course, with great fidelity throughout; but the admirable way in which each fresh character is conceived, the grotesque appropriateness of Robert's every successive attitude and gesticulation, and the variety of Bertrand's postures of invariable repose, the exquisite fitness of all the other characters, who act their little part and disappear from the scene, cannot be described on paper, or too highly lauded. The figures are very carelessly drawn; but, if the reader can understand us, all the attitudes and limbs are perfectly *conceived*, and wonderfully natural and various. After pondering over these drawings for some hours, as we have been while compiling this notice of them, we have grown to believe that the personages are real, and the scenes remain imprinted on the brain as if we had absolutely been present at their acting. Perhaps the clever way in which the plates are coloured, and the excellent effect which is put into each, may add to this illusion. Now, in looking, for instance, at H. B.'s slim vapory figures, they have struck us as excellent *likenesses* of men and women, but no more; the bodies want spirit, action, and individuality: George Cruikshank, as a humorist, has quite as much genius, but he does not know the art of 'effect' so well as Monsieur Daumier; and, if we might venture to give a word of advice to another humorous designer, whose works are extensively circulated—the illustrator of *Pickwick*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*,—it would be to study well these caricatures of Monsieur Daumier; who, though he executes very

carelessly, knows very well what he would express, indicates perfectly the attitude and identity of his figure, and is quite aware, beforehand, of the effect which he intends to produce. The one we should fancy to be a practised artist, taking his ease; the other, a young one, somewhat bewildered: a very clever one, however, who, if he would think more, and exaggerate less, would add not a little to his reputation.

Having pursued, all through these remarks, the comparison between English art and French art, English and French humour, manners, and morals, perhaps we should endeavour, also, to write an analytical essay on English cant or humbug, as distinguished from French. It might be shown that the latter was more picturesque and startling, the former more substantial and positive. It has none of the poetic flights of the French genius, but advances steadily, and gains more ground in the end than its sprightlier compeer. But such a discussion would carry us through the whole range of French and English history, and the reader has probably read quite enough of the subject in this and the foregoing pages.

We shall, therefore, say no more of French and English caricatures generally, or of Mr. Macaire's particular accomplishments and adventures. They are far better understood by examining the original pictures, by which Philipon and Daumier have illustrated them, than by translations first into print and afterwards into English. They form a very curious and instructive commentary upon the present state of society in Paris, and a hundred years hence, when the whole of this struggling, noisy, busy, merry race shall have exchanged their pleasures or occupations for a quiet coffin (and a tawdry lying epitaph) at Montmartre, or Père la Chaise; when the follies here recorded shall have been superseded by new ones, and the fools now so active shall have given up the inheritance of the world to their children; the latter will, at least, have the advantage of knowing, intimately and exactly, the manners of life and being of their grandsires, and calling up, when they so choose it, our ghosts from the grave, to live, love, quarrel, swindle, suffer, and struggle on blindly as of yore. And when the amused speculator shall have laughed sufficiently at the immensity of our follies, and the paltriness of our aims, smiled at our exploded superstitions, wondered how this

man should be considered great, who is now clean forgotten (as copious Guthrie before mentioned); how this should have been thought a patriot who is but a knave spouting common-place; or how that should have been dubbed a philosopher who is but a dull fool, blinking solemn, and pretending to see in the dark; when he shall have examined all these at his leisure, smiling in a pleasant contempt and good-humoured superiority, and thanking Heaven for his increased lights, he will shut the book, and be a fool as his fathers were before him.

It runs in the blood. Well hast thou said, O ragged Macaire,—‘Le jour va passer, MAIS LES BADAUDS NE PASSERONT PAS.’

LITTLE POINSINET

[*Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1839]

ABOUT the year 1760, there lived, at Paris, a little fellow, who was the darling of all the wags of his acquaintance. Nature seemed, in the formation of this little man, to have amused herself, by giving loose to half a hundred of her most comical caprices. He had some wit and drollery of his own, which sometimes rendered his sallies very amusing ; but, where his friends laughed with him once, they laughed at him a thousand times, for he had a fund of absurdity in himself that was more pleasant than all the wit in the world. He was as proud as a peacock, as wicked as an ape, and as silly as a goose. He did not possess one single grain of common sense ; but, in revenge, his pretensions were enormous, his ignorance vast, and his credulity more extensive still. From his youth upwards, he had read nothing but the new novels, and the verses in the almanacs, which helped him not a little in making, what he called, poetry of his own ; for, of course, our little hero was a poet. All the common usages of life, all the ways of the world, and all the customs of society, seemed to be quite unknown to him ; add to these good qualities, a magnificent conceit, a cowardice inconceivable, and a face so irresistibly comic, that every one who first beheld it was compelled to burst out a-laughing, and you will have some notion of this strange little gentleman. He was very proud of his voice, and uttered all his sentences in the richest tragic tone. He was little better than a dwarf ; but he elevated his eyebrows, held up his neck, walked on the tips of his toes, and gave himself the airs of a giant. He had a little pair of bandy legs, which seemed much too short to support anything like a human body ; but, by the help of these crooked supporters, he thought he could dance like a Grace ; and, indeed, fancied all the graces possible were to be found in his person. His goggle eyes were always rolling about wildly, as if in correspondence with the disorder of his little

brain ; and his countenance thus wore an expression of perpetual wonder. With such happy natural gifts, he not only fell into all traps that were laid for him, but seemed almost to go out of his way to seek them ; although, to be sure, his friends did not give him much trouble in that search, for they prepared hoaxes for him incessantly.

One day the wags introduced him to a company of ladies, who, though not countesses and princesses exactly, took, nevertheless, those titles upon themselves for the nonce ; and were all, for the same reason, violently smitten with Master Poinsinet's person. One of them, the lady of the house, was especially tender ; and, seating him by her side at supper, so plied him with smiles, ogles, and champagne, that our little hero grew crazed with ecstasy, and wild with love. In the midst of his happiness, a cruel knock was heard below, accompanied by quick loud talking, swearing, and shuffling of feet : you would have thought a regiment was at the door. ' Oh, heavens ! ' cried the marchioness, starting up, and giving to the hand of Poinsinet one parting squeeze ; ' fly—fly, my Poinsinet : 'tis the colonel—my husband ! ' At this, each gentleman of the party rose, and, drawing his rapier, vowed to cut his way through the colonel and all his *mousquetaires*, or die, if need be, by the side of Poinsinet.

The little fellow was obliged to lug out his sword too, and went shuddering down stairs, heartily repenting of his passion for marchionesses. When the party arrived in the street, they found, sure enough, a dreadful company of *mousquetaires*, as they seemed, ready to oppose their passage. Swords crossed,—torches blazed ; and, with the most dreadful shouts and imprecations, the contending parties rushed upon one another ; the friends of Poinsinet surrounding and supporting that little warrior, as the French knights did King Francis at Pavia, otherwise the poor fellow certainly would have fallen down in the gutter from fright.

But the combat was suddenly interrupted ; for the neighbours, who knew nothing of the trick going on, and thought the brawl was real, had been screaming with all their might for the police, who began about this time to arrive. Directly they appeared, friends and enemies of Poinsinet at once took to their heels ; and, in *this* part of the transaction, at least, our hero himself showed that he

was equal to the longest-legged grenadier that ever ran away.

When, at last, those little bandy legs of his had borne him safely to his lodgings, all Poinsinet's friends crowded round him, to congratulate him on his escape and his valour.

'Egad, how he pinked that great red-haired fellow!' said one.

'No; did I?' said Poinsinet.

'Did you? Psha! don't try to play the modest, and humbug *us*; you know you did. I suppose you will say, next, that you were not for three minutes point to point with Cartentierce himself, the most dreadful swordsman of the army.'

'Why, you see,' says Poinsinet, quite delighted, 'it was so dark that I did not know with whom I was engaged; although, *corbleu*, I *did for* one or two of the fellows.' And after a little more of such conversation, during which he was fully persuaded that he had done for a dozen of the enemy, at least, Poinsinet went to bed, his little person trembling with fright and pleasure; and he fell asleep, and dreamed of rescuing ladies, and destroying monsters, like a second Amadis de Gaul.

When he awoke in the morning, he found a party of his friends in his room: one was examining his coat and waistcoat; another was casting many curious glances at his inexpressibles. 'Look here!' said this gentleman, holding up the garment to the light; 'one—two—three gashes! I am hanged if the cowards did not aim at Poinsinet's legs! There are four holes in the sword arm of his coat, and seven have gone right through coat and waistcoat. Good Heaven! Poinsinet, have you had a surgeon to your wounds?'

'Wounds!' said the little man, springing up, 'I don't know—that is, I hope—that is—Oh Lord! oh Lord! I hope I'm not wounded!' and, after a proper examination, he discovered he was not.

'Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!' said one of the wags (who, indeed, during the slumbers of Poinsinet had been occupied in making these very holes through the garments of that individual), 'if you have escaped, it is by a miracle. Alas! alas! all your enemies have not been so lucky.'

'How! is anybody wounded?' said Poinsinet.

'My dearest friend, prepare yourself; that unhappy

man who came to revenge his menaced honour—that gallant officer—that injured husband, Colonel Count de Cartentierce——’

‘ Well ? ’

‘ IS NO MORE ! he died this morning, pierced through with nineteen wounds from your hand, and calling upon his country to revenge his murder.’

When this awful sentence was pronounced, all the auditory gave a pathetic and simultaneous sob ; and as for Poinsinet, he sank back on his bed with a howl of terror, which would have melted a Visigoth to tears, or to laughter. As soon as his terror and remorse had, in some degree, subsided, his comrades spoke to him of the necessity of making his escape ; and, huddling on his clothes, and bidding them all a tender adieu, he set off, incontinently, without his breakfast, for England, America, or Russia, not knowing exactly which.

One of his companions agreed to accompany him on a part of this journey,—that is, as far as the barrier of St. Denis, which is, as everybody knows, on the high road to Dover ; and there, being tolerably secure, they entered a tavern for breakfast ; which meal, the last that he ever was to take, perhaps, in his native city, Poinsinet was just about to discuss, when, behold ! a gentleman entered the apartment where Poinsinet and his friend were seated, and, drawing from his pocket a paper, with ‘ AU NOM DU ROY ’ flourished on the top, read from it, or rather from Poinsinet’s own figure, his exact *signalement*, laid his hand on his shoulder, and arrested him in the name of the King, and of the provost-marshal of Paris. ‘ I arrest you, sir,’ said he, gravely, ‘ with regret ; you have slain, with seventeen wounds, in single combat, Colonel Count de Cartentierce, one of his Majesty’s household ; and, as his murderer, you fall under the immediate authority of the provost-marshal, and die without trial or benefit of clergy.’

You may fancy how the poor little man’s appetite fell when he heard this speech. ‘ In the provost-marshal’s hands ? ’ said his friend ; ‘ then it *is* all over, indeed ! When does my poor friend suffer, sir ? ’

‘ At half-past six o’clock, the day after to-morrow,’ said the officer, sitting down, and helping himself to wine. ‘ But, stop,’ said he, suddenly ; ‘ sure I can’t mistake ? Yes—no—yes, it is. My dear friend, my dear Durand !

don't you recollect your old schoolfellow, Antoine ?' And herewith the officer flung himself into the arms of Durand, Poinciset's comrade, and they performed a most affecting scene of friendship.

'This may be of some service to you,' whispered Durand to Poinciset ; and, after some further parley, he asked the officer when he was bound to deliver up his prisoner ; and, hearing that he was not called upon to appear at the Marshalsea before six o'clock at night, Monsieur Durand prevailed upon Monsieur Antoine to wait until that hour, and, in the meantime, to allow his prisoner to walk about the town in his company. This request was, with a little difficulty, granted ; and poor Poinciset begged to be carried to the houses of his various friends, and bid them farewell. Some were aware of the trick that had been played upon him ; others were not ; but the poor little man's credulity was so great, that it was impossible to undeceive him ; and he went from house to house bewailing his fate, and followed by the complainant marshal's officer.

The news of his death he received with much more meekness than could have been expected ; but what he could not reconcile to himself was, the idea of dissection afterwards. 'What can they want with me ?' cried the poor wretch, in an unusual fit of candour. 'I am very small, and ugly ; it would be different if I were a tall, fine-looking fellow.' But he was given to understand that beauty made very little difference to the surgeons, who, on the contrary, would, on certain occasions, prefer a deformed man to a handsome one ; for science was much advanced by the study of such monstrosities. With this reason Poinciset was obliged to be content ; and so paid his rounds of visits, and repeated his dismal adieus.

The officer of the provost-marshal, however amusing Poinciset's woes might have been, began, by this time, to grow very weary of them, and gave him more than one opportunity to escape. He would stop at shop-windows, loiter round corners, and look up in the sky, but all in vain ; Poinciset would not escape, do what the other would. At length, luckily, about dinner-time, the officer met one of Poinciset's friends and his own ; and the three agreed to dine at a tavern, as they had breakfasted ; and there the officer, who vowed that he had been up for five weeks incessantly, fell suddenly asleep, in the profoundest fatigue ;

and Poinsinet was persuaded, after much hesitation on his part, to take leave of him.

And now, this danger overcome, another was to be avoided. Beyond a doubt, the police were after him, and how was he to avoid them? He must be disguised, of course; and one of his friends, a tall, gaunt, lawyer's clerk, agreed to provide him with habits.

So little Poinsinet dressed himself out in the clerk's dingy black suit, of which the knee-breeches hung down to his heels, and the waist of the coat reached to the calves of his legs; and, furthermore, he blacked his eyebrows, and wore a huge black periwig, in which his friend vowed that no one could recognize him. But the most painful incident, with regard to the periwig, was, that Poinsinet, whose solitary beauty—if beauty it might be called—was a head of copious, curling, yellow hair, was compelled to snip off every one of his golden locks, and to rub the bristles with a black dye; 'for if your wig were to come off,' said the lawyer, 'and your fair hair to tumble over your shoulders, every man would know, or at least suspect you.' So off the locks were cut, and in his black suit and periwig little Poinsinet went abroad.

His friends had their cue; and when he appeared amongst them, not one seemed to know him. He was taken into companies where his character was discussed before him, and his wonderful escape spoken of. At last he was introduced to the very officer of the provost marshal who had taken him into custody, and who told him that he had been dismissed the provost's service, in consequence of the escape of the prisoner. Now, for the first time, poor Poinsinet thought himself tolerably safe, and blessed his kind friends who had procured for him such a complete disguise. How this affair ended I know not,—whether some new lie was coined, to account for his release, or whether he was simply told that he had been hoaxed, it mattered little; for the little man was quite as ready to be hoaxed the next day.

Poinsinet was one day invited to dine with one of the servants of the Tuileries; and, before his arrival, a person in company had been decorated with a knot of lace and a gold key, such as chamberlains wear; he was introduced to Poinsinet as the Count de Truchses, chamberlain to the King of Prussia. After dinner the conversation fell upon the Count's visit to Paris; when his Excellency, with

a mysterious air, vowed that he had only come for pleasure. 'It is mighty well,' said a third person, 'and, of course, we can't cross-question your Lordship too closely;' but, at the same time, it was hinted to Poinsinet that a person of such consequence did not travel for *nothing*, with which opinion Poinsinet solemnly agreed; and, indeed, it was borne out by a subsequent declaration of the Count, who condescended, at last, to tell the company, in confidence, that he *had* a mission, and a most important one—to find, namely, among the literary men of France, a governor for the Prince Royal of Prussia. The company seemed astonished that the King had not made choice of Voltaire or D'Alembert, and mentioned a dozen other distinguished men who might be competent to this important duty: but the Count, as may be imagined, found objections to every one of them; and, at last, one of the guests said, that, if his Prussian Majesty was not particular as to age, he knew a person more fitted for the place than any other who could be found,—his honourable friend, M. Poinsinet, was the individual to whom he alluded.

'Good heavens!' cried the Count, 'is it possible that the celebrated Poinsinet would take such a place? I would give the world to see him!' And you may fancy how Poinsinet simpered and blushed when the introduction immediately took place.

The Count protested to him, that the King would be charmed to know him; and added, that one of his operas (for it must be told that our little friend was a vaudeville-maker by trade) had been acted seven-and-twenty times at the theatre at Potsdam. His Excellency then detailed to him all the honours and privileges which the governor of the Prince Royal might expect; and all the guests encouraged the little man's vanity, by asking him for his protection and favour. In a short time our hero grew so inflated with pride and vanity, that he was for patronizing the chamberlain himself, who proceeded to inform him that he was furnished with all the necessary powers by his sovereign, who had specially enjoined him to confer upon the future governor of his son the royal order of the Black Eagle.

Poinsinet, delighted, was ordered to kneel down; and the Count produced a large yellow riband, which he hung over his shoulder, and which was, he declared, the grand



POINSINET IN DISGUISE

cordon of the order. You must fancy Poinsinet's face, and excessive delight at this ; for as for describing them, nobody can. For four-and-twenty hours the happy chevalier paraded through Paris with this flaring yellow riband ; and he was not undeceived until his friends had another trick in store for him.

He dined one day in the company of a man who understood a little of the noble art of conjuring, and performed some clever tricks on the cards. Poinsinet's organ of wonder was enormous ; he looked on with the gravity and awe of a child, and thought the man's tricks sheer miracles. It wanted no more to set his companions to work.

' Who is this wonderful man ? ' said he to his neighbour.

' Why,' said the other, mysteriously, ' one hardly knows who he is ; or, at least, one does not like to say to such an indiscreet fellow as you are.' Poinsinet at once swore to be secret. ' Well, then,' said his friend, ' you will hear that man—that wonderful man—called by a name which is not his ; his real name is Acosta : he is a Portuguese Jew, a Rosicrucian, and cabalist of the first order, and compelled to leave Lisbon for fear of the Inquisition. He performs here, as you see, some extraordinary things, occasionally ; but the master of the house, who loves him excessively, would not, for the world, that his name should be made public.

' Ah, bah ! ' said Poinsinet, who affected the *bel esprit* ; ' you don't mean to say that you believe in magic, and cabalas, and such trash ? '

' Do I not ? You shall judge for yourself ; ' and, accordingly, Poinsinet was presented to the magician, who pretended to take a vast liking for him, and declared that he saw in him certain marks which would infallibly lead him to great eminence in the magic art, if he chose to study it.

Dinner was served, and Poinsinet placed by the side of the miracle-worker, who became very confidential with him, and promised him—aye, before dinner was over—a remarkable instance of his power. Nobody, on this occasion, ventured to cut a single joke against poor Poinsinet ; nor could he fancy that any trick was intended against him, for the demeanour of the society towards him was perfectly grave and respectful, and the conversation serious. On a sudden, however, somebody exclaimed,

‘Where is Poincnet? Did any one see him leave the room?’

All the company exclaimed how singular the disappearance was; and Poincnet himself, growing alarmed, turned round to his neighbour and was about to explain.

‘Hush!’ said the magician, in a whisper; ‘I told you that you should see what I could do *I have made you invisible*; be quiet, and you shall see some more tricks that I shall play with these fellows.’

Poincnet remained then silent, and listened to his neighbours, who agreed, at last, that he was a quiet, orderly personage, and had left the table early, being unwilling to drink too much. Presently they ceased to talk about him, and resumed their conversation upon other matters.

At first it was very quiet and grave, but the master of the house brought back the talk to the subject of Poincnet, and uttered all sorts of abuse concerning him. He begged the gentleman, who had introduced such a little scamp into his house, to bring him thither no more: whereupon the other took up, warmly, Poincnet’s defence; declared that he was a man of the greatest merit, frequenting the best society, and remarkable for his talents as well as his virtues.

‘Ah!’ said Poincnet to the magician, quite charmed at what he heard, ‘how ever shall I thank you, my dear sir, for thus showing me who my true friends are?’

The magician promised him still further favours in prospect; and told him to look out now, for he was about to throw all the company into a temporary fit of madness, which, no doubt, would be very amusing.

In consequence, all the company, who had heard every syllable of the conversation, began to perform the most extraordinary antics, much to the delight of Poincnet. One asked a nonsensical question, and the other delivered an answer not at all to the purpose. If a man asked for a drink, they poured him out a pepper-box or a napkin; they took a pinch of snuff, and swore it was excellent wine; and vowed that the bread was the most delicious mutton that ever was tasted. The little man was delighted.

‘Ah!’ said he, ‘these fellows are prettily punished for their rascally backbiting of me!’

‘Gentlemen,’ said the host, ‘I shall now give you some

celebrated champagne,' and he poured out to each a glass of water.

'Good Heavens!' said one, spitting it out, with the most horrible grimace, 'where did you get this detestable claret?'

'Ah, faugh!' said a second, 'I never tasted such vile corked burgundy in all my days!' and he threw the glass of water into Poinsinet's face, as did half-a-dozen of the other guests, drenching the poor wretch to the skin. To complete this pleasant illusion, two of the guests fell to boxing across Poinsinet, who received a number of the blows, and received them with the patience of a fakir, feeling himself more flattered by the precious privilege of beholding this scene invisible, than hurt by the blows and buffets which the mad company bestowed upon him.

The fame of this adventure spread quickly over Paris, and all the world longed to have, at their houses, the representation of *Poinsinet the Invisible*. The servants and the whole company used to be put up to the trick; and Poinsinet, who believed in his invisibility as much as he did in his existence, went about with his friend and protector, the magician. People, of course, never pretended to see him, and would very often not talk of him at all for some time, but hold sober conversation about anything else in the world. When dinner was served, of course there was no cover laid for Poinsinet, who carried about a little stool, on which he sate by the side of the magician, and always ate off his plate. Everybody was astonished at the magician's appetite, and at the quantity of wine he drank; as for little Poinsinet, he never once suspected any trick; and had such a confidence in his magician, that, I do believe, if the latter had told him to fling himself out of window, he would have done so, without the slightest trepidation.

Among other mystifications in which the Portuguese enchanter plunged him, was one which used to afford always a good deal of amusement. He informed Poinsinet, with great mystery, that *he was not himself*: he was not, that is to say, that ugly, deformed, little monster, called Poinsinet; but that his birth was most illustrious, and his real name *Polycarte*. He was, in fact, the son of a celebrated magician; but other magicians, enemies of his father, had changed him in his cradle, altering his features into their present hideous shape, in order that a silly old

fellow, called Poinsinet, might take him to be his own son, which little monster the magician had likewise spirited away.

The poor wretch was sadly cast down at this; for he tried to fancy that his person was agreeable to the ladies, of whom he was one of the warmest little admirers possible: and to console him somewhat, the magician told him that his real shape was exquisitely beautiful, and as soon as he should appear in it, all the beauties in Paris would be at his feet. But how to regain it? 'Oh, for one minute of that beauty!' cried the little man; 'what would he not give to appear under that enchanting form!' The magician hereupon waved his stick over his head, pronounced some awful magical words, and twisted him round three times; at the third twist, the men in company seemed struck with astonishment and envy, the ladies clasped their hands, and some of them kissed his. Everybody declared his beauty to be supernatural.

Poinsinet, enchanted, rushed to a glass. 'Fool!' said the magician, 'do you suppose that *you* can see the change? My power to render you invisible, beautiful, or ten times more hideous even than you are, extends only to others, not to you. You may look a thousand times in the glass, and you will only see those deformed limbs and disgusting features with which devilish malice has disguis'd you.' Poor little Poinsinet looked, and came back in tears. 'But,' resumed the magician,—'ha, ha, ha!—*I* know a way in which to disappoint the machinations of these fiendish magi.'

'O, my benefactor!—my great master!—for Heaven's sake tell it!' gasped Poinsinet.

'Look you—it is this. A prey to enchantment and demoniac art all your life long, you have lived until your present age perfectly satisfied; nay, absolutely vain of a person the most singularly hideous that ever walked the earth!'

'*Is* it?' whispered Poinsinet. 'Indeed, and indeed, I didn't think it so bad!'

'He acknowledges it! he acknowledges it!' roared the magician. 'Wretch, dotard, owl, mole, miserable buzzard! I have no reason to tell thee now that thy form is monstrous, that children cry, that cowards turn pale, that teeming matrons shudder to behold it. It is not thy fault that thou art thus ungainly; but wherefore so

blind? wherefore so conceited of thyself? I tell thee, Poinsinet, that over every fresh instance of thy vanity the hostile enchanters rejoice and triumph. As long as thou art blindly satisfied with thyself; as long as thou pretendest, in thy present odious shape, to win the love of aught above a negress; nay, further still, until thou hast learned to regard that face, as others do, with the most intolerable horror and disgust, to abuse it when thou seest it, to despise it, in short, and treat that miserable disguise in which the enchanters have wrapped thee with the strongest hatred and scorn, so long art thou destined to wear it.'

Such speeches as these, continually repeated, caused Poinsinet to be fully convinced of his ugliness; he used to go about in companies, and take every opportunity of inveighing against himself; he made verses and epigrams against himself; he talked about 'that dwarf, Poinsinet;' 'that buffoon, Poinsinet;' 'that conceited humpbacked Poinsinet;' and he would spend hours before the glass, abusing his own face as he saw it reflected there, and vowing that he grew handsomer at every fresh epithet that he uttered.

Of course the wags, from time to time, used to give him every possible encouragement, and declared that, since this exercise, his person was amazingly improved. The ladies, too, began to be so excessively fond of him, that the little fellow was obliged to caution them at last—for the good, as he said, of society; he recommended them to draw lots, for he could not gratify them all; but promised, when his metamorphosis was complete, that the one chosen should become the happy Mrs. Poinsinet; or, to speak more correctly, Mrs. Polycarte.

I am sorry to say, however, that, on the score of gallantry, Poinsinet was never quite convinced of the hideousness of his appearance. He had a number of adventures, accordingly, with the ladies; but, strange to say, the husbands or fathers were always interrupting him. On one occasion he was made to pass the night in a slipper-bath full of water; where, although he had all his clothes on, he declared that he nearly caught his death of cold. Another night, in revenge, the poor fellow

—' dans le simple appareil
D'une beauté, qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil,'

spent a number of hours contemplating the beauty of the moon on the tiles. These adventures are pretty numerous in the memoirs of M. Poinsinet ; but the fact is, that people in France were a great deal more philosophical in those days than the English are now, so that Poinsinet's loves must be passed over, as not being to our taste. His magician was a great diver, and told Poinsinet the most wonderful tales of his two minutes' absence under water. These two minutes, he said, lasted through a year, at least, which he spent in the company of a naiad, more beautiful than Venus, in a palace more splendid than even Versailles. Fired by the description, Poinsinet used to dip, and dip, but he never was known to make any mermaid acquaintances, although he fully believed that one day he should find such.

The invisible joke was brought to an end by Poinsinet's too great reliance on it ; for being, as we have said, of a very tender and sanguine disposition, he, one day, fell in love with a lady in whose company he dined, and whom he actually proposed to embrace ; but the fair lady, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to act up to the joke ; and instead of receiving Poinsinet's salute with calmness, grew indignant, called him an impudent little scoundrel, and lent him a sound box on the ear. With this slap the invisibility of Poinsinet disappeared, the gnomes and genii left him, and he settled down into common life again, and was hoaxed only by vulgar means.

A vast number of pages might be filled with narratives of the tricks that were played upon him ; but they resemble each other a good deal, as may be imagined, and the chief point remarkable about them is the wondrous faith of Poinsinet. After being introduced to the Prussian ambassador at the Tuileries, he was presented to the Turkish envoy at the Place Vendôme, who received him in state, surrounded by the officers of his establishment, all dressed in the smartest dresses that the wardrobe of the Opera Comique could furnish.

As the greatest honour that could be done to him, Poinsinet was invited to eat, and a tray was produced, on which was a delicate dish prepared in the Turkish manner. This consisted of a reasonable quantity of mustard, salt, cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper, to give the whole

a flavour ; and Poinsinet's countenance may be imagined when he introduced into his mouth a quantity of this exquisite compound.

'The best of the joke was,' says the author who records so many of the pitiless tricks practised upon poor Poinsinet, 'that the little man used to laugh at them afterwards himself with perfect good humour ; and lived in the daily hope that, from being the sufferer, he should become the agent in these hoaxes, and do to others as he had been done by.' Passing, therefore, one day, on the Pont Neuf, with a friend, who had been one of the greatest performers, the latter said to him, 'Poinsinet, my good fellow, thou hast suffered enough, and thy sufferings have made thee so wise and cunning, that thou art worthy of entering among the initiated, and hoaxing in thy turn.' Poinsinet was charmed ; he asked when he should be initiated, and how ? It was told him that a moment would suffice, and that the ceremony might be performed on the spot. At this news, and according to order, Poinsinet flung himself straightway on his knees in the kennel ; and the other, drawing his sword, solemnly initiated him into the sacred order of jokers. From that day the little man believed himself received into the society ; and to this having brought him, let us bid him a respectful adieu.



THE DEVIL'S WAGER

[*National Standard*, August 10 and 24, 1833]

IT was the hour of the night when there be none stirring save churchyard ghosts—when all doors are closed except the gates of graves, and all eyes shut but the eyes of wicked men.

When there is no sound on the earth except the ticking of the grasshopper, or the croaking of obscene frogs in the poole.

And no light except that of the blinking starres, and the wicked and devilish wills-o'-the-wisp, as they gambol among the marshes, and lead good men astraye.

When there is nothing moving in heaven except the owle, as he flappeth along lazily ; or the magician, as he rides on his infernal broomsticke, whistling through the aire like the arrowes of a Yorkshire archere.

It was at this hour (namely, at twelve o'clock of the night), that two beings went winging through the black clouds, and holding converse with each other.

Now the first was Mercurius, the messenger, not of gods (as the heathens feigned), but of daemons ; and the second, with whom he held company, was the soul of Sir Roger de Rollo, the brave knight. Sir Roger was Count of Chau-chigny, in Champagne ; Seigneur of Santerre ; Villacerf and aultre lieux. But the great die as well as the humble ;

and nothing remained of brave Roger, now, but his coffin and his deathless soul.

And Mercurius, in order to keep fast the soul, his companion, had bound him round the neck with his tail; which, when the soul was stubborn, he would draw so tight as to strangle him well nigh, sticking into him the barbed point thereof; whereat the poor soul, Sir Rollo, would groan and roar lustily.

Now they two had come, together, from the gates of purgatorie, being bound to those regions of fire and flame where poor sinners fry and roast in *saecula saeculorum*.

'It is hard,' said the poor Sir Rollo, as they went gliding through the clouds, 'that I should thus be condemned for ever, and all for want of a single ave.'

'How, Sir Soul,' said the daemon, 'you were on earth so wicked, that not one, or a million of aves, could suffice to keep from hell-flame a creature like thee; but, cheer up and be merry; thou wilt be but a subject of our lord the Devil, as am I; and, perhaps, thou wilt be advanced to posts of honour, as am I also:' and to show his authoritie, he lashed with his tail the ribbes of the wretched Rollo.

'Nevertheless, sinner as I am, one more ave would have saved me; for my sister, who was abbess of St. Mary of Chauchigny, did so prevail, by her prayer and good works, for my lost and wretched soul, that every day I felt the pains of purgatory decrease; the pitchforks which, on my first entry, had never ceased to vex and torment my poor carcass, were now not applied above once a week; the roasting had ceased, the boiling had discontinued; only a certain warmth was kept up, to remind me of my situation.'

'A gentle stew,' said the daemon.

'Yea, truly, I was but in a stew, and all from the effects of the prayers of my blessed sister. But yesterday, he who watched me in purgatory told me, that yet another prayer from my sister, and my bonds should be unloosed, and I, who am now a devil, should have been a blessed angel.'

'And the other ave?' said the daemon.

'She died, sir—my sister died—death choked her in the middle of the prayer.' And hereat the wretched spirit began to weepe and whine piteously; his salt tears falling over his beard, and scalding the tail of Mercurius the devil.

‘It is, in truth, a hard case,’ said the daemon; ‘but I know of no remedy save patience, and for that you will have an excellent opportunity in your lodgings below.’

‘But I have relations,’ said the Earl; ‘my kinsman Randal, who has inherited my lands, will he not say a prayer for his uncle?’

‘Thou didst hate and oppress him when living.’

‘It is true; but an ave is not much; his sister, my niece, Matilda——’

‘You shut her in a convent, and hanged her lover.’

‘Had I not reason? besides, has she not others?’

‘A dozen, without doubt.’

‘And my brother, the prior?’

‘A liege subject of my lord the Devil; he never opens his mouth, except to utter an oath, or to swallow a cup of wine.’

‘And yet, if but one of these would but say an ave for me, I should be saved.’

‘Aves with them are raræ aves,’ replied Mercurius, wagging his tail right waggishly; ‘and, what is more, I will lay thee any wager that not one of these will say a prayer to save thee.’

‘I would wager willingly,’ responded he of Chauchigny; ‘but what has a poor soul like me to stake?’

‘Every evening, after the day’s roasting, my lord Satan giveth a cup of cold water to his servants; I will bet thee thy water for a year, that none of the three will pray for thee.’

‘Done!’ said Rollo.

‘Done!’ said the daemon; ‘and here, if I mistake not, is thy castle of Chauchigny.’

Indeed, it was true. The soul, on looking down, perceived the tall towers, the courts, the stables, and the fair gardens of the castle. Although it was past midnight, there was a blaze of light in the banqueting-hall, and a lamp burning in the open window of the Lady Matilda.

‘With whom shall we begin?’ said the daemon, ‘with the Baron or the lady?’

‘With the lady, if you will.’

‘Be it so; her window is open, let us enter.’

So they descended, and entered silently into Matilda’s chamber.

The young lady's eyes were fixed so intently on a little clock, that it was no wonder that she did not perceive the entrance of her two visitors. Her fair cheek rested on her white arm, and her white arm on the cushion of a great chair, in which she sat, pleasantly supported by sweet thoughts and swans'-down: a lute was at her side, and a book of prayers lay under the table (for piety is always modest). Like the amorous Alexander, she sighed and looked (at the clock)—and sighed for ten minutes or more, when she softly breathed the word 'Edward!'

At this the soul of the Baron was wroth. 'The jade is at her old pranks,' said he to the devil; and then, addressing Matilda: 'I pray thee, sweet niece, turn thy thoughts for a moment from that villainous page, Edward, and give them to thine affectionate uncle.'

When she heard the voice, and saw the awful apparition of her uncle (for a year's sojourn in purgatory had not increased the comeliness of his appearance), she started, screamed, and, of course, fainted.

But the devil Mercurius soon restored her to herself. 'What's o'clock?' said she, as soon as she had recovered from her fit: 'is he come?'

'Not thy lover, Maudè, but thine uncle—that is, his soul. For the love of Heaven, listen to me: I have been frying in purgatory for a year past, and should have been in heaven but for the want of a single ave.'

'I will say it for thee to-morrow, uncle.'

'To-night, or never.'

'Well, to-night be it:' and she requested the devil Mercurius to give her the prayer-book from under the table; but he had no sooner touched the holy book than he dropped it with a shriek and a yell. 'It was hotter,' he said, 'than his master Sir Lucifer's own particular pitchfork.' And the lady was forced to begin her ave without the aid of her missal.

At the commencement of her devotions the daemon retired, and carried with him the anxious soul of poor Sir Roger de Rollo.

The lady knelt down—she sighed deeply; she looked again at the clock, and began—

'Ave Maria.'

When a lute was heard under the window, and a sweet voice singing—

‘ Hark ! ’ said Matilda.

Now the toils of day are over,
 And the sun hath sunk to rest,
 Seeking, like a fiery lover,
 The bosom of the blushing west—
 The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
 Raising the moon, her silver shield,
 And summoning the stars to guard
 The slumbers of my fair Mathilde !

‘ For mercy’s sake ! ’ said Sir Rollo, ‘ the ave first, and next the song.’

So Matilda again dutifully betook her to her devotions, and began—

‘ Ave Maria, gratia plena ! ’ but the music began again, and the prayer ceased of course.

The faithful night ! Now all things lie
 Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
 In pious hope I hither hic,
 And humbly chaunt mine ev’ning hymn.
 Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine !
 (For never holy pilgrim kneel’d,
 Or wept, at feet more pure than thine),
 My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde !

‘ Virgin love ! ’ said the Baron ; ‘ upon my soul, this is too bad ! ’ and he thought of the lady’s lover whom he had caused to be hanged.

But *she* only thought of him who stood singing at her window.

‘ Niece Matilda ! ’ cried Sir Roger, agonizedly, ‘ wilt thou listen to the lies of an impudent page, whilst thine uncle is waiting but a dozen words to make him happy ? ’

At this Matilda grew angry : ‘ Edward is neither impudent nor a liar, Sir Uncle, and I will listen to the end of the song.’

‘ Come away,’ said Mercurius, ‘ he hath yet got wield, field, sealed, congealed, and a dozen other rhymes beside ; and after the song will come the supper.’

So the poor soul was obliged to go ; while the lady listened, and the page sung away till morning.

‘ My virtues have been my ruin,’ said poor Sir Rollo, as he and Mercurius slunk silently out of the window. ‘ Had I hanged that knave Edward, as I did the page, his prede-

cessor, my niece would have sung mine ave : I should have been by this time an angel in heaven.'

'He is reserved for wiser purposes,' responded the devil : 'he will assassinate your successor, the lady Mathilde's brother ; and, in consequence, will be hanged. In the love of the lady he will be succeeded by a gardener, who will be replaced by a monk, who will give way to an ostler, who will be deposed by a Jew pedlar, who shall, finally, yield to a noble earl, the future husband of the fair Mathilde. So that, you see, instead of having one poor soul a-frying, we may now look forward to a goodly harvest for our lord the Devil.'

The soul of the Baron began to think that his companion knew too much for one who would make fair bets ; but there was no help for it ; he would not, and he could not, cry off : and he prayed inwardly that the brother might be found more pious than the sister.

But there seemed little chance of this. As they crossed the court, lackeys, with smoking dishes and full jugs, passed and repassed continually, although it was long past midnight. On entering the hall, they found Sir Randal at the head of a vast table, surrounded by a fiercer and more motley collection of individuals than had congregated there even in the time of Sir Rollo. The lord of the castle had signified that 'it was his royal pleasure to be drunk,' and the gentlemen of his train had obsequiously followed their master. Mercurius was delighted with the scene, and relaxed his usually rigid countenance into a bland and benevolent smile, which became him wonderfully.

The entrance of Sir Roger, who had been dead about a year, and a person with hoofs, horns, and a tail, rather disturbed the hilarity of the company. • Sir Randal dropped his cup of wine ; and Father Peter, the confessor, incontinently paused in the midst of a profane song, with which he was amusing the society.

'Holy Mother !' cried he, 'It is Sir Roger.'

'Alive !' screamed Sir Randal.

'No, my lord,' Mercurius said ; 'Sir Roger is dead, but cometh on a matter of business ; and I have the honour to act as his counsellor and attendant.'

'Nephew,' said Sir Roger, 'the daemon saith justly ; I come on a trifling affair, in which thy service is essential.'

'I will do anything, uncle, in my power.'

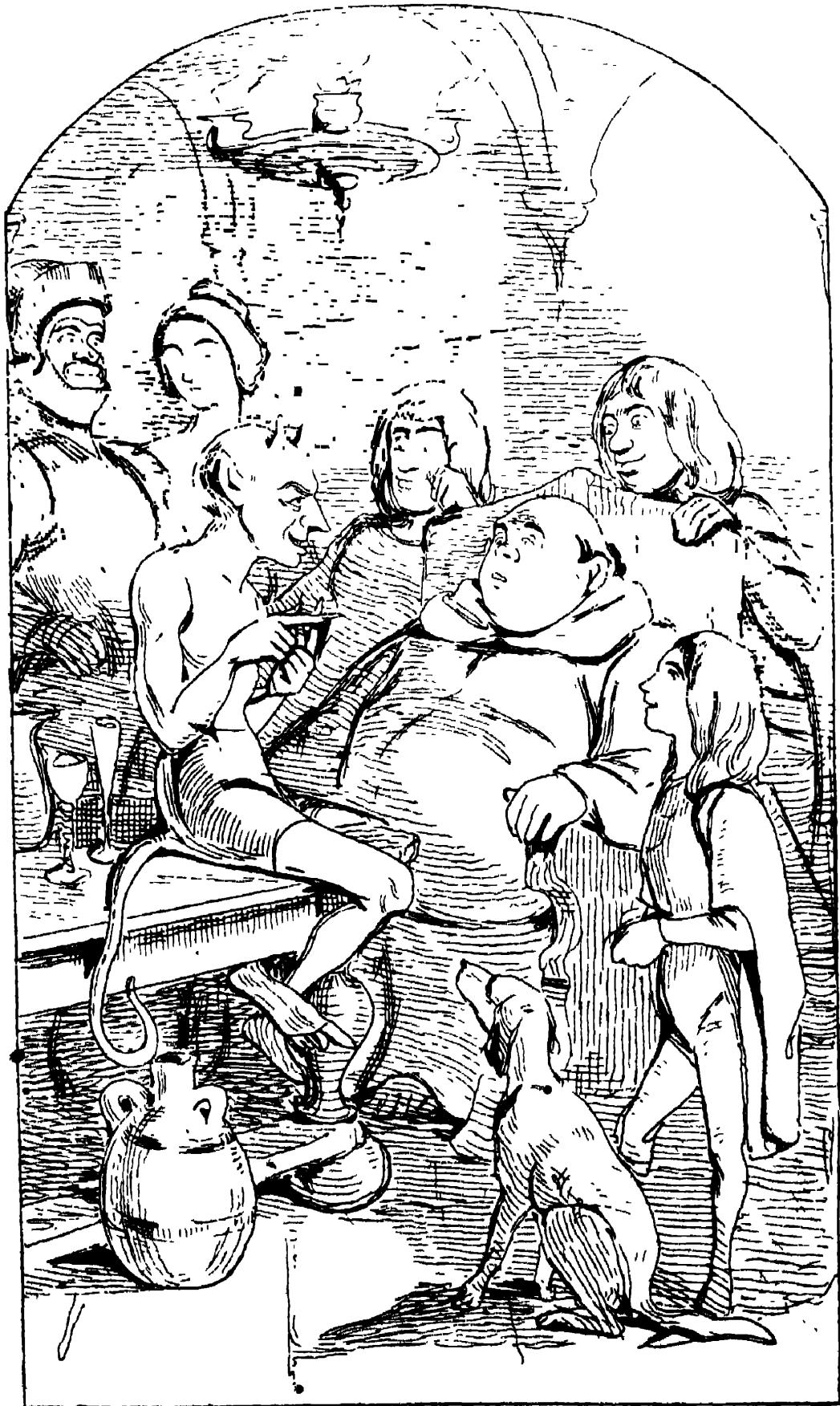
‘Thou canst give me life, if thou wilt?’ But Sir Randal looked very blank at this proposition. ‘I mean life spiritual, Randal,’ said Sir Roger; and thereupon he explained to him the nature of the wager.

Whilst he was telling his story, his companion Mercurius was playing all sorts of antics in the hall; and, by his wit and fun, became so popular with this godless crew, that they lost all the fear which his first appearance had given them. The friar was wonderfully taken with him, and used his utmost eloquence and endeavours to convert the devil; the knights stopped drinking to listen to the argument; the men-at-arms forbore brawling; and the wicked little pages crowded round the two strange disputants, to hear their edifying discourse. The ghostly man, however, had little chance in the controversy, and certainly little learning to carry it on. Sir Randal interrupted him. ‘Father Peter,’ said he, ‘our kinsman is condemned for ever, for want of a single ave: wilt thou say it for him?’ ‘Willingly, my lord,’ said the monk, ‘with my book;’ and, accordingly, he produced his missal to read, without which aid it appeared that the holy father could not manage the desired prayer. But the crafty Mercurius had, by his devilish art, inserted a song in the place of the ave, so that Father Peter, instead of chaunting an hymn, sang the following irreverent ditty:

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
 The hour of prayer to sinner;
 But better far 's the mid-day bell,
 Which speaks the hour of dinner;
 For when I see a smoking fish,
 Or capon drown'd in gravy,
 Or noble haunch on silver dish,
 Full glad I sing mine ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
 Whereon I sit so jolly;
 A smiling rosy country wench
 My saint and patron holy.
 I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
 I press her ringlets wavy,
 And in her willing ear I speak
 A most religious ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
 And holy saints forgiving:
 For sure he leads a right good life
 Who thus admires good living.



THE CHAPLAIN PUZZLED

Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor :
O grant ! 'mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor !

And with this pious wish the holy confessor tumbled under the table in an agony of devout drunkenness ; whilst the knights, the men-at-arms, and the wicked little pages, rang out the last verse with a most melodious and emphatic glee. ' I am sorry, fair uncle,' hiccupped Sir Randal, ' that, in the matter of the ave, we could not oblige thee in a more orthodox manner ; but the holy father has failed, and there is not another man in the hall who hath an idea of a prayer.'

' It is my own fault,' said Sir Rollo, ' for I hanged the last confessor.' And he wished his nephew a surly good-night, as he prepared to quit the room.

' *Au revoir*, gentlemen,' said the devil Mercurius ; and once more fixed his tail round the neck of his disappointed companion.

The spirit of poor Rollo was sadly cast down ; the devil, on the contrary, was in high good humour. He wagged his tail with the most satisfied air in the world, and cut a hundred jokes at the expense of his poor associate. On they sped, cleaving swiftly through the cold night-winds, frightening the birds that were roosting in the woods, and the owls who were watching in the towers.

In the twinkling of an eye, as it is known, devils can fly hundreds of miles : so that almost the same beat of the clock which left these two in Champagne, found them hovering over Paris. They dropped into the court of the Lazarist Convent, and wended their way, through passage and cloister, until they reached the door of the prior's cell.

Now the prior, Rollo's brother, was a wicked and malignant sorcerer ; his time was spent in conjuring devils and doing wicked deeds, instead of fasting, scourging, and singing holy psalms : this Mercurius knew ; and he, therefore, was fully at ease as to the final result of his wager with poor Sir Roger.

' You seem to be well acquainted with the road,' said the knight.

' I have reason,' answered Mercurius, ' having, for a long

period, had the acquaintance of his reverence, your brother ; but you have little chance with him.'

'And why ?' said Sir Rollo.

'He is under a bond to my master, never to say a prayer, or else his soul and his body are forfeited at once.'

'Why, thou false and traitorous devil !' said the enraged knight ; 'and thou knewest this when we made our wager ?'

'Undoubtedly : do you suppose I would have done so, had there been any chance of losing ?'

And with this they arrived at Father Ignatius's door.

'Thy cursed presence threw a spell on my niece, and stopped the tongue of my nephew's chaplain ; I do believe that had I seen either of them alone, my wager had been won.'

'Certainly ; therefore I took good care to go with thee : however, thou mayest see the prior alone, if thou wilt ; and lo ! his door is open. I will stand without for five minutes, when it will be time to commence our journey.'

It was the poor Baron's last chance : and he entered his brother's room more for the five minutes' respite than from any hope of success.

Father Ignatius, the prior, was absorbed in magic calculations : he stood in the middle of a circle of skulls, with no garment except his long white beard, which reached to his knees ; he was waving a silver rod, and muttering imprecations in some horrible tongue.

But Sir Rollo came forward and interrupted his incantation. 'I am,' said he, 'the shade of thy brother Roger de Rollo ; and have come, from pure brotherly love, to warn thee of thy fate.'

'Whence camest thou ?'

'From the abode of the blessed in Paradise,' replied Sir Roger, who was inspired with a sudden thought ; 'it was but five minutes ago that the Patron Saint of thy church told me of thy danger, and of thy wicked compact with the fiend. "Go," said he, "to thy miserable brother, and tell him that there is but one way by which he may escape from paying the awful forfeit of his bond."'

'And how may that be ?' said the prior ; 'the false fiend hath deceived me ; I have given him my soul, but have received no worldly benefit in return. Brother ! dear brother ! how may I escape ?'

' I will tell thee. As soon as I heard the voice of blessed St. Mary Lazarus (the worthy Earl had, at a pinch, coined the name of a saint), I left the clouds, where, with other angels, I was seated, and sped hither to save thee. " Thy brother," said the Saint, " hath but one day more to live, when he will become for all eternity the subject of Satan ; if he would escape, he must boldly break his bond, by saying an ave." '

' It is the express condition of the agreement,' said the unhappy monk, ' I must say no prayer, or that instant I become Satan's, body and soul.'

' It is the express condition of the Saint,' answered Roger, fiercely : ' pray, brother, pray, or thou art lost for ever.'

So the foolish monk knelt down, and devoutly sung out an ave. ' Amen ! ' said Sir Roger, devoutly.

' Amen ! ' said Mercurius, as, suddenly coming behind, he seized Ignatius by his long beard, and flew up with him to the top of the church-steeple.

The monk roared, and screamed, and swore against his brother ; but it was of no avail : Sir Roger smiled kindly on him, and said, ' Do not fret, brother ; it must have come to this in a year or two.' '

And he flew alongside of Mercurius to the steeple-top : *but this time the devil had not his tail round his neck.* ' I will let thee off thy bet,' said he to the daemon, for he could afford, now, to be generous.

' I believe, my lord,' said the daemon, politely, ' that our ways separate here.' Sir Roger sailed gaily upwards ; while Mercurius, having bound the miserable monk faster than ever, he sunk downwards to earth, and, perhaps, lower. Ignatius was heard roaring and screaming as the devil dashed him against the iron spikes and buttresses of the church.

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The moral of this story will be given in the second edition.

MADAME SAND AND THE NEW APOCALYPSE

[*The Corsair*, New York, September 14 and 21, 1839]

I DON'T know an impression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been absent from this place for two or three years, returns to it, and beholds the change which has taken place in the meantime, in French fashions and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the young gentlemen of France with their hair brushed *en toupet* in front, and the toes of their boots round; now the boot toes are pointed, and the hair combed flat, and, parted in the middle, falls in ringlets on the fashionable shoulders; and, in like manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed considerably, and it is not a little curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of those days, it is not a whit less absurd now: only the manner is changed, and our versatile Frenchmen have passed from one caricature to another.

The revolution may be called a caricature of freedom, as the empire was of glory; and what they borrow from foreigners undergoes the same process. They take top-boots and Macintoshes from across the water, and caricature our fashions; they read a little, very little, Shakespeare, and caricature our poetry: and while in David's time art and religion were only a caricature of Heathenism; now, on the contrary, these two commodities are imported from Germany; and distorted caricatures originally, are still farther distorted on passing the frontier.

I trust in Heaven that German art and religion will take no hold in our country (where there is a fund of roast beef, that will expel any such humbug in the end); but these sprightly Frenchmen have relished the mystical doctrines mightily; and having watched the Germans, with their sanctified looks, and quaint imitations of the old times, and mysterious transcendental talk, are aping



FRENCH CATHOLICISM

SKETCHED IN THE CHURCH OF NÔTRE DAME DE LORETTE

many of their fashions, as well and solemnly as they can ; not very solemnly, God wot ; for I think one should always prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks particularly grave, being sure that there is something false and ridiculous lurking under the owl-like solemnity.

When last in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reaction. Artists talked of faith in poems and pictures ; churches were built here and there ; old missals were copied and purchased ; and numberless portraits of saints, with as much gilding about them as ever was used in the fifteenth century, appeared in churches, ladies' boudoirs, and picture-shops. One or two fashionable preachers rose, and were eagerly followed ; the very youth of the schools gave up their pipes and billiards for some time, and flocked in crowds to Nôtre Dame, to sit under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to visit the church of Nôtre Dame de Lorette, yesterday, which was finished in the heat of this Catholic rage, and was not a little struck by the similarity of the place to the worship celebrated in it, and the admirable manner in which the architect has caused his work to express the public feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little bijou of a church : it is supported by sham marble pillars ; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue and gold, which will look very well for some time ; and is filled with gaudy pictures and carvings, in the very pink of the mode. The congregation did not offer a bad illustration of the present state of Catholic reaction. Two or three stray people were at prayers ; there was no service ; a few countrymen and idlers were staring about at the pictures ; and the Swiss, the paid guardian of the place, was comfortably and appropriately asleep on his bench at the door. I am inclined to think the famous reaction is over : the students have taken to their Sunday pipes and billiards again ; and one or two cafés have been established, within the last year, that are ten times handsomer than Nôtre Dame de Lorette.

However, if the immortal Görres and the German mystics have had their day, there is the immortal Goethe, and the Pantheists ; and I incline to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favour. Voltaire and the Encyclopaedians are voted, now, *barbares*, and there is no term of reprobation strong enough for heartless Humes and Helvetiuses, who lived but to destroy, and who only

thought to doubt. Wretched as Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them, than in the present muddy French transcendentalism. Pantheism is the word now ; one and all have begun to *éprouver* the *besoin* of a religious sentiment ; and we are deluged with a host of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac feels himself to be inspired ; Victor Hugo is a god ; Madame Sand is a god ; that tawdry man of genius, Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the *Debats*, has divine intimations ; and there is scarce a beggarly, beardless scribbler of poems and prose, but tells you, in his preface, of the *sainteté* of the *sacerdoce littéraire* ; or a dirty student, sucking tobacco and beer, and reeling home with a grisette from the *chaumière*, who is not convinced of the necessity of a new 'Messianism,' and will hiccup, to such as will listen, chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. Surely, the negatives of the old days were far less dangerous than the assertions of the present ; and you may fancy what a religion that must be, which has such high priests.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with details of the lives of many of these prophets and expounders of new revelations. Madame Sand, for instance, I do not know personally, and can only speak of her from report. True or false, the history, at any rate, is not very edifying ; and so may be passed over ; but, as a certain great philosopher told us, in very humble and simple words, that we are not to expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles ; we may, at least, demand, in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher—order, soberness, and regularity of life ; for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstance or passion ; and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect ; how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself ; and how temper turns angrily upon conscience, that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us !—How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us ! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine, can we find no personal reason for their hostility ? The men in Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates ; but we have had time, since then, to re-consider the verdict ;

and Socrates' character is pretty pure now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The Parisian philosophers will attempt to explain to you the changes through which Madame Sand's mind has passed,—the initiatory trials, labours, and sufferings which she has had to go through,—before she reached her present happy state of mental illumination. She teaches her wisdom in parables, that are, mostly, a couple of volumes long; and began, first, by an eloquent attack on marriage, in the charming novel of *Indiana*. 'Pity,' cried she, 'for the poor woman who, united to a being whose brute force makes him her superior, should venture to break the bondage which is imposed on her, and allow her heart to be free.'

In support of this claim of pity, she writes two volumes of the most exquisite prose. What a tender, suffering creature is Indiana; how little her husband appreciates that gentleness which he is crushing by his tyranny and brutal scorn; how natural it is that, in the absence of his sympathy, she, poor, clinging, confiding creature, should seek elsewhere for shelter; how cautious should we be, to call criminal—to visit with too heavy a censure—an act which is one of the natural impulses of a tender heart, that seeks but for a worthy object of love. But why attempt to tell the tale of beautiful Indiana? Madame Sand has written it so well, that not the hardest-hearted husband in Christendom can fail to be touched by her sorrows, though he may refuse to listen to her argument. Let us grant, for argument's sake, that the laws of marriage, especially the French laws of marriage, press very cruelly upon unfortunate women.

But if one wants to have a question of this, or any nature, honestly argued, it is better, surely, to apply to an indifferent person for an umpire. For instance, the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs or snuff-boxes, may, or may not, be vicious; but if we, who have not the wit, or will not take the trouble to decide the question ourselves, want to hear the real rights of the matter, we should not, surely, apply to a pickpocket to know what he thought on the point. It might naturally be presumed that he would be rather a prejudiced person—particularly as his reasoning, if successful, might get him *out of gaol*. This is a homely illustration, no doubt; all we would urge by it, is, that Madame Sand having, according to the French newspapers,

had a stern husband ; and also having, according to the newspapers, sought ' sympathy ' elsewhere, her arguments may be considered to be somewhat partial, and received with some little caution.

And tell us who have been the social reformers ?—the haters, that is, of the present system, according to which we live, love, marry, have children, educate them, and endow them—*are they pure themselves ?* I do believe not one ; and directly a man begins to quarrel with the world and its ways, and to lift up, as he calls it, the voice of his despair, and preach passionately to mankind about this tyranny of faith, customs, laws ; if we examine what the personal character of the preacher is, we begin pretty clearly to understand the value of the doctrine. Any one can see why Rousseau should be such a whimpering reformer, and Byron such a free and easy misanthropist, and why our accomplished Madame Sand, who has a genius and eloquence inferior to neither, should take the present condition of mankind (French-kind) so much to heart, and labour so hotly to set it right.

After *Indiana* (which, we presume, contains the lady's notions upon wives and husbands) came *Valentine*, which may be said to exhibit her doctrine, in regard of young men and maidens, to whom the author would accord, as we fancy, the same tender licence. *Valentine* was followed by *Lelia*, a wonderful book indeed, gorgeous in eloquence, and rich in magnificent poetry ; a regular topsyturvyfication of morality, a thieves' and prostitutes' apotheosis : this book has received some late enlargements and emendations by the writer ; it contains her notions on morals, which as we have said, are so peculiar, that, alas ! *they can only be mentioned here, not particularized ; but, of *Spiridion*, we may write a few pages, as it is her religious manifesto.

In this work, the lady asserts her pantheistical doctrine, and openly attacks the received Christian creed. She declares it to be useless now, and unfitted to the exigencies and the degree of culture of the actual world ; and, though it would be hardly worth while to combat her opinions in due form, it is, at least, worth while to notice them, not merely from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the woman herself, but because they express the opinions of a great number of people besides ; for she not only

produces her own thoughts, but imitates those of others very eagerly : and one finds, in her writings, so much similarity with others ; or, in others, so much resemblance to her, that the book before us may pass for the expressions of the sentiments of a certain French party.

‘ Dieu est mort,’ says another writer of the same class, and of great genius too.—‘ Dieu est mort,’ writes Mr. Henry Heine, speaking of the Christian God ; and he adds, in a daring figure of speech, —‘ N’entendez vous pas sonner la Clochette ?—on porte les sacremens à un Dieu qui se meurt !’ Another of the pantheist poetical philosophers, Mr. Edgar Quinet, has a poem, in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to die similarly, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This book of ‘ Spiridion ’ is a continuation of the theme, and, perhaps, you will listen to some of the author’s expositions of it.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day, have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios : it required some learning then, to write a book ; and some time, at least ;—for the very labour of writing out a thousand such vast pages would demand a considerable period. But now, in the age of duodecimos, the system is reformed altogether : a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination, and not his learning ; makes a story instead of an argument, and, in the course of 150 pages (where the preacher has it all his own way) will prove or disprove you anything. And, to our shame be it said, we Protestants have set the example of this kind of proselytism—those detestable, mixtures of truth, lies, false sentiment, false reasoning, bad grammar, correct and genuine philanthropy and piety—I mean our religious tracts, which any woman or man, be he ever so silly, can take upon himself to write, and sell for a penny, as if religious instruction were the easiest thing in the world. We, I say, have set the example in this kind of composition, and all the sects of the earth will, doubtless, speedily follow it. I can point you out blasphemies, in famous pious tracts, that are as dreadful as those above mentioned ; but this is no place for such discussions, and we had better return to Madame Sand. As Mrs. Sherwood expounds, by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls, her notions of church history, church catechism, church doctrine ;—

as the author of *Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story*, demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages,—by the means of a three-and-sixpenny duodecimo volume, which tumbles over the vast fabric, as David's pebble stone did Goliath;—as, again, the Roman Catholic author of 'Geraldine,' falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet; in like manner, by means of pretty sentimental tales, and cheap apologues, Mrs. Sand proclaims *her* truth—that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian religion is no more! O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light, that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it?—Women, truly; for the most part, weak women—weak in intellect, weak mayhap in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith. Women, who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their twopenny tablets, as if there were some Divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!

With regard to the spelling and grammar, our Parisian Pythoness stands, in the goodly fellowship, remarkable. Her style is a noble, and, as far as a foreigner can judge, a strange tongue, beautifully rich and pure. She has a very exuberant imagination, and, with it, a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She seldom runs a thought to death (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they catch a little one, toy with it until they kill it), but she leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

This wonderful power of language must have been felt

by most people who read Madame Sand's first books, *Valentine* and *Indiana* : in *Spiridion*, it is greater, I think, than ever ; and for those who are not afraid of the matter of the novel, the manner will be found most delightful. The author's intention, I presume, is to describe, in a parable, her notions of the downfall of the Catholic church ; and, indeed, of the whole Christian scheme : and she places her hero in a monastery in Italy, where, among the characters about him, and the events which occur, the particular tenets of Madame Dudevant's doctrine are not inaptly laid down. Innocent, faithful, tender-hearted, a young monk, by name Angel, finds himself, when he has pronounced his vows, an object of aversion and hatred to the godly men whose lives he so much respects, and whose love he would make any sacrifice to win. After enduring much, he flings himself at the feet of his confessor, and begs for his sympathy and counsel ; but the confessor spurns him away, and accuses him, fiercely, of some unknown and terrible crime — bids him never return to the confessional until contrition has touched his heart, and the stains which sully his spirit are, by sincere repentance, washed away.

' Thus speaking,' says Angel, ' Father Hegesippus tore away his robe, which I was holding in my supplicating hands. In a sort of wildness I still grasped it tighter : he pushed me fiercely from him, and I fell with my face towards the ground. He quitted me, closing violently after him the door of the sacristy in which this scene had passed. I was left alone in the darkness. Either from the violence of my fall, or the excess of my grief, a vein had burst in my throat, and a haemorrhage ensued. I had not the force to rise ; I felt my senses rapidly sinking, and, presently, I lay stretched on the pavement, unconscious, and bathed in my blood.'

[Now the wonderful part of the story begins.]

' I know not how much time I passed in this way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some harmonious air was playing round about me, stirring gently in my hair, and drying the drops of perspiration on my brow. It seemed to approach, and then again to withdraw, breathing now softly and sweetly in the distance, and now returning, as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

' I would not, however, do so as yet ; for I felt myself, as I lay, under the influence of a pleasure quite new to me ;

and listened, in a kind of peaceful aberration, to the gentle murmurs of the summer wind, as it breathed on me through the closed window-blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice that spoke to me from the end of the sacristy : it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless, and gave it my whole attention. At last I heard, distinctly, the following sentence :—“ *Spirit of Truth, raise up these victims of ignorance and imposture.*” “ Father Hegesippus,” said I, in a weak voice, “ is that you who are returning to me ? ” But no one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees, I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me : I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that none, after the departure of the confessor, could have entered it without passing over me ; besides, the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape. I touched it, and assured myself that it was closed. I was seized with terror, and, for some moments, did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavoured to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room were enveloped. A pale light, which came from an upper window, half closed, was to be seen trembling in the midst of the apartment. The wind beat the shutter to and fro, and enlarged or diminished the space through which the light issued. The objects which were in this half-light—the praying-desk, surmounted by its skull—a few books lying on the benches—a surplice hanging against the wall—seemed to move with the shadow of the foliage that the air agitated behind the window. When I thought I was alone, I felt ashamed of my former timidity ; I made the sign of the cross, and was about to move forward in order to open the shutter altogether, but a deep sigh came from the praying-desk, and kept me nailed to my place. And yet I saw the desk distinctly enough to be sure that no person was near it. Then I had an idea which gave me courage. Some person, I thought, is behind the shutter, and has been saying his prayers outside without thinking of me. But who would be so bold as to express such wishes and utter such a prayer as I had just heard ?

‘ Curiosity, the only passion and amusement permitted in a cloister, now entirely possessed me, and I advanced towards the window. But I had not made a step when

a black shadow, as it seemed to me, detaching itself from the praying-desk, traversed the room, directing itself towards the window, and passed swiftly by me. The movement was so rapid that I had not time to avoid what seemed a body advancing towards me, and my fright was so great, that I thought I should faint a second time. But I felt nothing, and, as if the shadow had passed through me, I saw it suddenly disappear to my left.

‘I rushed to the window, I pushed back the blind with precipitation, and looked round the sacristy : I was there, entirely alone. I looked into the garden—it was deserted, and the mid-day wind was wandering among the flowers. I took courage, I examined all the corners of the room ; I looked behind the praying-desk, which was very large, and I shook all the sacerdotal vestments which were hanging on the walls ; everything was in its natural condition, and could give me no explanation of what had just occurred. The sight of all the blood I had lost, led me to fancy that my brain had, probably, been weakened by the haemorrhage, and that I had been a prey to some delusion. I retired to my cell, and remained shut up there until the next day.’

I don't know whether the reader has been as much struck with the above mysterious scene as the writer has ; but the fancy of it strikes me as very fine ; and the natural *supernaturalness* is kept up in the best style. The shutter swaying to and fro, the fitful *light appearing* over the furniture of the room, and giving it an air of strange motion—the awful shadow which passed through the body of the timid young novice—are surely very finely painted. ‘I rushed to the shutter, and flung it back : there was no one in the sacristy. I looked into the garden ; it was deserted, and the mid-day wind was roaming among the flowers.’ The dreariness is wonderfully described : only the poor pale boy looking eagerly out from the window of the sacristy, and the hot mid-day wind walking in the solitary garden. How skilfully is each of these little strokes dashed in, and how well do all together combine to make a picture ! But we must have a little more about Spiridion's wonderful visitant.

‘As I entered into the garden, I stepped a little on one side, to make way for a person whom I saw before me. He was a young man of surprising beauty, and attired in

a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large black robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had, underneath, a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist by a leathern belt, and a buckle of silver, after the manner of the old German students. Like them, he wore, instead of the sandals of our monks, short tight boots; and over the collar of his shirt, which fell on his shoulders, and was as white as snow, hung, in rich golden curls, the most beautiful hair I ever saw. He was tall, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of commanding. With much respect, and yet uncertain, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but he smiled on me with so benevolent an air, and, at the same time, his eyes, severe and blue, looked towards me with an expression of such compassionate tenderness, that his features have never since then passed away from my recollection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself, from the majesty of his aspect, that he had the power to protect me; but the monk, who was walking behind me, and who did not seem to remark him in the least, forced him brutally to step aside from the walk, and pushed me so rudely as almost to cause me to fall. Not wishing to engage in a quarrel with this coarse monk, I moved away; but, after having taken a few steps in the garden, I looked back, and saw the unknown still gazing on me with looks of the tenderest solicitude. The sun shone full upon him, and made his hair look radiant. He sighed, and lifted his fine eyes to heaven, as if to invoke its justice in my favour, and to call it to bear witness to my misery; he turned slowly towards the sanctuary, entered into the choir, and was lost, presently, in the shade. I longed to return, in spite of the monk, to follow this noble stranger, and to tell him my afflictions; but who was he, that I imagined he would listen to them, and cause them to cease? I felt, even while his softness drew me towards him, that he still inspired me with a kind of fear; for I saw in his physiognomy as much austerity as sweetness.'

Who was he?—we shall see that. He was somebody very mysterious indeed; but our author has taken care, after the manner of her sex, to make a very pretty fellow of him, and to dress him in the most becoming costumes possible.

The individual in tight boots and a rolling collar, with the copious golden locks, and the solemn blue eyes, who had just gazed on Spiridion, and inspired him with such a feeling of tender awe, is a much more important personage than the reader might suppose at first sight. This beautiful, mysterious, dandy ghost, whose costume, with a true woman's coquetry, Madame Dudevant has so rejoiced to describe—is her religious type, a mystical representation of Faith struggling up towards Truth, through superstition, doubt, fear, reason,—in tight inexpressibles, with 'a belt such as is worn by the old German students.' You will pardon me for treating such an awful person as this somewhat lightly; but there is always, I think, such a dash of the ridiculous in the French sublime, that the critic should try and do justice to both, or he may fail in giving a fair account of either. This character of Hebronius, the type of Mrs. Sand's convictions—if convictions they may be called—or, at least, the allegory under which her doubts are represented, is, in parts, very finely drawn; contains many passages of truth, very deep and touching, by the side of others so entirely absurd and unreasonable, that the reader's feelings are continually swaying between admiration and something very like contempt—always in a kind of wonder at the strange mixture before him. But let us hear Madame Sand:—

'Peter Hebronius,' says our author, 'was not originally so named. His real name was Samuel. He was a Jew, and born in a little village in the neighbourhood of Innspruck. His family, which possessed a considerable fortune, left him, in his early youth, completely free to his own pursuits. From infancy he had shown that these were serious. He loved to be alone; and passed his days, and sometimes his nights, wandering among the mountains and valleys in the neighbourhood of his birth-place. He would often sit by the brink of torrents, listening to the voice of their waters, and endeavouring to penetrate the meaning which Nature had hidden in those sounds. As he advanced in years his inquiries became more curious and more grave. It was necessary that he should receive a solid education, and his parents sent him to study in the German universities. Luther had been dead only a century, and his words and his memory still lived in the enthusiasm of his disciples. The new faith was strengthening

the conquests it had made; the Reformers were as ardent as in the first days, but their ardour was more enlightened and more measured. Proselytism was still carried on with zeal, and new converts were made every day. In listening to the morality and to the dogmas which Lutheranism had taken from Catholicism, Samuel was filled with admiration. His bold and sincere spirit instantly compared the doctrines which were now submitted to him, with those in the belief of which he had been bred; and, enlightened by the comparison, was not slow to acknowledge the inferiority of Judaism. He said to himself, that a religion made for a single people, to the exclusion of all others,—which only offered a barbarous justice for rule of conduct,—which neither rendered the present intelligible or satisfactory, and left the future uncertain,—could not be that of noble souls and lofty intellects; and that He could not be the God of truth who had dictated, in the midst of thunder, His vacillating will, and had called to the performance of His narrow wishes the slaves of a vulgar terror. Always conversant with himself, Samuel, who had spoken what he thought, now performed what he had spoken; and, a year after his arrival in Germany, solemnly abjured Judaism, and entered into the bosom of the reformed Church. As he did not wish to do things by halves, and desired as much as was in him to put off the old man and lead a new life, he changed his name of Samuel to that of Peter. Some time passed, during which he strengthened and instructed himself in his new religion. Very soon he arrives at the point of searching for objections to refute, and adversaries to overthrow. Bold and enterprising, he went at once to the strongest, and Bossuet was the first Catholic author that he set himself to read. He commenced with a kind of disdain; believing that the faith which he had just embraced contained the pure truth, he despised all the attacks which could be made against it, and laughed already at the irresistible arguments which he was to find in the works of the Eagle of Meaux. But his mistrust and irony soon gave place to wonder first, and then to admiration: he thought that the cause pleaded by such an advocate must, at least, be respectable; and, by a natural transition, came to think that great geniuses would only devote themselves to that which was great. He then studied Catholicism with the same ardour and impartiality which he had

bestowed on Lutheranism. He went into France to gain instruction from the professors of the Mother Church, as he had from the Doctors of the reformed creed in Germany. He saw Arnauld, Fénelon, that second Gregory of Nazianzen, and Bossuet himself. Guided by these masters, whose virtues made him appreciate their talents the more, he rapidly penetrated to the depth of the mysteries of the Catholic doctrine and morality. He found, in this religion, all that had for him constituted the grandeur and beauty of Protestantism,—the dogmas of the Unity and Eternity of God, which the two religions had borrowed from Judaism; and, what seemed the natural consequence of the last doctrine—a doctrine, however, to which the Jews had not arrived—the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; free will in this life; in the next, recompense for the good, and punishment for the evil. He found, more pure, perhaps, and more elevated in Catholicism than in Protestantism, that sublime morality which preaches equality to man, fraternity, love, charity, renouncement of self, devotion to your neighbour: Catholicism, in a word, seemed to possess that vast formula, and that vigorous unity, which Lutheranism wanted. The latter had, indeed, in its favour, the liberty of inquiry, which is also a want of the human mind; and had proclaimed the authority of individual reason: but it had so lost that which is the necessary basis and vital condition of all revealed religion—the principle of infallibility; because nothing can live except in virtue of the laws that presided at its birth; and, in consequence, one revelation cannot be continued and confirmed without another. Now, infallibility is nothing but revelation continued by God, or the Word, in the person of His vicars.

‘At last, after much reflection, Hebronius acknowledged himself entirely and sincerely convinced, and received baptism from the hands of Bossuet. He added the name of Spiridion to that of Peter, to signify that he had been twice enlightened by the Spirit. Resolved thenceforward to consecrate his life to the worship of the new God who had called him to Him, and to the study of His doctrines, he passed into Italy, and, with the aid of a large fortune, which one of his uncles, a Catholic like himself, had left to him, he built this convent, where we now are.’

A friend of mine, who has just come from Italy, says that he has there left Messrs. Sp——r P——l and W. Dr——d, who were the lights of the great church in Newman Street, who were themselves apostles, and declared and believed that every word of nonsense which fell from their lips was a direct spiritual intervention. These gentlemen have become Puseyites already, and are, my friend states, in the high way to Catholicism. Madame Sand herself was a Catholic sometime since : having been converted to that faith along with M. N——, of the Academy of Music ; Mr. L——, the pianoforte player ; and one or two other chosen individuals, by the famous Abbé de la M——. Abbé de la M—— (so told me, in the Diligence, a priest, who read his breviary and gossiped alternately very curiously and pleasantly) is himself an *âme perdue* : the man spoke of his brother clergyman with actual horror ; and it certainly appears that the Abbé's works of conversion have not prospered ; for Madame Sand having brought her hero (and herself, as we may presume) to the point of Catholicism, proceeds directly to dispose of that as she has done of Judaism and Protestantism, and will not leave, of the whole fabric of Christianity, a single stone standing.

I think the fate of our English Newman Street apostles, and of M. de la M——, the mad priest, and his congregation of mad converts, should be a warning to such of us as are inclined to dabble in religious speculations ; for, in them, as in all others, our flighty brains soon lose themselves, and we find our reason speedily lying prostrate at the mercy of our passions ; and I think that Madame Sand's novel of Spiridion may do a vast deal of good, and bears a good moral with it ; though not such an one, perhaps, as our fair philosopher intended. For anything he learned, Samuel-Peter-Spiridion-Hebronius might have remained a Jew from the beginning to the end. Wherefore be in such a hurry to set up new faiths ? Wherefore, Madame Sand, try and be so preternaturally wise ? Wherefore be so eager to jump out of one religion, for the purpose of jumping into another ? See what good this philosophical friskiness has done you, and on what sort of ground you are come at last. You are so wonderfully sagacious, that you flounder in mud at every step ; so amazingly clear-sighted, that your eyes cannot see an inch before you, having put out, with that extinguishing genius of yours, every one of the lights

that are sufficient for the conduct of common men. And for what? Let our friend Spiridion speak for himself. After setting up his convent, and filling it with monks, who entertain an immense respect for his wealth and genius, Father Hebronius, unanimously elected prior, gives himself up to further studies, and leaves his monks to themselves. Industrious and sober as they were, originally, they grow quickly intemperate and idle; and Hebronius, who does not appear among his flock until he has freed himself of the Catholic religion, as he has of the Jewish and the Protestant, sees, with dismay, the evil condition of his disciples, and regrets, too late, the precipitancy by which he renounced, then and for ever, Christianity. 'But, as he had no new religion to adopt in its place, and as, grown more prudent and calm, he did not wish to accuse himself unnecessarily, once more, of inconstancy and apostacy, he still maintained all the exterior forms of the worship which inwardly he had abjured. But it was not enough for him to have quitted error, it was necessary to discover truth. But Hebronius had well looked round to discover it; he could not find anything that resembled it. Then commenced for him a series of sufferings, unknown and terrible. Placed face to face with doubt, this sincere and religious spirit was frightened at its own solitude; and as it had no other desire nor aim on earth than truth, and nothing else here below interested it, he lived absorbed in his own sad contemplations, looking ceaselessly into the vague that surrounded him like an ocean without bounds, and seeing the horizon retreat and retreat as ever he wished to near it. Lost in this immense uncertainty, he felt as if attacked by vertigo, and his thoughts whirled within his brain. Then, fatigued with his vain toils and hopeless endeavours, he would sink down depressed, unmanned, life-wearied, only living in the sensation of that silent grief which he felt and could not comprehend.'

It is a pity that this hapless Spiridion, so eager in his passage from one creed to another, and so loud in his profession of the truth, wherever he fancied that he had found it, had not waited a little, before he avowed himself either Catholic or Protestant, and implicated others in errors and follies which might, at least, have been confined to his own bosom, and there have lain comparatively harmless. In what a pretty state, for instance, will Messrs.

Dr——d and P——l have left their Newman Street congregation, who are still plunged in their old superstitions, from which their spiritual pastors and masters have been set free! In what a state, too, do Mrs. Sand and her brother and sister philosophers, Templars, Saint Simonians, Fourierites, Lerouxites, or whatever the sect may be, leave the unfortunate people who have listened to their doctrines, and who have not the opportunity, or the fiery versatility of belief, which carries their teachers from one creed to another, leaving only exploded lies and useless recantations behind them! I wish the State would make a law that one individual should not be allowed to preach more than one doctrine in his life; or, at any rate, should be soundly corrected for every change of creed. How many charlatans would have been silenced,—how much conceit would have been kept within bounds,—how many fools, who are dazzled by fine sentences, and made drunk by declamation, would have remained quiet and sober, in that quiet and sober way of faith which their fathers held before them. However, the reader will be glad to learn that, after all his doubts and sorrows, Spiridion does discover the truth (*the truth*, what a wise Spiridion!), and some discretion with it; for, having found among his monks, who are dissolute, superstitious—and all hate him—one only being, Fulgentius, who is loving, candid, and pious, he says to him—‘If you were like myself, if the first want of your nature were, like mine, to know, I would, without hesitation, lay bare to you my entire thoughts. I would make you drink the cup of truth, which I myself have filled with so many tears, at the risk of intoxicating you with the draught. But it is not so, alas! you are made to love rather than to know, and your heart is stronger than your intellect. You are attached to Catholicism,—I believe so, at least,—by bonds of sentiment which you could not break without pain, and which, if you were to break, the truth which I could lay bare to you in return, would not repay you for what you had sacrificed. Instead of exalting, it would crush you, very likely. It is a food too strong for ordinary men, and which, when it does not revivify, smothers. I will not, then, reveal to you this doctrine, which is the triumph of my life, and the consolation of my last days; because it might, perhaps, be for you only a cause of mourning and despair. . . . Of all

the works which my long studies have produced, there is one alone which I have not given to the flames; for it alone is complete. In that you will find me entire, and there LIES THE TRUTH. And, as the sage has said you must not bury your treasures in a well, I will not confide mine to the brutal stupidity of these monks. But as this volume should only pass into hands worthy to touch it, and be laid open for eyes that are capable of comprehending its mysteries, I shall exact from the reader one condition, which, at the same time, shall be a proof: I shall carry it with me to the tomb, in order that he who one day shall read it; may have courage enough to brave the vain terrors of the grave, in searching for it amid the dust of my sepulchre. As soon as I am dead, therefore, place this writing on my breast. . . . Ah! when the time comes for reading it, I think my withered heart will spring up again, as the frozen grass at the return of the sun, and that, from the midst of its infinite transformations, my spirit will enter into immediate communication with thine!’

Does not the reader long to be at this precious manuscript, which contains THE TRUTH; and ought he not to be very much obliged to Mrs. Sand, for being so good as to print it for him? We leave all the story aside:—how Fulgentius had not the spirit to read the manuscript, but left the secret to Alexis; how Alexis, a stern, old, philosophical, unbelieving monk as ever was, tried in vain to lift the gravestone, but was taken with fever, and obliged to forgo the discovery; and how, finally, Angel, his disciple, a youth amiable and innocent as his name, was the destined person who brought the long-buried treasure to light. Trembling and delighted, the pair read this tremendous MANUSCRIPT OF SPIRIDION.

Will it be believed, that of all the dull, vague, windy documents that mortal ever set eyes on, this is the dullest? If this be absolute truth, *à quoi bon* search for it, since we have long, long had the jewel in our possession, or since, at least, it has been held up as such by every sham philosopher who has had a mind to pass off his wares on the public? Hear Spiridion:—

‘How much have I wept, how much have I suffered, how much have I prayed, how much have I laboured,

before I understood the cause and the aim of my passage on this earth! After many incertitudes, after much remorse, after many scruples, *I have comprehended that I was a martyr!*—But why my martyrdom? said I; what crime did I commit before I was born, thus to be condemned to labour and groaning, from the hour when I first saw the day, up to that when I am about to enter into the night of the tomb?

‘At last, by dint of imploring God—by dint of inquiry into the history of man, a ray of the truth has descended on my brow, and the shadows of the past have melted from before my eyes. I have lifted a corner of the curtain: I have seen enough to know that my life, like that of the rest of the human race, has been a series of necessary errors, yet, to speak more correctly, of incomplete truths, conducting, more or less, slowly and directly, to absolute truth and ideal perfection. But when will they rise on the face of the earth—when will they issue from the bosom of the Divinity—those generations who shall salute the august countenance of truth, and proclaim the reign of the ideal on earth? I see well how humanity marches, but I neither can see its cradle nor its apotheosis. Man seems to me a transitory race, between the beast and the angel; but I know not how many centuries have been required, that he might pass from the *state of brute to the state of man*, and *I cannot tell how many ages are necessary that he may pass from the state of man to the state of angel!*

‘Yet I hope, and I feel within me, at the approach of death, that which warns me that great destinies await humanity. In this life all is over for me. Much have I striven, to advance but little: I have laboured without ceasing, and have done almost nothing. Yet, after pains immeasurable, I die content, for I know that I have done all I could, and am sure that the little I have done will not be lost.

‘What, then, have I done? this wilt thou demand of me, man of a future age, who will seek for truth in the testaments of the past. Thou who wilt be no more Catholic—no more Christian, thou wilt ask of the poor monk, lying in the dust, an account of his life and death. Thou wouldst know wherefore were his vows, why his austerities, his labours, his retreat, his prayers?

‘You who turn back to me, in order that I may guide

you on your road, and that you may arrive more quickly at the goal which it has not been my lot to attain, pause, yet, for a moment, and look upon the past history of humanity. You will see that its fate has been ever to choose between the least of two evils, and ever to commit great faults, in order to avoid others still greater. You will see . . . on one side, the heathen mythology, that debased the spirit, in its efforts to deify the flesh; the austere Christian principle, that debased the flesh too much, in order to raise the worship of the spirit. You will see, afterwards, how the religion of Christ embodies itself in a church, and raises itself a generous democratic power against the tyranny of princes. Later still, you will see how that power has attained its end, and passed beyond it. You will see it, having chained and conquered princes, league itself with them, in order to oppress the people, and seize on temporal power. Schism, then, raises up against it the standard of revolt, and preaches the bold and legitimate principle of liberty of conscience: but, also, you will see how this liberty of conscience brings religious anarchy in its train; or, worse still, religious indifference and disgust. And if your soul, shattered in the tempestuous changes which you behold humanity undergoing, would strike out for itself a passage through the rocks, amidst which, like a frail bark, lies tossing trembling truth, you will be embarrassed to choose between the new philosophers—who, in preaching tolerance, destroy religious and social unity—and the last Christians, who, to preserve society, that is, religion and philosophy, are obliged to brave the principle of toleration. Man of truth! to whom I address, at once, my instruction and my justification, at the time when you shall live, the science of truth, no doubt, will have advanced a step. Think, then, of all your fathers have suffered, as, bending beneath the weight of their ignorance and uncertainty, they have traversed the desert across which, with so much pain, they have conducted thee! And if the pride of thy young learning shall make thee contemplate the petty strifes in which our life has been consumed, pause and tremble, as you think of that which is still unknown to yourself, and of the judgement that your descendants will pass on you. Think of this, and learn to respect all those who, seeking their way in all sincerity, have wandered from the path,

frightened by the storm, and sorely tried by the severe hand of the All-Powerful. Think of this, and prostrate yourself ; for all these, even the most mistaken among them, are saints and martyrs.

‘ Without their conquests and their defeats, thou wert in darkness still. Yes, their failures, their errors even, have a right to your respect ; for man is weak. . . . Weep, then, for us obscure travellers—unknown victims, who, by our mortal sufferings and unheard-of labours, have prepared the way before you. Pity me, who, having passionately loved justice, and perseveringly sought for truth, only opened my eyes to shut them, again for ever, and saw that I had been in vain endeavouring to support a ruin, to take refuge in a vault of which the foundations were worn away.’ . . .

The rest of the book of Spiridion is made up of a history of the rise, progress, and (what our philosopher is pleased to call) decay of Christianity—of an assertion, that the ‘ Doctrine of Christ is incomplete ;’ that ‘ Christ may, nevertheless, take His place in the Pantheon of divine men !’ and of a long, disgusting, absurd, and impious vision, in which the Saviour, Moses, David, and Elijah are represented, and in which Christ is made to say—‘ *We are all Messiahs*, when we wish to bring the reign of truth upon earth ; we are all Christs, when we suffer for it !’

And this is the ultimatum, the supreme secret, the absolute truth, and it has been published by Mrs. Sand, for so many napoleons per sheet, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* ; and the Deux Mondes are to abide by it for the future. After having attained it, are we a whit wiser ? ‘ Man is between an angel and a beast : I don’t know how long it is since he was a brute—I can’t say how long it will be before he is an angel.’ Think of people living by their wits, and living by such a wit as this ! Think of the state of mental debauch and disease which must have been passed through, ere such words could be written, and could be popular !

When a man leaves our dismal, smoky, London atmosphere, and breathes, instead of coal-smoke and yellow fog, this bright, clear, French air, he is quite intoxicated by it at first, and feels a glow in his blood, and a joy in his spirits, which scarcely thrice in a year, and then only at

a distance from London, he can attain in England. Is the intoxication, I wonder, permanent among the natives? and may we not account for the ten thousand frantic freaks of these people by the peculiar influence of French air and sun? The philosophers are from night to morning drunk, the politicians are drunk, the literary men reel and stagger from one absurdity to another, and how shall we understand their vagaries? Let us suppose, charitably, that Madame Sand had inhaled a more than ordinary quantity of this laughing gas when she wrote for us this precious manuscript of *Spiridion*. That great destinies are in prospect for the human race, we may fancy, without her ladyship's word for it: but, more liberal than she, and having a little retrospective charity, as well as that easy prospective benevolence which Mrs. Sand adopts, let us try and think there is some hope for our fathers (who were nearer brutality than ourselves, according to the Sandean creed), or else there is a very poor chance for us, who, great philosophers as we are, are yet, alas! far removed from that angelic consummation which all must wish for so devoutly. She cannot say—is it not extraordinary?—how many centuries have been necessary before man could pass from the brutal state to his present condition, or how many ages will be required ere we may pass from the state of man to the state of angel! What the deuce is the use of chronology or philosophy?—We were beasts, and we can't tell when our tails dropped off: we shall be angels; but when our wings are to begin to sprout, who knows? In the meantime, O man of genius, follow our counsel: lead an easy life, don't stick at trifles; never mind about *duty*, it is only made for slaves; if the world reproach you, reproach the world in return, you have a good loud tongue in your head; if your strait-laced morals injure your mental respiration, fling off the old-fashioned stays, and leave your free limbs to rise and fall as Nature pleases; and when you have grown pretty sick of your liberty, and yet unfit to return to restraint, curse the world, and scorn it, and be miserable, like my Lord Byron and other philosophers of his kidney; or else mount a step higher, and, with conceit still more monstrous, and mental vision still more wretchedly debauched and weak, begin suddenly to find yourself afflicted with a maudlin compassion for the human race, and a desire

to set them right after your own fashion. There is the quarrelsome stage of drunkenness, when a man can as yet walk and speak, when he can call names, and fling plates and wine-glasses at his neighbour's head with a pretty good aim ; after this comes the pathetic stage, when the patient becomes wondrous philanthropic, and weeps wildly, as he lies in the gutter, and fancies he is at home in bed—where he ought to be : but this is an allegory.

I don't wish to carry this any farther, or to say a word in defence of the doctrine which Mrs. Dudevant has found 'incomplete ;'—here, at least, is not the place for discussing its merits, any more than Mrs. Sand's book was the place for exposing, forsooth, its errors : our business is only with the day and the new novels, and the clever or silly people who write them. O ! if they but knew their places, and would keep to them, and drop their absurd philosophical jargon ! Not all the big words in the world can make Mrs. Sand talk like a philosopher : when will she go back to her old trade, of which she was the very ablest practitioner in France ?

I should have been glad to give some extracts from the dramatic and descriptive parts of the novel, that cannot, in point of style and beauty, be praised too highly. One must suffice,—it is the descent of Alexis to seek that unlucky manuscript, *Spiridion*.

'It seemed to me,' he begins, 'that the descent was eternal ; and that I was burying myself in the depths of Erebus : at last, I reached a level place,—and I heard a mournful voice deliver these words, as it were, to the secret centre of the earth—"*He will mount that ascent no more!*"—Immediately I heard arise towards me, from the depth of invisible abysses, a myriad of formidable voices united in a strange chant—"*Let us destroy him ! Let him be destroyed ! What does he here among the dead ? Let him be delivered back to torture ! Let him be given again to life !*"

'Then a feeble light began to pierce the darkness, and I perceived that I stood on the lowest step of a staircase, vast as the foot of a mountain. Behind me were thousands of steps of lurid iron ; before me, nothing but a void—an abyss, and ether ; the blue gloom of midnight beneath my feet, as above my head. I became delirious, and quitting that staircase, which methought it was impossible for me to reascend, I sprung forth into the void with an execration.

But, immediately, when I had uttered the curse, the void began to be filled with forms and colours, and I presently perceived that I was in a vast gallery, along which I advanced, trembling. There was still darkness round me; but the hollows of the vaults gleamed with a red light, and showed me the strange and hideous forms of their building. . . . I did not distinguish the nearest objects; but those towards which I advanced assumed an appearance more and more ominous, and my terror increased with every step I took. The enormous pillars which supported the vault, and the tracery thereof itself, were figures of men, of supernatural stature, delivered to tortures without a name. Some hung by their feet, and, locked in the coils of monstrous serpents, clenched their teeth in the marble of the pavement; others, fastened by their waists, were dragged upwards, those by their feet, those by their heads, towards capitals, where other figures stooped towards them, eager to torment them. Other pillars, again, represented a struggling mass of figures devouring one another; each of which only offered a trunk severed to the knees or to the shoulders, the fierce heads whereof retained life enough to seize and devour that which was near them. There were some who, half hanging down, agonized themselves by attempting, with their upper limbs, to flay the lower moiety of their bodies, which drooped from the columns, or were attached to the pedestals; and others, who, in their fight with each other, were dragged along by morsels of flesh,—grasping which, they clung to each other with a countenance of unspeakable hate and agony. Along, or rather in place of, the frieze, there were on either side a range of unclean beings, wearing the human form, but of a loathsome ugliness, busied in tearing human corpses to pieces—in feasting upon their limbs and entrails. From the vault, instead of bosses and pendants, hung the crushed and wounded forms of children; as if to escape these eaters of man's flesh, they would throw themselves downwards, and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. . . . The silence and motionlessness of the whole added to its awfulness. I became so faint with terror, that I stopped, and would fain have returned. But at that moment I heard, from the depths of the gloom through which I had passed, confused noises, like those of a multitude on its march. And the sounds soon became more distinct, and the clamour

fiercer, and the steps came hurrying on tumultuously—at every new burst nearer, more violent, more threatening. I thought that I was pursued by this disorderly crowd; and I strove to advance, hurrying into the midst of those dismal sculptures. Then it seemed as if those figures began to heave,—and to sweat blood,—and their beady eyes to move in their sockets. At once I beheld that they were all looking upon me, that they were all leaning towards me,—some with frightful derision, others with furious aversion. Every arm was raised against me, and they made as though they would crush me with the quivering limbs they had torn one from the other.’ . . .

It is, indeed, a pity that the poor fellow gave himself the trouble to go down into damp, unwholesome graves, for the purpose of fetching up a few trumpery sheets of manuscript; and if the public has been rather tired with their contents, and is disposed to ask why Mrs. Sand’s religious or irreligious notions are to be brought forward to people who are quite satisfied with their own, we can only say that this lady is the representative of a vast class of her countrymen, whom the wits and philosophers of the eighteenth century have brought to this condition. The leaves of the Diderot and Rousseau tree have produced this goodly fruit: here it is, ripe, bursting, and ready to fall;—and how to fall? Heaven send that it may drop easily, for all can see that the time is come.

THE CASE OF PEYTEL

IN A LETTER TO EDWARD BRIEFLESS, ESQUIRE, OF
PUMP-COURT, TEMPLE

PARIS, November, 1839.

MY DEAR BRIEFLESS,—Two months since, when the act of accusation first appeared, containing the sum of the charges against Sebastian Peytel, all Paris was in a fervour on the subject. The man's trial speedily followed, and kept for three days the public interest wound up to a painful point. He was found guilty of double murder at the beginning of September; and, since that time, what with Maroto's disaffection, and Turkish news, we have had leisure to forget Monsieur Peytel, and to occupy ourselves with *τι νέον*. Perhaps Monsieur de Balzac helped to smother what little sparks of interest might still have remained for the murderous notary. Balzac put forward a letter in his favour, so very long, so very dull, so very pompous, promising so much, and performing so little, that the Parisian public gave up Peytel and his case altogether; nor was it until to-day that some small feeling was raised concerning him, when the newspapers brought the account how Peytel's head had been cut off, at Bourg.

He had gone through the usual miserable ceremonies and delays which attend what is called, in this country, the march of justice. He had made his appeal to the Court of Cassation, which had taken time to consider the verdict of the Provincial Court, and had confirmed it. He had made his appeal for mercy; his poor sister coming up all the way from Bourg (a sad journey, poor thing!) to have an interview with the King, who had refused to see her. Last Monday morning, at nine o'clock, an hour before Peytel's breakfast, the Greffier of Assize Court, in company with the Curé of Bourg, waited on him, and informed him that he had only three hours to live. At twelve o'clock, Peytel's

head was off his body : an executioner from Lyons had come over the night before, to assist the professional throat-cutter of Bourg.

I am not going to entertain you with any sentimental lamentations for this scoundrel's fate, or to declare my belief in his innocence, as Monsieur de Balzac has done. As far as moral conviction can go, the man's guilt is pretty clearly brought home to him. But any man who has read the *Causes Célèbres*, knows that men have been convicted and executed upon evidence ten times more powerful than that which was brought against Peytel. His own account of his horrible case may be true ; there is nothing adduced in the evidence which is strong enough to overthrow it. It is a serious privilege, God knows, that society take upon itself, at any time, to deprive one of God's creatures of existence. But when the slightest doubt remains, what a tremendous risk does it incur ! In England, thank Heaven, the law is more wise and more merciful : an English jury would never have taken a man's blood upon such testimony ; an English judge and crown-advocate would never have acted as these Frenchmen have done ; the latter inflaming the public mind by exaggerated appeals to their passions ; the former seeking, in every way, to draw confessions from the prisoner, to perplex and confound him, to do away, by fierce cross-questioning and bitter remarks from the bench, with any effect that his testimony might have on the jury. I don't mean to say that judges and lawyers have been more violent and inquisitorial against the unhappy Peytel than against any one else ; it is the fashion of the country : a man is guilty until he proves himself to be innocent ; and to batter down his defence, if he have any, there are the lawyers, with all their horrible ingenuity, and their captivating passionate eloquence. It is hard thus to set the skilful and tried champions of the law against men unused to this kind of combat ; nay, give a man all the legal aid that he can purchase or procure, still, by this plan, you take him at a cruel, unmanly disadvantage : he has to fight against the law, clogged with the dreadful weight of his pre-supposed guilt. Thank God that, in England, things are not managed so.

However, I am not about to entertain you with ignorant disquisitions about the law. Peytel's case may, neverthe-

less, interest you ; for the tale is a very stirring and mysterious one ; and you may see how easy a thing it is for a man's life to be talked away in France, if ever he should happen to fall under the suspicion of a crime. The French 'acte d'accusation' begins in the following manner :—

'Of all the events which, in these latter times, have afflicted the department of the Ain, there is none which has caused a more profound and lively sensation than the tragical death of the lady, Felicité Alcazar, wife of Sebastian Benedict Peytel, notary, at Belley. At the end of October, 1838, Madame Peytel quitted that town, with her husband, and their servant, Louis Rey, in order to pass a few days at Macon : at midnight, the inhabitants of Belley were suddenly awakened by the arrival of Monsieur Peytel, by his cries, and by the signs which he exhibited of the most lively agitation : he implored the succours of all the physicians in the town ; knocked violently at their doors ; rung at the bells of their houses with a sort of phrenzy, and announced that his wife, stretched out, and dying, in his carriage, had just been shot, on the Lyons road, by his domestic, whose life Peytel himself had taken.

'At this recital a number of persons assembled, and what a spectacle was presented to their eyes.

'A young woman lay at the bottom of a carriage, deprived of life ; her whole body was wet, and seemed as if it had just been plunged into the water. She appeared to be severely wounded in the face ; and her garments, which were raised up, in spite of the cold and rainy weather, left the upper part of her knees almost entirely exposed. At the sight of this half-naked and inanimate body, all the spectators were affected. People said that the first duty to pay to a dying woman, was, to preserve her from the cold, to cover her. A physician examined the body ; he declared that all remedies were useless ; that Madame Peytel was dead and cold.

'The entreaties of Peytel were redoubled ; he demanded fresh succours, and, giving no heed to the fatal assurance which had just been given him, required that all the physicians in the place should be sent for. A scene so strange and so melancholy ; the incoherent account given by Peytel of the murder of his wife ; his extraordinary movements ; and the avowal which he continued to make, that he had dispatched the murderer, Rey, with strokes of

his hammer, excited the attention of Lieutenant Wolf, commandant of gendarmes: that officer gave orders for the immediate arrest of Peytel; but the latter threw himself into the arms of a friend, who interceded for him, and begged the police not immediately to seize upon his person.

‘The corpse of Madame Peytel was transported to her apartment; the bleeding body of the domestic was, likewise, brought from the road, where it lay; and Peytel, asked to explain the circumstances, did so.’

Now, as there is little reason to tell the reader, when an English counsel has to prosecute a prisoner, on the part of the Crown, for a capital offence, he produces the articles of his accusation in the most moderate terms, and especially warns the jury to give the accused person the benefit of every possible doubt that the evidence may give, or may leave. See how these things are managed in France, and how differently the French counsel for the Crown sets about his work.

He first prepares his act of accusation, the opening of which we have just read; it is published six days before the trial, so that an unimpassioned, unprejudiced jury has ample time to study it, and to form its opinions accordingly, and to go into court with a happy, just prepossession against the prisoner.

Read the first part of the Peytel act of accusation; it is as turgid and declamatory as a bad romance; and as inflated as a newspaper document, by an unlimited penny-a-liner:—‘The department of the Ain is in a dreadful state of excitement; the inhabitants of Belley come trooping from their beds,—and what a sight do they behold;—a young woman at the bottom of a carriage, *toute ruisselante*, just out of a river; her garments, in spite of the cold and rain, raised, so as to leave the upper part of her knees entirely exposed, at which all the beholders were affected, and cried, that the *first duty* was to cover her from the cold.’ This settles the case at once; the first duty of a man is to cover the legs of the sufferer; the second to call for help. The eloquent Substitut du Procureur du Roi has prejudged the case, in the course of a few sentences. He is putting his readers, among whom his future jury is to be found, into a proper state of mind; he works on them with pathetic description, just as a romance writer

would : the rain pours in torrents ; it is a dreary evening in November ; the young creature's situation is neatly described ; the distrust which entered into the breast of the keen old officer of gendarmes strongly painted, the suspicions which might, or might not, have been entertained by the inhabitants, eloquently argued. How did the advocate know that the people had such ? did all the bystanders say aloud, ' I suspect that this is a case of murder, by Monsieur Peytel, and that his story about the domestic is all deception ? ' or did they go off to the mayor, and register their suspicion ? or was the advocate there to hear them ? Not he ; but he paints you the whole scene, as though it had existed, and gives full accounts of suspicions, as if they had been facts, positive, patent, staring, that everybody could see and swear to.

Having thus primed his audience, and prepared them for the testimony of the accused party, ' Now,' says he, with a fine show of justice, ' let us hear Monsieur Peytel ; ' and that worthy's narrative is given as follows :—

' He said that he had left Mâcon on the 31st October, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in order to return to Belley, with his wife and servant. The latter drove, or led, an open car ; he himself was driving his wife in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by one horse : they reached Bourg at five o'clock in the evening ; left it at seven, to sleep at Pont d'Ain, where they did not arrive before midnight. During the journey, Peytel thought he remarked that Rey had slackened his horse's pace. When they alighted at the inn, Peytel bade him deposit in his chamber 7,500 francs, which he carried with him ; but the domestic refused to do so, saying that the inn gates were secure, and there was no danger. Peytel was, therefore, obliged to carry his money upstairs himself. The next day, the 1st November, they set out on their journey again, at nine o'clock in the morning ; Louis did not come, according to custom, to take his master's orders. They arrived at Tenay about three, stopped there a couple of hours to dine, and it was eight o'clock when they reached the bourg of Rossillon, where they waited half an hour to bait the horses.

' As they left Rossillon, the weather became bad, and the rain began to fall : Peytel told his domestic to get a covering for the articles in the open chariot ; but Rey refused to do so, adding, in an ironical tone, that the weather

was fine. For some days past, Peytel had remarked that his servant was gloomy, and scarcely spoke at all.

'After they had gone about 500 paces beyond the bridge of Andert, that crosses the river Furans, and ascended to the least steep part of the hill of Darde, Peytel cried out to his servant, who was seated in the car, to come down from it, and finish the ascent on foot.

'At this moment a violent wind was blowing from the south, and the rain was falling heavily : Peytel was seated back in the right corner of the carriage, and his wife, who was close to him, was asleep, with her head on his left shoulder. All of a sudden he heard the report of a fire-arm (he had seen the light of it at some paces' distance), and Madame Peytel cried out, "My poor husband, take your pistols;" the horse was frightened, and began to trot. Peytel immediately drew a pistol, and fired, from the interior of the carriage, upon an individual whom he saw running by the side of the road.

'Not knowing, as yet, that his wife had been hit, he jumped out at one side of the carriage, while Madame Peytel descended from the other; and he fired a second pistol at his domestic, Louis Rey, whom he had just recognized. Redoubling his pace, he came up with Rey, and struck him, from behind, a blow with the hammer. Rey turned at this, and raised up his arm to strike his master with the pistol which he had just discharged at him; but Peytel, more quick than he, gave the domestic a blow with the hammer, which felled him to the ground (he fell his face forwards), and then Peytel, bestriding the body, dispatched him, although the brigand asked for mercy.

'He now began to think of his wife; and ran back, calling out her name repeatedly, and seeking for her, in vain, on both sides of the road. Arrived at the bridge of Andert, he recognized his wife, stretched in a field, covered with water, which bordered the Furans. This horrible discovery had so much the more astonished him, because he had no idea, until now, that his wife had been wounded: he endeavoured to draw her from the water; and it was only after considerable exertions that he was enabled to do so, and to place her, with her face towards the ground, on the side of the road. Supposing that, here, she would be sheltered from any further danger, and believing, as yet, that she was only wounded, he determined to ask for

help at a lone house, situated on the road towards Rossillon ; and at this instant he perceived, without at all being able to explain how, that his horse had followed him back to the spot, having turned back, of its own accord, from the road to Belley.

‘ The house at which he knocked was inhabited by two men, of the name Thannet, father and son, who opened the door to him, and whom he entreated to come to his aid, saying, that his wife had just been assassinated by his servant. The elder Thannet approached to, and examined the body, and told Peytel that it was quite dead ; he and his son took up the corpse, and placed it in the bottom of the carriage, which they all mounted themselves, and pursued their route to Belley. In order to do so, they had to pass by Rey’s body, on the road, which Peytel wished to crush under the wheels of his carriage. It was to rob him of 7,500 francs, said Peytel, that the attack had been made.’

Our friend, the Procureur’s Substitut, has dropped, here, the eloquent and pathetic style altogether, and only gives the unlucky prisoner’s narrative in the baldest and most unimaginative style. How is a jury to listen to such a fellow ? they ought to condemn him, if but for making such an uninteresting statement. Why not have helped poor Peytel with some of those rhetorical graces which have been so plentifully bestowed in the opening part of the act of accusation. He might have said :—

‘ Monsieur Peytel is an eminent notary, at Belley ; he is a man distinguished for his literary and scientific acquirements ; he has lived long in the best society of the capital ; he had been but a few months married to that young and unfortunate lady, whose loss has plunged her bereaved husband into despair—almost into madness. Some early differences had marked, it is true, the commencement of their union ; but these,—which, as can be proved by evidence, were almost all the unhappy lady’s fault,—had happily ceased, to give place to sentiments far more delightful and tender. Gentlemen, Madame Peytel bore, in her bosom, a sweet pledge of future concord between herself and her husband ; in three brief months she was to become a mother.

‘ In the exercisé of his honourable profession,—in which, to succeed, a man must not only have high talents, but undoubted probity,—and, gentlemen, Monsieur Peytel

did succeed—*did* inspire respect and confidence, as you, his neighbours, well know ;—in the exercise, I say, of his high calling, Monsieur Peytel, towards the end of October last, had occasion to make a journey in the neighbourhood, and visit some of his many clients.

‘ He travelled in his own carriage ; his young wife beside him : does this look like want of affection, gentlemen ? or is it not a mark of love—of love and paternal care, on his part, towards the being with whom his lot in life was linked,—the mother of his coming child,—the young girl, who had everything to gain from the union with a man of his attainments of intellect, his kind temper, his great experience, and his high position ? In this manner they travelled, side by side, lovingly together. Monsieur Peytel was not a lawyer merely ; but a man of letters and varied learning ; of the noble and sublime science of geology he was, especially, an ardent devotee.’

(Suppose, here, a short panegyric upon geology. Allude to the creation of this mighty world, and then, naturally, to the Creator. Fancy the conversations which Peytel, a religious man,¹ might have with his young wife, upon the subject.)

‘ Monsieur Peytel had lately taken into his service a man named Louis Rey : Rey was a foundling ; and had passed many years in a regiment,—a school, gentlemen, where much besides bravery, alas ! is taught ; nay, where the spirit which familiarizes one with notions of battle and death, I fear, may familiarize one with ideas, too, of murder. Rey, a dashing reckless fellow, from the army, had lately entered Peytel’s service ; was treated by him with the most singular kindness ; accompanied him (having charge of another vehicle) upon the journey before alluded to ; and *knew that his master carried with him a considerable sum of money* ; for a man like Rey, an enormous sum, 7,500 francs. At midnight, on the 1st of November, as Madame Peytel and her husband were returning home, an attack was made upon their carriage. Remember, gentlemen, the hour at which the attack was made ; remember the sum of money that was in the carriage ; and remember that the Savoy frontier *is within a league of the spot* where the desperate deed was done.’

¹ He always went to mass ; it is in the evidence.

Now, my dear Briefless, ought not Monsieur Procureur, in common justice to Peytel, after he had so eloquently proclaimed, not the facts, but the suspicions, which weighed against that worthy, to have given a similar florid account of the prisoner's case? Instead of this, you will remark, that it is the advocate's endeavour to make Peytel's statements as uninteresting in style as possible; and then he demolishes them, in the following way:

'Scarcely was Peytel's statement known, but the common sense of the public rose against it. Peytel had commenced his story upon the bridge of Andert, over the cold body of his wife. On the 2nd November he had developed it in detail, in the presence of the physicians, in the presence of the assembled neighbours—of the persons who, on the day previous only, were his friends. Finally, he had completed it in his interrogatories, his conversations, his writings, and letters to the magistrates; and, everywhere, these words, repeated so often, were only received with a painful incredulity. The fact was, that, besides the singular character which Peytel's appearance, attitude, and talk had worn, ever since the event, there was, in his narrative, an inexplicable enigma; its contradictions and impossibilities were such, that calm persons were revolted at it, and that even friendship itself refused to believe it.'

Thus, Mr. Attorney speaks not for himself alone, but for the whole French public, whose opinions, of course, he knows. Peytel's statement is discredited *everywhere*; the statement which he had made over the cold body of his wife—the monster! It is not enough simply to prove that the man committed the murder, but to make the jury violently angry against him, and cause them to shudder in the jury-box, as he exposes the horrid details of the crime.

'Justice,' goes on Mr. Substitute (who answers for the feelings of everybody), '*disturbed by the pre-occupations of public opinion*, commenced, without delay, the most active researches. The bodies of the victims were submitted to the investigations of men of art; the wounds and projectiles were examined: the place, where the event took place, explored with care. The morality of the authors of this frightful scene became the object of rigorous examination; the *exigences* of the prisoner, the forms affected by him, his calculated silence, and his answers, coldly

insulting, were feeble obstacles; and justice at length arrived, by its prudence, and by the discoveries it made, to the most cruel point of certainty.' You see that a man's demeanour is here made a crime against him; and that Mr. Substitute wishes to consider him guilty, because he has actually the audacity to hold his tongue. Now follows a touching description of the domestic, Louis Rey:—

'Louis Rey, a child of the Hospital at Lyons, was confided, at a very early age, to some honest country people, with whom he stayed until he entered the army. At their house, and during this long period of time, his conduct, his intelligence, and the sweetness of his manners, were such, that the family of his guardians became to him as an adopted family; and that his departure caused them the most sincere affliction. When Louis quitted the army, he returned to his benefactors, and was received as a son. They found him just as they had ever known him (I acknowledge that this pathos beats my humble defence of Rey entirely), except that he had learned to read and write; and the certificates of his commanders proved him to be a good and gallant soldier.

'The necessity of creating some resources for himself, obliged him to quit his friends, and to enter the service of Monsieur de Montrichard, a lieutenant of gendarmerie, from whom he received fresh testimonials of regard. Louis, it is true, might have a fondness for wine, and a passion for women; but he had been a soldier, and these faults were, according to the witnesses, amply compensated for by his activity, his intelligence, and the agreeable manner in which he performed his service. In the month of July, 1839, Rey quitted, voluntarily, the service of M. de Montrichard; and Peytel, about this period, meeting him at Lyons, did not hesitate to attach him to his service. Whatever may be the prisoner's present language, it is certain that, up to the day of Louis's death, he served Peytel with diligence and fidelity.

'More than once his master and mistress spoke well of him. *Everybody* who has worked, or been at the house of Madame Peytel, has spoken in praise of his character; and, indeed, it may be said, that these testimonials were general.

‘ On the very night of the 1st of November, and immediately after the catastrophe, we remark how Peytel begins to make insinuations against his servant; and how artfully, in order to render them more sure, he disseminates them through the different parts of his narrative. But, in the course of the proceeding, these charges have met with a most complete denial. Thus we find the disobedient servant, who, at Pont d’Ain, refused to carry the money-chest to his master’s room, under the pretext that the gates of the inn were closed securely, occupied with tending the horses, after their long journey: meanwhile Peytel was standing by, and neither master nor servant exchanged a word; and the witnesses, who beheld them both, have borne testimony to the zeal and care of the domestic.

‘ In like manner, we find that the servant, who was so remiss, in the morning, as to neglect to go to his master for orders, was ready for departure before seven o’clock, and had eagerly informed himself whether Monsieur and Madame Peytel were awake; learning, from the maid of the inn, that they had ordered nothing for their breakfast. This man, who refused to carry with him a covering for the car, was, on the contrary, ready to take off his own cloak, and with it shelter articles of small value; this man, who had been, for many days, so silent and gloomy, gave, on the contrary, many proofs of his gaiety—almost of his indiscretion, speaking, at all the inns, in terms of praise of his master and mistress. The waiter at the inn, at Dauphin, says he was a tall young fellow, mild and good-natured; “we talked, for some time, about horses, and such things; he seemed to be perfectly natural, and not preoccupied at all.” At Pont d’Ain, he talked of his being a foundling; of the place where he had been brought up, and where he had served; and, finally, at Rossillon, an hour before his death, he conversed familiarly with the master of the port, and spoke on indifferent subjects.

‘ All Peytel’s insinuations against his servant had no other end than to show, in every point of Rey’s conduct, the behaviour of a man who was premeditating attack. Of what, in fact, does he accuse him? Of wishing to rob him of 7,500 francs, and of having had recourse to assassination, in order to effect the robbery. But, for a premeditated crime, consider what singular improvidence the

person showed who had determined on committing it; what folly and what weakness there is in the execution of it.

‘How many insurmountable obstacles are there in the way of committing and profiting by crime! On leaving Belley, Louis Rey, according to Peytel’s statement, knowing that his master would return with money, provided himself with a holster pistol, which Madame Peytel had once before perceived among his effects. In Peytel’s cabinet there were some balls; four of these were found in Rey’s trunk, on the 6th of November. And, in order to commit the crime, this domestic had brought away with him a pistol, and no ammunition! for Peytel has informed us, that Rey, an hour before his departure from Mâcon, purchased six balls at a gunsmith’s. To gain his point, the assassin must immolate his victims; for this, he has only one pistol, knowing, perfectly well, that Peytel, in all his travels, had two on his person; knowing that, at a late hour of the night, his shot might fail of effect; and that, in this case, he would be left to the mercy of his opponent.

‘The execution of the crime is, according to Peytel’s account, still more singular. Louis does not get off the carriage, until Peytel tells him to descend. He does not think of taking his master’s life until he is sure that the latter has his eyes open. It is dark, and the pair are covered in one cloak; and Rey only fires at them at six paces distance: he fires at hazard, without disquieting himself as to the choice of his victim; and the soldier, who was bold enough to undertake this double murder, has not force nor courage to consummate it. He flies, carrying in his hand a useless whip, with a heavy mantle on his shoulders, in spite of the detonation of two pistols at his ears, and the rapid steps of an angry master in pursuit, which ought to have set him upon some better means of escape. And we find this man, full of youth and vigour, lying with his face to the ground, in the midst of a public road, falling without a struggle, or resistance, under the blows of a hammer!

‘And suppose the murderer had succeeded in his criminal projects, what fruit could he have drawn from them?—Leaving, on the road, the two bleeding bodies; obliged to lead two carriages at a time, for fear of discovery; not

able to return himself, after all the pains he had taken to speak, at every place at which they had stopped, of the money which his master was carrying with him; too prudent to appear alone at Belley; arrested at the frontier by the excise officers, who would present an impassable barrier to him till morning,—what could he do, or hope to do? The examination of the car has shown that Rey, at the moment of the crime, had neither linen, nor clothes, nor effects of any kind. There was found in his pockets, when the body was examined, no passport, nor certificate; one of his pockets contained a ball, of large calibre, which he had shown, in play, to a girl, at the inn at Mâcon, a little horn-handled knife, a snuff-box, a little packet of gunpowder, and a purse, containing only a halfpenny and some string. Here is all the baggage, with which, after the execution of his homicidal plan, Louis Rey intended to take refuge in a foreign country.¹ Beside these absurd contradictions, there is another remarkable fact, which must not be passed over; it is this:—the pistol, found by Rey, is of an antique form, and the original owner of it has been found. He is a curiosity merchant, at Lyons; and, though he cannot affirm that Peytel was the person who bought this pistol of him, he perfectly recognizes Peytel as having been a frequent customer at his shop!

‘No, we may fearlessly affirm, that Louis Rey was not guilty of the crime which Peytel lays to his charge. If, to those who knew him, his mild and open disposition, his military career, modest and without a stain, the touching regrets of his employers, are sufficient proofs of his innocence,—the calm and candid observer, who considers how the crime was conceived, was executed, and what consequences would have resulted from it, will likewise acquit him, and free him of the odious imputation which Peytel endeavours to cast upon his memory.

‘But justice has removed the veil, with which an impious hand endeavoured to cover itself. Already, on the night of the 1st of November, suspicion was awakened by the extraordinary agitation of Peytel; by those excessive attentions towards his wife, which came so late; by that excessive and noisy grief, and by those calculated bursts of sorrow, which are such as Nature does not exhibit.

¹ This sentence is taken from another part of the acte d'accusation

The criminal, whom the public conscience had fixed upon ; the man whose frightful combinations have been laid bare, and whose falsehoods, step by step, have been exposed, during the proceedings previous to the trial ; the murderer, at whose hands a heart-stricken family, and society at large, demands an account of the blood of a wife ;—that murderer is Peytel ! ’

When, my dear Briefless, you are a judge (as I make no doubt you will be, when you have left off the club all night, cigar-smoking of mornings, and reading novels in bed), will you ever find it in your heart to order a fellow-sinner’s head off, upon such evidence as this ? Because a romantic Substitut du Procureur du Roi chooses to compose and recite a little drama, and draw tears from juries, let us hope that severe Rhadamanthine judges are not to be melted by such trumpery. One wants but the description of the characters, to render the piece complete, as thus :—

PERSONNAGES.

COSTUMES.

Sebastien Peytel, Meurtrier.

Habillement complet de notaire perfide : figure pâle, barbe noire, cheveux noirs.

Louis Rey,

Soldat retiré, bon, brave, franc, jovial, aimant le vin, les femmes, la gaieté, ses maîtres surtout ; vrai Français, enfin. Costume ordinaire ; il porte sur ses épaules une couverture de cheval.

Wolff,

Lieutenant de gendarmerie.

Felicité d’Alcazar.

Femme et victime de Peytel.

Médecins, Villageois, Filles d’Auberge, Garçons d’Ecurie, &c., &c.

La scène se passe sur le pont d’Andert, entre Mâcon et Belley. Il est minuit. La pluie tombe : les tonnerres grondent. Le ciel est couvert de nuages, et sillonné d’éclairs.

All these personages are brought into play in the Procureur’s drama ; the villagers come in with their chorus ; the old lieutenant of gendarmes, with his suspicions ; Rey’s frankness and gaiety, the romantic circumstances of his birth, his gallantry and fidelity, are all introduced, in order to form a contrast with Peytel, and to call down the jury’s indignation against the latter. But are these proofs ? or

anything like proofs? And the suspicions, that are to serve instead of proofs, what are they?

'My servant, Louis Rey, was very sombre and reserved,' says Peytel; 'he refused to call me in the morning, to carry my money-chest to my room, to cover the open car when it rained.' The Prosecutor disproves these, by stating, that Rey talked with the inn maids and servants, asked if his master was up, and stood in the inn-yard, grooming the horses, with his master by his side, neither speaking to the other. Might he not have talked to the maids, and yet been sombre when speaking to his master? Might he not have neglected to call his master, and yet have asked whether he was awake? Might he not have said that the inn gates were safe, out of hearing of the ostler witness? Mr. Substitute's answers to Peytel's statements are no answers at all. Every word Peytel said might be true, and yet Louis Rey might not have committed the murder; or every word might have been false, and yet Louis Rey might have committed the murder.

'Then,' says Mr. Substitute, 'how many obstacles are there to the commission of the crime? And these are—

'1. Rey provided himself with *one* holster pistol, to kill two people, knowing well that one of them had always a brace of pistols about him.

'2. He does not think of firing until his master's eyes are open: fires at six paces, not caring at whom he fires, and then runs away.

'3. He could not have intended to kill his master, because he had no passport in his pocket, and no clothes; and because he must have been detained at the frontier until morning; and because he would have had to drive two carriages, in order to avoid suspicion.

'4. And, a most singular circumstance, the very pistol, which was found by his side, had been bought at the shop of a man at Lyons, who perfectly recognized Peytel as one of his customers, though he could not say he had sold that particular weapon to Peytel.'

Does it follow, from this, that Louis Rey is not the murderer; much more, that Peytel is? Look at argument No. 1. Rey had no need to kill two people: he wanted the money, and not the blood. Suppose he had killed Peytel, would he not have mastered Madame Peytel easily?—

a weak woman, in an excessively delicate situation, incapable of much energy, at the best of times.

2. 'He does not fire till he knows his master's eyes are open.' Why, on a stormy night, does a man driving a carriage go to sleep? Was Rey to wait until his master snored? 'He fires at six paces, not caring whom he hits;'—and might not this happen too? The night is not so dark but that he can see his master, in *his usual place*, driving. He fires and hits—whom? Madame Peytel, who had left her place, *and was wrapped up with Peytel in his cloak*. She screams out, 'Husband, take your pistols.' Rey knows that his master has a brace, thinks that he has hit the wrong person, and, as Peytel fires on him, runs away. Peytel follows, hammer in hand; as he comes up with the fugitive, he deals him a blow on the back of the head, and Rey falls—his face to the ground. Is there anything unnatural in this story?—anything so monstrously unnatural, that is, that it might not be true?

3. These objections are absurd. Why need a man have change of linen? If he had taken none for the journey, why should he want any for the escape? Why need he drive two carriages?—He might have driven both into the river, and Mrs. Peytel in one.' Why is he to go to the douane, and thrust himself into the very jaws of danger? Are there not a thousand ways for a man to pass a frontier? Do smugglers, when they have to pass from one country to another, choose exactly those spots where a police is placed?

And, finally, the gunsmith of Lyons, who knows Peytel quite well, cannot say that he sold the pistol to him; that is, he did *not* sell the pistol to him; for you have only one man's word, in this case (Peytel's), to the contrary; and the testimony, as far as it goes, is in his favour. I say, my lud, and gentlemen of the jury, that these objections of my learned friend, who is engaged for the Crown, are absurd, frivolous, monstrous; that to *suspect* away the life of a man upon such suppositions as these, is wicked, illegal, and inhuman; and, what is more, that Louis Rey, if he wanted to commit the crime—if he wanted to possess himself of a large sum of money, chose the best time and spot for so doing; and, no doubt, would have succeeded, if Fate had not, in a wonderful manner, caused Madame Peytel to *take her husband's place*, and receive the ball intended for him in her own head.

But whether these suspicions are absurd or not, hit or miss, it is the advocate's duty, as it appears, to urge them. He wants to make as unfavourable an impression as possible with regard to Peytel's character; he, therefore, must, for contrast's sake, give all sorts of praise to his victim, and awaken every sympathy in the poor fellow's favour. Having done this, as far as lies in his power, having exaggerated every circumstance that can be unfavourable to Peytel, and given his own tale in the baldest manner possible—having declared that Peytel is the murderer of his wife and servant, the Crown now proceeds to back this assertion, by showing what interested motives he had, and by relating, after its own fashion, the circumstances of his marriage.

They may be told briefly here. Peytel was of a good family, of Mâcon, and entitled, at his mother's death, to a considerable property. He had been educated as a notary, and had lately purchased a business, in that line, at Belley, for which he had paid a large sum of money; part of the sum, 15,000 francs, for which he had given bills, was still due.

Near Belley, Peytel first met Felicité Alcazar, who was residing with her brother-in-law, Monsieur de Montrichard; and, knowing that the young lady's fortune was considerable, he made an offer of marriage to the brother-in-law, who thought the match advantageous, and communicated on the subject with Felicité's mother, Madame Alcazar, at Paris. After a time, Peytel went to Paris, to press his suit, and was accepted. There seems to have been no affectation of love on his side; and some little repugnance on the part of the lady, who yielded, however, to the wishes of her parents, and was married. The parties began to quarrel on the very day of the marriage, and continued their disputes almost to the close of the unhappy connexion. Felicité was half blind, passionate, sarcastic, clumsy in her person and manners, and ill-educated. Peytel, a man of considerable intellect and pretensions, who had lived for some time at Paris, where he had mingled with good literary society. The lady was, in fact, as disagreeable a person as could well be, and the evidence describes some scenes which took place between her and her husband, showing how deeply she must have mortified and enraged him.

A charge very clearly made out against Peytel, is that of dishonesty : he procured, from the notary of whom he bought his place, an acquittance in full, whereas there were 15,000 francs owing, as we have seen. He also, in the contract of marriage, which was to have resembled, in all respects, that between Monsieur Broussais and another Demoiselle Alcazar, caused an alteration to be made in his favour, which gave him command over his wife's funded property, without furnishing the guarantees by which the other son-in-law was bound. And, almost immediately after his marriage, Peytel sold out of the funds a sum of 50,000 francs, that belonged to his wife, and used it for his own purposes.

About two months after his marriage, *Peytel pressed his wife to make her will.* He had made his, he said, leaving everything to her, in case of his death : after some parley, the poor thing consented.¹ This is a cruel suspicion against him ; and Mr. Substitute has no need to enlarge upon it. As for the previous fact, the dishonest statement about the 15,000 francs, there is nothing murderous in that—nothing which a man very eager to make a good marriage might not do. The same may be said of the suppression, in Peytel's marriage contract, of the clause to be found in Broussais', placing restrictions upon the use of the wife's money. Mademoiselle d'Alcazar's friends read the contract before they signed it, and might have refused it, had they so pleased.

¹ 'Peytel,' says the act of accusation, 'did not fail to see the danger which would menace him, if this will (which had escaped the magistrates in their search of Peytel's papers) was discovered. He, therefore, instructed his agent to take possession of it, which he did, and the fact was not mentioned for several months afterwards. Peytel and his agent were called upon to explain the circumstance, but refused, and their silence for a long time interrupted the "instruction" (getting up of the evidence). All that could be obtained from them was an avowal, that such a will existed, constituting Peytel his wife's sole legatee ; and a promise, on their parts, to produce it before the Court gave its sentence.' But why keep the will secret ? The anxiety about it was surely absurd and unnecessary : the whole of Madame Peytel's family knew that such a will was made. She had consulted her sister concerning it, who said—'If there is no other way of satisfying him, make the will ;'—and the mother, when she heard of it, cried out—'Does he intend to poison her ?'

After some disputes, which took place between Peytel and his wife (there were continual quarrels, and continual letters passing between them from room to room), the latter was induced to write him a couple of exaggerated letters, swearing 'by the ashes of her father,' that she would be an obedient wife to him, and entreating him to counsel and direct her. These letters were seen by members of the lady's family, who, in the quarrels between the couple, always took the husband's part. They were found in Peytel's cabinet, after he had been arrested for the murder, and after he had had full access to all his papers, of which he destroyed or left as many as he pleased. The accusation makes it a matter of suspicion against Peytel, that he should have left these letters of his wife's in a conspicuous situation.

'All these circumstances,' says the accusation, 'throw a frightful light upon Peytel's plans.' The letters and will of Madame Peytel are in the hands of her husband. Three months pass away, and this poor woman is brought to her home, in the middle of the night, with two balls in her head, stretched at the bottom of her carriage, by the side of a peasant!

'What other than Sebastian Peytel could have committed this murder?—whom could it profit?—who, but himself, had an odious chain to break, and an inheritance to receive. Why speak of the servant's projected robbery? The pistols found by the side of Louis's body, the balls bought by him at Mâcon, and those discovered at Belley, among his effects, were only the result of a perfidious combination. The pistol, indeed, which was found on the hill of Darde, on the night of the 1st of November, could only have belonged to Peytel, and must have been thrown by him, near the body of his domestic, with the paper which had before enveloped it. Who had seen this pistol in the hands of Louis? Among all the gendarmes, workwomen, domestics, employed by Peytel and his brother-in-law, is there one single witness who had seen this weapon in Louis's possession? It is true that Madame Peytel did, on one occasion, speak to M. de Montrichard of a pistol; which had nothing to do, however, with that found near Louis Rey.'

Is this justice, or good reason?—Just reverse the argument, and apply it to Rey. 'Who but Rey could have

committed this murder?—who but Rey had a large sum of money to seize upon?—a pistol is found by his side, balls and powder in his pocket, other balls in his trunks at home. The pistol found near his body could not, indeed, have belonged to Peytel: did any man ever see it in his possession? The very gunsmith who sold it, and who knew Peytel, would he not have known that he had sold him this pistol? At his own house, Peytel has a collection of weapons of all kinds: everybody has seen them: a man who makes such collections is anxious to display them: did any one ever see this weapon?—Not one. And Madame Peytel did, in her lifetime, remark a pistol in the valet's possession. She was short-sighted, and could not particularize what kind of pistol it was; but she spoke of it to her husband and her brother-in-law.' This is not satisfactory, if you please; but, at least, it is as satisfactory as the other set of suppositions. It is the very chain of argument which would have been brought against Louis Rey, by this very same compiler of the act of accusation, had Rey survived, instead of Peytel; and had he, as most undoubtedly would have been the case, been tried for the murder.

This argument was shortly put by Peytel's counsel:—*'If Peytel had been killed by Rey, in the struggle, would you not have found Rey guilty of the murder of his master and mistress?'* It is such a dreadful dilemma, that I wonder how judges and lawyers could have dared to persecute Peytel in the manner which they did.

After the act of accusation, which lays down all the suppositions against Peytel as facts, which will not admit the truth of one of the prisoner's allegations in his own defence, comes the trial. The judge is quite as impartial as the preparer of the indictment, as will be seen by the following specimens of his interrogatories:—

Judge. 'The act of accusation finds, in your statement, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities. Thus your domestic, who had determined to assassinate you, in order to rob you, and who *must have calculated upon the consequence of a failure*, had neither passport nor money upon him. This is very unlikely; because he could not have gone far with only a single halfpenny, which was all he had.'

Prisoner. 'My servant was known, and often passed the frontier without a passport.'

Judge. 'Your domestic had to assassinate two persons, and had no weapon but a single pistol. He had no dagger; and the only thing found on him was a knife.'

Prisoner. 'In the car there were several turner's implements, which he might have used.'

Judge. 'But he had not those arms upon him, because you pursued him immediately. He had, according to you, only this old pistol.'

Prisoner. 'I have nothing to say.'

Judge. 'Your domestic, instead of flying into woods, which skirt the road, ran straight forward on the road itself: *this, again, is very unlikely.*'

Prisoner. 'This is a conjecture I could answer by another conjecture; I can only reason on the facts.'

Judge. 'How far did you pursue him?'

Prisoner. 'I don't know exactly.'

Judge. 'You said, "two hundred paces."''

No answer from the prisoner.

Judge. 'Your domestic was young, active, robust, and tall. He was ahead of you. You were in a carriage, from which you had to descend; you had to take your pistols from a cushion, and *then* your hammer;—how are we to believe that you could have caught him, if he ran? It is *impossible.*'

Prisoner. 'I can't explain it; I think that Rey had some defect in one leg. I, for my part, run tolerably fast.'

Judge. 'At what distance from him did you fire your first shot?'

Prisoner. 'I can't tell.'

Judge. 'Perhaps he was not running when you fired.'

Prisoner. 'I saw him running.'

Judge. 'In what position was your wife?'

Prisoner. 'She was leaning on my left arm, and the man was on the right side of the carriage.'

Judge. 'The shot must have been fired *à bout portant*, because it burned the eyebrows and lashes entirely. The assassin must have passed his pistol across your breast.'

Prisoner. 'The shot was not fired so close, I am convinced of it: professional gentlemen will prove it.'

Judge. 'That is what you pretend, because you understand perfectly the consequences of admitting the fact. Your wife

was hit with two balls—one striking downwards, to the right, by the nose, the other going, horizontally, through the cheek, to the left.’

Prisoner. ‘The contrary will be shown by the witnesses called for the purpose.’

Judge. ‘*It is a very unlucky combination for you, that these balls which went, you say, from the same pistol, should have taken two different directions.*’

Prisoner. ‘I can’t dispute about the various combinations of fire-arms—professional persons will be heard.’

Judge. ‘According to your statement, your wife said to you, “My poor husband, take your pistols.”’

Prisoner. ‘She did.’

Judge. ‘In a manner quite distinct?’

Prisoner. ‘Yes.’

Judge. ‘So distinct that you did not fancy she was hit?’

Prisoner. ‘Yes; that is the fact.’

Judge. ‘*Here, again, is an impossibility; and nothing is more precise than the declaration of the medical men. They affirm that your wife could not have spoken—their report is unanimous.*’

Prisoner. ‘I can only oppose to it quite contrary opinions from professional men, likewise: you must hear them.’

Judge. ‘What did your wife do next?’

Judge. ‘You deny the statements of the witnesses:’ (they related to Peytel’s demeanour and behaviour, which the judge wishes to show were very unusual;—and what if they were?). ‘Here, however, are some mute witnesses, whose testimony you will not, perhaps, refuse. Near Louis Rey’s body, was found a horse-cloth, a pistol, and a whip. . . . Your domestic must have had this cloth upon him when he went to assassinate you: it was wet and heavy. An assassin disencumbers himself of anything that is likely to impede him, especially when he is going to struggle with a man as young as himself.’

Prisoner. ‘My servant had, I believe, this covering on his body; it might be useful to him to keep the priming of his pistol dry.’

The president caused the cloth to be opened, and showed that there was no hook, or tie, by which it could be held together; and that Rey must have held it with one hand,

and, in the other, his whip, and the pistol with which he intended to commit the crime ; which was impossible.

Prisoner. 'These are only conjectures.'

And what conjectures, my God ! upon which to take away the life of a man. Jefferies, or Fouquier Tinville, could scarcely have dared to make such. Such prejudice, such bitter persecution, such priming of the jury, such monstrous assumptions and unreason—fancy them coming from an impartial judge ! The man is worse than the public accuser.

'Rey,' says the Judge, 'could not have committed the murder ; *because he had no money in his pocket, to fly, in case of failure.*' And what is the precise sum that his lordship thinks necessary for a gentleman to have, before he makes such an attempt ? Are the men who murder for money, usually in possession of a certain independence before they begin ? How much money was Rey, a servant, who loved wine and women, had been stopping at a score of inns, on the road, and had, probably, an annual income of 400 francs,—how much money was Rey likely to have ?

'*Your servant had to assassinate two persons.*' This I have mentioned before. Why had he to assassinate two persons,¹ when one was 'enough' ? If he had killed Peytel, could he not have seized and gagged his wife immediately ?

'*Your domestic ran straight forward, instead of taking to the woods, by the side of the road : this is very unlikely.*' How does his worship know ? Can any judge, however enlightened, tell the exact road that a man will take, who has just missed a coup of murder, and is pursued by a man, who is firing pistols at him ? And has a judge a right to instruct a jury in this way, as to what they shall, or shall not, believe ?

'You have to run after an active man, who has the start of you ; to jump out of a carriage ; to take your pistols ; and, *then*, your hammer. *This is impossible.*' By heavens ! does it not make a man's blood boil, to read such blundering, blood-seeking sophistry ? This man, when it suits him, shows that Rey would be slow in his motions ; and, when it suits him, declares that Rey ought to be quick ; declares,

¹ M. Balzac's theory of the case, is, that Rey had intrigued with Madame Peytel ; having known her previous to her marriage, when she was staying in the house of her brother-in-law, Monsieur de Montrichard ; where Rey had been a servant.

ex cathedra, what pace Rey should go, and what direction he should take ; shows, in a breath, that he must have run faster than Peytel ; and then, that he could not run fast, because the cloak clogged him ; settles how he is to be dressed when he commits a murder, and what money he is to have in his pocket ; gives these impossible suppositions to the jury, and tells them that the previous statements are impossible ; and, finally, informs them of the precise manner in which Rey must have stood, holding his horse-cloth in one hand, his whip and pistol in the other, when he made the supposed attempt at murder. Now, what is the size of a horse-cloth ? Is it as big as a pocket-handkerchief ? Is there no possibility that it might hang over one shoulder ; that the whip should be held under that very arm ? Did you never see a carter so carry it, his hands in his pockets all the while ? Is it monstrous, abhorrent to nature, that a man should fire a pistol from under a cloak, on a rainy day ?—that he should, after firing the shot, be frightened, and run ; run straight before him, with the cloak on his shoulders, and the weapon in his hand ? Peytel's story is possible, and very possible ; it is almost probable. Allow that Rey had the cloth on, and you allow that he must have been clogged in his motions ; that Peytel may have come up with him—felled him with a blow of the hammer : the doctors say that he would have so fallen by one blow—he would have fallen on his face, as he was found : the paper might have been thrust into his breast, and tumbled out as he fell. Circumstances far more impossible have occurred ere this ; and men have been hanged for them, who were as innocent of the crime laid to their charge, as the judge on the bench, who convicted them.

In like manner, Peytel may not have committed the crime charged to him ; and Mr. Judge, with his arguments, as to possibilities, and impossibilities,—Mr. Public Prosecutor, with his romantic narrative, and inflammatory harangues to the jury,—may have used all these powers to bring to death an innocent man. From the animus with which the case has been conducted, from beginning to end, it was easy to see the result. Here it is, in the words of the provincial paper.

‘ BOURG, 28 October, 1839.

‘ The condemned Peytel has just undergone his punishment, which took place four days before the anniversary

of his crime. The terrible drama of the bridge of Andert, which cost the life of two persons, has just terminated on the scaffold. Midday had just sounded on the clock of the Palais : the same clock tolled midnight, when, on the 30th of August, his sentence was pronounced.

‘ Since the rejection of his appeal in Cassation, on which his principal hopes were founded, Peytel spoke little of his petition to the King. The notion of transportation was that which he seemed to cherish most. However, he made several inquiries from the gaoler of the prison, when he saw him, at meal-time, with regard to the place of execution, the usual hour, and other details on the subject. From that period, the words ‘ *Champ de Foire* ’ (the fair-field, where the execution was to be held), were frequently used by him in conversation.

‘ Yesterday, the idea, that the time had arrived, seemed to be more strongly than ever impressed upon him, especially after the departure of the curé, who, latterly, has been with him every day. The documents connected with the trial, had arrived in the morning : he was ignorant of this circumstance, but sought to discover, from his guardians, what they tried to hide from him ; and to find out whether his petition was rejected, and when he was to die.

‘ Yesterday, also, he had written, to demand the presence of his counsel, M. Margerand, in order that he might have some conversation with him, and regulate his affairs, before he — ; he did not write down the word, but left in its place a few points of the pen.

‘ In the evening, whilst he was at supper, he begged earnestly to be allowed a little wax candle, to finish what he was writing ; otherwise, he said, *Time might fail*. This was a new, indirect, manner of repeating his ordinary question. As light, up to that evening, had been refused him, it was thought best to deny him in this, as in former instances ; otherwise his suspicions might have been confirmed. The keeper refused his demand.

‘ This morning, Monday, at nine o’clock, the Greffier of the Assize Court, in fulfilment of the painful duty which the law imposes upon him, came to the prison, in company with the curé of Bourg, and announced to the convict that his petition was rejected, and that he had only three hours to live. He received this fatal news with a great deal of calmness, and showed himself to be no more affected than

he had been on the trial. "I am ready ; but I wish they had given me four-and-twenty hours' notice,"—were all the words he used.

'The Greffier now retired ; leaving Peytel alone with the curé, who did not, thenceforth, quit him. Peytel breakfasted at ten o'clock.

'At eleven, a picquet of mounted gendarmerie and infantry took their station upon the place before the prison, where a great concourse of people had already assembled. An open car was at the door. Before he went out, Peytel asked the gaoler for a looking-glass ; and, having examined his face for a moment, said, "At least, the inhabitants of Bourg will see that I have not grown thin."

'As twelve o'clock sounded, the prison gates opened, an aide appeared, followed by Peytel leaning on the arm of the curate. Peytel's face was pale, he had a long black beard, a blue cap on his head, and his great coat flung over his shoulders, and buttoned at the neck.

'He looked about at the place and the crowd ; he asked if the carriage would go at a trot ; and on being told that that would be difficult, he said he would prefer walking, and asked what the road was. He immediately set out, walking at a firm and rapid pace. He was not bound at all.

'An immense crowd of people encumbered the two streets through which he had to pass to the place of execution. He cast his eyes, alternately, upon them, and upon the guillotine, which was before him.

'Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, Peytel embraced the curé, and bade him adieu. He then embraced him again ; perhaps, for his mother and sister. He then mounted the steps, rapidly, and gave himself into the hands of the executioner, who removed his coat and cap. He asked how he was to place himself, and, on a sign being made, he flung himself, briskly, on the plank, and stretched his neck. In another moment he was no more.

'The crowd, which had been quite silent, retired, profoundly moved by the sight it had witnessed. As at all executions, there was a very great number of women present.

'Under the scaffold there had been, ever since the morning, a coffin. The family had asked for his remains, and had them immediately buried, privately : and, thus, the

unfortunate man's head escaped the modellers in wax, several of whom had arrived to take an impression of it.'

Down goes the axe ; the poor wretch's head rolls gasping into the basket ; the spectators go home, pondering ; and Mr. Executioner and his aids have, in half an hour, removed all traces of the august sacrifice, and of the altar on which it had been performed. Say, Mr. Briefless, do you think that any single person, meditating murder, would be deterred therefrom by beholding this—nay, a thousand more executions ? It is not for moral improvement, as I take it, nor for opportunity to make appropriate remarks upon the punishment of crime, that people make a holiday of a killing-day ; and leave their homes and occupations, to flock and witness the cutting off of a head. Do we crowd to see Mr. Macready, in the new tragedy, or Mademoiselle Elssler in her last new ballet, and flesh-coloured stockinet pantaloons, out of a pure love of abstract poetry and beauty ; or from a strong notion that we shall be excited, in different ways, by the actor and the dancer ? And so, as we go to have a meal of fictitious terror at the tragedy, of something more questionable in the ballet, we go for a glut of blood to the execution. The lust is in every man's nature, more or less : did you ever witness a wrestling or boxing match ?—the first clatter of the kick on the shins, or the first drawing of blood, makes the stranger shudder a little ; but, soon, the blood is his chief enjoyment, and he thirsts for it with a fierce delight. It is a fine grim pleasure that we have in seeing a man killed ; and I make no doubt but the organs of destructiveness must begin to throb and swell, as we witness the delightful, savage spectacle.

Three or four years back, when Fieschi and Lacenaire were executed, I made attempts to see the execution of both, but was disappointed in both cases. In the first instance, the day for Fieschi's death was, purposely, kept secret ; and he was, if I remember rightly, executed at some remote quarter of the town. But it would have done a philanthropist good, to witness the scene which we saw on the morning when his execution did *not* take place.

It was Carnival time, and the rumour had pretty generally been carried abroad, that he was to die on that morning. A friend, who accompanied me, came many miles, through the mud and dark, in order to be in at the death. We set

out before light, floundering through the muddy Champs Elysées, where, besides, were many other persons floundering, and all bent upon the same errand. We passed by the Concert of Musard, then held in the Rue St. Honoré; and round this, in the wet, a number of coaches were collected: the ball was just up; and a crowd of people, in hideous masquerade, drunk, tired, dirty, dressed in horrible old frippery, and daubed with filthy rouge, were trooping out of the place; tipsy women and men, shrieking, jabbering, gesticulating, as French will do; parties swaggering, staggering forwards, arm in arm, reeling to and fro across the street, and yelling songs in chorus; hundreds of these were bound for the show, and we thought ourselves lucky in finding a vehicle to the execution place, at the Barrière d'Enfer. As we crossed the river, and entered the Enfer Street, crowds of students, black workmen, and more drunken devils, from more carnival-balls, were filling it; and on the grand place there were thousands of these assembled, looking out for Fieschi and his cortège. We waited, and waited; but, alas! no fun for us that morning; no throat-cutting; no august spectacle of satisfied justice; and the eager spectators were obliged to return, disappointed of their expected breakfast of blood. It would have been a fine scene, that execution, could it but have taken place in the midst of the mad mountebanks, and tipsy strumpets, who had flocked so far to witness it, wishing to wind up the delights of their carnival by a *bonne-bouche* of a murder.

The other attempt was equally unfortunate. We arrived too late on the ground to be present at the execution of Lacenaire and his co-mate in murder, Avril. "But as we came to the ground (a gloomy round space, within the barrier—three roads lead to it—and, outside, you see the wine-shops and restaurateurs of the barrier looking gay and inviting,)—as we came to the ground, we only found, in the midst of it, a little pool of ice, just partially tinged with red. Two or three idle street-boys were dancing and stamping about this pool; and when I asked one of them whether the execution had taken place, he began dancing more madly than ever, and shrieked out with a loud fantastical theatrical voice, '*Venez tous Messieurs et Dames, voyez ici le sang du monstre Lacenaire, et de son compagnon, le traître Avril;*' or words to that effect;

and, straightway, all the other gamins screamed out the words in chorus, and took hands and danced round the little puddle.

O august Justice, your meal was followed by a pretty appropriate grace! Was any man, who saw the show, deterred, or frightened, or moralized in any way? He had gratified his appetite for blood, and this was all: there is something singularly pleasing, both in the amusement of execution-seeing, and in the results. You are not only delightfully excited at the time, but most pleasingly relaxed afterwards; the mind, which has been wound up, painfully, until now, becomes quite complacent and easy. There is something agreeable in the misfortunes of others, as the philosopher has told us: remark what a good breakfast you eat, after an execution; how pleasant it is to cut jokes after it, and upon it. This merry, pleasant mood, is brought on by the blood tonic.

But, for God's sake, if we are to enjoy this, let us do so in moderation; and let us, at least, be sure of a man's guilt, before we murder him. To kill him, even with the full assurance that he is guilty, is hazardous enough. Who gave you the right to do so?—you, who cry out against suicides, as impious and contrary to Christian law? What use is there in killing him? You deter no one else from committing the crime, by so doing: you give us, to be sure, half an hour's pleasant entertainment; but it is a great question whether we derive much moral profit from the sight. If you want to keep a murderer from farther inroads upon society, are there not plenty of hulks and prisons, God wot; treadmills, galleys, and houses of correction? Above all, as in the case of Sebastian Peytel and his family; there have been two deaths already; was a third death absolutely necessary? and, taking the fallibility of judges and lawyers into his heart, and remembering the thousand instances of unmerited punishment that have been suffered upon similar and stronger evidence, before,—can any man declare, positively, and upon his oath, that Peytel was guilty,—and that this was not *the third murder in the family?*

FOUR IMITATIONS OF BÉRANGER

LE ROI D'YVETOT

IL était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire ;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,

Dit-on.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !

Quel bon petit roi c'était là !

La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien

Qu'un chien.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

La, la.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive ;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.

Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot

D'impôt.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

La, la.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
 Comme il avait su plaire,
 Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
 De le nommer leur père :
 D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
 Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an
 Au blanc.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.
 La, la

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
 Fut un voisin commode,
 Et, modèle des potentats,
 Prit le plaisir pour code.
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
 Que le peuple qui l'enterra
 Pleura.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.
 La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait
 De ce digne et bon prince ;
 C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
 Fameux dans la province.
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
 La feule s'écrie en buvant
 Devant :

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
 La, la.

THE KING OF YVETOT

THERE was a king of Yvetot,
 Of whom renown hath little said,
 Who let all thoughts of glory go,
 And dawdled half his days a-bed ;
 And every night, as night came round,
 By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
 Slept very sound.

Sing, ho, ho, ho ! and he, he, he !
 That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
 That four lusty meals made he ;
 And, step by step, upon an ass,
 Rode abroad, his realms to see ;
 And wherever he did stir,
 What think you was his escort, sir ?
 Why, an old cur.
 Sing, ho, ho, ho ! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
 'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst ;
 But he who would his subjects bless,
 Odd's fish !—must wet his whistle first ;
 And so from every cask they got,
 Our king did to himself allot,
 At least a pot,
 Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
 A courteous king, and kind, was he ;
 The reason why you'll understand,
 They named him Pater Patriae.
 Each year he called his fighting men,
 And marched a league from home, and then
 Marched back again.
 Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
 He sought to make his kingdom great,
 And made (oh ! princes, learn from hence)—
 'Live and let live,' his rule of state.
 'Twas only when he came to die,
 That his people, who stood by,
 Were known to cry.
 Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings
 Is extant still, upon a sign
 That on a village tavern swings,
 Famed in the country for good wine,
 The people, in their Sunday trim,
 Filling their glasses to the brim,
 Look up to him.
 Singing, ha, ha, ha ! and he, he, he !
 That's the sort of king for me.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD

ANOTHER VERSION

THERE was a king in Brentford,—of whom no legends tell,
But who, without his glory,—could eat and sleep right well.
His Polly's cotton nightcap,—it was his crown of state,
He slept of evenings early,—and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,
And for a guard of honour,—a dog ran at his heels.
Sometimes, to view his kingdoms,—rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits—with which this king was curst,
Except (and where's the harm on't ?)—a somewhat lively thirst ;
But people must pay taxes,—and kings must have their sport,
So out of every gallon—His Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him,—with manners soft and bland ;
With reason good, they named him,—the father of his land.
Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant show ;
Their enemies were targets,—their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbour,—no useless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure,—his peaceful realm he swayed.
And in the years he reigned,—through all this country wide,
There was no cause for weeping,—save when the good man died.

The faithful men of Brentford,—do still their king deplore,
His portrait yet is swinging,—beside an alehouse door.
And toppers, tender-hearted,—regard his honest phiz,
And envy times departed,—that knew a reign like his.

LE GRENIER

JE viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
 De la misère a subi les leçons.
 J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
 De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
 Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
 Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
 Leste et joyeux je montais six étages.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
 Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur ;
 Là fut ma table ; et je retrouve encore
 Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur
 Apparaissent, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
 Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps
 Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
 Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau :
 Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
 Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.
 Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette ;
 Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottans.
 J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.
 Dans un grenier, qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
 De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
 Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse :
 A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !
 Le canon gronde ; un autre chant commence ;
 Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.
 Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
 Oh ! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !
 J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
 Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,

Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
 Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,
 D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie.
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

THE GARRET

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
 Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long ;
 With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
 And a light heart still breaking into song :
 Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
 Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
 Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes ; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
 There was my bed—full hard it was, and small.
 My table there—and I decipher still
 Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
 Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
 Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;
 For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all ;
 She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes :
 Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
 Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise ;
 Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
 And when did woman look the worse in none ?
 I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
 Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
 A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
 And distant cannon opened on our ears :
 We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
 Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
 Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange—
 Now far, far off, these happy times appear ;
 All that I have to live I'd gladly change
 For one such month as I have wasted here—
 To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
 From founts of hope that never will outrun,
 And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
 Give me the days when I was twenty-one !

ROGER-BONTEMPS

Aux gens atrabilaires
 Pour exemple donné,
 En un temps de misères
 Roger-Bontemps est né.
 Vivre obscur à sa guise,
 Narguer les mécontents ;
 Eh gai ! c'est la devise
 Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père,
 Coiffé dans les grands jours,
 De roses ou de lierre
 Le rajeunir toujours ;
 Mettre un manteau de bure,
 Vieil ami de vingt ans ;
 Eh gai ! c'est la pa ure
 Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
 Une table, un vieux lit,
 Des cartes, une flûte,
 Un broc que Dieu remplit,
 Un portrait de maîtresse,
 Un coffre et rien dedans ;
 Eh gai ! c'est la richesse
 Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Aux enfans de la ville
 Montrer de petits jeux ;
 Etre feseur habile
 De contes graveleux ;

Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la science
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Faute de vins d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton ;
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton ;
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Dire au ciel : Je me fie,
Mon père, à ta bonté ;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne la gaîté ;
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps ;
Eh gai ! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Vous pauvres, pleins d'envie,
Vous riches, désireux,
Vous, dont le char dévie
Après un cours heureux ;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatans,
Eh gai ! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger-Bontemps.



JOLLY JACK

WHEN fierce political debate
Throughout the isle was storming,
And Rads attacked the throne and state,
And Tories the reforming,
To calm the furious rage of each,
And right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,
His chair, a three-legged stool ;
His broken jug was emptied oft,
Yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
His mirror had a crack ;
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
 Teach pride its mean condition,
 And preach good sense to dull pretence,
 Was honest Jack's high mission.
 Our simple statesman found his rule
 Of moral in the flagon,
 And held his philosophic school
 Beneath the George and Dragon.

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
 And called the malt-tax sinful,
 Jack heeded not their angry words,
 But smiled, and drank his skin full.
 And when men wasted health and life,
 In search of rank and riches,
 Jack marked, aloof, the paltry strife,
 And wore his threadbare breeches.

'I enter not the church,' he said,
 'But I'll not seek to rob it ;'
 So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
 While others studied Cobbett.
 His talk, it was of feast and fun ;
 His guide the Almanack ;
 From youth to age thus gaily run
 The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
 He humbly thanked his Maker ;
 'I am,' said he, 'O Father good !
 Nor Catholic, nor Quaker :
 Give each his creed, let each proclaim
 His catalogue of curses ;
 I trust in Thee, and not in them,
 In Thee, and in Thy mercies !

'Forgive me if, 'midst all Thy works,
 No hint I see of damning ;
 And think there's faith among the Turks,
 And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
 Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
 And kindly is my laughter ;
 I cannot see the smiling earth
 And think there's hell hereafter.'

Jack died ; he left no legacy,
Save that his story teaches :—
Content to peevish poverty ;
Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
Come, follow in his track ;
We all were happier, if we all
Would copy JOLLY JACK.

FRENCH DRAMAS AND MELODRAMAS

THERE are three kinds of drama in France, which you may subdivide as much as you please.

There is the old classical drama, well nigh dead, and full time too. Old tragedies, in which half a dozen characters appear, and spout sonorous Alexandrines for half a dozen hours : the fair Rachel has been trying to revive this *genre*, and to untomb Racine ; but be not alarmed, Racine will never come to life again, and cause audiences to weep, as of yore. Madame Rachel can only galvanize the corpse, not revivify it. Ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched, and be-periwigged, lies in the grave ; and it is only the ghost of it that we see, which the fair Jewess has raised. There are classical comedies in verse, too, wherein the knavish valets, rakish heroes, stolid old guardians, and smart, free-spoken serving-women, discourse in Alexandrines, as loud as the Horaces or the Cid. An Englishman will seldom reconcile himself to the *ronflement* of the verses, and the painful recurrence of the rhymes ; for my part, I had rather go to Madame Saqui's, or see Deburau dancing on a rope ; his lines are quite as natural and poetical.

Then there is the comedy of the day, of which Monsieur Scribe is the father. Good heavens ! with what a number of gay colonels, smart widows, and silly husbands has that gentleman peopled the playbooks. How that unfortunate seventh commandment has been maltreated by him and his disciples. You will see four pieces, at the Gymnase, of a night ; and so sure as you see them, four husbands shall be wickedly used. When is this joke to cease ? Mon Dieu ! Play writers have handled it for about two thousand years, and the public, like a great baby, must have the tale repeated to it over and over again.

Finally, there is the Drama, that great monster which has sprung into life of late years ; and which is said, but I don't believe a word of it, to have Shakespeare for

a father. If Mr. Scribe's plays may be said to be so many ingenious examples how to break one commandment, the *drame* is a grand and general chaos of them all; nay, several crimes are added, not prohibited in the Decalogue, which was written before dramas were. Of the drama, Victor Hugo and Dumas are the well-known and respectable guardians. Every piece Victor Hugo has written, since *Hernani*, has contained a monster—a delightful monster, saved by one virtue. There is Triboulet, a foolish monster; Lucrece Borgia, a maternal monster; Mary Tudor, a religious monster; Monsieur Quasimodo, a hump-backed monster; and others, that might be named, whose monstrosities we are induced to pardon—nay, admiringly to witness—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection. And, as the great Hugo has one monster to each play, the great Dumas has, ordinarily, half a dozen, to whom murder is nothing; common intrigue, and simple breakage of the before-mentioned commandment, nothing; but who live and move in a vast, delightful complication of crime, that cannot be easily conceived in England, much less described.

When I think over the number of crimes that I have seen Mademoiselle Georges, for instance, commit, I am filled with wonder at her greatness, and the greatness of the poets who have conceived these charming horrors for her. I have seen her make love to, and murder, her sons, in the *Tour de Nesle*. I have seen her poison a company of no less than nine gentlemen, at Ferrara, with an affectionate son in the number; I have seen her, as Madame de Brinvilliers, kill off numbers of respectable relations in the four first acts; and, at the last, be actually burned at the stake, to which she comes shuddering, ghastly, barefooted, and in a white sheet. Sweet excitement of tender sympathies! Such tragedies are not so good as a real, downright execution; but, in point of interest, the next thing to it: with what a number of moral emotions do they fill the breast; with what a hatred for vice, and yet a true pity and respect for that grain of virtue that is to be found in us all; our bloody, daughter-loving Brinvilliers; our warm-hearted, poisonous Lucretia Borgia; above all, what a smart appetite for a cool supper afterwards, at the Café Anglais, when the horrors of the play act as a piquant sauce to the supper!

Or, to speak more seriously, and to come, at last, to the point. After having seen most of the grand dramas which have been produced at Paris, for the last half-dozen years, and thinking over all that one has seen,—the fictitious murders, rapes, adulteries, and other crimes, by which one has been interested and excited,—a man may take leave to be heartily ashamed of the manner in which he has spent his time; and of the hideous kind of mental intoxication in which he has permitted himself to indulge.

Nor are simple society outrages the only sort of crime in which the spectator of Paris plays has permitted himself to indulge; he has recreated himself with a deal of blasphemy besides, and has passed many pleasant evenings in beholding religion defiled and ridiculed.

Allusion has been made, in a former paper, to a fashion that lately obtained in France, and which went by the name of Catholic reaction; and as, in this happy country, fashion is everything, we have had not merely Catholic pictures and quasi-religious books, but a number of Catholic plays have been produced, very edifying to the frequenters of the theatres or the Boulevards, who have learned more about religion from these performances than they have acquired, no doubt, in the whole of their lives before. In the course of a very few years we have seen—*The Wandering Jew*; *Belshazzar's Feast*; *Nebuchadnezzar*, and the *Massacre of the Innocents*; *Joseph and his Brethren*; *The Passage of the Red Sea*; and *The Deluge*.

The great Dumas, like Madame Sand, before mentioned, has brought a vast quantity of religion before the footlights. There was his famous tragedy of *Caligula*, which, be it spoken to the shame of the Paris critics, was coldly received; nay, actually hissed, by them. And why? Because, says Dumas, it contained a great deal too much piety for the rogues. The public, he says, was much more religious, and understood him at once.

'As for the critics,' says he, nobly, 'let those who cried out against the immorality of Antony and Marguerite de Bourgogne, reproach me for *the chastity of Messalina*. (This dear creature is the heroine of the play of *Caligula*.) It matters little to me. These people have but seen the form of my work; they have walked round the tent, but have not seen the arch which it covered; they have

examined the vases and candles of the altar, but have not opened the tabernacle !

‘ The public alone has, instinctively, comprehended that there was, beneath this outward sign, an inward and mysterious grace : it followed the action of the piece in all its serpentine windings ; it listened for four hours, with pious attention (*avec recueillement et religion*), to the sound of this rolling river of thoughts, which may have appeared to it new and bold, perhaps, but chaste and grave ; and it retired, with its head on its breast, like a man who had just perceived, in a dream, the solution of a problem which he has long and vainly sought in his waking hours.’

You see that not only Saint Sand is an apostle, in her way ; but Saint Dumas is another. We have people in England who write for bread, like Dumas and Sand, and are paid so much for their line ; but they don’t set up for prophets. Mrs. Trollope has never declared that her novels are inspired by Heaven ; Mr. Buckstone has written a great number of farces, and never talked about the altar and the tabernacle. Even Sir Edward Bulwer (who, on a similar occasion, when the critics found fault with a play of his, answered them by a pretty decent declaration of his own merits) never ventured to say that he had received a divine mission, and was uttering five-act revelations.

All things considered, the tragedy of *Caligula* is a decent tragedy ; as decent as the decent characters of the hero and heroine can allow it to be ; it may be almost said, provokingly decent : but this, it must be remembered, is the characteristic of the modern French school (nay, of the English school too) ; and if the writer take the character of a remarkable scoundrel, it is ten to one but he turns out an amiable fellow, in whom we have all the warmest sympathy. *Caligula* is killed at the end of the performance ; *Messalina* is comparatively well-behaved ; and the sacred part of the performance, the tabernacle-characters apart from the mere ‘ vase ’ and ‘ candlestick ’ personages, may be said to be depicted in the person of a Christian convert, *Stella*, who has had the good fortune to be converted by no less a person than *Mary Magdalene*, when she, *Stella*, was staying on a visit to her aunt, near *Narbonne*.

STELLA (*continuant*). Voilà
 Que je vois s'avancer, sans pilote et sans rames,
 Une barque portant deux hommes et deux femmes,
 Et, spectacle inoui qui me ravit encor,
 Tous quatre avaient au front une auréole d'or
 D'où partaient des rayons de si vive lumière
 Que je fus obligée à baisser la paupière ;
 Et, lorsque je rouvris les yeux avec effroi,
 Les voyageurs divins étaient auprès de moi.
 Un jour de chacun d'eux et dans toute sa gloire
 Je te raconterai la merveilleuse histoire,
 Et tu l'adoreras, j'espère ; en ce moment,
 Ma mère, il te suffit de savoir seulement
 Que tous quatre venaient du fond de la Syrie :
 Une édit les avait bannis de leur patrie,
 Et, se faisant bourreaux, des hommes irrités,
 Sans avirons, sans eau, sans pain et garrottés,
 Sur une frêle barque échouée au rivage,
 Les avaient à la mer poussés dans un orage.
 Mais à peine l'esquif eut-il touché les flots,
 Qu'au cantique chanté par les saints matelots
 L'ouragan replia ses ailes frémissantes ;
 Que la mer aplanit ses vagues mugissantes,
 Et qu'un soleil plus pur, reparaissant aux cieux,
 Enveloppa l'esquif d'un cercle radieux ! . . .

JUNIA. Mais c'était un prodige.

STELLA. Un miracle, ma mère.
 Leurs fers tombèrent seuls, l'eau cessa d'être amère,
 Et deux fois chaque jour le bateau fut couvert
 D'une manne pareille à celle du désert :
 C'est ainsi que, poussés par une main céleste,
 Je les vis aborder.

JUNIA. Oh ! dis vite le reste !

STELLA. A l'aube, trois d'entre eux quittèrent la maison :
 Marthe prit le chemin qui mène à Tarascon,
 Lazare et Maximin celui de Massilie,
 Et celle qui resta . . . *c'était la plus jolie*, (how truly French !)
 Nous faisant appeler vers le milieu du jour,
 Demanda si les monts ou les bois d'alentour
 Cachaient quelque retraite inconnue et profonde,
 Qui la pût séparer à tout jamais du monde. . . .
 Aquila se souvint qu'il avait pénétré
 Dans un antre sauvage et de tous ignoré,
 Grotte creusée aux flancs de ces Alpes sublimes,
 Où l'aigle fait son aire au-dessus des abîmes.
 Il offrit cet asile, et dès le lendemain
 Tous deux, pour l'y guider, nous étions en chemin.
 Le soir du second jour nous touchâmes sa base :
 Là, tombant à genoux dans une sainte extase,

Elle pria long-temps, puis vers l'autre inconnu,
 Dénouant sa chaussure, elle marcha pied nu.
 Nos prières, nos cris restèrent sans réponses :
 Au milieu des cailloux, des épines, des ronces,
 Nous la vîmes monter, un bâton à la main,
 Et ce n'est qu'arrivée au terme du chemin,
 Qu'enfin elle tomba sans force et sans haleine. . . .

JUNIA. Comment la nommait-on, ma fille ?

STELLA.

Madeleine.

Walking, says Stella, by the sea-shore, 'A bark drew near, that had nor sail nor oar ; two women and two men the vessel bore : each of that crew, 'twas wondrous to behold, wore round his head a ring of blazing gold ; from which such radiance glittered all around, that I was fain to look towards the ground. And when once more I raised my frightened eyne, before me stood the travellers divine ; their rank, the glorious lot that each befell, at better season, mother, will I tell. Of this anon, the time will come, when thou shalt learn to worship as I worship now. Suffice it, that from Syria's land they came ; an edict from their country banished them. Fierce, angry men, had seized upon the four, and launched them in that vessel from the shore. They launched these victims on the waters rude : nor rudder gave to steer, nor bread for food. As the doomed vessel cleaves the stormy main, that pious crew uplifts a sacred strain ; the angry waves are silent as it sings ; the storm, awe-stricken, folds its quivering wings. A purer sun appears the heavens to light, and wraps the little bark in radiance bright.

JUNIA. Sure 'twas a prodigy.

STELLA. A miracle. Spontaneous from their hands the fetters fell. The salt sea-wave grew fresh ; and, twice a day, manna (like that which on the desert lay) covered the bark, and fed them on their way. Thus, hither led, at Heaven's divine behest, I saw them land——

JUNIA. My daughter, tell the rest.

STELLA. Three of the four, our mansion left at dawn. One, Martha, took the road to Tarascon ; Lazarus and Maximin to Massily ; but one remained (the fairest of the three), who asked us, if, i' the woods or mountains near, there chanced to be some cavern lone and drear ; where she might hide, for ever, from all men. It chanced, my cousin knew of such a den ; deep hidden in a mountain's

a dozen tragedies. In the second act our hero flogs his elder brother, and runs away with his sister-in-law; in the third, he fights a duel with a rival, and kills him: whereupon the mistress of his victim takes poison, and dies, in great agonies, on the stage. In the fourth act, Don Juan, having entered a church for the purpose of carrying off a nun, with whom he is in love, is seized by the statue of one of the ladies whom he has previously victimized, and made to behold the ghosts of all those unfortunate persons whose deaths he has caused.

This is a most edifying spectacle.—The ghosts rise solemnly, each in a white sheet, preceded by a wax candle; and, having declared their names and qualities, call, in chorus, for vengeance upon Don Juan, as thus:—

DON SANDOVAL, *loquitur*.

‘I am Don Sandoval d’Ojedo. I played against Don Juan my fortune, the tomb of my fathers, and the heart of my mistress;—I lost all: I played against him my life, and I lost it. Vengeance against the murderer! vengeance!’—(*The candle goes out.*)

The candle goes out, and an angel descends—a flaming sword in his hand—and asks: ‘Is there no voice in favour of Don Juan?’ when, lo! Don Juan’s father (like one of those ingenious toys, called ‘Jack-in-the-box,’) jumps up from his coffin, and demands grace for his son.

When Martha, the nun, returns, having prepared all things for her elopement, she finds Don Juan fainting upon the ground.—‘I am no longer your husband,’ says he, upon coming to himself; ‘I am no longer Don Juan; I am brother Juan, the Trappist. Sister Martha, recollect, that you must die!’

This was a most cruel blow upon Sister Martha, who is no less a person than an angel, an angel in disguise—the good spirit of the house of Marana, who has gone to the length of losing her wings, and forfeiting her place in heaven, in order to keep company with Don Juan on earth, and, if possible, to convert him. Already, in her angelic character, she had exhorted him to repentance, but in vain; for, while she stood at one elbow, pouring not merely hints, but long sermons, into his ear, at the other elbow stood a bad spirit, grinning and sneering at all her pious

counsels, and obtaining by far the greater share of the Don's attention.

In spite, however, of the utter contempt with which Don Juan treats her,—in spite of his dissolute courses, which must shock her virtue,—and his impolite neglect, which must wound her vanity, the poor creature (who, from having been accustomed to better company, might have been presumed to have had better taste), the unfortunate angel feels a certain inclination for the Don, and actually flies up to heaven to ask permission to remain with him on earth.

And when the curtain draws up, to the sound of harps, and discovers white-robed angels walking in the clouds, we find the angel of Marana upon her knees, uttering the following address :—



LE BON ANGE.

Vierge, à qui le calice à la liqueur amère
Fut si souvent offert,

Mère, que l'on nomma la douloureuse mère,
Tant vous avez souffert !

Vous, dont les yeux divins, sur la terre des hommes,
Ont versé plus de pleurs
Que vos pieds n'ont depuis, dans le ciel où nous sommes,
Fait éclore de fleurs,

Vase d'élection, étoile matinale,
Miroir de pureté,
Vous qui priez pour nous, d'une voix virginale,
La suprême bonté ;

A mon tour, aujourd'hui, bienheureuse Marie,
Je tombe à vos genoux ;
Daignez donc m'écouter, car c'est vous que je prie,
Vous qui priez pour nous.

Which may be thus interpreted :—

Oh! Virgin blest! by whom the bitter draught
 So often has been quaffed,
 That, for thy sorrow, thou art named by us
 The Mother Dolorous!

Thou, from whose eyes have fallen more tears of woe,
 Upon the earth below,
 Than 'neath thy footsteps, in this heaven of ours,
 Have risen flowers!

O beaming morning star! O chosen vase!
 O mirror of all grace!
 Who, with thy virgin voice, dost ever pray
 Man's sins away;

Bend down thine ear, and list, O blessed saint!
 Unto my sad complaint;
 Mother! to thee I kneel, on thee I call,
 Who hearest all.

She proceeds to request that she may be allowed to return to earth, and follow the fortunes of Don Juan;—and, as there is one difficulty, or, to use her own words,—

Mais, comme vous savez qu'aux voûtes éternelles,
 Malgré moi, tend mon vol,
Soufflez sur mon étoile et détachez mes ailes,
Pour m'enchaîner au sol;

her request is granted, her star is *blown out* (O poetic allusion!), and she descends to earth to love and to go mad, and to die for Don Juan!

The reader will require no further explanation, in order to be satisfied as to the moral of this play; but is it not a very bitter satire upon the country, which calls itself the politest nation in the world, that the incidents, the indecency, the coarse blasphemy, and the vulgar wit of this piece, should find admirers among the public, and procure reputation for the author? Could not the Government, which has re-established, in a manner, the theatrical censorship, and forbids or alters plays which touch on politics, exert the same guardianship over public morals? The honest English reader, who has a faith in his clergyman, and is a regular attendant at Sunday worship, will not be a little surprised at the march of intellect among our

neighbours across the Channel, and at the kind of consideration in which they hold their religion. Here is a man who seizes upon saints and angels, merely to put sentiments in their mouths, which might suit a nymph of Drury Lane. He shows heaven, in order that he may carry debauch into it ; and avails himself of the most sacred and sublime parts of our creed, as a vehicle for a scene-painter's skill, or an occasion for a handsome actress to wear a new dress.

M. Dumas's piece of *Kean* is not quite so sublime ; it was brought out by the author as a satire upon the French critics, who, to their credit be it spoken, had generally attacked him, and was intended by him, and received by the public, as a faithful portraiture of English manners. As such, it merits special observation and praise. In the first act you find a Countess and an Ambassadors, whose conversation relates purely to the great actor. All the ladies in London are in love with him, especially the two present ;—as for the Ambassadors, she prefers him to her husband (a matter of course in all French plays), and to a more seducing person still—no less a person than the Prince of Wales ! who presently waits on the ladies, and joins in their conversation concerning Kean. ' This man,' says His Royal Highness, ' is the very pink of fashion. Brummell is nobody when compared to him ; and I myself only an insignificant private gentleman : he has a reputation among ladies, for which I sigh in vain ; and spends an income twice as great as mine.' This admirable historic touch at once paints the actor and the Prince ; the estimation in which the one was held, and the modest economy for which the other was so notorious.

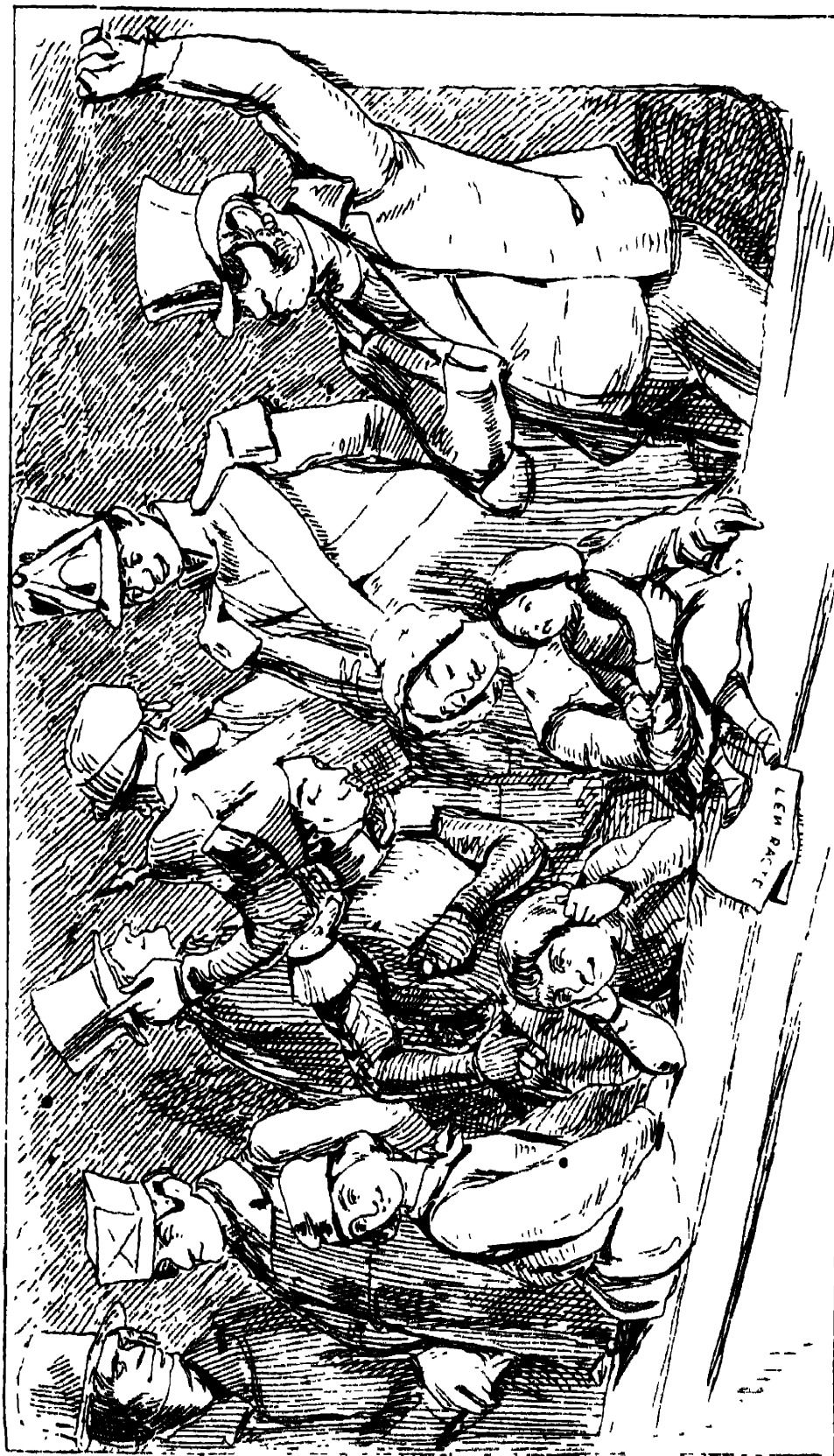
Then we have Kean, at a place called the *Trou de Charbon*, the Coal-hole, where, to the edification of the public, he engages in a fisty combat with a notorious boxer ; this scene was received, by the audience, with loud exclamations of delight, and commented on, by the journals, as a faultless picture of English manners. The Coal-hole being on the banks of the Thames, a nobleman—*Lord Melbourn* !—has chosen the tavern as a rendezvous for a gang of pirates, who are to have their ship in waiting, in order to carry off a young lady, with whom his lordship is enamoured : it need not be said that Kean arrives at the nick of time, saves the innocent *Meess Anna*, and exposes the infamy of the Peer :—a violent tirade against noblemen ensues,

and Lord Melbourn slinks away, disappointed, to meditate revenge. Kean's triumphs continue through all the acts ; the Ambassadors falls madly in love with him ; the Prince becomes furious at his ill success, and the Ambassador dreadfully jealous. They pursue Kean to his dressing-room, at the theatre ; where, unluckily, the Ambassador herself has taken refuge. Dreadful quarrels ensue ; the tragedian grows suddenly mad upon the stage, and so cruelly insults the Prince of Wales, that His Royal Highness determines to send him to *Botany Bay*. His sentence, however, is commuted to banishment to New York ; whither, of course, Miss Anna accompanies him, rewarding him, previously, with her hand, and twenty thousand a-year !

This wonderful performance was gravely received and admired by the people of Paris ; the piece was considered to be decidedly moral, because the popular candidate was made to triumph throughout, and to triumph in the most virtuous manner ; for, according to the French code of morals, success among women is, at once, the proof and the reward of virtue.

The sacred personage introduced in Dumas's play, behind a cloud, figures bodily in the piece of the *Massacre of the Innocents*, represented at Paris last year. She appears under a different name, but the costume is exactly that of Carlo Dolce's Madonna ; and an ingenious fable is arranged, the interest of which hangs upon the grand Massacre of the Innocents, perpetrated in the fifth act. One of the chief characters is *Jean le Précurseur*, who threatens woe to Herod and his race, and is beheaded by the orders of that sovereign.

In the *Festin de Balthazar* we are similarly introduced to Daniel, and the first scene is laid by the waters of Babylon, where a certain number of captive Jews is seated in melancholy postures ; a Babylonian officer enters, exclaiming— 'Chantez nous quelques Chansons de Jerusalem,' and the request is refused in the language of the Psalm. Belshazzar's Feast is given in a grand tableau, after Martin's picture. That painter, in like manner, furnished scenes for the *Deluge* : vast numbers of school-boys and children are brought to see these pieces ; the lower classes delight in them. The famous *Juif Errant*, at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, was the first of the kind, and its prodigious



THE GALLERY AT DEBURAU'S THEATRE SKETCHED FROM NATURE

success, no doubt, occasioned the number of imitations, which the other theatres have produced.

The taste of such exhibitions, of course, every English person will question ; but we must remember the manners of the people among whom they are popular ; and, if I may be allowed to hazard such an opinion, there is, in every one of these Boulevard mysteries, a kind of rude moral. The Boulevard writers don't pretend to 'tabernacles' and divine gifts, like Madame Sand and Dumas, before mentioned. If they take a story from the sacred books, they garble it without mercy, and take sad liberties with the text ; but they do not deal in descriptions of the agreeably wicked, or ask pity and admiration for tender-hearted criminals and philanthropic murderers, as their betters do. Vice is vice on the Boulevard ; and it is fine to hear the audience, as a tyrant king roars out cruel sentences of death, or a bereaved mother pleads for the life of her child, making their remarks on the circumstances of the scene. 'Ah, le gredin !' growls an indignant countryman : 'Quel monstre !' says a grisette, in a fury. You see very fat old men crying like babies ; and, like babies, sucking enormous sticks of barley-sugar. Actors and audience enter warmly into the illusion of the piece, and so especially are the former affected, that, at Franconi's, where the battles of the Empire are represented, there is as regular gradation in the ranks of the mimic army, as in the real imperial legions. After a man has served, with credit, for a certain number of years in the line, he is promoted to be an officer—an acting officer. If he conducts himself well, he may rise to be a Colonel, or a General of Division ; if ill, he is degraded to the ranks again ; or, worse degradation of all, drafted into a regiment of Cossacks, or Austrians. Cossacks is the lowest depth, however ; nay, it is said that the men who perform these Cossack parts receive higher wages than the mimic grenadiers and old guard. They will not consent to be beaten every night, even in play ; to be pursued in hundreds, by a handful of French, to fight against their beloved Emperor. Surely there is fine hearty virtue in this, and pleasant child-like simplicity.

So that while the drama of Victor Hugo, Dumas, and the enlightened classes, is profoundly immoral and absurd, the *drama* of the common people is absurd, if you will, but good and right-hearted. I have made notes of one or

two of these pieces, which all have good feeling and kindness in them, and which turn, as the reader will see, upon one or two favourite points of popular morality. A drama that obtained a vast success at the Porte Saint Martin, was *La Duchesse de la Vauballière*. The Duchess is the daughter of a poor farmer, who was carried off in the first place, and then married by M. le Duc de la Vauballière, a terrible *roué*, the farmer's landlord, and the intimate friend of Philippe d'Orléans, the Regent of France.

Now, the Duke, in running away with the lady, intended to dispense altogether with ceremony, and make of Julie anything but his wife; but Georges, her father, and one Morisseau, a notary, discovered him in his dastardly act, and pursued him to the very feet of the Regent, who compelled the pair to marry and make it up.

Julie complies, but though she becomes a Duchess, her heart remains faithful to her old flame, Adrian, the doctor; and she declares that, beyond the ceremony, no sort of intimacy shall take place between her husband and herself.

Then the Duke begins to treat her in the most ungentlemanlike manner; he abuses her in every possible way; he introduces improper characters into her house; and, finally, becomes so disgusted with her, that he determines to make away with her altogether.

For this purpose, he sends forth into the highways and seizes a doctor, bidding him, on pain of death, to write a poisonous prescription for Madame la Duchesse. She swallows the potion; and, oh! horror! the doctor turns out to be Dr. Adrian, whose woe may be imagined, upon finding that he has been thus committing murder on his true love!

Let not the reader, however, be alarmed as to the fate of the heroine; no heroine of a tragedy ever yet died in the third act; and, accordingly, the Duchess gets up perfectly well again in the fourth, through the instrumentality of Morisseau, the good lawyer.

And now it is that vice begins to be really punished. The Duke, who, after killing his wife, thinks it necessary to retreat, and take refuge in Spain, is tracked to the borders of that country by the virtuous notary, and there receives such a lesson as he will never forget to his dying day.

Morisseau, in the first instance, produces a deed (signed

by His Holiness the Pope), which annuls the marriage of the Duke de la Vauballière ; then another deed, by which it is proved that he was not the eldest son of old La Vauballière, the former duke ; then another deed, by which he shows that old La Vauballière (who seems to have been a disreputable old fellow) was a bigamist, and that, in consequence, the present man, styling himself Duke, is illegitimate ; and, finally, Morisseau brings forward another document, which proves that the *reg'lar* Duke is no other than Adrian, the doctor !

Thus it is that love, law, and physic, combined, triumph over the horrid mackinations of this star-and-gartered libertine.

Hermann L'Ivrogne, is another piece of the same order ; and, though not very refined, yet possesses considerable merit. As in the case of the celebrated Captain Smith, of Halifax, who 'took to drinking ratafia, and thought of poor Miss Bailey,'—a woman and the bottle have been the cause of Hermann's ruin. Deserted by his mistress, who has been seduced from him by a base Italian Count, Hermann, a German artist, gives himself entirely up to liquor and revenge : but when he finds that force, and not infidelity, have been the cause of his mistress's ruin, the reader can fancy the indignant ferocity with which he pursues the *infâme ravisseur*. A scene, which is really full of spirit, and excellently well acted, here ensues : Hermann proposes to the Count, on the eve of their duel, that the survivor should bind himself to espouse the unhappy Marie ; but the Count declares himself to be already married, and the student, finding a duel impossible (for his object was to restore, at all events, the honour of Marie), now only thinks of his revenge, and murders the Count. Presently, two parties of men enter Hermann's apartment ; one is a company of students, who bring him the news that he has obtained the prize of painting ; the other, the policemen, who carry him to prison, to suffer the penalty of murder.

I could mention many more plays in which the popular morality is similarly expressed. The seducer, or rascal of the piece, is always an aristocrat,—a wicked Count, or licentious Marquis,—who is brought to condign punishment just before the fall of the curtain. And too good reason have the French people had to lay such crimes to

the charge of the aristocracy, who are expiating now, on the stage, the wrongs which they did a hundred years since. The aristocracy is dead now; but the theatre lives upon traditions; and don't let us be too scornful at such simple legends that are handed down by the people, from race to race. Vulgar prejudice against the great it may be; but prejudice against the great, is only a rude expression of sympathy with the poor; long, therefore, may fat épiciers blubber over mimic woes, and honest proletaires shake their fists, shouting—'Gredin, scélérat, monstre de Marquis!' and such republican cries.

Remark, too, another development of this same popular feeling of dislike against men in power. What a number of plays and legends have we (the writer has submitted to the public, in the preceding pages, a couple of specimens; one of French, and the other of Polish, origin), in which that great and powerful aristocrat, the Devil, is made to be miserably tricked, humiliated, and disappointed. A play of this class, which, in the midst of all its absurdities and clap-traps, had much of good in it, was called *Le Maudit des Mers*. Le Maudit is a Dutch captain, who, in the midst of a storm, while his crew were on their knees at prayers, blasphemed, and drank punch; but what was his astonishment at beholding an archangel with a sword, all covered with flaming resin, who told him that, as he, in this hour of danger, was too daring, or too wicked, to utter a prayer, he never should cease roaming the seas until he could find some being who would pray to Heaven for him!

Once, only, in a hundred years, was the skipper allowed to land for this purpose; and this piece runs through four centuries, in as many acts, describing the agonies and unavailing attempts of the miserable Dutchman. Willing to go any lengths, in order to obtain this prayer, he, in the second act, betrays a Virgin of the Sun to a follower of Pizarro; and, in the third, assassinates the heroic William of Nassau; but ever before the dropping of the curtain, the angel and sword make their appearance:—'Treachery,' says the spirit, 'cannot lessen thy punishment;—crime will not obtain thy release!'—*A la mer! à la mer!* and the poor devil returns to the ocean, to be lonely, and tempest-tossed, and sea-sick, for a hundred years more.

But his woes are destined to end with the fourth act. Having landed in America; where the peasants on the sea-

shore, all dressed in Italian costumes, are celebrating, in a quadrille, the victories of Washington, he is there lucky enough to find a young girl to pray for him. Then the curse is removed, the punishment is over, and a celestial vessel, with angels on the decks, and 'sweet little cherubs,' fluttering about the shrouds and the poop, appears to receive him.

This piece was acted at Franconi's, where, for once, an angel-ship was introduced in place of the usual horseman-ship.

One must not forget to mention here, how the English nation is satirized by our neighbours, who have some droll traditions regarding us. In one of the little Christmas pieces, produced at the Palais Royal (satires upon the follies of the past twelve months, on which all the small theatres exhaust their wit), the celebrated flight of Messrs. Green and Monck Mason was parodied, and created a good deal of laughter at the expense of John Bull. Two English noblemen, Milor Cricri and Milor Hanneton, appear as descending from a balloon, and one of them communicates to the public the philosophic observations which were made in the course of his aerial tour.

'On leaving Vauxhall,' says his lordship, 'we drank a bottle of Madeira, as a health to the friends from whom we parted, and crunched a few biscuits to support nature during the hours before lunch. In two hours we arrived at Canterbury, enveloped in clouds; lunch, bottled porter; at Dover, carried several miles in a tide of air, bitter cold, cherry brandy; crossed over the Channel safely, and thought, with pity, of the poor people who were sickening in the steamboats below; more bottled porter; over Calais; dinner, roast beef of Old England; near Dunkirk, —night falling, lunar rainbow, brandy-and-water; night confoundedly thick; supper, nightcap of rum-punch, and so to bed. The sun broke beautifully through the morning mist, as we boiled the kettle, and took our breakfast over Cologne. In a few more hours we concluded this memorable voyage, and landed safely at Weilburg, in good time for dinner.'

The joke here is smart enough; but our honest neighbours make many better, when they are quite unconscious of the fun. Let us leave plays, for a moment, for poetry, and take an instance of French criticism, concerning England,

from the works of a famous French exquisite and man of letters. The hero of the poem addresses his mistress—

Londres, tu le sais trop, en fait de capitale,
 Est ce que fit le ciel de plus froid et plus pâle,
 C'est la ville du gaz, des marins, du brouillard ;
 On s'y couche à minuit, et l'on s'y lève tard ;
 Ses raouts tant vantés ne sont qu'une boxade,
 Sus ses grands quais jamais échelle ou sérénade,
 Mais de volumineux bourgeois pris de porter
 Qui passent sans lever le front à Westminster ;
 Et n'était sa forêt de mâts perçant la brume,
 Sa tour dont à minuit le vieil œil s'allume,
 Et tes deux yeux, Zerline, illuminés bien plus,
 Je dirais que, ma foi, des romans que j'ai lus,
 Il n'en est pas un seul, plus lourd, plus léthargique
 Que cette nation qu'on nomme Britannique !

The writer of the above lines (which let any man, who can, translate) is Monsieur Roger de Beauvoir, a gentleman who actually lived many months in England, as an attaché to the embassy of M. de Polignac. He places the heroine of his tale in a *petit réduit près le Strand*, 'with a green and fresh jalousie, and a large blind, let down all day ; you fancied you were entering a bath of Asia, as soon as you had passed the perfumed threshold of this charming retreat !' He next places her—

Dans un Square écarté, morne et couverte de givre
 Ou se cache un Hôtel, aux vieux lions de cuivre ;

and the hero of the tale, a young French poet, who is in London, is truly unhappy in that village.

Arthur dessèche et meurt.—Dans la ville de Sterne,
 Rien qu'en voyant le peuple il a le mal de mer ;
 Il n'aime ni le Parc, gai comme une citerne,
 Ni le tir au pigeon, ni le *soda-water*.¹

Liston ne le fait plus sourciller ! Il rumine
 Sur les trottoirs du Strand, droit comme un échiquier,
 Contre le peuple anglais, les nègres, la vermine
 Et les mille *cokneys* du peuple boutiquier,

Contre tous les bas-bleus, contre les pâtissières,
 Les parieurs d'Epsom, le gin, le parlement,
 La *quaterly*, le roi, la pluie et les libraires,
 Dont il ne touche plus, hélas ! un sou d'argent !
 Et chaque gentleman lui dit : L'heureux poète !

¹ The italics are the author's own.

L'heureux poète, indeed ! I question if a poet in this wide world is so happy as M. de Beauvoir, or has made such wonderful discoveries. 'The bath of Asia, with green jealousies,' in which the lady dwells ; 'the old hotel, with copper lions, in a lonely square ;'—were ever such things heard of, or imagined, but by a Frenchman ? The sailors, the negroes, the vermin, whom he meets in the street,—how great and happy are all these discoveries ! Liston no longer makes the happy poet frown ; and 'gin,' 'cokneys,' and the 'quaterly' have not the least effect upon him ! And this gentleman has lived many months amongst us ; admires *Williams Shakspear*, the grave et vieux prophète, as he calls him, and never, for an instant, doubts that his description contains anything absurd !

I don't know whether the great Dumas has passed any time in England ; but his plays show a similar intimate knowledge of our habits. Thus in *Kean*, the stage-manager is made to come forward and address the pit, with a speech, beginning, '*My Lords and Gentlemen ;*' and a company of English women are introduced (at the memorable Coal-hole), and they all wear *pinafores* ; as if the British female were in the invariable habit of wearing this outer garment, or slobbering her gown without it. There was another celebrated piece, enacted some years since, upon the subject of Queen Caroline, where our late adored sovereign, George, was made to play a most despicable part ; and where Signor Bergami fought a duel with Lord Londonderry. In the last act of this play, the House of Lords was represented, and Sir Brougham made an eloquent speech in the Queen's favour. Presently the shouts of the mob were heard without ; from shouting they proceed to pelting ; and pasteboard-brickbats and cabbages came flying among the representatives of our hereditary legislature. At this unpleasant juncture *Sir Hardinge*, the Secretary-at-War, rises and calls in the military ; the act ends in a general row, and the ignominious fall of Lord Liverpool, laid low by a brickbat from the mob !

The description of these scenes is, of course, quite incapable of conveying any notion of their general effect. You must have the solemnity of the actors, as they Meess and Milor one another, and the perfect gravity and good faith with which the audience listen to them. Our stage Frenchman is the old Marquis, with sword, and pig-tail,

and spangled court coat.—The Englishman of the French theatre has, invariably, a red wig, and almost always leather gaiters, and a long white upper Benjamin : he remains as he was represented in the old caricatures, after the peace ; when Vernet designed him somewhat after the following fashion.



And to conclude this catalogue of blunders : in the famous piece of the *Naufrage de la Meduse*, the first act is laid on board an English ship-of-war, all the officers of which appeared in light blue, or green, coats (the lamp-light prevented our distinguishing the colour accurately) in little blue coats,¹ and TOP-BOOTS !

Let us not attempt to deaden the force of this tremendous blow by any more remarks. The force of blundering can go no farther. Would a playwright or painter of the Chinese empire have stranger notions about the barbarians than our neighbours, who are separated from us but by two hours of salt-water ?

¹ [In the first edition the words 'in little blue coats' appear here, but are omitted in later issues. They obviously may be, and most probably are, a mere repetition of 'light blue coats' in the preceding line, with a clerical error. But Thackeray does sometimes vary his phrases slightly in this way.—ED.]

MEDITATIONS AT VERSAILLES

THE palace of Versailles has been turned into a bric-à-brac shop, of late years ; and its time-honoured walls have been covered with many thousand yards of the worst pictures that eye ever looked on. I don't know how many leagues of battles and sieges the unhappy visitor is now obliged to march through, amidst a crowd of chattering Paris cockneys, who are never tired of looking at the glories of the Grenadier Français, to the chronicling of whose deeds this old palace of the old kings is now altogether devoted. A whizzing, screaming steam-engine rushes hither from Paris, bringing shoals of *badauds* in its wake. The old *coucous* are all gone, and their place knows them no longer. Smooth asphaltum terraces, tawdry lamps, and great hideous Egyptian obelisks, have frightened them away from the pleasant station which they used to occupy under the trees of the Champs Elysées : and though the old *coucous* were just the most uncomfortable vehicles that human ingenuity ever constructed, one can't help looking back to the days of their existence with a tender regret, for there was pleasure, then, in the little trip of three leagues ; and who ever had pleasure in a railroad journey ?—Does any reader of this venture to say, that, on such a voyage, he ever dared to be pleasant ? Do the most hardened stokers joke with another ?—I don't believe it. Look into every single car of the train, and you will see that every single face is solemn. They take their seats gravely, and are silent, for the most part, during the journey ; they dare not look out of window, for fear of being blinded by the smoke that comes whizzing by, or of losing their heads in one of the windows of the down train : they ride for miles in utter damp and darkness, through awful pipes of brick, that have been run pitilessly through the bowels of gentle mother earth ; the cast-iron Frankenstein of an engine gallops on, puffing and screaming. Does any man pretend to say that he *enjoys* the journey ?—he might as

well say that he enjoyed having his hair cut ; he bears it, but that is all ; he will not allow the world to laugh at him, for any exhibition of slavish fear ; and pretends, therefore, to be at his ease ; but he *is* afraid, nay, ought to be, under the circumstances. I am sure Hannibal or Napoleon would, were they locked suddenly into a car ; there kept close prisoners for a certain number of hours, and whirled along at this dizzy pace. You can't stop, if you would ;—you may die, but you can't stop ; the engine may explode upon the road, and up you go along with it ; or may be a bolter, and take a fancy to go down a hill, or into a river : all this you must bear, for the privilege of travelling twenty miles an hour.

This little journey, then, from Paris to Versailles, that used to be so merry of old, has lost its pleasures since the disappearance of the cuckoos ; and I would as lieve have for companions the statues that lately took a coach from the bridge opposite the Chamber of Deputies, and stepped out in the Court of Versailles, as the most part of the people who now travel on the railroad. The stone figures are not a whit more cold and silent than these persons, who used to be, in the old cuckoos, so talkative and merry. The prattling grisette, and her swain from the *École de Droit* ; the huge Alsacian carabinier, grim smiling under his sandy moustaches, and glittering brazen helmet ; the jolly nurse, in red calico, who had been to Paris, to show mamma her darling Lolo, or Guguste ;—what merry companions used one to find squeezed into the crazy old vehicles that formerly performed the journey ! But the age of horseflesh is gone—that of engineers, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the pleasure of coucoudom is extinguished for ever. Why not mourn over it, as Mr. Burke did over his cheap defence of nations, and unbought grace of life ; that age of chivalry, which he lamented, apropos of a trip to Versailles, some half a century back ?

Without stopping to discuss (as might be done, in rather a neat and successful manner), whether the age of chivalry was cheap or dear, and whether, in the time of the unbought grace of life, there was not more bribery, robbery, villainy, tyranny, and corruption, than exists even in our own happy days,—let us make a few moral and historical remarks upon the town of Versailles, where, between railroad and coucou, we are surely arrived by this time.



**THE CHEAP DEFENCE OF NATIONS
A NATIONAL GUARD ON DUTY**

The town is, certainly, the most moral of towns. You pass, from the railroad station, through a long, lonely suburb, with dusty rows of stunted trees on either side, and some few miserable beggars, idle boys, and ragged old women, under them. Behind the trees are gaunt, mouldy houses, palaces once, where (in the days of the unbought grace of life) the cheap defence of nations gambled, ogled, swindled, intrigued; whence high-born duchesses used to issue, in old times, to act as chambermaids to lovely Du Barri, and mighty princes rolled away, in gilt caroches, hot for the honour of lighting His Majesty to bed, or of presenting his stockings when he rose, or of holding his napkin when he dined. Tailors, chandlers, tinmen, wretched hucksters, and greengrocers, are now established in the mansions of the old peers; small children are yelling at the doors, with mouths besmeared with bread and treacle; damp rags are hanging out of every one of the windows, steaming in the sun; oyster-shells, cabbage-stalks, broken crockery, old papers, lie basking in the same cheerful light. A solitary watercart goes jingling down the wide pavement and spirts a feeble refreshment over the dusty, thirsty stones.

After pacing, for some time, through such dismal streets, we déboucher on the grand place; and before us lies the palace dedicated to all the glories of France. In the midst of the great, lonely plain, this famous residence of King Louis looks low and mean.—Honoured pile! time was, when tall musketeers and gilded body-guards allowed none to pass the gate;—fifty years ago, ten thousand drunken women, from Paris, broke through the charm; and now a tattered commissioner will conduct you through it for a penny, and lead you up to the sacred entrance of the palace.

We will not examine all the glories of France, as here they are portrayed in pictures and marble: catalogues are written about these miles of canvas, representing all the revolutionary battles, from Valmy to Waterloo,—all the triumphs of Louis XIV,—all the mistresses of his successor,—and all the great men who have flourished since the French empire began. Military heroes are most of these: fierce constables in shining steel, marshals in voluminous wigs, and brave grenadiers in bearskin caps; some dozens of whom gained crowns, principalities, duke-

doms ; some hundreds, plunder and epaulets ; some millions, death in African sands, or in icy Russian plains, under the guidance, and for the good, of that arch-hero, Napoleon. By far the greater part of ' all the glories ' of France (as of most other countries) is made up of these military men : and a fine satire it is, on the cowardice of mankind, that they pay such an extraordinary homage to the virtue called courage, filling their history-books with tales about it, and nothing but it.

Let them disguise the place, however, as they will, and plaster the walls with bad pictures as they please, it will be hard to think of any family but one, as one traverses this vast gloomy edifice. It has not been humbled to the ground, as a certain palace of Babel was of yore ; but it is a monument of fallen pride, not less awful, and would afford matter for a whole library of sermons. The cheap defence of nations expended a thousand millions in the erection of this magnificent dwelling-place. Armies were employed, in the intervals of their warlike labours, to level hills, or pile them up ; to turn rivers, and to build aqueducts, and transplant woods, and construct smooth terraces, and long canals. A vast garden grew up in a wilderness, and a stupendous palace in the garden, and a stately city round the palace : the city was peopled with parasites, who daily came to do worship before the creator of these wonders—the Great King. ' Dieu seul est grand,' said courtly Massillon ; but next to him, as the prelate thought, was certainly Louis, his vicegerent here upon earth—God's lieutenant-governor of the world,—before whom courtiers used to fall on their knees, and shade their eyes, as if the light of his countenance, like the sun, which shone supreme in heaven, the type of him, was too dazzling to bear.

Did ever the sun shine upon such a king before, in such a palace ?—or, rather, did such a king ever shine upon the sun ? When Majesty came out of his chamber, in the midst of his superhuman splendours ; *viz.*, in his cinnamon-coloured coat, embroidered with diamonds ; his pyramid of a wig ;¹ his red-heeled shoes, that lifted him four inches from the ground, ' that he scarcely seemed to touch ; ' when he came out, blazing upon the dukes and duchesses

¹ It is fine to think that, in the days of his youth, His Majesty, Louis XIV, used to *powder his wig with gold-dust.*

that waited his rising,—what could the latter do, but cover their eyes, and wink, and tremble?—And did he not himself believe, as he stood there, on his high heels, under his ambrosial periwig, that there was something in him more than man—something above Fate?

This, doubtless, was he fain to believe; and if, on very fine days, from his terrace, before his gloomy palace of Saint Germain, he could catch a glimpse, in the distance, of a certain white spire of St. Denis, where his race lay buried, he would say to his courtiers, with a sublime condescension, ‘Gentlemen, you must remember, that I, too, am mortal.’ Surely the lords in waiting could hardly think him serious, and vowed that His Majesty always loved a joke. However, mortal or not, the sight of that sharp spire wounded His Majesty’s eyes; and is said, by the legend, to have caused the building of the palace of Babel-Versailles.

In the year 1681, then, the great king, with bag and baggage,—with guards, cooks, chamberlains, mistresses, Jesuits, gentlemen, lackeys, Fénelons, Molières, Lauzuns, Bossuets, Villars, Villeroy, Louvois, Colberts,—transported himself to his new palace; the old one being left for James of England, and Jaquette his wife, when their time should come. And when the time did come, and James sought his brother’s kingdom, it is on record, that Louis hastened to receive and console him, and promised to restore, incontinently, those islands from which the *canaille* had turned him. Between brothers such a gift was a trifle; and the courtiers said to one another, reverently,¹ ‘The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies my footstool.’ There was no blasphemy in the speech; on the contrary, it was gravely said, by a faithful believing man, who thought it no shame to the latter, to compare His Majesty with God Almighty.’ Indeed, the books of the time will give one a strong idea how general was this Louis-worship. I have just been looking at one, which was written by an honest Jesuit and protégé of Père la Chaise, who dedicates a book of medals to the august Infants of France, which does, indeed, go almost as far in print. He calls our famous monarch

¹ I think it is in the amusing *Memoirs of Madame de Créqui* (a forgery, but a work remarkable for its learning and accuracy) that the above anecdote is related.

‘ Louis le Grand :—1, l’invincible ; 2, le sage ; 3, le conquérant ; 4, la merveille de son siècle ; 5, la terreur de ses ennemis ; 6, l’amour de ses peuples ; 7, l’arbitre de la paix et de la guerre ; 8, l’admiration de l’univers ; 9, et digne d’en être le maître ; 10, le modèle d’un héros achevé ; 11, digne de l’immortalité, et de la vénération de tous les siècles ! ’

A pretty Jesuit declaration, truly, and a good honest judgement upon the great king ! In thirty years more—

1. The invincible had been beaten a vast number of times.
2. The sage was the puppet of an artful old woman, who was the puppet of more artful priests.
3. The conqueror had quite forgotten his early knack of conquering.
5. The terror of his enemies (for 4, the marvel of his age, we pre-termit, it being a loose term, that may apply to any person or thing) was now terrified by his enemies in turn.
6. The love of his people was as heartily detested by them, as scarcely any other monarch, not even his great grandson, has been, before or since.
7. The arbiter of peace and war was fain to send superb ambassadors to kick their heels in Dutch shopkeepers’ antechambers.
- 8, is again a general term.
9. The man fit to be master of the universe, was scarcely master of his own kingdom.
10. The finished hero was all but finished, in a very common-place and vulgar way : and,
11. The man worthy of immortality was just at the point of death, without a friend to soothe or deplore him ; only withered old Maintenon, to mutter prayers at his bedside, and croaking Jesuits to prepare him,¹ with Heaven knows what wretched tricks and mummeries, for his appearance in that Great Republic that lies on the other side of the grave. In the course of his fourscore splendid miserable years, he never had but one friend, and he ruined and left her. Poor La Vallière, what a sad tale is yours ! ‘ Look at this Galerie des Glaces,’ cries Monsieur Vatout, staggering with surprise at the appearance of the room, two hundred and forty-two feet long, and forty high ; ‘ here it was that Louis displayed all the grandeur of royalty ; and such was the splendour of his court, and the luxury of the times, that this immense room could hardly contain the crowd of courtiers that pressed around the monarch.’ Wonderful ! wonderful ! Eight thousand

¹ They made a Jesuit of him on his death-bed.

four hundred and sixty square feet of courtiers ! Give a square yard to each, and you have a matter of three thousand of them. Think of three thousand courtiers per day, and all the chopping and changing of them for near forty years ; some of them dying, some getting their wishes, and retiring to their provinces to enjoy their plunder ; some disgraced, and going home to pine away out of the light of the sun ;¹ new ones perpetually arriving,—pushing, squeezing, for their place, in the crowded Galerie des Glaces. A quarter of a million of noble countenances, at the very least, must those glasses have reflected. Rouge, diamonds, ribands, patches, upon the faces of smiling ladies ; towering periwigs, sleek-shaven crowns, tufted moustaches, scars, and grizzled whiskers, worn by ministers, priests, dandies, and grim old commanders.—So many faces, O ye gods ! and every one of them lies ! So many tongues, vowing devotion and respectful love to the great king in his six-inch wig ; and only poor La Vallière's, amongst them all, which had a word of truth for the dull ears of Louis of Bourbon.

'*Quand j'aurai de la peine aux Carmélites,*' says unhappy Louise, about to retire from these magnificent courtiers, and their grand Galerie des Glaces, '*je me souviendrai de ce que ces gens là m'ont fait souffrir !*'—A troop of Bossuets, inveighing against the vanities of courts, could not preach such an affecting sermon. What years of anguish and wrong has the poor thing suffered, before these sad words came from her gentle lips ! How these courtiers have bowed and flattered, kissed the ground on which she trod, fought to have the honour of riding by her carriage, written sonnets, and called her goddess ; who, in the days of her prosperity, was kind and beneficent, gentle and compassionate to all ; then (on a certain day, when it is whispered that His Majesty hath cast the eyes of his gracious affection upon another) behold the three thousand courtiers are at the feet of the new divinity.—'O divine Athenais ! what blockheads have we been to worship any but you.—*That* a goddess ?—a pretty goddess, forsooth ;—a witch, rather, who, for a while, kept our gracious monarch blind ! Look at her ; the woman limps as she walks ; and, by

¹ Saint Simon's account of Lauzun, in disgrace, is admirably facetious and pathetic ; Lauzun's regrets are as monstrous as those of Raleigh, when deprived of the sight of his adorable Queen and Mistress, Elizabeth.

sacred Venus, her mouth stretches almost to her diamond earrings!'¹ The same tale may be told of many more deserted mistresses; and fair Athenais de Montespan was to hear it of herself one day. Meantime, while La Vallière's heart is breaking, the model of a finished hero is yawning, as; on such paltry occasions, a finished hero should. *Let* her heart break; a plague upon her tears and repentance; what right has she to repent? Away with her to her convent. She goes, and the finished hero never sheds a tear. What a noble pitch of stoicism to have reached! Our Louis was so great, that the little woes of mean people were beyond him: his friends died, his mistresses left him; his children, one by one, were cut off before his eyes, and great Louis is not moved, in the slightest degree! as how, indeed, should a god be moved?

I have often liked to think about this strange character in the world, who moved in it, bearing about a full belief in his own infallibility; teaching his generals the art of war, his ministers the science of government, his wits taste, his courtiers dress; ordering deserts to become gardens, turning villages into palaces, at a breath; and, indeed, the august figure of the man, as he towers upon his throne, cannot fail to inspire one with respect and awe:—how grand those flowing locks appear; how awful that sceptre; how magnificent those flowing robes! In Louis, surely, if in any one, the majesty of kinghood is represented.

But a king is not every inch a king, for all the poet may say; and it is curious to see how much precise majesty there is in that majestic figure of Ludovicus Rex. In the plate opposite, we have endeavoured to make the exact calculation. The idea of kingly dignity is equally strong in the two outer figures; and you see, at once, that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes, and cloak, all fleurs-de-lis bespangled. As for the little, lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man, of five feet two, in a jacket and breeches, there is no majesty in *him*, at any rate; and yet he has just stepped out of that very suit of clothes. Put the wig and shoes on him, and he is six feet high;—the other fripperies, and he stands before you majestic, imperial, and

¹ A pair of diamond earrings, given by the King to La Vallière, caused much scandal; and some lampoons are extant, which impugn the taste of Louis XIV for loving a lady with such an enormous mouth.



REX

LUDOVICUS

LUDOVICUS REX

AN HISTORICAL STUDY

heroic! Thus do barbers and cobblers make the gods that we worship: for do we not all worship him? Yes; though we all know him to be stupid, heartless, short, of doubtful personal courage, worship and admire him we must; and have set up, in our hearts, a grand image of him, endowed with wit, magnanimity, valour, and enormous heroical stature.

And what magnanimous acts are attributed to him? or, rather, how differently do we view the actions of heroes and common men, and find that the same thing shall be a wonderful virtue in the former, which, in the latter, is only an ordinary act of duty. Look at yonder window of the king's chamber;—one morning a royal cane was seen whirling out of it, and plumped among the courtiers and guard of honour below. King Louis had absolutely, and with his own hand, flung his own cane out of the window, 'because,' said he, 'I won't demean myself by striking a gentleman!' O miracle of magnanimity! Lauzun was not caned, because he besought Majesty to keep his promise,—only imprisoned for ten years in Pignerol, along with banished Fouquet;—and a pretty story is Fouquet's, too.

Out of the window the king's august head was one day thrust, when old Condé was painfully toiling up the steps of the court below. 'Don't hurry yourself, my cousin,' cries Magnanimity; 'one who has to carry so many laurels cannot walk fast.' At which all the courtiers, lackeys, mistresses, chamberlains, Jesuits, and scullions, clasp their hands, and burst into tears. Men are affected by the tale to this very day. For a century and three-quarters, have not all the books that speak of Versailles, or Louis Quatorze, told the story?—'Don't hurry yourself, my cousin!' O admirable king and Christian! what a pitch of condescension is here, that the greatest king of all the world should go for to say anything so kind, and really tell a tottering old gentleman, worn out with gout, age, and wounds, not to walk too fast!

What a proper fund of slavishness is there in the composition of mankind, that histories like these should be found to interest and awe them. Till the world's end, most likely, this story will have its place in the history books, and unborn generations will read it, and tenderly be moved by it. I am sure that Magnanimity went to

bed that night, pleased and happy, intimately convinced that he had done an action of sublime virtue, and had easy slumbers and sweet dreams,—especially if he had taken a light supper, and not too vehemently attacked his *en cas de nuit*.

That famous adventure, in which the *en cas de nuit* was brought into use, for the sake of one Poquelin, *alias* Molière;—how often has it been described and admired? This Poquelin, though king's valet de chambre, was, by profession, a vagrant; and, as such, looked coldly on by the great lords of the palace, who refused to eat with him. Majesty, hearing of this, ordered his *en cas de nuit* to be placed on the table, and positively cut off a wing, with his own knife and fork, for Poquelin's use. O! thrice happy Jean Baptiste! The king has actually sate down with him, cheek by jowl, had the liver-wing of a fowl, and given Molière the gizzard; put his imperial legs under the same mahogany, *sub iisdem trabibus*. A man, after such an honour, can look for little else in this world: he has tasted the utmost conceivable earthly happiness, and has nothing to do now but to fold his arms, and look up to heaven, and sing 'Nunc dimittis,' and die.

Do not let us abuse poor old Louis, on account of this monstrous pride; but only lay it to the charge of the fools who believed and worshipped it. If, honest man, he believed himself to be almost a god, it was only because thousands of people had told him so—people, only half liars, too, who did, in the depths of their slavish respect, admire the man almost as much as they said they did. If, when he appeared in his five-hundred-million coat, as he is said to have done, before the Siamese ambassadors, the courtiers began to shade their eyes, and long for parasols, as if this Bourbonic sun was too hot for them; indeed, it is no wonder that he should believe that there was something dazzling about his person: he had half a million of eager testimonies to this idea. Who was to tell him the truth?—Only in the last years of his life did trembling courtiers dare whisper to him, after much circumlocution, that a certain battle had been fought at a place called Bleheim, and that Eugene and Marlborough had stopped his long career of triumphs.

'*On n'est plus heureux à notre age,*' says the old man, to one of his old generals, welcoming Tallard, after his

defeat ; and he rewards him with honours, as if he had come from a victory. There is, if you will, something magnanimous in this welcome to his conquered general, this stout protest against Fate. Disaster succeeds disaster ; armies after armies march out to meet fiery Eugene and that dogged fatal Englishman, and disappear in the smoke of the enemies' cannon. Even at Versailles you may almost hear it roaring at last ; but when courtiers, who have forgotten their God, now talk of quitting this grand temple of his, old Louis plucks up heart, and will never hear of surrender. All the gold and silver at Versailles he melts, to find bread for his armies ; all the jewels on his five-hundred-million coat he pawns resolutely ; and, bidding Villars go and make the last struggle but one, promises, if his general is defeated, to place himself at the head of his nobles, and die King of France. Indeed, after a man, for sixty years, has been performing the part of a hero, some of the real heroic stuff must have entered into his composition, whether he would or not. When the great Elliston was enacting the part of King George the Fourth, in the play of *The Coronation*, at Drury Lane, the galleries applauded very loudly his suavity and majestic demeanour, at which Elliston, inflamed by the popular loyalty (and by some fermented liqueur in which, it is said, he was in the habit of indulging), burst into tears, and, spreading out his arms, exclaimed : ' Bless ye, bless ye, my people ! ' Don't let us laugh at his Ellistonian majesty, nor at the people who clapped hands, and yelled ' bravo,' in praise of him. The tipsy old manager did really feel that he was a hero at that moment ; and the people, wild with delight and attachment for a magnificent coat and breeches, surely were uttering the true sentiments of loyalty, which consists in reverencing these and other articles of costume. In this fifth act, then, of his long royal drama, old Louis performed his part excellently ; and, when the curtain drops upon him, he lies, dressed majestically, in a becoming kingly attitude, as a king should.

The king, his successor, has not left, at Versailles, half so much occasion for moralizing ; perhaps the neighbouring Parc aux Cerfs would afford better illustrations of his reign. The life of his great grandsire, the grand Lama of France, seems to have frightened Louis, the well-beloved, who understood that loneliness is one of the necessary

conditions of divinity ; and, being of a jovial, companionable turn, aspired not beyond manhood. Only in the matter of ladies did he surpass his predecessor, as Solomon did David. War he eschewed, as his grandfather bade him ; and his simple taste found little in this world to enjoy beyond the mulling of chocolate, and the frying of pancakes. Look, here is the room called *Laboratoire du Roi*, where, with his own hands, he made his mistress' breakfast :—here is the little door through which, from her apartments in the upper story, the chaste Du Barri came stealing down to the arms of the weary, feeble, gloomy, old man. But of women he was tired long since, and even pancake-frying had palled upon him. What had he to do, after forty years of reign ;—after having exhausted everything ? Every pleasure that Dubois could invent for his hot youth, or cunning Lebel could minister to his old age, was flat and stale ; used up to the very dregs : every shilling in the national purse had been squeezed out, by Pompadour and Du Barri and such brilliant ministers of state. He had found out the vanity of pleasure, as his ancestor had discovered the vanity of glory : indeed it was high time that he should die. And die he did ; and round his tomb, as round that of his grandfather before him, the starving people sung a dreadful chorus of curses, which were the only epitaphs, for good or for evil, that were raised to his memory.

As for the courtiers :—the knights and nobles, the unbought grace of life, they, of course, forgot him in one minute after his death, as the way is. When the king dies, the officer appointed opens his chamber window, and calling out into the court below, *Le Roi est mort*, breaks his cane, takes another and waves it, exclaiming, *Vive le Roi !* Straightway all the loyal nobles begin yelling *Vive le Roi !* and the officer goes round solemnly, and sets yonder great clock in the *Cour de Marbre* to the hour of the king's death. This old Louis had solemnly ordained ; but the Versailles clock was only set twice ; there was no shouting of *Vive le Roi* when the successor of Louis XV mounted to heaven to join his sainted family.

Strange stories of the deaths of kings have always been very recreating and profitable to us : what a fine one is that of the death of Louis XV, as Madame Campan tells it ! One night the gracious monarch came back ill from

Trianon; the disease turned out to be the small-pox; so violent that ten people, of those who had to enter his chamber, caught the infection and died. The whole court flies from him; only poor old fat Mesdames, the king's daughters, persist in remaining at his bedside, and praying for his soul's welfare.

On the 10th May, 1774, the whole court had assembled at the château, the *Œil de Bœuf* was full. The Dauphin had determined to depart, as soon as the king had breathed his last. And it was agreed, by the people of the stables, with those who watched in the king's room, that a lighted candle should be placed in a window, and should be extinguished as soon as he had ceased to live. The candle was put out; at that signal, guards, pages, and squires mounted on horseback, and everything was made ready for departure. The Dauphin was with the Dauphiness, waiting together for the news of the king's demise. *An immense noise, as if of thunder, was heard in the next room; it was the crowd of courtiers, who were deserting the dead king's apartment, in order to pay their court to the new power of Louis XVI.* Madame de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute the queen by her title of Queen of France, and begged their Majesties to quit their apartments, to receive the princes and great lords of the court, desirous to pay their homage to the new sovereigns. Leaning on her husband's arm, a handkerchief to her eyes, in the most touching attitude, Marie Antoinette received these first visits. On quitting the chamber where the dead king lay, the Duc de Villequier bade M. Andervillé, first surgeon of the king, to open and embalm the body:—it would have been certain death to the surgeon. 'I am ready, sir,' said he, 'but, whilst I am operating, you must hold the head of the corpse; your charge demands it.' The Duke went away without a word, and the body was neither opened nor embalmed. A few humble domestics and poor workmen watched by the remains, and performed the last offices to their master. The surgeons ordered spirits of wine to be poured into the coffin.

They huddled the king's body into a post-chaise; and, in this deplorable equipage, with an escort of about forty men, Louis, the well-beloved, was carried, in the dead of night, from Versailles to Saint Denis, and then thrown into the tomb of the kings of France!

If any man is curious, and can get permission, he may mount to the roofs of the palace, and see where Louis XVI used, royally, to amuse himself, by gazing upon the doings of all the town's-people below, with a telescope. Behold that balcony, where, one morning, he, his queen, and the little Dauphin stood, with Cromwell Grandison Lafayette by their side, who kissed Her Majesty's hand, and protected her; and then, lovingly surrounded by his people, the king got into a coach, and came to Paris: nor did His Majesty ride much in coaches after that.

There is a portrait of the king, in the upper galleries, clothed in red and gold, riding a fat horse, brandishing a sword, on which the word 'Justice' is inscribed, and looking remarkably stupid and uncomfortable. You see that the horse will throw him at the very first fling; and as for the sword, it never was made for such hands as his, which were good at holding a corkscrew, or a carving knife; but not clever at the management of weapons of war. Let those pity him who will; call him saint and martyr if you please; but a martyr to what principle was he? Did he frankly support either party in his kingdom; or cheat and tamper with both? He might have escaped, but he must have his supper, and so his family was butchered, and his kingdom lost, and he had his bottle of Burgundy in comfort at Varennes. A single charge, upon the fatal tenth of August, and the monarchy might have been his once more: but he is so tender-hearted, that he lets his friends be murdered before his eyes, almost; or, at least, when he has turned his back upon his duty and his kingdom, and has skulked for safety into the reporter's box, at the National Assembly. There were hundreds of brave men who died that day, and were martyrs, if you will; poor neglected tenth-rate courtiers, for the most part, who had forgotten old slights and disappointments, and left their places of safety, to come and die, if need were, sharing in the supreme hour of the monarchy. Monarchy was a great deal too humane to fight along with these, and so left them to the pikes of Santerre, and the mercy of the men of the Sections. But we are wandering a good ten miles from Versailles, and from the deeds which Louis XVI performed there.

He is said to have been such a smart journeyman blacksmith, that he might, if Fate had not perversely placed a

crown on his head, have earned a couple of louis every week, by the making of locks and keys. Those who will, may see the workshop, where he employed many useful hours; Madame Elizabeth was at prayers; meanwhile, the queen was making pleasant parties with her ladies; Monsieur the Count d'Artois was learning to dance on the tight-rope; and Monsieur de Provence was cultivating *l'éloquence du billet*, and studying his favourite Horace. It is said that each member of the august family succeeded remarkably well in his or her pursuits; big Monsieur's little notes are still cited. At a minuet or sillabub, poor Antoinette was unrivalled; and Charles, on the tight-rope, was so graceful and so *gentil*, that Madame Saqui might envy him. The time only was out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever such harmless creatures as these were bidden to right it!

A walk to the little Trianon is both pleasing and moral; no doubt the reader has seen the pretty fantastical gardens which environ it; the groves and temples; the streams and caverns (whither, as the guide tells you, during the heat of summer, it was the custom of Marie Antoinette to retire, with her favourite, Madame de Lamballe); the lake, and Swiss village, are pretty little toys, moreover; and the cicerone of the place does not fail to point out the different cottages which surround the piece of water, and tell the names of the royal masqueraders who inhabited each. In the long cottage, close upon the lake, dwelt the Seigneur du Village, no less a personage than Louis XV; Louis XVI, the Dauphin, was the Bailli; near his cottage is that of Monseigneur the Count d'Artois, who was the miller; opposite, lived the Prince de Condé, who enacted the part of gamekeeper (or, indeed, any other rôle, for it does not signify much); near him was the Prince de Rohan, who was the aumônier; and yonder is the pretty little dairy, which was under the charge of the fair Marie Antoinette herself.

I forget whether Monsieur, the fat Count of Provence, took any share of this royal masquerading; but look at the names of the other six actors of the comedy, and it will be hard to find any person for whom Fate had such dreadful visitations in store. Fancy the party, in the days of their prosperity, here gathered at Trianon, and seated under the tall poplars, by the lake, discoursing

familiarly together : suppose, of a sudden, some conjuring Cagliostro of the time is introduced among them, and foretells to them the woes that are about to come. ‘ You, Monsieur l’Aumônier, the descendant of a long line of princes, the passionate admirer of that fair queen who sits by your side, shall be the cause of her ruin and your own,¹ and shall die in disgrace and exile. You, son of the Condés, shall live long enough to see your royal race overthrown, and shall die by the hands of a hangman.² You, oldest son of Saint Louis, shall perish by the executioner’s axe ; that beautiful head, O Antoinette ! the same ruthless blade shall sever.’ ‘ They shall kill me first,’ says Lamballe, at the queen’s side. ‘ Yes, truly,’ replies the soothsayer, ‘ for Fate prescribes ruin for your mistress, and all who love her.’³ ‘ And,’ cries Monsieur d’Artois, ‘ do I not love my sister, too ? I pray you not to omit me in your prophesies.’

To whom, Monsieur Cagliostro says, scornfully, ‘ you may look forward to fifty years of life, after most of these are laid in the grave. You shall be a king, but not die one ; and shall leave the crown only ; not the worthless head that shall wear it. Thrice shall you go into exile ; you shall fly from the people, first, who would have no more of you and your race ; and you shall return home over half a million human corpses, that have been made for the sake of you, and of a tyrant as great as the greatest of your family. Again driven away, your bitterest enemy shall bring you back. But the strong limbs of France are not to be chained by such a paltry yoke as you can put on her ; you shall be a tyrant, but in will only ; and shall have a sceptre, but to see it robbed from your hand.’

‘ And, pray, Sir Conjuror, who shall be the robber ? ’ asked Monsieur the Count d’Artois.

This I cannot say, for here my dream ended. The fact

¹ In the diamond-necklace affair.

² He was found hanging in his own bed-room.

³ Among the many lovers that rumour gave to the queen, poor Fersen is the most remarkable. He seems to have entertained for her a high and perfectly pure devotion. He was the chief agent in the luckless escape to Varennes ; was lurking in Paris during the time of her captivity ; and was concerned in the many fruitless plots that were made for her rescue. Fersen lived to be an old man, but died a dreadful and violent death. He was dragged from his carriage by the mob, in Stockholm, and murdered by them.

is, I had fallen asleep, on one of the stone-benches in the Avenue de Paris ; and, at this instant, was awakened by a whirling of carriages, and a great clattering of national guards, lancers, and outriders, in red. HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS PHILIPPE, was going to pay a visit to the palace, which contains several pictures of his own glorious actions, and which has been dedicated, by him, to all the glories of France.

ART CRITICISMS

[From *Fraser's Magazine, The Times, &c.*, 1837-1845, 1850, 1854,
. 1863]

ART CRITICISMS



A WORD ON THE ANNUALS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1837]

A PARCEL of the little' gilded books, which generally make their appearance at this season, now lies before us. There are the *Friendship's Offering* embossed, and the *Forget-Me-Not* in morocco ; Jennings's *Landscape* in dark green, and the *Christian Keepsake* in pea ; *Gems of Beauty* in shabby green calico, and *Flowers of Loveliness* in tawdry red woollen ; moreover, the *Juvenile Scrap-book* for good little boys and girls ; and, among a host of others, and greatest of all, the *Book of Gems*, with no less than forty-three pretty pictures, for the small sum of one guinea and a half.

Now, with the exception of the last, which is a pretty book, containing a good selection of modern poetry and a series of vignettes (which, though rather small, are chiefly from good sketches, or pictures), and of Jennings's *Landscape Annual*,¹ which contains the admirable designs of Mr. Roberts, nothing can be more trumpery than the whole collection—as works of art, we mean. They tend to encourage bad taste in the public, bad engraving, and worse painting. As to their literary pretensions, they are such as they have been in former years. There have been, as we take it, since the first fashion for Annuals came up, some hundred and fifty volumes of the kind ; and such a display of miserable mediocrity, such a collection of feeble verse, such a gathering of small wit, is hardly to be found in any other series. But the wicked critics have sufficiently abused them already ; and our business, therefore, at present, is chiefly with the pictorial part of the books.

The chief point upon which the publishers and proprietors

¹ Jennings's *Landscape Annual for 1838 : Spain and Morocco*. By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from drawings by David Roberts. 8vo. London, 1838.

of these works have insisted, is the encouragement which they have afforded to art and artists, by keeping them constantly before the world, set off by all the advantages of a pretty binding, a skilful engraver, and a poet, paid at a shilling a line, more or less, to point out the beauties of the artists' compositions, and to awaken, by his verses or his tale, the public attention towards the painter. But the poor painter is only the publisher's slave : to live, he must not follow the bent of his own genius, but cater, as best he may, for the public inclination ; and the consequence has been, that his art is little better than a kind of prostitution ; for the species of pictorial skill which is exhibited in such books as *Beauty's Costume*, the *Book of Beauty*, *Finden's Tableaux*, &c., is really nothing better.

It is hardly necessary to examine these books and designs one by one—they all bear the same character, and are exactly like the *Books of Beauty*, *Flowers of Loveliness*, and so on, which appeared last year. A large weak plate, done in what we believe is called the stipple style of engraving, a woman badly drawn, with enormous eyes—a tear, perhaps, upon each cheek, and an exceedingly low-cut dress—pats a greyhound, or weeps into a flower-pot, or delivers a letter to a bandy-legged, curly-headed page. An immense train of white satin fills up one corner of the plate ; an urn, a stone-railing, a fountain, and a bunch of hollyhocks, adorn the other ; the picture is signed Sharpe, Parris, Corbould, Corboux, Jenkins, Brown, as the case may be, and is entitled 'the Pearl,' 'la Dolorosa,' 'la Biondina,' 'le Gage d'Amour,' 'the Forsaken One of Florence,' 'the Water-lily,' or some such name. Miss Landon, Miss Mitford, or my Lady Blessington, writes a song upon the opposite page, about water-lily, chilly, stilly, shivering beside a streamlet, plighted, blighted, love-benighted, falsehood sharper than a gimlet, lost affection, recollection, cut connexion, tears in torrents, true-love token, spoken, broken, sighing, dying, girl of Florence, and so on. The poetry is quite worthy of the picture, and a little sham sentiment is employed to illustrate a little sham art.

It would be curious to know who are the gods from whom these fair poetesses draw their inspiration (and, whatever be their Castaly, they have, as it were, but to turn the cock, and out comes a ready dribble of poetry, which lasts for any given time), or who are the persons from whom

the painters receive their orders. It cannot be supposed that Miss Landon, a woman of genius,—Miss Mitford, a lady of exquisite wit and taste—should, of their own accord, sit down to indite namby-pamby verses about silly, half-decent pictures; or that Jenkins, Parris, Meadows, and Co. are not fatigued by this time with the paltry labour assigned to them. Mr. Parris has exhausted all possible varieties of ringlets, eyelashes, naked shoulders, and slim waists; Mr. Meadows, as a humorous painter, possesses very great comic feeling and skill: who sets them to this wretched work?—to paint these eternal fancy portraits, of ladies in voluptuous attitudes and various stages of deshabelle, to awaken the dormant sensibilities of misses in their teens, or tickle the worn-out palates of elderly rakes and *roués*? What a noble occupation for a poet! What a delicate task for an artist! ‘How sweet!’ says miss, examining some voluptuous Inez, or some loving Haidee, and sighing for an opportunity to imitate her. ‘How rich!’ says the gloating old bachelor, who has his bedroom hung round with them, or the dandy young shopman, who can only afford to purchase two or three of the most undressed; and the one dreams of opera-girls and French milliners, and the other, of the ‘splendid women’ that he has seen in Mr. Yates’s last new piece at the Adelphi.

The publishers of these prints allow that the taste is execrable which renders such abominations popular, but the public will buy nothing else, and the public must be fed. The painter, perhaps, admits that he abuses his talent (that noble gift of God, which was given him for a better purpose than to cater for the appetites of faded debauchees); but he must live, and he has no other resource. Exactly the same excuse might be made by Mrs. Cole.

Let us look at the *Keepsake*,¹ which is in pink calico this year, having discarded its old skin of watered crimson silk. The size of the book is larger than formerly, and the names of the contributors (distinguished though they be) withdrawn from the public altogether; the editor stating, in a preface, that if the public like this plan, the mystery shall be sedulously guarded: if otherwise, in the next series the great names of the contributors to the *Keepsake* shall be published, as of old.

¹ The *Keepsake* for 1838. Royal 8vo. London, Longman.

There are a dozen plates. A pretty lady, of course, by Chalon, for a frontispiece ; next comes an engraving, called, touchingly, 'The First.' This represents a Greek kissing a Turkish lady ; and, following it, is a third plate, with heart-breaking pathos, entitled 'The Last.' It is our old friend Conrad, with Medora dead in her bed ; but there are some other words tricked up to this old tune : 'What ! is the *ladye* sleeping !' &c. We think we can recognize, in spite of the incog., the fair writer who calls Conrad's mistress a *ladye*. The next is a very good engraving, from a clever picture by Mr. Herbert. A fierce Persian significantly touches his sword ; a melancholy girl, in front, looks timidly and imploringly at the spectator. Who can have written the history which has been tagged to this print ? Is it Lord Nugent, or Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, or Lady Blessington, or my Lord Castlereagh, or Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs ? It is of the most profound and pathetic cast, and is called 'My Turkish Visit.' We quote from it, chiefly to show the manner in which these matters are arranged between writer and publisher : the tale itself is a perfect curiosity.

A lady introduces the supposed authoress (for, though the *ego* is feminine in this tale, any one of the above-mentioned noblemen or noblewomen may have written it) to Namich Pasha, the Turkish ambassador at Paris. The authoress longs to see a real Turk, his excellency, Namich, not being enough Mahometan for her. Namich wears a skull-cap and a frock-coat ; *her* Turk (dear enthusiast !) must have a turban, a yataghan, a pair of papooshes, a kelaat, a salamalick (for other Turkish terms, consult *Anastasius* and Miss Pardoe), and, perhaps, a harefm to boot. The gallant Namich has the very thing in his eye ; and the very next day the authoress, in a sledge (sledges were in fashion in Paris that year), drives *several miles down the Versailles Road, to the kiosk of a Turkish diamond merchant*. O happy Lady Skeggs ! what an adventure ! what an imagination above all ! Who but a first-rate genius could have invented such an incident, and found a kiosk, and a Turk domiciled in it, on the road to Versailles ?

Her ladyship arrives at the kiosk, and thus describes its owner :

Sooliman was a tall, powerful, but emaciated man, advanced in years, whose countenance bore the remains of much stern beauty ;

but his large dark eyes had that glaring restlessness which we are apt to ascribe to insanity ; his black brows were contracted with severity, and his mouth bore a harsh expression amidst the flowing beard which surrounded it.

His costume consisted of a long, full dress of violet-coloured cloth, under an open robe of dark green, the edges and hanging sleeves of the latter being bordered with rich sable ; a fawn-coloured Cashmere formed his girdle, in which was placed a straight dagger ; yellow pointed slippers, formed his garments, and on his head he wore a high cap, or *kalpak*, without ornament.

There he is, as fierce-looking a Mussulman as heart could wish for ; but a strange creature of a Turk, who in a kiosk at Versailles, with an abhorrence of all the innovations introduced by the grand seignior, and a determination to stick by old customs, has adopted a *Persian costume* ! Barikallah, Bismillah, Mahomet resoul Allahi, as our friend Fraser¹ says, he is an Ispahance, a Shuranzee, a Kizzilbash, and no mistake ; but not a Turk. How does our lovely authoress explain the eccentricity ?

Proceeding, however, with the interesting story, her ladyship is introduced by the powerful but emaciated Turk to his daughter, who is found in an apartment, of which we delight to give the following tasty description :

Emerging from darkness, I was dazzled by the bright winter sunbeams pouring into one of the most brilliantly furnished rooms I had ever seen. On three sides it was fitted up with figured velvet sofas ; but the south side was entirely in glass, painted in gay garlands, forming part of a conservatory, which was filled with blossoming orange-trees and bright exotics, emitting a delicious fragrance. Three or four beautiful birds were expanding their plumage to the light, whilst a *movable* fountain of perfumed water threw up its wreaths of living diamonds at the entrance. There was no fireplace ; yet, notwithstanding the chilly season, the artificial temperature resembled May ; and in the centre of the room stood a golden brazier filled with burning scented woods. The velvet sofas were of *light green*, having golden flowers and tassels ; a number of *pink* cushions piled near the window were worked in silver patterns ; and one of *white satin*, edged with down, had what I concluded was a *Turkish name* embroidered in *seed pearls*.

¹ Not the eminent publisher, but the agreeable writer of that name. In spite of the author's assertion (who obtained his intimate knowledge of Persian in a forty-three years' residence at Ispahan), we fancy the figure to be neither Turk nor Persian. There is a Jew model about town, who waits upon artists, and is very like Mr. Herbert's Sooliman.—O. Y.

This description alone is worth a guinea,—let alone twelve engravings, and a pink calico cover. Mr. Bulwer has done some pretty things in the upholstery line of writing; but, ye gods! what is *Pelham* to compare with our friend at the kiosk,—dirt, at which the delicate mind sickens—dross, pinchbeck, compared to this pure gold. In this kiosk on the Versailles road, nay, in one little chamber of it, we have, *imprimis*,

Four different kinds of scents, viz. :

1. Scented orange-trees ;
2. Scented exotics ;
3. Scented water in the movable fountain ;
4. Scented fire in the golden brazier ;

Three different kinds of sofas, viz., light-green velvet and gold; rose-pink and silver; white satin, edged with down, and embroidered with seed pearls.

If this is not imagination, where the deuce is it to be sought for? If this is not fine writing, genius is dead! But we must not keep the eager public from the rest of the description, which sweetly runs on thus :

The walls of white and gold were panelled, and inlaid in various arabesque devices; and, instead of the rough *plafond*, too common in French houses, the ceiling was richly carved and ornamented in *pale rose-colour and gold*.

Having taken full time to remark all these wonders—for the negress had departed instantly—I approached a low table, on which were several books bound in velvet and gold; a writing-stand embossed with gems, with a *penholder imitating a feather, in pearls*. Beside the table, *on a beautiful reading-stand*, and covered with a gauze and gold handkerchief, was a large volume, clasped with an amethyst, *which I concluded was the Koran*. While I was bending over it, I heard the door close at the other end of the room, and, on looking round, I felt that I beheld the princess of this fairy palace, Aminéh Hanoom, the daughter of Sooliman.

Talk of the silver-fork school of romance, gracious heavens! Give silver forks for the future to base grooms, or lowly dustmen. A silver fork, forsooth! it may serve to transfix a saveloy, or to perforate a roasted tator; but never let the term be used for the future to designate a series of novels which pretend to describe polite life. After this, all else is low and mean. Who before ever imagined a Mussulman writing with a Bramah *penholder*;

who ever invented such jewels for an inkstand, or flung such a handkerchief over such a reading-stand ?

The authoress (if *not* a she, it really is too bad) ingratiates herself with Miss Hanoom [هانوم], and sleeps with her on the very same night. The beauties of the drawing-room are outdone by the splendour of the best chamber.

Goumah (the nigger girl before mentioned) having entered to attend us for the night, I accompanied Aminéh to her own apartment. I had an impression that the Turkish apartments were arranged with a simplicity strongly contrasting with their day-rooms ; so that I was quite unprepared for the new splendour awaiting me.

In two recesses, draped with silk, were piles of mattresses, covered in satin, edged with silver fringe ; numerous pillows of spotted gauze *over pink satin* (we breathe again—it cannot be a man), and eider-down counterpanes covered with velvet. On Aminéh's couch the latter was of *apricot-coloured velvet*, with *her initials* in small pearls in the centre ; at the side of each couch was placed a purple velvet prayer-carpet. A beautiful *ruby-coloured* lamp gave its soft light around ; and long after Aminéh slumbered I remained in a waking dream, scarcely daring to ask my delighted senses, can all these things be ?¹

Sleep, happy Wilhelmina Amelia, we will follow thee no further.

But seriously, or, as Dr. Lardner says, *seriatim*, is this style of literature to continue to flourish in England ? Is every year to bring more nonsense like this, for foolish parents to give to their foolish children ; for dull people to dawdle over till the dinner-bell rings ; to add something to the trash on my lady's drawing-room table, or in Miss's bookcase ? *Quousque tandem ?* How far, O Keepsake, wilt thou abuse our forbearance ? How many more bad pictures are to be engraved, how many more dull stories to be written, how long will journalists puff and the gulled public purchase ? It is curious to read the titles of the *Keepsake* prints, as they follow in order : after the three first which we have noticed come,

The Greek Maiden ;
Zuleikha ;
Angelica ;

¹ Our friend Mr. Yellowplush has made inquiries as to the authorship of this tale, and his report is that it is universally ascribed in the highest circles to Miss Howell-and-James.

Theresa ;

Walter and Ida (a clever picture, by Edward Corbould) ;

The Silver Lady ;

and all (save the one which we have marked) bad—bad in artistical feeling, careless in drawing, poor and feeble in effect. There is not one of these beauties, with her great eyes, and slim waist, that looks as if it had been painted from a human figure. It is but a slovenly, rickety, wooden imitation of it, tricked out in some tawdry feathers and frippery, and no more like a real woman than the verses which accompany the plate are like real poetry.

There are one or two shops in London where German prints are exhibited in the windows ; it is humiliating to pass them, and contrast the art of the two countries. Look at the Two Leonoras, for instance, and contrast them with some of the heroines of Mr. Parris, or the plump graces of Mr. Meadows. Take his picture called 'The Pansies,' for instance, in that delectable book the *Flowers of Loveliness*, and contrast it with the German print. In the latter, nothing escapes the artist's industry, or is too mean for him to slur over or forget. The figures are of actual real flesh and blood ; their dresses, their ornaments, every tittle and corner of the whole picture, carefully copied from nature. Mr. Meadows is, perhaps, more poetic ; he trusts to genius, and draws at random ; and yet, of the two pictures, which is the most poetical and ideal ? those simple, life-like, tender Leonoras with sweet, calm faces, and pure earnest eyes ; or the fat indecency in 'The Pansies,'¹ whose shoulders are exposed as shoulders never ought to be, and drawn as shoulders never were. Another fat creature, in equal deshabelle, embraces Fatima, No. 1 ; a third, archly smiling, dances away, holding in her hand a flower—there is no bone or muscle in that coarse bare bosom, those unnatural naked arms, and fat dumpy fingers. The idea of the picture is coarse, mean, and sensual—the execution of it no better.

We have seized upon Mr. Meadows, for he is the cleverest man of the whole bunch of artists to whom this style of painting is confided, and can do far better things. Why

¹ *Flowers of Loveliness : Twelve groups of Female Figures representing Flowers.* Designed by various Artists, with Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L. London, 1838, Ackermann.

not condescend to be decent, and careful, and natural? And why should Miss Corboux paint naked women, called water-lilies, and paint them ill? or Mr. Uwins design a group of females (the Hyacinths), who have limbs that females never had, and crouch in attitudes so preposterous and unnatural? Both these artists have shown how much more they can do: it is only the taste of the age which leads them to degrade the talent with which they are gifted, and the art which they profess.

It is tedious to continue a criticism upon a subject which offers so little room for remark or praise. It is the test of a good picture, after seeing it once, to remember it involuntarily, as it were, and to distinguish it from a host of the inferior brood. Yet, in looking through those dozen volumes of Annuals, there is not one plate in the whole two hundred which can be recalled to memory the day after it has been seen. It is a shame that so much time and cleverness should be wasted upon things so unproductive. In *Friendship's Offering*¹ and the *Forget-Me-Not*² there are, with the exception of the frontispieces, but two pictures of moderate merit—an Italian view by Stanfield, and a picture of Venice by Werner: all the engraver's skill and labour goes for naught, when employed upon the paltry subjects which illustrate the volumes. In Roberts's *Annual* the prints are more successful; for the artist is skilful, and his drawings are far more easily copied in engraving than subjects of history or figures. The pictorial illustrations of the *Christian Keepsake*³ and Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-Book*⁴ are, to speak with due reverence, humbug. Some of them have already figured in evangelical magazines, some in missionary memoirs, some in historical portrait galleries—some few are original; but the general character of the works is not original—the drawings have served, most likely, some profane purpose,

¹ *Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1838.* London, 1838, Smith & Co.

² *Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1838.* Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London, 1838, Ackermann.

³ *The Christian Keepsake for 1838.* Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 8vo. London, 1838, Fisher.

⁴ *The Drawing-room Scrap-Book.* Dedicated to Queen Victoria. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. 4to. London, 1838, Fisher.

before they were converted to pious use : and it is painful to read so frequently the name of religion *exploitée* in this instance to puff off old prints and enhance publishers' profits. Of a similar degree of humbug is the *Juvenile Scrap-Book*¹—it comes from the same firm to which we owe the *Christian Keepsake*. The prints, with an affectation of novelty, and with new stories or poems to illustrate them, are poor and old. There is the old plate of the Princess Victoria, published two years ago, and the old plate of Carlisle Castle, and Gainsborough's milk-girl, and Duppa's Magdalen (or Carlo Dolce's), newly scraped up by the engraver, and with a fine new title. The unwary public, who purchase Mr. Fisher's publications, will be astonished, if they knew but the secret, with the number of repetitions, and the ingenuity with which one plate is made to figure, now in the *Scrap-Book*, now in the *Views of Syria*,² and now in the *Christian Keepsake*. Heaven knows how many more periodicals are issued from the same establishment, and how many different titles are given to each individual print !

We have arrived almost at the end of the list. Mr. Hall's *Book of Gems*³ has far higher pretensions and merits than the rest of the collection. The paintings are new, and generally good, and the engravings are careful and brilliant—if they were but three times the size, both painters and engravers would have done themselves justice : the poetry is also very well selected ; and the book may lie upon all drawing-room tables in the country, and not offend modesty or good taste. But what shall we say of the *Gems of Beauty*⁴ and *Finden's Tableaux*?⁵ There is not a good

¹ Fisher's *Juvenile Scrap-Book*. By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London, 1838, Fisher.

² Fisher's *Oriental Keepsake*, 1838. Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c., illustrated. In a series of Views drawn from Nature, by W. H. Bartlett, William Purser, &c. With Descriptions of the Plates, by John Carne, Esq., Author of *Letters from the East*. Second edition, 4to. London, Fisher.

³ *The Book of Gems : the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain*. Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo. London, 1838, Whittaker.

⁴ *Gems of Beauty : Displayed in a Series of Twelve highly-finished Engravings of the Passions*, from designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. With fanciful Illustrations in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington. 4to. London, 1838, Longman.

⁵ *Finden's Tableaux : a Series of Picturesque Scenes of National*

picture among all the numerous illustrations to these gaudy volumes. We have not meddled with the prose or verse which illustrates the illustrations. Miss Landon writes so many good things, that it would be a shame to criticize anything indifferent from her pen—Miss Mitford has made the English reader pass so many pleasant hours, that we must pardon a few dull ones. The wonder is that either of the ladies can write so well, and affix to this endless succession of paltry prints, verses indifferent sometimes, but excellent so often. In the work called *Fisher's Scrap-Book*, for instance, Miss Landon has performed a miracle—it may be ‘a miracle instead of wit;’ but it is a perfect wonder how any lady could have penned such a number of verses upon all sorts of subjects, and upon subjects, perhaps, on which, in former volumes of this *Scrap-Book*, she has poetized half-a-dozen times before. She will pardon us for asking, if she does justice to her great talent by employing it in this way? It is the gift of God to her—to watch, to cherish, and to improve: it was not given her to be made over to the highest bidder, or to be pawned for so many pounds per sheet. An inferior talent (like that of many of whom we have been speaking) must sell itself to live—a *genius* has higher duties; and Miss Landon degrades hers, by producing what is even indifferent.

Here, however, rather late in the month, appear the *Children of the Nobility*¹—a charming series of portraits by Chalon, Bostock, and Maclise. The beauty of the collection is that the pictures are really from nature; while your Leilas, Lillas, and such trash, are but the offspring of a very poor imagination. O lovely, melancholy Miss Copleys! O sweet, fantastic Lady Somersets! O charming Lady Mary Howard! you are brighter than all the Gems of Beauty melted down, and all the Flowers of Loveliness in a bunch. This book is a real treasure. Mr. Chalon, our

Character, Beauty, and Costume. From Paintings by various Artists, after sketches by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of *Our Village*, &c. London, 1838, Tilt.

¹ *Portraits of the Children of the Nobility: a Series of highly-finished Engravings*, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. From drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., and other eminent artists. With Illustrations in Verse by distinguished Contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. First series, 4to. London, 1838, Longman.

Watteau, has contributed the greater part of the series. Both Mr. Maclise's drawings are admirable in truth and feeling ; and the contributions of Mr. Bostock merit no less praise. These gentlemen, not the humblest among artists, will condescend to copy flesh and blood, and the consequence is that there is not a single bad drawing in the collection. Now, let us look at the *Book of Beauty*,¹ in which are many portraits likewise. The difference between the natural beauties and the artificial is quite ludicrous. Chalon's Ayesha, Meadows's Dolorida, and somebody else by Jenkins, are, of course, from imagination, and are, in consequence, the three worst plates of the book. Dolorida is neither more nor less than shameful—another of Mr. Meadows's fatties in a chemise. If it were but a good honest fat woman, dressed in real calico, we should not cry out ; but the chemise is unnatural, and so is the woman, who has not even the merit of beauty to recommend her. Let the reader look, too, at the difference between Chalon's Ayesha, and Chalon's Mrs. Lane Fox ; the former is a caricature of a woman, and the other—it is difficult to speak of the other—such a piece of voluptuous loveliness is dangerous to look at or describe. The binding of this book, by the way, is perfectly hideous—it looks like one of Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats.

The *Authors of England*² are engraved in that admirable medallion style which has lately been invented by Mr. Collas. They are from reliefs by Weeks and Wyon, and are startling in effect and reality. This book can hardly be called an Annual, for it has a permanent interest, and is sure, we should think, of an extensive popularity. Artists alone should buy it as a study, for there is no better, in the science of light and shade and line drawing. It is marvellous what effects and imitations of nature are produced by this method, by which the engravings look as real as the medals from which they are taken.

¹ *Book of Beauty*, 1838, with highly-finished Engravings. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Royal 8vo. London, 1838, Longman.

² *The Authors of England : a Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters*, engraved from the works of British artists, by Achille Collas. With Illustrative Notices by Henry F. Chorley. 4to. London, 1838, Tilt.

THE ANNUALS

[*The Times*, November 2nd, 1838]

A FOREIGNER, if he is anxious to know what is the state of art in England, will naturally enough turn to the print-books which appear annually at this season, and certain hundreds of specimens of the works of our artists, and, of course, of the taste of the public. The foreigner will have a pretty account to give of us to his countrymen when he has duly examined the annuals, read all the poems and stories which they contain, and studied all the delicately engraved prints which ornament them. We have the best artists, the best engravers, and can furnish the cheapest engravings. We can (thanks to the wondrous perfection of steel engraving) issue out thousands of beautiful pictures where only tens could be printed before; it is as easy to multiply Reynoldses or Wilkies as to take off a thousand impressions from the worst drawings of the worst daubers, and the consequence is, that with all these facilities the public has acquired such a taste for art as is far worse than regular barbarism, and with twice the opportunities shows twice the ignorance of any other people of Europe.

There seems to be a general conspiracy between printers, publishers, and the people to banish nature altogether from pictures, and to substitute and to admire a favourite monster of their own. It is called Beauty, and came in along with steel engravings some six years ago. It first made its appearance in Byron Beauties, then came the Shakespeare Beauties, then the Scott Beauties, then Books of Beauty, Wreaths of Beauty, Gems of Beauty, Flowers of Beauty, Beauty of all colours, black and white, dressed and undressed. At first some of our best painters condescended to contribute to these albums, and painted flesh and blood beauties; these, however, very speedily ceased to be admired by the public. Their beauties nowadays are not women at all. They have not bodies and limbs like women,

their eyes are too large, their waists are far too small, the beauty of the annuals is the modern English *improvement* upon a woman. Nature does not know how to make them, that is clear. Artists won't copy from nature's women, or the public won't buy the copies, which is the same thing; for bread is more sacred even than art, and the poor artist here is led, and does not lead, astray.

We cannot pretend to give an account of all the annuals; but perhaps in illustration of the above remarks may speak of some half-dozen we have seen.

The *Book of Royalty* must, of course, take precedence; it is a folio, bound in gorgeous red morocco, with a blue garter in the midst of the cover, whereon the title is inscribed. It is certainly the gayest of the annuals outside and in. The prints are upon a new plan, and not, we think, an unhappy one. The *Book of Royalty* has discarded the old line engravings, and substituted the new fashion of tinted lithography, which has been of late carried to such perfection by Mr. Hullmandel. By printing the plates upon what we believe painters call a middle-tint, and leaving the lights white, the labour of the colourist is almost spared, and a very slight wash of colour gives to the picture a finished look. The works of Messrs. Perring and Brown (who have between them this year done a full half of the illustrations in the annuals) appear in the *Book of Royalty* to peculiar advantage. The drawings of these gentlemen seem for the most part too slight to be submitted to the careful copying of a steel engraver, and one is disposed to pardon many inaccuracies in a sketch that would offend the eye in a finished picture. A plate, for instance, entitled 'James I and his Daughter' (who is dressed, by the way, in the exact costume of the time of Henry VI), looks almost as well as an original sketch by a painter, is prettily composed, and bright and pleasing in colour. If King James's legs are a little out of drawing, and His Majesty's right arm not such an arm as a man, much less a king, usually possesses, the fault is more easily pardoned in a sketch, for in such dashing and hasty performances the very best of painters will occasionally draw ill. A dozen or more of these brightly coloured designs adorn the volume, and pretty little stories and ballads by Mrs. Hall illustrate the illustrations. The frontispiece represents Queen Elizabeth coming from her coronation at Westminster Abbey; and the next plate

is a sad libel upon her present Majesty Queen Victoria, who is represented walking down stairs, surrounded by her maids of honour. *A propos* of this picture, Mrs. Hall sings—

God save the Queen ! all Britain through
 One burst of joy repeats the prayer ;
 And all are loyal, firm and true :
 Subjects are lovers everywhere !
 Our tributes are the hearts we bring.
 The debt of loyal love we pay.
 God save the Queen ! we gaily sing.
 God bless the Queen ! in fervour pray.
 We think of days our sires have seen,
 The brightest page of Britain's story
 Records the power, the wealth, and glory
 When Britain's sovereign was a Queen !
 God save the Queen !

However heartily we may come to the same conclusion with Mrs. Hall, we must doubt some of her premises ; for in this happy country, where according to our enthusiastic songstress, 'all are loyal, firm, and true,' and 'subjects lovers everywhere,' it must be confessed that *some* have a very singular way of showing their loyalty and their love.

After Mrs. Hall and the *Book of Royalty* comes, as in duty bound, Miss Sheridan with the *Diadem*. This we have already noticed in terms of commendation. Next in rank is Miss Mitford, who introduces to the public *Finden's Tableaux*. The work has no inconsiderable literary pretensions, and we would, had we space, copy a very clever ballad by Miss Barrett, which opens the collection. As in the *Book of Royalty*, so in the *Tableaux*, Messrs. Perring and Brown have performed the illustrations between them ; nor do they differ much in character from the hundreds which for some years past have shone in all print-shops. Beautiful young ladies, in every possible costume and attitude, appear in every one of the pictures. In the 'Romaunt of the Page' a young woman, disguised like one of those male domestics, stands behind a tree, watching knights fighting mistily in the background. The 'Bucaneer' represents another young lady, whose portrait is signed by Mr. Brown. We suspect the figure has been taken from one of the designs of the French artist, Tony Johannot ; as is the head of the young lady, called the 'Baron's daughter,'

from the work of another French artist, M. Deveriaë ; as is a third figure (the ' Girl of Ariccia,' in the collection called ' Beauty's Costume '), and signed ' Dyce,' from a well-known picture which appeared in the last French exhibition by a clever painter, Winterhalter. The ' Minstrel of Provence ' is very curiously like a head by an English painter, Mr. F. Stone, and one might, by carrying the inquiry further, detect still further plagiarisms, were they worth the pains of detection.

In truth, a painter may be well excused for sparing himself the trouble of making fresh compositions, or accurate and elaborate designs, when his labour will not serve him in such good stead as his carelessness—when the public *will* have works of only a certain standard, and discourages all attempts at a higher style of art. The artist must live before all things, and we dare wager that had the gentlemen who, as we have said, have executed the greatest number of the plates of this year's annuals produced, as they could do, works of twice the merit and labour, they would have found no market for their wares.

It is pretty clear, too, that the painters may indulge in copying foreign artists without fear of detection or censure ; for the prints of ancient annuals, numbered with the dead (so complete is the forgetfulness of the public, and so fleeting the reputation of these works of art), appear years afterwards, resuscitated, in works with a different binding and title, and have, with many, all the air of novelty : for instance, in a book published two years since, called *Heath's Drawing-room Portfolio*, there appeared a certain number of plates, with poems by Lady Blessington, composed in their honour. These plates have passed out of the hands of Mr. Heath and her Ladyship into those of Mr. Fisher and Miss Landon, who have transferred them from the old *Drawing-room Portfolio* to the new *Drawing-room Scrap Book*. The titles are, in many cases, altered, the plates touched up a little, and it is curious to read the different interpretations which each lady gives to the plates before her. Thus, about a picture of Selim and Zuleika Lady Blessington writes—

Ye bright creations of a master-mind,
Such as to mortals rarely hath been given,
By fancy led and wit and taste refined,
A spirit wandered down to earth from Heaven.

Zuleika ! Selim ! children of a clime,
 Bright as the intellect which gave ye birth,
 Dowered with a love, deep, earnest, and sublime,
 Too warm perchance for Heaven—too high for earth.
 Ah ! who dare touch what Byron hath portrayed
 With the rare hues of genius' magic spell ?
 Repeat the tale of that fond gentle maid,
 And her brave lover, sung by him so well.
 The theme is sacred from a feebler lay
 Which he hath sung—alas ! too early called away.

So far Lady Blessington, and one would have thought that her Ladyship in the above sonnet had quite settled the point that Zuleika and Selim, children of a clime bright as the intellect which gave them birth (by which it is clear that they were not only children of the clime but of the intellect too),—one would have thought that, as Byron had already written sufficiently of the above pair, their theme would have been sacred from a humbler lay. Miss Landon, on the contrary, has shown that a couple of pages of very smooth incomprehensible verses may be indited concerning them. Selim addresses Zuleika in the following strain :—

I dare not look upon that face,
 My bark is in the bay ;
 Too much already its soft grace
 Has won from me delay.
 A few short hours and I must gaze
 On those sad eyes no more,
 A dream will seem the pleasant days
 Passed on that lonely shore.

I love thee not, my heart has cast
 Its inmost love away ;
 • The many memories of the past
 Leave little for delay.
 • Thou art to me a thing apart
 From passion, hope, or fear ;
 Yet 'tis a pleasure to my heart
 To know thou art so dear.

Thy pensive influence only brought
 The dreams of early years ;
 What childhood felt—what childhood thought,—
 Its tenderness, its tears !
 Farewell ! the wind sets from the shore,
 The white foam lights the sea ;
 If Heaven one blessing have in store,
 That blessing light on thee !

We leave the reader to settle the respective merits of the above two quotations, not caring for our own part to submit them to an invidious criticism. We must not look at the points or paces of Pegasus when the poor nag is bestridden by some ponderous publisher, and ridden almost to death's door. One thing is clear, that if it be desired to make the worst painters, the worst poets, and to create the worst taste in the public, no better plan can be found than the present system. The poor painters cannot be good, even if they would. To be obliged to draw such trash as for the most part appears in the annuals, the endless Zuleikas and Isidoras of the *Book of Beauty*, is enough to spoil a young painter beyond redemption, to pervert his taste, to cramp his hand, which is employed in the petty and useless finish of these sketches elaborately unnatural, and to withdraw his eye from the contemplation of nature (of which art is but the mirror) to the study of such monstrosities. It seems to us that a painter who remains long at this work must ruin his eye, his hand, and his taste : that a poet, give him ever so much genius, can do little more than imitate the trash which he is called upon to illustrate with his verses ; and that the public (never, in England, a very great connoisseur of the fine arts) has been still further misled by the prodigality with which these bad models, and feeble, impotent caricatures of nature have been displayed abroad, and by the boundless dullness and imbecility which they have been taught to mistake for wit.

Beauty's Costume, with original descriptions, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq., has the advantage of containing 12 plates of figures, among which, the first by Miss Corboux (a very pretty figure of a Venetian lady) looks to be the only one which is drawn from nature. The rest are drawn with the mind, as it were, and not with the eye, and are, in consequence, merely conventional women, with those long eye-lashes and tapering boneless fingers, which women luckily do not possess, and which came doubtless into vogue amongst the artists in their study of the *Petit Courier des Dames*, or the plates of fashions in the *Ladies' Magazines*. Mr. Ritchie confines his original description to a few simple lines of prose, explanatory of the subject of the plate : a much more pleasant and quiet method of explanation than is followed by some of his contemporaries. But as for the Chinese ladies, the Hindoo ladies, the Swiss ladies,

the execution of them is as feeble as the invention is maudlin and sickly: The women are not women, and the costumes are not costumes; why will our young painters continue to draw from imagination, and not from reality, of which their elders and their betters know the value?

The *Keepsake*, as it has the highest pretensions, has also the highest merit.¹ One of Mr. Herbert's paintings, intended to illustrate Lord Byron, but here called the 'Unearthly Visitant,' is beautiful in grace and feeling, very superior to the general productions of the English school. A little girl by Mr. Dyce is likewise charming, and the plates having been considerably increased in size give greater scope at once to the engraver and the artist, who especially was sadly cramped for room before. Let us not forget to applaud the India-rubber binding, by aid of which the book opens, and each leaf is displayed in the most satisfactory manner; if any inducement can tempt the reader to peruse the contents of the *Keepsake*, the writers will surely have to thank Mr. Handcock's patent.

As the *Keepsake* is remarkable for its pictorial contributions, the *Amaranth*, we think, may very fairly claim the first rank as a literary work. It is as much above par in this point as the other annuals are below, and we heartily trust will meet the public approbation. It contains a more than ordinary quantity of pleasant prose—Mr. Poole's paper on Margate is perhaps the pleasantest of all the collection, and admirable for its point and fine humour; but we can more conveniently transfer verse to our columns, and are sure that the reader will be pleased with the following poem by James Montgomery: it is a pretty *pendant* to Southey's famous 'Holly Tree: '—

THE MYRTLE

Dark green, and gemmed with flowers of snow,
 With close uncrowded branches spread,
 Nor proudly high, nor meanly low,
 A graceful myrtle raised its head.

¹ In the *Keepsake*, however, Mr. Heath is endeavouring to kill two birds with one stone. Most of them are illustrations from Byron's works, and will doubtless appear some day in their real characters. At present the plan adopted seems to be to send the plate to a hack writer, who makes a tale to suit it.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf
 Seemed in my contemplative mood
 Like silent joy, a patient grief,
 The symbol of pure quietude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree !
 Then plucked a sprig ; and while I mused
 With idle hands unconsciously,
 The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, by my rude touch set free,
 Escaped from out their secret cells ;
 ' Quick life is thine,' I cried, ' fair tree,
 In thee a soul of fragrance dwells.

' What outrage, wrongs, nor death destroy,
 These wake its sweetness from repose ;
 Ah ! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ—
 Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose !

' In health, with unpretending grace,
 In wealth, with meekness and with fear,
 Through every season wear one face,
 And be in truth what I appear.

' Then should affliction's chastening rod
 Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart ;
 Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,
 Outbreathed in incense would depart.

' The Captain of Salvation thus,
 When as a lamb to slaughter led,
 Was, by the Father's will, for us
 Himself through suffering perfected !'

The next, by an anonymous writer, although careless in some parts, and in other passages most difficult of comprehension, contains some very fine lines. It is founded on the story in Herodotus, that in an attack of the Athenians upon Aeginetae the former were cut off with the exception of one man, who went home to tell the tale. He was met in the street of the city by a group of Athenian women, each of whom inquiring where he had left her husband, wounded him with the clasp of her robe until he died.

THE RECREANT.

With the hills of their fathers around them,
 The heaven of their country above,
 They went in the strength of their manhood,
 They went in the light of our love.

In the pride of their power they departed
 Down by the path of the sea ;
 Dark eyes of the desolate-hearted
 Were watching for them and for thee !

Who comes from the banquet of blood,
 Where the guests are as still as a stone ?
 Who dares to return by the road
 Where the steps of his joy are alone ?
 They were bound by the oath of the free,
 They were true as the steel that they bare,
 They were true to themselves and to thee !
 Behold, thou hast left them—and where ?

Oh, well 'has their triumph been told
 In the tune of its terrible crowning.
 Poor recreant ! kingly, though cold,
 Was the sleep that thou durst not lie down in
 The swords of the restless are rusted
 In the rest that thou shrunkest to share.
 False Helot ! to whom hast thou trusted
 The pride of the peaceful—and where ?

For thee, who wast not of the number
 That sunk in the red battle shade,
 Thy name shall be cursed in the slumber
 Of the life that thy baseness betrayed.
 The strength of the tremorless tread
 Of our bravest our love can resign,
 But tears as of blood shall be shed
 For the dastard returning of thine.

But what ! when thy soul hath not hearken'd
 To the charge of our love or our fear,
 Shall the soft eyes of Hellas be darken'd
 • By the thought of thy birth or thy bier ?
 The strength of thy shame shall requite thee ;
 • The souls of the lost shall not see
 Mother nor maid of the mighty
 Shed tear for a dastard like thee !

There are some noble lines in a poem entitled 'The Sabbath at Sea.'

Three pale thin clouds did stand upon
 The meeting line of sun and sky,
 With aspect high and mystic.
 I think they did forsee the sun,
 And rested on their prophecy
 In quietude majestic.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight !
 I oft had seen the daytime break
 From wave to hill returning.
 But here no earth profaned the light ;
 Heaven, ocean, *did alone partake*
The sacrament of morning.

The thought of love did make me low,
 And when I thought how 'neath the beech
 The wayside pond doth mirror ;
 Small children on that day would go
 In pretty pairs, with whisper'd speech,
 As the church-bells rang nearer.

And though *my* Sabbath silent came
 Without the stolèd minister
 Or chanting congregation,
 The *teaching spirit was the same*
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation !

The plates are for the most part very poor ; Mr. Brown has a clever portrait, which shows how much better it is to follow the doctrine we have been endeavouring to lay down, and draw from nature, and not from the imagination.

OUR ANNUAL EXECUTION

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January 1839]

THE best part of education in England used formerly to be the ROD. It made good scholars, brave soldiers, and honest gentlemen : it acted upon our English youth in a manner the most gentle, the most wholesome, the most effectual. It was applied indiscriminately, it is true ; but were any the worse for it ? Is there any man, of Eton or Westminster, who reads this, and can say that any part of him was injured by the rod application ? Not one ? Is there any, to go a step further, who can say that he was not benefited ? We pause for a reply. None ? Then none has it offended. Blessings be on the memory of the rod ! It is dead now : all the twigs are withered, all the buds have dropped off. It is a moss-grown and forgotten ruin, sacred only to a few, who worship timidly at the shrine where their fathers bowed openly, who still exercise the rod-worship, and cherish the recollections of the dear old times.

The critical rod, too, is, for the most part, thrown aside. This, however, was subject to more abuses than the scholastic rod (which was applied moderately only, and to parts where the defences against injury are naturally strong) ; critics were too fierce with their weapon, and did not mind where their blows hit. A poor harmless fellow has been whipped unto death's door almost, when the critic thought that he was only wholesomely correcting him ; another has been maimed for life, whom fierce-handed flagellifer had thought only to tickle. Such abuses came sometimes from sheer exuberance of spirits on the part of the critic (take the Great Professor, who, in fun, merely seizes on an unlucky devil, and flogs every morsel of skin off his back, so that he shall not be able to sit, lie, or walk, for months to come) ; sometimes from professional enthusiasm (like

that which some great surgeons have, who cannot keep their fingers from the knife); sometimes, alas! from personal malice, when the critic is no more than a literary cut-throat and brutal assassin, for whose infamy no punishment is too strong. The proper method, finally—for why affect modesty, and beat about the bush?—is that particular method which we adopt. If the subject to be operated upon be a poor weak creature, switch him gently, and then take him down. If he be a pert pretender, as well as an ignoramus, cut smartly, and make him cry out; his antics will not only be amusing to the lookers-on, but instructive likewise: a warning to other impostors, who will hold their vain tongues, and not be quite so ready for the future to thrust themselves in the way of the public. But, as a general rule, never flog a man, unless there are hopes of him; if he be a real malefactor, sinning not against taste merely, but truth, give him a grave trial and punishment: don't flog him, but brand him solemnly, and then cast him loose. The best cure for humbug is satire—here above typified as the rod; for crime, you must use the *hot iron*: but this, thank Heaven! is seldom needful, not more than once or twice in the seven-and-thirty years that we ourselves have sat on the bench.

Some such gentle switching as we have spoken of (mingled, however, with much sweet praise and honour for the meritorious) we are about to administer to the writers and draughtsmen for the *Annuals* of the present year. We had intended to pass them over altogether, having belaboured one or two of them twelve months since, had not the rest of the London critics, as we see by the advertisements, chosen to indulge in such unseemly praises and indecent raptures as may mislead the painters, authors, and the public, and prove the critics themselves to be quite unworthy of the posts they fill. Bad as the system of too much abusing is, the system of too much praising is a thousand times worse; and praise, monstrous, indiscriminate, wholesale, is the fashion of the day. The critics, for the most part, are down on their knees to authors and artists: every twaddling rhymester who fills a page in an *Annual*, and every poor dabbler in art who illustrates it, turns out to be a Raphael, a Byron the Second; and the public—with respect be it spoken, in matters of art the most ignorant, the most credulous public in Europe—

falls down on its knees in imitation of the critic, and to every one of his prayers roars out its stupid amen.¹

Thus we have been compelled to revert to the *Annals*, for there are dangerous symptoms of a return to the old superstition, and unless we cry out, it is not improbable that the public will begin to fancy once more that the verses which they contain are real poetry, and the pictures real painting: and thus painters, poets, and public, will be spoiled alike.

An eminent artist, who read those remarkable pages on the *Annals* which appeared in this magazine last year, was pleased to give us his advice, in case we ever should be tempted to return to the same subject at a future season. He had adopted the new faith about criticism, and was of opinion that it is the writer's duty only to speak of pictures particularly, when one could speak in terms of praise; not, of course, to praise unjustly, but to be discreetly silent when there was no opportunity. This was the dictum of old Goethe (as may be seen in Mrs. Austin's 'Characteristics' of that gentleman), who employed it, as our own Scott did likewise, as much, we do believe, to save himself trouble, and others annoyance, as from any conviction of the good resulting from the plan. It is a fine maxim, and should be universally adopted—across a table. Why should not Mediocrity be content, and fancy itself Genius? Why should not Vanity go home, and be a little more vain? If you tell the truth, ten to one but Dullness only grows angry, and is not a whit less dull than before,—such being its nature. But when *I* becomes *we*—sitting in judgement, and delivering solemn opinions—*we* must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for then there is a third party

¹ In matters of art, the public is entirely led by critics, or by names: for instance, in theatrical matters, what was the Kean mania of last season? The power of a name merely. Why is the Olympic Theatre not so well attended during the absence of the fair lady who rents it? The performances are, if possible, better and smarter than ever; but the public has been accustomed to think Madame Vestris charming, and will have no other. Why was the opera of *Barbara*, at Covent Garden, the prettiest, the liveliest, the best acted piece we have seen for many a day, unsuccessful, hissed even regularly? Because the public has a notion that Covent Garden is for tragedy only, and will not allow that it can produce a good musical piece.

concerned—the public—between whom and the writer, or painter, the critic has to arbitrate, and he is bound to show no favour. What is kindness to the one, is injustice to the other, who looks for an honest judgement, and is by far the most important party of the three; the two others being, the one the public's servant, the other the public's appraiser, sworn to value, to the best of his power, the article that is for sale. The critic does not value rightly, it is true, once in a thousand times; but if he do not deal *honestly*, woe be to him! The hulks are too pleasant for him, transportation too light. For ourselves, our honesty is known; every man of the band of critics (that awful, unknown *Vehmgericht*, that sits in judgement in the halls of REGINA) is gentle, though inexorable, loving, though stern, *just* above all. As fathers, we have for our dutiful children the most tender yearning and love; but we are, every one of us, Brutuses, and at the sad intelligence of our children's treason we weep—the father will; *but we chop their heads off.*

Enough of apology and exposition of our critical creed; let us proceed to business.

*The Book of Royalty*¹ has the finest coat of all the Annuals, and contains, by way of illustration, a number of lithographic drawings, by Messrs. Perring and Brown, gaily coloured with plenty of carmine, emerald green, and cobalt blue. The pictures are agreeable, though not very elaborate—perhaps because not very elaborate; for the sketches of the above-named artists are far better than their pictures in a great book which is called *Finden's Tableaux of the Affections*,² and in which Messrs. Perring and Brown have had everything in their own way. Nothing can be more false, poor, or meretricious than the taste characteristic of these productions, which consist of female pages, in light pantaloons, dissolved in grief; Moorish ladies; Greek wives; Swiss shepherdesses; and such like. They are bad figures, badly painted, and drawn, standing in the midst of bad

¹ *The Book of Royalty: Characteristics of British Palaces.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. The drawings by W. Perring and J. Brown. London, 1839. Ackermann.

² *Finden's Tableaux of the Affections. A Series of Picturesque Illustrations of the Womanly Virtues.* From paintings by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of *Our Village*. London, 1839. Tilt.

landscapes ; the whole engraved in that mean, weak, conventional manner which engravers have nowadays,—in which there is no force, breadth, texture, nor feeling of drawing ; but only that paltry smoothness and effect which are the result of pure mechanical skill, and which a hundred workhouse-boys or tailors' apprentices would learn equally well—better than a man of genius would do. But, what matters ? The beauty of certain English engravings is, that they are so entirely without character, that one may look at them year after year, and forget them always ; especially if a new set of verses appear every Christmas, being fresh illustrations of the old plates.

The dumpy little *Forget-Me-Not*¹ opens with a very poor engraving, from a very poor picture by Parris, which is as flimsy as an engraving in the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, but not so authentic ; and contains a dozen other pieces, of which 'Pocahontas,' by Middleton, and Nash's 'Sir Henry Lee at Prayers,' are perhaps the best specimens. This and the *Friendship's Offering*² are the last of the original Annuals : and a great comfort it is that the publishers and public have found out the mistake of size, and that the younger Annuals are in dimensions far more capacious than their fathers and mothers—young Jupiters, who have deposed the old paternal dynasty. Unable to say much for the pictorial part of the *Forget-Me-Not*, we are glad to find the literary contents much superior to many of the very biggest Annuals ; and quote a piece of an admirable marine story, at which the reader cannot but be frightened:—

The lad performed his task, and gave the result to the mate, who was seated before his log-book. 'Latitude, 3° 6' N. ; longitude, 63° 20' 5" E., sir,' said he, as the captain slowly opened the door of his cabin. It was instantly closed with the greatest violence, and the startled apprentice hurried away.

The dinner-hour arrived, and the steward summoned his chief. No reply was given, till the mate repeated that the table was served. 'I do not choose any dinner, Mr. Osborne,' was the reply ; 'these warm latitudes take away my appetite. Let me have some soda-water.'

The order was obeyed, and the solitary mate hurried over his meal

¹ *Forget-Me-Not : a Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for 1839.* London. Ackermann.

² *Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath for 1839.* London. Smith & Elder.

in silence. The day passed on with its accustomed duties ; and, to the astonishment of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a more cheerful countenance than he had ever been seen to assume : he looked around and inhaled the cool breeze of the evening with apparent pleasure. He spoke kindly to the mate, and attempted to smile at the fine lad who had reported the progress of the ship. A gentle ripple curled against the sides of the vessel ; and there was almost an air of gladness throughout her inhabitants as she skimmed the surface of the deep blue waters.

The next day the mate, the apprentice, and the captain himself prepared to make their observations. The sun reached its meridian, and the latitude was worked ; the lad looked at the mate with astonishment—the latitude was the same as the day before. The quadrant dropped from the hands of the captain ; but, as Mr. Osborn picked it up, he said, ‘ Perhaps we have had too much casting, sir ; we will work the longitude.’

‘ Ah, true,’ said the captain.

‘ I am sure,’ said the helmsman, ‘ we have been steering N.E. by N. ever since yesterday.’

‘ Hold your tongue,’ said the mate. He and the lad retired to the cuddy, and made their calculations ; and the longitude proved to be the same as the day before.

‘ There must have been some mistake,’ said the mate ; ‘ but we must enter it as such.’ ‘ She seems to be going along nicely now, however. But so she did yesterday,’ thought he. ‘ What can be hanging over us ? ’

No rest was taken by either master or mate the whole of that night : the latter paced the deck, and the former the cuddy, throughout the dreamy hours ; and they met at breakfast without exchanging a word. Noon approached ; and, as they took their stand, ‘ Now, my lad,’ said the mate to the apprentice, ‘ we have been steering due north all night, and I think we shall find some difference.’

Again did the sun, with its dazzling brightness, reach the southernmost point, and again did the mate and the apprentice look aghast at each other : the figures were the same ; and yet the quadrants were in excellent order. The mate first recovered himself ; ‘ For your life,’ said he, in a low voice, ‘ tell this to no man, but see what your longitude is, and come quietly into the cuddy with it, written on the edge of your quadrant. Again I charge you not to utter a sound.’

The lad sat down in a corner close to the door, and having performed his task, tremblingly presented it to the mate within, who was leaning his head upon his hand, as if buried in thought, but evidently knowing the result : he copied the figures into the log-book, left it open on the table, and quitted the cuddy with the apprentice. No sooner had they departed than the captain softly opened the door of his cabin, and with stealthy pace crept to the log : the same figures, three times repeated, saluted his eyes. A look

of frenzied despair passed over his features ; then, clenching his fist and striking his forehead, he rushed back into his cabin.

A death-like stillness reigned upon deck : the crew stared at each other with wondering and anxious looks ; the mate seemed to gasp for breath as he sadly leaned over the gangway ; the sky was bright and clear, and of that deep colour which is so beautiful between the tropics ; not another living thing was seen in the equally clear and blue ocean ; and that doomed vessel, with her twenty-six souls, seemed to be the only speck in the vast wilderness around. Five minutes more, and the captain rushed on deck in a frantic state : ' Crowd on all sail, Osborne—let her stagger under it ! By all the powers in Heaven, we will leave this accursed spot ! '

His orders were obeyed, and he himself lent a hand to facilitate their execution ; his hat fell off ; his long black locks blew from his ample forehead ; his flashing eyes, his finely cut features, his muscular frame, seeming to possess superhuman strength ; his sonorous, yet melodious voice, resounding from stem to stern, seemed to fill the vault above. But, crowd as they would, they were now sensible that the vessel did not move. The sea became smooth as glass ; the canvas flapped listlessly against the masts : but still the ship did not roll as in a calm ; she seemed to be out of the power of ordinary events.

As the last rope was pulled, and the men could do no more, a loud ringing laugh was heard by every one ; each thought it was his neighbour. A breeze passed over every wondering face ; and still the sails flapped. But presently a small black cloud appeared in the horizon. ' A white squall ! ' said one of the men.

' Take in all sail, stand by to cut the halliards,' cried the mate, ' or we are lost ! '

' A white squall do you call it ? ' said one of the men, sulkily. ' I call it a black one.'

They looked round for the captain for orders, but he was gone ; and they heard his door close with frightful violence.

The black cloud came, and spread over a large surface immediately above the ship ; it then opened, and two figures of frightful form descended from it, bearing between them a coffin, which they placed on the deck. One of them stationed himself by its side, with a huge hammer and several nails in his hand, and the other took the lid from the coffin. ' Charles Osborne ! ' exclaimed he. The mate advanced, and was laid in the coffin : it was much too narrow for him, and he was rudely pushed upon the deck. Another and another was summoned by name, till all the twenty-five had tried the dimensions : for some it was too short, for others too long ; it was then too wide, or too slender in its proportions ; but, as each took his station in it, the figure with the hammer and nails stood with uplifted hands, ready to strike and to close the victim within it.

Those who had clear consciences advanced with pale but calm countenances ; others trembled violently. Those who had much to repent of were convulsed, and big drops of perspiration stood upon

their foreheads. These were so near fitting, that the figures grinned with delight ; they were even pressed down into the coffin, as if to stuff them in : but the demons, shaking their heads, violently tossed them out again, with an impatient gesture.

At length the whole of the twenty-five had taken their turn ; and, while they blessed their own escape, they anxiously fixed their eyes on the cuddy-door.

‘ There is yet another,’ said one of the demons, in a hollow tone : ‘ Come forth, Ferdinand Conder ! ’

With erect mien and ghastly smile, the captain for the last time issued from his place of refuge, looking like a man who knew that his hour was come, but determined to meet his fate with firmness. He gave one look of affection at the mate, and quietly laid himself in the coffin. In an instant the lid was closed over him ; nine nails were driven in with one blow to each ; and, taking the coffin in their arms, the figures ascended into the black cloud, which closed over them. The vessel seemed to rise out of the waters ; and as she returned to their surface with a mighty plunge, a tremendous rush and the word ‘ Murder ’ were heard above. The cloud disappeared, and all was still !

The first and most important fact of the *Keepsake*¹ is the binding. Hancock’s India-rubber binding answers to a wonder, and displays the plates and the letterpress of the *Keepsake* as they never were displayed before : as for the latter, perhaps the binding is a little too liberal towards it, for it compels one to read the text willy-nilly, and, of course, to grow angry over the silly twaddle one reads. How much better, in this respect is the arrangement of the *Forget-Me-Not* ; of which the copies before us will neither open nor shut, so cleverly has the binder arranged it. But, ‘ *revenons à nos Kipsicks.*’ In the frontispiece figures Madame Guiccioli, a clever engraving by Thompson, after Chalon the monopolizer. Next follows :—

2. ‘ The Unearthly Visitant.’ A beautiful picture by Herbert ; engraved by Stocks. This picture is in the very best style of English art, carefully drawn, well composed, graceful, earnest, and poetical ; and we, the most ruthless critics in the world, are pleased to say, ‘ Well done, Herbert ! ’

3. ‘ The Shipwreck.’ A scene from *Don Juan*. By Bentley.

4. ‘ Maida.’ By Miss Corboux. Portraits, most probably. The child is pretty and graceful, like one of Sir Joshua’s.

¹ The *Keepsake* for 1839. Edited by Frederick Mansell Reynolds. London. Longman.

5. 'Mary Danvers.' Dyce. A charming, smiling, little girl. One of the very best figures that appear among the prints of the season.

6. 'The Tableau,' *alias* Beppo. Mr. Herbert never makes *bad* pictures, but this is not a very good one.

7. 'The Battle-Field.' Harding. Alp's midnight interview with Miss Minotti, from the popular poem of the *Siege of Corinth*. Guns, ruins, horse-tails, moonlight, ghosts, and Turks. Not quite the best of Mr. Harding's works.

8. 'Constantine and Euphrasia.' A picture by E. Corbould, in the fiddle-faddle style. This picture represents Conrad carrying off Gulnare in the most milk-and-water manner imaginable. The corsair has his right foot forwards, like Monsieur Albert; and Gulnare, in his arms, smiles like Mademoiselle Duvernay.

9. 'The Reefer.' Chalon. One of Mr. Chalon's pretty affectations. A young midshipman leans across the foretop-gallant yard, and turns towards heaven the largest pair of eyes ever seen. The dear little fellow's collar is sadly rumpled, and his hair entirely out of curl. Sweet fellow! Pray Heaven he don't catch cold!

10. 'Mary of Mantua.' Miss Corboux. A beautiful head, but a droll pair of hands.

11. 'Speranza appearing to Vane,' *alias* Manfred. Meadows. Oh, Mr. Meadows!

And this is the *catalogue raisonné* of the *Keepsake* gallery for the present year: an improvement, decidedly, on the last, containing, for the most part, better pictures, and of a better class. A great improvement, too, is in the *size* of the plates, which, since the first unlucky discovery of Annuals, have been expanding and expanding, until, at last, painter and engraver may hope for justice, and their hands need no longer be so miserably cramped as they have been.

So much for the plates of the *Keepsake*; and now for the poetry and the prose. We have bestowed praise enough on Mr. Herbert's 'Unearthly Visitant'; a noble lady has composed the following verses to it:—

The grave hath opened now, and hath restored
The lost, the loved, the lovely, and the adored.
Death! thou'rt the awful, thou'rt the mighty Death
And who but trembles at thy power beneath!

But thou art *not* the almighty Death ; thou'rt *not*—
 Despite thy mastery o'er our troubled lot—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

The unconquerable, the unconquered of the earth.

[*A good liberal measure for a decasyllabic line.*]

No ! Praised be Heaven that called us this birth !

Love is the mightier ! He thy bounds can break,

And bid the slumberers from the tombs awake.

What is this form, from thy dark realms set free,

That looks a sovereign thing o'er Fate and Thee ?

That thus hath burst thy dull and dismal bound,

With beauty beatific clad and crowned ?

Aye ! *beatifically beauteous* there

She stands, than life more lovely far, and fair.

Spirit to spirit the long parted meet,

And solemnly, mysteriously, they greet.

The world recedes ; grey Time draws back in fear—

Gray Time, a monarch and a master here,

With all his shadowy years, that *fleetly fly*

Before the presence of the Eternity :

Before the Eternity that looks in light,

From those calm eyes the spiritually bright.

Earth's son shakes off earth's pain-surrounding things ;

His soul soars proudly on unfettered wings.

Spirit to spirit, the long parted meet,

And solemnly, mysteriously, they greet !

What can we say of these lines ? They are ' beatifically beauteous,' and no mistake. One is puzzled to know if they are the more clear in thought, or lucid in expression ; one is puzzled, above all, to know why ladies will write such things, or editors of Annuals print them. Here are some more aristocratic

STANZAS

BY LORD J. MANNERS

Most beautiful ! I love thee,
 By thy eye of melting blue :
 In life and death I'll prove me
 Faithful, kind, and true.

Most beautiful ! I love thee,
 By the heart that now I give :
 O let my fond prayers move thee
 To bid me hope and live !

When it is recollected that the above lines were made by his lordship at six years of age, the reader will make

every allowance for him ; had he been six years older we might have been inclined to be severe. One more specimen let us give, from a sweet tale by the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M.P., who says that, since he published an article in the *Keepsake*, in the year 1835—

I have mingled much in the world, and with a heart *cold and storm-worn* as the brow of Jura, sought out its associations, and affected to feel and be swayed by impulses and attachments, of which I only remembered the force ; but which remembrance enabled me to act the part, or feign a reality, sufficiently to make my fellow-creatures believe I was as gaily, as gregariously inclined as they were. Had the undisguised truth been known, I stood amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity, as the blighted and lightning-struck oak rears its dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness ; stretching forth my arms, and pointing alone to that blessed sky, to which, as it is the home of all blessed souls, I deemed my own, my sweet, my fascinating spirit of the Wye had, in all her loveliness, departed !

O day and night ! But he is a rare genius ! Fancy the hero of the tale of the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley standing ‘a blighted oak, amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity !’ ‘with a heart cold and storm-worn as the brow of Jura !’ ‘rearing his dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness !’ ‘stretching forth his arms, and pointing alone to that blessed sky !’ . . . where dwells the kindred spirit of Bayes ! This man—we speak it as a Niagara cataract of impetuous emotion gushes softly from each eye, and an abysmal earthquake of storm-uprooted feelings, and smouldering chaotic lava, heaves the tempestuous bosom—this is THE man of the Annuals ! Amid the desert of contributors he stands, a huge and lonely pyramid, in solitary greatness. Let the red simoom rage at his base, what cares he ? Awe-stricken, the red simoom scuds screaming away, and the lustrous stars look calm upon his stalactitic apex ! In a word (for if we were to keep the steam of our style *crescendo*, we might blow the Magazine and all Regent Street into atoms), as the *Athenaeum* says, Mr. Berkeley ‘may now take his place,’ &c., &c., among the brightest spirits, &c., &c., of our time.

There are three landscape annuals, as before. The *Oriental*,¹ with engravings after sketches by Mr. Bacon ;

¹ *The Oriental Annual : containing a Series of Tales, Legends, and*

the *Landscape*,¹ which Mr. Holland has illustrated with Portuguese views ; and the *Picturesque*,² which contains an elaborate description of Versailles, with numerous engravings after Callow, Mackenzie, and Collignon. All the letterpress of these books merits applause. Mr. Bacon tells pleasant Indian stories ; Mr. Harrison has a store of Portuguese sketches and legends ; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, finally, writes or translates a history of Versailles, which alone will give the reader a very tolerable smattering of French history. Mr. Bacon is not, we presume, artist enough to do more than sketch ; so Roberts, Stanfield, and others, have been employed to complete the drawings. Mr. Callow's are capital designs for the *Picturesque* ; and Mr. Holland is a welcome addition to the landscape painters. His drawings are not quite so glib and smooth as those from more practical hands ; but they are, perhaps, more like nature, and certainly less mannered than the excellent, though exaggerated, performances of some of the seniors in the art.

Mr. Fisher has employed, as usual, the aid of L. E. L. to set off his old plates, many of which we recognize as having been shifted from a work published by Mr. Tilt into the *Drawing-room Scrap-book*,³ and *Juvenile*⁴ ditto : not, however, that there is any harm in so doing ; for, luckily, such is the character of English art, such a beautiful vapidness pervades the chief portion of the pictures submitted to the public, that to remember them is a sheer impossibility : we may look at them over and over again, year after year, *Scrap-book* after *Scrap-book*, and never recognize our former insipid acquaintances ; so that the very best plan is this of the Messrs. Fisher, to change, not the plates, but just the

Historical Romances. By Thomas Bacon, Esq., F.S.A. With engravings by W. and E. Finden, from Sketches by the Author. London, 1839. Tilt.

¹ *Jennings's Landscape Annual ; or Tourist in Portugal.* By W. H. Harrison. Illustrated by paintings by James Holland. London, 1839. Jennings.

² *Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1839.* Versailles : by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. London. Longman.

³ *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book for 1839.* With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. London. Fisher.

⁴ *Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-book for 1839.* By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London. Fisher.

names underneath, and make Medora into Haidee or Desdemona, or what you will. As for the poets, they are always ready, and will turn you off a set of stanzas regarding either or every one of the characters with ingenuity never failing.

Here, *à propos*, comes a letter which has been slipped into our box, written on pink paper, in a hand almost illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass, smelling of musk, and signed 'Rosalba de Montmorency.'

TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

In making you *mes compliments empressés*, allow me to state how *flattered and proud* I should feel if the accompanying *chansonnettes* could appear in the pages of your *Recueil*.

I have presented them, I confess, to the editors of one or two of the Keepsakes, in humble hope that, amid the poetesses of our clime, the humble Rosalba de Montmorency might be permitted to rank—a *wild flower* amidst the *gorgeous blossoms* which form the *devy coronal* that binds the lofty brow of the female Poesy of England! Say, sir, have I or have I not drunk of the Castalian cup?

In almost the same words did I address myself to the editors of the Annuals above *hinted at*. They replied not—responded not—answered not. In vain I have cast o'er their *gilded and illuminated* page an eye of fever; *my strains* were not permitted to be heard in their *exclusive temples*, or swell the chorus of England's *aristocratic* minstrelsy.

Will you, sir, succour a damsel in distress? Yes, your true heart, I know, responds to the echo! Will you tell me, are not my stanzas as *impassioned*, aye, as *fashionable*, as those of my *gemmed* or *coroneted* sisterhood, whose passion-songs twine round so many a page?

The *idea* of the little stanzas I enclose is not altogether new. A strain oft sung by vulgar mariners has, I know not how, come to my ears; and as I thought I discovered in the coarse garment which envelops them some *lurking gems of poesy*, these I have extracted, and set them in *more appropriate guise*. Should you accept them, 'twill be the proudest moment in the existence of

ROSALBA DE MONTMORENCY.

PS.—My real name is Miss Eliza Slabber, Margaret Cottages, Buffalo Row, Hick's Street West, Upper Cuttle Place, Camden Town, where, if you write, *please address*.—E. S.

My first is in the *romantic* style, and has been sung with much applause at — Rouse, esquire's, the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and other fashionable assemblies, by a celebrated *female vocalist* who shall be nameless. It is called

THE BATTLE-AXE POLACCA.

Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
 I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
 Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
 And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
 My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
 As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your Crest
 Eleleu! in the desolate hour!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
 Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
 In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
 Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
 Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
 To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.
 Eleleu! in the festival hour!

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
 Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-*mêlée*.
 In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
 And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
 Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
 As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!
 Eleleu! in the dire battle-hour!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
 That others usurped for a time what was mine!
 There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me;
 Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
 Once more by the side of the knight I love best
 Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his CREST.
 Tralala! for the festival hour!

The little turn *eleleu* in the first three stanzas to *tralala* in the last has been admired very much, and is considered *by judges* as a beautiful *alternation* from *grief* to *joy*. It is *quite in the regular* way of modern poets, I assure you. Now follows a *sprightly ditty*. A *French friend* has kindly inserted several phrases, and the whole is pronounced quite fashionable. It is called

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
 And this she protests and she vows,
 From the *triste moment* when we parted
 On the staircase at Devonshire House!
 I blushed when you asked me to marry,
 I vowed I would never forget;
 And at parting I gave my dear Harry
 A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent, *en province*, all December,
 And I ne'er condescended to look
 At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
 Or even at that darling old duke.
 You were busy with dogs and with horses,
 Alone in my chamber I sat,
 And made you the nicest of purses,
 And the smartest black satin cravat !

At night with that vile Lady Frances
 (*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)
 You danced every one of the dances,
 And never once thought of poor me !
Mon pauvre petit cœur ! what a shiver
 I felt as she danced the last set,
 And you gave, *oh mon Dieu !* to revive her,
My beautiful vinegarette !

Return love ! away with coquetting ;
 This flirting disgraces a man !
 And ah ! all the while you're forgetting
 The heart of your poor little Fan !
Reviens ! break away from these Circes,
Reviens for a nice little chat ;
 And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
 And a lovely black satin cravat !

There : Is it not *the thing* now ? Perhaps you will like to see the vulgar ballad on which I have formed my strains ? It is so paltry and low, that were it not for curiosity's sake I really would not send it.

Still your — I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.
 Improper stuff ! I am really almost ashamed to write it.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
 When I vowed I would ever continue the same,
 And gave you the 'BACCO-BOX marked with your name.
 When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew ?
 To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed,—
 For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal ;
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more prized ?
 For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despised.
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake ;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

Although we do not agree with Miss de Montmorency as to the merits of the piece last quoted—one of the simplest and most exquisite ditties in our language,—we are quite ready to acknowledge that her parodies are to the full as original and spirited as the chief part of the verses in the *Annals*. Here, for instance, are some verses by a clever lady—a beautiful lady—a lady of rank, which we quote, because they have been quoted and admired by some of our contemporaries.

THE LETRILLA.

When the knight to battle went,
 Leaving her he loved so well,
 How the maid grew pale and pined
 None might witness, none could tell.
 Weep! the while I sing!

Through the gardens like a ghost
 All the evenings she would creep.
 Tears, not dreams, her pillow strew'd—
 Ah, that youth should fail to sleep!
 Weep! the while I sing!

Still she hoped—the tower would climb,
 Whence she saw him ride away—
 There to watch for casque and plume
 Glancing in the evening ray.
 Weep! the while I sing!

There she watch'd; but tidings came—
 Woe is me!—by Moorish guile
 Fell the knight! A broken flower
 Marks her tomb in minster-aisle!
 Weep! my song is done!

Weep! my song is done, indeed! On the contrary, one is by no means sorry to arrive at the conclusion, and only weeps that the song should ever be begun. Miss Montmorency Slabber has quite as much pathos as the Spanish 'Letrilla'; and her pathetic *refrain* of 'Eleleu' to the full as touching as the burden of the latter ditty. We have

chosen the words because they really are good and smooth, not from a desire to seize upon the worst portion of the silly bits of clinquant strung together, and called gems of beauty. It is a harmless, worthless little book, as ever was seen. All the pictures are poor. Except Dyce's 'Signal' and Cattermole's 'Duenna,' not one is worth a penny.

In *Fisher's Scrap-book*, Miss Landon has some pretty verses; and we give a set from the same publication, which show that, among the annual contributors, at least *somebody* can write good, honest, manly lines. Such verses are perfectly intoxicating, after so much fashionable milk and water.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

When the breach was open laid,
 Bold we mounted to the attack:
 Five times the assault was made,
 Four times were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell
 In the desperate *mêlée* there;
 Sped their spirits ill or well,
 Know I not, nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
 O'er the dying and the dead;
 Hot the western sunbeam glowed,
 Sinking in a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way
 Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
 As the cry of 'Slay! slay! slay!'
 Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew—
 Slew them with un pitying sword:
 Negligently could we do
 The commanding of the Lord?

Fled the coward—fought the brave,
 Wailed the mother—wept the child;
 But there did not 'scape the glaive
 Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
 When the morning sun arose;
 Lived not twice three hundred when
 Sunk that sun at evening close.

There we spread the wasting flame,
 Fanned to fury by the wind :
 Of the city, but the name—
 Nothing more—is left behind !

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
 Lowly shed and soaring spire,
 Fell in that victorious hour
 Which consigned the town to fire.

All that man had wrought—all—all—
 To its pristine dust had gone ;
 For, inside the shattered wall,
 Left we never stone on stone.

For it burnt not till it gave
 All it had to yield of spoil :
 Should not brave soldadoes have
 Some rewarding for their toil ?

What the villain sons of trade
 Earned by years of toil and care,
 Prostrate at our bidding laid,
 By one moment won, was there.

There, within the burning town,
 'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
 Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
 Did we the joyous banquet spread.

Laughing loud, and quaffing long,
 With our glorious labours o'er :
 To the sky our jocund song
 Told the city WAS NO MORE.

The reader knows the name that is signed to these verses—that of the Standard-bearing Doctor : not Gifford, the learned Doctor ; not Southey, the polyglot Doctor ; not Bowring, the encyclopaedian Doctor ; not Dennis—THE DOCTOR, in short, and long life to him !—the man who reads, writes, and knows everything, and adorns everything of which he writes—even Homer. Modesty forbids us to mention his name ; but it hangs to the end of certain translations of the *Odyssey*, to which we refer the public, and which may be found in this very Magazine.

And now, after the Doctor's fierce lyrics, let us give some of Mr. Milnes's stanzas ; which ought to have appeared among the other extracts from the *Keepsake*, but that they are fit for much better company.

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ., M.P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
 I wandered by the mill ;
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still ;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird ;
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid ;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word ;
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not !
 The night came on alone,
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne ;
 The evening air passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirr'd ;
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind ;
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind :
 It drew me nearer, nearer—
 We did not speak a word ;
 But the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

Kissing, actually ! Oh, Mr. Milnes, you naughty, naughty man !

The diversion made by Miss Slabber has occupied us so long, that we are obliged to bring our remarks abruptly to a close, with the briefest possible notice of the remaining Keepsakes. The *Amaranth*¹ is remarkable for the very

¹ *The Amaranth: a Miscellany of Original Prose and Verse.* Contributed by distinguished writers, and edited by T. K. Hervey. London, 1839. Baily.

bad engravings it contains, and the excellence of its literary department. The *Children of the Nobility*¹ contains Landseer's beautiful picture of Miss Blanche Egerton, and no more. In the *Book of Beauty*,² most especially to be admired is the most beautiful, smiling, sparkling Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Mahon, who looks beautiful, gentle, and kind; and Lady Powerscourt, whose face and figure seem to be modelled from Diana and Hebe. Oh, Medora, Zuleika, Juana, Juanina, Juanetta, and Company!—oh ye of the taper fingers and six-inch eyes! shut those great fringes of eyelashes, close those silly coral slits of mouths. Avaunt, ye spider-waisted monsters! who have flesh, but no bones, silly bodies, but no souls. And ye, O young artists! who were made for better things than to paint such senseless gimcracks, and make fribble furniture for tawdry drawing-room tables, look at Nature and blush! See how much nobler she is than your pettifogging art!—how much more beautiful Truth is than your miserable tricked-up lies. More lovely is she than a publisher's bill at three months—a better pay-mistress in the end than Messrs. Heath, Finden, and all the crew. The world loves bad pictures, truly; but yours it is to teach the world, for you know better. Copy Nature. "Don't content yourselves with idle recollections of her—be not satisfied with knowing pretty tricks of drawing and colour—stand not still because donkeys proclaim that you have arrived at perfection. Above all, read sedulously REGINA, who watches you with an untiring eye, 'and, whether stern or smiling, loves you still.' Remember that she always tells you the truth—she never puffeth, neither doth she blame unnecessarily.

Recollect, too, that the year beginneth. Can there be a more favourable opportunity to pour in with your subscriptions?

One word more. Thank Heaven, the *nudities* have gone out of fashion!—the public has to thank *us* for that.

¹ *Portraits of the Children of the Nobility: a Series of highly-finished Engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R.A.; Edwin Landseer, Esq., R.A., and other eminent artists; with Illustrations in Verse by distinguished Contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. Second series. London, 1839. Longman.*

² *Heath's Book of Beauty for 1839. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London. Longman.*

STRICTURES ON PICTURES

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1838]

A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ., TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, A PARIS

LOD'S HOTEL, NEW STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
Tuesday, 15th May [1838].

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the Exhibitions here ; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen, who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts—when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country—almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh : you will learn more about the arts in England from this letter, than from anything in or out of print.

Well then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture-galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish you could see my historical picture of 'Heliogabalus in the ruins of Carthage,' or the full-length of 'Sir Samuel

Hicks and his Lady,'—sitting in a garden light, Lady H. reading the *Book of Beauty*, Sir Samuel catching a butterfly, which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists—some of them men of merit—as well as myself.

Let us commence, then, with the commencement—the Royal Academy. That is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near St. Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts ; come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures, of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But, bad as the place is—a pigmy abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I'm right in *both* cases)—bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty, and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. O Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake ! I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy exhibition is equally commodious : a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures—all very small, but well lighted and neat ; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however ;—we have been a long time talking, '*de omnibus rebus,*' at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here !

Sir William Beechey.

Sir Martin Shee.

Sir David Wilkie.

Sir Augustus Callcott.

Sir W. J. Newton.

Sir Geoffrey Wyattville.

Sir Francis Chantrey.

Sir Richard Westmacott.

Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

not yet, that is ; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady—Heaven bless her!—has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose—

1. Baron BRIGGS. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)

2. DANIEL, PRINCE MACLISE. (His royal highness's pictures place him very near to the throne indeed.)

3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.

4. The Lord Charles Landseer.

5. The Duke of ETTY.

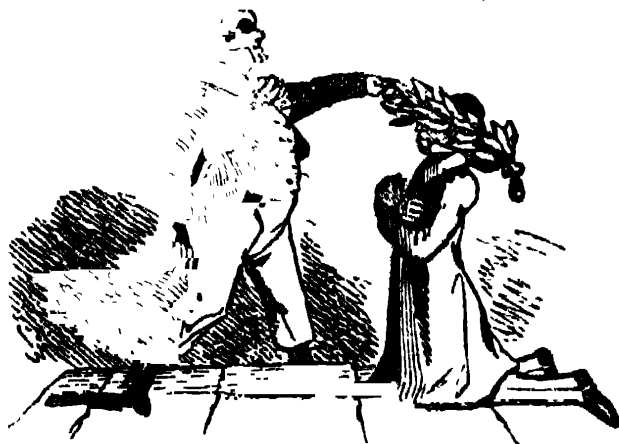
6. Archbishop Eastlake.

7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals ; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the 'Seven Ages,' as described by a poet whom you have heard of—one Shakespeare, a Warwickshire man : and there they are, all together ; the portly justice, and the quarrelsome soldier ; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear ; the baby hanging on his gentle mother's bosom ; the school-boy, rosy and lazy ; the old man, crabbed and stingy ; and the old, old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything—but why describe them ? You will find the thing better done in Shakespeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs ; but—oh, Anatole !—the intention is godlike. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own : no conventional copies of the stony antique ; no distorted caricatures, like those of your '*classiques*,' David, Girodet, and Co. (the impostors !)—but such expressions as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The colour and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but

of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children—my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery. I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away, and be forgotten.

To this, then, of the whole gallery, I accord the palm, and cannot refrain from making a little sketch, illustrative of my feelings.



TITMARSH PLACING THE LAUREL-WREATH ON THE BROWS OF MULREADY

I have done everything, you see, very accurately, except Mr. Mulready's face; for, to say truth, I never saw that gentleman, and have no idea of his personal appearance.

Near to 'All the world's a stage' is a charming picture, by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me, because the rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honours of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armour) is parting from his mistress. A fair, peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits and clings to him, as though she would cling for ever. But, look! yonder stands the page, and the horse pawing; and, beyond the wall which bounds the quiet garden and flowers, you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and De Foix, 'the thunderbolt of

Italy.' Long shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by ; and with them must ride Count Gaston—to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacrete, or Brantôme ; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie's grand picture—' Queen Victoria holding her first council.' A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the colour, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity and beauty of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more, but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture ? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and delicate white hat and feathers ; a marvel of colour, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer's best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents her majesty's favourite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

Κύνεισσι

Οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι ;

that is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite so well ; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul* under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots or greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakespeare into form and colour. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight : who, with a monstrous gravity and profound brazen humour, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poin. Master Brooke is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity, and almost rudeness ; but is charming, from its great truth of

effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look as if *the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the queen is another charming performance of Sir David—a bride dressing, amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable-looking bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to—but *parlons d'autres choses*. The colour of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does everything for a picture nowadays but the *drawing*. Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful fantastic Ariel.

On the bat's back do I fly,
After sunset merrily.

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his coursér, flapping lazy through the golden evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belongs to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which makes a religion of art, and seems to be accorded only to a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly, that, in matters of art, Titian was Antichrist, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colours and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward; and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labour of years. Why did this reformer ever come

among us, and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who ever since have held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury? Not a simple woman—the lovely daughter of the authoress of *Love, Flirtation*, and other remarkable works—but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his Saint Sebastian; his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? Those two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I never can look at them without a certain emotion of awe—with that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and god-like. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn. Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who possesses it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say, that my picture of 'Heliogabalus at Carthage' is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odour of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of the 'Crusaders catching a first view of Jerusalem' as an instance. Godfrey and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beaumont and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

E quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
 Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge;
 Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
 Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
 Ecco da mille voci unitamente
 Gerusalemme salutar si sente!

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like

little wooden dolls ; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But, what then ? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form ; a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is *a great heart*. This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects, as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's ? Anything so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now ; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian, school of art ; monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet ; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with 'ignorance, envy, and jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth of calumny endeavouring to bear down truth !'

Mr. Maclise's picture of 'Christmas' you will find excellently described in the May Number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called *Fraser's Magazine*. Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas, gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving-men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the dais, where sits the good old English gentleman, and his guests and family ; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table gorging beef and wassail ; a bevy of blooming girls and young men are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoebough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people are smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the colouring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious ; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise

has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other* ; no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards. His scene from *The Vicar of Wakefield* is equally charming. Moses's shining, grinning face ; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy ; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do, if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold ; but the figures are beautifully drawn, the colouring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. 'The Parting Benison' is, perhaps, the most interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced anything which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence. He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public approbation ; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted ; but tipsy-looking, coarse, and so naked, as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures, without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that ; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat*.—this naughty 'Somnolency' ought to go to sleep in her nightgown.

But here is a far nobler painting,—the prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture ; and looks as large as if the three-foot canvas had been twenty. His wan, wretched figure, and clasped hands, are lighted up by the sunset ; the clouds are livid and heavy ; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him, with horrid obscene eyes. They are the demons of

Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems no hope, no succour, no ear for the prayer of this wretched, way-worn, miserable man, who kneels there alone, shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope, as clearly as if the little star were a sign-post, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother, who hates you—but never mind that; and a dear, kind, stout, old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, maybe; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the bird's nest you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed, because he broke the eggs: he is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her, but she will not have him—not she!—her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-me-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife—and then went to college—and then came back sick and changed—and then got into debt—and then—But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first, and then shiver and turn red and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again. To her, man!—never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone-pale and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her quite gently to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes out the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. 'You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?' says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

To-morrow! To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups; and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Rev. Dr. Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go: the moon

will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window ; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes—but, in the meantime, there is the old housekeeper, with ' Lord bless us ! ' and ' Heaven save us ! ' and ' Who'd have thought ever again to see his dear face ? And master to forget it all, who swore so dreadful that he would never see him !—as for missis, she always loved him.' There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather beds—for Master Tom's room has never been used this many a day ; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother's portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me ! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

' What can we have ? ' says master ; ' all the shops are shut, and there's nothing in the house.'

John.—' No, no more there isn't ; only Guernsey's calf. Butcher kill'd'n yasterday, as your honour knowth.'

Master.—' Come, John, a calf's enough. Tell the cook to send us up that.'

And he gives a hoarse haw ! haw ! at his wit ; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, ' Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow ! '

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word ; and what do you think she sends up ?

Top Dish.

Fillet of veal, and bacon on the side-table.

Bottom Dish.

Roast ribs of veal.

In the Middle.

Calves'-head soup (*à la tortue*).

Veal broth.

Between.

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.

Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forced-meat balls.

Entremets.

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).

Veal cutlets (*panées, sauce piquante*).

Ditto (*en papillote*).

Scotch collops.

Fricandeau of veal (*piqué au lard à la chiodorée*).

Minced veal.

Blanquet of veal.

Second Course.

Curry of calves'-head.

Sweet-breads.

Calves'-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, 'Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage.' In this grand and finished perform—

∴ Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops, unfortunately, here. We found it, at midnight, the 15th-16th May, in a gutter of St. Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had been just removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping-place, at such an hour; and it had probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House, of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly left the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add, that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin and water, half a pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham-sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges, and excellent stock of wines and spirits cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody?—O. Y.

A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

THE EXHIBITIONS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1839]

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR BRICABRAC,—You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our Exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from Jack Straw's Castle, an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayly, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronized, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way—at Jack Straw's Castle, I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-

gallery catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man, with five shillings to spare, may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture-gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near St. Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; * catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall,—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

Commençons donc avec le commencement—with the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire Academicians, and nineteen simple and ungentle Associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank, according to what I conceived to be their merits,—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for Jack Straw, strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of new comers, now Associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near

it. The lads are not so good as the best of the Academicians; but many of the Academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R.A., 'The fighting *Téméraire*'—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold gray moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the *Agamemnon* and the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and the *Victory*, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of

reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria,' in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of 'God save the King' was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his 'Fighting Téméraire'; which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call 'Cicero at his Villa,' 'Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus,' 'Pluto carrying off Proserpina,' or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of it, or mad exaggerations, like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of her own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass—fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts—shake them well up, with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see 'Pluto and Proserpina.' Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings—

Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies.

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes ; and I recommend them to him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's, ' Pluto carrying off Proserpina ' ; and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great, large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour, indeed, is sublime : I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better—but his taste ! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so—scarcely even Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides ' Proserpine,' Mr. Etty has two more pictures, ' Endymion,' with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the ' Lady-Mayoress of York ' ; which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabou feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone ; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady-mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not ?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir David Wilkie's great ' Sir David Baird ' ; for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint ; in this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib ; and swaggering over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical ; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of ' Lady Jane Grey ' (which is worth exactly twopence-half-penny) as Sir David's poor picture of ' Seringapatam.' Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his

historical compositions—they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow grease: the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted 'The Blind Fiddler' and 'The Chelsea Pensioners'? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of 'Master Robert Donne,' or the composition entitled 'The Grandfather,' could ever have come from the author of 'The Rent-Day' and 'The Reading of the Will'? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of 'Mr. Robert Peel.' It is real, substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in 'us youth' thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticizing if he paints bad ones now: and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of 'Grace before Meat,' which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression, is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft, melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of 'Our Lord and the little Children.' You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanishes at once,—for the artist has attained his great end, which is, to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, 'La Svegliarina.' The defects

of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one ; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky, and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line,—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can anything be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator ? The very soul of comedy is in them ; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration ; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it ; but whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head of 'Sancho' is worth the whole picture from *Gil Blas*, which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted, the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow ; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen ; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it ; a green blind, through which the sun comes ; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want ? Polish, I think ; thought, and cultivation. His great picture of 'King Richard and Robin Hood' is a wonder of dexterity of hand ; but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen à Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of *Gil Blas* ; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers : the same grin, the same display of grinders,—the same coarse, luscious mouth, belongs to both. In the large picture, everybody grins, and shows his whole *ratelier* ; and you look at them, and say, 'These people seem all very jolly.' Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh ; and this is

where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise's large picture ; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents, and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait ; it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition : sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say ; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair ; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips's ' Doctor Sheppard ' is a finely painted head and picture ; his lady, Dunraven, and her son, as poor, ill-drawn, and ill-coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head ; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood ; Mr. Bewick a good one ; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave's ' Return of Olivia to the Vicar ' has some very pretty painting and feeling in it ; ' Quentin Matsys,' by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's ' Othello relating his Adventures,' really beautiful ; as is Cope's ' Belgian Family.' All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy ; as is E. M. Ward's ' Cimabue and Giotto ' (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the selfsame composition, by the way) ; and Herbert's elegant picture of the ' Brides of Venice.' Mr. Severn's composition from the *Ancient Mariner* is a noble performance ; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn,—for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's ' Pillage of a Jew's House ' is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures, and good points ; but we are not going to praise it : it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their

eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau, and paid for standing there : one longs to see them all in motion, and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture ; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. ' Van Amburgh and the Lions ' is a bad picture, and no mistake ; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy : the drawing even of the animals is careless ; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits ; ' Miss Peel with Fido,' for instance. Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath ; and the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good ; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week (by the by, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état* ?). There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog, and a piece of biscuit : the dog and the biscuit are just perfection ; but the princess is no such thing,—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the lord-mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's ' Prêche Protestante.' This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless academics ; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery ; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh,—to have, namely, some day, a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place,—Paris, say, as the most central ; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and

stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon,—for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of St. James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month, as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttuns. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half a dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others: and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald: never was anything on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture-galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half an hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' you may see what the magic of colour is; before 'Christ and Lazarus' what is majestic, solemn grace, and awful beauty; and before the new 'St. Catherine' what is the real divinity of art. O Eastlake and Turner!—O Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced-meat balls in a basin of

mock-turtle soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear, delicious painter, and that her style is 'so soft'; and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel, is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand, good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect 'Before and After the

Mutton Pie,' the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as 'Sancho'; blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings; a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, 'The Portrait,' which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry the VIIIth is the person examining it, with the cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of *Ivanhoe* or *Uncle Toby*; or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a *Pickwickian* sense—of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year; and now—he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left wellnigh all his vigour behind him. Numerous *Zuleikhas* and *Lalla Rookhs*, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this: such handsome Turks and leering sultanas; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly, heartless Annual-sirens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the

tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much ; these are Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price ; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters ; on the contrary, Mr. Price's 'Gallery at Hardwicke' is really remarkably dexterous ; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures, are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness—and then ? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil, will do a deal of work, to be sure ; and very pretty it is, too, when done ; and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can ; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius* ?—*that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition : not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will show at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *maniéré*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims ; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures ; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary ; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's 'Town Hall of Courtrai' has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many

persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, 'Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's, and flying to the Cross.' Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl, finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics; it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross, nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lamp-black!), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch, of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the 'Separation of Edwy and Elgiva'; somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the 'Sword-bearer,' almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother-artist, the clever actor Mr. M'Ian. The latter's picture of 'Sir Tristram in the Cave' deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground, are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old king, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the

rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving ; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, nowadays, can one apply the two last terms ?

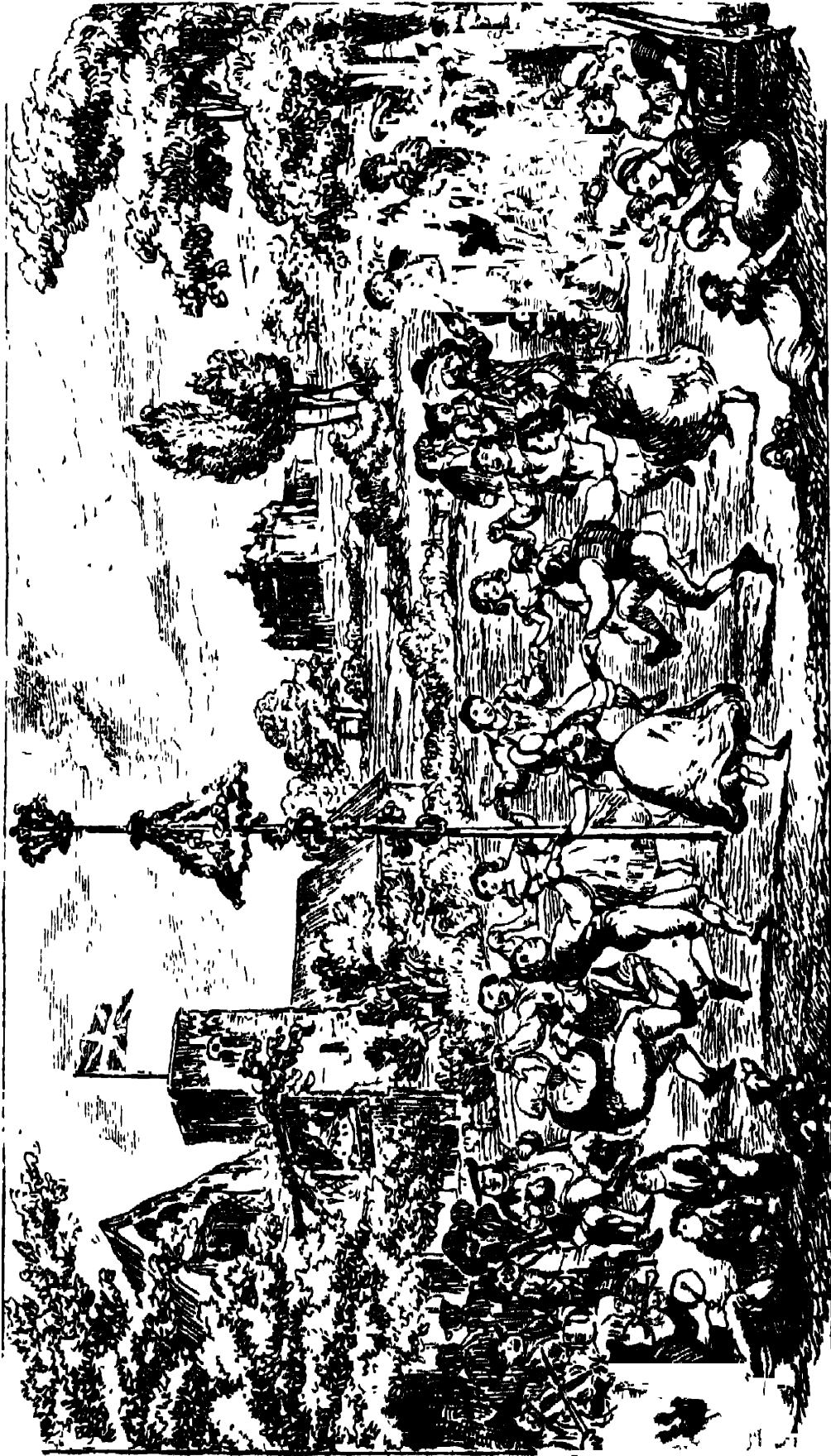
There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good ; Mr. Stewart's 'Grandfather' contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's 'Italian Boy,' and 'Girl with a Dog,' are excellent ; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell, and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

*Au Citoyen Brutus Napoléon Bricabrac,
Réfugié d'Avril, Blessé de Mai, Con-
damné de Juin, Decoré de Juillet, &c. &c.
Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.*

AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

[*Westminster Review*, June 1840, with the additional illustrations
which appeared in the edition issued in book form in the same
year.]



THE NEW YORK CUTLER MANUFACTURING CO.

MAY.—OLD MAY DAY

AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

[The *Westminster Review*, June 1840, and reprinted with additional etchings in the same year.]

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45. *Jack Sheppard ; a Romance.* By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. With Twenty-seven Illustrations by George Cruikshank. R. Bentley. 8vo. London, 1840.
46. *The Tower of London ; an Historical Romance.* By W. H. Ainsworth. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by G. Cruikshank. Parts I to V. Richard Bentley. London. 8vo. 1840.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

ACCUSATIONS of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world, and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water—fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the 'ingenuous arts, which prevent the ferocity of

the manners, and act upon them as an emollient ' (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar) are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten. The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it—no two gods must we serve ; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you ; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of 'visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit—a part of your selfishness—and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are ; neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that 'vision splendid ' which has accompanied our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day ! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wandering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all around us green in our youth ! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article did scarcely expect to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to



PHILOPROGENITIVENESS

ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connexion whatever) it happens that, in this particular instance, there is an undoubted connexion. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connexion had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapour to glide through Lothbury and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at that corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works—the '*Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert*,' the '*schwankende Gestalten*' of youth flit before one again,—Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood; hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forgo tarts, in order to buy his '*Breaking-up*,' or his '*Fashionable Monstrosities*,' of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print—one of the admirable '*Illustrations of Phrenology*'—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon '*Philoprogenitiveness*'—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed,—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter, who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the *Kermes* of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in night-caps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind; the second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest

daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savoury dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons ; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat night-cap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding) ; the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother—all, all, save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart ; every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy, and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family : they have all something of the mother in them—something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley ; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill ; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites,—where are they ? Fairburn's shop knows him no more ; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe—Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the 'Dandy of sixty' who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows—where are they ? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things since the days when these were ; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them ? to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley ! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his charming 'gratis' exhibition. There used to be a crowd round the window in those days of grinning, good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of

the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H.B.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentlemanlike kind of way.

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old Dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—'Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing.' Repeat that history ever so often, and at the proper moment honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his Grouse in the Gun-room. There is a fellow in the 'Points of Humour' who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men, from whom the illusions (why 'illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one; who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at Midsummer and Christmas, being the inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. *Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it wave around you, in the golden days 'when George the Third was king'! But our

clown lies in his grave ; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day, at Bow Street, in his dirty, tattered, faded motley—seized as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theatre, after having wellnigh starved in the streets, where nobody would listen to his old guitar ? No one gave a shilling to bless him, not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin ; but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous, as in the course of his duty, he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy schoolboys he revels ; plum-pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again ;—there is a design in one of the Comic Almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations—there is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside, from which we should have been charmed to steal a few wood-cuts. It is entitled 'Mirth and Morality,' the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer—the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank—see yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common ! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentleman-like drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author,

Who has not chased the butterfly
And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a moralizing sigh ;
Alas ! how frail are human things ?

A very unexceptionable morality truly, but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar ; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common,

backed by old farm-houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this, what a privilege—to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and children half-inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn. Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating,—

I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter,
And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world,
Aye, and those who are gone to a better.

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. 'Of all the men I have ever known,' says he, 'my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. . . . He embarked for America and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again; . . . but oh, how altered!—he was in every sense of the word an old man, his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together; and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye while he has amused himself in clapping his hands, and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm.' Alas! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles! Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together, aye, and actually did so, for all the efforts the rogues made to run away from him; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks,—'Often since then, when engaged in

enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle.'

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this ? And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design, in which the uncles and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horseback,—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin, a clerical host must have passed under Cruikshank's eyes before he sketched this little, enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children's books, how shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them ? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him ; may *Jack the Giant Killer*, may *Tom Thumb*, may *Puss in Boots* be one day revived by his pencil. Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney-nook ? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humour is too good for the public, that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humour that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humour of Joseph Andrews ; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good humour is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had ! how many millions of mortals

has he made happy ! We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself), supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy, that he laughs at what they laugh at, that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition ; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humourist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner ? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gilray would have been far more successful and more powerful but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserves censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a Princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence ? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an

honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth, he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man. And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband, and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the regular John Bull style, with the Gilray model for the little upstart Corsican; but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water), and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of 'Louis XVIII trying on Napoleon's boots,' which did not certainly fit the gouty son of Saint Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the *Life in Paris*, or the five hundred designs in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pig-tails, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and moustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman; and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishman on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse Monsieur Paul de Kock's histories of Lord *Boulingrog* and *Lady Crockmilove*. On the other hand, the old *émigré* has

taken his station amongst us, and we doubt if a good British Gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book, called *Life in Paris*, published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. We had thoughts of giving a few copies of French heads from this book and others, which would amply show Mr. Cruikshank's anti-Gallican spirit. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was adopted in the once famous book called *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*, which must have a word of notice here, for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

As for *Tom and Jerry*, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and *Life in London*, alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboys' delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at

Almack's ; or flirting in the saloon at the theatre ; at the night-houses, after the play ; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion ; at Bob Logic's chambers, where, if we mistake not, ' Corinthian Kate ' was at a cabinet piano, singing a song ; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row, or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging ; all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined ; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear ; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin, but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity which authors and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones ? only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the *Tom and Jerry* and the *Life in Paris*, Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called *Points of Humour*. These ' Points ' were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copper-plates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could

be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed ; and, for our parts, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called 'The Point of Honour,' illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen, into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came ; fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandizes, that jolly miller ! rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife ! how she pines and frets at that untimely hour of midnight to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock, what agonized face is that we see ? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there ? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left upstairs his br—, his—pscha ! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually

causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject we come, we regret to state, to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns's famous *Jolly Beggars* have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely 'hempen widow,' quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Sheppard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation.

My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman ;

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return ;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sweet 'raucle carlin,' she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady ; but being wooed by a tinker and

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trystes and fairs to driddle,

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candour, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life—

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station ;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation :
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron ;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron.

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth ? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a

kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the 'sturdy caird' taking 'poor gut-scraper' by the beard,—drawing his 'roosty rapier,' and swearing to 'speet him like a pliver' unless he would relinquish the bonnie lassie for ever—

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 An' so the quarrel ended—

Hark how the tinker, apostrophizes the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself :—

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caperin',
 And take a share with those that bear
 The budget an' the apron !

And by that stowp, my faith an' houpe,
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.

Cruikshank's caird is a noble creature ; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

In the second part, the old tale of *The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers* is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in *Peregrine Pickle* are also excellent in their way ; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist's mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a market-place in *The Quack Doctor*, are delightful specimens of the artist's skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth, and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth which appears in this number, and should be glad to give a little vignette emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, are making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer ; some are bringing pans of hot

coals to keep the wounded member warm ; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid's chest, staring solemnly into his eyes ; a monster, with a pair of drumsticks, is banging a devil's tattoo on his forehead ; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.

But, though not able to seize upon all we wish, we have been able to provide a tolerably large Cruikshank gallery for the reader's amusement, and must hasten to show off our wares. Like the worthy who figures below, there is such



A CHOICE OF PLEASURES

here, that we are puzzled with which to begin.

The Cruikshank collector will recognize this old friend as coming from the late Mr. Clark's excellent work, *Three Courses and a Dessert*. The work was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would enjoin him to have a copy of the *Three Courses*, that contains some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit



George Cruikshank

AUGUST.—'SIC OMNES



George Grosz

THE ELECTION FOR BEADLE



THE PARISH ENGINE



George Cruikshank

SCOTLAND YARD

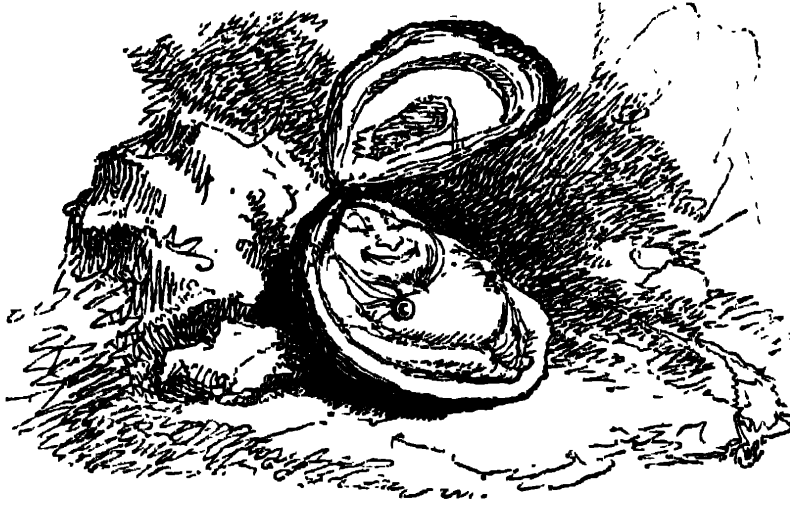


George Cruikshank

THE STREETS—MORNING

and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented this wonderful oyster ?

Examine him well ; his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to



THE WONDERFUL OYSTER

smile in this way ; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.

In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order—we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and ‘seize upon our subject’ when and wherever we can lay hold of him.

For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadles, policemen, tall Life Guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto ; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth’s *Jack Sheppard*, and the immortal Fagin of *Oliver Twist*. Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things ? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy ? Why should a tall Life Guardsman have something in him essentially absurd ? Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long ? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter ?

These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons



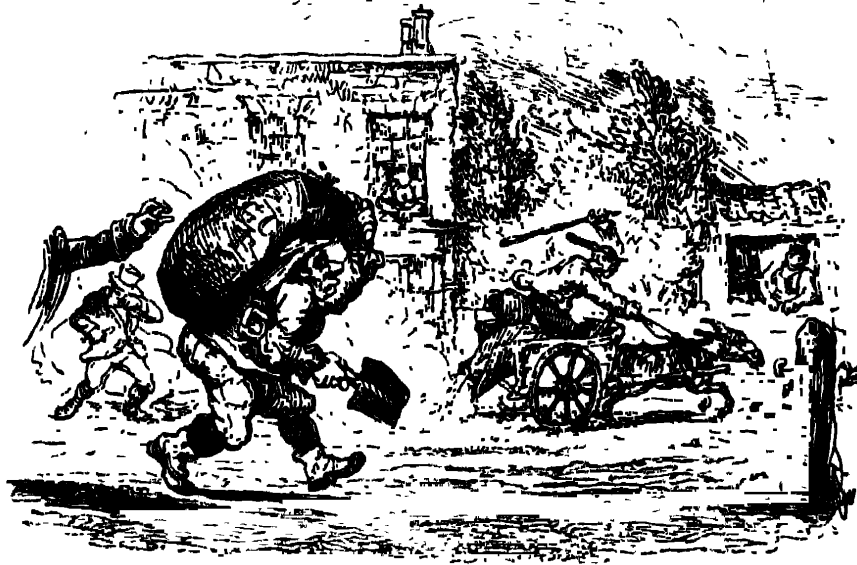
SEIZING A SUBJECT

of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder.

We can submit to public notice a complete little gallery of dustmen. Here [p. 436] is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who—having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own—is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.

What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust—it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours yonder poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not

a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted, how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole. What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended



FLYING DUSTMEN—TERRESTRIAL

on this little block of wood ; a large picture might have been painted out of the very same materials, which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustmen we pass to those



FLYING DUSTMEN—CELESTIAL

purely poetical. Here are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.

Is there no one to write a sonnet to these?—and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the Wagoner, a character by no means so poetic.

And lastly, we have the dustman in love, the honest fellow is on the spectator's right hand, and having seen a young beauty stepping out of a gin-shop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit.



THE GIN PALACE

Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the *Sketch Book* is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the 'Gin Juggernaut,' and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which, unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which, the gin monster had passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, etc. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The

allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called *My Sketch Book* with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. What points strike his eye as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies, who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen; in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. Look at this fellow from the *Sunday in London*.¹

Monsieur the Chef is instructing a kitchen-maid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other—

¹ The following lines—ever fresh—by the author of *Headlong Hall*, published years ago in the *Globe and Traveller*, are an excellent comment on several of the cuts from the *Sunday in London* :—

I

The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act,
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

III

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

II

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station,
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

IV

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

a pretty scoundrel truly ! with what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters, and ogles, and grins ; they are all the same, these mounseers ; look at those other two fellows—*morbleu !* one is



SUNDAY COOKERY

putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan ; there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt ; and see, just over some other dish of abomination, another dirty rascal is taking snuff ! Never mind, the sauce won't be hurt by a few ingredients more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. See, there is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the beef, he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design ; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but
spy him.

VI

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society ;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of
piety.



What is Taxes Thomas?

I'm sure I don't know

"Ignorance is bliss"

Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, 'What is Taxes, Thomas?' What is taxes indeed; well may that vast, over-fed, lounging flunkey ask the question of his associate Thomas, and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, 'I don't know.' 'O beati plushicolae,' what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the *Sketch Book* many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise,

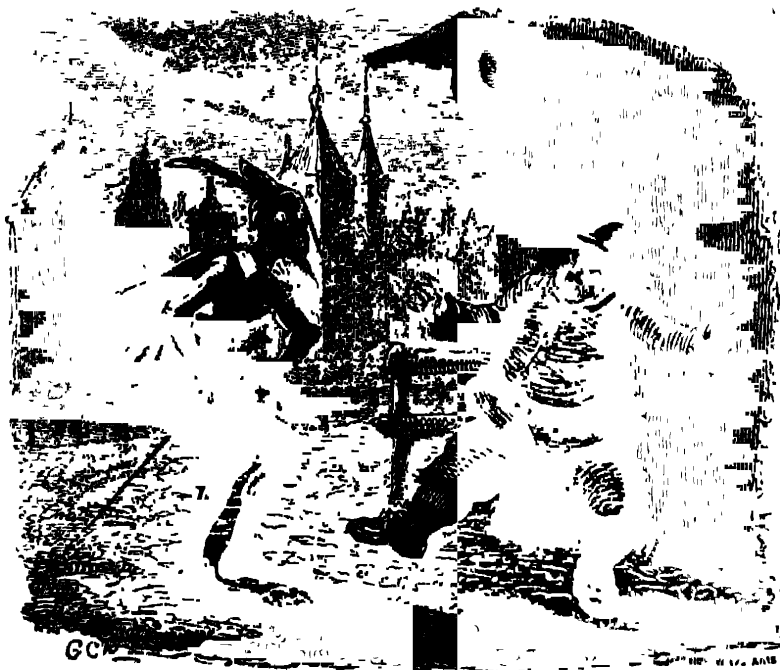


'MISERABLE SINNERS!'

but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. See, here is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves 'Miserable sinners'!

Miserable sinners indeed ! O what floods of turtle-soup ; what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable. My lady there, with the ermine tippet and dragging feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director ? She has been to the Opera over-night (indeed her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the Opera over-night, which with a trifle of supper afterwards—a white-and-brown soup,



A DISAGREEABLE RENCONTRE

a lobster salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half-hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew!—how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails ! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel ! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books ; and what a pious whirring of Bible-leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text ! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year :



Tell Tale

and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the Consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain*.

Our artist loves to joke at a soldier; in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall life guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many



BRITISH GRENADIERS

of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. 'Raw Recruit,' 'ditto dressed,' ditto 'served up,' as we see them in the *Sketch Book*, are so many satires upon the army: Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or that last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, does not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at, to be sure, but then it is because he

is a bad soldier ; when he comes to have a huge pair of moustachios and the *croix d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe—we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay. Look [p. 444] at this regiment of heroes 'marching to divine service,' to the tune of 'The British Grenadiers.'

There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He



IRISH MILITIA

has drawn a perfectly English scene—the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting 'heads up, soldier,' 'eyes right, lobster,' as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In England, however, see how different the case is : and designedly or undesignedly, the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. Look in the crowd—the only person who admires the soldiers is the poor idiot, whose pocket a rogue is picking. Here is another picture, in which the sentiment is much the same, only, as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.

We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. Would any one doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in the following group ?



IRISH BOYS

Place me amid O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal race of Tara ;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The pathless wilds of Connemara.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than the following scene [p. 447 (1)], or could Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon ?

There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish. Here [pp. 447 (2) and 448 (1)] we have a couple of compositions treated in a graver manner, as characteristic too as the other.

And with one more little Hibernian specimen [p. 448 (2)] we must bid farewell to Ireland altogether, having many other pictures in our gallery that deserve particular notice ; and we give this, not so much for the comical look of poor Teague, who has been pursued and beaten by the witch's stick, but in order to point the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty, fanciful, little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the background.

Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for such homely landscapes,



AN IRISH ROW

and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old vil-



AN IRISH WAKE

lages, farm-yards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys, churches,

gable-ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.



AN IRISH JIG

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's *John Gilpin* and *Epping Hunt*; for though our artist does not



TEAGUE AND THE WITCH'S STICK

draw horses very scientifically,—to use a phrase of the *atelier*, he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better.

Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce ; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master. Here is a notable instance.

Trees or horse-flesh, which is the worst ? οἷη περ φύλλων



THE DEAF POSTILION

γενεή, τοῖη δὲ καὶ ἵππων : it is impossible to say which is the most villainous.

But what then ? Suppose yonder horned animal near the postchaise has not a very bovine look, it matters not the least. Can a man be supposed to imitate everything ? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. Look at that postilion ; the people in the broken-down chaise are roaring after him ; he is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear

that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet ? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy ?—can any person define it satisfactorily in words ?—not in pages, and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail. The horses of *John Gilpin* are much more of the equestrian order, and as here the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings in this cut are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.



JOHN GILPIN AT EDMONTON

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.
 'Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here's the house !'
 They all at once did cry ;
 'The dinner waits, and we are tired—'
 Said Gilpin—' So am I !'
 Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :—

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

The rush, and shouting, and clatter are here excellently depicted by the artist; and we, who have been scoffing



JOHN GILPIN AT THE TURNPIKE

at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens; each has a different action and is curiously natural.

Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them! It is a comfort to think that wood-cuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had at Mr. Tilt's for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In the *Epping Hunt*, which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident

for him ; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and a couple of the designs contain great humour. The first represents the Cockney hero, who, 'like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree.'



THE EPPING HUNT—THE COCKNEY HERO

And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.

The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more ; and as the *Quarterly Review* recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like

manner we should exhort all our friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's designs of *another* interesting race, that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these, we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of *Tom Thumb* and *Bombastes Furioso*,



HUNT—THE HUNTSMAN HUNTED

both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The 'brave army' of Bombastes [p. 454] exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English Radical. And we can well understand the caution of the general, who bids this *soldat-
esque effrénée* to be gone, and not to kick up such a row.

Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it ; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough ; but we must not venture



THE BRAVE ARMY OF BOMBASTES

upon any ill-timed pleasantries in presence of the disturbed King Arthur, and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl*, with Cruikshank's designs

translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The *Kinder- und Haus-Maerchen* of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece, copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated



THE GHOST OF GAFFER THUMB

by the same nation; and even in France, whither reputation travels slower than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a couple of lives of Napoleon, and the *Life in Paris* before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland*. Strange, wild etchings were those, on

a strange, mad subject ; not so good in our notion as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and the ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention ; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in *Peter Schlemihl*, where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—"Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. Done, said I, it is a bargain ; you shall have my shadow for your bag. The bargain was concluded ; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done.'

This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious, and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden ; there is a palace in the background ; and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy ; there is a sundial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand, the old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg* ; he is going to fold it back neatly as one does the tails of a coat, and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story ; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart, in spite of all his fun and joking.



PETER SCHLEMIHL

The German tales we have mentioned before. 'The Prince riding on the Fox,' 'Hans in Luck,' 'The Fiddler and his Goose,' 'Heads off,' are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory—'Heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?' There sits the queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairyland. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only



THE DUTCHMAN AND OUR MUTUAL ENEMY

designer fairyland has had. Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the 'little people.' They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the Seherin of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts), or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

We have, unfortunately, no fairy portraits in the gallery which we have been enabled to provide for the public; but, on the other hand, can descend lower than fairyland, and have

procured some fine specimens of devils. One has already been raised, and the reader has seen him [p. 442] tempting a fat Dutch burgomaster, in ancient gloomy market-place, such as George Cruikshank can draw as well as Mr. Prout, Mr. Nash, or any man living. Here [p. 458] is our friend once more ; our friend the burgomaster, in a highly excited state, and running as hard as his great legs will carry him, with our mutual enemy at his tail.

What are the bets ? Will that long-legged bondholder of



THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK

a devil come up with the honest Dutchman ? It serves him right, why did he put his name to stamped paper ? And yet we should not wonder that some lucky chance will turn up in the burgomaster's favour, and that his infernal creditor will lose his labour ; for one so proverbially cunning as yonder tall individual with the saucer eyes, it must be confessed that he has been very often outwitted.

There is, for instance, the case of 'The Gentleman in Black,' which has been illustrated by our artist. A young

French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming-houses, was one day pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances ; and utterly at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, 'What the devil shall I do?' He had no sooner spoken, than a GENTLEMAN IN BLACK made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honour to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out



THE USE OF CHANCERY

of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English

merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been, and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both, when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonourable as to seek for every means of breaking through their agreement. The Englishman living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took advice of a Mr. Bagsby, of Lyon's Inn, whose name, as we cannot find it in the 'Law List,' we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord — very likely; we shall not give his name, but let every reader of this Review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbours, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honoured name.

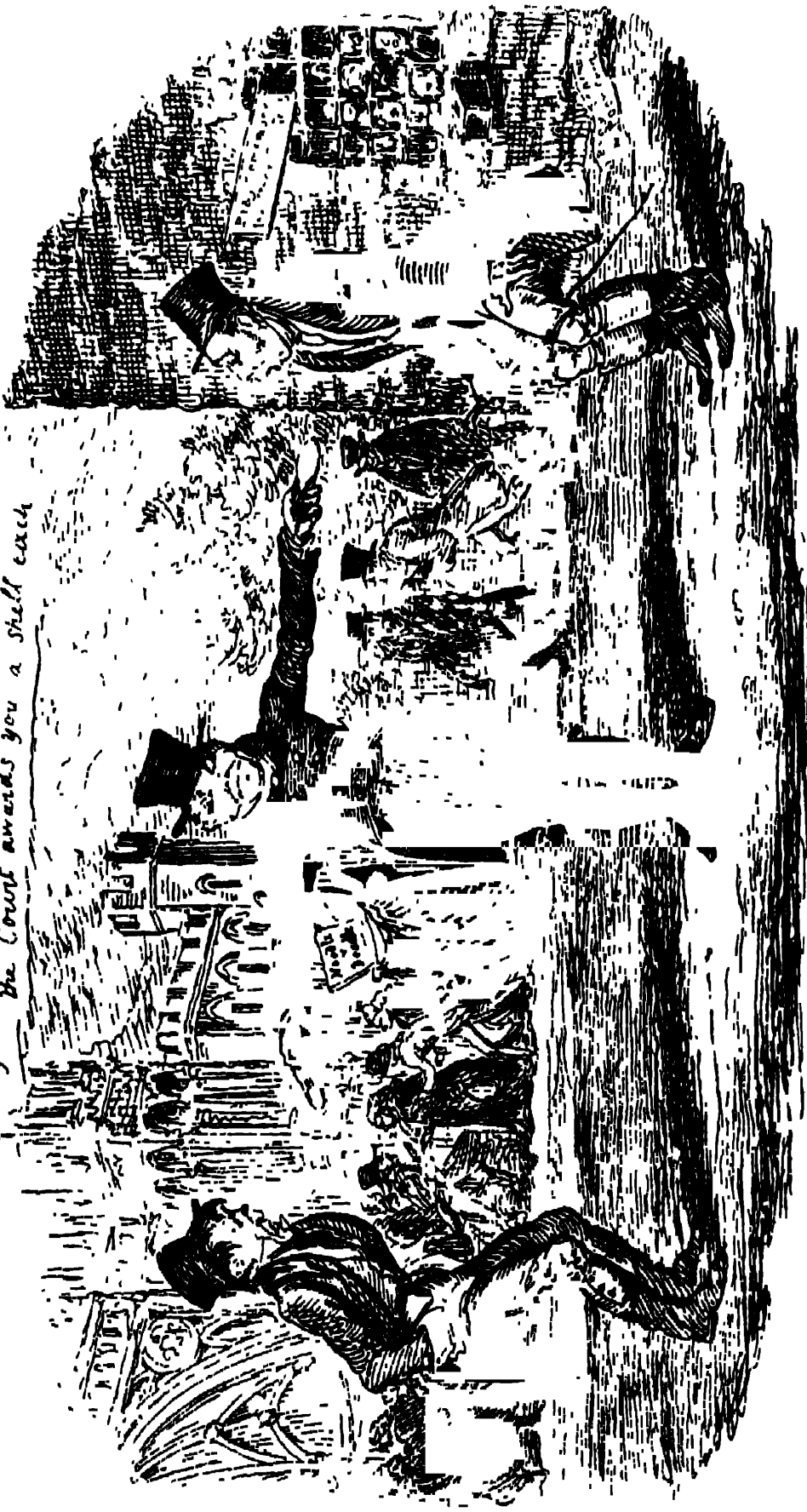
Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfilment of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel, and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.

Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance, but the Gentleman in Black was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book of Mr. Daly, of Leicester Square, wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. We have one more diabolical picture in our budget, [p. 463] engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.

We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have

Gentlemen - It was a very fine Oyster
the Court awards you a shell each



TERM TIME

been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such arbitrary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labour from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing, very luckily for him, as we think, and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draughtsman. There is nothing in the least



A FRIEND IN NEED

mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by the careful tool of the engraver. Look at these three lovely smiling heads for instance [p. 464].

Let us examine them, not so much for the jovial humour and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances, as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render; let him go, not a hair's breadth, but the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks, and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little knife round each nor too much nor too

little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much ; and so well does the engraver succeed at last, that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the wood-cutter had utterly ruined his design.

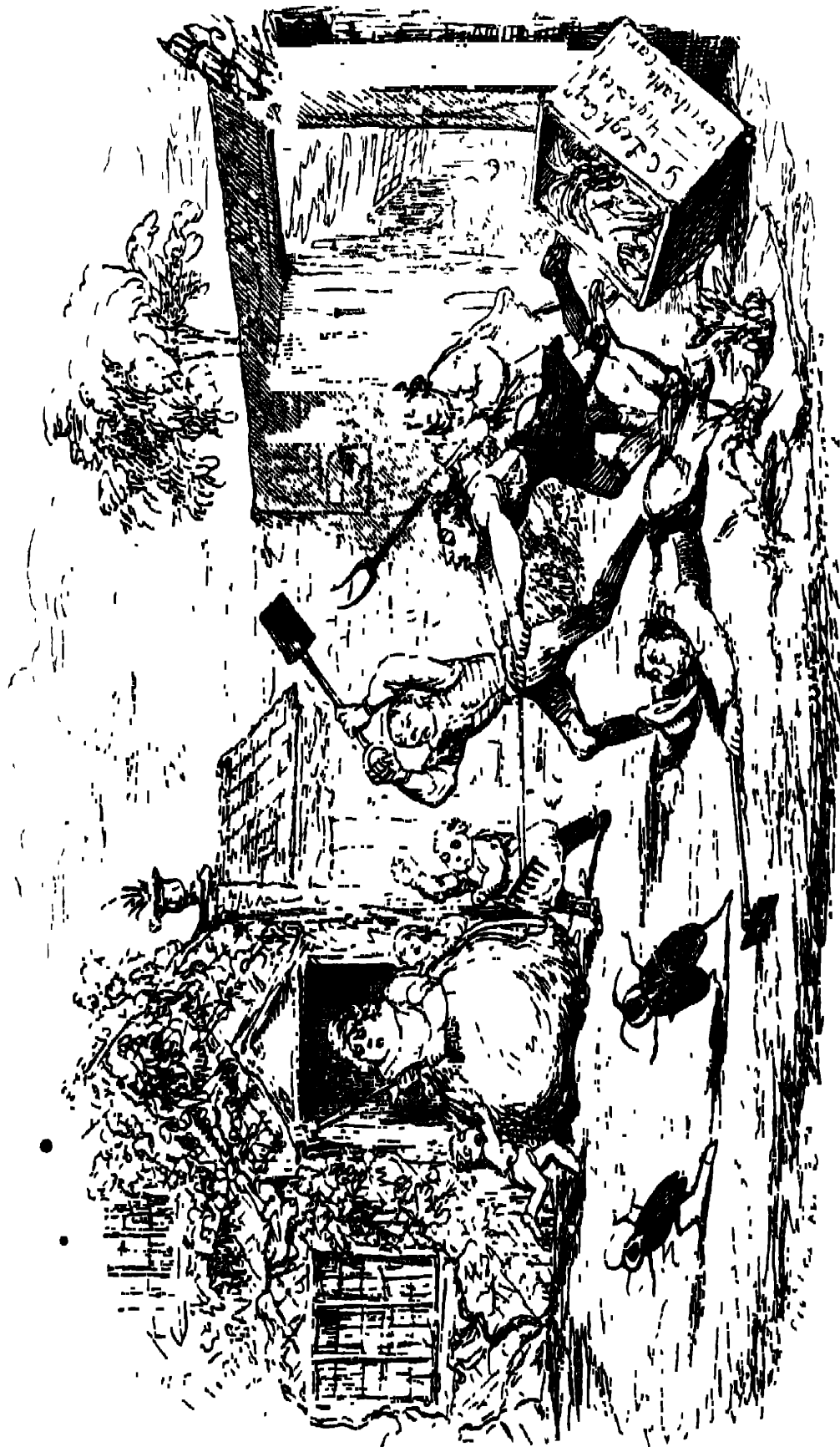
Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank ; however, the regulations of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavour to class. Why should the artists who executed the cuts of the admirable *Three Courses* yield the *pas* to any one ? If the reader will turn back to the second cut in p. 448, he will agree with us that it is a very brilliant and faithful imita-



PORTRAITS OF LEMONS

tion of the artist's manner, and admire the pretty glimpse of landscape and the manner in which it is rendered ; the oyster cut is likewise very delicately engraved, and indeed we should be puzzled, were there no signatures, to assign the prize at all.

Here for instance is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best wood-cut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's peculiar manner : this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted, and from which we have borrowed ; but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceae of Mexico, by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman dispatched some extremely choice roots of



THE GARDENERS AND THE BLATTA BEETLES

this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the box being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of the enormous *Blatta* beetle that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porters' children, issued forth in arms, and which the artist has immortalized, as we see.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr.



THIMBLE RIG

Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character; here is English country character quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout porterness and her children, and of yonder 'Chawbacon' with the shovel, on whose face is written 'Zummerzetsheer.' Is it hypercriticism to say that the gardener on the ground is a Scotchman? there is a well-known Scotch gentleman in London who must surely have stretched for the portrait. Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnon, and is looking about him at raaces.

How distinct are these rustics from those whom we have just been examining! They hang about the purlieus of the

metropolis ; Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood, are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerrigging trio, and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion ! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerrigged hero's hat ? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance. Here is another specimen :—



SPIRITS OF WINE

Is there any need of having a face after this ? ‘ Come on,’ says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear, ‘ come on, has any man a mind to tap me ? ’ Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage ; not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver ; the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

Our artist then can cover up faces, and yet show them quite clearly, as in the thimblerrig group ; or he can do without faces altogether, as we see above ; or he can, at a pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any

given object, as we see here a beautiful Irish physiognomy



Gck

A KEG OF WHISKY

being moulded upon a keg of whisky ; or here, where a jolly



Gck

A POT OF ALE

English countenance froths out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay).

Not to recognize in this fungus the physiognomy of that mushroom peer, Lord ——, would argue oneself unknown.



A MUSHROOM PEER

Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as in the case of this vivacious pair of spectacles, that are jockeying the nose of



CADDY CUDDLE

Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been, that his plates are now sold by thousands, where they could only be produced by hundreds

before. He has made many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own). Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication, the *Comic Almanac*, have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable, that the *Almanac*



CORPORATION REFORM

at once became a vast favourite with the public, and has so remained ever since.

Besides the twelve plates, this *Almanac* contains a prophetic wood-cut, accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other Almanacs. Here is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the Reform of Municipal Corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at hand. See his lordship here, he is meekly going to dine at an eightpenny ordinary,—his giants in pawn, his men in armour, dwindled to 'one poor knight,' his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen

vanished, his sheriffs, alas! and alas! in jail! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet. Behold John Bull asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon, Speculation, blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him.

Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round



JOHN BULL AND SPECULATION

his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money, and all; the rats are at his corn-bags (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare), his faithful dog is bolting his leg of mutton, nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle, and there, by way of moral, is his ale-pot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, O Bull, all this is froth, and a cruel satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow the pun of 'learned Doctor Gill'; but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so, that it is



HARD TO PART

us, and we still fondly endeavour to hold on, but this wild word, farewell, must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so good-bye, brave wood-cuts: we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last of our collection. A word or two more have we to say, but no more pretty pictures,—take your last look of the wood-cuts then, for not one more will appear after this page—not one more with which the pleased traveller may comfort his eye—a smiling oasis in a desert of text. What could we have done without these excellent merry pictures? Reader and reviewer would have been tired of listening long since and would have been



COMFORTABLY ASLEEP.

In the earlier numbers of the *Comic Almanac* all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down ; and if during the last two years the mysterious personage who, under the title of 'Rigdum Funnidos,' compiles this ephemeris, has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloud land of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the *Almanac* for 1839, had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter. The publishers have allowed us to give a reprint of that admirable design before mentioned, in which Master Stubbs is represented under the school-pump, to which place of punishment his associates have brought him. In the following naïve way the worthy gentleman describes his own mishap :—

'This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied. I wanted a pair of boots. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

'But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it ; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer ; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

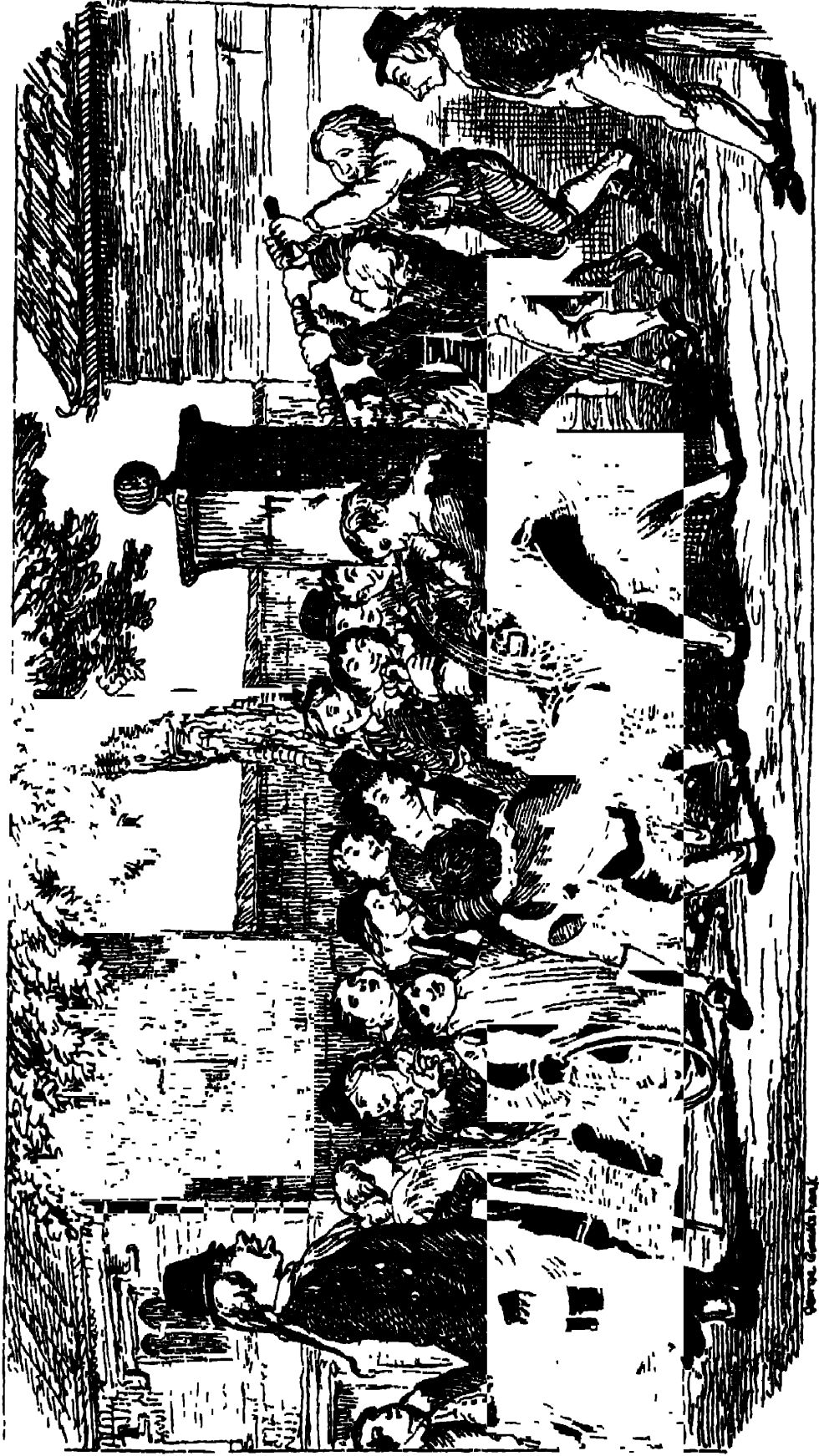
'There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in our town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London ; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

'So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

'“ You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop-boots,” said the shoemaker.

'“ I suppose, fellow,” says I, “ that is my business and not yours. Either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully ! ” and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

'They had the desired effect.—“ Stay, sir,” says he.



MARCH.—SHOWERY

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“ I have a nice littel pair of dop-boots dat I tink will jost do for you,” and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. “ Dey were made,” said he, “ for de Honorable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.”

“ Ah, indeed ! ” said I. “ Stiffney is a relation of mine : and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things ? ”—He replied, “ Three pounds.”

“ Well,” said I, “ they are confoundedly dear, but as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see.” The man looked alarmed, and began a speech ; “ Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout,—” but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—“ Sir ! don’t sir me—take off the boots, fellow, and, harkye, when you speak to a nobleman, don’t say—Sir.”

“ A hundert tousand pardons, my lort,” says he : “ if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books ? ”

“ Name ?—Oh ! why, LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure,” said I, as I walked off in the boots.

“ And vat shall I do vid my lort’s shoes ? ”—“ Keep them until I send for them,” said I ; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

“ This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

“ Well, one fatal Monday morning—the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours, I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind : what had brought him here ? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the schoolroom, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

“ I want Lort Cornvallis,” said the horrid bootmaker. “ His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church yesterday.”

“ Lord who ? ”

“ Vy, Lort Cornvallis, to be sure—a very fat young

nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and svears dreadfully."

"There's no Lord Cornwallis here," said one; and there was a pause.

"Stop! I have it," says that odious Bunting. "*It must be Stubbs;*" And "Stubbs! Stubbs!" every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, ran me into the playground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man—I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow!" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting (hang him!), "let's see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then, the cobbler's right"—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"Vat!" said Stiffelkind. "Is he not a lort? So help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;" and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse at me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots."

"Oh, sir," said I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill." My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. "Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas."

"You have been fool enough, sir," says the doctor, looking very stern, "to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir! I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny."

As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home : you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys."

" " *Suppose we duck him* before he goes," piped out a very small voice :—the doctor grinned significantly, and left the schoolroom ; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the playground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.'

If the pictures which we are enabled to give at the conclusion of this notice are not quite so brilliant and clear as they were on the first appearance in the *Almanac*, the critic must be pleased to remember that we have been compelled to transfer to stone, having no other means of adapting them to the size of this review. When we recollect, too, that twenty thousand impressions were previously taken from the steels, the public will not be disposed to judge of the engravings in their present condition, but will see what they must have been when first they issued from the hands of the artist.¹ One or two have withstood the transfer operation very well, especially the pleasant plate of 'Beating the Bounds' (how kindly and good-humoured it is !) and the 'scene in court,' from last year's *Almanac*, in which the celebrated Mr. Mulligan appears in the act of addressing the bench in favour of his client, the famous Tuggeridge Coxe Tuggeridge.

' Standing here (says the orator), on the pedestal of sacred Themis (we follow the peculiar mode of spelling that is adopted in the *Almanac*), seeing around me the ornaments of a profession I respect, a vinnerable judge, an enlightened

¹ À propos of the ' Holiday at the Public Offices '—(a delightful picture of real life)—we are reminded of the diary kept by a certain clerk in a certain public office eastward of Cornhill, whose daily duties began with a good breakfast, provided for him whilst the monopoly of the China trade lasted.

From 10 till 11—ate a breakfast for seven,
 From 11 till noon,—to begin, 'twas too soon.
 From 12 till 1—asked what's to be done ?
 From 1 till 2—found nothing to do.
 From 2 till 3—began to foresee
 That from 3 till 4 would be a great bore.



MAY.—BEATING THE BOUNDS

George C. Cook & Son

jury—the nation's glory, the country's cheap defendther, the poor man's priceless palladium, how must I thremble, my Lard, how must the blush of modesty bejew my cheek (somebody cried out "*O cheeks!*") In the court there was a dreadful roar of laughing, and when order was established Mr. Mulligan continued): My Lard, I heed them not, I come from a counthry accustomed to opprission, and as that counthry, yes, my Lard, that *Ireland* (do not laugh, I am proud of it) is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, lovely, and beautiful; in like manner my client's cause will rise superior to the malignant imbecility, I repeat, me Lard, **THE MALIGNANT IMBECILITY** of those who would thrample it down, and in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my counthry's, aye, and in *my own*, I with folded arrums hurl a scornful and eternal defiance !'

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the *Illustrations of Time*, the *Scraps and Sketches*, and the *Illustrations of Phrenology*, which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's publications, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his designs into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humour which the artist can produce by a few skilful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the *Illustrations of Time* appeared some dozen years since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the conductors have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of humour and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humour is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the *Greenwich Hospital* designs, which must not be passed over. *Greenwich Hospital* is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars, in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnacling, and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship.



NOVEMBER.—LAW LIFE ASSURANCE

This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman, as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest goodwill. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson, in *The Family Library*, and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgement of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular, Lockhart's excellent *Life of Napoleon*. Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine; the Mamlouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous, as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to *The Family Library* seem suddenly to have ceased; the work, which was then the property of Mr. Murray, has since that period passed into the hands of Mr. Tegg, whose shop seems to be the bourne to which most books travel—the fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave. Mr. Tegg, like death, will never give up his prey. We implored of him a loan of the precious wood-blocks that are buried in his warehouses; but no, Tegg was inexorable, and such of Mr. Cruikshank's charming little children as have found their way to him, have not been permitted to take a holiday with many of their brethren whose guardians are not so severe.

Let us offer our thanks to Messrs. Whitehead, Tilt, Robins, Darton and Clark, Thomas and Daly, proprietors of the Cruikshank cuts, who have lent us of their store. Only one man has imitated Mr. Tegg, and he, we are sorry to say, is no other than George Cruikshank himself, who, although besought by humble ambassadors, pestered by printers'-devils and penny post letters, did resolutely refuse to have any share in the blowing of his own trumpet, and showed our messengers to the door.

Our stock of plates has also been increased by the kindness of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who have lent us some of the designs for the Boz sketches, not the worst among Mr. Dickens's books, as we think, and containing some of the best of Mr. Cruikshank's designs.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist, who has given us the portraits of

his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the Jew and Bumble, and the heroes and heroines of the Boz sketches, become personal acquaintances with each of us. Oh that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way! and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams, and Squire Allworthy, and the great Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the modern romance of *Jack Sheppard*, in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for a while, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down—let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale? George Cruikshank's pictures—always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance; all the author's laboured description of that event has passed clean away—we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank. The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has; how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames; 'the ripple of the water,' 'the darkling current,' 'the indistinctly seen craft,' 'the solemn shadows' and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed (with not unskilful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description. 'As Rowland

sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething, like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand. . . . The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled*, etc. etc. See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the *Jack Sheppard* plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1. * Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard.' A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman is not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the numbers of accessories which the engraver has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of 'Wild discovering Darrell in the loft' is admirable—ghastly, terrible, and the treatment of it extraordinarily skilful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams, are excellently felt

and rendered, and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skilful hand and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain, before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of 'Jack carving the name on the beam,' which has been transferred to half the play-bills in town, is over-loaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last-named engraving, and do not injure the effect of the principal figure. Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table, away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hammers. The glue-pot, the mallet, the chisel-handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously perhaps to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate, where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the *βαθυκόλποι*, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cosy air, which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all the particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no

favourite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously. This figure, borrowed from the compositor's desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

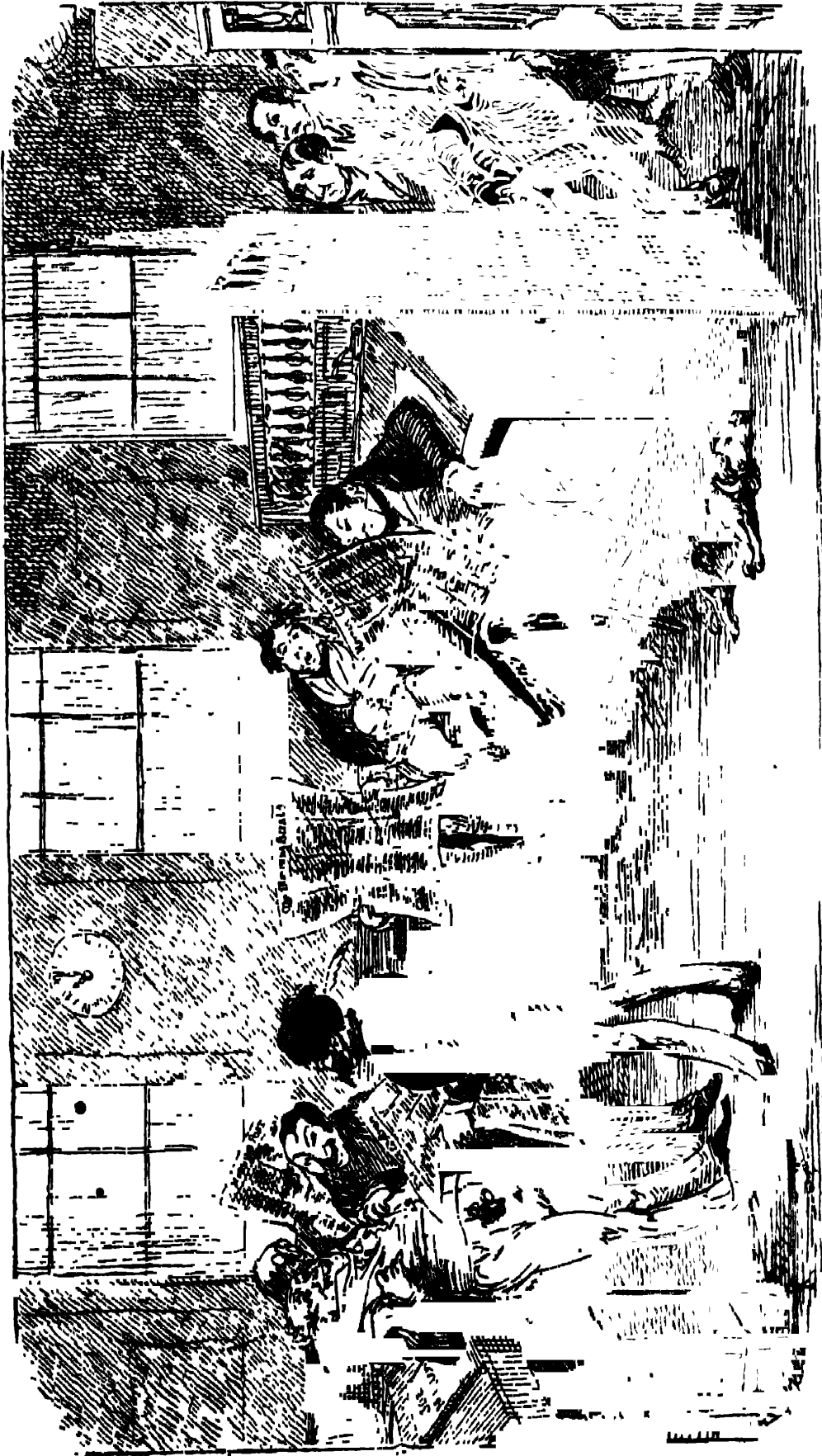


The 'Interior of Willesden Church' is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups well arranged, and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking round alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so 'Mrs. Sheppard ill in bed,' whose face is screwed up to an expression vastly too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen through the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical: it is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they are the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and are always appropriate and welcome. The boozing ken is not to our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified eyebrows again. Why this exaggeration—is it necessary for the public? We think not, or if they require such excitement, let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them better things.¹

The 'Escape from Willesden cage' is excellent, the 'Burglary in Wood's house' has not less merit; 'Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam,' a ghastly picture, indeed, is finely conceived, but not, as we fancy, so carefully executed; it would be better for a little more careful drawing in the female figure.

'Jack sitting for his picture' is a very pleasing group, and savours of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced

¹ A gentleman (whose wit is so celebrated that one should be very cautious in repeating his stories) gave the writer a good illustration of the philosophy of exaggeration. Mr. — was once behind the scenes at the Opera when the scene-shifters were preparing for the ballet. Flora was to sleep under a bush, whereon were growing a number of roses, and amidst which was fluttering a gay covey of butterflies. In size the roses exceeded the most expansive sun-flowers, and the butterflies were as large as cocked-hats;—the scene-shifter explained to Mr. —, who asked the reason why everything was so magnified, that the galleries could never see the objects unless they were enormously exaggerated. How many of our writers and designers work for the galleries?



George Cruikshank

JUNE.—HOLIDAY AT THE PUBLIC OFFICES

in the company. The 'Murder of Trenchard' must be noticed too as remarkable for the effect and terrible vigour which the artist has given to the scene. The 'Willesden Churchyard' has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the little vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate. Here, too, much anatomical care of drawing is not required; the figures are so small that the outline and attitude need only to be indicated, and the designer has produced a series of figures quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are no less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshank. (Let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure.) Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening 'the door between the red room and the chapel.' What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding tight his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating! If any one were there! but no! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him—woe to him who should—and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads, up he goes, it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone—*abiiit, evasit, erupit*. Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention *Oliver Twist*, and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.¹ The sausage scene at Fagin's; Nancy scizing the boy; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview; Sikes's farewell to the dog; and the Jew,—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sikes and the dog! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than diminish the effect of the picture: it has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look; we fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sikes, when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the

¹ Or his new work, *The Tower of London*, which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

dungeon, let us say nothing of it—what can we say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thoughts, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete, that he afterwards can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

A great deal of this random work of course every artist has done in his time, many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellences, haphazard, which gain for them reputation; but a fine quality in Mr. Cruikshank, the quality of his success, as we have said before, is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low, the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy, fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature; but there is something fine in this too; it is good that he *should* fail, that he should have these honest naïve notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea-party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society—you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing-room like a lady's little spaniel.

If then, in the course of his life and business, he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his works rather cheap; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge;—they would have something vastly more neat, regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band most likely but can paint an Academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters and tell us who are they? How many among these men are *poets*, makers, possessing the faculty to create, the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are, count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine-and-twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him ! As a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day, we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter's thin pinchbeck, who can live comfortably for six weeks, when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hair-dresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived: time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance, truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present bring him twenty times the sum, but whether it be ill-paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been ! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new ; some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren ; in what hours of sorrow and ill health to be told by the world ' Make us laugh, or you starve—Give us fresh fun ; we have eaten up the old and are hungry.' And all this has he been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done and done well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways ; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people ; he has never used his wit dishonestly ; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush ; how little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him !

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting-post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual, whom he considers a humble scraper on steel, that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him ; they have come one by one, one driving out the memory of the other : it



George Goodshank

JUNE.—EXHIBITION, 1835

is only when we come to examine them altogether as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him¹—a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them), that we feel what we owe him. Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humourist. Look at all, his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression; as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.

¹ The long list of Mr. Cruikshank's works which heads this article is, we fear, far from complete, though we have tried hard to make it so.

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY

By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1840]

MY DEAR YORKE,

Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon?—that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat; knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines must dine well? Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy, even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to balk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud, singing '*Suoni la tromba intrepida*,' each clutching the other's hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to '*gridando liberta*.'—But I am wandering from the point: the address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this:—

'Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents,

—not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country, your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed, you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person ; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts, without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. You are a devilish bad painter, sir ; but never mind, Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber ; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend, Lady Morgan, calls them [Sir Charles returned thanks], are a wretched artist ; but a tolerable critic—nay, a good critic—nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic, in matters of art, that is to be found in her Majesty's dominions. And, therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John o' Groat's or Land's End,—I forget which,—therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

' Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis ; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity.'

I here got up ; and, laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said, ' Sir, I——'

' Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet ! Waiter ! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese.—To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent public of Great Britain ! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly,—how foully, basely, meanly—how, in a word, with-every-deteriorating-adverb that ends in *ly*—in *ly*, gentlemen [here Mr. Yorke looked round,

and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low, faint laugh]—you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men? Are they educated to be painters?—No! Have they a taste for painting?—No! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity. And, alas! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

‘But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavour to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture-galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate; don’t philosophize, or define, or talk big, for I will cut out every line of such stuff, but speak in a simple, natural way,—without fear, and without favour.

‘Mark that latter word “favour” well; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favour, sir, is the curse of the critical trade; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaraderie* and partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull—dull and loud; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill drawn, well or ill painted: they must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool colour, keeping, chiaroscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters’ Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

‘You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters,

namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the *Star* newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier*: all Blank's opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how "Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation"; "Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases"; "Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag"; "His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity, and high chivalric grace!" As for Asterisk, you are told, "Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so?"

[Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of burgundy, however, and continued.]

'But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man (loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause). You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; as far as you, a fallible creature (cries of "No, no!") know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy—and you have hundreds—praise it.'

'I will,' gasped I.

'Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor—cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon-companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the

affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private !’

‘ Mr. Yorke,’ said I, clenching my fists and starting up, ‘ this passes endurance; were you not intox—’; but two waiters here seized and held me down, luckily for you.

‘ Peace, Titmarsh (said you); ’twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say; and if you write a decent article on the exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble; and, in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture-galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings. Five exhibitions, five shillings; catalogues, four. You will have twelve pence for yourself, to take refreshments in the intervals.’

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

‘ Mr. Fraser,’ said you, ‘ give the fellow half a sovereign; and, for heaven’s sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking !’

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labours will be found in the accompanying report. I have the honour, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion, Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

Moreland’s Coffee-House,
• Dean Street, Soho.

ΠΑΨΩΔΙΑ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α΄.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Had the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the Exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the Queen comes (Heaven bless her Majesty !) attended by her courtiers

and train ; and deigns, with royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken ; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by her Majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. ' That, may it please your Majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir David Wilkie : deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figure-head of one of your Majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your Majesty's royal consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honour to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this Academy—ha, ha ! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your Majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of Havadavats. Please your Royal Highness to look at the bit of biscuit ; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair maid of honour, look at that lump of sugar ; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost elevenpence a pound ? Isn't it sweet ? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your ladyship's lovely face ! '

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland president discoursing. The Queen should make august replies ; the lovely, smiling maids of honour should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hung certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire) ; the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome, gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark moustache that adorns his comely lip, and say, ' Potztausend ! but dat bigture of First Loaf by Herr von Mulready ist wunderschön ! ' and courtly chamberlains, prim gold-sticks, and sly polonaises of the court, should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly, neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan ; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by her Majesty on the spot. As thus :—' The royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture

by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dunsinane. "Gory shadow of Banquo," said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, "how hideous thou art!" "Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!" replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. "By my halidome!" whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melborough—"by cock and pie, sir count, but it seems me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!" "And a marvellous unkempt beard," answered the earl; "and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear." "Hoot awa, mon!" cried an old Scots general, "but the chield Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation) knew hoo to wield a gude claymore!" "His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!" whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy; who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival.

"My lord of Wellington," said her Majesty, "lend me your sword." The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre,—that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajoz, in the mighty and supreme combat of Waterloo! A tear stood in the hero's eye as he fell on his gartered knee; and, holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. "Take it, madam," said he; "sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel—'tis the blood of the enemies of my cuntry!" The Queen took it; and, as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked, that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. "Where is Mr. Maclise?" said her Majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. "Kneel! kneel!" whispered fifty voices; and frightened, he did as they ordered him. "Sure she's not going to cut my head off?" he cried to the good knights Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. "Your name, sir?" said the Ladye of England. "Sure you know it's Maclise!" cried the son of Erin. "Your Christian name?" shrieked

Sir Martin Shee, in agony. "Christian name, is it? Oh, then it's Daniel Malcolm, your majesty, and much at your service!" She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, "Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!"

'The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortège* moved away, the royal barouches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, "Largesse, Largesse!" and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square; and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments.'

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic, did we dare to be imaginative, such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but, as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write anything of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that, on the Friday, her Majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages; the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and, after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet, let us say roundly that Messieurs de l'Académie are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and, though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return; a good joke is worth a plateful of turtle; a smart, brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slice of venison, with plenty of fat and currant jelly, and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly : but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine : there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull, awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

La chasseresse
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal¹,

may run from this till doomsday ; and we feel no desire to join the cold, passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy : they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art !

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much ; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Medicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A. ! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctius, Esquire, of

¹ Alfred de Musset.

Urbino, he being a young man,—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it—a tender, yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world) breathes always peace on earth and good-will towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that brings us 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears')—in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were little faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil—small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated; but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces: and there were many little sketches, not half an inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth; and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition which, as I have been endeavouring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it; and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is

the first : this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and colour to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether ; only, after reading Burke *On the Sublime*, you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful—it is certainly not more dexterous—than a landscape by Mr. ——— or Mr. ———. I cannot tell why Raphael should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt) ; or why ' *Vedrai, carino* ', in *Don Juan*, should be more charming to me than ' *Suoni la tromba*,' before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting, and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dullness and nonsense) ; but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since ; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture : second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And, besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath-hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject—hardly any subject at all ; but such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take ; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all, whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls

'The Salutation of the Aged Friar,' brings the spectator to a delightful peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this :—A group of innocent, happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars ; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces—the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in the 'Christ and the Little Children' by the same artist last year—the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another ; the drawing lacks vigour, the flesh-tints variety (they seem to be produced, by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgement, there are in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads ! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or making her : indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction ; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollections of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly Germans and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art ; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls 'solemn mirth,' and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be coloured accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture-galleries. The colour adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid, pious com-

panions for a man's study, that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection; and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to show his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake, a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury, whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The picture was engraved afterwards in one of the *Annuals*; and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait: the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in colour. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honour, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first ('Fair Time,' 116) was painted, it is said, more than a score of years since; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (oh, for the Wilkie style of that day!), having many greys, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favourite lurid orange-colour; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange colour?—these glowing, burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton. But don't fancy that we are joking or about to joke at Mr.

Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colours are wonderfully captivating to the eye ; and, amidst a host of pictures, it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But, for consistency's sake, a protest must be put in against the colour ; it is pleasant, but wrong ; we never saw it in nature—not even when looking through an orange-coloured glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of ' First Love ' ; and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find anything more exquisitely beautiful ? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *sapristie*, how beautiful she will be about three years hence !), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying ; nor, if I could hear, would I tell—'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes ; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, ' Oh, Mr. Titmarsh, how *can* you ? ' Be not afraid, madam—never, never will I peach ; but sing, in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons—

Est et fideli tuta silentio
 Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
 Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
 Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
 Solvat phaselum.

Which may be interpreted (with the slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess)—

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
 'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee ;
 Remember that the silent lip
 In silence shall rewarded be.
 And fly the wretch who dares to strip
 Love of its sacred mystery.
 My loyal legs I would not stretch
 Beneath the same mahogany ;
 Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
 In punt or skiff, with such as he.
 The villain who would kiss and peach,
 I hold him for mine enemy !

But, to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the postage cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? The *Times* says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of the *Weekly Dispatch* vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive and smarting under the insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger—no good opportunity here for you to show off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know anything of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian, in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much-bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece—*pas si bête*. The 'triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves,' as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, nowadays; but what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The Government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*: though all the world shall turn on thee, O Government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee—aye, and

without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby absolutely insists—but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels!) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically sketched; those elephants I am sure were closely studied, before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it? He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labour; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving—of outline wood-engraving—and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man ‘with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope’; which remark, for its profound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied. For shame, gentlemen! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourselves in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese? Try, Tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou chooseth to practise; or be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown, of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted, the writer of the *Double-Gloster Journal*, the *Stilton Examiner*, the *Cheddar Champion*, and *North Wiltshire Intelligencer*, may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country—Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school: it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic!

This artist’s picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated colour, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear bright manner of Van Dyck and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond's picture of 'Our Lord after the Resurrection' deserves a much better place than it has in the little, dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet; and leaves us to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-colour portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raphael, and the more is the pity: a man who could execute two such grand figures as the other two in the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water-colour group, by the same artist (547. 'The Children of Colonel Lindsay'), contains two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and colour, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighbourhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman, however; his drawings are miracles of dexterity; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lap-dogs, were never painted before,—not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*,—nor by Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour and charming freedom of handling; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures, we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful 'Hope,' which is exquisitely refined and delicate in sentiment, colour, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of colour, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side,—

Der *Turner* furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein,
Der *Boxall* süß und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein.

Which signifies in English, that

As beams the moon so gentle near the sun, that blood-red burner,
So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallord Turner.

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colours, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. 'Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength ;' and 'Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man.' The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece : it is a very meritorious performance ; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This 'Crucifixion' has a great deal of vigour, feeling, grace ; BUT,—the but is fatal ; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion ; that he is mortal ; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong ; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I dare say, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the 'Hallelujah' chorus ; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures : in the present exhibition is a decently small one ; but the artist has over-stretched himself in the former attempts : as one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller ; but he can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of 'The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket,' for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself. Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least.

'Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum,' as the proverb says ; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world besides, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals ? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress ? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume, nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynn is painted with admirable effect, and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in colour, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined,—for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, but had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great ; every one of the accessories is curiously well painted,—some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume picture, of a rather old subject, from *The Rambler*. A poor girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet ; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the new-comer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming ; Mrs. Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat ; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes ; the servants are very good ; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good-painted, with a daguerreotypical minuteness, that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of 'Paracelsus' a finikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment ; and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan, representing 'The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh,' which runs a little into caricature, but contains a vast deal of character and merit ; and which, above all, in the article of costume, shows much study and taste. Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr.

Wilkie—I beg his pardon—Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter's Maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the gun, any one may see habited as Irish peasants superintending 'A Whisky Still,' in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, any one may see and admire who pleases : to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course ; for how can Sir David help to paint fine things ? In the ' Benvenuto ' there is superb colour, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The Queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. ' Mrs. Ferguson, of Raith,' a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful ; and the nobleman and hounds (with the exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe), as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant quaint lines, —

Last morning I was gay, and early out ;
Upon a dyke I leaned, glow'ring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lea ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me.

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar,—' The Recruit,' and ' Herman and Dorothea,' by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and beautiful. There is among the present exhibitors no lack of this kind of talent ; and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone's ' Annot Lyle ' should not be passed over,—a pretty picture, very well painted ; the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigour, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's ' Andromeda ' and ' Venus.' In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly ; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect

miracle of colour. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well; but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It is said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures: they could not do better in England than follow the example; but perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only*,—for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily drawn, graceful, nude figure, is 'Bathsheba,' by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honour of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures,—why, as for his pictures, madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine; for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. 'Macbeth' is not to be hurried off under six pages; and, for this June number, Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms: it is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgements concerning them; the enthusiastic wonder of the first-named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. 'The new moon; or, I've lost my boat; you shan't have your hoop,' is the ingenious title of one,—a very beautiful picture, too, of a long shining sea-sand, lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket—the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallord Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. 'The S——'s Nest.' S. Ward, R.A.

Say they that happiness lives with the great,
On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state?

More frequent found upon the simple plain,
 In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane ;
 In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
 Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest,

Aye, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were
 great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line, too,

On gorgeous trappings *mixt* with pomp and state, "

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow Academician.

230. 'Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying ;
 Typhon coming on.' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay !
 Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
 Declare the Typhon's coming.
 Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
 The dead and dying,—ne'er heed their chains.
 Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope,
 Where is thy market now ?

MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Fallacies of Hope, indeed : to a pretty mart has she
 brought her pigs ! How should Hope be hooked on to the
 slaver ? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it.
 As for the picture, the R.A.'s rays are indeed terrific ; and
 the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremen-
 dous piece of colour that ever was seen ; it sets the corner
 of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture
 sublime or ridiculous ? Indeed I don't know which.
 Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas ;
 flakes of white laid on with a trowel ; bladders of vermilion
 madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking
 in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun
 glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple,
 into which chocolate-coloured slaves are plunged, and
 chains that will not sink ; and round these are floundering
 such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *saeculum*
Pyrrhae ; gasping dolphins redder than the reddest herrings ;
 horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in
 which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods,
 what a 'middle passage' ! How Mr. Fowell Buxton must
 shudder ! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall ?
 If Wilberforce's statue downstairs were to be confronted

with this picture, the stony old gentleman would spring off his chair, and fly away in terror !

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth ; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, has evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face, as he lolls over his greasy ledger, and makes his calculations. A number of his crew are about him ; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing, just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro ; one connoisseur is handling his chest, to try his wind ; another has opened his mouth, and examines his teeth, to know his age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen. Her shoulder is fizzling under the hot iron with which he brands her ; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient ; it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw anything so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it ! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons : it must convert every man who has seen it. You British Government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery ; it is as good as the best of them. Or, there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India ;

let the right honourable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honourable sir ; give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life ; and don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puissance*,—from Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's ! how each great man can excite us at his will ! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it ! Look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your ' eyes on fire,' drunken with the luscious colours that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the sight of the beautiful sirens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too), and plunge into a green, shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine ; or you set the world—nay, the Thames and the ocean—on fire with that incendiary Turner ; or you laugh with honest, kind-hearted Webster, and his troops of merry children ; or you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks ; or you go and consult the priests of the place, Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like, and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy,—happy, thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious,—sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them !

It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled, had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the Clarendon is an absurd fiction ; no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice ; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them, were it not so late in the month.

O. Y.

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY: CONCLUDED

AND FOLLOWED BY A REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF
FACTS BY MRS. BARBARA

[*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1840]

AND now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy Exhibition; and to criticize such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say; and as the *Observer* newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers,—as, I say, the *Observer* newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates has been induced so to reform in consequence of the *Observer's* particular suggestion; in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced, that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of the *Observer*, then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures, let us dismiss the scene from *Gil Blas* at once. Coming from a second-rate man, it would be well enough: it is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed, and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic; but

the soul of fun is wanting, as I take it,—the merry, brisk, good-humoured spirit which in Lesage's text so charms the reader.

'Olivia and Malvolio' is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender, languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long clipped alleys and 'quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and colour is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds, and a tree above Olivia's head, of which every leaf is painted, and painted with such skill, as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerreotypic eye, and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens,—well arranged as a picture, good in colour, and light, and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens: the artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head, he would, no doubt, interpret every tone and wrinkle in it: the nose firm, and well placed; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz! reign over thy comic kingdom; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees, and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behoves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of 'Macbeth,' which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of 'Macbeth' has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused : only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power ; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it,—not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist hath accused John Dennis of madness, for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no ; Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that ; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order : the 'Malvolio' is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak ; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant, melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbema or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet-scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage, it has always seemed to us to fail ; and though out of a trap-door in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly,—his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck ; though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet, ghostlike manner ; yet, strange to say, neither this scene, nor this great actor, has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

Len. May it please your highness, sit ?

[*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, arise ; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends ; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear ;
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there !—Behold !—Look !—Lo ! How say
you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What ! Quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fic, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends :
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine—fill full :
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

[*Ghost rises.*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss :
Would he were here ! To all, and him, we thirst.
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,—
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert, with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*

Unreal mockery, hence ! Why, so ; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state, fierce stalwart men in steel ; the variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas will be understood and admired by the public, but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things, which seem so easy, which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armour of one of them ! The effect, as far as we know, is entirely new ; the figures drawn with

exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state-chair: the science, workmanship, feeling, in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right, with looks of stern doubt and wonder, are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please; nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks, and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it, and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene: there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*,—not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete—an actual visible body, with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object,—granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakespeare painted all these; with what careful

thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made !

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition ; for, alas ! the ' Milton and his Daughters ' of Sir Augustus Callcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is by no means one of the best ; and one may regret that this most *spirituel* of landscape-painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of ' Benvenuto Cellini showing a Trinket to a Lady.' A subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement, painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair, by a table, on which is a very neat, regular table-cloth, drawn at right angles with the picture-frame ; parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, secretaire, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly ; and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, looking—as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture, the colour and workmanship is very pretty ; but was there ever such a niminy-piminy subject treated in such a niminy-piminy way ? We can remember this gentleman's picture of ' Margaret at the Spinning-wheel,' last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lauder has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Walter Scott, ' The Glec-Maiden ' ; and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this Magazine as the author of the picture ' The Sinking of the *Vengeur* '), is fine in effect and composition.

If Mr. Herbert's picture of ' Travellers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate ' has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures ; and though lost here, amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's ' Punch,' before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful, the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philo-

progenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in the *Westminster Review*); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so one day or the other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine and innocent playful good humour: all Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the very youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be in time for the show; Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; potboy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air; in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nursery-maids, schoolboys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way: indeed, a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant, of a lady with a scarf of a greenish colour. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor is the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive anything much worse than that portrait of him in which Col. Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet waistcoat, offering to his grace certain dispatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby the cigarist, an orange, a pineapple, a champagne-cork, a little dog, some decanters, and a yellow bandanna,—all which personages appear to be so excessively important, that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial, the accessories are so numerous, and so brilliantly coloured, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the colonel and his grace; which, it is to be presumed, are the main objects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived,—for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in boots, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey carpets, arm-chairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know

how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie,—the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle ; but are made to tell the story of the piece, and indicate the character of the dignified personage who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the learned lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like ? This is a query which we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant, well-painted portraits ; and Mr. Patten a long full-length of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good downright honest *bourgeois* picture, as we fancy ; or, as a facetious friend remarked, good plain *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite—that of her Majesty, it is a sheer libel upon that pretty gracious countenance, an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York jail. Parts of the picture are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the print-shop windows. Our gracious Queen's head is here most charming ; and that of the Prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry, ' God bless him.' I would much sooner possess a copy of the Ross miniature of the Queen, than a cast from her Majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honour in the sculpture vault.

All Macdonald's busts deserve honourable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of Mr. M'Dowell's girl,—the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations ; an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness ; and ' The Bust of a Lady,' which may be called ' A Lady with a Bust,'—a beautiful bust, indeed,

of which the original and the artist have both good reason to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful; and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martin's must be mentioned,—huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

[Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella, with a yellow horn-head, representing Lord Brougham or Dr. Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Colour Gallery. He flings down eighteenpence in the easiest way, and goes upstairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-colour painting; and, without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture-lover with the *pièces de résistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humour. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town-halls in the world, though they be drawn ever so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di Soandso, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night- (or rather day-) caps, cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest

shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great staring theatre such pictures may do very well—you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts ; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in little quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brickdust for maidens' blushes, or fancy that tinfoil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style is, as I fancy, so infinitely more charming ?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes ; but let us say who is *not* guilty, and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add an humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy himself with Gothicism, middle-ageism, and the painting of quaint interiors ? There are a dozen artists, of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but contain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the lower house ; but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash,—one, the interior of a church ; the other, a plain landscape : both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish rudeness, and are yet excellent, as being close copies of the best of all drawing-masters, Nature : and Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously *not* to copy the manner of any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some

there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-colouring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price; nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket, having the pretty word SOLD written on it, is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is, that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness; but the whole picture is light; the sunshine is in every corner of the room: and this drawing remains unsold, while Dash, and Blank, and Asterisk have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted with wonderful power; in water-colours, we have scarcely seen anything so vigorous. The boys and virgins are, as usual, admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red, ragged, brick-dust-coloured, brigand-looking fellow, especially good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman, with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face; and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture bursts out a-laughing—he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him—the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful colour; but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead pot, that is clogging and blackening the pictures of so many of the water-colour painters nowadays. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid, mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous

brilliancy of colour as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent colour will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design, representing a page asleep on a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in colour, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnishes, there is Mr. Richter, who contributes his usual specimens ; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much ; and still more to our taste, a sweet pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons ; a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright ; and one beautiful head, a portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground—where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural, and beautiful. This artist's other drawing—a mysterious subject, representing primaeval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things, looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of St. Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen.

Of the New Water-Colour Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition ; unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-colouring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering of white, no painful niggling, nor swaggering affectation of boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down ; and his picture, in my humble judgement, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colours such effects as may be had from oil, such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture,

as gums and varnishes will give ; but, on the other hand, there are many beauties peculiar to the art, which the oil-painter cannot arrive at,—such as air, brightness, coolness, and flatness of surface ; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious ? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing ? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or to perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier,—monstrous attempts, that the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and smallswords in themselves, the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person ; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, nor strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-colour painter of figures, without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigour of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best ; and we wish that his brethren followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon ! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school—there are many traces of foreign manner in him ; his figures, for instance, are better costumed than those of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of ‘ Jump.’ Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley’s figures again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pieces by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face—is it the artist’s own, by any chance ?—(We fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our own experience,—‘ Portrait of a Painter,’ ‘ A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress,’ ‘ A Brigand,’ ‘ A Turkish Costume,’ and so on : they are somehow always rejected by those cursed Academicians)—

but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this time on the branch of a sentence, he has taken hugely to the body-colour system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigour and feeling of colour, are a great deal stronger than heretofore—a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures being painted chiefly in transparent colour, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The picture of 'The Bachelor' is excellent in point of effect and justness of colour.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard' is very gay and sparkling; and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses—they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time; and even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like—never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press-Josephs are bound to cry fie at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould—muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his line of beauty, his faces have considerable humour and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren, of the Pasha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, 'The King in Thule,' is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight; of too *criarde* a colour as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style

that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, M. Collignon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his pictures are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue 'a special edict' against the gamboge-dealers:—'tis a deleterious drug. 'Hasten, hasten,' Mr. Bright; 'obey with trembling,' and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo-Bently, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room. Miss Corbould has a pretty picture. Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture-galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his 'Deluge,' now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will no doubt go and see this; artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest; a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

The general idea of the picture is founded on a supposition that a comet, which appears in the centre at the top, is the immediate cause of the Deluge, and that it illuminates the scene with a bright phosphoric light, which overpowers the setting sun, already obscured by falling rain. On the left of the spectator, in the distance, are a few domes of a city still appearing above the waters, from which the inhabitants have flown to the highest rocks within their reach in

the vicinity, but where they are soon overtaken by the rising flood. On the right the mountains are deluged with water, which falls from the heavens condensed into solid masses in the form of tremendous water-spouts; and, as they descend over precipices, they carry with them immense fragments of the mountains.

The situation of the spectator is supposed to be on a height, beneath a higher range of mountains, a part of which is seen on the right of the picture, declining in shelving precipices towards the plain, to which in perspective it runs. Immediately before him, in the nearest part of the scene, is a small ravine, which separates him from a towering mass of splinter-broken rocks (which form a rude and barren middle distance), beyond whose summits the country declines less wildly to the plain, where is situated, near the horizon on the left, a grand antediluvian city.

Composition and Effect of the Picture.

Through turgid clouds and whirling columns of falling rain, the struggling sun, as though in tears, throws his last fond look upon the dying world; setting never to rise more to the teeming inhabitants of the city. Wrapped in his crimson mantle, and shrouded in the black and mystic curtains of the mourning skies, he sinks behind the once proud dome, whose golden sculptured front so long had glittered in his noontide blaze.

The blooming plain around, rich without cultivation, where once sweet-scented groves of blossoms and fruit luxuriantly twined, now lies deep sunk beneath the raging and swelling ocean,—the great deep! ‘whose fountains are broken up.’ Wildly the loosened waters rush upon the plain: they spread—they rise—they mount above the city walls, bursting the grand yet little barriers of man; while fiercely now they rush, in eddying currents, through the depopled streets. This, the moment, the picture represents.

The Almighty’s vengeance is at hand; who can escape his wrath? Man is against man; friendship is no more; the loveliness of woman, the innocence of childhood, or the low moan of suffering age, no longer gain the sigh of pity or of love;—fear or rage alone possess the human breast.

The towering rock, which forms the centre middle distance of the picture, is the nearest refuge to the maddening crowd. Blindly, and with giant strength, they scale its splintered sides; in masses, like the gaining waters, wildly they urge their course upon the side the most accessible. Exhausted at the moment they reach the object of their hope, they sink, while others mount over piles of fellow-men, yet mount they to their death. The top is full, even more than full, while yet they climb and grapple with those above in deadly struggle for a moment’s resting-place. Alas! they see not, that on the narrow surface of the cliff above is piled a horrid

rocking mass of human forms, of life and death, where the smothering groan, deep buried, is unheard, and the wild cry of those above is more unheeded.

The ponderous giant, amid the crowd above, presents his matchless shoulders against the increasing mass, his foot and arms against the rock. In vain are women, young and delicate of frame, with their more tender infants, crushed to silence against his broad unyielding muscles. The solid rock gives way, and all the clinging, trembling mass of human life upon it falls precipitately to the whirling flood below.

The waters gain,—resistlessly they rush, bursting each rocky barrier, that for a moment may resist their course, rolling huge fragments of the mountain's side, with forest trees, that crash and snap as twigs in the mighty torrent's force, sinking or rising to the boiling surface of the flood; the broken trees are swept along; their tops and roots alternately uppermost,—still offering to the drowning man a false and fatal aid.

In the middle of the composition is a group of lately-fallen rocks, which the painter has attempted to express by the trees they have entangled and broken in their fall, occasioned by earthquake, which he supposes to have accompanied the Deluge. These rocks have fallen in such a position as to serve as a species of flight of steps to the crowd who have gained the height, and are now occupied by a few feeble stragglers, that still urge on their weary and useless flight. Here a few incidents of the heart-rending distress of mothers for their darling offspring, or children for their parents, may appear, as these were with the first, and must remain the last of ties upon the human heart.

In the fore part of the picture, on the left, is a portion of a large tree, which still remains rooted in the earth, but trembles to its fall in the rush of waters: it is supposed to have been a momentary refuge to hundreds of beings, before the waters had gained their present height; but, from the weight above, the stem has broken midway, and with its struggling, writhing charge, the upper half is swept along the roaring flood.

In the middle of the fore part of the picture, men, women, and children, with a strangling lion, are entangled in the broken trees that are precipitated down the current; and on the right, floating on a hastily constructed raft, are the lifeless bodies of a giant and a female (crushed by a fallen tree), over whose pallid forms weeps an Angel of Light, who, though not involved in the ruin, may, with a heart of heavenly mould, drop a tear of more than diamond purity and brightness over that once divine and glorious human race, once bright as he, and who were still so beautiful, though fallen, that the 'Sons of God saw that the Daughters of Men were fair, and chose from amongst them such as they loved.'

This episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest,

which has been excellently described in the queer, wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called 'The Deluge,' I never could understand: it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist has genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his picture at the Louvre, nor Turner's 'Deluge,' nor Martin's nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of 'The Deluge'; we have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the ruin floating calm and lonely, the great black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks;—nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labour and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture, and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favourable to meditation. It is a sweet, calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither, there is only a dumb secretary in the room; and sitting, like the man in *The Arabian Nights*, perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it?—what keeps the people away, and gives the money-taker in his box a gloomy, lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's 'Samson Agonistes' is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to remark the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this great *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a

handsome beard and whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson,—a great red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild, dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes, as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing? Is this the author of the ‘Judgement of Solomon’?—the restorer or setter up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was or could be in nature; and, such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly, that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d’école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of ‘Milton and his Daughters,’ the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon’s ‘Milton’ is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes towards the public with an expression that is absolutely laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair, another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of colour; in the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown; nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at ‘the Saracen’s Head, Snow Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression, but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the colour. Here are ladies’ dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist shows he can paint a clean face; such an one is that of a child in the little room; it is

charming, if the artist did but know it, how much more charming for being clean ! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint, is Mr. Buckner's 'Peasants of Sora in the Regno di Napoli.' The artist has seen the works of Leopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Not far from this is a performance embellished with a brace of poetical quotations, by Mr. Stewart :

Lo ! on the strand the Indian mother kneels,
And to the fervid skies her prayers prefers,
That her gone cherub may inhabit there.

—Anon.

Lo ! yon Brahmin mother kneeling
By the sacred river's verge ;
Mark her deep impassioned feeling
Wailing forth her infant's dirge !

She has watched it, when the dawning
Found her by the Ganges' side ;
Until now, advancing morning,
Rolls along its swelling tide.

Onward rolls, but quick returning,
Sweeps her cherished charge away ;
And that scene her bosom burning,
She hath knelt her down to pray.

And the picture, it must honestly be confessed, is worthy of the poetry. Some portraits by the same artist are executed in a much more satisfactory manner.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favourably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures, of a couple of animal pieces, 'A Pony and Cows,' by Mr. Sosi, and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore, a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street-scenes ; and Mr. Holland, a large, raw, clever picture of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot, and let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together ; the sketches invariably kill the pictures ; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spenser, are

excellent, indeed ; and fine in drawing, colour, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as any one may see in examining the design for 'Comus,' and the large picture afterwards, the 'Two Amphitrites,' and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, the picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw anything more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of some of the Virgins of the Raphael school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O ye painters ! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures, however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous ; and, lo ! at the end of his lines, the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper—viz. to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my Proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, I propose that Government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students ; that professorships should be instituted, and—and a president or lord rector appointed, with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousand a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit——

Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours ;

but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steam-boat and went down it only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will, perhaps, show. It is the work of the waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA

' On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino 1840, Mr. Mike Titmash came into our house in a wonderful state of delirium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysher, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner ; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said, " Barbara," says he to me, " when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites : " that was his very words, thof I must confess I don't understand the same.

' He'd had dinner and coughy before he went ; and we all cumjectured that he'd been somewhere particklar, for I heer'd him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence ; but being ableeged to pay a shilling; he cust and swoar horrybill.

' He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and showed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

' They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen) ; and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he ancored hissself for twenty minutes ; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day. •

' About twelve o'clock he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cooldnt stand on his legs very well, and cooldnt speak much, excep, " Frasier for ever ! " " All of a York ! " and some such nonsense, which neither me nor George nor Mrs. Stoaks could understand.

' " What's the matter ? " says Mrs. Stokes, " Barbara," says she to me, " has he taken anythin ? " says she.

' " Law bless you, mum ! " says I (I always says, Law bless you), " as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he's had nothin out of common."

“ “ What had he for dinner ? ” says she, as if she didn't know.

“ “ There was biled salmon,” says I, “ and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tisspunful !), boil pork and peace puddn, and a secknd course of beef steak and onions, cole plumpuddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.”

“ “ I don't mean that,” says she. “ What was his liquors, or bavyrage ? ”

“ “ Two Guineas's stouts ; old madeira, one pint ; port, half a ditto ; four tumlers of niggus ; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.”

“ “ He is a good fellow,” says Mrs. Stokes, “ and spends his money freely, that I declare.”

“ “ I wish he'd ony *pay* it,” says I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. “ He's lived in our house any time these fourteen years and never——”

“ “ Hush your imperence ! ” says Mrs. Stokes ; “ he's a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. He's not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea ? ”

“ “ No,” says I, “ not a drop ; ony coughy and muffins. I told you so—three on 'em ; and growled preciously, too, because there was no more. But I wasn't a-going to fetch him any more, he whose money we'd never——”

“ “ Barbara,” says Mrs. Stokes, “ leave the room—do. You're always a-suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper ? ”

“ “ You know,” says I, “ pickled salmon—that chap's a reglar devil at salmon (those were my very words)—cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin ; toasted chease this time ; and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw—nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.”

“ “ Barbara,” says mistress, “ that's not the questicn. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara ? That's the pint.”

“ “ No,” says I, “ Mrs. Stokes ; that indeed he didn't.” And so we agreed that he couldnt posbly be affected by drink, and that something wunderfle must have hapned to him, to send him to bed so quear like.

“ Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number) ; and says he to me, “ Barbara,” says he, “ you find me in sperrits.”

“ “ Find you in sperrits ! I believe we do,” says I ; “ we've found you in 'em these fifteen year. I wish you'd

find us in *money*," says I ; and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

" " Pooh ! " says he, " my dear, that's not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlent publisher, Mr. Frasier, of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers," says he ; " though, if he didn't, I'd write for him just the same—rayther more. I'm so fond of him."

" " How much has he gave you ? " says I ; " because I hope you'll pay us."

" " Oh," says he, after a bit, " a lot of money. Here, you, you darling," says he (he did ; upon my word, he did), " go and git me change for a five-pound note."

' And when he got up and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note ; and after lunch, another five-pound note ; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he's made of money, and so he seemed ; but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

' After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in ; and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it ; and that he was the best cricket¹ in Europe ; and how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray ; and how he'd been asked to write in the *Quarly Review*, and in bless us knows what ; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

" " Have you seen what the *Morning Poast* says of you ? " says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

" " No," says he, " I aint. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear ? No, I aint ; bat that's a fashnable paper," says he, " and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say ? " says he.

' Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide ; and taking the *Morning Poast* out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr. Titmarsh's, and, like a good-naterd friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do)—Frank pulls out a *Morning Poast*, I say (which had cost Frank Phippens²) : " Here it is," says he ; " read for

¹ Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

² Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

yourself ; it will make you quite happy." And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

' When he red it, Titmarsh's jor dropt all of a sudn : he turned pupple, and bloo, and violate ; and, then, with a mighty effut, he swigg off his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

' He looked so ill when he went upstairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed ; but, Lor bless you ! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle, that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

' Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine—no anser.

' At ten, tried agin—never a word.

' At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillibaly could we get.

' At for we began to think he'd suasided hissself ; and having called in the policemen, bust open the dor.

' And then we beheld a pretty spactycle ! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his white night-gownd all over blood, his beautiful face all pale with hagny !—well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bed-post by one of his pore dear garters !—well, no such thing. Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar ; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes !—not in the least. He wasn't dead, nor he wasn't the least unwell, nor he wasn't asleep neither—he only wasn't there ; and from that day we have heard nothen about him. He left on his table the following note as follows :—

' 1st June 1840. Midnight.

' MRS. STOKES,—I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronized your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention to have paid you a part of your bill, but the *Morning Post* newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope for ever.

' Before you receive this I shall be—*ask not where* ; my mind shudders to think where ! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money ; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that the *Morning Post* has done this by its savage criticisms upon me, the last this day.

' FAREWELL.'

‘ This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the poor fellow—we have never heerd of him—we have never known anythink about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stoks hadvertized him in the papers ; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use ; and I can’t tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change for the five-pound notes he’d given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan’lord laft when he saw them ; and said, says he, “ Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note ? which I did. Then in about two hours he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day ! It’s my beleaf that he had only five pound, and wanted you to suppose that he was worth twenty, for you’ve got all his notes, I see ! ”

‘ And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all ! I do pity him, I do, from my hart ; and I do hate that wicked *Morning Post* for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater’d gentleman ! (Signed) BARBARA.

‘ MORLAND’S HOTEL, 15 Jewin, 1840.’

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that, on the 1st of June, the *Morning Post* published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality. His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke ; he was not angry ; he did not retort ; but *his heart broke !*

Peace to his ashes ! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.

ON MEN AND PICTURES

À PROPOS OF A WALK IN THE LOUVRE

[*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1841]

PARIS, June 1841.

IN the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, the most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect ; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself ; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his macgilps and varnishes ; he worked away through cold and through sunshine ; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drank water with his meals—if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with ; and voted those

persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak, and worked away with bladder and brush ; he passed all night at life-academies, designing life-guardsmen with chalk and stump ; he never was known to take any other recreation ; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies, Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice, in the interval ; but there he was as he had begun, without one single farther idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

One day, at the Life-Academy in St. Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognized ; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheekbones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of grey paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humour that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage, it would be hard to match out of the drawing schools.

'Tit, my boy,' said he, when he had finished his pirouette, 'you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet ; and between ourselves I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged ; my whole soul is in my calling ; I can't do anything else if I would ; and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt.'

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug

place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller) which takes up a good deal of room in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but energetic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dullness, bellowing commonplaces with its great healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of the people who occupy your attention and the world's. Who are they? Upon your honour and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity—with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder—with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is the *Times* newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days, viz. the late funeral of Napoleon—which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave, roaring way, about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O, you thundering old *Times*! Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But, surely there is no conceit. The shamming

of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *précieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit: but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon, that is still to be had of the publisher's, there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way—to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil—to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject:—

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.
M. Titmarsh wandered with his favourite lassie
By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy
Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter.
Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy;
And green the field, and bright the river's glister.

The birds sang salutations to the spring;
Already buds and leaves from branches burst:
'The surly winter-time hath done its worst,'
Said Michael: 'lo, the bees are on the wing!'
Then on the ground his lazy limbs did fling.
Meanwhile the bees pass'd by him with my *first*.
My *second* dare I to your notice bring,
Or name to delicate ears that animal accurst?

To all our earthly family of fools
My *whole*, resistless despot, gives the law—
Humble and great, we kneel to it with awe;
O'er camp and court, the senate and the schools,
Our grand invisible Lama sits and rules,
By ministers that are its men of straw.

Sir Robert utters it in place of wit,
And straight the Opposition shouts 'Hear, hear!'
And oh! but all the Whiggish benches cheer
When great Lord John retorts it, as is fit.

In you, my *Press*¹ each day throughout the year,
 On vast broad sheets we find its praises writ.
 Oh, wondrous are the columns that you rear,
 And sweet the morning hymns you roar in praise of it!

Sacred word! it is kept out of the dictionaries, as if the great compilers of those publications were afraid to utter it. Well, then, the funeral of Napoleon was a humbug, as Titmarsh wrote; and a still better proof that it was a humbug was this, that nobody bought Titmarsh's book, and of the 10,000 copies made ready by the publisher not above 3,000 went off. It was a humbug, and an exploded humbug. Peace be to it! *Parloñs d'autres choses*; and let us begin to discourse about the pictures without further shilly-shally.

I must confess, with a great deal of shame, that I love to go to the picture-gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves—not very wickedly, as I fancy—in the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday, there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place—little vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three halfpence a-day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist-apprentices, half a dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps, and jackets, and copper-coloured countenances, and gold earrings, and large ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing, all the week. *Fi, donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man

¹ The reader can easily accommodate this line to the name of his favourite paper. Thus:—

In you, my $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Times} \\ \textit{Post} \end{array} \right\}$ each day throughout the year.

Or:

In you, my $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Herald} \\ \textit{Tiser} \end{array} \right\}$ daily through the year.

Or, in France:—

In you, my *Galignani's Messengere*; a capital paper, because you have there the very cream of all the others. In the last line, for 'morning' you can read 'evening,' or 'weekly,' as circumstances prompt.

of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hack-back at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs-Élysées making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little, twinkling, bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest St. Giles's English; and if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasburg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their jiggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement of our natural enemies. They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cocktailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on à fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the Tuileries until you reach the before-mentioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs d'œuvre*; that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half a dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent good or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often

thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only ! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink !

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make believe that they are handing you round tokay—giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures in the first place very big and very neat, in which there is no harm ; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them ; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes, and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red-heels such as our grandmothers wore : and to make a Magdalen, for instance, taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the gravedigger in *Hamlet* always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark gravediggers always wear fifteen waistcoats ? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of gravediggers, so it is with angels : they have—and Heaven knows why—a regular costume, which every 'serious' painter follows ; and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be ; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty fantastical draperies ; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle ; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain

angelic shape. Large rims of gold-leaf they have round their heads always,—a pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every gravedigger should be represented with a gold-leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats—would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats.¹ But why talk of it? The fact is I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbours in the literary trade; it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. ‘O Socrate! je boirai la ciguë avec toi!’ as David said to Robespierre. You too were accused of blasphemy in your time; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw—

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas covering, the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours; and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honour of filling five-and-twenty feet square of canvas with some favourite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raphael; there are caricatures of Masaccio; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidal form, and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria—it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists who are not known in England—there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity, of which all the outlines are half an inch thick.

¹ Last year, when our friend published some article in this Magazine, he seemed to be agitated almost to madness by a criticism, and a very just one too, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. At present he is similarly affected by some strictures on a defunct work of his.—Ed. *Fraser's Magazine*.

Then there are numberless caricatures in colour as in form. There is a Violet Entombment—a crimson one, a green one ; a light emerald and gamboge Eve ; all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange mad love of extravagance, which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold : here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek double chin, and fat white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large red whiskers and a soft roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and leading audiences captive ? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart ‘ drum-major ecclesiastic ’) ; and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis ?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper is most probably the favourite with the public. But there are some persons who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid, mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours ; where, if perhaps you can’t find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit ; and you see many painters with a great vigour and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart ; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity ; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety ; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straight-way acknowledges the simple, kindly appeal which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled ‘ *La Prière,*’ by

M. Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner or painter of missals, by trade, as we fancy. One of his works lies upon the praying-desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little quiet painting, and in the course of half a dozen visits that I have paid to it, have become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely M. Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world, it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspire one man with joy, that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures 'are as they seem to all,' as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in M. Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece of Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary, leading a little beggar boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look; and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or task it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! the precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted, give an air of truth and simplicity

to the whole performance, and make nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a blackbird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you. It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school, Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents St. Augustine meditating in a garden; a great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants, are in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering that fill one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe—a great perfection in this style of painting.

In M. Aguado's gallery there is an early Raphael (which all the world declares to be a copy, but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand in hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of 'solemn mirth' (the expression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well, it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you—how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Doctor Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that the indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away

from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprobated for saying that Raphael at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raphael of twenty so divine ; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault, and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen ; and that the very quaintness and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognize spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints,—pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious, that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Doctor Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance—a ' Holy Family,' painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of, viz. large flowers, fresh roses, and white stately lilies ; curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold-leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white ; and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side ; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude ; and all very cleverly treated, and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least ; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces. Opposite the ' Holy Family ' is a great ' Martyrdom of Polycarp,' and the catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint ; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down ; then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling

oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as the martyr is always killed at the end; so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly, the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

M. Laemlein has a good picture of the 'Waking of Adam,' so royally described by Milton,—a picture full of gladness, vigour, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the 'Death of the Virgin'; and the Virgin falling in M. Steuben's picture of 'Our Saviour going to Execution' is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often too the true, pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons; and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The Emperor is seated on a sofa, reading dispatches; and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast! the conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep; and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please; but it is pleasant to see fat, good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her night-gown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad, the little gipsy has such a killing ogle, that all the world admires it. M. Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

M. Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gipsies, or mountebanks, have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes; and poor baby is crying; and the gipsy-woman holding up her finger, and threatening; and the ho-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe,—the callous

monster! Preciously they will ill-treat that dear little darling, if justice do not undertake them,—if, aye, *if*. 'But, thank Heaven! there in the corner come the police and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves are before you, and the piece is called, 'A Crime and a Fault.' The poor 'Fault' is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great 'Crime' stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, '*They are portraits,*' and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by M. Finart. 'A family of African Colonists carried off by Abd-el-Kader.' There is the poor male colonist without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her night-gown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing—poor thing! she is kicking, and struggling and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. 'The Two Friends.' Debay.

'Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d'une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévouement et de reconnaissance.

'L'une d'elles, faible, exténuée d'efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d'ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la vie le fils mourant de sa compagne.'

M. Debay's pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the *bourgeois* class; but, good or bad, I can't but own that I like to see these honest, hearty representations, which work upon good simple feeling in a good downright way; and if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach

for such kind of entertainments, where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious melodramatic sort.

M. Biard, whose picture of the 'Slave Trade' made so much noise in London last year—and indeed it is as fine as Hogarth,—has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present Majesty of France when Duke of Orleans, undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled '*Une Distraction.*' A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is '*Le Gros Pêché,*' and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's, and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him! All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer; they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect that, for the future, very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One retreat from Moscow is there, and one storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place, in Africa. In the latter picture, you see a thousand fellows, in loose red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance, at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollangé, and the rush of red

breeches has a queer and pleasing appearance. In the Russian piece, you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a bank with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks,—a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of France. I believe Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the *Courrier Français*—the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. À propos of Thiers; the *Nouvelles à la Main* have a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget his royal highness's title) news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, 'Comment se portait le Roi de Rome?' It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask M. Leullier; who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his 1311. *Héroïsme de l'Équipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur, 4 Juin, 1794.*

Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart: le second capitaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts: sa cale se remplissait à vue d'œil; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins, qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât d'artimon restait encore debout; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volontés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants se raniment: un cri immense s'élève, répété sur toutes les parties du tillac: Vive la République! Vive la France! . . . Le *Vengeur* coule . . . les cris continuent; tous les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau.—*France Maritime.*

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of

calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag, one would have thought, exploded last year ; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will : it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gaily for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe ; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the *Vengeur*, as if an established fact : and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story) ; one has always this gratification, and a great wicked, delightful one it is,—you make the whole company uncomfortable at once ; you narrate the history in a calm, good-humoured, dispassionate tone ; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a '*Mais cependant*' ; but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining M. Leullier's picture, and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation, one of them replied to my assertion, that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

'Sir,' said he, 'the sinking of the *Vengeur* is an *established* fact of history. It is completely proved by the documents of the time ; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's which were published in a newspaper here ? And what, sir, were those letters ? *Forgeries !*'

Q.E.D. Everybody said sansculotte was right ; and I have no doubt that if all the *Vengeur's* crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox—or boat-swain, who was last *on board the ship*,¹ of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward, and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that

¹ The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

As for M. Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it. Fellows embracing each other, and holding up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly, they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legend in France may be, that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne, saying, '*La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas.*' I have bought a couple of engravings of the *Vengeur* and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabertashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down—down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of a heroic stock, because my uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so Pride and Hatred continue *in saecula saeculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and

great men rise and flourish. 'Remember you are Britons!' cries our general; 'there is the enemy, and d— 'em, give 'em the bayonet!' Hurrah! helter skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! 'Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!' shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. 'Children!' roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, 'men of Hohenzollernsismaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!' and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,	
A Frenchman,	is superior to all the rest
An Ashantee,	of the world;
A Hohenzollernsig-	
maringenite, etc.	

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can't help it—in spite of ourselves we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

Κυὶδ ριδης; μυτατω νομινε δη τη
Φαβυλα ναρρατυρ,

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you not laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from 'actual-life' as the fashionable novel-puffers say.

A little, fat, silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's *Night and Morning*, very pleasant, kind-hearted reading; *Peter Priggins*, an

astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is : and other novels—never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman.

She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter ; and from the slow, prim, precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book, I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part : at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library-woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning *Night and Morning* to the library-lady and demanding the romance of *Peter Priggins*, she offered me instead *Ida*, par M. le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his lordship's works ; next she produced *Stella*, *Valida*, *Eloa*, by various French ladies of literary celebrity ; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romancers offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.¹

'Madame,' says I, to cut the matter short, 'je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, *Peter Priggins* ; l'avez-vous ? oui ou non ?'

'Ah,' says the library-woman, 'Monsieur ne comprend pas notre langue, c'est dommage.'

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation ; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty

¹ In our own country, of course—Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austin, etc.—form exceptions to this rule ; and glad am I to offer per favour of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dullness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, 'How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!' In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent, stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastry-cook's—(you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells)—at Madame Colombin's, yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

'Hang me, Higgins,' says Sandy-whiskers, 'if I'd ever go into one of their cursed French ships! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind!'

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy-whiskerses there are in our nation,—fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust,—who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great, fat-paunched man; enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do; but don't fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling-place, but no *merit*. . . . And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices, let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have I believe, no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several eminent professors; and as upon the French stage the costume pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much

more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis the First, as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year; but the artists go to some trouble for collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

M. Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre*; a very good one, indeed, of fat 'Monks granting Absolution from Fasting'; of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former's studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity-shop; and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armour, draperies, etc., the painter here has but to look to his own walls, and copy away at his ease. Accordingly Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable. M. Baron has 'The Youth of Ribera,' a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden-wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped; there is a fine terrace, and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious; perhaps too pretty and gay in colours, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects is M. Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn; and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year 'A Scene in the Inquisition.' A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn; and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

'Benvenuto Cellini' is better still; and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce, fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think M. Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such

simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterizes him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humour, and here we have him greatly too majestic, to my taste.

‘Old Michael Angelo watching over the sick-bed of his servant Urbino,’ is a noble painting; as fine in feeling as in design and colour. One can’t but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best gallery in the world; and a century hence will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention,

712. ‘Portrait of a Lady,’ by Hippolyte Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters—a head of Sebastian or Michael Angelo, a head of Raphael, or one of those rarer ones of Andrea del Sarto—not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the *Books of Beauty* will possibly not admire it; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowsy Murillo will not possibly relish M. Flandrin’s manner; but you who love simplicity and greatness come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla and dark eyes, and grey hair and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by M. Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a legion-of-honour cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal, not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet) our English painters keep the lead still, nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases; and among the miniatures especially one can’t

help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannon-balls. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied, swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his baton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchess de Nemours is done by M. Winterhalter, and has a place of honour, as becomes a good portrait: and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully; and a slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself: and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest, *spirituel* beauty; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder; most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace, and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is M. Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has nevertheless its admirers and its merits, as what work of his has not?

His two smaller pieces are charming. 'A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers,' is brilliant with light and merriment; a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the hey-day: and his 'Boat' is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great, wide, swollen, interminable sea—no hope, no speck of sail—and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat, and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing—gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-coloured, bitter, pitiless brine! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws; and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry! O Eugenius Dela-

croix ! how can you manage with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful ? Aye, there it is ; whenever I go through that part of the gallery where M. Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a fat woman with a parroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable ?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square — 'The Chess-players' by M. Meissonier—truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect and abrupt startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerreotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chess-men are no bigger than pin-heads ; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character and colour, belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of landscapes almost all execute their art well ; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy weak manner formerly in vogue, and perhaps have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible—that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful, but here the skies are trowelled on ; the light vapouring distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that by these violent means a certain power is had, and noontday effects of strong sunshine are often dashingly rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet grey waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works ! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine scientific faithful pictures, that are a little heavy, but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about ; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good morning to everybody.

AN EXHIBITION GOSSIP

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR GUILLAUME, PEINTRE

A son Atelier, Rue de Monsieur, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.

[*Ainsworth's Magazine*, June 1842]

DEAR GUILLAUME,—Some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world—viz., those on the History of Modern Europe, by Russell, begin with an address to some imaginary young friend, to whom the Doctor is supposed to communicate his knowledge. ‘Dear John,’ begins he, quite affectionately, ‘I take up my pen to state that the last of the Carlovingians’—or, ‘Dear John, I am happy to inform you, that the aspect of Europe on the accession of Henry VIII was so and so.’ In the same manner, and in your famous *Lettres à Sophie*, the history of the heathen gods and goddesses is communicated to some possible young lady; and this simple plan has, no doubt, been adopted because the authors wished to convey their information with the utmost simplicity possible, and in a free, easy, honest, confidential sort of a way.

This as (usual), dear Guillaume, has nothing to do with the subject in hand; but I have ventured to place a little gossip concerning the Exhibition, under an envelope inscribed with your respectable name, because I have no right to adopt the editorial *we*, and so implicate a host of illustrious authors, who give their names and aid to Mr. Ainsworth’s Magazine, in opinions that are very likely not worth sixpence; and because that simple upright I, which often seems egotistical and presuming, is, I fancy, less affected and pert than ‘we’ often is. ‘I’ is merely an individual; whereas ‘we’ is clearly somebody else. ‘I’ merely expresses an opinion; whereas ‘we’ at once lays down the law.

Pardon, then, the continued use of the personal pronoun, as I am sure, my dear friend, you will ; because as you do not understand a word of English, how possibly can you quarrel with my style ?

We have often had great battles together on the subject of our respective schools of art ; and having seen the two Exhibitions, I am glad to be able to say that ours is the best *this* year, at least, though, perhaps, for many years past you have had the superiority. We have more good pictures in our 1,400, than you in your 3,000 ; among the good, we have more *very* good, than you have this year, (none nobler and better than the drawings of M. Decamps) ; and though there are no such large canvases and ambitious subjects as cover the walls of your salon, I think our painters have more first-class pictures in their humble way.

They wisely, I think, avoid those great historical ‘parades’ which cover so much space in the Louvre. A young man has sometimes a fit of what is called ‘historical painting’ ; comes out with a great canvas, disposed in the regular six-foot heroical order ; and having probably half ruined himself in the painting of his piece, which nobody (let us be thankful for it !) buys, curses ‘the decayed state of taste in the country, and falls to portrait-painting, or takes small natural subjects, in which the world can sympathize, and with which he is best able to grapple. We have no government museums like yours to furnish ;—no galleries in chief towns of departments to adorn ;—no painted chapels, requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs, which your artists do to order. Art is a matter of private enterprise here, like everything else : and our painters must suit the small rooms of their customers, and supply them with such subjects as are likely to please them. If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Such great things are only good for great edifices, and to be seen occasionally ;—we want pleasant pictures, that we can live with—something that shall be lively, pleasing or tender, or sublime, if you will, but only of a moderate-sized sublimity. Confess, if you had to live in a huge room with the ‘Last Judgement’ at one end of it, and the ‘Death of Ananias’ at the other, would not you be afraid to remain

alone—or, at any rate, long for a comfortable bare wall? The world produces, now and then, one of the great daring geniuses who make those tremendous works of art; but they come only seldom—and Heaven be thanked for it! We have had one in our country—John Milton by name. Honestly confess now, was there not a fervour in your youth when you had a plan of an epic, or, at least, of an heroic Michael-Angelesque picture? The sublime rage fades as one grows older and cooler; and so the good, sensible, honest English painters, for the most part, content themselves with doing no more than they can.

But though we have no heroical canvases, it is not to be inferred that we do not cultivate a humbler sort of high art; and you painters of religious subjects know, from the very subjects which you are called upon to draw, that humility may be even more sublime than greatness. For instance, there is in almost everything Mr. Eastlake does (in spite of a little feebleness of hand and primness of mannerism), a purity which is to us quite angelical, so that we can't look at one of his pictures without being touched and purified by it. Mr. Mulready has an art, too, which is not inferior, and though he commonly takes, like the before-mentioned gentleman, some very simple, homely subject to illustrate, manages to affect and delight one, as much as painter can. Mr. Mulready calls his picture, 'The Ford'; Mr. Eastlake styles his, 'Sisters.' The 'Sisters' are two young ladies looking over a balcony; 'The Ford' is a stream, through which some boys are carrying a girl: and how is a critic to describe the beauty in such subjects as these? It would be easy to say these pictures are exquisitely drawn, beautifully coloured, and so forth; but that is not the reason of their beauty: on the contrary, any man who has a mind may find fault with the drawing and colouring of both. Well, there is a charm about them seemingly independent of drawing and colouring; and what is it? There's no foot-rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer on art might define and define, and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bullfinch.

I always begin with the works of these gentlemen, and look at them oftenest and longest; but that is only a simple expression of individual taste, and by no means an

attempt at laying down the law, upon a subject which is quite out of the limits of all legislation. A better critic might possibly (I say 'possibly,' not as regards the correctness of my own opinion, but the unquestionable merit of the two admirable artists above named); another critic will possibly have other objects for admiration, and if such a person were to say, Pause—before you award pre-eminence to this artist or that, pause—for instance, look at those two Leslies, can anything in point of *esprit* and feeling surpass them?—indeed the other critic would give very sound advice. Nothing can be finer than the comedy of the Scene from *Twelfth Night*, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender, and grave, and naïve, than the picture of Queen Catherine and her attendant. The great beauty of these pieces is the total absence of affectation. The figures are in perfectly quiet, simple positions, looking as if they were not the least aware of the spectator's presence (a rare quality in pictures as I think, of which little dramas, the actors, like those upon the living stage, have a great love of 'striking an attitude,' and are always on the look-out for the applause of the lookers-on), whereas Mr. Leslie's excellent little troop of comedians know their art so perfectly, that it becomes the very image of nature, and the best nature, too. Some painters (skilled in the depicting of such knick-knacks) overpower their pieces with 'properties'—guitars, old armours, flower-jugs, curtains, and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Catherine have a noble, simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows—they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing.

You and I have been in the habit of accusing one of the cleverest painters of the country of want of poetry: no other than Mr. Edwin Landseer, who, with his marvellous power of hand, a sort of aristocrat among painters, has seemed to say—I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me. He has made us laugh sometimes, when he is in the mood, with his admirable humour, but has held off as it were from poetic subjects, as a man would do who was addressing himself in a fine ball-room to a party of fine people, who would stare if any such subjects were broached. I don't care to own that in former years those dogs, those birds,

deer, wild-ducks, and so forth, were painted to such a pitch of desperate perfection, as to make me quite angry—elegant, beautiful, well-appointed, perfect models for grace and manner; they were like some of our English dandies that one sees, and who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile, and decorous, sensible insipidity. The more one sees them, the more vexed one grows, for, be hanged to them! there is no earthly fault to find with them. This, to be sure, is begging the question, and you may not be disposed to allow either the correctness of the simile, or that dandies are insipid, or that field-sports, or pictures thereof, can possibly be tedious; but, at any rate, it is a comfort to see that a man of genius who is a poet *will* be one sometimes, and here are a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The 'Otter and Trout' has something awful about it; the hunted stag, panting through the water and startling up the wild-fowl, is a beautiful and touching poem. Oh, that these two pictures, and a few more of different English artists, could be carried across the Channel—say when Mr. Partridge's portrait of the Queen goes, to act as a counterpoise to that work!

A few Etties might likewise be put into the same box, and a few delightful golden landscapes of Callcott. To these I would add Mr. Maclise's 'Hamlet,' about whose faults and merits there have been some loud controversies; but in every Exhibition for the last five years, if you saw a crowd before a picture, it was sure to be before his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; in the present Exhibition it is wonder and pleasure too; and his picture of Hamlet is by far the best, to my thinking, that the artist has ever produced. If, for the credit of Old England (and I hereby humbly beg Mr. Maclise to listen to the suggestion), it could be transported to the walls of your Salon, it would show French artists, who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school, that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any artist among you,—of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say. An artist, possessing this vast power of hand, often wastes it—as Paganini did, for instance—in capriccios, and extravagances, and brilliant feats of skill, as if defying

the world to come and cope with him. The picture of the play in 'Hamlet' is a great deal more, and is a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. Here I am obliged to repeat, for the tenth time in this letter, how vain it is to attempt to describe such works by means of pen and ink. Fancy Hamlet, ungartered, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen, perplexed and sad (she does not know of the murder), and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the King asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow, over the scene—a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity—fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling, wonderful pictures that the English school has ever produced.

Mr. Maclise may be said to be at the head of the young men; and though you and I, my dear Guillaume, are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future will be better still. You did not give up David without a pang, and still think Baron Gérard a very wonderful fellow. I can remember once, when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and indeed the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still—not better than individuals—for Eastlake, Mulready, Etty, Leslie, are exhibitors of twenty years' standing, and the young men may live a thousand years and never surpass them; but a finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of nature. Have you seen the 'Deserted Village' of the 'Etching Club'? What charming feeling and purity is there among most of the designs of these young painters, and what a credit are they to the English school!

The designers of the 'Etching Club' seem to form a little

knot or circle among themselves ; and though the names of Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, Stone, have hardly reached you as yet in France, they will be heard of some day even there, where your clever people, who can appreciate all sorts of art, will not fail to admire the quiet, thoughtful, pious, delicate feeling which characterizes the works of this charming little school. All Mr. Cope's pictures, though somewhat feeble in hand, are beautifully tender and graceful. 'The Hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade, for talking age and whispering lovers made,' is a beautiful picture for colour, sentiment, and composition. The old people, properly garrulous, talking of old times, or the crops, or the Doctor's sermon ; the lovers—a charming pair—loving with all their souls, kind, hearty, and tender. The Schoolmaster of one of his other pictures is an excellent awful portrait of Goldsmith's pedagogue. Mr. Redgrave's 'Cinderella' is very pleasant, his landscape beautiful. Mr. Stone's 'Advice' is full of tender sentiment, and contains some frank, excellent painting ; but how vapid all such comments appear, and how can you, on the banks of the Seine, understand from these sort of vague, unsatisfactory praises, what are the merits or demerits of the pieces spoken about !

We have here a delightful, *naïf* artist, Mr. Webster by name, who has taken little boys under his protection, and paints them in the most charming comic way—in that best sort of comedy, which makes one doubt whether to laugh or to cry. His largest picture this year represents two boys bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over (a horrid early breakfast) ; the trunk is packed ; papa is pulling on his boots ; there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers : the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man ; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out.

I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy, and giving him a comic face. I say no man who has experienced it, has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. Did you ever, in France, look out for the diligence that was to take you to school, and hear a fatal conducteur blowing his horn as you waited by the hill-side—as you waited with the poor mother, turning her eyes away—and slowly

got off the old pony, which you were not to see for six months—for a century—for a thousand miserable years again? Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home. Life has sorrows enough, God knows, but, I swear, none like that! I was thinking about all this as I looked at Mr. Webster's picture, and behold it turned itself into an avenue of lime-trees, and a certain old stile that led to a stubble-field; and it was evening, about the 14th of September, and after dinner (how that *last* glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat!), and presently, a mile off, you heard, horribly distinct, the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach wheels. It was up in a moment—the trunk on the roof; and—bah! from that day I can't bear to see mothers and children parting.

This, to be sure, is beside the subject; but pray let Mr. Webster change the face of his boy.

Letters (except from young ladies to one another) are not allowed to go beyond a certain decent length; hence, though I may have a fancy to speak to you of many score of other good pictures, out of the fourteen hundred here exhibited, there are numbers which we must pass over without any notice whatever. It is hard to pass by Mr. Richmond's beautiful water-colour figures, without a word concerning them; or Mr. Charles Landseer's capital picture of 'Ladies and Cavaliers'; or not to have at least half a page to spare, in order to make an onslaught upon Mr. Chalon and his ogling beauties: he has a portrait of Mdlle. Rachel, quite curious for its cleverness and unlikeness, and one of the most chaste and refined of our actresses, Mrs. Charles Kean, who is represented as a killing coquette; and so Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least resemble his lady.

There is scarce any need to say that the oil portrait-painters maintain their usual reputation and excellence: Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grant, show some excellent canvases: the latter's ladies are beautiful, and his 'Lord Cardigan' a fine painting and portrait; Mr. Briggs's 'Archbishop' is a noble head and picture; Mr. Pickersgill has, among others, a full-length of a Navy Captain, very fine; Mr. Linnell's portraits are very fine; and Mr. S. Lawrence has one (the Attorney-General), excellently drawn, and fine

in character. This year's picture of her Majesty is intended for *your* Majesty, Louis Philippe—perhaps the French court might have had a more favourable representation of the Queen. There is only one 'Duke of Wellington' that I have remarked—(indeed it must be a weary task to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use of his brave face, as he is so often called upon to do)—at present he appears in a group of red-coated brethren in arms, called the 'Heroes of Waterloo.' The picture, from the quantity of requisite vermilion, was most difficult to treat, but is cleverly managed, and the likeness very good. All the warriors assembled are smiling, to a man; and in the background is a picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too—and this is surely too great a stretch of good nature.

What can I say of the Napoleon of Mr. Turner? called (with frightful satire) the 'Exile and the *Rock-limpet*.' He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least forty feet high.

Ah! says the mysterious poet, from whom Mr. Turner loves to quote,—

Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
The soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea* of blood —————
—————*but you can join your comrades.*
Fallacies of Hope.

These remarkable lines entirely explain the meaning of the picture; another piece is described by lines from the same poem, in a metre more regular:—

The midnight-torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's side
And *merit's* corse was yielded to the tide.

When the pictures are re-hung, as sometimes I believe is the case, it might perhaps be as well to turn these upside down, and see how they would look *then*; the Campo Santo of Venice, when examined closely, is scarcely less mysterious; at a little distance, however, it is a most brilliant, airy, and beautiful picture. Oh, for the old days, before Mr. Turner had lighted on 'The Fallacies,' and could see like other people!

Other landscape-painters, not so romantic, are, as usual, excellent. You know Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, in France, as well as we do: I wish one day you could

see the hearty, fresh English landscapes of Lee and Creswick, where you can almost see the dew on the fresh grass, and trace the ripple of the water, and the whispering in the foliage of the cool, wholesome wind.

There is not an inch more room in the paper; and a great deal that was to be said about the Water-Colour Societies and Suffolk Street must remain unsaid for ever and ever. But I wish you could see a drawing by Miss Setchel, in the Junior Water-Colour Society, and a dozen by Mr. Absolon, which are delightful in grace and expression, and in tender, pathetic humour.

M. A. T.

LETTERS ON THE FINE ARTS

No. 1. THE ART UNIONS

[*Pictorial Times*, March 18, 1843]

From M. A. Titmarsh, Esq., to Sanders MacGilp, Esq.

MY DEAR SANDERS,

I have always had the highest confidence in your judgment, and am therefore pretty certain that your picture is one of vast merit. The value, you say, is two hundred guineas, and you have, I hope, with laudable prudence, induced your relatives, your grandmother, your confiding aunts, the tradesmen with whom you have little accounts, and the friends with whom you are occasionally kind enough to go and dine, to subscribe to the Art Union, in hopes that one or other of them may gain the principal prize, when your taste as well as their friendship (and where can friendship be better bestowed?) will induce them to purchase your work. To your relatives affection alone would dictate the acquisition of your picture; to your tradesmen you offer, if possible, a still stronger inducement. 'I owe you £40,' you can say to Mr. Snip, your respected tailor: 'I cannot pay those £40; but gain the first prize, and you have my picture for two hundred guineas, which, in reality, is worth five hundred, plus the payment of your bill, the amount of which you can deduct from the sum due to myself.' Thus Mr. Snip gets

A picture (valued at 500 guineas).	.	£525	0	0
The payment of his bill	.	40	0	0
And costs of writ	.	2	2	0
		£567	2	0

in return for a single sovereign subscribed to the Union.

The advantage of Art Unions has never before, I believe, been considered in this light ; and if every artist would but go round to his tradesmen and represent to them the truth as here laid down, no doubt great numbers of additional patrons would be found for the noble art you practise. How many a man, for instance, has not one, but half a dozen tailors in the category in which I have placed Mr. Snip. Well, let them all subscribe ;—the more the merrier. ‘ If one win, gentlemen,’ you say, ‘ remember I am in a condition to pay all the rest their accounts.’ And thus is an interest for Art brought home to the bosoms and boards of six deserving families.

Is, or is not, the principle a good one ? Are, or are not, tradesmen to be paid ? Are, or are not, artists to be well-clothed ? And would, or would not, the diffusion of their divine science enlarge the heart and soften the rude manners of the million ? What, on this head, does Hesiod observe ? The Teian bard nobly remarks,

*Ἰνγεννας διδικισσε φιδηλιτερ αρτης,
 Ημολλιτ μωρης νεκ σινιτ εσσε φερως.*

And if the principle be a good one, I say it should be universal. Say (as an encouragement) to the collector who comes for your rate, ‘ I’ll pay you if you take a ticket in the *Art Union* !’ Remark to your butcher, in a pleasant way, ‘ Mr. Brisket, I desire from you, for your own advantage, one stake more.’ ‘ From the loin, or where ?’ says he. ‘ No ;’ say you, laughingly interrupting him, ‘ a stake in the *Art Union*.’ And point out to your washer-woman what an ennobling and glorious thing it would be—a holy effluence, a bright and beaming radiance woven into the dark chain of her existence—(or other words of might and poesy suited to her capacity), point out, I say, what a pleasure it would be to her to be able to exclaim, ‘ I wash Mr. MacGilp’s shirts—and look ! one of his five-hundred-guinea master-pieces hangs yonder, over my mangle.’

It is in his power, it is in anybody’s power. The very Malay sweeper who shivers at the corner of your street and acts as your model, may easily save money enough to take a ticket, and have his portrait, as Othello, to decorate his humble place of abode.

You may fancy, my friend, that there is some caricature

in this, and possibly you are right. You will never stoop to Mr. Snip in the manner pointed out by me; you are above entreating your washerwoman, cutting jokes with your butcher, or cajoling the respectable gentleman who calls for your contributions once a quarter. Art, say you, is above paltry speculation and mean ideas of gain. An artist never stoops to intrigue, or chaffers for money. He is the priest of nature, called to worship at her glorious altar, by special vocation; one chosen out of the million, and called up to the high places; in short, you will make a speech, crammed with fine words, proving your disinterestedness, and the awful poetical nature of your calling.

Psha! my good friend, let us have no more of this stale talk. You are a tradesman as well as my lord on the woolsack, or Mr. Smith selling figs, or General Sones breathing freely and at his ease in an atmosphere of cannon-balls. You each do your duty in your calling, and according to your genius, but you want to be paid for what you do. You want the best pay, and the greatest share of reputation you can get. You will do nothing dishonest in the pursuit of your trade; but will you not yield a little 'to the exigencies of the public service'? General Sones, though he may have his own opinion of the Chinese war, will attack mandarins without mercy: my Lord Chancellor has pleaded many a queer cause before he reposed on yonder woolsack; Smith has had recourse to many little harmless tricks to get a sale for his figs and treacle; and you (as I take it) are not a whit better than they. Did you ever paint a lady handsomer in her portrait than nature made her? Did you ever, when your immense genius panted to be at work on some vast historical piece, crush your aspirations so far as to sit down and depict a plain gentleman in a buff waistcoat and a watch-chain, for the sake of the twenty guineas which were to be elicited from his ample pepper-and-salt pantaloons? You have done all this, and were quite right in doing it too. How else are the little MacGilps to get their dinners, or your lady the means of discharging her weekly bills?

And now you will begin, I trust, to perceive that the ridicule cast upon the Art Union system in the first sentences of this letter, is not in reality so very severe: it is the sort of sneering language which the enemies of those establish-

ments are in the habit of indulging in, though expressed as high, no doubt you will think in a far more satiric and witty manner than most of the anti-Unionists have at command. Hear, for instance, *The Athenæum*. 'So early,' says that journal, 'as 1837, we put on record our opinion that the Art Union would and must of necessity tend to the still further degradation of Art. Any man, we observed, who purchases pictures may be presumed to have a love for, and this will in the end generate a knowledge of, Art. But there will be many subscribers who desire only a little gambling—to risk a pound for the sake of winning a hundred—and who would quite as soon join in a raffle for a horse or a snuff-box, or a pipe of port wine, as for a picture. The motive of the subscriber is of no consequence, so long as others have to dispose of the money ; but the Art Union proposes that each subscriber "shall select for himself." Now, is it not certain that such patronage must tend to degrade Art ? The scheme may be beneficial to the lowest class of artists, but utterly ruinous to Art itself. When every individual, be he *whom* he may, is allowed to follow his own judgement in the disposal of his prize-money, the best results can be but an irresponsible indulgence of individual whim and caprice—the worst and certain is the degradation of Art. Men who paint to live, instead of working with all their power, be it more or less, up to the best and highest judgements, must solicit the sweet voices of the uninformed, the chance prize-holders and therefore purchasers of the Art Unions.'

So writes *The Athenæum*, and you will at once perceive the truth of my previous assertion:—1. That *The Athenæum's* arguments resemble those employed at the commencement of this letter. 2. That the arguments at the beginning of this letter are far more cleverly and wickedly put.

Let us now proceed to demolish the one and the other ; and we will, if you please, take the dicta of *The Athenæum* in the first place into consideration.

'Every man (says *The Athenæum*) who purchases pictures, may be presumed to have a love for, and this will in the end generate a knowledge of, Art.'

'But this Art Union is joined by many for the sake of gambling, and who would *quite as soon* join in a raffle for a horse, or a snuff-box, or a pipe of port wine, as for a picture.'

Why quite as soon ? A man who wants a pipe of port wine does not, we presume, raffle for a horse ; or being eagerly desirous of a snuff-mull, he does not raffle for a pipe of port wine. There are certainly in the world many 'uninformed' persons, as the insinuating *Athenaeum* remarks ; let us say at once there are fools, but not such tremendous fools as our misanthropic contemporary would discover.

No, no. A man raffles for a horse, because the dealers or the knackers will give him a price for it, or because his wife wishes to be driven out in a gig, or because he has a mind to cut a dash in the ring. A man raffles for a gold snuff-box, because he is fond of Macabau, or because he likes to sport such a box after dinner, or because he wishes to make it a present to Mr. Boys when he brings out any more of his relatives' lithographs, or for some other simple and equally apparent reason. And so for a pipe of port wine, a man risks his money in order to gain it, because he likes port wine, or because he can sell it, or because he wishes to present a few dozens to a friend.

I wish, for my part, I had a friend who desired to dispose of either of the three articles ; but that is a mere personal ejaculation, and nothing to the point. The point is that a man bids money for a horse, because he wants it ; for a picture, because he would like to have a picture. Common charity must admit so much good sense in the world.

Well, then, it is granted that a man joins in a raffle for a set of pictures because he is interested in pictures ; that is, *he may be presumed to have a love for Art*. And a love for Art, in the end, says *The Athenaeum* with much sagacity, *will generate a knowledge of Art*. Amen. In that case the excellence of Art Unions is established at once.

But no, says the philosopher who argues every week from under the columns of the temple of Minerva : this love which generates knowledge is only conceded to men who purchase pictures, not to those who raffle for them ! Is not this a little hard ? How much income tax must a man pay in order to have a decent love of Art ; a love that shall be potent enough to become the father of a future knowledge ? I may say, without exaggeration, that Sir Robert Peel is richer than I am ; but does it follow that he loves Art better ? It may be, or not ; but at least the right honourable baronet's income does not establish the

superiority of his taste. Let any gentleman go into a pastrycook's and eat raspberry tarts; ten to one, pressed against the window of the shop you will see the blue nose of a penniless urchin, who is looking at the good things with all his might. Would one say that Dives, because he eats the tarts, loved them better than the little Lazarus who yearned after them? No, even *The Athenaeum* would not say that; the cruel, cruel *Athenaeum*.

Now, suppose that round that shop-window, and allured by the same charming prospect which has brought their comrade thither, other little Lazaruses should assemble: they love tarts; they are penniless; but still not altogether without coin. Say they have a farthing apiece; and clubbing together their wealth, or poverty rather, these rascally young gamblers made a lottery in the cap of one of them, and what is the consequence? the winner of the prize steps in and takes a raspberry tart from the very same tray at which great Dives himself has been gormandizing. It is gambling, certainly; but I suspect the pastrycook (considering its result) will look upon the crime rather justly—she might never have sold her wares but for that TART UNION.

I shall resume this subject next week with philosophical considerations upon Polytechnic societies, upon the lunar prospectus (or that of Mr. Moon), and upon the puerile distribution (or that of Mr. Boys).

Meanwhile, dear MacGilp, I remain,
Your very humble servant,
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

No. 2. THE OBJECTIONS AGAINST ART UNIONS.

[*Pictorial Times*, April 1 and 8, 1843]

M. A. Titmarsh, Esq., to Sanders MacGilp, Esq.

MY DEAR SANDERS,

The Tart Union alluded to last week has been appreciated; and I am given to understand that several young gentlemen about Covent Garden and the foundation colleges in the city (where the youthful students wear leather breeches, and green coats, and caps famous for their similarity in shape to the muffin) have put the scheme into

practice, and are very eager in borrowing or begging farthings for the pastrycook's interest and their own.

That the scheme will benefit the former is clear: and should any of them be inclined, by way of gratitude, to forward to the office of the paper a *proof plate* of their tarts, there are several juvenile persons about the premises who will gladly give an opinion of their merits. One of the union or distribution schemes mentioned in our last has forwarded proofs of its claims to public favour, proofs of its puffs, we would say, but that is a pun, and the truth must be told, let what will come of it, and we are now solemnly met, my brave MacGillp, to discuss it.

The fact is, that the goodness or badness of the prints in question does not, at least for the sake of the argument, matter a fig. Suppose a man (by means of the electrotype of course) were enabled to produce a series of copies from the vignettes to Mr. Catnach's ballads, and charge a guinea, two guineas—a thousand pounds; three farthings, for whity-brown proofs of the same. He is quite free to do so. Nobody need buy unless they like. Or suppose he could (always by means of the electrotype) produce India paper proof plates of all the Cartoons, and sell them for a halfpenny? He is quite as much at liberty to do the one as the other; and I do believe that the reason of fair dealing and moderate prices in the world has been not so much the honesty as the selfishness of our nature. We sell cheap because no one will buy else. We are honest because no one *will* trust us unless they *can* trust us. In a doubtful commerce with few concurrents and uncertain gains, men do not unfrequently cheat. But competition hustles roguery pretty quickly out of the market; the swaggering, swindling, lying impostor has no chance against the burly good sense of the public.

And I must confess, for my part, that if a man has a thirty-guinea watch to raffle for, and thirty persons are willing to subscribe so much amongst them, and try the chance of winning it, I see no much greater harm in this 'union' than in many other speculations where (of course) chances exist of losing or winning. But to moralize on the Art Union case because of this harmless peddling with guineas, and to say that it provokes a spirit of gambling, is too hard. Is it altogether sinful to play a rubber of whist at shilling points? Does it imply an abominable desire of

gain and a frightful perversion in the individual who bets half a crown on the rubber? Are we basely cast down because we lose, or brutally exultant because we win, half a score of shillings? If it be a deadly sin, heaven help our grandfathers and grandmothers, who played cards every night of their lives, and must be anything but comfortable now. But let us hope that with regard to the criminality of the proceeding *The Athenæum* is wrong. Many of us have tried a raffle at Margate, and slept no worse for it. Once, at school, I drew lots with two other boys, and the prize was a flogging; and it does not much matter which of us won; but the others were not very sorry about it, depend on that. No; let this harmless little sin pass. As long as it provokes no very evil passions, as long as the pleasure of winning is great, and the pain of losing small, let gentlemen and ladies have their sport, and bet their bet, and our moralists not altogether despair. You cannot say that the Art Union supporters are actuated by a violent or unwholesome love of gambling; they don't injure their properties by the subscription of their guinea; they don't absent themselves from home, contract dissipated habits, bring their wives and families to ruin. They give a guinea, and are not much the better or the worse for the outlay. This is an encouragement of lotteries, *The Athenæum* may say, presently; but indeed the objection is not worth a fig. The old lotteries were undisguised robberies. The Art Unions are none. The old lotteries lived upon atrocious lies and puffs, encouraged silly people with exaggerated notions of gain. The Art Union offers but to purchase pictures with the aggregate of your money, and to distribute the pictures so bought. There are no falsehoods told, and no absurd lying baits held out.

A country book-club is a lottery, a wicked gambling transaction in which squires and parsons take a part. A house or life assurance is a lottery. You take the odds there to win in a certain event; and may by very strait-laced moralists be accused of 'gambling,' for so providing against fortune; but the Parliament has sanctioned this gambling, and the State draws a considerable profit from it. An underwriter gambles when he insures a ship; calculating that he has a profit on the chances. A man gambles when he buys stock to sell afterwards, or a newspaper, or a house, or any other commodity upon which profit or loss may accrue.

In the latter cases, perhaps, he gambles as he does at whist, knowing himself to be a good player, and trusting to skill and chance for his success. But in the former cases, the underwriter of the ship or house has no security; it is sheer luck; dependent on a fire or a gale of wind, with the *pull* of the chances in his favour.

• In a commercial country, then, where there is so much authorized gambling for profit, a little gambling for mere amusement's and kindness's sake may be tolerated. Let it be allowed at any rate that there is no great criminality in the Art Union species of gambling, and so quietly pass over the moral objection to the scheme. Then there has been lately mooted in the papers a legal objection; but that is not a very frightful one. Both of the learned gentlemen who have been consulted and have pronounced for and against Art Unions, have allowed that there is no danger of prosecution, and that poor bugbear will frighten honest folks no more.

But the strong objection is that on the part of some artists of the old school, who say that the Art Union system deteriorates Art; that it sets painters speculating upon fancy pieces, to suit the taste of the prize-holders; that they think this will be a 'taking two-hundred-guinea subject, or that a neat gaudy piece that will be sure to hook something; and they paint accordingly.

Now, let any man who has looked at English picture-galleries for the last ten or twenty years be called upon to say from his heart, whether there has not been a great, a noble, improvement?—whether there is not infinitely more fancy, feeling, poetry, education, among artists as a body now than then? Good Heavens! if they do paint what are called *subjects*, what is the harm? If people do like fancy pieces, where is the great evil? If I have no fancy to have my own portrait staring me in the face in the dining-room, and would rather have Mr. Stone's 'one particular star,' for instance (and it is a charming picture), am I such a degraded wretch? This is but cant on the part of humbugs on the one side, and on the other the ultra-ticklishness of too susceptible minds.

What does the charge amount to? That the artist tries by one means or other to consult the taste of the public. The public is ignorant; therefore its choice is bad: therefore the artists paint bad pictures: therefore the taste grows

worse and worse: therefore the public grows worse and worse: therefore the public and artist are degraded by a desperate helpless arithmetical progression, out of which, as one fancies, there is no escape.

But look what the real state of the case is, as it has been recited by a weekly paper (*The Age*)—that, too, moans over the degeneracy of its namesake, and prophesies a most pathetic future for Englishmen, because they have been lately seized with a love for illustrated books. First, says *The Age*, came *The Observer*, with its picture of Thurtell's cottage, then *The Hive*, then *The Mirror*, then this and that, then *The Illustrated London News*, then *The Pictorial Times*. Well, *après?* as the French say. *The Hive* was better than Thurtell's cottage, *The Mirror* was better than *The Hive*, *The News* better than *The Mirror*, and *The Times* better than *The News*, and (though *The Times* readers may fancy the thing impossible) the day will come when something shall surpass even *The Times*, and so on to the infinity of optimism. And so with pictures as with prints. The public is not used to having the former yet, but wait awhile and it will take them; and take them better and better every day. The commercial energy of our hearty country is such that where there is a small demand dealers well know how to raise it to be a great one; and raise fresh wants by fresh supplies ingeniously insinuated, and by happy inventions in advance. As for GENIUS, that is not to be spoken of in this way; but Genius is rare; it comes to us but once in many, many years; and do you think the genius of painting less likely to flourish in our country because people are buying (by means of these Art Unions) five hundred little fancy pictures per annum, in addition to the ten thousand portraits they bought before?

As for aristocratic patronage of Art only let us ask in what state was Art here before Art Unions began? Did artists complain or not? Did they say that there was no opportunity to cultivate their poetical feelings, and that they must paint portraits to live? I am sure the people of England are likely to be better patrons of art than the English aristocracy ever were, and that the aristocracy have been tried and *didn't* patronize it; that they neither knew how to value a picture nor an artist: what artist ever got so good a place as a tenth-rate lawyer, or as a hundredth-rate soldier, or as a lucky physician,

or as an alderman who had made a good speculation, or a country squire who had a borough ? The aristocracy never acknowledged the existence of art in this country, for they never acknowledged the artist. They were the handsomest men and women in the world, and they had their simpering faces painted : but what have they done for art to honour it ? No, no. *They* are not the friends of Genius : that day is over : its friends lie elsewhere ; rude and uncultivated as yet, but hearty, generous, and eager. It may put up with rough fare ; but it can't live in ante-chambers with lackeys, eating my lord's broken meat : equality is its breath, and *sympathy* the condition of its existence. What sympathy did my lords ever give it ? No : the law, the sword, the alderman's consols, and the doctor's pill, they can stomach ; they can reconcile these to their lordly nature, and infuse them into their august body.

But the POET had best come lower. What have their lordships to do with *him* ? He has never been one of their intimates. In the old song of Schiller, Love bids the poet, now that the earth is partitioned among the strong and wealthy, to come to heaven in his distress, in which there will always be a place for him : but he has to try the people yet—the weak and poor ; and they whose union makes their strength, depend on it, have a shelter and a welcome for him.

And so, though the taste of the public might be better than it is now (of which there is no question), I think we have every right to hope that it *will* be better. There are a thousand men read and think to-day, for one who read on this same day of April, 1743. The poet and artist is called upon to appeal to the few no longer. His profit and fame are with the many ; and do not let it be thought irreverence to put the profit and fame together. Nobody ever denies the Duke of Wellington's genius, because his Grace receives twenty thousand a year from his country in gratitude for the services rendered by him ; and if the nation should take a fancy to reward poets in the same way, we have similarly no right to quarrel with the verdict.

The dukedoms, twenty-thousands-a-year, Piccadilly-palaces, and the like, are not, however, pleaded for here. Miss Coutts or Mr. Rothschild have the like (or may, no doubt, for the asking), and nobody grudges the wealth,

though neither ever were in the battle of Waterloo, that I know of. But let us ask, as the condition of improvement in art, if not fame and honour, at least sympathy, from the public for the artist. The refinement of taste will come afterwards; and as every man a little conversant with the art of painting, or any other art, must know how his judgement improves, and how by degrees he learns to admire justly, so the public will learn to admire more and more wisely every day. The sixpenny prints they buy twenty years hence will be better than the sixpenny prints now: the Art Union pictures they select, better than those which frighten the desponding susceptibilities of our philosophers nowadays. Away with these prophets of ill, these timid old maids of Cassandras, who lift up their crutches and croak, and cry 'Woe!' It is the nature of the old bodies to despond, but let 'us youth' be not frightened by their prate. If any publisher could find it worth his while to bring out a hundred beautiful engravings for a penny, depend on it art would not retrograde in the country. If a hundred thousand people chose to subscribe to the Art Union, the interest for art would be so much the greater, the encouragement to artists so much the greater; and if you interest the people and encourage the artists, it is absurd to suppose that one or the other would go back.

But this, as you will doubtless observe, has nothing to do with the lunatic prospectus (or that of Mr. Moon), or with the puerile distribution (or that of Mr. Boys). Let us consider the sham Art Unions on another day. What I wish to observe in the above sentences is, that the people are the artist's best friends; that for his reputation and profit henceforth he had best look to them; and rather than work for a class of *patrons*, he had better rely for support on his friends. If you have something that is worth the telling—something for the good of mankind,—it is better to take it to a hundred tailors or tinkers than to one duke or two dandies (speaking with perfect respect of both), and as an actor would rather have a hundred people in the pit for an audience than but one hearer who had paid ten pounds for a private box, an artist need have no squeamish objections to the same popularity, and will find a more sure and lasting profit in it. Many men of genius will say, 'No; we do not want the applause of the vulgar; give us the

opinion of the few.' Who prevents them? They *have* those few as before; but because the artist of a lower walk changes his patron, and, instead of catering for the private boxes, appeals to the pit, there is no harm done. The pit, it is my firm belief, knows just as much about the matter in question as the boxes know; and now you have made art one of the wants of the public, you will find the providers of the commodity and its purchasers grow more refined in their tastes alike; and the popular critic of a few years hence calling for good pictures, when now bad ones please him.

How should he know better as yet? His betters have taught him to admire Books of Beauty, trashy, flashy coronation pictures, and the like tawdry gimcracks, which please a feeble intellect and a debauched taste. Give him time, and he will learn to like better things. And for the artist himself, will he not gain by bringing to the public market the article which he was obliged before to prepare for individual patronage? He has made many more sacrifices to the latter than ever he will be called upon to do for the former. His independence does not suffer by honest barter in the public place, any more than an author's does who takes his wares to the bookseller or newspaper, and asks and gets his price. The writer looks to my lord no longer, but he has found a better and surer friend; and so for art: I would like to see Art Unions all over England, from London to Little Peddington: every one of the subscribers become interested in a subject about which he has not thought hitherto, and which was kept as the exclusive privilege of his betters.

The Spectator has an excellent suggestion with regard to Art Unions, I think; which is, that a committee should purchase pictures with the funds of the Union, and that the prize-holder should then choose. • Bad pictures would not, probably, be bought in this way, and the threatened degradation of art would then be averted. Perhaps the majority of the present Unionists, however, would not accede to this plan, and prefer to choose their pictures for themselves. Well: let them keep to the old plan, and let us have another Art Union as the new. The more the better—the more *real* Unions; as for the sham ones, we will discourse of these anon.

Yours, my dear MacGilp,

M. A. TITMARSH.

P.S.—I hope your Cartoon is in a state of forwardness: we shall see in a month or two what the giants of Art can do. But meanwhile do not neglect your little picture out of *Gil Blas* or *The Vicar of Wakefield* (of course it is from one or the other). Let those humble intellects which can only understand common feeling and everyday life have, too, their little gentle gratifications. Why should not the poor, in spirit be provided for as well as the tremendous geniuses? If a child take a fancy to a penny theatrical print, let him have it; if a workman want a green parrot with a bobbing head to decorate his humble mantelpiece, let us not grudge it to him; and if an immense super-eminent intelligence cannot satisfy his poetical craving with anything less sublime than Milton, or less vast than Michael Angelo,—all I can say, for my part, is, that, I wish he may get it. The kind and beneficent Genius of Art has pleasures for all according to their degree; and spreads its harmless happy feast for big and little—for the Titanic appetite that can't be satisfied with anything less than a roasted elephant, as well as for the small humble cock-robin of an intellect that can sing its little grace and make its meal on a bread-crumbs.

No. 3. THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*The Pictorial Times*, May 13, 1843]

MY DEAR MACGILP,

I think every succeeding year shows a progress in the English school of painters. They paint from *the heart* more than of old, and less from the old heroic, absurd, incomprehensible unattainable rules. They look at Nature very hard, and match her with the best of their eyes and ability. They do not aim at such great subjects as heretofore, or at subjects which the world is pleased to call great, viz. tales from Hume or Gibbon of royal personages under various circumstances of battle, murder, and sudden death. Lemprière, too, is justly neglected, and Milton has quite given place to *Gil Blas* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

The heroic, and peace be with it! has been deposed; and our artists, in place, cultivate the pathetic and the familiar. But a few, very few, worshippers of the old gods remain. There are only two or three specimens in the present exhibi-

tion of the grand historic style. There is a huge dim-coloured picture, in the large room, by an Academician, probably; but I have neither the name nor the subject: there is Mr. Haydon's history-piece of 'The Maid of Saragossa'—a great, coarse, vulgar, ill-drawn, ill-painted caricature; and an allegory or two by other artists, in the old-fashioned style.

The younger painters are content to exercise their art on subjects far less exalted: a gentle sentiment, an agreeable, quiet incident, a tea-table tragedy, or a bread-and-butter idyl, suffices for the most part their gentle powers. Nor surely ought one to quarrel at all with this prevalent mode. It is at least natural, which the heroic was not. Bread and butter can be digested by every man; whereas Prometheus on his rock, or Orestes in his strait-waistcoat, or Hector dragged behind Achilles' car, or 'Britannia, guarded by Religion and Neptune, welcoming General Tomkins in the Temple of Glory'—the ancient, heroic, allegorical subjects—can be supposed deeply to interest very few of the inhabitants of this city or kingdom. We have wisely given up pretending that we were interested in such, and confess a partiality for more simple and homely themes.

The Exhibition rooms are adorned with numberless very pleasing pictures in this quiet taste. Mr. Leslie offers up to our simple household gods a 'Vicar of Wakefield'; Mr. Maclise presents a 'Gil Blas'; Mr. Redgrave gently depicts the woes of a governess who is reading a black-edged note, and the soft sorrows of a country lass going to service; Mr. Stone has the last appeal of a rustic lover; Mr. Charles Landseer has a party drinking comfortably under the trees; Mr. Macnee shows a young person musing in a quiet nook, and thinking over her love.

All these subjects, it will be observed, are small subjects; but they are treated, for the most part, with extraordinary skill. As for Lady Blarney, in Mr. Leslie's picture, with that wonderful leer of her wicked, squinting, vacant eyes, she is as good as the very best Hogarth; her face is the perfection of comedy; and the honest Primrose countenances round about, charming for their simplicity, and rich kindly humour. The 'Malade Imaginaire' is no less excellent; more farcical and exaggerated in the arrangement; but the play is farcical and exaggerated; and the picture, as the play, is full of jovial, hearty laughter. No

artist possesses this precious quality of making us laugh kindly, so much as Mr. Leslie. There is not the least gall or satire in it ; only sheer, irresistible, good humour.

Now in the tableau by Mr. Maclise, many of the principal personages are scowling, or ogling, or grinning and showing their teeth, with all their might, and yet the spectator, as I fancy, is by no means so amused as by those more quiet actors in Mr. Leslie's little comedies. There is, especially in Mr. Maclise's company, one young fellow who ought to be hissed, or who should have humble parts to act, and not be thrust forward in the chief characters, as he has of late years, with his immense grinning mouthful of white teeth and knowing, leering eyes. The ladies we have seen too, repeatedly, and it must be confessed they are not of the high comedy sort. The characters appear to be, as it were, performing a tableau from *Gil Blas*, not the actual heroes or heroines of that easy jovial drama.

As for the 'properties' of the piece, to use the dramatic phrase, they are admirably rich and correct. The painter's skill in representing them is prodigious. The plate, the carvings, the wine-flasks, the poor old melancholy monkey on his perch, the little parrots, the carpet, are painted with a truth and dexterity quite marvellous, and equal the most finished productions of the Dutch schools. Terbury never painted such a carpet ; every bit of plate is a curiosity of truthful representation. This extraordinary power of minute representation is shown in another picture by Mr. Maclise, 'The Cornish Waterfall,' round which every leaf in every tree is depicted, and in which the figure of the girl is a delightful specimen of the artist's graphic power.

Mr. Redgrave's 'Going to Service' is not so well drawn as his pictures of former years. An old lady in an arm-chair, two young sisters embracing each other, a brother very stiff and solemn in a smock frock, and a wagon waiting outside, tell the story of this little domestic comedy. It has a milk-and-watery pathos. The governess has her bread-and-butter by her side, too : but the picture is much better, the girl's figure extremely beautiful and graceful, and the adjuncts of the picture are painted with extreme care and skill.

Mr. Stone's 'Last Appeal' is beautiful. It is evidently the finish of the history of the two young people who are to be seen in the Water-Colour Exhibition. There the girl

is smiling and pleased, and there is some hope still for the pale, earnest young man who loves her with all his might. But between the two pictures, between Pall Mall and the Trafalgar Column, sad changes have occurred. The young woman has met a big life-guardsman, probably, who has quite changed her views of things : and you see that the last appeal is made without any hope for the appellant. The girl hides away her pretty face, and we see that all is over. She likes the poor fellow well enough, but it is only as a brother ; her heart is with the life-guardsman, who is strutting down the lane at this moment, with his laced cap on one ear, cutting the buttercups' heads off with his rattan cane. The whole story is told, without, alas ! the possibility of a mistake, and the young fellow in the grey stockings has nothing to do but to jump down the well, at the side of which he has been making his appeal.

The painting of this picture is excellent : the amateur will not fail to appreciate the beauty of the drawing, the care, and at the same time freedom, of the execution, and a number of excellences of method which are difficult to be described in print, except in certain technical terms that are quite unsatisfactory to the general reader.

Mr. Charles Landseer's ' Monks of Rubrosi ' is the best, perhaps, of his pictures. The scene is extremely cheerful, fresh, and brilliant ; the landscape almost as good as the figures, and these are all good. Two grave-looking, aristocratic fathers of the abbey have been fly-fishing ; a couple of humbler brethren in brown are busy at a hamper of good things ; a gallant young sportsman in green velvet lies on the grass and toasts a pretty lass that is somehow waiting upon their reverences. The picture is not only good, but has the further good quality of being *pleasant* ; and some clever artist will do no harm in condescending so far to suit the general taste. There is no reason after all why a man should not humble himself to this extent, and make friends with the public patron.

For instance, take Mr. Poole's picture of ' Solomon Eagle and the Plague of London.' It is exceedingly clever ; but who would buy such a piece ? Figures writhe over the picture blue and livid with the plague—some are dying in agony—some stupid with pain. You see the dead-cart in the distance ; and in the midst stands naked Solomon, with blood-shot eyes and wild maniacal looks, preaching

death, woe, and judgement. Where should such a piece hang? It is too gloomy for a hospital, and surely not cheerful enough for a dining-room. It is not a religious picture that would serve to decorate the walls of a church. A very dismal gloomy conventicle might perhaps be a suitable abode for it; but would it not be better to tempt the public with something more good-humoured?

Of the religious pieces, Mr. Herbert's 'Woman of Samaria' will please many a visitor to the Exhibition, on account of the beauty and dignity of the head of the Saviour. The woman, as I thought, was neither beautiful nor graceful. Mr. Eastlake's 'Hagar' is beautiful as everything else by this accomplished artist; but here, perhaps, the beauty is too great, and the pain not enough. The scene is not represented with its actual agony and despair; but this is, as it were, a sort of limning to remind you of the scene; a piece of mystical poetry with Ishmael and Hagar for the theme. I must confess that Mr. Linnett's 'Supper at Emmaus' did not strike me as the least mystical or poetical, and that Mr. Etty's 'Entombment' was anything but holy and severe. Perhaps the most pious and charming head in the whole Exhibition, is that of the Queen, by Mr. Leslie, in his Coronation picture; it has a delightful modesty and a purity quite angelical.

Mr. Etty's pictures of the heathen sort are delightful; wonderful for a gorgeous flush of colour, such as has belonged, perhaps, to no painter since Rubens. But of these we will discourse next week.

M. A. TITMARSH.

No. 4. THE ROYAL ACADEMY (Second Notice). .

[*The Pictorial Times*, May 27, 1843]

MY DEAR MACGILP,

If her Majesty is the purchaser of all the royal pictures by Paris, by Hayter, by Leslie, by Landseer,—of all the royal portraits by these and a score more in and out of the Academy,—there must be a pretty large gallery at Buckingham Palace by this time, and, let it be said with respect, a considerable sameness in the collection. The royal face is a very handsome one, and especially in the medallion-

shape, in gold. I would like to look at thousands of them every week, for my part, and would never tire in extending my cabinet.

But, confess, my dear Sir, are we not beginning to have enough of royal parade-pictures? And are not the humbler classes somewhat tired of them? Only the publishers and the grandees, their enlightened patrons, still continue to admire. Dark rooms are still prepared for such; gas-jets and large subscription books artfully laid on and out. The Court Guide still goes to see Winterhalter's portrait of the Queen ('I wish they may get it,' as the Duchess of — observes; the picture is not painted by Winterhalter: but what do *they* know, whether it be good or bad?) The Court Guide still buys huge proofs of her Majesty's marriage, or the Princess's christening, or the real authorized Coronation picture (every one of the half-dozen are real authorized Coronation pictures), and is content therewith. Ah! Heaven bless that elegant aristocracy of England; that wise, that enlightened, that noble clan of our betters! The subject of these pictures is worthy of their noble souls,—fit for their vast comprehensions; and as the poor workman buys his prints of 'The Prodigal Son's Progress,' the young Cockney buck his portrait of Mrs. Honey or some other beauty with long ringlets and short petticoats, the sporting man his varnished hunting-piece, so the great have their likings, and we judge them by what they admire.

And what an admiration theirs is! There's her Majesty in state! What a lovely white satin! and the velvet, my dear, painted to the very life. Every single jewel's a portrait, I give you my honour; and Prince Albert's own star and garter sat to the artist; the Archbishop's wig is done to a hair; and was there ever a more wonderful piece of art than that picture of the Duke in his orders and his epaulets, and his white kerseymere pantaloons? Round the Sovereign are all the maids of honour; round the maids of honour all the officers of state; round the officers of state all the beaifeaters and gentlemen-at-arms; and on these magnificent subjects our painters are continually employed. Noble themes for the exercise of genius! brilliant proofs of enlightened public taste! The court milliners must be proud to think that their works are thus immortalized, and the descendants of our tailors will look at these pieces with a justifiable family pride.

Mr. Leslie has had to chronicle coats and satin-slips in this way, and has represented *his* scene in the drama of the Coronation (how many more episodes of the same piece have been represented and by how many more painters, I don't know), and his picture is so finely done, so full of beauty and grandeur, that for once a court picture has been made interesting. I have remarked on the principal figure, before,—the exquisite grace and piety represented in the countenance and attitude of the Queen ; but the judgement of the quality as far as I have been able to gather it (and it is good to this end to play the spy's part, and overhear the opinions of the genteel personages who come to see the Exhibition)—the genteel judgement is decidedly against the painter, and his portraits are pronounced to be failures, and his pictures quite inferior to many others by other hands. Let us hope the opinion will be so general, that this charming painter shall never be called upon to paint a court ceremony again. I would rather see honest Mrs. Primrose's portrait by him than that of the loveliest lady of honour ; and the depicting of uniforms and lappets and feathers left to those politer artists whose genius is suited to subjects so genteel.

There is no Prince Albert this year, I regret to say ; but we have two portraits of her Majesty, in trains, velvets, arm-chairs, etc.—one by the President and one by Mr. Grant—and neither worth a crown-piece. One of the most exquisite and refined little sketches ever seen is the portrait of Lady Lyttelton, by the latter artist ; it is a delightful picture of a beautiful and highbred maiden. Mr. Chalon's aristocracy does not ogle and simper quite so much as in former years ; and their ladyships are painted with all the artist's accustomed skill. Mr. Richmond's heads are excellent as usual ; and there is a rival to these gentlemen, who has given us a water-colour portrait of the Bishop of Exeter, in which the amiable and candid features of that prelate are depicted with great fidelity and talent. Mr. Carrick's men-miniatures are perhaps the best among those pleasing performances ; the likeness of a former Secretary for Ireland will especially please those who know his lordship's countenance, and those who do not, by its resemblance to an eminent comedian whose absence from the stage all regret.

Mr. Thorburn cultivates more, perhaps, than any other

miniature painter, the poetry of his art. The gallant knights, Sir Ross and Sir Newton, are as victorious as usual ; and Mr. Lover's head of Mr. Lever deserves praiseworthy mention ; it will be looked at with interest by Harry Lorrequer's English readers, and by those who had the opportunity of seeing him in the body, and hearing his manly and kind-hearted speech at the Literary Fund the other day.

Of Mr. Etty's colour pieces what words can give an idea ? Many lovers of Titian and Rubens will admit that here is an English painter who almost rivals them in his original way, and all will admire their magnificent beauty. Mr. Turner, our other colourist, is harder to be understood. The last time the gentle reader received a black eye at school and for a moment after the delivery of the blow, when flashes of blue, yellow, and crimson lightning blazed before the ball so preternaturally excited, he saw something not unlike the 'Moses' of Mr. Turner. His picture of 'Cleopatra meeting Alexander the Great at Moscow the Morning before the Deluge' (perhaps this may not be the exact title, but it will do as well as another) is of the most transcendental sort. The quotations from the *Fallacies of Hope* continue still in great force ; as thus :—

The Ark stood firm on Ararat : the returning Sun
Exhaled Earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise,
Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly,
Which rises, flits, expands, and dies.—

The artist has done full justice to these sweet lines.

We are given to understand by *cognoscenti* that the Italian skies are always of the bluest cobalt ; hence many persons are dissatisfied with Mr. Stanfield's Italian landscapes, as unfaithful, because deficient in the proper depth of ultramarine. On this subject let proper judges speak ; but others less qualified will find the pictures beautiful, and more beautiful for their quiet and calm. Who can praise Mr. Creswick sufficiently ? The 'Welsh Girl' will, one of these days, fetch a sum of money as great as ever was given for Hobbema or Ruysdael ; and 'Evening' is an English Claude. Mr. Lee's fresh country landscapes will find hundreds of admirers ; and perhaps there are no two prettier little pictures in the gallery than Mr. Linton's 'Sorrento' and Mr. Jutsum's 'Tintern.'

In walking round the vault in which the sculpture is entombed, I did not see anything especially worthy of mark, except a bust of Count d'Orsay, who has himself broken ground as an artist, and whose genius will one day no doubt make its way. Why have we not our common share of the admirable pictures of Mr. Edwin Landseer? It can't be that a man of his facility has painted but three pictures in a year, and picture-lovers wonder where the rest are?

M. A. TITMARSH.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION

[*Pictorial Times*, May 6, 1843]

THE Water-Colour exhibitions this year are quite as gay and pretty as in preceding seasons, though presenting no works of very extraordinary merit. The gentlemen of the New Society are commonly more ambitious than the painters of the old ; but their efforts, have not this year been quite so successful as in former seasons. Mr. Warren has a pair of large pictures, in which one is sorry to see so much labour and ingenuity have been expended in vain ; Mr. Corbould has a large Scripture piece, which is as bad, poor, mannered, and feeble a performance as ever was perpetrated by a clever young painter ; Mr. Hayter, always good, is not quite so good as formerly ; Mr. Wehnert has a large piece representing Luther preaching, and though the figures look as if they were made of wood, they exhibit some powerful painting and expression ; Miss Corboux has her pretty little, rather caricatured, subject of Cinderella (but perhaps the artist is right, and, in a fairy tale, all the grotesque should be somewhat caricatured) ; Mr. Absolon has a snow-piece from the eternal *Vicar of Wakefield*—a large picture, and a failure.

On the other hand, and although this artist's practice is very imperfect, and he cannot compete in skill and tricks of pencilling with many an inferior workman, he has some qualities which the inferior workman cannot acquire, labour he ever so—an exceedingly fine sentiment of pure beauty and tender humour. All his little pieces sparkle with this delicate, kindly sentiment : here is a little sketch of a young couple passing over a plank across a brook ; you see that they are in love, though they make no big eyes or ogles at each other to express the tender passion, as it is commonly expressed in pictures : then there is a drawing of a farmer coming home from the cornfield ; wife and child at the cottage waiting for him ; which little stale rustic history is

yet told with remarkable grace and sweetness. Finally, there are two designs of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Widow, of which more need not be said, than that they are as good as if Mr. Leslie himself had drawn them. Let all Art Union prize-men have a look at these rough, exquisite little pieces. Perhaps, however, it is for such slight sketches that water-colours are best adapted: the larger pieces are wonderful and curious, but not satisfactory, any more than an overture when played on a guitar, which can accompany a ballad very sweetly.

Very wisely, as we think, Mr. Cattermole has exhibited this year a few of those magnificent sketches in which he is unrivalled, in place of more elaborate pieces, which are not so well suited to his style or to the material in which he works. Two sketches on rough brown paper, seemingly, are quite extraordinary for depth and power of colour; and the large drawing of 'Charles and his Army after the battle of Newbury' is a magnificent wild composition, full of power and rich colour, and awful romantic gloom.

Mr. Taylor's 'Vicar of Wakefield' is exceedingly pleasant and graceful in humour, and exhibits much of the skill of this artist's brilliant and flowing pencil. The drawings of Mr. Copley Fielding are, perhaps, even better than in former years. A forest scene may especially be remarked for its extraordinary vigour and richness of tone. There are only a pair of those delightful boys with whose society Mr. Hunt is accustomed to amuse us; but there are some wonderful fruit pieces from his pencil, and some interiors not quite, we think, so happy.

Mr. Nash's Gothic Halls are drawn with great skill and truth, not so his meagre composition of Milton and his daughters, as unromantic and likewise unreal a piece as heart can desire. The young ladies' fingers are like shreds of muslin, the old gentleman's eyes as inane as Farren's in 'Grandfather Whitehead,' or as those of a monk in a certain picture by Mr. Richter, from the novel of *The Trustee*. Words cannot be found in the dictionary strong enough to express our sense of this picture of Father Lawrence, and of a twin abomination from the same hand, and to illustrate the same romance. On the subject of 'Una and her Lion,' serious though polite remonstrances should be addressed to Miss Sharpe. Here are represented the biggest lion, the largest tear, and the yellowest head of

hair ever painted ; but, alas ! a tear that should be painted big enough to fill a tablespoon would not be necessarily pathetic ; nor is a spun-silk wig necessarily pathetic ; it is not with stage properties that imagination is manufactured ; and in spite of her tear, and her hair, and her lion, this Una must be set down as the least romantic of young women.

Mr. S. W. Wright's beauties have that charm of grace and delicacy for which all the works of this pleasing artist are known ; and Mr. Stone has a charming little drawing of a pair of lovers, with a motto in an outlandish tongue, very difficult of comprehension. But it is clear that the *ragazza* is a *franche coquette*, and the *povero fanciullo* a *Dummkopf*, whose example *nosotros* would do well to avoid :—*verbum sap.*

The lover of landscape will find at this Exhibition many an agreeable recollection of nature in the drawings of De Wint and Gasteineau ; and may take his last look at those gloomy and romantic scenes, which only Varley knew how to paint.

By the way, a gentleman at the New Water-Colour Society has managed to copy the Varley manner very closely.

• MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

4

MAY GAMBOLS

OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE-GALLERIES

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1844]

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture-galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since :—on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of ‘Heliogabalus’ in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter) may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this, or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens, and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. ‘*Caelum ipsum,*’ as Horace says, ‘*petimus stultitia.*’ But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the

reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of—O. Y.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD, May 25 [1844].

This is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks ; the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair ; the law has ordered the suppression of Art Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art-lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby-lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maul-stick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. 'The painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters ; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista ; the lottery-subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revived, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No. *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While his Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronized by her Majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the president says,

evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low; and the public (the ignorant rogues!) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorized to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The president and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and St. Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking trumpet; and a twenty-four pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be, when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture-gallery, as their turn came. Read now the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post* (especially the *Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the Prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then—until the nobility taught us; gracious nobility! Above all, what a compliment to the public!

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art Unions; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! they know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby,

and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are supplied with glass beads; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forgo the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from *The Vicar of Wakefield* that he made sure of selling to an Art Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle; as the law-student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty cheap tawdry toys and gim-cracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil!

We must live. The public likes light literature and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the Aeolic digamma. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, 'Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-peas with too much gormandize;' or, 'This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-guel,' or what not.—These real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprising this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham-

classical bigwigs of the Academy, the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, 'The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing *but* domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals: camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word.' This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the

brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverent treatment; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged aesthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarized here and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing: they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose-boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little signification as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; the very dove becomes neither more nor less than the *pet* of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost; and, putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of 'Land ho!'

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy, Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question; those I have adduced here are absurd, but they are just as poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a

fashion ; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, ' Look, papa, at the parrots ! '—' Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have ! ' it yet behoves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favour that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty ; two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and colour ; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of colour. All this is true. BUT he has sinned, he has greatly sinned ; let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof.—

Frazer Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscellany of his propensity to small sentiment ? Has he corrected himself of that grievous tendency ? No : his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, the ' Song of the Shirt,' a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humour draws tears.¹

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated everything except the humour, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender, good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirt-maker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion !) says what o'clock it is, the grey-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirt-maker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale and wan ; she turns up the whites of her fine, fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shown us by a fine stroke of genius parcel of medicine bottles on the mantelpiece ! The

¹ How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem [*The Bridge of Sighs*] by Mr. Hood in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel ?—M. A. T.

picture is carefully and cleverly painted—extremely popular—gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shown that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to ‘trump’ this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave’s other picture, the ‘Marriage Morning,’ is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning; the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the post-chaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride’s father, a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant, though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no

harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, 'Maecenas atavis edite regibus,' represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus :—

	Tommy.	
Jessamy.	Jenny.	Jocky.
	A dog.	

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy, off-hand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh, plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind 'Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny. And, oh! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in *Jessamy*; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as *Jessamy* is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face;

much fine appreciation of character in the easy, smiling triumph of the rival; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That is very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble not at the work, but the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the 'Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster,' painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity in these two gentle, kindly heads; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's 'Héloïse,' a face which the artist has painted over and over again; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Héloïse than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, M. Delacroche's great 'Holy Family' must be mentioned here; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael with a strong dash of Overbeck; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them. The drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all? Is that enough to make a poet? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth

as Pope's ; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the president of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, possess merit. The one is an Arabian caravan, moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red, arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steamboat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys—a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most misanthropic observer into good humour. Biard's ' Havre Packet ' is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's ' Holy Family ' ; for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures—the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things ; it is best to do what you mean to do ; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation ? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the ' Whistonian Controversy.'

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once ? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one. And, in enumerating all the above perfections

I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour ; it is quite original this,—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it ; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine*, the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian, Mr. Etty ; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of rude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings ; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus ; but, in colour, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces us to one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were,—a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms,—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from *Comus*, which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character :—

All amidst the gardens fair •
 Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree,
 Along the crisped shades and bowers,
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
 Beds of hyacinths and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound,
 In slumber soft and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen ;
 But far above in spangled sheen,
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced.

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind, buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady—that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale; a rustic seducer with an air of rude, hob-nailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterize those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you for ever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred Majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painters, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder, and say, 'Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the right-hand Cupid'; and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, 'Rise, my knight of the Eagle, for the left-hand Cupid.'

Mr. Maclise's Comus picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and

vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas apiece for these noble compositions? Why, a print-seller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the Exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful 'Charity,' than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted anything more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricatures of the old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now—little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals—to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archaeological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall Mall to St. James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they?—All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth-century revival in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with

examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for some one to write an essay, showing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott¹ has influenced the world ; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume ; how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages and the architects to follow ; until now behold we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship St. Willibald, and St. Winnibald, and St. Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather farther than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr. Cope's picture (276), the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, 'Geneviève,' is not so successful ; the faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are as smoky as a sunset in St. James's Park ; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvas.

Mr. Herbert's picture of 'The Trial of the Seven Bishops' is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artist's history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses which they assume ; wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvas or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at M. Biard's 'Mecca Pilgrims,' how carefully and accurately they are attired ; or go to the French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back—looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress, Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy ; the men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James the Second's time ; the ladies at ease in their stiff, long-waisted gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is

¹ Or more properly Goethe. *Götz von Berlichingen* was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit, his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great concourse of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Slopperton Railway Bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favour; in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of 'Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution,' is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived; the sorrowful, anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side, and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced; such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's 'Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution.' There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816, and he scowls with a true melodramatic ferocity; and he lifts a sign-post of a finger towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is

represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic, something after the fashion of Retzsch's figures in *Faust* (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem); and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown 'with a flashing eye and a distended nostril,' as they say in the novels,—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture striking her attitude too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude; when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacareguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing piquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. 'Your people,' says he, 'have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!' And so the two gentlemen finished their game at piquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the courtyaid hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency—with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, 'She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and lay down and wept over him.' The extract is from Walker's *Life of Peden*; the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody

troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine,—dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens's swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions—an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, 'The Highland Lament,' by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild laments on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figures, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter represents her Majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superiress of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable picture of the Society—for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, 'An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's return,' Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterizes the poverty, the affection, and

the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, 'Lady Jane Grey praying before execution.' One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects ; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard, and incomplete ; but the principal figure excellent : the face, especially, is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calaham*,—a sly hit at the learned serjeant, member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from *Undine* does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude ? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover, may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful supernatural. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are ! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses ! We must have the *Fairy Tales* illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear ; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows anything about them.—Yes, there *is* some one else ; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of DOYLE) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It

is the true genius of fairy-land, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's 'Comus' as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome 'Sancho,' although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind, smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when 'the cow jumped over the moon.'¹ The glory of dullness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world—no, not even in the House of Commons—so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly,—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from *The Vicar of Wakefield* or *Gil Blas* should, by any favour or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, 'VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED.' In the first place, let the Rev. Dr. Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins's company. The vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mild, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the

¹ Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit aethera risu
Ipsaque trans lunae cornua Vacca salit.—LUCRETIUS.

squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses, and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as, indeed, are all in the picture. As for Gil Blas,—but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain Gil Blas there are in the exhibition eating ollapodridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces Mr. Ward's 'Lafleur' must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's 'Pear-tree Well,' which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes's good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the octagon-room); nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty; the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critics call 'French,' because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's 'Wise and Foolish Virgins' is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor, dear Art Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's 'Rienzi addressing the People' is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child, who are thinking of anything but Rienzi and liberty; who,

perhaps, ought not to be so prominent, as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's 'Moors beleaguered in Valencia'? A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and bloodshot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so and fancy they are exhibiting 'power'; whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions—these ghoulish festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in the *Arabian Nights*, who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful 'Shoeing' and 'Stag'; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue overhead; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the

picture, and it can't properly be seen without a great-coat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature ; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the great room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap ; the dogs look real ; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year—a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness, and breeze, and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious 'Summer Evening' ; the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine 'Evening Scene' of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft, golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch have contributed works, showing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile, there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. • All those wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called 'Rain—Steam—Speed,' is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel ; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick, smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake, and quiet glazings of vermilion, although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red. I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the 'Speed' is

done, of that the less said the better,—only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen anything like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the Exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esq., by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose. The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? it is better to imitate great things well, than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10,000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horror,—weak, but oh! how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos. 99,999 and 99,999^d) which the old Academicians perpetrate. You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists. Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a showing up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and ladylike grace; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the Exhibition; and if you walk into the miniature-room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombs of Mr. Chalon. I have found

out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate *Coningsby*.

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait sculptors have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this Gallery in venerable numbers; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks meekly changing colour; squires and their families from the country; and it is a fact that you never can enter the Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of the article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farm-houses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding;—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his 'Indiaman towed up the Thames' (53), his 'Signalling the Pilot' (161), and his admirable view of 'Mont Saint-Michel' (127), in which the vessel quite dances and falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they

show great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His 'Outcast' is amazingly fine, and tragic in character. His 'Sick Cigar-boy,' a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty, the housemaid, is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some 'birds' nests,' out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than ordinarily clever. His 'Houseless Wanderers' is worthy of Hogarth in humour; most deliciously coloured and treated. 'The Gleaner' is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as showing the ease, truth, and dexterity with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his 'Porch' and 'Rook-Shooting' are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of 'Monks in a Refectory' is very fine; rich, original and sober in colour; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent 'Battle for the Bridge,' a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country. 'Boppart,' 'Bacharach,' etc., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining-hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantel-piece, the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-glasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her royal writing-table, an escritoire with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The 'Gipsies' of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons 'in another place,' where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old Society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember the first ventures of this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the 'Egyptian Lady' (150); his work

is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

- And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal, and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from *The V-c-r of W-kef-ld* (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh, happy picture of a country fête. 'The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers' (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. 'A Little Sulky,' 'The Devonshire Cottage Door,' 'The Widow on the Stile,' 'The Stocking-knitter,' are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald-green and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, 'The Britons deploring the Departure of the Romans,' there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regret pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, 'while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France.' Her 'servile situation' seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for 'the distressing state of France,' it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, baiting Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in

that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shows great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: 'The Innkeeper's Daughter' (38) and 'Perdita and Florizel' (316). Perhaps 'he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from the Düsseldorf's embellishments to decorate their catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the 'Death of Zurbaran' is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colours seem forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins's beautiful female figure in the drawing called 'Love' (123) must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, colour, and sentiment. Another female figure 'The Girl at the Stile,' by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which, the eye reposes gratefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10); and the delightful 'Shady Lane' of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys's pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletto.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at St. Helena.

PICTURE GOSSIP

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO, AUGUSTO
HA ARVÉ, PITTORE IN ROMA

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1845]

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered, with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night—that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said naught, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four-baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days!—for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarroti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raphael painted? Yes—and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes—and have eaten woodcocks and drank Orvieto hard by the huge, broad-shouldered Pantheon Portico, in the comfortable parlours of the Falcone. Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas Day?—do you remember it? *I don't.* But his holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with

affecting volubility ; not that there was anything in or out of the gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and liberal Rome ; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow moustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits—he was one of our set at Rome ; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season,—Orifice and his sentimental songs ; Father Giraldo and his poodle, and MacBrick, the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this letter ; but the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and instead of dispatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that *Fraser's Magazine* is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion—indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country ; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, ‘ He paints so badly, that, hang it ! he *must* be a good judge ’ ; in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival !—of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works, exhibited in May, would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in St. Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water like a bombshell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled ! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion ? was the thought of every one. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends before their pictures are sent in to the exhibitions, to visit the painters' works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying 'Bravo, Jones!' (I don't mean Jones, R.A., for I defy any man to say 'bravo' to *him*, but Jones in general.) 'Tomkins, this is your greatest work!' 'Smith, my boy, they must elect you an Associate for this!' and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I, myself, have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privations as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I stayed away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), would only see their pictures in the public galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbours. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this after having had my fill of their works, as publicly exhibited in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom,—it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular, that I shall only discourse about those pictures which I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my honour and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine who, like yourself at present, has been a student of 'High Art' at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a nicety, and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paperstretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and moustachios of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition-wall between the two drawing-rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it

was Caractacus before Claudius, or a scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after a while, with his moustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of 'Boadicea addressing the Iceni': quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguishes his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the Exhibitions together, and I watched his behaviour before the pictures. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical, historical pictures, he yawned; before some of the grand, flashy landscapes, he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humour or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his highlows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

'These little pictures,' said he, on being questioned, 'are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical propriety) are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this *naïve* exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artists can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. 'Hence,' says he, 'I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ("A Donkey on a Common") than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ("Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia"), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, "Shrimp Catchers, Morning" (how

somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman, they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment ; and so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularities, and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence ? Let us be gentle with them henceforth, who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous* ? But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell ; it will not do for a chapel ; it is too big for a house : I have it—it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error, the picture may suit some tastes, it does the *Times* for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art ; whereas the *Post* won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow ! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumbfounded into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where, but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and I am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere ; they come up to his conceptions of the sublime, they answer his ideas of beauty, or the Beautiful, as he writes, with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority ? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sibyl which this same author praises so enthusiastically ? a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyed, ogling creature, we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto ; on subjects of art, perhaps, there is no reasoning

after all : or who can tell why children have a passion for lollypops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton ? To the child lollypops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton ?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously ; while, as you have seen, the *Times* awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, the *Chronicle*, quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses's mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely coloured ; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean colour ; Moses's mother is a handsome woman ; and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion ; a handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy ; but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England—nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples ; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would for my part cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, that champion of suffering female innocence, for his 'Governess.' That picture is more decidedly *spoony* than, perhaps, any other of this present season ; and the subject seems to be a favourite with the artist. We have had the 'Governess' one year before, or a variation of her under the name of 'The Teacher,' or vice versa. The Teacher's young pupils are at play in the garden, she sits sadly in the schoolroom, there she sits, poor dear !—the piano is open beside her, and (oh, harrowing thought !) 'Home, sweet home !' is open in the music-book.

She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged note-paper in her hand. They have brought her her tea and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea, *she has not tasted the bread and butter!* There is pathos for you! there is art! This is, indeed, a love for lollypops with a vengeance, a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver pap-spoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called the 'Arrival of the Overland Mail.' A lady is in her bed-chamber, a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance, and you see his red coat and moustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bedside, her face has sunk into the feather-bed; her hands are clasped agonizingly together; a most tremendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something naïve and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public, they have gained Art Union prizes, let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded, and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos the *Times* advertisements would afford daily! we might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before, I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily, but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become

unendurable ; and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling, hysterical sentimentality it is surely the critic's duty to grin down, to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and, not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains ; to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the maudlin pictures is Mr. Stone's 'Premier Pas.' It is that old pretty, rococo, fantastic, Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, etc. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion—her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porch-side. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig, Jessamy, bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigour and strength.

This artist's picture of the 'Queen and Ophelia' is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste. Her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The colour of the picture struck me as quite new, sedate, but bright and very agreeable ; the chequered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition ; it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-bye, Jenny and Jessamy ; we hope never to see you again—no more rococo rustics, no more

namby-pamby : the man who can paint the queen of Hamlet must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shakespearean commentator ever remarked how fond the queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius ? How courteous and kind the latter always was towards her ? So excellent a family man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behaviour to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the Exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of ' Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution.' The story is finely told here, the group large and noble. The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed ; and the little episode of the jailer, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In *Hamlet*, how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy !

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of the ' Good Pastor,' from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort—not too much of it—it is indicated rather than expressed. ' Sentiment, sir,' Walker of the *Original* used to say,—' sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes : it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere.'

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savoury comparison regarding it ; but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to show what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, to know what you can do ! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint nowadays—kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good humour. It is a comfort to have such a

companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle, quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera obscura of the brain—the dear old parson with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half-roguery, half-terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage chimneys in a peaceful, Sabbath-sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment—there's no need of a great, clumsy, black-edged letter to placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion; the sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive, and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily, because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the catalogue) has given us a picture of 'Sabrina,' which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection from *Comus*, which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place and price than our royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English artists. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescoes which royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred—condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace wall—that was a slap in the

face to every artist in England ; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of *Punch's* band, who says, for his part,—

I will not toil for Queen and crown,
If princely patrons spurn me down ;
I will not ask for royal job—
Let my Maecenas be A SNOB !

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence ; but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble lest Frost should be similarly nipped ; and I hope for more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty—a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of 'Nymphs cajoling Young Hylas,' which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realizing those promises, I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His 'Connemara Girls going to Market' are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner ; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don't think are common about Leenane or Ballynahinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you ! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts's 'View of Jerusalem,' and Müller's pictures of 'Rhodes,' and 'Xanthus,' and 'Telmessus.' This artist's sketches are excellent ; like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colours. In the pictures the artist forgets the brilliancy of colour which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and 'Telmessus' looks as grey and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces ; one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol, let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag's cave) ; another called the 'Four

Ages,' which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton; and another, who has also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose 'Song of the Olden Time' is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said); the old bard who is singing the song of the olden time a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron, and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the — gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from *Comus* is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well; but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way, after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his *Comus* picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously laboured, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woeful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor labourer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. This face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet, irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady,—wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt.

I have seen similar little darlings in the toyshops in the Lowther Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton-wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well; it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such a company. Good Lord! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *précieuse* young lady!

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec choraeas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids are a little *hasardés*; his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty; his drawing and colouring are still more audacious than they were; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowsy nymphs; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lakes, and brown, and ultramarine. It must be confessed that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere—in a young ladies' school, for instance. But, how rich and superb is the colour! Did Titian paint better, or Rubens as well? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the colour appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best—'Bacchus and Ariadne,' for instance—and better than Rubens's. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, out-stares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honour); and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it and owns that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock, and how few are the works of art that can give it!

The author of that sibylline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of the *Fallacies of Hope*, is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until

the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's colour is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more—some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of the *Fallacies of Hope* is a mysterious extravaganza; price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too,—to mesmerize you. It is revealed to you; and, as it is said in the East, the magicians make children see the sultans, carpet-bearers, tents, etc., in a spot of ink in their hands; so the magician, Joseph Mallord, makes you see what he likes on a board, that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flicked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners and gondolas, with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half-dozen whaleboats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zigzag lines spattered on the canvas at haphazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails; the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship's bows; and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye; who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don't like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy the *Fallacies of Hope* to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman's song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acme before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant, sparkling pageant of naval war; his great picture of the 'Mole of Ancona,' fresh, healthy, and bright

as breeze and sea can make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind ; one in the first room, especially, —a Dutch landscape, with a warm, sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician ? Can it be a son of that gent ? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honours. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. 'The Ruins of Carnac' is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin ! the sun lights up tremendous knees of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates ; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of 'Jerusalem' did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful ; anybody who had visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys and laid down the lines of the buildings ; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look ; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked, edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad, fatal aspect, which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow, weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched, gloomy landscape ; whereas in Mr. Roberts's picture the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in colour, odd and novel as a represen-

tation of manners and costume, a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's 'Sir Thomas More going to Execution.' Miss More is crying on papa's neck, papa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, etc. : all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact ; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boys' hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labour ; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great Academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want something more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of 'Charles I before the battle of Edge Hill' would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn-door, officers are round about, the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence, rows of soldiers appear in red coats, nobody seems to have anything particular to do, except the royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham ; and here is a piece well composed, and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing—the part of Hamlet omitted. The king in this attitude (with the baton in his hand, simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so called, very cleverly executed and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Mr. Ward has a very

good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's ante-chamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humour; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well.

There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of 'Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing.' His Holiness lies on his sofa languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly aides de camp in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven, ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the middle-age devotion. All his works have unction; and the prim, subdued, ascetic [g]race, which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, 'A Shepherd praying at a Cross in the Fields.' I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?

Es ist der Tag des Herrn :
 Ich bin allein auf weitem Flur,
 Noch eine Morgen-Glocke nur
 Und Stille nah und fern.

Anbetend knie ich hier.
 O süßes Graun geheimes Wehn
 Als knieten viele Ungesehn
 Und beteten mit mir.

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them—of Sabbath repose and *recueillement*—an almost endless

flock of sheep lies around the pious pastor ; the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain ; blue mountains keep watch in the distance ; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room ! There is a little Mulready, of which the colour blazes out like sapphires and rubies ; a pair of Leslies—one called the 'Heiress'—one a scene from Molière—both delightful :—these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty, before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines ? The young men do well, but the elders do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best works of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster's ' Dame's School ' ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children's faces ; but the schoolmistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much. One particularly, called ' A Place to be Remembered,' which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby's great ' Evening Scene ' has portions which are not surpassed by Cuyp or Claude ; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others—a height with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by Collins. Mr. Leigh's ' Polyphemus,' of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable ; and let us say Mr. Elmore's ' Origin of the Guelph and Ghibelline Factions,' which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole, somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhere deficient.

There is very little comedy in the Exhibition, most of the

young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's 'Fetching the Doctor' is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, 'B. Virgine col,' &c. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets, the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Hay-market leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A 'Mr. Pigeon' by the former hangs in the place of honour usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are there by Mr. Watson Gordon: one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium-eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of colour is that of Mr. Lopez by Linnell. Mr. Grant is the favourite; but a very unsound painter to my mind, painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads, which no other painter can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many errors. Is it Count d'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character, that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the grey-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter-Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin, for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May meetings. The genius of Mayfair fires the bosom of Chalon, the tea-party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunkey. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are excellent; Thorburn's almost take the

rank of historical pictures. In his picture of two sisters one has almost the most beautiful head in the world ; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given his royal highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigour. Miss Corboux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here ; kind faces smile at you from the ivory ; and features of fair creatures, oh ! how——

[Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady ; nor, indeed, can we give him any further space, seeing that this is nearly the last page of the *Magazine*. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues in the vault where they are buried ; praising, however, the children, Paul and Virginia, the head of Bayly's nymph, and M'Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No. 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen ; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's 'Boy at Prayers,' in the Water-Colour Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.]

SKETCHES AFTER ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

BY L. MARVY

WITH SHORT NOTICES BY W. M. THACKERAY

[1850]

PREFACE

THE revolutionary storm which raged in France in 1848, drove many peaceful artists, as well as kings, ministers, tribunes, and socialists of state, for refuge to our country; and amongst the former was Monsieur Louis Marvy, a friend of the present writer, who has passed many happy hours in the French artist's *atelier*, which, with his friends and his family, and its constant cheerfulness and sunshine, the Parisian was obliged to exchange for a dingy parlour and the fog and solitude of London. A fine and skilful landscape painter himself, M. Marvy, during his residence here, made the following series of engravings, after the works of our English landscape painters; and, amongst other persons, especially and thankfully owes an obligation to my kind friend, Mr. Thomas Baring, for permission to make several sketches after pictures in his rich collection.

The task of describer or narrator for the little exhibition devolved upon myself, without whose introduction the publishers would not hear of M. Marvy's appearance before the English public, and who must bespeak its indulgence for the discharge of a task which was one of no small difficulty. There are no incidents in our show upon which the showman can dilate; in most cases he has to introduce his audience to the sight of a simple and quiet landscape, over which ideal pleasure is ever the best commentary, and concerning which it is as hard to explain one's own emotions, as to cause another to share in them; but the promise being made, the pictures engraved, and the publisher peremptory, there is nothing for it but to step forward, make a bow to the audience, and begin the lecture.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT

SIR AUGUSTUS takes the precedence in our series, to which his rank entitles him. The present age seldom witnesses combined excellences in any art or science, but Callcott tried every branch of his, before he finally settled down in landscape. He first began by portrait-painting; he then took to historical subjects, by which he won the mastery which adds so much value and interest to his landscapes of English scenery, or to his Dutch and Italian river or canal borders. By treating the subjects which were before handled by Cuyp and Canaletto, he has laid himself open to the charge of plagiarism, but undeservedly; for a genuine vein of English colouring pervades his works, particularly his smaller works, in which, less hampered by the breadth of effect he was bound and successfully to seek, he devoted his admirable skill in finishing. His house in Kensington was long a focus of all that was eminent in art or criticism, from Flaxman to Waagen. The charms of his dwelling made his works looked upon more as the successful efforts of an amateur than those of an accomplished painter, to which their sterling merit fully entitles them. That from which the artist, permitted by the kindness of Mr. T. Baring, has been enabled to copy, is one of the best-known of Callcott's works, and can bear to be looked at by the side of the Cuyp in the splendid collection where it hangs.



SIR A. CALLCOTT, R.A.

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARVY

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

TURNER

SOME people cannot understand that prodigious poem, *The Fallacies of Hope*, with Delphic sentences from which the notices of Mr. Turner's pictures are often accompanied in the Academy catalogues. Many cannot comprehend the late pictures themselves, but stand bewildered before those blazing wonders, those blood-red shadows, those whirling gamboge suns—awful hieroglyphics which even the Oxford Graduate, Turner's most faithful priest and worshipper, cannot altogether make clear. Nay, who knows whether the prophet himself has any distinct idea of the words which break out from him, as he sits whirling on the tripod; or of what spirits will come up as he waves his wand, and delivers his astounding incantation? In Mr. Irving's latter days, it was the gift of some to utter, of others to interpret the utterances: and possibly the prophet was as much surprised and edified as anybody else in the congregation, when the interpreter rose and translated his mystic cries. It is not given to all to understand; but at times we have glimpses of comprehension, and in looking at such pictures as the 'Fighting Téméraire,' for instance, or the 'Star Ship,' we admire (and can scarce find words adequate to express our wonder) the stupendous skill and genius of this astonishing master. If those works which we think we understand are sublime, what are those others which are unintelligible? Are they sublime too, or have they reached that next and higher step, which by some is denominated ridiculous? Perhaps we have not arrived at the right period for judging: and Time, which is proverbial for settling squabbles, is also required for sobering pictures.

As we cannot look at the sun but through a blackened glass, it has seemed to us that the most dazzling of Turner's fancies have often been improved by the sobering influence of the graver, and in nothing has his style proved more triumphant than in withstanding this test. There are no claptrap light or shadows to serve the purpose of effect. This may be owing to his having himself wielded the point. He first exhibited in 1790. He first published his celebrated *Liber Studiorum* in 1812, those sepia etchings, which far surpass Claude's in variety of composition as well as feeling.

We are tired by the ever-recurring architecture and clumps of trees of the latter. Turner gleans sublimity from the whole continent, and when satiated with that, rests in more quiet scenes of our shores, glens, and mountains. They contain the germ of what he hereafter created : his mind has ever been expanding, could not rest confined and cramped to common laws.

The picture before us is of the Master's earlier and more intelligible style—before he spoke oracles, and when he wrote poetry : poetry how grand, how sumptuous, how admirably beautiful and true to nature, any one can say who has looked at the picture painted in 1811, exhibited in 1849 ; at Mr. Grundy's 'Trossachs' ; at Sir John Swinburne's picture ; or at the 'Carthage' in the Master's own gallery ; works which seem to us to give him the very foremost place of the landscape artists ;—epic works, so to speak—the greatest in aim, the greatest in art, the greatest in truth to nature.

But these may be mere outer works, and decorations which anybody can understand—who knows what the adept sees behind the curtain, beyond which (and indeed it is so beautiful that one is content to admire but that) the uninitiated cannot peep ? Admiring the early and comprehensible works of the painter is like admiring the early works of Swedenborg, and saying that he was a man of vast science, and a skilled mathematician—he was all this, but his disciples only know how much beside.

In fine, *The Fallacies of Hope* is a mystery, and a wonder, and a perplexity.

• HOLLAND •

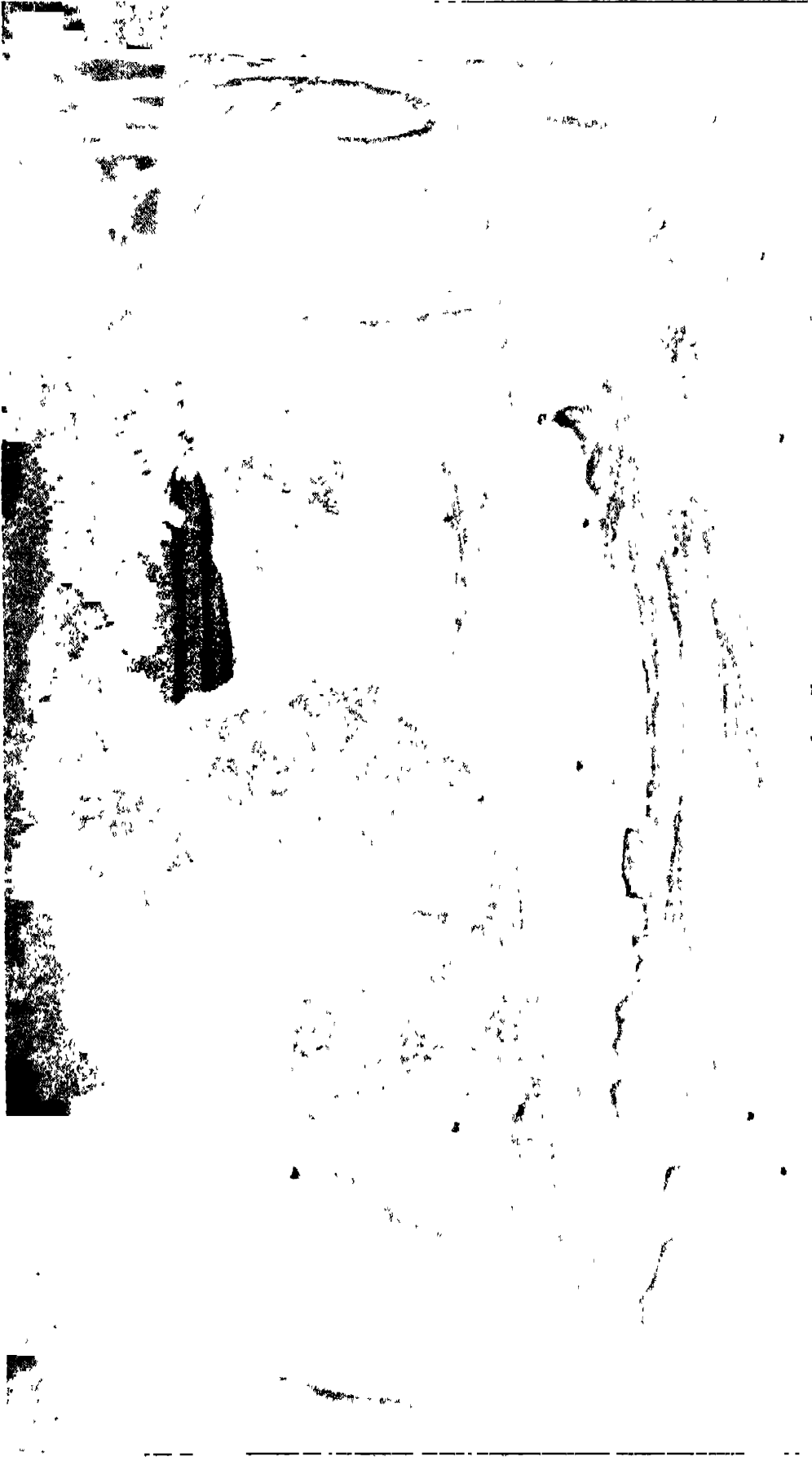
MR. HOLLAND is alike skilled in oil and water-colour painting ; and the amateur has long ere this admired, on the walls of our exhibitions, his rich and luminous colouring, his sunny buildings of his favourite Venetian architecture, his clear waters, and his deep Italian skies. This painter claims, as a right, to take his place in any gallery of English landscape ; and we hope that his French imitator has succeeded in giving a faithful translation of the skilful and brilliant master's manner.



J. HOLLAND

LOUIS MARVY





LOUIS MARVY

F. DANBY, A.B.A.

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DANBY

THE French artist has given a very successful imitation of the beautiful and poetical sepia drawing of Mr. Danby. We have scarcely ever seen a work by that great painter in which a similar poetical beauty was not conveyed, and in regarding which the spectator does not feel impressed by something of that solemn contemplation, and reverent worship of nature, which seems to pervade the artist's mind and pencil. His pictures are always still. You stand before them alone, and with a hushed admiration, as before a great landscape when it breaks on your view. He describes a scene of natural grandeur and beauty—of darkling forests tinged with the brightening dawn of woods, and calm waters gilded with sunset or fading into twilight; and, as in reading Wordsworth or the Georgics, the mind submits itself, awe-stricken and delighted, to the majestic repose and splendour of the poet's art, one may say of Mr. Danby that he paints morning and evening odes. His works are vast, polished, elaborate. With other painters, differently constituted, it is as if they trilled a ballad, or sang a sea-song.

As the blind man who said that he supposed the colour of scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet, I suppose most persons called upon to give an account of their sensations with regard to art, must be driven to compare pictures to poems, and poems to pictures. One always feels as if they were the same.

CRESWICK

PERHAPS, more than any landscape painter, ancient or modern, Mr. Creswick has united the perfection of aerial perspective in his distances, with a precision in the foregrounds only equalled by the pictures formed in convex glasses, and, we believe, frequently used by artists, to see how nature is 'done.' He seems to take a secret pleasure in unravelling the mysteries of intricate groves as they overarch the trout-stream, of which he renders the evanescent form and colour with the hand of one who has spent many long summers of careful thought and observation amidst such scenes. Here is everything to admire, and nothing hard to understand. The beholder has a perfect confidence in the painter whose happy gift it is to receive and translate nature with an admirable fidelity and truthfulness. We are as much charmed in watching this artist's work and manner, by the delightful instinct which enables him to perceive the truth of nature, as by the perfect skill with which he renders his perceptions. One can but speak of art but by illustration. Creswick is a composer singing his own airs with the most charming fresh voice. Which is the more pleasing? the beautiful organ, or the beautiful theme? With a happy organization, a perfect cultivation and a still constant variety of incident in an occupation always harmless, interesting, beautiful; surely the landscape painters ought to be amongst the happiest people in the world; and, as one looks at these charming works of Mr. Creswick, one fancies the painter happy in his serene occupation, amidst the beautiful scene; tracing the course of the river, the forms of rocks, the play of the sunshine amidst the leaves.



T. CRESWICK, A.R.A.

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARVY

W. COLLINS

COLLINS

IN the pleasant Life of Collins by his son, the writer describes how, when his father was preparing studies for his picture of the 'Skittle Players,' he used to frequent a public garden in the neighbourhood of Bayswater where that amusement was practised, and watch, sketchbook in hand, the performers in the play. 'He made studies unobserved of the individual character, the momentary posture, the accidental arrangement of figures. He bought skittles, and set them up in his garden. He risked turning his gardener—a great skittle player, and the model for one of his figures—into a permanent Colossus of Rhodes, by keeping him striding in the action of bowling with all his might, as long as his legs would uphold him, and the result was the production of a picture which will go down to posterity as one of the standard works of the English school.'

The affectionate biographer holds up this as a fair example, to show much care, constancy, ingenuity, and patient previous labour are requisite to enable the painter to work out his design. The man who set up the honest gardener for his model, may now serve in his turn as a model himself to students in his art, and out of it indeed. To the very last days of his life he loved his art, and humbly laboured to perfect himself in it; with what success the delighted spectator knows, who has seen and must recollect his works with a grateful personal kindness;—something like that which one feels on reading a page of *The Traveller* or *The Deserted Village*, from which one brings away the memory of the beautiful sunny landscape, the pretty groups of figures, and of the charming and gentle poet who portrayed them.

REDGRAVE

VERY many of our figure painters excel as delineators of landscape. The backgrounds of Mr. Mulready's pictures may be matched with the works of the finest Dutch painters. Whether of lake or mountain scenery, whether of distance or foreground, whether of desert or moorland, what artist can be a more skilful painter than Sir Edwin Landseer? The air and sunshine, the murmuring trees, and rippling waters, in the midst of which Etty's buxom nymphs disport themselves, are painted with a brilliancy of tone which no landscape painter, since the time of Velasquez (another splendid instance of our theory), has caught. And in Mr. Redgrave's works, which are chiefly character pieces of the pathetic and domestic cast, the observer will remark, with how much delicacy and truth the landscape portions of the picture are rendered, and with what keen observation and relish, this accomplished painter evidently pursues nature. The little picture from which this design is taken, is a happy proof of the artist's faithful taste, and talent; a quiet little piece of chequered shade and sunshine, suggestive of repose and peaceful meditation. Wandering through the Academy rooms every year, the visitor will be pretty sure to catch glimpses in quiet nooks of other such works of the painter's hand:—calm little insights into quiet nooks of nature, and glimpses of the artist's mind at work. The figure painter relieves himself with these prolusions, as he might by rhyming a sonnet, or touching a tune on the piano.





R. BEDGRAVE, A.R.A.

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARY

F. B. LEE, R.A.

LEE

IT is refreshing to the eyes of the Londoner, on visiting the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, to pause before the healthy and cheerful landscapes of Mr. Lee. Whilst other painters go abroad in search of subjects for their easel, more picturesque or romantic than those which can be found at home, Mr. Lee has confined himself to English scenery, we believe, almost entirely—to English plains and cornfields, and English rivers, and avenues of English trees, bright with native air and sunshine. It is not so much, in our opinion, the art with which he executes his works as their admirable fidelity to nature, which renders them always so pleasant; they are kindly, fresh, and homely, as a sonnet by Crabbe. Not at all of the idealist school, the sight of them yet serves to please and charm, and the eye gazes delighted in the silvery clouds and blue distances, the chequered shades and lights of those favourite lanes in which the artist loves to linger, and the wide fields and meadows with the clouds and the light overhead. Those rustic ploughmen and industrious fishermen who people his landscapes, or throw the fly by his shining river-sides, ought all to be people, as we imagine, of happy temperament and robust constitution. For it always seems to us in Mr. Lee's pictures, that there is cheerfulness in the landscape, and health in the air.

CATTERMOLE

THIS is scarcely a favourable specimen of the genius of this dashing and vigorous painter. The peculiar tastes of the French artist would lead him to give better imitations of pictures of landscape, and woodland scenery, than of those romantic architectural subjects, vast cathedrals and sombre Gothic dungeons, which Mr. Cattermole's hand delights to depict.

No man can have examined his works upon the walls of the Water-Colour Exhibition, which they have adorned for some twenty years, without having been struck, not merely with the admirable harmony of colour and tone,—a tone and colour quite original—which pervades them, but with the profound knowledge of chiaroscuro which they exhibit. As, in listening to a composer performing a fine piece of music, one is often led away from one's admiration of the work itself to astonishment at the skill of the performer, so, in examining Mr. Cattermole's pictures, one pauses, breathless almost, before the astonishing dexterity, and the brilliant feats of hand, which the artist flings over his paper. A few strokes are sufficient to represent long lines of columns or the most intricate and delicate Gothic tracery. A few glittering dashes of the brush, and wonderful cups and salvers, and shining suits of armour, are represented by this marvellously facile pencil.

Monks, cavaliers, battles, banditti, knightly halls, and awful enchanted forests in which knights and distressed damsels wander—the pomp and circumstance of feudal war, are subjects in which Mr. Cattermole chiefly delights. He is the English Salvator, with more poetry and equal skill.

This vast facility, which we admire in Mr. Cattermole's works, was not learned without long and previous preparation. Five-and-twenty years back, some of the most elaborate architectural drawings in Britton's Cathedrals are to be found with the signature of the young student, who afterwards applied the knowledge, of which he thus laid the ground-work, in the execution of the thousand brilliant and beautiful works which we owe to his abundant genius.

Among the finest of his works, everybody who saw it will remember the 'Skirmish on the Bridges': and his Scottish designs, illustrating the life of Queen Mary, are as



G. CATTERMOLE

LOUIS MARBY



LOUIS MARVY

remarkable for their beauty of design and colour as for their poetry, which is gloomy and grand. Some fine delineations of his favourite Cavaliers and Roundheads, are to be found ornamenting his brother's volumes of the history of the civil wars. In the present year's exhibition he has taken Shakespeare and Chivalry for his theme. With what a rapid skill has he delineated the combat of the knights—how magnificent is the drear landscape in which the weird sisters appear before Macbeth, quivering in the air, and about to vanish before him, spreading their bloody tartans to ride away in the storm!

• W. J. MÜLLER

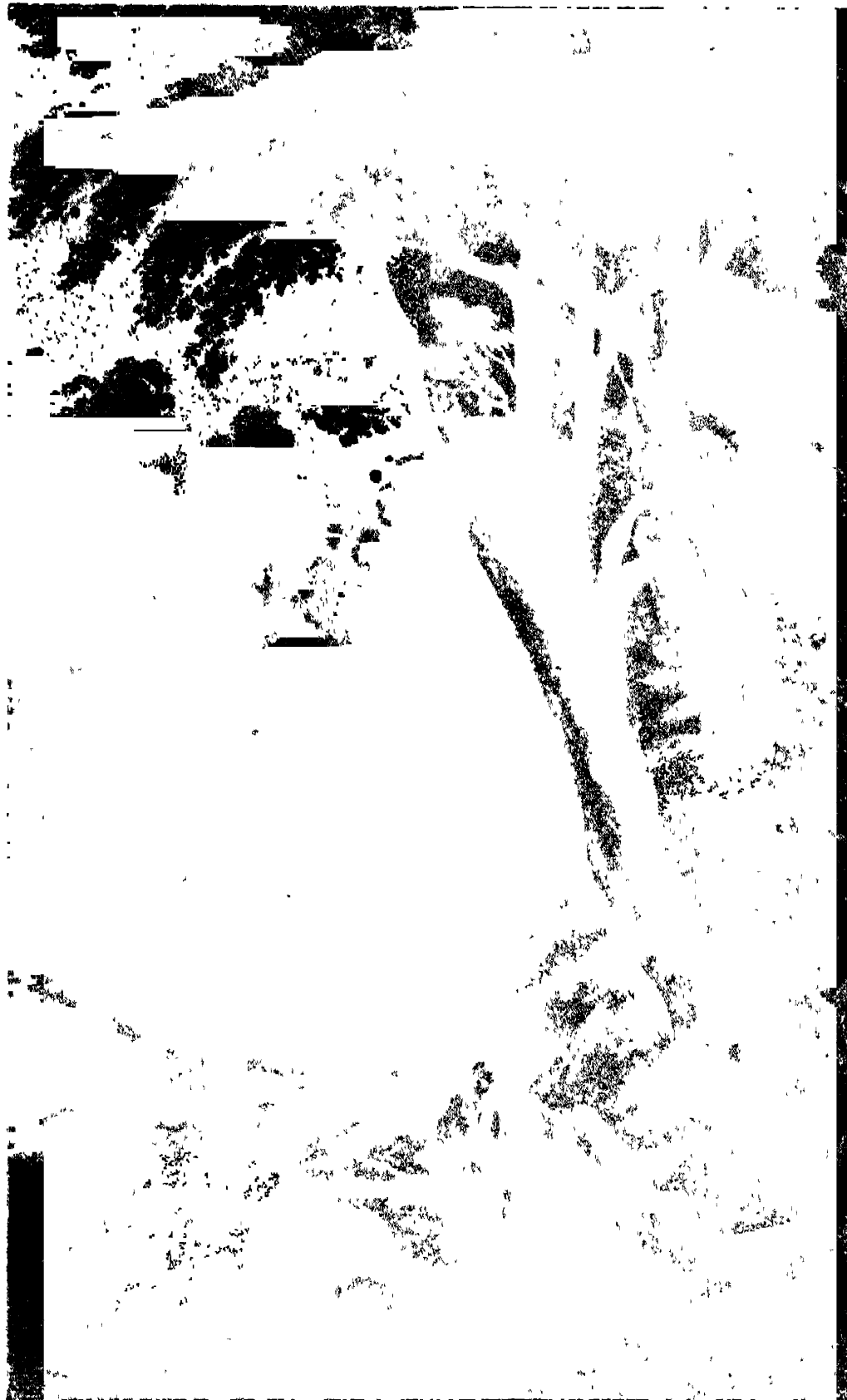
THE latter part of Müller's career has, in its eastern splendour, eclipsed his more sober and earlier efforts. We know him chiefly as the intrepid follower of the Xanthian expedition, indefatigable in material-gathering for future fame, till the thorough exhaustion of a vast stock of paper on the very day he sailed to reap in his native land the noble and short-lived fruits of his industry.

With more elasticity of composition, or maybe an eye better formed to seize the impromptu groupings of nature, he equalled the French Decamps in his colouring; and in the works of these two painters, the East, in all its magic and splendour, has been for the first time revealed to us. In the delightful glimpses of Eastern life which they discover, they are not unworthy of siding with the Arabian Nights, the illustration of which by these two masters we can only enjoy in imagination. Amongst the first results of Müller's sojourn in the East was his brilliant view of Rhodes. Exhibition dalliers were amazed by his prolific pencil, but perhaps secretly preferred his less ambitious bits: such a one, it may be recollected, was the 'Maltese Guard,' and his verdigris-coloured culverin. He was of the city of Chatterton, had a good deal of his poetry and genius, and was, like his brother, nipped early by morbid disappointment.

HARDING

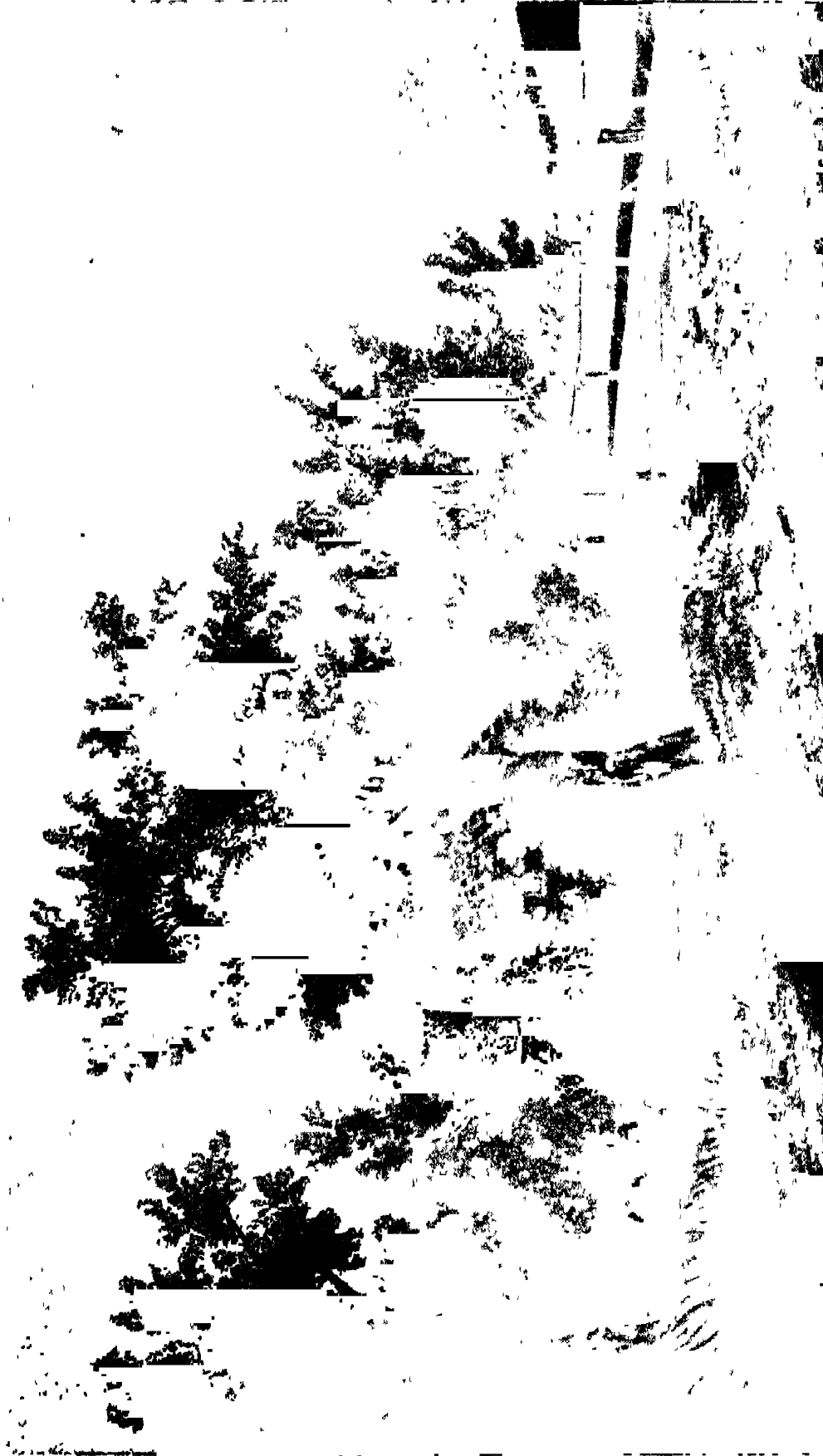
IF one may find a fault with Mr. Harding's works, it is that one is almost too conscious of the artist in his works. The effects are too palpable, the contrasts between light and dark too self-evident; and yet the *ensemble* is always brilliant and rich, and every individual work of the painter sure to command admiration. As a painter, he is skilled in the use of every weapon of his art—paints alike upon canvas, and paper, and stone—and has never been excelled in the breadth, richness, and facility with which he handles every subject which he treats. He designs architecture with the brilliancy and dexterity of Bonnington, and possesses over the trees of the forest and park a mastery of delineation of which no other artist can boast. Some of his lithographic sketches of forest scenery, published in the admirable Elementary books, strike upon the eye as fine pictures.

The completed works of no artist can, perhaps, be measured by his sketches; but it may be said of Mr. Harding, as a landscape painter, that his sketches are among the very finest which any artist has ever produced. Like others of his fortunate brethren, he has pursued his art into a hundred countries, and brought home delightful reminiscences of Alps and Tyrolese mountains, Italian lakes, and quaint Norman cities, in his rich portfolio.



J. D. HARDING

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARVY

NASMYTH

NASMYTH

NASMYTH has taken his quiet place amongst our landscape painters, and may rank almost as an English Hobbema. A little more light in his pictures, and perhaps a selection of a better vehicle in which to paint, would have rendered them more agreeable to the amateur's eye, which has been accustomed to brighter attractions than are afforded by the somewhat sombre and Quaker-like tone which these modest works wear. But, on closer examination into the pictures, the admirable care and finish of the details, the various minuteness of foreground, foliage, cottage-wall, and garden-weed, the calm silvery tones of the delicately-painted distance, will strike everybody who examines the artist's rather rare works, and will strike us with the more admiration when we remember at what time this artist began to paint, and that he came after the sloven Morland, and the somewhat careless practitioners of the English school of that day.

RICHARD WILSON

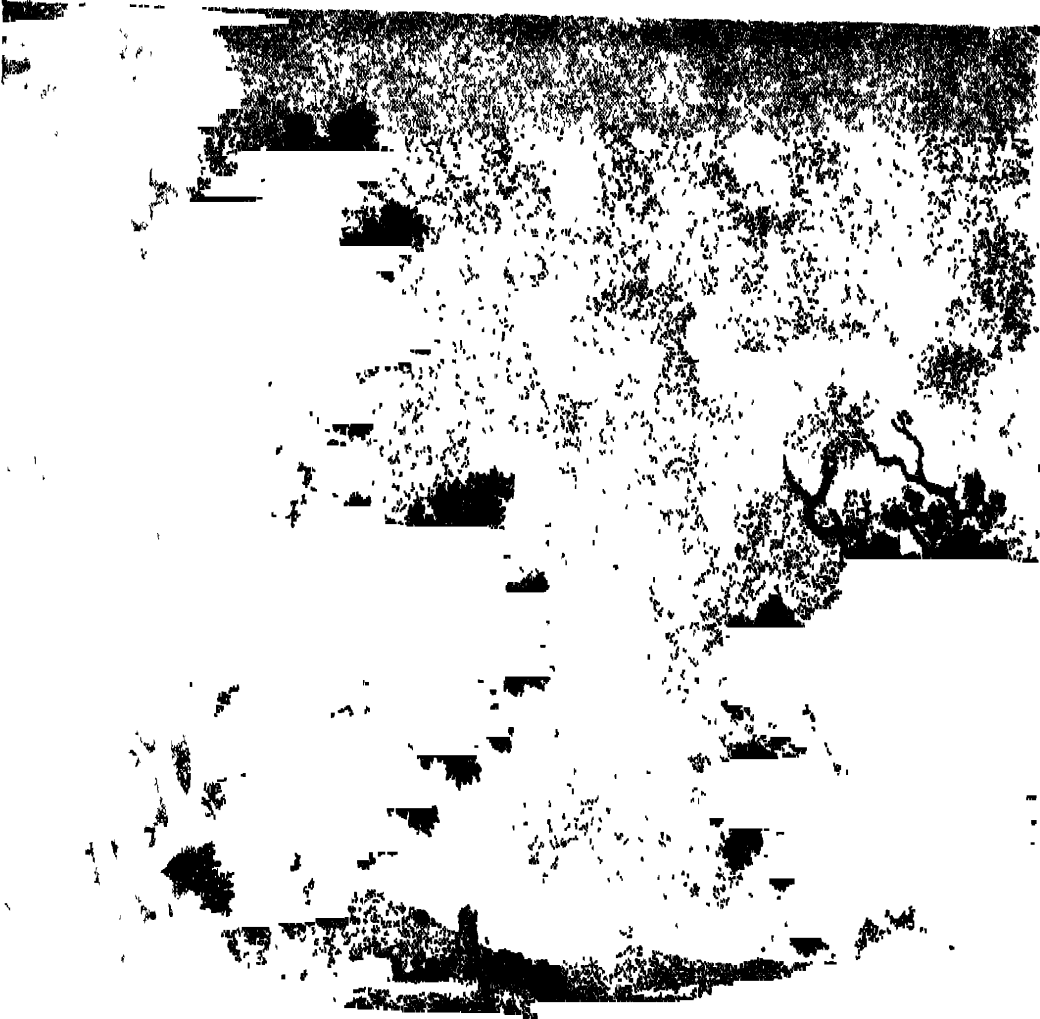
WILSON wanted the force which might have made him an original genius. Had he remained at home, there is no knowing what he would have done. However, he got whirled into the Roman vortex, where two or three living minds swayed those who only went to seek inspiration from its traditions.

Wilson adopted the Vernet themes, and in some respects surpassed the man he admired. This abdication of self was not forgiven in England—the public supported him feebly ; and he was snubbed for his ale-house tastes, by the purist Reynolds. We find him fêted and admired while in Rome by Mengs amongst others, who, wonderful condescension ! has handed down to us Wilson's physiognomy in one of his mild pastels. He dragged a slovenly existence in Covent Garden, till he was enabled by pawning a picture to retreat into Wales and die there miserably. Reynolds has mercilessly dissected the figures in his landscapes, which infliction, it must be owned, they deserved, though his views in Italy ought now to be cherished more than ever for their happy accuracy in the anatomy of villas, some of them now destroyed.

We are still proud of Wilson : his classicism makes his name respectable ; though there is little sympathy between his bold stroke and the more careful productions of our day. This, nevertheless, does not apply to all his works, as some of them of exquisite finish turn up now and then oddly at

Amongst his works that are engraved, his pictures in the National Gallery are about the worst ; they are coarse in effect, and leave a sort of impression on the mind that he was not happy in their somewhat theatrical execution, for the pains and delight of a painter in his own work have almost always a winning influence.

He was one of the founders of the Royal Academy. Cunningham relates that he painted with one brush, and standing : it is singular that Mengs has represented him sitting with several brushes in his hand ; so much for art anecdote.



RICHARD WILSON

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARVY

E. W. COOKE

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E. W. COOKE

MR. COOKE, we believe, is as skilled with the graver as with the pencil; and this is one of the many of his river scenes, which have earned the artist's reputation. The showman who has engaged himself to describe his friend's exhibition in truth finds the task to be one of uncommon difficulty; and, as the ingenuous reader has perhaps remarked, is often compelled to speak about anything but the subject in hand, while the scene is passing before the public eyes. We are not here to bawl out that this is the wonderful wonder of wonders—that our giant is the biggest, our dwarf the smallest, or our picture the most beautiful, in the world. Our audience is too knowing to be taken in, were any deception attempted. Nor is much comment necessary about the quiet little picture which now comes in our series, and merits a place there as a specimen of the work of a very favourite and accomplished English painter.

JOHN CONSTABLE

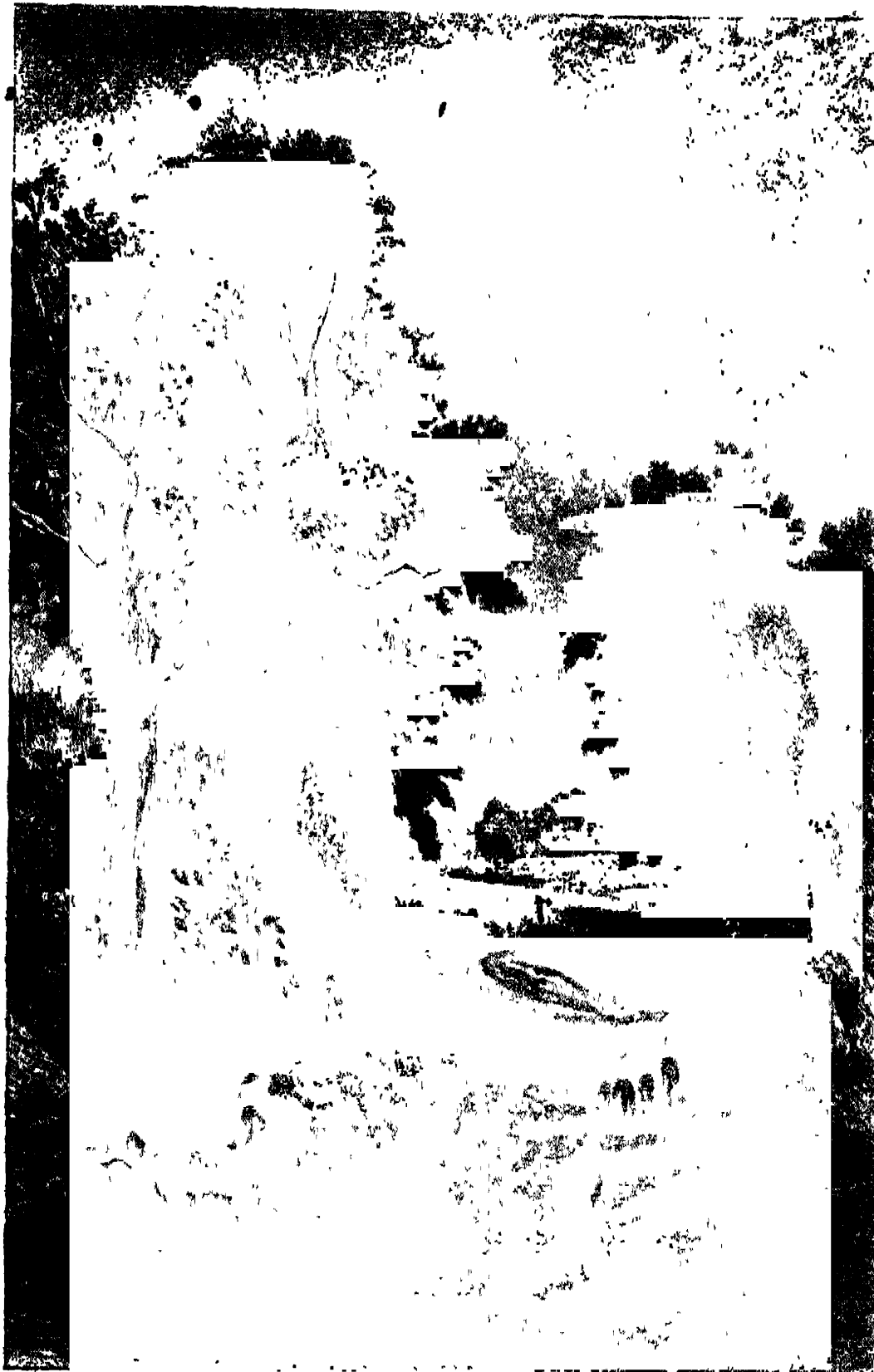
JOHN CONSTABLE was intended by nature for a landscape painter ; but, by his parents, for the honourable craft of miller. For a while, he served two masters : when grinding corn he still had leisure to examine the fleeting effects of nature, and thus turn the mill into an observatory. This influenced his style ever after, as clouds always occupied the prominent part of his compositions ; it was in clouds that he excelled, whether in their transparency and misty appearance, or in their masses of light.

When he returned from a sketching excursion, he used to say, ' I have had a good skying ' ; and when he displayed these sketches, they were found marked with the day, hour, and which way the wind blew.

He resided latterly in Hampstead, and has left innumerable reminiscences of its everlasting heath, that untiring ' sitter.' The amateur will recognize in the accompanying excellent sketch, the ' Cornfield ' of the National Gallery. This beautiful piece of autumn seems to be under the influence of a late shower ; the shrubs, trees, and distance are saturated with it—what a lover of water that youngster must be, who is filling himself within after he has been wetted to the skin by the rain which has just passed away ! As one looks at this delightful picture one cannot but admire the manner in which the specific character of every object is made out ; the undulations of the ripe corn, the chequered light on the road, the freshness of the banks, the trees and their leafage, the brilliant cloud artfully contrasted against the trees, and here and there broken with azure.

Fuseli's standing joke, as he looked at Constable's pictures, was to call for his greatcoat and umbrella. The wit of the Academy showed a better appreciation of the great landscape painter's genius than Chantrey did, who one day took up Constable's palette, and rubbed his picture with a glaze of asphaltum. ' There goes all my dew,' the poor artist said to Leslie, his charming biographer. Is not many another poet's dew, and delightful natural bloom, unseen by dull observers, and rubbed away by coarse patrons ?

Not fairly appreciated during his lifetime, every succeeding year adds to the public appreciation of this great genius. Before he was admired as he deserved to be amongst our-



JOHN CONSTABLE

LOUIS MARVY



LOUIS MARVY

P. DE WINT

selves, the Parisian painters had greatly and justly appreciated him, and he was as much the originator of the modern French landscape, as Scott was the father of French romance.

P. DE WINT

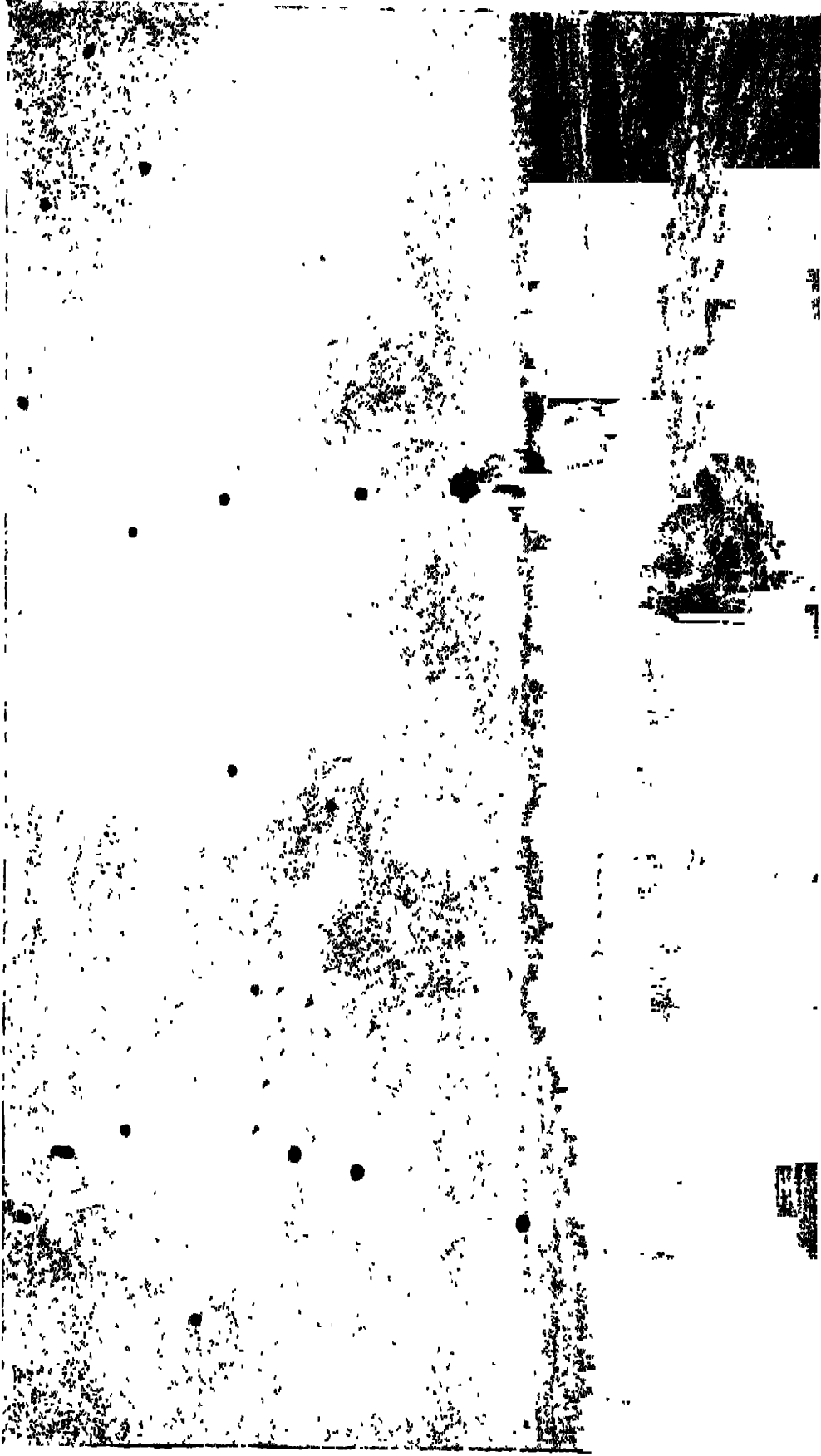
OUR well-beloved De Wint has gone like one of those calm summer days he used to depict. He spent his life in one revel of sunshine. He caught well the warm purplish blue of the summer sky. All artists generally choose morning or evening, as the long sweeping shadows form at once easy pictures, but De Wint was not frightened by the sun in its meridian.

Wilson is said to have aimed at representing the subtle air, in which buzzed the ephemeral insects; we think De Wint, with the more slender material of water, has better succeeded. Fuseli, who wanted his umbrella to look at Constable's showers, might have called for a pot of porter at seeing one of De Wint's hay-makings. Distant towns, most unpromising in aspect, became pleasant-looking under his pencil; large masses of trees grew of intelligent shape: he caught the murmuring undulations of quiet streams; everything basked lazily with him, and one wondered whether he remained to-pid in winter.

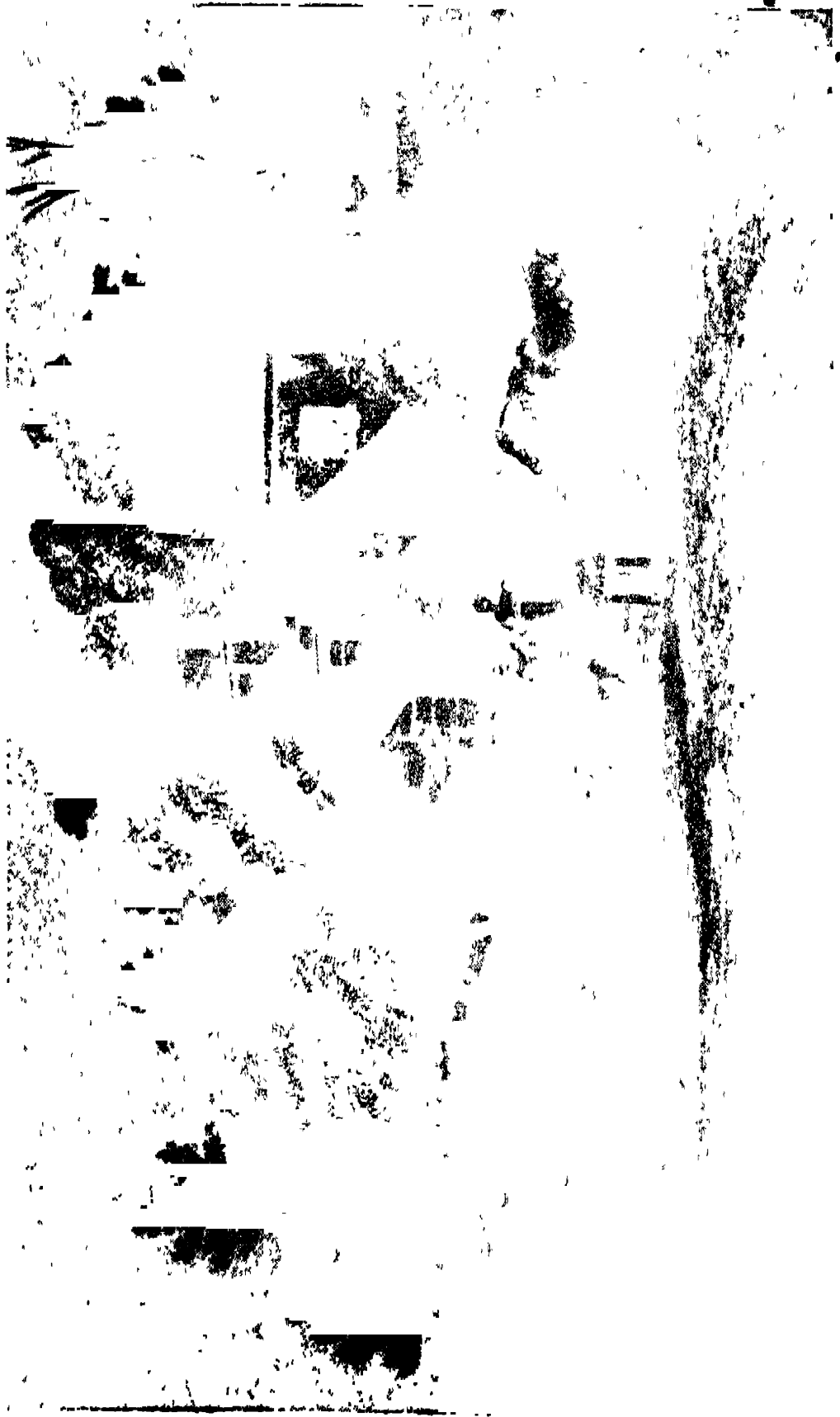
There was not much depth in his scheme of manipulation, but the charm was in the instinctive perception of nature's cunning simplicity, the simple means by which so much is brought about, as to make us exclaim, 'How is it done?' As Rousseau said, 'Ce n'est pas ainsi que l'on invente'; if man invents, he plunges into affected mannerism, and it must always be so, unless he follows the complaisant model, which is ever posture-making, for him who takes the trouble to look out. De Wint was one of these; it is evident in all his works that he never invented the smallest personage, but followed the wise maxim for landscapists—'always to wait for a figure, which will be sure to appear when wanted.' And so all faithful painters always awaited patiently the coming man. De Wint painted freely and without effort, avoiding all modern innovations. He was married to Hilton's sister, and was his early friend and associate.

DAVID COX

WALES is Cox's field of battle. He is said to have invariably bent his steps towards Llanrwst and Bettys-y-Coed for the last five-and-thirty years. The very stones are christened after him ; as you wind out of Capel Carig, a little turret, in which a stone seat is inserted, bulges from the walled roadside, and is known as Cox's pulpit. One of the greatest favourites amongst our water-colour painters, the public and the artists alike admire this veteran painter. His drawings have the fresh impromptu look of nature, and never savour of home-manufacture. His hand would seem to be rapid, and his eye certain, and the delighted beholder wonders where the secret is, and how, with strokes so rough, and on such small spaces of paper, air and distance, storm and sunshine, should be described so lucidly.



LOUIS MAR



LOUIS MARY

T. GAINSBOROUGH

GAINSBOROUGH

THE great name of Gainsborough needs scarce any comment or eulogy here. Comparatively obscure when Reynolds was in the full blaze of his reputation, his works are as familiar among us as those of the great President, and we may say of him, that he is the most *beloved* of English painters. All the works which he has bequeathed to us, whether portraits or landscapes, seem graceful and charming, beautiful and serene. He ennobles everything he approaches; his rustic subjects have an idyllic beauty; he touches his courtly figures with a splendid courtesy, so to speak. In Mr. Baring's gallery, as you look at the charming and famous original from which the accompanying sketch is taken, the picture seems to illuminate the place where it hangs with calm, lambent radiance, and we gaze at its shadowy gloom and soft prismatic flicker of light, with such a pleased hush and tranquillity as a fine sunset inspires.

ROBERTS

WHAT region of earth is there that does not show signs of the Englishman's labour? Our painters share the spirit of enterprise along with the rest of our people; and Mr. Roberts, the author of the original sketch from which the accompanying engraving has been taken, has visited at least three of the quarters of the globe, and brought away likenesses of their cities and people, in his portfolio. He travelled for years in Spain; he set up his tent in the Syrian desert; he has sketched the spires of Antwerp, the peaks of Lebanon, the rocks of Calton Hill, the towers and castles that rise by the Rhine; the airy Cairo minarets, the solemn pyramids and vast Theban columns, and the huts under the date-trees, along the banks of the Nile. Can any calling be more pleasant than that of such an artist? The life is at once thoughtful and adventurous; gives infinite variety and excitement, and constant opportunity for reflection. As one looks at the multifarious works of this brave and hardy painter, whose hand is the perfect and accomplished slave of his intellect, and ready, like a genius in an eastern tale, to execute the most wonderful feats and beautiful works with the most extraordinary rapidity, any man who loves adventure himself must envy the lucky mortal whose lot it is to enjoy it in such a way. He reads the magnificent book of nature for himself, and at first hand: *tibi suaves daedala tellus submittit flores*—O happy painter—*tibi rident æquora ponti*. From the deck of your boat you sketch the sea and the shore: you moor under the city walls; and mosque and dome, Gothic cathedral, tower, and ancient fortress rise up with their long perspectives, and varied outlines, and hues, and solemn shadows, fantastic and beautiful, built in an hour or two under the magical strokes of your delightful obedient little genius, the pencil! The ferry-boat puts off from the stairs, and makes its way across the river to the grey old town on the bank yonder, where the windows in the quaint-gabled houses, and the vanes on the towers are still flaming in the sunset, and reflected



DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

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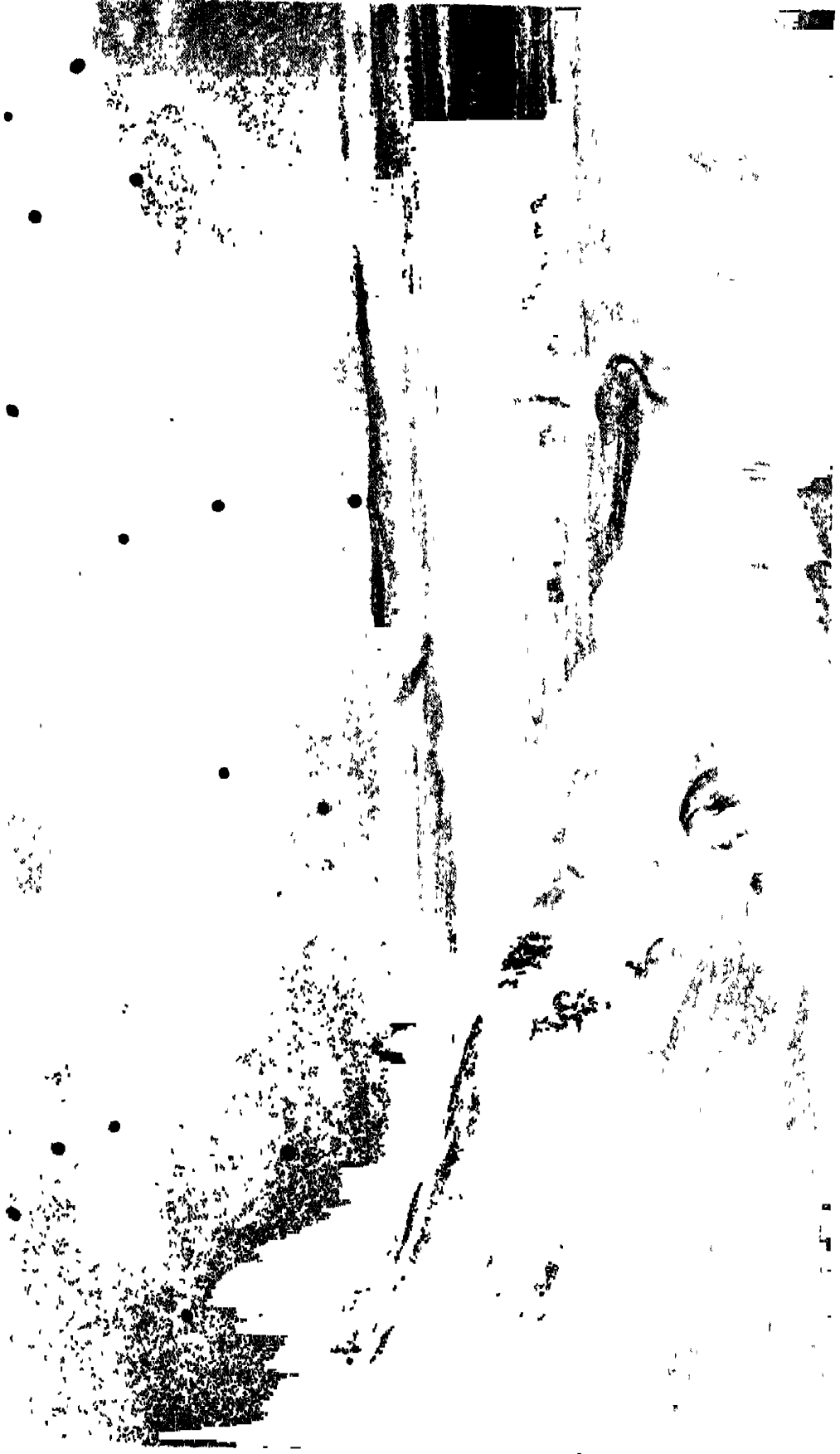
LOUIS MARVY

in the river beneath. Tower and town, river and distant hill, boat and ferry, and the steersman with his paddle, and the peasants with the grape-baskets singing in the boat, are all sketched down on the painter's drawing-board before the sun has sunk, and before he returns to his snug supper at the inn, where the landlord's pretty daughter comes and peers over the magician's portfolio. Or the Cangia moors, by the bank-side : the Arab crew are cooking their meal and chanting their chant : the camels come down to the water and receive their loads of cotton, and disappear with their shouting drivers under the date-trees, to the village with the crumbled wall and minaret, where the grave elders are seated smoking under the gate, and the women pass to and fro, straight and stately, robed in flowing blue robes, bearing pitchers on their graceful heads : the painter sees, and notes them all down, while the light lasts him, and before he smokes his own pipe under the stars on the deck ; after a long day of pleasant labour, and before he closes his eyes, which have been so busy and so pleased all day. Or he is up before dawn upon his mule to see the sun rise over the heights of Sierra ; or he is seated at morning, the Sheikh with his long gun over his shoulder watching, and the Arabs lying round the tent, ' silent upon a peak in Lebanon.'

STANFIELD

MR. STANFIELD and Mr. Roberts, but especially the former, who has executed more, and more various, works in the scenic department than his brilliant coadjutor, have had the means of doing more towards advancing the taste of the English public for landscape art, than any other living painter. Mr. Stanfield for many years taught the public from the stage—taught the pit and the gallery to admire landscape art, and the boxes to become connoisseurs; and decorated the theatre with works so beautiful, that one regrets the frail material of which they were constructed; and the necessity for ‘new and gorgeous effects’ and ‘magnificent novelties,’ which caused the artist’s works to be carried away. Mr. Stanfield has created, and afterwards painted out with his own brush, more scenic masterpieces than any man. Clown and Pantaloon in his time tumbled over and belaboured one another, and bawled out their jokes, before the most beautiful and dazzling pictures which ever were presented to the eyes of the theatre-goer. How a man could do so much and so well as Mr. Stanfield did, during the time when he was the chief of the Drury Lane scene-room, was a wonder to everybody; and it was not the public only which he delighted, and awakened and educated into admiration, but the members of his own profession were as enthusiastic as the rest of the world to recognize and applaud his magnificent imagination and skill.

All through the painter’s life his industry and his genius have been alike remarkable, and it is curious to note, in his performances of the present time, how the carefulness of the artist seems to increase with his skill: as if this conscientious man were bent each day upon improving, on elaborating and polishing his works, on approaching more nearly to nature. Does not such a progress seem to tell of more than mere talent? of honesty, of modesty, of faithful and cheerful labour, of constant love for truth? It seems to me that the pictures of some artists tell of these things too, and that these are amongst the precious qualities which go to make a painter.



LOUIS MARVY

C. STANFIELD, R.A.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER BY JOHN LEECH¹

[*Quarterly Review*, December 1854]

WE, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quite respectable old-fogyfied times, remember amongst other amusements which we had as children the pictures at which we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakespeare, black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes, straddling Fuselis! there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, with starting muscles, rolling eyeballs, and long pointing quivering fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying, in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out his eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutland being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford; there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth, and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbed (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lady Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch and dancing before a black background, — a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke's delightful Seven Ages only fitfully relieved its general gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders were present, and plenty of lights and company were in the room.

Cheerful relatives used to treat us to Miss Linwood's. Let the children of the present generation thank their stars *that* tragedy is put out of their way. Miss Linwood's was worsted work. Your grandmother or grand-aunts took you there, and said the pictures were admirable. You saw 'The Woodman' in worsted, with his axe and dog, tramping through the snow; the snow bitter cold to look at, the woodman's pipe wonderful; a gloomy piece, that made you shudder. There were large dingy pictures of woollen martyrs, and scowling warriors with limbs strongly

¹ *Pictures of Life and Character.* By John Leech. London: 1854.

knitted ; there was especially, at the end of a black passage, a den of lions that would frighten any boy not born in Africa, or Exeter Change, and accustomed to them.

Another exhibition used to be West's Gallery, where the pleasing figure of Lazarus in his grave-clothes, and Death on the pale horse, used to impress us children. The tombs of Westminster Abbey, the vaults at St. Paul's, the men in armour at the Tower, frowning ferociously out of their helmets, and wielding their dreadful swords ; that superhuman Queen Elizabeth at the end of the room, a livid sovereign with glass eyes, a ruff, and a dirty satin-petticoat, riding a horse covered with steel : who does not remember these sights in London in the consulship of Plancus ? and the waxwork in Fleet Street, not like that of Madame Tussaud's, whose chamber of death is gay and brilliant, but a nice old gloomy waxwork, full of murderers ; and, as a chief attraction, the dead baby and the Princess Charlotte lying in state.

Our story-books had no pictures in them for the most part. Frank (dear old Frank !) had none ; nor the *Parent's Assistant* ; nor the *Evenings at Home* ; nor our copy of the *Ami des Enfants* : there were just a few at the end of the *Spelling Book* ; besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel ; there were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the *Spelling Book*, little oval grey woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights ; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we ? The rough old wood-blocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy books had served hundreds of years ; before our Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus—in Queen Anne's time, who knows ? We were flogged at school ; we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are *our* sons ever flogged ? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip-baths, and Baden towels ? And what picture-books the young villains have ! What have these children done that they should be so much happier than we were ?

We had the *Arabian Nights* and Walter Scott, to be

sure. Smirke's illustrations to the former are very fine. We did not know how good they were then ; but we doubt whether we did not prefer the little old Miniature Library *Nights* with frontispieces by Uwins ; for *these* books the pictures don't count. Every boy of imagination does his own pictures to Scott and the *Arabian Nights* best.

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr. Syntax : Dr. Syntax, in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, and that aquatinting and the gay-coloured plates were very pleasant to witness ; but if we could not read the poem in those days, could we digest it in this ? Nevertheless, apart from the text which we could not master, we remember Dr. Syntax pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in the Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arrow-head, illegible stuff ? give us the placid grinning kings, twanging their jolly bows over their rident horses, wounding those good-humoured enemies, who tumble gaily off the towers, or drown, smiling in the dimpling waters, amidst the *anerithmon gelasma* of the fish.

After Dr. Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorn, and the facetious Bob Logic must be recorded—a wondrous history indeed theirs was ! When the future student of our manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus ? We have still in our mind's eye some of the pictures of that sportive gallery : the white coat, Prussian-blue pantaloons, Hessian boots and hooked nose of Corinthian Tom ; Jerry's green cutaway and leather gaiters ; Bob Logic's green spectacles, and high-waisted surtout. ' Corinthian,' it appears, was the phrase applied to men of fashion and *ton* in Plancus's time : they were the brilliant predecessors of the ' swell ' of the present period—brilliant, but somewhat barbarous, it must be confessed. The Corinthians were in the habit of drinking a great deal too much in Tom Cribb's parlour : they used to go and see ' life ' in the ginshops ; of nights, walking home (as well as they could), they used to knock down ' Charleys,' poor harmless old watchmen with lanterns, guardians of the streets of Rome, Planco Consule. They

perpetrated a vast deal of boxing; they put on the 'mufflers' in Jackson's rooms; they 'sported their prads' in the Ring in the Park; they attended cockfights, and were enlightened patrons of dogs and destroyers of rats. Besides these sports, the *délassemens* of gentlemen mixing with the people, our patricians, of course, occasionally enjoyed the society of their own class. What a wonderful picture that used to be of Corinthian Tom dancing with Corinthian Kate at Almack's! What a prodigious dress Kate wore! With what graceful *abandon* the pair flung their arms about as they swept through the mazy quadrille, with all the noblemen standing round in their stars and uniforms! You may still, doubtless, see the pictures at the British Museum, or find the volumes in the corner of some old country-house library. You are led to suppose that the English aristocracy of 1820 *did* dance and caper in that way, and box and drink at Tom Cribb's, and knock down watchmen; and the children of to-day, turning to their elders, may say, 'Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at Almack's? There was very little of it, grandmamma. Did grandpapa kill many watchmen when he was a young man, and frequent thieves' ginshops, cock-fights, and the ring before you married him? Did he use to talk the extraordinary slang and jargon which is printed in this book? He is very much changed. He seems a gentlemanly old boy enough now.'

In the above-named consulate, when *we* had grandfathers alive, there would be in the old gentleman's library in the country two or three old mottled portfolios, or great swollen scrap-books of blue paper, full of the comic prints of grandpapa's time, ere Plancus ever had the fasces borne before him. These prints were signed Gillray, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Woodward, and some actually George Cruikshank—for George is a veteran now, and he took the etching needle in hand as a child. He caricatured 'Boney,' borrowing not a little from Gillray in his first puerile efforts. He drew Louis XVIII trying on Boney's boots. Before the century was actually in its teens we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public.

In those great coloured prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments of the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in

those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat and tricoloured plume, a crooked sabre, reeking with blood ; a little demon revelling in lust, murder, massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal : indeed, he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures ; by Sydney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks ; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards ; by the amiable and indignant Russians, —all nations had boots at the service of poor Master Boney ! How Pitt used to defy him ! How good old George, king of Brobdingnag, laughed at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their majesties ! This little fiend, this beggar's brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we remember in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut ; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa ; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, etc.)—this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the Gillray chronicle,—a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder and wickedness, in general, like their French friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox ; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan ; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups, now scaling heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down ; now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader Fox was represented with hairy cloven feet, and a tail and horns) ; now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels, we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should ; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed ; some that girls could not understand ; some that boys, indeed, had best not

see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humour!

How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents—what foul blows were hit—what language of Billingsgate flung! Fancy a party in a country-house now looking over Woodward's facetiae, or some of the Gillray comicalities, or the slatternly Saturnalia of Rowlandson. Whilst we live we must laugh and have folks to make us laugh. We cannot afford to lose Satyr with his pipe and dances and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us say, he has learned them himself; for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women and the sweet confiding smiles of our children. Among the veterans, the old pictorial satirists, we have mentioned the famous name of one humorous designer who is still alive and at work. Did we not see, by his own hand, his own portrait of his own famous face, and whiskers, in the *Illustrated London News* the other day? There was a print in that paper of an assemblage of Teetotallers in Sadler's Wells Theatre, and we straightway recognized the old Roman hand—the old Roman's of the time of Plancus—George Cruikshank's. There were the old bonnets and droll faces and shoes, and short trousers, and figures of 1820 sure enough. And there was George (who has taken to the water-doctrine, as all the world knows) handing some teetotalleresses over a plank to the table where the pledge was being administered. How often has George drawn that picture of Cruikshank! Where haven't we seen it? How fine it was, facing the effigy of Mr. Ainsworth in *Ainsworth's Magazine* when George illustrated that periodical! How grand and severe he stands in that design in G. C.'s 'Omnibus,' where he represents himself tonged like St. Dunstan, and tweaking a wretch of a publisher by the nose! The collectors of George's etchings—O the charming etchings! O the dear old German popular tales!—the capital *Points of Humour*—the delightful Phrenology and scrap-books of the good time, *our* time,—Plancus's in fact!—the collectors of the Georgian etchings, we say,

have at least a hundred pictures of the artist. Why, we remember him in his favourite Hessian boots in *Tom and Jerry* itself; and in woodcuts as far back as the Queen's trial. He has rather deserted satire and comedy of late years, having turned his attention to the serious, and warlike, and sublime. Having confessed our age and prejudices, we prefer the comic and fanciful to the historic, romantic, and at present didactic George. May respect, and length of days, and comfortable repose attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humourist, moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humour and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?

Since George's time humour has been converted. Comus and his wicked satyrs and leering fauns have disappeared, and fled into the lowest haunts; and Comus's lady (if she had a taste for humour, which may be doubted) might take up our funny picture-books without the slightest precautionary squeamishness. What can be purer than the charming fancies of Richard Doyle? In all Mr. Punch's huge galleries can't we walk as safely as through Miss Pinkerton's schoolrooms? And as we look at Mr. Punch's pictures, at the *Illustrated News* pictures, at all the pictures in the bookshop windows at this Christmas season, as oldsters, we feel a certain pang of envy against the youngsters—they are too well off. Why hadn't *we* picture-books? Why were we flogged so? A plague on the lictors and their rods in the time of Plancus!

And now, after this rambling preface, we are arrived at the subject in hand—Mr. John Leech and his *Pictures of Life and Character*, in the collection of Mr. Punch. This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neckcloth, and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings,

taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humourists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously), and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and halfpence extracted from passers-by. He is the Satyric genius we spoke of anon! he cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed among his new friends the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, 'plungers,' and other military men; and was until latter days very contemptuous in his behaviour towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce demeanour. But now that the guardsmen are gone to war, and the dandies of 'The Rag'—dandies no more—are battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkermann by the side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is changed to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courage and honour he wars: but this great moralist—must it be owned?—has some popular British prejudices, and these led him in peace-time to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. If those hulking footmen who accompanied the

carriages to the opening of Parliament the other day, would form a plush brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike with their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave off laughing at Jeames, who meanwhile remains amongst us, to all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly consuming his five meals per diem. Against lawyers, beadles, bishops and clergy, and authorities, Mr. Punch is still rather bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was prodigiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes which happened to him at that period was that, through the violent opinions which he expressed regarding the Roman Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the graceful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of Mr. Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the *Snob Papers*, resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. Mr. Punch parted with these contributors: he filled their places with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cried *Punch* just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, after these events as before.

There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of *Punch* has brought into the field; the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own—how inferior their pencils are to his in humour, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation. The truth, the strength, the free vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties are those with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking,

than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design. Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads and watches with unfailing pleasure their ways, their sports, their jokes, laughter, caresses. *Enfants terribles* come home from Eton; young Miss practising her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt-pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself—all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious nicety by this amiable observer.

We remember, in one of those ancient Gillray portfolios, a print which used to cause a sort of terror in us youthful spectators, and in which the Prince of Wales (His Royal Highness was a Foxite then) was represented as sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the first young gentleman living employing such a weapon in such a way! The most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork—the heir of Britannia with a *bident*! The man of genius who drew that picture saw little of the society which he satirized and amused. Gillray watched public characters as they walked by the shop in St. James's Street, or passed through the lobby of the House of Commons. His studio was a garret, or little better; his place of amusement, a tavern-parlour where his club held its nightly sittings over their pipes and sanded floor. You could not have society represented by men to whom it was not familiar. When Gavarni came to England a few years since—one of the wittiest of men, one of the most brilliant and dexterous of draughtsmen—he published a book of *Les Anglais*, and his *Anglais* were all Frenchmen. The eye, so keen and so long practised to observe Parisian life, could not perceive English character. A social painter must be of the world which he depicts, and native to the manners which he portrays.

Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio must see that the social pictures which he gives us are authentic. What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, what snug libraries we enter; what fine young-gentlemanly wags they are, those beautiful little dandies who wake up gouty old grandpapa to ring the bell; who decline aunt's

pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve themselves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk together in ballroom doors, where Fred whispers Charley—pointing to a dear little partner seven years old—‘My dear Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have seen that girl last season!’ Look well at everything appertaining to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs: how snug, quiet, appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortable, neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs’s is (in the Bayswater suburb of London, we should guess, from the sketches of the surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, with a loose-box for those celebrated hunters which he rides! How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast-table looks! What a trim little maid brings in the top-boots which horrify Mrs. B.! What a snug dressing-room he has, complete in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying on the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs flings into the fire! How cosy all the Briggs party seem in their dining-room, Briggs reading a Treatise on Dog-breaking by a lamp; Mamma and Grannie with their respective needleworks; the children clustering round a great book of prints—a great book of prints such as this before us, which, at this season, must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented: Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Morland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine; we are looking at everybody’s family circle. Our boys, coming from school give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas—a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant—will regard these pages: even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horse-flesh. How they change, those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners’ bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious châtelaines of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where are those charming waistcoats, those ‘stunning’ waistcoats, which our young girls used to wear a few brief seasons back, and which cause ‘Gus, in the sweet little sketch of ‘La Mode,’ to ask Ellen for her tailor’s address! ‘Gus

is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing 'the enemy at Inkermann; and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humour. Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own purse for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favourite little people.

As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them, —private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hairdressers of the present age! Look at 'Mr. Tongs,' whom that hideous old bald woman, who ties on her bonnet at the glass, informs that 'she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet.' You can see the bear's grease not only on Tongs's head but on his hands, which he is clapping clammily together. Remark him who is telling his client 'there is cholera in the hair'; and that lucky rogue whom the young lady bids to cut off 'a long thick piece' for somebody, doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfully natural and absurd. Why should hairdressing be an absurd profession?

The amateur will remark what an excellent part hands play in Mr. Leech's pieces: his admirable actors use them with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the urn down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They are cook's and housemaid's hands without mistake, and not without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady, who is tying her bonnet at Tongs's, has hands which you see are trembling. Watch the fingers of the two old harridans who are talking scandal: for what long years past they have pointed out holes in their neighbours' dresses and mud on their flounces. 'Here's a go! I've lost my diamond ring!' As the dustman utters this pathetic cry, and looks at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among the little points of humour. One could indicate hundreds of such as one turns over the pleasant pages.

There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know, who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins and pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobacconists' counters, sucks his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and the baby (Mrs. S. an immense woman, whom Snob nevertheless bullies), who is a favourite abomination of Leech, and pursued by that savage humourist into a thousand of his haunts. There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's—such waistcoats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper who calls him 'capping'; now he is offering a paletot to a huge giant who is going out in the rain. They don't know their own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have a meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed to thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor little bucks. In a minute or two, when we close this discourse and walk the streets, we shall see a dozen such.

Ere we shut the desk up, just one word to point out to the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings—homely drawings of moor and wood, and seashore and London street—the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humour which invented both increases as we look again and again at the designs. May we have more of them; more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together. Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty, and kindness?

CRUIKSHANK'S GALLERY

[*The Times*, May 15, 1863]

IN a quiet little room in Exeter Hall a veteran lecturer is holding forth all day upon a subject which moves his heart very strongly. His text, on which he has preached before in many places, is still 'The Bottle.' He divides his sermon into many hundreds of heads, and preaches with the most prodigious emphasis and grotesque variety. He is for no half-measures. He will have no compromise with the odious god Bacchus; the wicked idol is smashed like Bel and Dagon. He will empty into the gutter all Master Bacchus's pipes, his barrels, quarter-casks, demi-johns, gallons, quarts, pints, gills, down to your very smallest liqueur glasses of spirits or wine. He will show you how the church, the bar, the army, the universities, the genteel world, the country gentleman in his polite circle, the humble artisan in his, the rustic ploughman in the fields, the misguided washerwoman over her suds and tubs—how all ranks and conditions of men are deteriorated and corrupted by the use of that abominable strong liquor: he will have patience with it no longer. For upwards of half a century, he says, he has employed pencil and pen against the vice of drunkenness, and in the vain attempt to shut up drinking shops and to establish *moderate drinking as a universal rule*; but for seventeen years he has discovered that teetotalism, or the total abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, was the only real remedy for the entire abolition of intemperance. His thoughts working in this direction, one day this subject, 'The Worship of Bacchus,' flashed across his mind, and hence the origin of a work of art measuring 13 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft. 8 in., which has occupied the author no less than a year and a half.

This sermon has the advantage over others that you can take a chapter at a time, as it were, and return and resume the good homilist's discourse at your leisure. What is

your calling in life? In some part of this vast tableau you will find it is *de te fabula*. In this compartment the soldiers are drinking and fighting; in the next the parsons are drinking 'Healths to the young Christian.' Here are the publicans, filthily intoxicated with their own horrible liquors; yonder is a masquerade supper, 'where drunken masquerade fiends drag down columbines to drunkenness and ruin.' Near them are 'the public singers chanting forth the praises of the "God of Wine."' 'Is it not marvellous to think,' says Mr. Cruikshank in a little pamphlet, containing a speech by him which is quite as original as the picture on which it comments,—'Is it not marvellous what highly talented poetry and what harmonious musical compositions have been produced from time to time in praise of this imaginative, slippery, deceitful, dangerous myth?'

This 'myth' the spectator may follow all through this most wonderful and labyrinthine picture. In the nursery the doctor is handing a pot of beer to mamma; the nurse is drinking beer; the little boy is crying for beer; and the papa is drawing a cork so that 'he and the doctor may have a drop.' Here you have a group of women, victims of intemperance, 'tearing, biting, and mutilating one another.' Yonder are two of the police carrying away a *drunken policeman*. Does not the mind reel and stagger at the idea of this cumulated horror? And what is the wine which yonder clergyman holds in his hand but the same kind of stuff which has made the mother in the christening scene above 'so tipsy that she has let her child fall out of her lap, while her idiotic husband points to his helpless wife, and exclaims, "Ha, ha; she's dr—unk"?'?

As with *pauperibus* so with *locupletibus*. If they drink, rich and poor are all bad together. A friend of Mr. Cruikshank's (a physician) assured him that he knew 'a young gentleman of fortune who got so drunk on his coming of age that he died the next day'! Fancy the maddened feelings of the next heir to the property! It is on some dismal occasion of this sort that our stern moralist draws a son consoling his mother 'with a glass of wine, the daughter being also consoled with a glass, and the granddaughter likewise.' This is indeed horror on horror's head. We have an excited daughter, an intoxicated mother, a vinous grandmother—a ghastly picture of three generations in

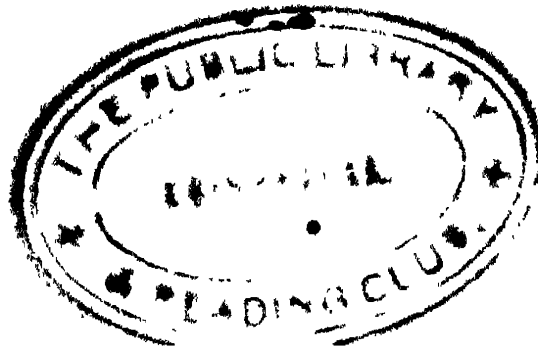
liquor! From another part of the picture the tutors and young gentlemen of the Universities may take a hint which may do *them* good. Ten or a dozen of them in their caps and gowns (and it is to be feared those caps only fit too well) are represented at 'one of their wine-parties, ruining themselves for life with the strong ale sold at the Colleges.' Mr. Cruikshank remarks that 'the ale brewed at Jesus College, Cambridge, commonly called Jesus ale, used to be thought most excellent, but the Trinity ale—aye, that's the stuff—is the strongest ale brewed in the whole country.' We may all see there is no mincing the matter here. Wine, beer, gin, the lady's liqueur, the midwife's dram, the divine's festive libation, the policeman's lawless excess—all are depicted with features not, perhaps, unexaggerated, in colours too dismally true. Have you ever drunk a glass of wine? It is one too many. Half a dozen glasses make a pint (nay, two at some taverns). Two pints make a quart, four quarts a gallon; and so on. Fling away pint pots, quart pots, pottle pots, and the rest. Let tea, coffee, cocoa, and ginger beer, which possibly cheers, but certainly not inebriates, be your tippie. This is the moral of Mr. Cruikshank's great sermon at Exeter Hall, where preachers of all sorts and sects are accustomed to hold forth.

Forty years ago, in Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, and in a court leading from Ludgate Hill, there used to be two delightful exhibitions of Cruikshank's works which London boys could enjoy gratis at the shop window. The 'monstrosities' of the fashion were here ridiculed by the satirical George, who depicted bagging Petersham trousers, the tall collars, the high waists of bygone bucks, the grandfathers of the present youth. You may see here ladies with high waists and very slight upper garments, and young fellows in wondrous pantaloons and pumps, grinning and capering through that newly-invented and elegant dance the quadrille. Do these 'monstrosities' of 1816, 1819, and 1820 actually resemble the garments which we or our ancestors wore? In 1816 the hoops represented in Hogarth's pictures were considered as monstrous and barbarous, and yet they covered no more ground than the trains and dresses with which our ladies in 1863 think fit to sweep the floors of the Exhibition. The intelligent guardian of the Cruikshank Gallery walks round with the visitors and gives comments upon the great

temperance tableau, and afterwards on the smaller etchings in detail. Why, a professor might lecture his class for hours upon these droll pages of bygone manners and social history. When did high waists descend? When did *gigot* sleeves come in and go out? When was the 'last of the 'Charleys' knocked down? When did the Prince Regent leave off hair-powder? Recount a few of the adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and Robert Logic, Esquires; and, if alive, state what is their present age? Corinthian Tom must be seventy-five, if he is a day old. No doubt, he has lived to laugh over the adventures of Mr. Briggs, of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and of those athletic young Volunteers whose boots, beards, pipes, and tunics Mr. Keene depicts so amusingly.

With what vigour, courage, good humour, honesty, cheerfulness, have this busy hand and needle plied for more than fifty years! From 1799, 'when about eight or nine years of age,' until yesterday the artist has never taken rest. When you would think he might desire quiet, behold he starts up lively as ever, and arms himself to do battle with the demon drunkenness. With voice and paint-brush, with steel-plate and wood-block, he assails 'that deceitful, slippery, dangerous myth'! To wage war against some wrong has been his chief calling; and in lighter moments to waken laughter, wonder, or sympathy. To elderly lovers of fun, who can remember this century in its teens and its twenties, the benefactions of this great humourist are as pleasant and well remembered as Papa's or Uncle's 'tips' when they came to see the boys at school. The sovereign then administered bought delights not to be purchased by sovereigns of later coinage, tarts of incomparable sweetness which are never to be equalled in these times, sausages whose savour is still fragrant in the memory, books containing beautiful prints (sometimes ravishingly coloured) signed with the magic initials of the incomparable 'G. Ck.' No doubt, the young people of the present day have younger artists to charm them, and many hundred thousand boys and girls are admiring Mr. Leech, and will be grateful to him forty years hence, when their heads are grey. These will not care for the Cruikshank drawings and etchings as men do whose boyhood was delighted by them; but the moderns can study the manners of the early century

in the Cruikshank etchings, as of the French Revolution period in Gillray, Woodward, Bunbury. Imitations of the manner of the first-named master one can see in George Cruikshank's early works. Very soon he adopted a manner of his own, which lovers of the art can admire and study from its commencement to its development in the admirable *Points of Humour*, the charming vignettes for the *German Popular Tales*, and *Peter Schlemihl*, in 'Scrap Books,' 'Sketch Books,' 'Omnibuses,' innumerable, in the 'Boz' illustrations, in the brilliant etchings of *The Comic Almanac*, and in the plates for the famous Ainsworth's Romances, the grim *Tower of London*, the awful *Guy Fawkes*, the much-persecuted, much-read *Jack Sheppard*. Cruikshank found comic art free and unscrupulous, and made it modest and pure. It may be young people do not clamber round the portfolios as they used in days gone by, and laugh and wonder delighted over the fun, the fancy, the *naïveté* of the artist himself. Now is the time for all *aquae potoribus* to rally round their champion. Is not the sect numbered by millions? Now is the time for elderly persons to review the amusements, the scenes, the dresses, the boxing-matches, the coaches, the short waists, tall neckcloths, narrow skirts which in good old days seemed so killing; and now youth pursuing the study of history may see how their fathers were habited, amused, occupied—their fathers?—their grandfathers, who have been depicted by the indefatigable veteran who still cheerfully labours in the public service.



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